A VERY VIVID DESCRIPTION IS GIVEN OF JERUSALEM.

The City Beautiful-View From the Mount of Olives-Was There Anything so Beautiful and Blasphemous?

The bare but richly colored landscape-the rocky hills, the caravan tracks, the narrow, rushing river, the shaggy-coated shepherds with their flocks-on the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem was all that we expected; but the carful of tourists and the scene at the railroad station utterly spoiled the longed-for 'first view." I tried to arrange it so that we should stop at a station on the way, and take horses for the city, but without avail. Never shall I forget the baggage-master's deliberate fury. With the entire travelling public demanding its baggage,-sometimes with the wailings of native women,-he would not cease his frantic work of assortment, and keep the world waiting while he stormed, raged, and imprecated. Then he would seize a trunk, and tug at it with the face of a madman, stopping everything now and again to declaim in shrill and spurting sentences, or dashing at a bag with contorted features and the rage of a Turkish soldier clutching an Armenian. On the whole, perhaps it was not unfortunate; if there was to be nothing about it but the modern, the diversion might as well be noisily

It was not till the next morning that we jelt the place. Starting from our hotel just inside the Jaffa Gate, near David's Tower, we went on donkeys around the city, devouring with eager eyes and hearts the landscape so strange and so familiar-past the Pool of hoshaphat over against Gethsemane, past the Golden Gate, till we came to the barren hilltop that some think is the true Calvary. The identification has no certainty. And yet this is now more like Calvary than is the little chapel inside the Church of the Holy Sepulcher-this lonely hilltop, dismal and unperverted, with its native graves, uncared for, unwalled, strangely spotted with blood-red anemones.

Anxious, dangerous, murderous now, Il this part of Asia was a bloody country in the days of Moses, in the days of Christ; doubt, suspicion, and threat, murder in religion's name, are in the air now as they were of old. One day (our first Friday here), on the way to the Wailing-place of the Jews, an old Jewess was knocked down by a camel. The drivers grinned, and went on. There seemed little pity for the bemoaning old creature even among her own people. - Another time I saw a woman run to a girl of about eight years, and drag her home, biting the tender flesh of the child's arm like a vicious dog. The traveler is entirely safe here if he or she knows and submits to the ways and regulations, and refrains from journeys that are for the time being pronounced dangerous. But when you ask what would happen if a Christian should visit the Mosque of Omar at certain sacred seasons, or if a Jew should enter the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the answer is not, "He would be put out," but, "He would be killed." The sad eyes of the Armenians here hide sorrows and anxieties that no one dares to tell

Any of the sacred places themselves may be scenes of violence at any moment. At the miracle of the Greek Fire in the Church of the Sepulcher there is always violence; in 1834, in a horrible panic, hundreds of pilgrims and others were crushed, besten, or bayonetted to death. In 1895, at this same ceremony, the Greek crowd pushed back the Armenian patriarch who was going into the Chapel of the Angels to take his usual part with the and clapping continue; Greek patriarch. The bugle sounded, and the Turkish soldiers who are always present there to keep the peace came to the rescue. They themselves are said to have behaved well, but the rival Christian factions fought with desperation. No lives were lost, but injuries were inflicted, and the patriarch's miter was knocked from his head. In the old days, as now, there were lepers and misery; then, as now, there was a city beautiful, worthy of love and tears; then, as now, there were goodness and brutality, envy and hypocrisy, and many a faithful heart. Jerusalem, Syria, this Ottoman empire,-yes, and the unchristian one here with new and tremendous force.

A city beautiful! On Palm Sunday, from the stairway near the spot where Mary stood when the body of her Son was taken from the cross, I saw the Greek procession in the Church of the Sepulcher. Then I went over to the Mount of Olives. Looking back from a field well up on the hillside, the whole city lay beneath-the temple area, with the great mosque in full view across the valley of Jehoshaphat. From here Jerusalem, with its clear and stately outline of walls, the domes and minarets of the mosques, and the old towers and churches, has a singular completeness. Perhaps even in Solomon's time, from the outside, though different, it was not more levely. The warm grey of the stones of the city is the color of the unbleached wool of goats; the hills are darker, with a delicate bloom over them, spotted with gray oliveorchards, and melting in the distance into violet. It is indeed a city set upon a hill, isolated, distinguished. The picture realizes | the people, and eagerly seized. Now there are one's lifelong dream of the city of God. The high-pitched yells that sound like catcalls; sunset sky was wild and cold, with streaks of sunshine. The rain ceased, and the air grew joking and laughter but there is no cessation warm. In the rich, low light all blemishes were lost, and the City Beautiful was spread before the pilgrim's eyes. Perhaps it was here | antiphonal and concerted. To the right from that Christ wept over Jerusalem; along or near this path He must have come on the day of tomb and the little Copt chapel, is a group of His "entry" on the first Palm Sunday, whose Copt women in robes of black, with children, feast was being kept that very day throughout all Christendom.

You see that we did not find the Holy Land disillusioning. There are many things that confound the Western mind; there is fifth and degradation and superstition. But here is the same sky, the same landscape, the same [dominating Orient. The painter who knows the Holy Land best said to us in Jerusalem: "At times when I look at these fields, and realize that this very picture was reflected in the eyes of Jesus, I feel myself shiver." The Bible, no matter what one's theology or and drag and jerk them away one by one philosophy, here takes on a vitality and mean- from the window where the celestial fire is to ing beyond the power of conception hitherto. appear. At two o'clock the Greek patriarch Are the places real? Jerusalem, all Syria, is approaches with banners and attendants. He engaged to appear each evening for a month. real, and some of the "sacred places" are un- comes from the Greek chapel, near the door questionable. But you do not have to be sure of the Holy Sepulcher. The excitement inthat the place is exact when you listen, with tensifies. The noise is frightful, and the Hamilton Spectator. a new emotion, to the words of Jesus repeated by the French monk on Good Friday, and at window of the Sepulcher is a thing of amazethat "station of the cross" where Christ cried ment. Men, standing on the shoulders of the need of some sort of shaking up. out. "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for crowd, screech words of religious greeting,me, but weep for yourselves, and for your "This is the tomb of Christ" darting a finger | Every great reform effected has consisted, children." Even the terrible rounds of the at the tomb itself with every repetition.

the onlooker from another civilization is some- The crown is removed from the head of the thing indescribable. You might expect to feel patriarch and carried back into the Greek nothing but indignation at some of the scenes chapel. Now he enters the tomb. He leaves, of Holy Week; but the human element gives we are told, in the outer tomb, or Chapel of pathos and dignity to ceremonies which other- the Angels, a Greek bishop and an Armenian wise would be shocking indeed to the Protest- bishop or priest; he then goes into the inner ant mind. Do you know that on Good Friday tomb, where the visible divinity is to be comevening, in the small upstairs Chapel of the municated to him. He is to hand the light and keep them in terror all their lives. When Holy Sepulcher, which is called the true Cal- from heaven to both of the attendant priests, an Indian is sick, the "medicine man" is sent vary, the scene of the descent from the cross and they are to give it out through the two for, and his fee piled up in front of him before is re-enacted? The Latins borrow the altar windows at the sides. There is a large crucifix on the altar, flat, and of sound—the clanging of bells and stricken

room which was once "Golgotha." outlook in the gallery. The armed Moslem of the earth. translated for us as the chanting went on:

O Jews, O Jews, Your feast is the feast of devils, Our feast is the feast of Christ-Christ who has redeemed us, And with His blood has bought us. We to-day are happy

And you are sorrowful. Then it would be "The resurrection" of Christ has redeemed us from our sins," given out with antiphonal yells, and with hand-clappings. Sometimes they shouted workingsongs and sometimes a Bedouin war-song. about one o'clock some Armenian monks formed a small procession. At this moment a youth in white was lifted on the shoulders of the crowd "This is the tomb of our Saviour!" first the youth shouted, clapping his hands, and pointing to the tomb; then the crowd responded antiphonally,-this over and over. Now the youth is hoisted higher in the air to the top of a pyramid made of three men on the shoulders of the level crowd

"Our candles are in our hands, And to the tomb we are prayingstill antiphonally. Now the youth drops down, to a guest who could not pay for his keep, longing to one who is dead; all possessions and five men were raised in a circle, and, a stranger whose purpose among them they are placed around the burial place or thrown chanting, move around, from left to right. A man wearing a pink shirt, red waistband and never heard an unpleasant word between a is deposited the body of an Ahousat chief are white trousers is standing with his arm in the man and his wife, had never seen a child laid a large cabinet organ, and other articles oval window of the Sepulcher. The shouting punished nor an old person treated inconsider- of good furniture, while the tree is draped O the Jews! O the Infidels!

Your feast is the feast of the dead,

And our feast is the feast of Christ. camp-meetings, the Salvation Army, the boat- The moral value of some of his superiority is It is covered with all kinds of articles of men on the rapids of the Nile. An American small. He can make better garments against furniture, clothing, and other belongings of presidential nominating convention is a quiet cold than our tailors and furriers; he can the dead. A young woman who had been gathering in comparison with all this by- thrive in barren wastes where a New England- educated at the Clo-oose Mission was drowsterical yelling, pulling, pushing, and gestic- er would starve. But of some of his superior- ned. She had a nice home, well furnished, and ulating. But if the ear suffers, the eye has a ity the moral value is great. He has developed the best of clothing, bedding and comforts. feast beyond the power of words to picture. individual equality farther than we, he is less Although she was a Christian, her heathen The procession of Greeks, Armenians, Copts, selfish, more helpful to his fellows, kinder to relatives burned the house and its contents, and dark-faced Abyssinians-one seet follow- his wife, gentler to his child, more reticent and threw her personal possessions-silver, Christian world,-need a Redeemer now as in splendor-are like chains of jewels drawn the rarest and best of our race. When Stefthen, a Prince of Peace. All this comes upon | through a box of precious stones. For there ansson tried to express thanks for their kind- still being objects of barter, their price varyis color everywhere, not only in the glowing ness in fragmentary Eskimo, they were more marbles, and the jutting ornaments of the surprised than pleased. "Do, then, in the architecture, and all the unmoving background, white man's lanl, some starve and shiver while the negotiations, the groom's relatives campbut in the whole swaying mass below: the others eat much and are warmly clad?" red fezzes and gleaming guns of the Sultan's troops; the fezzes and turbans and flowing robes of the Syrians, red, white, blue, and Andrew Lang. orange. The black dress of certain of the Greek priests serves as a foil to the magnificence of their dignitaries. Gorgeous indeed But it takes the venom out of the sting are the jeweled miters of the chief ecclesiastics, Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling and their vestments of blue, white, and pink, stiff with embroidery of gold and silver.

The surging to and fro of the crowd below the swinging of the lamps, the strange and outlandish odors, mixed with the smell of incense; the straining of the gaze past the archways into the chapels where mass was continuously chanted; the waiting for some strange new thing to happen, made us at times faint and dizzy. Occasionally a big, But it sends a shrill through the heart, I findblack drinking-jar is passed over the heads of For Love is tender and Love is blind now it is "God save the Sultan!," sometimes of the clapping and singing, though at some moments louder than at others, and more where we stand, in the corner made by the and some older men, looking sedate and devout, a pleasant contrast to the clamor:

For a few minutes the shouting has ceased; but I cannot note the fact before they have

begun again, clap, clap; yell, yell, yell, Now the time of the miracle approaches. A flame from heaven is to be communicated to the expectant world. As a preliminary to this sacred manifestation there is a new, wild outburst of cries and screams. We are told that it is the Jerusalem worshipers, who pound with their fists their fellow-Christians of Joffa,

"sacred places" in the Church of the Sepulcher. Now the procession moves; those nearest something old.

all bedizened, and ridiculous with fantastic im- the crowned patriarch join hands about him possibilities-is it not all given a true holiness to prevent violence or accident. Three times by the passion of believing worshipers through they wind about the tomb. Two officially the ages? Bent under the unescapable bur- appointed carriers of the light appear in front dens of their life, hither from every part of of the window, and the man who has stood THEIR HEATHEN BELIEFS AND BAR the earth they have come, only that they with his arm extended into it gives place to might touch the footprints of the Man of them, and stands by, shouting with the rest. Sorrows. Crawling on the worn pavement, Increasing noise. A seeker of the divine fire Witch Doctors Have Had Full Control Over they have kissed reality into every sacred lie. climbs up on the side of the Sepulcher, sup-The warring of emotions in the breast of porting himself by a rope around a pillar.

built over the very stop of the crucifixion. The noise swells like a tempest. A burst painted to represent life; but the Latins bring bars of metal! A flash at the Greek window. their own small jointed crucifix; the crown of The fire has come! One wild rush, one high- or the influence of some "spirit." . If there is thorns is removed with iron pincers, a sheet pitched, multitudinous scream, still the ex- cold, or lung trouble, then an enemy has is passed under the arms, the long nails are cited clanging, and out springs the light over "thrown a coughing spirit into him." withdrawn one by one and kissed, the arms the frantic human mass, leaping from hand rheumatic pains are apparent, then it is a are turned down, and the body is laid upon the to hand, as if each flame were lightning and "gnawing spirit, tearing at his vitals." Many altar. There is chanting, most melodious and music. Around and up and over and through, times the diagnosis is that some article has moving, and a sermon in French. Pilgrims, till flame is added to flame, spreading from been "thrown into" the patient. This article in various costumes and of various Christian candle to candle, and floor to gallery. Now the crafty doctor has concealed about him, or beliefs, are bowed in worship in the low-ceiled a priest appears on the roof of the Sepulcher in some special hiding place-a bit of wood. litself, and the flame runs around the top like a bark, bone or stone, or a tiny insect or fish But the most startling scene of Holy Week crown of fire. Higher it springs-drawn by Stripped to the skin, with a belt of rattling | s the miracle of the Greek Fire on the a rope up to the people at the base of the objects about his loins, the "medicine man" Saturday before Easter Sunday. In the centre dome. It illuminates the most distant and begins to dance and howl. Drums of skin are of the rotunda of the Church of the Sepulcher dungeon-like vaults, the chapels above and be- beaten, pieces of metal pounded, and kettles is the Holy Sepulcher itself, a hexagonal low, every vantage-ground where the spec- and hollow logs drummed upon, until there is structure, divided into the Chapel of the Au- tators have stood or crouched on the floor, a perfect bedlum of uneouth noises, to "drive gels and the tomb proper. The night before or in temporary ledgments in mid-air. On out the evil spirit." A "strong medicine man" we had seen the pilgrims, most of them Rus- and on sounds the clangor and the shouting; claims to be able to raise the dead by his sian peasants, lying in the places to which they men, women, and children are mad; they pass magic. The wild incantations go on for days, would cling till they should receive the fire. their heads over the flame,-is it not from until the sick recover or die-more often the Siloam, along the edge of the valley of Je- With two cavasses leading the way, we arrived heaven? how can it do harm-and then draw latter. at about 11 a.m. The soldiers examined the their hands over their faces, taking the ce- Often the medicine man pounces upon the natives for arms as they went in. We were lestial touch in ecstatic adoration. Over a patient and manipulates the afflicted part of led around the Greek chapel, through the pil- path made clear for the runners from the win- his body, kneading, pummeling and sucking at grims thick upon the floor, and taken to our dow already the fire is on its way to the ends the flesh until he draws blood. This is an

one of the most venerable ceremonies and the stronger than the doctor.

Tells of Eskimo Superiority. teen months' stay among the Eskimos, tells, over them; in caves, or in the branches of in Harper's Magazine, of their great kindness high trees. They will never use anything bedid not know. In an Eskimo home he had into the sea. At the foot of a tree in which ately. The household affairs are carried on with blankets, webs of cloth, clothing, etc. in an orderly way, and the good behavior of Food is placed near the burial place for weeks, the children is remarked by practically every to satisfy the hunger of the departed spirit. traveller. In many things we are the super- The Clayoquots have an island on which is It is like college, foot-ball games, negro jors of the Eskimo; in a few we are inferiors. laid their dead, called "Dead Man's Island." ing another, and each vying with the others about the faults of his neighbor than any but china, jewelry, etc.-into the ocean.

Little Acts of Love.

A good-by kiss is a little thing, With your hand on the door to go, That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare After the toil of the day. And it slows the furrows ploughed by care, The lines on the forehead you once called fair In the years that have flown away.

Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind; I love you, my dear," each night; As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress; We take, but we do not give; It seems so easy some soul to bless, But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less 'Till 'tis bitter and hard to leave.

Manager and Public Alike Brutal.

Large crowds were attracted to Fun City at Earl's Court, London, by the announcement that Miss Carrie Baker, a barmaid, would attempt to win 450 offered by Harry Woodley to any lady who would dance in costume for five minutes in the den occupied by Brutus, an African lion. She was selected from the total of 457 aspirants, who had answered an control of the animal, she danced a Highland

One Mountain to Another.

not in doing something new, but in undoing

BAROUS PRACTICES.

Them-Schools and Colleges Taking th Place of Barbarous Dances and Rites. Christian Herald.

To rightly understand the spiritual needs of the Indians of British Columbia one must know of their heathen beliefs and barbarous practices and the awful bondage they are in to superstitious "medicine men" and "witch doctors." These have full control over them, for, and his fee piled up in front of him before he begins to practice his arts. When the pile has reached the due proportions, he makes his diagnosis. Squatting by the sick one, he looks wise. He declares the trouble to be witchcraft,

evidence that he is on the trail of the "evil soldiers encircled the Sepulcher, the crowd The Armenian patriarch declared to us later, spirit." When he thinks it time to complete packed eight or ten deep between them and and without hesitancy, that the Greek patri- the cure, he pretends to remove from the exthe walls. In harsh and piercing tones they arch simply had a lamp on the tomb proper, hausted patient the "spirit thrown into him." World's Famous Milk were shouting their songs, some religious and which he blessed. This kindly old Armenian and holds up to the view of his awe-struck some secular, with clapping of hands and ex- said to us that it was not miraculous. It was admirers the bit of substance that he had citement that grew apace. The Arabic was rumored that a prominent visitor was told by claimed was the cause of the sickness. Then the Greek patriarch that he told the people comes the "drowning of the spirit," as the it was only a symbol, and not a miracle. I "medicine man" plunges the object into a asked the visitor whether this was true, and large vessel of water and makes a big comwas answered: "No! How could be tell them motion and splashing until the powerful spirit that? He would be torn to pieces." Intelli- is finally subdued and killed. If the patient gent Greeks assure you that it is a symbol, recovers then the doctor is indeed a "strong that "holy fire" is the same as "holy water." | medicine man." If he dies, as is often the The Latins will have nothing to do with this, case, the "evil spirit," or witchcraft, was

most appalling scandal of the Christian world. Even after the Ahts have accepted Christ At the height of the frensy, as the flame the old superstitions have control over them. leaped through the rotunda and lighted the One old woman of Tsiquadra, feeling death encircling chapels, making more rich and glit- near and wishing to save her relatives trouble, tering the altars, the gorgeous vestments, the went to the cave where their dead were laid, whole ecclesiastical paraphernalia, the arms and and died there. Another of Clo-oose, being uniforms of the broops, and the many-colored aged and blind, was carried to a cave and left costumes of the mad and motley crowd, the there to die. The missionaries learned of it, thought flashed upon me: Was there ever any and compelled the Indians to bring her back. thing in all Christendom so beautiful and so They cared for her, and she became one of Ice Cream at the converts, living eleven years after her strange experience.

The Ahts do not bury their dead, but place Vilhjalmr Stefansson, in writing of his thir- them on the ground, building small houses

Singular marriage customs prevail, the girls ing accordingly to their tribal position, beauty, virtue or industry. The whole tribe joins in ing before the house of the bride-to-be. They dance, scream, howl, sing and make a veritable pandemonium. They personate animals, with realistic bellowings, barkings and other noises. When the proper time comes, the parents of the girl yield their consent, and the tribe unite in feastings and revelry. The price of the bride is spent in providing the feast, Three Chair. Quick Service. Your patand many a young couple have to slave for years to pay off the indebtedness incurred at the marriage. There are no marriage ceremonies, the man being simply received into

the girl's family. Christianity is bringing blessings and liberty to the women, as it always does in heathen nations. Schools and churches are taking the place of the ancient barbarous dances and rites. The young people are especially becoming civilized and adopting the new methods o domestic life and religious belief. It is only to one who seeks their soul's salvation, and strives to enter into their lives with the true desire to elevate them, that the Indians give correct style, artistic workmanship their confidence. To the devoted missionaries has been given the highest privilege-that of beholding new-born souls struggling forth from the darkness of heathenism into the aglorious light of the Gospel.

The Hope of South Africa.

In view of the proposed federation of the six South African colonies, Lord Milner, when High Commissioner of South Africa, secured | tended to, at the City Auction Sales the appointment of the African Native Affairs Rooms, 88 Brock St., Kingston. Commission. It consisted of eleven statesmen of repute, who represented the six divisions. advertisment, and was nervous at first, but They were men of great colonial experience, Wm. Murray Auctioneer encouraged by Beech, the manager, and by administrators, teachers, traders and farmers. Macoa, the boy trainer, who seemed to have Missionaries were not represented. They spent two and a half years in collecting evifling for over five minutes. Brutus took a deuce, summoned many witnesses, and wellanguid interest in the performance. The £50 comed all who wished to be examined. In was duly paid, amid the applause of the au- their report they unanimously declared that dience. It was announced that she had been the natives must be educated and civilized; that the only people who have tried to elevate OUR ROOSTER BRAND them are the missionaries and some Christian families; and that hope for the elevation of the native races must depend mainly on their commissioners, and their attitude to missions has been entirely changed.

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