

THE CHIEF

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WEATHER FORECASTS

Furnished Expressly for The Chief for Webster County

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St. JOSEPH, Mo, Feb. 16.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm waves to cross the continent from Feb. 23d to 27th and the next will reach the Pacific coast about February 28th, cross the western mountains by close of March 1st, the great central valleys from 2d to 4th, and the eastern states about the 5th.

The warm wave will cross the western mountains about February 28th, the great central valleys about March 2d, and the eastern states about the 4th. The cool wave will cross the western mountains about March 3d, the great central valleys about the 5th and the eastern states about the 7th. This cool wave will grow more moro severe as it progresses eastward.

A large amount of rain is expected in most parts of the United States during the month of March, causing extensive floods in places and farmers should prepare for a cold, wet, backward spring.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Those who strive to find a defect in long range weather forecasts in order that they may play the critic, are not pursuing a course that will benefit themselves or the public. The time will probably never come when weather forecasts will be perfect, but enough of the causes have been discovered to make these forecasts of practical utility and prospects are very bright for more rapid progress than ever before.

Not many years ago it was believed that all weather changes were local, accidental, coming from every direction and with no regular periods, being the principal changes, are given in these weather bulletins.

It is further known that the storm waves move around the earth in about twenty-nine days and the time is probably not very far away when we can point out, in advance, the path of each storm wave across our continent, across the Atlantic, through Europe and Asia, across the Pacific, again reaching our own western coast and beginning anew its ceaseless round in its allotted time, but along another path because of the changed electrical conditions brought on by the changing positions of sun, moon and planets.

The weather student who desires to be benefitted, rather than to criticize, has learned that the weather changes come, with a few exceptions, within one day of the dates given in these bulletins, and millions of people in the United States take these weather bulletins as their guides.

But those who study the weather signs, always hung out in the atmosphere, will be most benefitted. Specific rules cannot be given for all cases, and therefore it is necessary to understand basic principles in order to secure the greatest benefit. Many people, through a lack of knowledge, violate the laws of our country. Specific laws cannot be made for every case, but those who have learned the underlying principles of government have a sure guide by which to determine whether an act is criminal. So it is in meteorology. To know a few of the basic principles will greatly aid in determining future weather events some of which cannot be covered by specific forecasts.

The low barometers are fed from the high barometers. One of these feeders is located north-east of Winnipeg and when a low approaches from the Pacific ocean, the high in western Canada increases in force and after the low passes to the eastward, a part of the Canadian high breaks away from its moorings and follows the low, usually passing into the permanent high over the north Atlantic.

When the low is passing down the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains it induces an increase of the north Atlantic high on the Atlantic coast, usually south of New York, and from this often occur mild rains one or two days before the regular storm wave is due. It is necessary for those living in the southern states to this feature as it cannot always be included in these weather bulletins. These southern rains will be due to the low as given in the daily forecasts as moderating or warmer, or the day before the warm wave is due. Careless readers will sometimes misunderstand the predic-

tions for cooler and clearing days or the days on which the cool wave is due. Often the heaviest rains and snows fall as the cool wave comes in and it is a common remark that we would have cooler weather if it would rain. The reverse is true, for it is the change from a high to a low, or from a low to a high, that causes rain and the change in the temperature is a result, not of rainfall, but of the barometric changes. This change is caused by a reversal of the electrical currents, the latter going up in the low and coming down in the high. Most rains fall on the line between those reverse currents.

Our warm winters and hot summers are caused by the lows crossing the continent far to the north, and our cold winters and cool summers by the lows crossing far to the south. Usually the winters of Europe are cold when our winters are warm, and ours cold when theirs are warm. The immediate cause is that when the lows cross our continent far to the south they cross Europe far to the north, which gives us the cold and Europe the warm winters, and when our lows cross far to the north they, on reaching Europe, take southern paths and then we have the warm and Europe the cold winters.

The immediate cause of these low-running north on our continent and south in Europe, is an increase in the force and dimensions of the perpetual high which covers the north Pacific ocean and, at the same time, a decrease in the force and dimensions of the north Atlantic perpetual high. When we learn the laws that govern the changes in those two perpetual high barometers, we will have the key to cold and warm winters.

I am in pursuit of that key and expect soon to more completely possess it. I have no doubt that the moon and planets constitute the cause, but some of the combinations have not yet been found.

For determining the laws of cold winters I am using the weather record of New Bedford, Massachusetts, which has been recorded three times a day since January 1, 1813, making a daily record for eighty-one years.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c., at C. L. Cotting's Drugstore.

Auburn has voted \$20,000 bonds for water works.

A child of Mrs. Wm. Kelsey, of Waverly N. Y., had contracted a severe cold. Mr. Kelsey procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy which she gave as directed, with the best results. She says: "I believe it to be the best I have ever used." There is no danger in giving this remedy to children as it contains nothing injurious. Then it can always be depended upon for colds, croup and whooping cough, which makes it a great favorite with mothers for their children. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

Henderson, Nebraska, is to have a creamery.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides as Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism, that relieves the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

Danial had time to pray three times a day, but some church members think they are doing well if they pray once a week.

Hall's Hair Renewer cures dandruff and scalp affections; also all cases of baldness where the glands which feed the roots of the hair are not closed up.

At Cohoes, N. Y., 4,000 people are out of work owing to the idleness of a large number of knitting mills.

Mr. G. Merrill, of Blair, has purchased the hardware stock of C. F. Beck, at Lyons.

Diokens made himself immortal with "Pickwick" and "chops and tomato sauce." If he had lived in these days he would have said Haller's Suse Cure Cough Syrup instead of "chops," etc. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

Bailey & Starch are moving their Belgrade stock of hardware to Fullerton.

Piles of people send 2c to the Haller Prop. Co., Blair, Nebr., for a sample box of Australian Salve, and a box frequently cures a case of piles. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

Folks who hope are generally folks who help.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

He Dreams a Marvelous Dream of Heaven and Describes What He Saw There—The Saints Who Are Great in Heaven—Names Not in the Directory.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 4.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon the hymns, the Scripture lesson and the prayers, as well as the sermon, were about the future world more than about this world. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject "A Vision of Heaven," the text being Ezekiel 1, 1. "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the river Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile seated by that river Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever have had or ever will have seated on the banks of the Hudson or Alabama or Oregon or Thames or Tiber or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight, whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about half past 5, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God, a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the 12 gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redolence and laughter and light that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and to conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long has this been in heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years according to the earthly calendar."

There was a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tenderness and sweetness and affection and interest taken in my walk through heaven, and more than all in the fact of 32 years' residence, the number of years since she ascended, I think it was my mother. Old age and decrepitude and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in part.

THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN. I looked in for a few moments at the great temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. St. John was right when in his Patmosic vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "the temple of my God." I saw it this morning, the largest church I ever saw, as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and it was thronged. Oh, what a multitude! I had never seen so many people together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with that assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and headdress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white. All in white, save one. And the headdress was a garland of rose and lily and mignonette, mingled with green leaves culled from the royal gardens and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw some young men with a ring on the finger of the right hand and said to my accompanying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was told that those who wore them were prodigal sons and once fed swine in the wilderness and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing father said, "Put a ring on his hand."

But I said there was one exception to this fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of the one who presided in that immense temple—the chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and his forehead was a morning sky, and his lips were eloquence omnipotent. But his attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which he had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that he wears?" and I was told, "They are dyed garments from Bozrah," and "He trod the wine press alone."

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness or power, and I have heard the most of the great organs and the most of the great orators. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was, "David!" And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was, "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was, "Handel!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ himself, when all the worshippers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them, sud-

denly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said: "Let us go. This is too much for mortal ears. I cannot bear the overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachrymal, or tear bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals, or tear bottles, into which the orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachrymal, or tear bottle, in stead of earthenware, as those the orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said: "Why, don't you know? That is the bottle to which David, the psalmist, referred in this fifty-sixth psalm when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth—tears of repentance, tears of bereavement, tears of joy, tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said: "Why the setting up of those vials at this time? They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said, "The week of prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as 'golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints.'" And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and he cannot forget them, and they are before him without end."

THE GREAT CHRISTIAN SEEN.

Then we came out, and as the temple is always open and some worship at one hour and others at other hours we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the great temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr place, and we met there, or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went through fire and blood and under sword and rack. We saw John Wyclif, whose ashes were by decree of the council of Constance thrown into the river, and Rogers, who bathed his hands in the fire as though it had been water, and Bishop Hooper and McKail and Latimer and Ridley and Polycarp, whom the flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till a spear did the work, and some of the Albigenses and Huguenots and consecrated Quakers who were slain for their religion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined, and they had on their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song row, and we met some of the old gospel singers. "That is Isaac Watts," said my attendant. As we came up to him, he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abney, to whom he paid a visit of 36 years, and I told him that many of the churches opened their Sabbath morning services with his old hymn, "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, Oh, the Joyful Song!" and often roused their devotions by his hymn, "Come, We That Love the Lord."

While we were talking he introduced me to another of the song writers and said, "This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on earth to a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same church, the temple of God and the Lamb." And I told Charles Wesley that almost every Sabbath we sang one of his old hymns, "Arm of the Lord, Awake!" or, "Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above!" or, "Love Divine, All Love Excelling." And while we were talking on that street called Song row Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Marched on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood."

And there we met George W. Bethune of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him of how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It Is Not Death to Die." And Toplady came up and asked about whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me." And we met also on Song row Newton and Hastings and Montgomery and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth and started never to die.

"But," say some of my hearers, "did you see anything of our friends in heaven?" Oh, yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says some one, "and are there any marks of their last sickness still upon them?" I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor, about them. They are all well and ruddy and songful and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you; that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down, and hovered over you, and kissed your cheek, and filled your dream with their glad faces, and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you

see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land across which no pneumonias or palsies or dropsies or typhoids ever sweep. The aroma blows over from orchards with trees bearing 12 manner of fruits, and gardens compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October—the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are is superb and perfect. No controversies or jealousies or hates, but love, universal love, everlasting love. And they told me to tell you not to weep for them, for their happiness knows no bound, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace and join with them in the same exploration of planets and the same tour of worlds.

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the ages of those in heaven. "Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity? Do my departed parents remain aged, or have they lost the venerable old of their nature?" Well, from what I saw I think childhood has advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to midlife, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

CHANGED CONDITIONS.

Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in heaven?" I will. I was most impressed with the reversal of earthly conditions. I knew, of course, that there would be differences of attire and residence in heaven, for Paul had declared long ago that souls would then differ "as one star differed from another," as Mars from Mercury, as Saturn from Jupiter. But at every step in my dream in heaven I was amazed to see that some who were expected to be high in heaven were low down, and some who were expected to be low down were high up. You thought, for instance, that those born of pious parentage, and of naturally good disposition, and of brilliant faculties, and of all styles of attractiveness will move in the highest range of celestial splendor and pomp. No, no. I found the highest thrones, the brightest coronets, the richest mansions, were occupied by those who had rebelled father or bad mother, and who inherited the twisted natures of 10 generations of miscreants, and who had compressed in their body all depraved appetites and all evil propensities, but they laid hold of God's arm, they cried for especial mercy, they conquered seven devils within and seventy devils without and were washed in the blood of the Lamb, and by so much as their contest was terrific and awful and prolix their victory was consummate and resplendent, and they have taken places immeasurably higher than those of good parentage, who could hardly help being good, because they had 10 generations of preceding piety to aid them. The steps by which many have mounted to the highest places in heaven were made out of the cradles of a corrupt parentage. When I saw that, I said to my attending angel: "That is fair; that is right. The harder the struggle the more glorious the reward."

Then I pointed to one of the most colonnaded and grandly domed residences in all the city and said, "Who lives there?" and the answer was, "The widow who gave two mites." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.'" "And who lives there?" I said, and the answer was, "The blind beggar who prayed, 'Lord, that my eyes may be opened.'"

NAMES NOT IN THE DIRECTORY.

Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of heaven, while many with one talent had residences fronting on the King's park, and a back lawn sloping to the river clear as crystal, and the highest nobility of heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of him who "hath the moon under his feet" champed its bit at their doorway. Infinite capsize of earthly conditions! All social life in heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." It surprised me beyond description that all the great of heaven were great sufferers. "Not all?" Yes, all. Moses, him of the Red sea, a great sufferer. David, him of Absalom's unfilial behavior, and Ahithophel's betrayal, and a nation's dethronement, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mars Hill derision, and the Mamertine endurageonment, and the whipped back, and the headman's ax on the road to Ostia, a great sufferer.

Yes, all the apostles after lives of suffering died by violence, beaten to death with fuller's club, or dragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of a sword, or by exposure on a barren island, or by decapitation. All the high up in heaven great sufferers, and women more than men. Felicitas and St. Cecilia and St. Agnes and St. Agatha and St. Lucia and women never heard of outside their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the washtub, and the dairy, rewarded according to how well they did their work, whether to set a tea table or govern a nation, whether empress or milkmaid.

I could not get over it, as in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in heaven and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest successes of heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of heaven there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I could not endure the luster, and I said, "Angel, do not tell me who they are?" and the answer was, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

EQUALIZED AT LAST.

My walk through the city explained a thousand things on earth that had been to me inexplicable. When I saw up there the superior delight and the superior heaven of many who had on earth had it hard with cancers and bankruptcies and persecutions and trials of all sorts, I said, "God has equalized it all at last; excess of enchantment in heaven has more than made up for the deficits on earth."

"But," said I to my angelic escort, "I must go now. It is Sabbath morning on earth, and I must preach today and be in my pulpit by half past 10 o'clock. Goodby," I said to the attending angel. "Thanks for what you have shown me. I know I have seen only in part, but I hope to return again, through the atoning mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Goodby."

Reflection the First—The superiority of our heaven to all other heavens. The Scandinavian heaven: The departed are in everlasting battle, except as restored after being cut to pieces; they drink wine out of the skulls of their enemies. The Moslem heaven as described by the Koran: "There shall be hours with large black eyes like pearls hidden in their shells." The Slav's heaven: After death the soul hovers six weeks about the body, and then climbs a steep mountain, on the top of which is paradise. The Tasmanian's heaven: A spear is placed by the dead, that they may have something to fight with, and after awhile they go into a long chase for game of all sorts. The Tahitian's heaven: The departed are eaten up of the gods. The native African heaven: A land of shadows, and in speaking of the departed they say all is done forever. The American aborigine's heaven: Happy hunting grounds, to which the soul goes on a bridge of snake. The philosopher's heaven: Made out of a thick fog or an infinite don't know. But hearken, and behold our heaven, which, though mostly described by figures of speech in the Bible and by parable of a dream in this discourse, has for its chief characteristics separation from all that is vile; absence from all that discomfort; presence of all that can gratulate; no mountains to climb; no chasms to bridge; no night to illumine; no tears to wipe. Scandinavian heaven, Slav's heaven, Tasmanian heaven, Tahitian heaven, African heaven, aborigine's heaven, scattered into tameness and disgust by a glimpse of St. John's heaven, of Paul's heaven, of Christ's heaven, of your heaven, of my heaven!

THE SILVER OF TEARS.

Reflection the Second—You had better take patiently and cheerfully all pangs, affronts, hardships, persecutions and trials of earth, since, if rightly borne, they insure heavenly payments of ecstasy. Every twinge of physical distress, every lie told about you, every earthly subtraction, if meekly borne, will be heavenly addition. If you want to amount to anything in heaven and to move in its best society, you must be "perfected through suffering." The only earthly currency worth anything at the gate of heaven is the silver of tears. At the top of all heaven sits the greatest sufferer, Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary and of Pilate's oyer and terminer, and of the Calvarian assassination.

What he endured, oh, who can tell, To save our souls from death and hell!

Oh, ye of the broken heart, and the disappointed ambition, and the shattered fortune, and the blighted life, take comfort from what I saw in my Sabbath morning dream!

Reflection the Third and Last—How desirable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith in Christ, who came from heaven to earth to take us from earth to heaven.

Last summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park, London, to a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Rev. Mr. Cook, who for 22 years has presided over that Hyde Park outdoor meeting, told me that last winter, going through a hospital in London, he saw a dying man whose face brightened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon under my sermon in Hyde Park, and all was bright now at his departure from earth to heaven.

Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you cannot any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety? Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

The King there in his beauty, Without a veil, is seen; It were a well spent journey, Though seven deaths lay between.

The Lamb with his fair army, Is on Mount Zion stand, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.