JOHN WHITE'S THANKSGIVING.

"Thanksgiving!—for what?"
—and he muttered a curse—
"For the plainest of food
and an empty purse;
For a life of hard work
and the shabbiest clothes?
But it's idle to talk
of a poor man's woes!
Let the rich give thanks
it is they who can;
There is nothing in life
for a laboring man."
So said John White
to his good wife Jane.
And o'er her face
stole a look of pain.
"Nothing, dear John?"
and he thought again;
Then glanced more kindly
down on Jane.
"I was wrong," he said;
"I'd forgotten you;
And I've my health,
and the baby, too."
And the baby crowed—
'twas a bouncing boy—
And o'er Jane's face
came a look of joy;
And she kissed her John
as he went away;
And he said to himself
as he worked that day:
"I was wrong, very wrong;
I'll not grumble again.
I should surely be thankful
for baby and Jane."

A FACE AT THE WINDOW

OU'RE late to-night, Moses," said Hannah Morand, bustling up to prepare the simple evening meal, as her husband, returning from his day's toil on the evening before Thanksgiving, entered the door.

"Late? yes—no. Who is in the wing to-night, Hannah?"

"The wing of the house? Nobody—who should be there?"

"I thought I saw a face at the window as I passed—a pale face with something white wrapped around it!"

Hannah dropped the blue-edged platter in her hand—it shivered into fragments on the edge of the brick hearth.

"Nobody has passed this threshold, Moses, since 3 o'clock this afternoon!"

"It's very strange," said Moses, passing his hand thoughtfully across his brow. "Give me the candle, wife; my eyes are getting old, but they ain't very often mistaken this way."

He went through the long, dark passage way into the one story wing which extended out in a westward direction from the old farmhouse—a room where apples were stored in roomy bins, and piles of seed-corn lay like gold on the floor, and butter-nuts were stacked in great splint baskets.

"There's no one here," he said, after elevating the candle and glancing keenly around the chilly apartment, "and I might ha' know'd it. Come, wife—we're a couple of old fools for our pains—let's go back and eat our supper."

Hannah followed her husband back into the cheerful sitting-room, but the color did not return to her cheek and lips.

"Moses," she said, in a low tone, "I know it's foolish to remember such old world stories—but—there was a tale about a ghost that haunted this house years and years before we bought it! And, Moses, it was always a pale face at the window, with grave-clothes wrapped around its face!"

"Nonsense!"

"Listen to me, Moses; that warn't all. It never appeared except on the eve of great trial and misfortune. Oh, Moses, I'd ha' given all my year's butter money cheerfully if you hadn't seen that pale face at the window!"

"Hannah," said the old man, almost irritably, "you are too absurd. Do you suppose the Lord 'll trust his children's welfare to ghosts? What would Parson Buckalew say to such notions?"

Mrs Morand dropped her head and said no more, but the weight still rested on her heart and spirit, it was evident.

"Moses," she said, suddenly, "did you remember to bring me one o' those big

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

yellow pumpkins? To-morrow's Thanksgiving Day, and I don't fairly think the day is kept if I don't have turkey and pumpkin pie."

Moses sighed.

"Thanksgivin' Day ain't what it used to be to us, Hannah," he said, sorrowfully. "When the children sat round our board and the house was full of merry voices, I felt to be thankful in my heart. Now we are alone in our old age. Four lie buried in the churchyard—four as likely children as ever played round a New England hearthstone—and Harry, the youngest and likeliest of 'em all, he ran away to sea six years ago, come next April, and if the billows of the salt sea hadn't been rolling over his brown curls long ago, we should ha' had tidings of him."

So the old couple sat, side by side, while the pine logs burned down into red, gleaming embers, and the candle guttered low in its brass socket.

Ten o'clock! the tall old timepiece tolled it off with slow distinctness, and as the last stroke died away there was a low "tap-tap" at the door.

And without waiting for it to be answered the door swung open and a tall, bronzed man strode in.

"Neighbor Morand, I've come to help you keep Thanksgiving!" he said, gruffly.

"You are welcome, friend," said the old man, in a puzzled voice, but Hannah's shrill scream interrupted him.

"Father, it's our boy, our Harry. Father, don't you know his eyes and his voice!"

And Harry Morand clasped both the old people in his arms, and cried and laughed by turns.

"I've had a hard time of it, father," he said; "shipwrecked and made captive and weather-bound, but I kept my face steadily turned homeward, and here I am at last. And I've earned money, too, father, to lift the curse of poverty off the old homestead at last!"

He threw a bag of jingling gold pieces on the table as he spoke, and caught his mother once more to his breast.

"And now we'll keep such a Thanksgiving to-morrow as the old house never knew before!" he cried. "Pile on the logs, mother—make the old cavern of a fireplace all aglow! Great heaven! how I have pined for this fireside all these weary years!"

And Moses looked mischievously across at the beaming face of his helpmate.

"I guess your ghost told the wrong side of the story to-night, Hannah," he said.

"Do hush, father!" said Mrs. Morand, blushing scarlet in spite of herself.

And so the starry hours of Thanksgiving Eve died into the peaceful frosty freshness of Thanksgiving Day itself.

"Give me the apples, mother. I'll pare 'em myself," said Harry Morand, perching himself lawlessly on the kitchen dresser. "Shades of epicures, how splendidly the turkey is browning! And, mother, be sure you don't put too much milk and eggs into the pie. I like the old fashioned pumpkin's taste."

"Harry, what a rattleboy you are," said the proud mother, dusting the sifted flour from her hands, while Farmer Moses, lifting his spectacled eyes over the edge of the newspaper, admonished them to "make haste if they didn't want to be late at church."

All of a sudden there was a rustling sound among the dead leaves of the threshold—footfalls on the well-worn door stone—and a loud imperative knock at the panels, from which the brass knocker had long since dropped away.

Moses Morand rose and opened the door. He recognized the village constable and two of his neighbors.

"Walk in, friends," said the old man, "walk in and sit up by the fire. Wife, draw a pitcher of cider and bring some o' them russet apples."

The men looked at each other with strange, disturbed faces.

"Thank'ee, neighbor, but we can't stay—we've come on a bad business," said the eldest one. "Constable, you'd better do your business at once."

The constable stepped forward and laid his hand on Harry Morand's shoulder.

"I arrest this man," he said, huskily, "on the charge of murder!"

The shriek that burst from Hannah Morand's lips well nigh filled the room. Moses gave one step forward, and then stopped, with clenched hands and set teeth.

"Harry, tell 'em it's false! Tell 'em you're innocent!" he faltered.

"False! of course it is," said the young man, tossing back the chestnut curls from his frank, open brow. "It is some unaccountable mistake—some confusion of persons. I a murderer! Do I look like it, friends?"

James Colt, the elder of the two neighbors, faltered a little.

"There surely must be some mistake, constable," he said, doubtfully. "This man don't carry the mark of Cain on his brow!"

"Nonsense," whispered the constable, "you'd never do for a lawyer, Mr Colt. Who was with the murdered man when he was last seen alive? What do all them gold coins on the table mean? Why the case couldn't be plainer if it were all writ out before your face and eyes. Prisoner, if you have any preparations to make, be spry about 'em. I've got to be at the county jail in one hour!"

"But stop a minute," said Harry. "Whom have I murdered? When? I have surely a right to hear the story of my own crime."

Jonas Colt shook his grizzled head.

"It's no use trying to brazen it out, Harry Morand," he said, "but I'll tell your father the whole story. Your son, Moses, came on from Portsmouth last night, with a sea captain—an Englishman—with a pocket full o' money, and a head scant o' brains, or he never would ha' wasted of his riches so, with strangers all around him. They traveled together—they walked side by side away from Caleb Corson's tavern—and at 8 o'clock last night they were seen together at the entrance to the Hollow Woods. This morning we find the Englishman's body stark and stiff, with a bloody wound across the throat and his pockets turned inside out, and we find your son here with a bag of foreign gold!"

"It is my own honest earning!" spoke out Harry, indignantly. "And as for the Englishman, I left him just where you go into the woods, and he called after me that he would be in the village again to-morrow."

"What time did your son arrive here last night?" asked Colt, turning to Moses Morand.

"The clock had just struck ten."

"And where were you, young man, between the hours of eight and ten?" sternly demanded the constable.

Harry reddened a little.

"I walked down to Josiah Wynne's. Ellen Wynne was my betrothed wife six years ago."

"Did you stay there long?"

"I did not stay there at all. The house was locked up, and the family absent."

"Did you meet any of your friends going or coming?"

"No."

The constable shook his head.

"Young man, it is a lame story—you will hardly prove an alibi."

So the Thanksgiving which had dawned so bright over the reunited family became dark with the shadow of an awful suspicion—an unsyllabled dread—before the noon-day sun had risen into the heavens! And Hannah Morand, sitting by the desolate fireside, with her face buried in both her hands, was ready to cry with the mother of old: "What good shall my life do me!"

"Why, neighbor Hanner! what's the trouble?"

It was a crooked, yellow-faced, little peddler who accosted Mrs. Morand, at the same time leisurely unstrapping his pack and laying it on the floor beside him. Hannah knew him well—he was a frequent visitor in these parts.

"But you needn't tell me," he said, "I calculate I know it all—and a black business it looks to be—looks, I say! For 'taint nothin' but looks! Now listen to me, neighbor, I warn't calculatin' to stop and tell you the story afore I went on to the county court, but I can't stand a mother's tears, any way you can fix it. Listen, I say! Harry didn't murder that man, and I know who did!"

"Who? For heaven's sake, tell me who?"

"Now be quiet, neighbor Hanner, and let me tell my story my own way, or it will never be told at all! You see I was ploddin' through the woods last night with my pack on my back—it's a short cut from Raynham road through them woods—when who should I see but a young feller whistlin' and stridin' along gayer than a sky lark. Says I to myself, says I, 'If that ain't Moses Morand's son, Harry, that ran away to sea six years ago, I'm mistakin'!' And I stood starin' at the trees where he disappeared as if I expected him to come back again, when lo, and behold! I heard a chokin' kind of a cry in the other direction. 'I don't like that sound,' says I to myself, so I put as fast as I could in the way the cry seemed to come from.

"But I'm old and stiff, and the wood was full of under brush, and it was a considd'rable spell afore I found myself in the little open glade, where a man lay dead, or dying, with another man—a pale, crouchin' little fellow—feelin' in his pockets! I could jest see his face by the light of a lantern standin' on the ground—a livid, eager, pinched kind o' face. I sot up such a haloo as never was, but it's a lonely spot, and I don't s'pose a livin' soul heard me. Anyhow the little creetur jumps as if he had been shot, and skurried away like a rabbit over the dead leaves. I jest stopped a minute to make sure the poor chap on the ground was dead, and then I ran like wild-fire arter the little villain. It was all I could do to keep him in sight, and I couldn't all the time do that. Once I did think I had lost him; but when I came opposite the wing o' your house, neighbor Hanner, I see his ugly face at the window, with a white handkerchief tied round the head!"

Hannah gave a low cry, but she did not interrupt the messenger of good tidings.

"Well, then I knowed how it was, plain enough. He had discovered that I was on his track, and thought he'd double on me so, but I warn't to be fooled that way, so I jest s'ipt under the winder and drawed the big outside bolt on the door. 'And now,' says I, 'I'll jest set on the fence opposite, and I'll watch till daylight.' I could ha' called Moses, but while I was callin' him my bird would ha' flown. So just as soon as 'twas daylight I undrawed the bolt and went boldly in; but don't you believe he was gone!"

"Yes, but——"

"Now you hush, neighbor Hanner! You better b'lieve I was clear frustrated then. Wal, I jest put back to the village arter Constable Jones, but he was gone. So I got Tom Myers, and we come back, slick as mice, and jest went the whole length and breadth of your wing. And sure enough, in he come, there was a trap-door, and that trap door led down into a cellar, and the cellar was the trap that held our mouse!"

"Was he there?"

"He was there, huddled up in the corner, with his bloody clothes and his stained hands, and the silk handkercher full o' queer-lookin' gold coins that had tempted him to commit the crime. And he can't speak a word of English, only foreign gibberish—and there he is now, and Tom's a takin' care he don't cut and run, and that reminds me I'd ought to be on my way to the county jail arter the constable!"

So the crooked peddler instinctively shouldered his pack and trudged away, leaving Hannah Morand bewildered and giddy, but oh, how indescribably happy!

"I knew my boy was innocent!" she murmured, with clasped hands. "I knew it—but somehow it seemed as if heaven and earth had conspired to blacken his future!"

Giacopo Orto made full confession of his guilt—in fact, it would have been useless to have thought of denying it under all the circumstances. He had been cook on board the vessel commanded by the Englishman—a little bark, plying between Palermo and Portsmouth—and his greed had been awakened by the gold so recklessly displayed by his master. Traveling by the same mail from Portsmouth, he had steadily kept his eye on the coveted wealth, and finally tracking his master into the woods, he had committed the fatal deed.

Of course he was at once committed, and all due measures taken to insure a decent burial of the unfortunate sea captain's remains.

Harry Morand spent Thanksgiving by his own friends after all; and the crooked peddler was made a welcome guest in the glad home circle.

"For if it hadn't been for you, old fellow," said the young man, cheerily, "I should have had but a dismal Thanksgiving of it!"

"And now, wife," said Moses, "what do you think about ghosts?"

"If it wasn't a ghost, Moses, it was something quite as bad," said Hannah, diligently polishing her spectacles.

A Warning.

Turkey—Say, young man, do you expect to celebrate Thanksgiving?

Young man—No—o, I—I dess not!

Turkey—Well, all right; I just wish to remark that a "word to the wise is sufficient."—Smith, Gray and Co.'s Monthly.

An Informal Repast.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, "you would like me to wear a new dress at this Thanksgiving dinner you are going to give?"

"Can't afford it," growled old Brown. "As long as you have the turkey well dressed you will pass muster."—Judge.

LOVE of country produces among men such examples as Cincinnatus, Alfred, Washington—pure, unselfish, symmetrical; among women, Vittoria, Colonna, Mdme. Roland, Charlotte Corday, Jeanne d'Arc—romantic, devoted, marvelous.—Lamartine.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE DRAWS A LESSON FROM THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

On the Way from Smyrna to Ephesus—Bandits, Robbers and Pilgrims—Present Appearance of the Place Where Paul Fought With Beasts.

The Temple of Diana.

Dr. Talmage's text was Acts xix, 34. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

We have landed at Smyrna, a city of Asiatic Turkey. One of the seven churches of Asia once stood here. You read in Revelation, "To the church in Smyrna write." It is a city that has often been shaken by earthquake, swept by conflagration, blasted by plagues, and butchered by war, and here Bishop Polycarp stood in a crowded amphitheater, and when he was asked to give up the advocacy of the Christian religion and save himself from martyrdom, the proconsul saying, "Swear and I release thee; reproach Christ," replied, "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He never did me wrong; how then can I revile my King and Saviour?"

When he was brought to the fires into which he was about to be thrust, and the officials were about to fasten him to the stake, he said, "Let me remain as I am, for he who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will enable me also without your securing me with nails to remain unmoved in the fire." History says the fires refused to consume him, and under the winds the flames bent outward so that they did not touch his person, and therefore he was slain by swords and spears. One cypress bending over his grave is the only monument to Bishop Polycarp.

But we are on the way to the city of Ephesus, about fifty miles from Smyrna. We are advised not to go to Ephesus; the bandits in that region have had an ugly practice of cutting off the ears of travelers and sending these specimens of ears down to Smyrna, demanding a ransom. The bandits suggest to the friends of the person from whom the ears have been subtracted that if they would like to have the rest of the body they will please send an appropriate sum of money. If the money is not sent the mutilated prisoners will be assassinated. One traveler was carried off to the robbers' den and $7,500 was paid for his rescue. The bandits were caught and beheaded, and pictures of these ghastly heads are on sale in the shops of Smyrna for any persons who may desire to have something to look at on their way to Ephesus.

There have been cases where ten and twenty and thirty and forty thousand dollars have been demanded by these brigands. We do not feel like putting our friends to such expense, and it was suggested that we had better omit Ephesus. But that would have been a disappointment from which we would never recover. We must see Ephesus—associated with the most wonderful apostolic scenes. We hire a special railway train, and in about an hour and a half we arrive at the city of Ephesus, which was called "The Great Metropolis of Asia," and "One of the Eyes of Asia," and "The Empress of Ionia," the capital of all learning and magnificence. Here, as I said, was one of the seven churches of Asia, and first of all we visit the ruins of that church where once an ecumenical council of two thousand ministers of religion was held.

Mark the fulfillment of the prophecy of the seven churches of Asia; four were commended in the Book of Revelation and three were doomed. The cities having the four commended churches still stand; the cities having the three doomed churches are wiped out. It occurred just as the Bible said it would occur. Drive on and you come to the theater, which was 660 feet from wall to wall, capable of holding 56,700 spectators. Here and there the walls arise almost unbroken, but for the most part the building is down. Just enough of it is left to help the imagination build it up as it was when those audiences shouted and clapped at some great spectacular. Their huzzas must have been enough to stun the heavens.

As I took my place at the center of this theater and looked around at its broken layers of stone, gallery upon gallery, gallery upon gallery, piled up into the bleak skies of that winter day, and thought that every hand that swung a trowel on those walls, and every foot that trod those stairs, and every eye that gazed on that amphitheater, and every voice that greeted the combatants in that arena had gone out of hearing and sight for ages on ages, I felt a thrill of interest that almost prostrated me amid the ruins.

Standing there we could not forget that in that building once assembled a riotous throng for Paul's condemnation because what he preached collided with the idolatry of their national goddess. Paul tried to get into that theater and address the excited multitude, but his friends held him back lest he be torn to pieces by the mob, and the recorder of the city had to read the riot act among the people, who had shrieked for two mortal hours till their throats were sore and they were black in the face, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Now we step into the Stadium. Enough of its walls and appointments are left to show what a stupendous place it must have been when used for foot races and for fights with wild beasts. It was a building 680 feet long by 200 feet wide. Paul refers to what transpired there in the way of spectacle when he says, "We have been made a spectacle." Yes, Paul says, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," an expression usually taken as figurative, but I suppose it was literally true, for one of the amusements in that Stadium was to put a disliked man in the arena with a hungry lion or tiger or panther, and let the fight go on until either the man or the beast or both were slain.

It must have been great fun for these haters of Christianity to hear that on the morrow in the Stadium in Ephesus the missionary Paul would, in the presence of the crowded galleries, fight a hungry lion. The people were early there to get the best seats, and a more alert and enthusiastic crowd never assembled. They took their dinners with them. And was there ever a more unequal combat proposed. Paul, according to tradition, small, crooked-backed, and weak-eyed, but the grandest man in sixty centuries, is lead to the center as the people shout: "There he comes, the preacher who has nearly ruined our religion. The lion will make but a brief mouthful of him."

It is plain that all the sympathies of that crowd are with the lion. In one of the underground rooms I hear the growl of the wild beasts. They have been kept for several days without food or water in order that they may be especially ravenous and bloodthirsty. What chance is there for Paul? But you cannot tell by a man's size or looks how stout a blow he can strike or how keen a blade he can thrust. Witness, Heaven and earth and hell, this struggle of Paul with a wild beast. The coolest man in the stadium is Paul. What has he to fear? He has defied all the powers, earthly and infernal, and if his body tumble under the foot and tooth of the wild beast, his soul will only the sooner find disenthrallment. But it is his duty, as far as possible, to preserve his life.

Now I hear the bolt of the wild beast's door shove back, and the whole audience rise to their feet as the fierce brute springs for the arena and toward its small occupant. I think the first plunge that was made by the wild beast at the apostle was made on the point of a sharp blade, and the snarling monster with a howl of pain and reeking with gore turns back. But now the little missionary has his turn of making attack, and with a few well directed thrusts the monster lies dead in the dust of the arena and the apostle puts his right foot on the lion and shakes him, and then puts his left foot on him and shakes him—a scene which Paul afterward uses for an illustration when he wants to show how Christ will triumph over death—"he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet;" yes, under his feet. Paul told the literal truth when he said, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," and as the plural is used I think he had more than one such fight, or several beasts were let loose upon him at one time. As we stood that day in the middle of the stadium and looked around at the great structure, the whole scene came back upon us.

But we pass out of the Stadium, for we are in haste for other places of interest in Ephesus. To add to the excitement of the day one of our party was missing. No man is safe in that region alone unless he be armed and knows how to take sure aim and not miss fire. Our companion, Dr. Louis Klopsch, now the publisher of the Christian Herald, had gone out on some explorations of his own, and through the gate where Paul had walked again and again, yet where no man unaccompanied should venture now. But after some time had passed, and every minute seemed as long as an hour, and we had time to imagine everything horrible in the way of robbery and assassination, the lost traveler appeared, to receive from our entire party a volley of expostulation for the arousal of so many anxieties.

In the midst of this city of Ephesus once floated an artificial lake, brilliant with painted boats, and through the River Cayster it was connected with the sea, and ships from all parts of the known earth floated in and out carrying on a commerce that made Ephesus the envy of the world. Great was Ephesus! Its gymnasia, its hippodrome, its odeon, its athenæum, its forum, its aqueducts (whose skeletons are still strewn along the city), its towers, its Castle of Hadrian, its monument of Androcius, its quarries, which were the granite cradle of cities; its temples, built to Apollo, to Minerva, to Neptune, to Mercury, to Bacchus, to Hercules, to Cæsar, to Fortune, to Jupiter Olympus. What history and poetry and chisel and canvas have not presented has come up at the call of archæologists' powder blast and crowbar.

But I have now to unveil the chief wonder of this chiefest of cities. In 1863, under the patronage of the English Government, Mr. Wood, the explorer, began at Ephesus to feel along under the ground at great depths for roads, for walls, for towers, and here it is—that for which Ephesus was more celebrated than all else besides—the Temple of the Goddess Diana, called the sixth wonder of the world, and in 1889 we stood amid the ruins of that temple, measuring its pillars, transfixed by its sculpture and confounded by what was the greatest temple of idolatry in all time. As I sat on a piece of one of its fallen columns I said, "What earthquake rocked it down, or what hurricane pushed it to the earth, or under what strong wine of centuries did the giant stagger and fall." There have been seven temples of Diana, each one contributing something for the splendor of all its architectural successors.

Two hundred and twenty years was this last temple in construction. Twice as long as the United States has stood was that temple in building. It was nearly twice as long as St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Lest it should be disturbed by earthquakes, which have always been fond of making those regions their playground, the temple was built on a marsh, which was made firm by layers of charcoal covered by fleeces of wool. The stone came from the quarry near by. After it was decreed to build the temple, it was thought it would be necessary to bring the building stone from other lands, but one day a shepherd by the name of Pixodorus, while watching his flocks, saw two rams fighting, and as they missed the interlocking of their horns and one fell, his horn knocked a splinter from the rock and showed by that splinter the lustrous whiteness of the rock.

The shepherd ran to the city with a piece of that stone, which revealed a quarry from which the temple was built, and every month in all ages since the mayor of Ephesus goes to that quarry to offer sacrifices to the memory of that shepherd who discovered this source of splendor and wealth for the cities of Asia Minor. In removing the great stones from the quarry to their destined places in the temple, it was necessary, in order to keep the wheels, which were twelve feet in diameter, from sinking deep into the earth under the unparalleled heft, that a frame of timbers be arranged over which the wheels rolled.

To put the immense block of marble in its place over the doorway of one of these temples was so vast and difficult an undertaking that the architect at one time gave it up, and in his chagrin intended suicide, but one night in his sleep he dreamed that the stone had settled to the right place, and the next day he found that the great block of marble had by its own weight settled to the right place. The temple of Diana was 425 feet long by 220 feet wide. All Asia was taxed to pay for it. It had 127 pillars, each sixty feet high, and each the gift of a king, and inscribed with the name of the donor.

Now you see the meaning of that passage in Revelation, just as a king presenting one of these pillars to the temple of Diana had his own name chiseled on it and the name of his own country, so says Christ, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will write upon him the name of my God and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, and I will write upon him my new name." How suggestive and beautiful!

Paul, in the presence of this Temple of Diana, incorporates it in his figures of speech while speaking of the spiritual temple, "Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, etc.," and no doubt with reference to one of the previous temples which had been set on fire by Herostratus just for the fame of destroying it. Paul says, "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, etc.," and all up and down Paul's writings you realize that he had not only seen, but had been mightily impressed with what he had seen of the Temple of Diana.

In this city the mother of Jesus was said to have been buried. Here dwelt Aquilla and Priscilla of Bible mention, who were professors in an extemporized theological seminary, and they taught the eloquent Apollos how to be eloquent for Christ. Here John preached, and from here because of his fidelity he was exiled to Patmos. Here Paul warred against the magical arts for which Ephesus was famous. The sorcerers of this city pretended that they could cure diseases, and perform almost any miracle, by pronouncing these senseless words, "Aski Cataski Lix Tetrax Damnameneus Aision."

Paul having performed a miracle in the name of Jesus, there was a lying family of seven brothers who imitated the apostle, and instead of their usual words of incantation, used the word Jesus over a man who was possessed of a devil, and the man possessed flew at them in great fierceness and nearly tore these frauds to pieces, and in consequence all up and down the streets of Ephesus there was indignation excited against the magical arts, and a great bonfire of magical books was kindled in the streets, and the people stirred the blaze until thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of black art literature had burned to ashes.

But all the glory of Ephesus I have described has gone now. At some seasons of the year awful malarias sweep over the place and put upon mattress or in graves a large portion of the population. In the approximate marshes scorpions, centipedes and all forms of reptile life crawl and hiss and sting, while hyenas and jackals at night slink in and out of the ruins of buildings which once startled the nations with their almost supernatural grandeur.

But here is a lesson which has never yet been drawn out. Do you not see in that temple of Diana an expression of what the world needs? It wants a God who can provide food. Diana was a huntress. In pictures on many of the coins she held a stag by the horn with one hand and a bundle of arrows in the other. Oh, this is a hungry world! Diana could not give one pound of meat or one mouthful of food to the millions of her worshippers. She was a dead divinity, an imaginary god, and so in idolatrous lands, the vast majority of people never have enough to eat. It is only in the countries where the God of Heaven and earth is worshipped that the vast majority have enough to eat. Let Diana have her arrows and her hounds; our God has the sunshine and the showers, and the harvests, and in proportion as He is worshiped does plenty reign.

So also in the temple of Diana the world expressed its need of a refuge. To it from all parts of the world came debtors who could not pay their debts and offenders of the law that they might escape incarceration, but she sheltered them only a little while, and while she kept them from arrest she could not change their hearts and the guilty remained guilty, but our God in Jesus Christ is a refuge into which we may fly from all our sins and all our pursuers, and not only be safe for time but safe for eternity, and the guilt is pardoned and the nature is transformed. What Diana could not do for her worshipers our Christ accomplishes for us.

Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Then, in that temple were deposited treasures from all the earth for safe keeping. Chrysostom says it was the treasure-house of nations; they brought gold and silver and precious stones and coronets from across the sea, and put them under the care of Diana of the Ephesians. But again and again were those treasures ransacked, captured, or destroyed. Nero robbed them, the Scythians scattered them, the Goths burned them. Diana failed those who trusted her with treasures, but our God, to Him we may intrust all our treasures, for this world and the next, and fail any one who puts confidence in Him he never will. After the last jasper column has fallen and the last temple on earth has gone into ruins and the world itself has suffered demolition, the Lord will keep for us our best treasures.

Gymnasiums? Yes, but see that the vigor gained in them be consecrated to God. Magnificent temples of worship? Yes, but see that in them instead of conventionalities and cold pomp of service there be warmth of devotion and the pure Gospel preached. Imposing court houses? Yes, but in them let justice and mercy rule. Palaces of journalism? Yes, but let all of the printing presses be marshaled for happiness and truth. Great postoffice buildings? Yes, but through them, day by day, may correspondence helpful, elevating and moral pass. Ornate dwelling houses? Yes, but in them let there be altars of devotion, and conjugal, filial, paternal and Christian fidelity rule. London for magnitude, Berlin for universities, Paris for fashions, Rome for cathedrals, Athens for classics, Thebes for hieroglyphics, Memphis for tombs, Babylon for gardens, Ephesus for idolatry, but what shall be the characteristics of our American cities when they shall have attained their full stature? Would that "Holiness to the Lord" might be inscribed upon all our municipalities. One thing is certain, and that is that all idolatry must come down.

When the greatest goddess of the earth, Diana, enshrined in the greatest temple that ever stood, was prostrated at Ephesus, it was a prophecy of the overthrow of all the idolatries that have cursed the earth and anything we love more than God it is an idol, and there is as much idolatry in the nineteenth century as in the first, and in America as in Asia.

As our train pulled out from the station at Ephesus, the cars surrounded by the worst looking group of villains I ever gazed on, all of them seeming in a wrangle with each other and trying to get into a wrangle with us, and we moved along the columns of ancient aqueducts, each column crowned with storks, having built their nests there, and we rolled on down toward Smyrna, and that night in a sailor's bethel as we spoke of the Christ whom the world must know or perish, we felt that between cradle and grave there could not be anything more enthralling for body, ... than our visit to Ephesus.

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