

JERUSALEM.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets!" This exclamation burst from the lips of Christ as He came in sight of this great city; and, although things have marvelously changed, who can think of Jerusalem today without having its mighty past roll over on him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exclamatory as we cry, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" The procession of kings, conquerors, poets and immortal men and women pass before me as I write these lines. Among the throng are Solomon, David and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wonder of splendor and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. I robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, architecture no grandeur but it was all his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from Enzedi fell the long shadows of trees brought from distant forests. Fishpools fed by artificial channels that brought the streams from hills far away, were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from water cave to water cave with en fess dive and swirl, attracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been bought from foreign avairies fluttered among the foliage, and called to their mates far beyond the sea. From the royal stables there came up the neighing of 12,000 horses, standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their bits over troughs of gold, waiting for the king's order to be brought out in front of the palace, when the official dignitaries would leap into the saddle for some grand parade, or, harnessed to some of the 1400 chariots of the king, the fiery chargers, with flaunting mane and throbbing nostril, would make the earth jar with tramp of hoofs and the thunder of wheels. While within and without the palace you could not think of a single luxury that could be added, or a single splendor that could be kindled; down on the banks of the sea the dry docks of Zion-geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights, who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce, for all lands and climes were to be robbed to make up Solomon's glory. No rest till his keels shall cut every sea, his axmen hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trade in every bazar, his name be honored by every tribe;

and royalty shall have no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, song no melody, light no radiance, craters no gleam, birds no plumage, upholstery no gorgeousness, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his.

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out of the palace, and see his robes actually encrusted with jewels, as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon. great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy? No. While standing here amidst all the splendor, the tears start, and his heart breaks and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet? No, not happy. The honors and emoluments of this world bring so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquietude. Pharaoh sits on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I. aches under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. Frederick William III. of Prussia is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces. The world is not large enough for Louis XIV. and William III. The ghostliest suffering, the most shriveling fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel and set on judgment seats of power.

If wealth and wisdom could have satisfied a man, Solomon would have been satisfied. To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of six hundred and eighty million pounds, and he had silver to the value of one billion, twenty-nine million, three hundred and seventy-seven pounds. The Queen of Sheba made him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would hardly have been worth his while to stoop down and pick it up. He wrote one thousand and five songs. He wrote three thousand proverbs. He wrote about almost everything. The Bible says distinctly, he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes and put on hunter's trapping, and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds; and then he came back to his study and wrote about zoology, the science of animals; and then with his fishing apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the denizens of the deep, and afterwards wrote

about ichthyologie, the science of fishes; and then plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers, and then wrote about botany, the science of plants. Yet, notwithstanding all his wisdom and wealth, behold his wretchedness, and let him pass on. Did any other city ever behold so wonderful a man? O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But here passes through these streets, as in imagination I see him, quite as wonderful and a far better man. David the conqueror, the king, the poet; David great for power and great for grief. He was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged from the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was short, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshalled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come; the conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion! Two great questions were to be decided—the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After a while a servant standing on the top of the house looks off and sees someone running. He is traveling at great speed, and the man on the top of the house announces the coming of the messenger. The father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle is within hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no. There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question: "Is Absalom my son safe?" When it was told to David, the King, that though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands and pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "Oh Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee; my son, my son!" Stupendous grief of David resounding through all succeeding ages. This was the city that heard the woe. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"

I am also thrilled and overpowered with the remembrance that yonder, where now stands a Mohammedan mosque, stood the Temple, the very one that Christ visited. Solomon's temple had stood there,