

regret that Thorsdale is assuming a certain floridity of style which is ridiculously out of place. The architect who has made the plans of the Thor House estimates that monograms, a T and an H interlaced, over every window, with sea-horses rampant, will increase the cost of the front decoration some thirty-five hundred dollars. Now, though such ornaments might make people remember us, it would be the landlord of the hotel, or the guests, who eventually would have to pay for them."

"But did you not promise me a fount-

ain, after my own designs, to be put up in Thor Place this year?" I asked.

"Before we get to fountains, we must look the fire-plug question squarely in the face. The poetical Camelot had no city gas-bills to worry over, and what did King Arthur care for paving or grading?"

"And Asgard?"

"Dear old woman, just seventeen years ago a cattle-shed knocked Asgard on the head. You made the cattle-shed possible, Mary, and I thank God for it."

GIVING UP THE WORLD.

So, from the ruins of the world alone
Can Heaven be builded? Oh,
What other temples must be overthrown,
Founded in sand or snow!

But, Heaven cannot be built with jeweled hands?
Then, from my own I wring
Glitter of gold, the gifts of many lands;
The seas their pearls I fling.

Heaven must be hung with pictures of the dead?
The shroud must robe the saint?
Never one halo round a living head
Did Raphael dare to paint?

Heaven must have flowers: — after the worm has crossed
Their blush, the wind their breath?
After the utter silence of the frost
Has made them white with death?

Heaven must have music: — but the birds that sing
In that divinest nest
Thither must waver, wounded in the wing
And wounded in the breast?

Heaven must be lighted — at the fallen light
Of moon and star and sun?
Ah me, since these have made the earth too bright,
Let the dark Will be done!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

NEIGHBORHOODS OF JERUSALEM.

WHEREVER we come upon traces of the Knights of St. John, there a door opens for us into romance; the very name suggests valor and courtesy and charity. Every town in the East that is so fortunate as to have any memorials of them, whatever its other historic associations, obtains an additional and special fame from its connection with this heroic order. The city of Acre recalls the memory of their useless prowess in the last struggle of the Christians to retain a foothold in Palestine; the name of the Knights of Rhodes brings before every traveler, who has seen it, the picturesque city in which the armorial insignia of this order have for him a more living interest than any antiquities of the Grecian Rose; the island fortress at the gate of the Levant owes all the interest we feel in it to the Knights of Malta; and even the city of David and of the Messiah has an added lustre as the birthplace of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

From the eleventh century to the fifteenth, they are the chief figures who in that whirlwind of war contested the possession of the Levant with the Saracens and the Turks. In the forefront of every battle was seen their burnished mail, in the gloomy rear of every retreat were heard their voices of constancy and of courage; wherever there were crowns to be cracked, or wounds to be bound up, or broken hearts to be ministered to, there were the Knights of St. John, soldiers, priests, servants, laying aside the gown for the coat of mail if need be, or exchanging the cuirass for the white cross on the breast. Originally a charitable order, dwelling in the Hospital of St. John to minister to the pilgrims to Jerusalem, and composed of young soldiers of Godfrey, who took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they resumed their arms upon the pressure of infidel hostility, and subsequently divided the order into three classes: soldiers, priests, and servants. They speedily ac-

quired great power and wealth; their palaces, their fortifications, their churches, are even in their ruins the admiration and wonder of our age. The purity of the order was in time somewhat sullied by luxury, but their valor never suffered the slightest eclipse; whether the field they contested was lost or won, their bravery always got new honor from it.

Nearly opposite the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the green field of Muristan, the site of the palace, church, and hospital of the Knights of St. John. The field was, on an average, twenty-five feet above the surrounding streets, and a portion of it was known to rest upon vaults. This plot of ground was given to the Prussian government, and its agents have been making excavations there; these were going on at the time of our visit. The disclosures are of great architectural and historical interest. The entrance through a peculiar Gothic gateway leads into a court. Here the first excavations were made several years ago, and disclosed some splendid remains: the apse of the costly church, cloisters, fine windows and arches of the best Gothic style. Beyond, the diggings have brought to light some of the features of the palace and hospital; an excavation of twenty-five feet reaches down to the arches of the sub-structure, which rest upon pillars from forty to fifty feet high. This gives us some notion of the magnificent group of buildings that once occupied this square, and also of the industry of nature as an entomber, since some four centuries have sufficed her to bury these ruins so far beneath the soil, that peasants plowed over the palaces of the knights without a suspicion of what lay beneath.

In one corner of this field stands a slender minaret, marking the spot where the great Omar once said his prayers; four centuries after this, Saladin is said to have made his military head-quarters in the then deserted palace of the Knights