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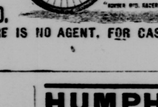
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HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

TO SMOOTHEN AN IRON

The roughening of flatirons comes from rust, which eats a certain portion of the iron away; nothing can be done for this. If the irons are only slightly rough from want of care, rub well in salt placed on a piece of brown paper. Tie a small piece of beeswax in a piece of muslin, rub gently over the bottom of the hot iron. This will make an ordinary iron perfectly smooth.—New York World.

UTILIZE THE FAT.

Every portion of fat in the kitchen should be precious to the cook. The strong fats, like mutton, lamb and turkey fat, if fried out carefully and strained into a tin pail till five pounds be obtained, will make with a single pound of potash from nine to ten gallons of soft soap, which is superior for cleaning around the kitchen and for washing dishes to any soap which is purchased by the bar or cake. The entire cost of this keg of soap will be the trifling cost of the potash and the trifling trouble of saving the fat and making the soap. Almost any cook will prefer this soap for her cleaning when she once learns to use it. The soapfat man is an individual whose visits should always be discouraged, as there is no fat used about a family which cannot be put to a good purpose by the housekeeper.—Boston Cultivator.

POTPIES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

Almost any one may succeed in making a potpie by following the most simple directions: With flour, cold water, a pinch of salt and the usual proportion of baking powder, make a paste which may with great care be handled with the hands. Turn it out on the pastry board and pat it gently with the hands, using as little flour as possible to shape it into a cake of even thickness. Then lay this in the kettle over the meat and vegetables, which must be nearly done. Boil rapidly for fifteen minutes; then take it carefully from the fire, remove all but the gravy, which is to be slightly thickened with flour, providing the dumpling has not made it thick enough before, which is sometimes the case. Pour the gravy over the dish and serve immediately. Made and treated in this way, dumplings will be light and digestible nine times out of ten. A number of cooks who have adopted this recipe say that in years they have not had a single failure.—New York World.

BEWARE OF GLASS BUBBLES.

Since glass cans have come into such general use for fruits less is heard about "danger in the can," writes Mrs. M. Milligan. Still there may be danger even in glass cans as appeared of late when a little child was helped to freshly opened canned plums. His teeth were heard to grate on some hard substance, which proved to be a flake of glass he had broken with his teeth into bits. In a minute more, if unchecked, he would have innocently swallowed the glass, which would have caused serious injury and perhaps death. An inspection of the empty can discovered the rough edges of a broken air-bubble on the inside. Air-bubbles are very common in the cheap grades of glass of which fruit cans are usually made, and are less objectionable on the inside than on the outside. When the boiling fruit is poured into the can these thin shells, if on the inside, are almost sure to crack off. A tablespoonful of small shot well shaken about in the can will break these dangerous bubbles and smooth their edges; better still for this purpose is a light dish-cloth. Too much care cannot be taken to wash out every particle of broken glass from the can; their small size, transparency and weight, which sends them to the bottom or sides, make them difficult to select.—New York Tribune.

MEAT SAUCES AND GRAVIES.

The making of sauces and gravies, writes Mrs. E. R. Parker in the Courier-Journal, is one of the most important points in cooking, and in no other does he cook display so much talent. To have them in perfection all the ingredients should be perfectly blended, and the seasoning harmonized so no one flavor will predominate to the exclusion of the others. Once a week in winter and three times in summer stock should be made to use in the preparation of sauces and gravies, for which purpose all bones and scraps of meat and vegetables may be saved and kept in a close jar until wanted. Care is necessary in order to thicken sauces and gravies properly; some cooks make them too thick, while others have them thin and watery. To prevent either faults the flour and butter should be carefully measured so as to have the right proportion, then mixed well together and cooked before being added to the stock.

For seasoning sauces and gravies a supply of sweet herbs and spices should always be on hand, as well as a bottle of capers, a bottle of olives and anchovies each, with canned mushrooms and truffles. Walnut, mushroom and tomato catsups will be found very good substitutes for more expensive seasoning.

White sauce is the foundation of most light sauces. To make it put two ounces of butter in a saucepan with two tablespoons of flour, and set over the fire; stir until melted and let come to a boil; then add a pint of clear hot stock, putting in a little at a time and mixing all the while. Set on the back of the stove and let simmer one hour; thin with two tablespoonsful of rich cream. By the addition of various flourings numerous different sauces may be made with white sauce.

Ordinary brown sauce is the foundation for another class of richer sauces, as the white is for the more delicate, and can be varied by the use of suitable flouring. To make it melt an ounce of butter and flour each together and stir over the fire until brown; then add half a pint of rich, dark stock and boil until thick and smooth. From this may be made Chateaubriand, Robert, Poiveade, Piquante and other sauces.

WHILE running to a fire, in Evansville, Indiana, a hook and ladder truck was overturned and an engine and a street car came in collision. Three firemen were fatally injured and others seriously.

SENATOR CARLISLE RESIGNS

He Takes the First Step Toward Taking His Seat in the Cabinet.

Governor Brown received the following letter in his 12 o'clock mail:

Hon. John Young Brown, Governor of Kentucky—Dear Sir: I hereby resign the office of Senator from the State of Kentucky in the Congress of the United States, to take effect on the 4th day of February, 1893. Yours truly,

J. G. CARLISLE.

Governor Brown hurried a private message to the Senate and House to remain in session a few minutes longer, and followed this up immediately with a communication to the assembly embracing the letter. The House adjourned before the first message was received.

Poisoned Honey From Plants.

There are certain plants which produce flowers that make not only poisonous honey but also poisonous wax. Cases often occur of persons being made ill after eating honey and the cause is sometimes attributed to indigestion, but more frequently the cause is found in the honey itself, the bees having fed upon poisonous flowers.—Paris American Register.

At present, it is stated, there are about 3,500,000 milch cows in the British Isles, and the average cow yields some 400 gallons of milk during the course of a year. Altogether some 1,000,000 gallons are produced in the United Kingdom annually.

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EVERY lie has a truth on its track.

WHEN the Lord borrows He pays good interest.

WE are not pleasing God when we are unhappy.

THE more God's truth is opposed the more it spreads.

WHERE the morals are wrong the religion is not right.

IF will not give us any favor with God to play at religion.

NO MAN can tell how much it would take to make him rich.

THE right kind of a smile never hurts a prayer meeting.

THE Christian who winks at sin will soon be stone blind.

IF you want the Lord to use you, stop wearing a long face.

PEOPLE who are always giving advice seldom like to take it.

STONING the preacher will not make hell any the less real.

GOD wants every man to live his sermon before he preaches it.

IT is not the biggest pipes in the organ that are used the most.

YOU know the character of a man when you know what he loves.

THE only way to plow a straight furrow is to stop looking back.

Where the giants are the biggest the grapes of Canaan are the sweetest.

THE man who runs from trouble will never find time to stop and rest.

GOD can do great things with any man who will always do his prayerful best.

TO FORGET God's goodness is as wicked as to break His commandments.

NO MAN will ever lose his soul because God did not give him light enough.

WHEREVER the gospel is faithfully preached, somebody is going to believe it.

A HANDSOME Bible on the parlor table will not keep the devil out of the house.

THE Lord is never able to do much with a preacher who is proud of his own head.

THE troubles we talk about to one another grow. Those we talk about to God die.

THE most dangerous thing you can do is to decide to live another day without Christ.

NO MAN who faithfully follows Christ will go to heaven alone. Others will follow him

NOVEL TRAVELING OUTFIT.

A Cripple Driving Across the Continent with a Goat Team.

The Butte correspondent of the Anaconda Standard gives the following interesting account of a novel traveling outfit now going through Montana: "Vivian Edwards, a cripple from Hastings, Neb., is making one of the most remarkable trips across the country that was ever undertaken. His long journey started at Hastings just 130 days ago, and during that time he has traveled 1,654 miles. He is a cripple, having lost the use of his legs, and travels in a miniature buggy drawn by a four-in-hand of milk-white Rocky Mountain goats, and carries a complete camping outfit with him. The entire outfit weighs 556 pounds, which the goats pull with ease, and have made thirty-two miles in one day, although the usual day's journey averages from twelve to sixteen miles, which distance the goats accomplish with ease. Some portions of his trip have been arduous in the extreme. Between Ham's Fork and Montpelier, in Wyoming, he took the wrong road and was lost in the desert, and for three days suffered intensely for want of water, as all the water himself and animals had was what was contained in a beer bottle. Another time in Southern Utah he was compelled to the deep brine of our seas must not, will not, be forgotten. It a thousand years after the world has gone to ashes you or I want to recall how the earthly skies looked in a summer noon or the midocean in a calm, we will have only to look at the second row of the foundation of the wall of heaven.

Oh, I am so glad that St. John told us about it! "The second, sapphire." While we are living in sight of that wall spirits who have come from other worlds and who never saw our earth will visit us, and we will tell them, and some time we will be in conversation about this earth when it was yet afloat and aswing, and we shall want to tell them about how it looked at certain times, and then it will be a great object lesson for all eternity, and we will say to our visitor from some other world, as we point toward the wall of heaven, "It looked like that stratum of foundation next to the lowest." John, twenty-first chapter and nineteenth verse. "The second sapphire."

A step higher and you come to chalcedony, another layer in the foundation of the wall and the running 1500 miles around the heavenly city Chalcedony! Translucent. A divine mixture of agates and opals and cornelians. Striped with white and gray. Dashed of pallor blushing into red and darkening into purple. Ice and fire the Hebrides hold forth beautiful specimens of chalcedony.

But now we must make a swift ascent to the top of the foundation wall, for we cannot minutely examine all the layers, and so, putting one foot on the chalcedony of which we have been speaking, we spring to the emerald, and we are one-third of the way to the top of the foundation, for the fourth row is emerald. That, I would judge, is God's favorite among gems, because it holds what seems evident is His favorite color on earth, the green, since that is the color most widely diffused across all the earth's continent—the grass, the foliage, the everyday dress of nature. The emerald! Kings use it as a seal to stamp pronunciamentos. The rainbow around the throne of God is by St. John compared to it.

Conquerors have considered it the greatest prize to capture. What ruthlessness when the soldiers of Pizarro pounded it with their hammers! Emeralds have had much to do with the destiny of Mexico. Five of them were presented by Cortez to his bride, one of them cut into the shape of a rose, another into the shape of a trumpet, another into the shape of a bell, with tongue of pearl, and this presentation aroused the jealousy of the throne and caused the consequent fall of Cortez. But the depths of the sea were decorated with those emeralds, for in a shipwreck they went down off the coast of Barbary. Napoleon wore an emerald at Austerlitz.

In the Kremlin museum at Moscow there are crowns and sceptors and outspread miracles of emerald. Ireland is called the Emerald Isle not because of its verdure, but because it was presented to Henry II of England with an emerald ring. Nero had a magnifying glass of emerald through which he looked at the gladiatorial contests at Roma. But here are 1500 miles of emerald sweeping around the heavenly city in one layer.

But upward still and you put your foot on a stratum of sardonyx, white and red, a seeming commingling of snow and fire, the snow cooling the fire, the fire melting the snow.

Another climb and you reach the sardius, named after the city of Sardius. Another climb and you reach the chrysolite. A specimen of this, belonging to Epiphanus, in the Fourth Century, was said to be so brilliant that whatever was put over to conceal it was shone through, and the emperor of China has a specimen that is described as having such penetrating radiance that it makes the night as bright as the day.

A higher climb and you reach the beryl. Two thousand years ago the dreams used this precious stone for engraving purposes. It was accounted among the royal treasures of Tyre. The hilt of Murat's sword was adorned with it. It glows in the imperial crown of Great Britain. Luther thought the beryls of the heavenly wall was turquoise. Kalisch thought it was chrysolite. Josephus thought it a golden colored jewel. The wheels of Ezekiel's vision flamed with beryl and were a revolving fire.

The beryl appears in six sided prisms, and is set in seals and intaglios, in necklaces and coronets. It was the joy of ancient jewelry. It ornamented the affluent with carats. Charlemagne presented it to his favorite. Beautiful beryl! Exquisitely shaped beryl! Divinely colored beryl! It seems like congealed color. It looks like frozen fire.

But stop not here. Climb higher and you come to topaz, a bewilderment of beauty and named after an island of the Red Sea.

Climb higher and you come to chrysoprasus, of greenish golden hue and hard as flint.

Climb higher and you reach the jacinth, named after the flower hyacinth and of reddish blue.

Take one more step and you reach the top, not of the wall, but the top of the foundation of the wall, and St. John cries out, "The twelfth an amethyst!" This precious stone when found in Australia or India or Europe stands in columns and pyramids. For color it is a violet bloom; in stone. For its play of light, for its deep mysteries of color, for its unseen Egyptians, in Etruscan, in Roman art it has been honored. The Greeks thought this stone a preventive of drunkenness. The Hebrews thought it a source of pleasant dreams.

For all lovers of gems it is a subject of admiration and suggestiveness. Yes, the word amethyst means a prevention of drunkenness. Long before the New Testament made reference to the amethyst in the wall of heaven the Persians thought that cups made out of amethyst would hinder any kind of liquor contained therein from becoming intoxicating. But of all the amethystine cups from which the ancients drank not one had any such result of prevention.

For thousands of years the world has been looking in vain for such a preventive amethystine cup. Staggering Noah could not find it. Convivial Ahasuerus driving Vashti from the gates could not find it. Nabal breaking the heart of beautiful Abigail could not find it. Belshazzar, the kingly reveler, on the night that the Chaldeans took Babylon could not find it. Not one of the millions of inebriates whose skulls pave the continents and pave the depths of the sea could find it. There is no such cup. Strong drink from hollowed amethyst imbrutes the same as strong drink from pewter mug. It is not the style of cup we drink out of, but that which the cup contains, which decides the helpful or damning result of the beverage.

All around the world last night and today, out of cups costlier than amethyst, men and women have been drinking their own doom and the doom of their children for this life and the next. Ah, it is the amethystine ones that do the wildest and worst slaughter! The smash of the filthy goblets of the drummeries would long ago have taken place by law, but the amethystine chalices prevent—the chalices out of which legislatures, congresses drink before and after they make the laws. Amethystine chalices have been the friends of intoxication instead of its foes. Over the fiery lips of the amethystine chalices is thrust the tongue of that which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Drunkenness is a combination of apoplexy and demothia. The 40,000,000 victims of opium come out to meet the 13,000,000 victims of alcohol, and the two agents take the contract for tumbling the human race into perdition, but whether they will succeed in fulfilling the contract depends on the action of the amethystine cups, the amethystine demijohns, the amethystine ale pitchers, the amethystine flagons, the amethystine wine cellars. Oh, Persians! Oh, Assyrians! Oh, Greeks! Oh, Egyptians! you were wrong in thinking that a cup of amethyst would prevent inebriation.

But standing on the top of this amethystine layer of the foundation of the wall of heaven I bethink myself of the mistake that many of the ancient Hebrews made when they thought that the amethyst was a producer of pleasant dreams. Just wear a piece of amethyst over your heart or put it under your pillow, and you would have your dreams filled with everything beautiful and entrancing. No, no. The style of pillow will not decide the character of the dream. The only recips for pleasant dreams is to do right and think right when you are awake. Conditions of physical disease may give a good man nightmare, but a man physically well, if he behave himself aright, will not be troubled with bad dreams.

Nebuchadnezzar, with eagle's down under his head and Tyrian purple over it, struggled with a bad dream that made him shriek out for the soothsayers and astrologers to come and interpret it. Pharaoh, amid the marble palaces of Memphis, was confounded by a dream in which lean cows ate up the fat cows and the small ears of corn devoured the seven large ears, and awful famine was prefigured. Pilate's wife, amid clouds of richest upholstery, had a startling dream, because of which she sent a message in hot haste to a courtroom to keep her husband from enacting a judicial outrage. But Jacob, at Bethel, with a pillow of mountain rock, had a blissful dream of the ladder of angel blossoming.

Bunyan, with his head on a hard plank of Bedford's jail, saw the gates of the Celestial city. St. John, on the barrenest island of the Ægean Sea, in his dream heard trumpets and saw cavalry men on white horses and a new heaven and a new earth. No amount of rough pillow can disturb the night vision of a saint, and no amount of amethystine charm can delectate the dream of a miscreant.

But, some one will say, why have you brought us to this amethyst, the top row of the foundation of the heavenly wall, if you are not able to accept the theory of the ancient Greeks, who said that the amethyst was a charm against intoxication, or if you are not willing to accept the theory of the ancient Hebrews that the amethyst was a producer of pleasant dreams? My answer is, I have brought you to the top row, the twelfth row, the amethyst! Perhaps the ancient Hebrews were not, after all, so far out of the way when they thought that the touch of the amethyst gave pleasant dreams, for the touch of it this hour gives me a very pleasant dream. Standing on this amethyst

I dream a dream. I close my eyes and I see it all. We are there. This is heaven! Not the outside, but the inside of heaven.

With what warmth of welcome our long ago departed loved ones have kissed us. My! How they have changed in looks! They were so sick when they went away, and now they are so well. Look! Yonder is the place of our Lord the King. Not kept a moment outside we are ushered into the throneroom. Shrieking out His scarred hand He says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," and we respond, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"

But, look! Yonder is the playground of the children. Children do you want a throne. A throne would not fit a child. There they are on the playgrounds of heaven—the children. Out of the sick cradle of earth they came into this romping mirth of the eternal playgrounds. I clap my hands to direct them in the glee. Yonder are the palaces of the martyrs, and before their doorway the flowers, crimson as the bloody martyrdoms through which they waded up into glory. Yonder is Apostolic row, and the highest turrets is over the home of Paul. Here is Evangelist place. Yonder are the concert halls in which the musicians of earth and heaven are taking part—Handel with organ, and David with harp, and Gabriel with trumpet, and four and twenty elders with voices.

And an angel of God says: "Where shall I take you? On what street of heaven would you like to live? What celestial habitating would you like to occupy?" And I answer: "Now that I have got inside the wall made up of all manner of precious stones I do not care where you put me. Just show me where my departed loved ones are. I have seen the Lord, and next I want to see them.

"But here are those with whom I toiled in the kingdom of God on earth. They are from my old parishes at Belleville and Syracuse and Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and from many places on both sides the sea where I have been permitted to work with them and for them. Give them the best places you can find. I will help steady them as they mount the thrones. I will help you burnish their coronets.

"Take these, my old friends, to as good rooms as you can get for them in the house of many mansions, and with windows looking out upon the palace of the great King. As for myself, anywhere in heaven is good enough for me. Hallelujah to the Lamb that was slain." But I awake. In the ecstasy of the moment my foot slipped from the layer of amethyst, that so called producer of dreams, and in the effort to catch myself the vision vanished. And, lo, it was but a dream!

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Wall of Heaven."

TEXT: "*The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.*"—Revelation xxi., 19.

Shall I be frank and tell you what are my designs on you to-day? They are to make you homesick for heaven; to console you concerning your departed Christian friends by giving you some idea of the brilliancy of the scenes in which they now commingle; to give all who love the Lord a more elevated idea as to where they are going to pass the most of the years of their existence, and to set all the indifferent and neglected to quick and immediate preparation, that they may have it likewise.

Yes, it is to induce many of our young people to study a volume of God that few ever open, but without some acquaintance with which it is impossible to understand the Bible—I mean the precious stones, their crystallization, their powers of refraction, their cleavage, their fracture, their luster, their phosphorescence, their transparency, their infinity of color and shape, and what they had to do with the welfare and doom of families and the destiny of nations—aye, the positive revelation they make of God Himself.

My text stands us in the presence of the most stupendous splendor of the universe, and that is the wall of heaven, and it says of its foundations that they are garnished with all manner of precious stones. All the ancient cities had walls for safety, and heaven has a wall for everlasting safety. You may say that a wall made up of all manner of precious stones is figurative, but you cannot understand the force and significance of the figure unless you know something about the real structure and color and value of the precious stones mentioned.

Now, I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to attempt to climb not the wall of heaven, but the foundations of the wall, and I ask you to join me in the attempt to scale some of the heights. We shall only get part of the way up, but better that than to stay down on the stupid level where the most of us have all our lives been standing. We begin clear down at the bottom and where the wall begins.

The first layer of the foundation, reaching all around the city and for 1500 miles, is a layer of jasper. In fact there is more of jasper in the wall of heaven than of any other brilliant, because it not only composes a part of the foundation, but makes up the chief part of the superstructure. The jasper is a concregation of many colors. It is brown, it is yellow, it is green, it is vermilion, it is red, it is purple, it is black, and is so striped with colors that much of it is called ribbon jasper.

It is found in Siberia and Egypt, but it is rare in most lands and of great value, for it is so hard the ordinary processes cannot break it off from the places where it has been deposited. The workmen bore holes into the rock of jasper, then drive into these holes sticks of dry birch wood, and then saturate the sticks and keep them saturated until they swell enough to split the rock, and the fragments are brought out and polished and transported and cut into cameos and put behind the glass doors of museums.

The portraits of Roman emperors were cut into it. The finest intaglio ever seen is in the Vatican museum, the head of Minerva in jasper. By divine arrangement jasper adorned the breastplate of the high priest in the ancient temple. But its most significant position is where it glows and burns and darkens and brightens and preaches from the lowest stratum of the wall of heaven. Glad am I that the very first row of stones in the wall of heaven is jasper of many colors, and if you like purple it is purple, and if you like brown it is brown, and if you like green it is green, and if you like ocher yellow it is ocher yellow, and if you like vermillion it is vermillion, and if you like black it is black. It suggests to me that heaven is a place of all colors—colors of opinion, colors of creed, colors of skin, colors of taste.

But we must pass up in this inspection of the foundations of the great wall of heaven, and after leaving the jasper the next precious stone reached is sapphire, and it sweeps around the city 1500 miles. All lapidaries agree in saying that the sapphire of the Bible is what we now call lapis lazuli. Job speaks with emotion of "The place of sapphires," and God thought so much of this precious stone that He put it in the breastplate of the high priest commanding, "The second row shall be an emerald, a sapphire and a diamond."

The sapphire is a blue, but varies from faintest hue to deepest ultramarine. It is found a pebble in the rivers of Ceylon. It is elsewhere in compact masses. Persia and Thibet and Burmah and New South Wales and North Carolina yield exquisite specimens. Its blue eye is seen in the valley of the Rhone. After a burial of thousands of years it has been brought to sight in Egyptian monuments and Assyrian cylinders.

At Moscow and St. Petersburg and Constantinople I have seen great masses of this sapphire, commonly called lapis lazuli. The closer you study its veins the more enchanting, and I do not wonder that the sapphire is called in the foundation of the wall of heaven. It makes a strong stone for the foundation, for it is the hardest of all minerals except the diamond.

Sapphire based on jasper, a blue sky over a fiery sunset. St. John points to it in Revelation and says, "The second, sapphire," and this suggests to me that though our earth and all its furniture of mountains and seas and atmospheres are to collapse and vanish we will throughout all eternity have in some form or kept the same beautiful of earthly appearances, whether you take this sapphire of the second layer as literal or figurative. The deep blue of our skies and the deep blue of our seas must not, will not, be forgotten. It a thousand years after the world has gone to ashes you or I want to recall how the earthly skies looked in a summer noon or the midocean in a calm, we will have only to look at the second row of the foundation of the wall of heaven.

Oh, I am so glad that St. John told us about it! "The second, sapphire." While we are living in sight of that wall spirits who have come from other worlds and who never saw our earth will visit us, and we will tell them, and some time we will be in conversation about this earth when it was yet afloat and aswing, and we shall want to tell them about how it looked at certain times, and then it will be a great object lesson for all eternity, and we will say to our visitor from some other world, as we point toward the wall of heaven, "It looked like that stratum of foundation next to the lowest." John, twenty-first chapter and nineteenth verse. "The second sapphire."

A step higher and you come to chalcedony, another layer in the foundation of the wall and the running 1500 miles around the heavenly city Chalcedony! Translucent. A divine mixture of agates and opals and cornelians. Striped with white and gray. Dashed of pallor blushing into red and darkening into purple. Ice and fire the Hebrides hold forth beautiful specimens of chalcedony.

But now we must make a swift ascent to the top of the foundation wall, for we cannot minutely examine all the layers, and so, putting one foot on the chalcedony of which we have been speaking, we spring to the emerald, and we are one-third of the way to the top of the foundation, for the fourth row is emerald. That, I would judge, is God's favorite among gems, because it holds what seems evident is His favorite color on earth, the green, since that is the color most widely diffused across all the earth's continent—the grass, the foliage, the everyday dress of nature. The emerald! Kings use it as a seal to stamp pronunciamentos. The rainbow around the throne of God is by St. John compared to it.

Conquerors have considered it the greatest prize to capture. What ruthlessness when the soldiers of Pizarro pounded it with their hammers! Emeralds have had much to do with the destiny of Mexico. Five of them were presented by Cortez to his bride, one of them cut into the shape of a rose, another into the shape of a trumpet, another into the shape of a bell, with tongue of pearl, and this presentation aroused the jealously of the throne and caused the consequent fall of Cortez. But the depths of the sea were decorated with those emeralds, for in a shipwreck they went down off the coast of Barbary. Napoleon wore an emerald at Austerlitz.

In the Kremlin museum at Moscow there are crowns and sceptors and outspread miracles of emerald. Ireland is called the Emerald Isle not because of its verdure, but because it was presented to Henry II of England with an emerald ring. Nero had a magnifying glass of emerald through which he looked at the gladiatorial contests at Roma. But here are 1500 miles of emerald sweeping around the heavenly city in one layer.

But upward still and you put your foot on a stratum of sardonyx, white and red, a seeming commingling of snow and fire, the snow cooling the fire, the fire melting the snow.

Another climb and you reach the sardius, named after the city of Sardius. Another climb and you reach the chrysolite. A specimen of this, belonging to Epiphanus, in the Fourth Century, was said to be so brilliant that whatever was put over to conceal it was shone through, and the emperor of China has a specimen that is described as having such penetrating radiance that it makes the night as bright as the day.

A higher climb and you reach the beryl. Two thousand years ago the dreams used this precious stone for engraving purposes. It was accounted among the royal treasures of Tyre. The hilt of Murat's sword was adorned with it. It glows in the imperial crown of Great Britain. Luther thought the beryls of the heavenly wall was turquoise. Kalisch thought it was chrysolite. Josephus thought it a golden colored jewel. The wheels of Ezekiel's vision flamed with beryl and were a revolving fire.

The beryl appears in six sided prisms, and is set in seals and intaglios, in necklaces and coronets. It was the joy of ancient jewelry. It ornamented the affluent with carats. Charlemagne presented it to his favorite. Beautiful beryl! Exquisitely shaped beryl! Divinely colored beryl! It seems like congealed color. It looks like frozen fire.

But stop not here. Climb higher and you come to topaz, a bewilderment of beauty and named after an island of the Red Sea.

Climb higher and you come to chrysoprasus, of greenish golden hue and hard as flint.

Climb higher and you reach the jacinth, named after the flower hyacinth and of reddish blue.

Take one more step and you reach the top, not of the wall, but the top of the foundation of the wall, and St. John cries out, "The twelfth an amethyst!" This precious stone when found in Australia or India or Europe stands in columns and pyramids. For color it is a violet bloom; in stone. For its play of light, for its deep mysteries of color, for its unseen Egyptians, in Etruscan, in Roman art it has been honored. The Greeks thought this stone a preventive of drunkenness. The Hebrews thought it a source of pleasant dreams.

For all lovers of gems it is a subject of admiration and suggestiveness. Yes, the word amethyst means a prevention of drunkenness. Long before the New Testament made reference to the amethyst in the wall of heaven the Persians thought that cups made out of amethyst would hinder any kind of liquor contained therein from becoming intoxicating. But of all the amethystine cups from which the ancients drank not one had any such result of prevention.

For thousands of years the world has been looking in vain for such a preventive amethystine cup. Staggering Noah could not find it. Convivial Ahasuerus driving Vashti from the gates could not find it. Nabal breaking the heart of beautiful Abigail could not find it. Belshazzar, the kingly reveler, on the night that the Chaldeans took Babylon could not find it. Not one of the millions of inebriates whose skulls pave the continents and pave the depths of the sea could find it. There is no such cup. Strong drink from hollowed amethyst imbrutes the same as strong drink from pewter mug. It is not the style of cup we drink out of, but that which the cup contains, which decides the helpful or damning result of the beverage.

All around the world last night and today, out of cups costlier than amethyst, men and women have been drinking their own doom and the doom of their children for this life and the next. Ah, it is the amethystine ones that do the wildest and worst slaughter! The smash of the filthy goblets of the drummeries would long ago have taken place by law, but the amethystine chalices prevent—the chalices out of which legislatures, congresses drink before and after they make the laws. Amethystine chalices have been the friends of intoxication instead of its foes. Over the fiery lips of the amethystine chalices is thrust the tongue of that which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Drunkenness is a combination of apoplexy and demothia. The 40,000,000 victims of opium come out to meet the 13,000,000 victims of alcohol, and the two agents take the contract for tumbling the human race into perdition, but whether they will succeed in fulfilling the contract depends on the action of the amethystine cups, the amethystine demijohns, the amethystine ale pitchers, the amethystine flagons, the amethystine wine cellars. Oh, Persians! Oh, Assyrians! Oh, Greeks! Oh, Egyptians! you were wrong in thinking that a cup of amethyst would prevent inebriation.

But standing on the top of this amethystine layer of the foundation of the wall of heaven I bethink myself of the mistake that many of the ancient Hebrews made when they thought that the amethyst was a producer of pleasant dreams. Just wear a piece of amethyst over your heart or put it under your pillow, and you would have your dreams filled with everything beautiful and entrancing. No, no. The style of pillow will not decide the character of the dream. The only recips for pleasant dreams is to do right and think right when you are awake. Conditions of physical disease may give a good man nightmare, but a man physically well, if he behave himself aright, will not be troubled with bad dreams.

Nebuchadnezzar, with eagle's down under his head and Tyrian purple over it, struggled with a bad dream that made him shriek out for the soothsayers and astrologers to come and interpret it. Pharaoh, amid the marble palaces of Memphis, was confounded by a dream in which lean cows ate up the fat cows and the small ears of corn devoured the seven large ears, and awful famine was prefigured. Pilate's wife, amid clouds of richest upholstery, had a startling dream, because of which she sent a message in hot haste to a courtroom to keep her husband from enacting a judicial outrage. But Jacob, at Bethel, with a pillow of mountain rock, had a blissful dream of the ladder of angel blossoming.

Bunyan, with his head on a hard plank of Bedford's jail, saw the gates of the Celestial city. St. John, on the barrenest island of the Ægean Sea, in his dream heard trumpets and saw cavalry men on white horses and a new heaven and a new earth. No amount of rough pillow can disturb the night vision of a saint, and no amount of amethystine charm can delectate the dream of a miscreant.

But, some one will say, why have you brought us to this amethyst, the top row of the foundation of the heavenly wall, if you are not able to accept the theory of the ancient Greeks, who said that the amethyst was a charm against intoxication, or if you are not willing to accept the theory of the ancient Hebrews that the amethyst was a producer of pleasant dreams? My answer is, I have brought you to the top row, the twelfth row, the amethyst! Perhaps the ancient Hebrews were not, after all, so far out of the way when they thought that the touch of the amethyst gave pleasant dreams, for the touch of it this hour gives me a very pleasant dream. Standing on this amethyst

I dream a dream. I close my eyes and I see it all. We are there. This is heaven! Not the outside, but the inside of heaven.

With what warmth of welcome our long ago departed loved ones have kissed us. My! How they have changed in looks! They were so sick when they went away, and now they are so well. Look! Yonder is the place of our Lord the King. Not kept a moment outside we are ushered into the throneroom. Shrieking out His scarred hand He says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," and we respond, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"

But, look! Yonder is the playground of the children. Children do you want a throne. A throne would not fit a child. There they are on the playgrounds of heaven—the children. Out of the sick cradle of earth they came into this romping mirth of the eternal playgrounds. I clap my hands to direct them in the glee. Yonder are the palaces of the martyrs, and before their doorway the flowers, crimson as the bloody martyrdoms through which they waded up into glory. Yonder is Apostolic row, and the highest turrets is over the home of Paul. Here is Evangelist place. Yonder are the concert halls in which the musicians of earth and heaven are taking part—Handel with organ, and David with harp, and Gabriel with trumpet, and four and twenty elders with voices.

And an angel of God says: "Where shall I take you? On what street of heaven would you like to live? What celestial habitating would you like to occupy?" And I answer: "Now that I have got inside the wall made up of all manner of precious stones I do not care where you put me. Just show me where my departed loved ones are. I have seen the Lord, and next I want to see them.

"But here are those with whom I toiled in the kingdom of God on earth. They are from my old parishes at Belleville and Syracuse and Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and from many places on both sides the sea where I have been permitted to work with them and for them. Give them the best places you can find. I will help steady them as they mount the thrones. I will help you burnish their coronets.

"Take these, my old friends, to as good rooms as you can get for them in the house of many mansions, and with windows looking out upon the palace of the great King. As for myself, anywhere in heaven is good enough for me. Hallelujah to the Lamb that was slain." But I awake. In the ecstasy of the moment my foot slipped from the layer of amethyst, that so called producer of dreams, and in the effort to catch myself the vision vanished. And, lo, it was but a dream!

Took His Meas