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...ON...

Palestine

A Series of Sermons by

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

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TALMAGE
ON
PALESTINE.

A SERIES OF SERMONS

MAR 3 1930

BY THE

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE,

In which He Graphically Depicts What He Saw and What
He Learned on His Recent and Noted
Pilgrimage to the Holy Lands.

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T. De Witt Talmage

Talmage on Palestine

MY FIRST DAY IN PALESTINE.

"The half was not told me." 1. Kings 10 : 17.

THIS is the first sermon in a course of Sabbath morning sermons on "My Recent Journey Through the Holy Land and Neighboring Countries—What I Saw and what I Learned." Out of the sixty-four millions of our present American population and the millions of our past, only about five-thousand have ever visited the Holy Land. Of all those who cross to Europe, less than five per cent. ever get as far as Rome, and less than two per cent. get to Athens and less than a quarter of one per cent. ever get to Palestine. Of the less than a quarter of one per cent. who do go to the Holy Land, some see nothing but the noxious insects and the filth of the Oriental cities and come back wishing they had never gone. Of those who see much of interest and come home, only a small portion can tell what they have seen, the tongue unable to report the eye. The rarity of a successful, intelligent and happy journey through the Holy Land is very marked. But the time approaches when

A Journey to Palestine

will be much more common. Thousands will go where

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now there are scores. Two locomotives were recently sent up from Joppa to Jerusalem and railroads are about to begin in Palestine and the day will come when the cry will be, "All out for Jerusalem!" "Twenty minutes for breakfast at Tiberias!" "Change cars for Tyre!" "Grand Trunk Junction for Nineveh!" "All out for Damascus!" Meanwhile the wet-locks of the Atlantic Ocean and Adriatic and Mediterranean Seas are being shorn, and not only is the voyage shortened, but, after a while, without crossing the ocean you or your children will visit the Holy Land. A company of capitalists have gone up to Behring Straits where the American and Asiatic continents come within thirty-six miles of meeting. These capitalists or others will build a bridge across those Straits, for mid-way are three islands called "The Diomedes" and the water is not deep and is never disturbed by icebergs. Trains of cars will run from America across that bridge and on down through Siberia, bringing under more immediate observation the Russian outrages against exiles and consequently abolishing them, and there are persons here to-day, who, without one qualm of sea-sickness, will visit that wonderful land where the Christ-like, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Solomonic and Herodic histories overlap each other with such power that by the time I took my feet out of the stirrups at the close of the journey, I felt so wrung out with emotion that it seemed nothing else could ever absorb my feelings again.

Future Explorers.

The chief hindrance for going to Palestine with many is the dreadful sea, and though I have crossed it ten times, it is more dreadful every time, and I fully sympathize with what was said one night when Mr. Beecher

and I went over to speak in New York at the Anniversary of the Seamen's Friend Society and the clergyman making the opening prayer quoted from St. John : "There shall be no more sea," and Mr. Beecher, seated beside me, in memory of a recent voyage said "Amen, I am glad of that." By the partial abolition of the Atlantic Ocean and the putting down of rail-tracks across every country in all the world, the most sacred land on earth will come under the observation of so many people, who will be ready to tell of what they saw, that infidelity will be pronounced only another form of insanity, for no honest man can visit the Holy Land and remain an infidel. This Bible from which I preach has almost fallen apart, for I read from it the most of the events in it recorded on the very

Places Where they Occurred.

Some of the leaves got wet as the waves dashed over our boat on Lake Galilee and the book was jostled in saddlebags for many weeks, but it is a new book to me, newer than any book that yesterday came out of any of our great printing-houses. All my life I have heard of Palestine and I had read about it, and talked about it, and preached about it, and sung about it, and prayed about it, and dreamed about it until my expectations were piled up into something like Himalayan proportions, and yet I have to cry out, as did the Queen of Sheba when she first visited the Holy Land : "The half was not told me."

In order to make the more accurate and vivid a book I have been writing—a life of Christ, entitled, "From Manger to Throne," I left home last October, and on the last night of November we were walking the decks of the *Senegal*, a Mediterranean steamer. It was a ship

of immense proportions. There were but few passengers, for it is generally rough at that time of year, and pleasuringists are not apt to be voyaging there and then. The stars were all out that night. Those armies of light seemed to have had their shields newly burnished. We walked the polished deck. Not much was said, for in all our hearts was the dominant word "to-morrow." Somehow the Acropolis, which a few days before had thrilled us at Athens, now in our minds lessened in the height of its columns and the glory of its temples. And the Egyptian pyramids in our memory lessened their wonders of obsolete masonry, and the Coliseum at Rome was not so vast a ruin as it a few weeks before had seemed to be. And all that we had seen and heard dwindled in importance, for to-morrow, *to-morrow* we shall see the Holy Land. "Captain, what time will we come

In Sight of Palestine?"

"Well," he said, courteously, "if the wind and sea remain as they are, about daybreak." Never was I so impatient for a night to pass. I could not see much for that night, anyhow. I pulled aside the curtain from the port-hole of my stateroom, so that the first hint of dawn would waken me. But it was a useless precaution. Sleep was among the impossibilities. Who could be so stupid as to slumber when any moment there might start out within sight of the ship, the land where the most stupendous scenes of all time and all eternity were enacted? Land of ruin and redemption, land where was fought the battle that made our heaven possible, land of Godfrey and Saladin, of Joshua and Jesus.

Will the night ever be gone? Yes, it is growing lighter, and along the horizon there is something like a

bank of clouds, and as a watchman paces the deck, I say to him, "What is that out yonder?" "That is land, sir," said the sailor.

"The Land!" I Cried.

Soon all our friends were aroused from sleep and the shore began more clearly to reveal itself. With roar, and rattle, and bang, the anchor dropped in the roadstead a half mile from land, for though Joppa is the only harbor of Palestine, it is the worst harbor on all the coast. Sometimes for weeks no ships stop there. Between rocks about seventy-five feet apart a small boat must take the passengers ashore. The depths are strewn with the skeletons of those who have attempted to land or attempted to embark. Twenty-seven pilgrims perished with one crash of a boat against the rocks. Whole fleets of crusaders, of Romans, of Syrians, of Egyptians, have gone to splinters there. A writer eight-hundred years ago, said he stood on the beach in a storm at Joppa, and out of thirty ships, all but seven went to pieces on the rocks and a thousand of the dead were washed ashore.

A Rock-Bound Coast.

Strange that with a few blasts of powder like that which shattered our American Hell Gate, those rocks have not been uprooted and the way cleared, so that great ships, instead of anchoring far out from land, might sweep up to the wharf for passengers and freight. But you must remember that land is under the Turk, and what the Turk touches, he withers. Mohammedanism is against easy wharves, against steamers, against rail-trains against printing-presses, against civilization. Darkness is always opposed to light. The owl hates the morn. "Leave those rocks where they are," practically cries the

Turkish Government ; "we want no people of other religions and other habits to land there ; if the salt seas wash over them, let it be a warning to other invaders ; away with your nineteenth century, with its free thought and its modern inventions." That Turkish Government ought to be blotted from the face of the earth, and it will be. Of many of the inhabitants of Palestine, I asked the question, "Has

The Sultan of Turkey

ever been here?" "No." "Why don't he come, when it belongs to his dominion?" And, after the man interrogated looked this way and that, so as to know he would not be reported, the answer would invariably be, "he dare not come." I believe it. If the Sultan of Turkey attempted to visit Jerusalem, he would never get back again. All Palestine hates him. I saw him go to the mosque for prayers in his own city of Constantinople and saw seven thousand armed men riding out to protect him. Expensive prayers! Of course that government wants no better harbor at Joppa. May God remove that curse of nations, that old hag of the centuries, the Turkish Government! For its everlasting insult to God and woman, let it perish! And so those rocks at the harbor remain the jaws of repeated destruction.

As we descended the narrow steps at the side of the ship, we heard the clamor, and quarrel, and swearing, of fifteen or sixteen different races of men of all features, and all colors and all veranculars ; all different in appearance, but all alike in desire to get our baggage and ourselves at exorbitant prices. Twenty boats and only ten passengers to go ashore. The man having charge of us pushes aside some, and strikes with a heavy stick

others, and by violences that would not be tolerated in our country, but which seem to be the only manner of making any impression there, clears our way into one of the boats which heads for the shore. We are within fifteen minutes of the Christ-land. Now we hear shouting from the beach and in five minutes we are landed. The prow of the boat is caught by men who wade out to help us in. We are tremulous with suppressed excitement, our breath is quick, and from the side of the boat we spring to the shore, and Sunday morning, December 1, 1889, about eight o'clock, our feet touch Palestine. Forever to me and mine will that day and hour be commemorated, for that pre-eminent mercy. Let it be mentioned in prayer by my children and children's children after we are gone, that morning we were permitted to enter that land, and gaze upon those holy hills, and feel the emotions that rise, and fall, and weep, and laugh, and sing, and triumph at such a disembarkation.

On the back of hills one hundred and fifty feet high Joppa is lifted toward the skies. It is as picturesque as it is quaint, and as much unlike any city we have ever seen as though it were built in that star Mars, where a few nights ago this very September, astronomers through unparallelled telescopes saw a snow-storm raging. How glad we were to be in Joppa! Why this is the city where Dorcas, that queen of the needle, lived and died and was resurrected. You remember that the poor people came around the dead body of this benefactress and brought specimens of her kind needle-work, and said, "Dorcas made this;" "Dorcas sewed that;" "Dorcas cut and fitted this;" "Dorcas hemmed that." According to Lightfoot, the commentator, they laid her out in state in a public room and the poor wrung their hands and cried,

and sent for Peter, who performed a miracle by which, the good woman came back to life and resumed her benefactions. An especial resurrection day for one woman! She was the model by which many of the women of our day have fashioned their lives, and at the first blast of the horn of the wintry tempest, there appear ten thousand Dorcases—Dorcases of Brooklyn, Dorcases of New York, Dorcases of London, Dorcases of all the neighborhoods and towns and cities of Christendom, just as good as the Dorcas of the Joppa which I visited. Thank God for the ever-increasing skill and sharpness and speed and generosity of Dorcas's needle.

"What is that man doing?" I said to the dragoman in the streets of Joppa. "Oh, he is

Carrying his Bed."

Multitudes of the Eastern people sleep out-of-doors and that is the way so many in those lands become blind. It is from the dew of the night falling on the eyelids. As a result of this, in Egypt, every twentieth person is totally blind. In Oriental lands the bed is made of a thin small mattress, a blanket and a pillow, and when a man rises in the morning he just ties up the three into a bundle and shoulders it and takes it away. It was to that the Saviour referred when he said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk." An American couch or an English couch would require at least four men to carry it, but one Oriental can easily manage his slumber equipment.

But I inhale some of the odors of the large tanneries around Joppa. It is there to this day, a prosperous business, this tanning of hides. And that reminds me of Simon the tanner, who lived at Joppa, and was the host

of Peter the Apostle. I suppose the olfactories of Peter were as easily insulted by the odors of the tannery as others. But the Bible says, "He lodged with one Simon, the tanner." People who go out to do reformatory and missionary and Christian work must not be too sensitive. Simon no doubt brought to his homestead every night the malodors of the calf-skins and ox-hides in his tannery, but Peter lodged in that home, not only because he may not have been invited to the houses of merchant princes surrounded by redolent gardens, but to teach all men and women engaged in trying to make the world better, they must not be squeamish and fastidious and finical and over-particular in doing the work of the world. The Church of God is dying of fastidiousness. We cry over the sufferings of the world in hundred dollar pocket handkerchiefs, and then put a cent in the poor box. There are many willing to do Christian work among the cleanly and the refined and the elegant and the educated ; but excuse them from taking a loaf of bread down a dirty alley, excuse them from teaching a mission-school among the uncombed and the unwashed, excuse them from touching the hand of one whose finger-nails are in mourning for departed soap. Such religious precisionists can toil in atmospheres laden with honeysuckle and rosemary, but not in air floating up from the malodorous vats. No, no ! excuse them from lodging with Simon, the tanner.

During the last war, there were in Virginia some sixty or seventy wounded soldiers in a barn, on the second floor, so near the roof that the heat of the August sun was almost insupportable. The men were dying from sheer exhaustion and suffocation. A distinguished member of the Christian Commission said to the nurse that stood there, "wash the faces and feet of these men and

it will revive them." "No," said the nurse, "I didn't come into the army to wash anybody's feet." "Well," said the distinguished member of the Commission, "bring me water and a towel, I will be very glad to wash their feet." One was the spirit of the devil, the other the spirit of Christ.

But reference to Peter reminds me that we must go to the

House-top in Joppa

where he was taught the democracy of religion. That was the queerest thing that ever happened. On our way up to that house-top we passed an old well where the great stones were worn deep with the ropes of the buckets and it must be a well many centuries old, and, I think, Peter drank out of it. Four or five goat or calf-skins filled with water lay about the yard. We soon got up the steps and on the house-top. It was in such a place in Joppa that Peter, one noon, while he was waiting for dinner, had a hungry fit and fainted away and had a vision or dream or trance. I said to my family and friends on that house-top, "Listen while I read about what happened here." And opening the Bible, we had the whole story. It seems that Peter on the house-top dreamed that a great blanket was let down out of heaven, and in it were sheep and goats and cattle and mules and pigeons and buzzards and snakes and all manner of creatures that fly the air, or walk the fields, or crawl the earth, and in the dream a voice told him as he was hungry, to eat, and he said, "I cannot eat things unclean." Three times he dreamed it. There was then heard a knocking at the gate of the house on the top of which Peter lay in a trance and three men asked, "Is Peter here?" Peter,

while yet wondering what his dream meant, descends the stairs and meets these

Strangers at the Gate.

They tell him that a good man by the name of Cornelius, in the city of Cæsarea, has also had a dream and has sent them for Peter and to ask him to come and preach. At that call, Peter left Joppa for Cæsarea. The dream he had just had prepared him to preach, for Peter learned by it to reject no people as unclean, and whereas he previously thought he must preach only to the Jews, now he goes to preach to the Gentiles who were considered unclean.

Notice how the two dreams meet—Peter's dream on the house-top, Cornelius' dream at Cæsarea. So I have noticed providences meet, distant events meet, dreams meet. Every dream is hunting up some other dream and every event is searching for some other event. In the fifteenth century (1492) the great event was the discovery of America. The art of printing, born in the same century, goes out to meet that discovery and make the new world an intelligent world. The Declaration of Independence, announcing equal rights meets Robert Burns'

"A man's a man for a' that."

The United States was getting too large to be managed by one government, and telegraphy was invented to compress within an hour the whole continent. Armies in the civil war were to be fitted out with clothing, and the sewing machine invention came out to make it possible. Immense farming acreage is presented in this country, enough to support millions of our native born, and millions of foreigners; but the old style of plough, and scythe, and reaper, and thresher cannot do the work, and

here came steam ploughs, steam harrows, steam reapers, steam rakes, steam threshers, and the work is accomplished. The forests of earth fail to afford sufficient fuel, and so the coal mines surrender a sufficiency. The cotton crops were luxuriant, but of comparatively little value, for they could not be managed, and so,

At Just the Right Time,

Hargreaves came along with his invention of the spinning-jenny, and Arkwright with his roller, and Whitney with his cotton-gin. The world, after pottering along with tallow candles and whale oil, was crying for better light and more of it; and the hills of Pennsylvania poured rivers of oil, and kerosene illumined the nations. But the oil wells began to fail, and then the electric light comes forth to turn night into day. So all events are woven together, and the world is magnificently governed. We criticise things and think the divine machinery is going wrong, and put our fingers amid the wheels only to get them crushed. But, I say, hands off! Things are coming out gloriously. Cornelius may be in Cæsarea, and Peter in Joppa, but their dreams meet. It is one hand that is managing the world, and that is God's hand, and one mind that is planning all things for good, and that is God's mind; and one heart that is filled with love and pardon, and sympathy, and that is God's heart. Have faith in him. Fret about nothing. Things are not at loose ends. There are no accidents. All will come out right in your history and in the world. As you are waking from one dream up-stairs, an explanatory dream will be knocking at the gate down-stairs.

Standing here in Joppa, I remembered that where we this morning disembarked, the prophet Jonah embarked

For the first time in my life I fully understand that story. God told Jonah to go to Nineveh, but the prophet declined that call and came here to Joppa. I was for weeks, while in the Holy Land, consulting with tourist companies, as to how I could take Nineveh in my journey. They did not encourage the undertaking. It is a most tedious ride to Nineveh and a desert. Now I see an additional reason why Jonah did not want to go to Nineveh. He not only revolted because of the disagreeable message he was called to deliver at Nineveh, but because it was a long way and tough, and bandit-infested, so he came here to Joppa and took ship. But alas, for the disastrous voyage! He paid his full fare for the whole voyage, but the ship company did not fill their part of the contract. To this day they have not paid back that passage money. Why people should doubt the story of Jonah and the whale is more of a mystery than the Bible event itself. I do not need the fact that Pliny, the historian, records that the skeleton of a whale forty feet long, and with hide a foot and a half thick, was brought from Joppa to Rome. The event recorded in the book of Jonah has occurred a thousand times. The Lord always has a whale outside the harbor for a man who starts in the wrong direction. Recreant Jonah! I do not wonder that even the whale was sick of him. This prophet was put in the Bible, not as an example, but as a warning, because the world not only needs light-houses, but buoys to show where the rocks are. The Bible story of him ends by showing the prophet in a fit of the sulks. He was mad because Nineveh was not destroyed, and then he went out to pout, and sat under a big leaf, using it for shade from the tropical sun, and when a worm disturbed that leaf, and it withered and the sun smote Jonah,

he flew into a great rage, and said : " It is better for me to die than to live." A prophet in a rage because he had lost his umbrella ! Beware of petulance !

But standing here on the house-top at Joppa, I look off upon the sands near the beach, and I almost expected to find them crimsoned and incarnadined. But no ; the rains long ago washed away the last stains of

The Napoleonic Massacre.

Napoleon was marching his army through the coasts. He had here at Joppa four thousand Albanians, who had been surrendered as prisoners of war, and under a promise of protection. What shall he do with them ? It will be impossible for him to take them along, and he cannot afford to leave soldiers enough to guard them from escape. It will not be difficult for the man who broke the heart of lovely Josephine and who, when asked if the great losses of life in his battles were not too dear a price to pay for his victories, shrugged his shoulders mirthfully and said, " you must break the eggs if you want to make an omelet,"—I say, it will not be difficult for him to decide. The prisoners of war, by his order, are taken out on the sands and put to death—one thousand of them, two thousand of them, three thousand of them, four thousand of them massacred. And the blood pours down into the sea, the red of the one mingling with the blue of the other, and making an awful maroon which neither God nor nations can ever forget. Ye who are fond of vivid contrasts, put the two scenes of Joppa side by side, Dorcas with her needle, and the imperial butcher with his knife.

The Rafts of Cedars.

But standing on this Joppa house-top, I look off on the

Mediterranean, and what is that strange sight I see? The waters are black, seemingly for miles. There seems to be a great multitude of logs fastened together. Oh, yes, it is a great raft of timbers. They are cedars of Lebanon which King Hiram is furnishing King Solomon in exchange for 20,000 measures of wheat, 20,000 baths of oil, and 20,000 baths of wine. These cedars have been cut down and trimmed in the mountains of Lebanon by the 70,000 axemen engaged there, and with great withes and iron bolts are fastened together, and they are floating down to Joppa to be taken across the land for Solomon's temple now building at Jerusalem, for we have lost our hold of the nineteenth century and are clear back in the ages. The rafts of cedar are guided into what is called the Moon Pool, an old harbor, south of Joppa, now filled with sand and useless. With long pikes the timber is pushed this way and that in the water, then with levers and many a loud, long "Yo, heave!" as the carters get their shoulders under the great weight, the timber is fastened to the wagons and the lowing oxen are yoked to the load, and the procession of teams move on with crack of whip, and drawled-out words which translated, I suppose, would correspond with the "whoa, haw, gee!" of modern teamsters,

Toward Jerusalem,

which is forty-one miles away, over mountainous distances, which for hundreds of years defied all engineering. And these rough cedars shall become carved pillars, and beautiful altars, and rounded banisters, and traceried panels, and sublime ceiling, and exquisite harps, and kingly chariots. As the wagon train moves out from Joppa over the plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem, I say to my-

self, what vast numbers of people helped build that temple of Solomon, and what vast numbers of people are now engaged in building the wider, higher, grander temple of righteousness rising in the earth. Our Christian ancestry toiled at it, amid sweat and tears, and hundreds of the generations of the good, and the long train of Christian workers still moves on, and as in the construction of Solomon's temple some hewed with the axe in the far-away Lebanon, and some drove the wedge, and some twisted a withe, and some trod the wet and slippery rafts on the sea, and some yoked the ox, and some pulled at the load, and some shoved the plane, and some fitted the joints, and some heaved up the rafters, but all helped build the temple, though some of these never saw it, so now let us all put our hands, and our shoulders, and our hearts to the work of

Building the Temple

of righteousness, which is to fill the earth; and one will bind a wound, and another will wipe away a tear, and another will teach a class, and another will speak the encouraging word, and all of us will be ready to pull and lift, and in some way help on the work until the millennial morn shall gild the pinnacles of that finished temple, and at its shining gates the world shall put down its last burden, and in its lavers wash off its last stain, and at its altars the last wanderer shall kneel. At the dedication of that temple, all the armies of earth and heaven will "shoulder arms," and "present arms," and "ground arms," for "behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

But my first day in the Holy Land is ended. The sun is already closing his eye for the night. I stand on the balcony of a hotel which was brought to Joppa in pieces

from the state of Maine by some fanatics who here expected to see Christ reappear in Palestine. My room here was once occupied by that Christian hero of the centuries—English, Chinese, Egyptian, world-wide General Gordon, a man mighty for God as well as for the world's pacification. Although the first of December and winter, the air is full of fragrance from gardens all a-bloom, and under my window are acacia and tamarisk and mulberry and century plants and orange groves and oleander. From the drowsiness of the air and the fatigues of the day I feel sleepy. Good-night! To-morrow we start for Jerusalem.

MY SECOND DAY IN PALESTINE.

"I went up to Jerusalem." Galatians 1 : 18.

MY second day in the Holy Land. We are in Joppa. It is six o'clock in the morning, but we must start early, for by night we are to be in Jerusalem, and that city is forty-one miles away. We may take camel or horse or carriage. As to-day will be our last opportunity in Palestine for taking the wheel, we choose that. The horses with harness tasselled and jingling, are hitched, and with a dragoman in coat of many colors seated in front, we start on a road which unveils within twelve hours enough to think of for all time and all eternity. Farewell Mediterranean with such a blue as no one but the divine Chemist could mix, and such a fire of morning glow, as only the divine Illuminator could kindle! Hail! Mountains of Ephraim and Juda whose ramparts of rock we shall mount in a few hours, for modern engineers can make a road anywhere, and without piling Ossa upon Pelion, those giants can scale the heaven.

We start out of the city amid barricades of cactus on either side. Not cacti in boxes two or three feet high, but cactus higher than the top of the carriage—a plant that has more swords for defense, considering the amount of beauty it can exhibit, than anything created. We passed out amid about four hundred gardens, seven or eight acres to the garden, from which at the right seasons are plucked oranges, lemons, figs, olives, citron, and pomegranates, and which hold up their censers of perfume be-

fore the Lord in perpetual praise. We meet great processions of

Camels Loaded with Kegs

of oil and with fruits, and some wealthy Mohammedan with four wives—three too many. The camel is a proud, mysterious, solemn, ancient, ungainly, majestic, and ridiculous shape, stalking out of the past. The driver with his whip taps the camel on the fore-leg, and he kneels to take you as a rider. But when he rises, hold fast or you will fall off backward as he puts his fore-feet in standing posture, and then you will fall off in front as his back-legs take their place. But the inhabitants are used to his ways, although I find the riders often dismount and walk as though to rest themselves. Better stand out of the path of the camel; he stops for nothing and seems not to look down, and in the street I saw a child by the stroke of a camel's front foot hurled seven or eight feet along the ground.

Here we meet people with faces, and arms, and hands tattooed, as in all lands sailors tattoo their arms with some favorite ship or admired face. It was to this habit of tattooing among the Orientals that God refers in a figure, when He says of His church: "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands."

Many of these regions are naturally sandy, but by irrigation they are made fruitful and, as by this irrigation, the brooks and rivers are turned this way, and that, to water the gardens and farms, so the Bible says, "The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned whithersoever he will."

As we pass out and on we find about eight hundred

acres belonging to the Universal Israelitish Alliance. Montefiore, the Israelitish centenarian and philanthropist, and Rothschild the banker, and others of the large-hearted have paid the passage to Palestine, for

Many Israelites,

and they have also set apart lands for their culture ; and it is only a beginning of the fulfilment of divine prophecy, when these people shall take possession of the Holy Land. The road from Joppa to Jerusalem, and all the roads leading to Nazareth and Galilee we saw lined with processions of Jews, going to the sacred places, either on a holy pilgrimage, or as settlers. All the fingers of Providence now-a-days are pointing to that resumption of Palestine by the Israelites. I do not take it that the prospered Israelites of other lands are to go there. They would be foolish to leave their prosperities in our American cities where they are among our best citizens, and cross two seas to begin life over again in a strange land. But the outrages heaped upon them in Russia, and the insults offered them in Germany, will soon quadruple and centuple the procession of Israelites from Russia to Palestine.

Facilities for Getting There

will be multiplied, not only in the railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem, to which I referred last Sabbath as being built, but permission for a road from Damascus to the Bay of Acre has been obtained, and that will connect with Joppa, and make one great ocean-shore railroad. So the railroad from Jerusalem to Joppa, and from Joppa to Damascus, will soon bring all the Holy Land within a few hours of connection. Jewish colonization societies in England and Russia, are gathering money for the

transportation of the Israelites to Palestine and for the purchase for them of lands and farming implements, and so

Many Desire to Go,

that it is decided by lot as to which families shall go first. They were God's chosen people at the first, and He has promised to bring them back to their home, and there is no power in one thousand or five thousand years to make God forget His promises. Those who are prospered in other lands, will do well to stay where they are. But let the Israelites who are depreciated, and attacked and persecuted turn their faces towards the rising sun of their deliverance. God will gather in that distant land, those of that race who have been maltreated, and He will blast with the lightnings of His omnipotence those lands on either side of the Atlantic, which have been the instruments of annoyance and harm to that Jewish race, to which belonged Abraham, and David, and Joshua, and Baron Hirsch, and Montefiore, and Paul the Apostle, and Mary the Virgin, and Jesus Christ the Lord.

Veiled Women.

On the way across the plain of Sharon we meet many veiled women. It is not respectable for them to go unveiled, and it is a veil so hung as to make them hideous. A man may not even see the face of his wife until after betrothal, or engagement of marriage. Hence the awful mistakes, and the unhappy homes, for God has made the face an index of character, and honesty or dishonesty usually is demonstrated in the features. I do not see what God made a fair face for, if it were not to be looked at. But here come the crowds of disfigured women down the road on their way to Joppa, bundles of sticks for

firewood on their heads. They started at three o'clock in the morning to get the fuel. They stagger under the burdens. Whipped and beaten will some of them be if their bundle of sticks is too small. All that is required for divorcement is for a man to say to his wife: "Be off, I don't want you any more." Woman a slave in all lands, except those in which the Gospel of Christ makes her a queen. And yet in Christian countries there are women posing as sceptics, and men with family deriding the only religion that makes sacred, and honorable the names of wife, mother, daughter and sister.

What is that? Town of Ramleh, birthplace, residence and tomb of Samuel, the glorious prophet. Near by,

The Tower of Forty Martyrs,

called because that number of disciples perished there for Christ's sake; but if towers had been built for all those, who in the time of war as in time of peace, have fallen on this road during the ages past, you might almost walk on the turrets from Joppa to Jerusalem.

Now we pass guard-houses which are castles of chopped straw and mud where at night and partly through the day, armed men dwell and keep the bandits off travellers. In the caves of these mountains dwell men to whom massacre would be high play, and a purse with a few pennies would be compensation enough for the struggle that the savage might have with the wayfarer. There is only one other defense that amounts to much in these lands and that is the law of hospitality. If you can get an Arab to eat with you, if only one mouthful, you are sure of his protection and that has been so from age to age. The Lord's Supper was built on that custom, a special friendship after partaking food together. To

that custom Walter Scott refers in his immortal *Talisman*, where Saladin, with one stroke of his sword, strikes the head from an enemy who stands in Saladin's tent with a cup in his hand and before he has time to put it to his lip, and does it so suddenly that the body of his enemy, beheaded, stands for a moment after the beheading, with the cup still in his right hand. After the cup had been sipped it would have been impossible, according to the laws of Oriental hospitality to give the fatal blow.

Armed Attendants.

The only lands where it is safe to travel unarmed are Christian lands. Human life is more highly valued and personal rights are better respected, and I am glad to believe that in our country, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean, there is not a place to-day where a man is not safer without a pistol than with one. But all through our journeys in Palestine we required fire-arms. While the only weapon I had on my person was a New Testament, we went through the region where I said to the dragoon: "David, are you armed?" and he said "Yes;" and I said "Are those fifteen or twenty mule-teers and baggage-men and attendants armed?" and he said "Yes;" and I felt safer.

On we roll through the Plain of Sharon. Here grew the rose after which Christ was named, Rose of Sharon, celebrated in all Christendom and throughout all ages. There has been controversy as to what flower it was. Some say it was a marsh-mallow that thrives here, and some claim this honor for the narcissus, and some for the blue iris, and some for the scarlet anemone, for you must know that this Plain of Sharon is a rolling ocean of color when the Spring breezes move across it. But leav-

ing the botanists in controversy as to what it is, I would take the most aromatic and beautiful of them all and twist them into a garland for the "Name that is above every name."

Yonder, a little to the north as we move on is the Plain of Ono. The Bible mentions it again and again. The village standing on this Plain of Ono is a mud village. Two great basins of rock catch the rains for the people. Of more importance in olden time than in modern time was this plain of Ono. But as the dragoman announced it and in the Bible I read of it, I was reminded of the vast multitude who now dwell on the Plain of Ono. They are, by their nervous constitution or by their lack of faith in God, always in the negative. Will you help to build a church? Oh, no! Will you start out in some new Christian enterprise? Oh, no! Do you think the world is getting any better? Oh, no. They lie down in the path of all good movements, sanitary, social, political and religious. They harness their horses with no traces to pull ahead but only breëching straps to hold back. For all Christian work I would not give a thousand of them a single clipped ten-cent piece. They are in the Plain of Oh, no! May the Lord multiply the numbers of those who, when anything good is undertaken are found to live in the Plain of Oh, yes! Will you support this new charity? Oh, yes! Do you think that this victim of evil habit can be reformed? Oh, yes! Are you willing to do anything, whether obscure or resounding, for the welfare of the Church and the salvation of a ruined world? Oh, yes! But I am sorry to say that the most populous plain in all the earth to-day is the Plain of Ono.

Here now we come where stood the fields into which

Samson fired the foxes. The foxes are no rarity in this land. I counted at one time twenty or thirty of them in one group and the cry all along the line was "Foxes! Look at the foxes!" and at night they sometimes bark until all attempts to sleep are an absurdity. Those I saw and heard in Palestine might have been descendants of the very foxes that Samson employed for

An Appalling Incendiarism.

The wealth of that land was in the harvests and it was harvest time and the straw was dry. Three hundred foxes were caught and tied in couples by some wire or some incombustible cord which the flames cannot divide, and fire-brands are fastened to those couples of foxes, and the affrighted creatures are let loose and run every whither among the harvests and in the awful blaze down go corn shocks, and the vineyards, and the olives, and all through the valleys and over the hills, and among the villages is heard the cry of fire! And in the burnt pathway walk Hunger, and Want, and Desolation.

All this for spite. And some theologians learn one thing, and some another. But I learn from it that a great man may sometimes stoop to a very mean piece of business, and that if men would use as much ingenuity in trying to bless as they do in trying to destroy, the world all the way down would have been in better condition. Yet the fire of the foxes kindled that night in Palestine has not gone out, but has leaped the seas, and the sly foxes, the human foxes, are now still running every whither, kindling political fires, fires of religious controversy, fires of hate, world-wide fires, and whole harvests of righteousness perish. It took the hard work of multitudes on all these plains of Palestine for months and

months to rear the vine and raise the corn, but it took only three hundred worthless foxes to blaze all into ashes.

Brace your nerves now, that you may look while I point them out. Yonder is Kirjath-Jearim, where the ark of God stayed until David took it to Jerusalem. Yonder John the Baptist was born. Yonder is Emmaus where Christ walked with the disciples at eventide. Here are men ploughing, only one handle to the plough, showing the accuracy of Christ's allusion. When we plough in America or England there are two hands on two handles, but in Palestine only one handle. And so Christ uses the singular, saying: "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom." The ox is urged on by a wooden stick pointed with sharp iron, and the ox knows enough not to kick, for he would only hurt himself instead of breaking the goad. And the Bible refers to that when it says to Saul: "It is hard for thee to kick against the goads."

The Valley of Ajalon.

Here is the valley of Ajalon, famous for Joshua's pursuit of the five kings, and the lunar arrest. And in imagination I see the moon in day-time halt. Who has not sometimes seen the moon dispute the throne with the sun? But when the king of day and the queen of night, who never before Joshua's time, nor since then, stopped a moment in their march, halted at Joshua's command, it was a scene enough to make a universe shiver: "Moon! stand thou still in the valley of Ajalon!" At another time we will see the sun stop above Gibeon, but now we have only to do with the moon, and you must remember that it was more of an orb than it is now. It is a burnt-

out world now, a dead world now, an extinct world now, a corpse laid out in state in the heavens, waiting for the judgment day to bury it. But on the day of which I speak, the moon was probably a living world, yet it halted at the wave of Joshua's finger. "Stand thou still." Do not budge an inch until Joshua finishes those five kings, who are there tumbling over the rocks, sword of man slashing them, hailstones out of the sky pelting them.

And there is the cavern of Makkedah, where they fled for safety, and where they were afterward locked in, and from which they were taken out to be slain, and in which they were afterward buried; and you do well to examine that cavern, for within a few hours it became three things which no other cave ever was: Fortress, Prison, Sepulchre.

A Bandit's Cave.

Now we pass the place where once lived one of the greatest robbers of the century. Abou Gosh by name. From this point you see he could look over all the surrounding country, and long before the travellers came up to him, the plan for the taking of their money or their life, or both, was consummated. He one day found a company of monks who would not pay, and he smothered them to death in a hot oven. In his last days, he lived here like an Oriental prince, and had his attendants and admirers to whom he told stories of brigandage and assassination. So late as when our eminent and beloved American, William C. Prime, passed through, Abou Gosh, the scoundrelly Bedouin, sat at his door-way, smoking his pipe. His descendants live in this village, and probably are no more honest than their distinguished ancestor,

but marauding and murder are not as safe a business now as when all this route to Jerusalem was subject to outrages pandemoniac.

Here we pass the village of Latrun, home of the penitent thief, the village, a few straggling houses on steep hills rising from the valley of Ajalon. Up these steep hills in his earlier days, the thief had carried the spoils of arson and burglary, and down them he had borne the heavier burden of a guilty heart. But higher than these hills he mounted, after he had repented—from the transfixed posture on the cross to the bosom of a forgiving God.

Now we come to the brook Elah, from which little David took the smooth stones with which he prostrated Goliath. There is a bridge spanning the ravine, but at the season we crossed, there is not a drop of water in the brook. We went down into the ravine and walked amid the pebbles that had been washed smooth, very smooth, by the rush of the waters through all the ages. There is where David armed himself. He walked around and picked up five of these polished pebbles. He got them of just the right size. He prepared himself for five volleys, so that if the giant escapes the first, he will not escape the whole five. The topography of the place so corresponds with the Bible story that I could see

The Memorable Fight

go on. It is the only fight I ever did watch. Here were two champions, the one God-appointed, the other Satan-appointed, and deciding the destiny of a nation, the destiny of a world. It was a Marathon, an Arbela, a Waterloo, a Blenheim, a Sedan, concentrated into two right arms. Here are two ridges of mountains five hundred

feet high, the Philistines on one ridge, the Israelites on the other ridge. The fight is in the valley between, at that season shaded, and sweet with terebinth and acacia. David the champion for the Israelites, Goliath the champion for the Philistines. David under-sized and almost effeminate, only a mouthful for Goliath, who was nearly ten feet high.

They advance to meet each other, but the Bible says David made the first step forward. Nearer and nearer they come, but I do not think David will wait until he comes within reach of Goliath's sword, for that would be fatal, and David has a weapon with which he can fight at long range. Closer and closer they come, but David advances the more rapidly. "Come to me," says the giant, "and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." You see Goliath going to give David for a banquet to the vulture and the jackal. He, the mountain of flesh, will fall over on that little hillock. I hear him laugh through the mouth-piece of his helmet. He will toast the little whiffet on the top of his long sword. He will call all the crows for a breakfast. "Come to me you contemptible little fellow, and I will make quick work of you. The idea that a five-footer should dare to come out against a ten-footer!" David responded: "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts!" Aha, that is

The Right Kind of Battle-Shout.

"In the name of the Lord of Hosts!" How that cry rings through the Wady-es-Sumpt! He who fights in that spirit wins the day. The almost Israelitish dwarf enlarges into omnipotent proportions. The moment of strike has come. David takes his sling with a stone in it

and whirls it round, and round his head, until he has put the weapon into sufficient momentum, and then, taking sure aim, hurls it. The giant throws up his hands and reels back and falls. The stone sank into his forehead. That was the only available point of attack. But how about the helmet on his head? Did the stone that David flung crush through the helmet? No; an old rabbi says he thinks that when Goliath scoffed at David, the giant so suddenly and contemptuously jerked up his head that the helmet fell off. That is like enough. David saw the bare forehead, a foot high, and aimed at the centre of it, and the skull cracked and broke in like an eggshell, and the ground shook as this great oak of a military chieftain struck it. Huzzah for David!

But we must hasten on, for the danger now is that night will be upon us before we reach Jerusalem. Oh! we must see it before sundown. We are climbing the hills which are terraced with olive groves, uplands rising above uplands, until we come to an immensity of barrenness, gray rocks above gray rocks, where neither tree, nor leaf nor bush, nor grass-blade, can grow. The horses stumble, and slip, and pull, till it seems the harness must break. Solemnity and awe take possession of us. Though a vivacious party, and during part of the day jocularity had reigned, now no one spoke a word except to say to the dragoman, "Tell us when you first get a glimpse of the city." I never had such high expectation of seeing any place as of seeing Jerusalem. I think my feelings may have been slightly akin to that of the Christian just about to enter the heavenly Jerusalem. My ideas of the earthly Jerusalem were bewildering. Had I not seen pictures of it? Oh, yes; but they only increase the bewilderment. They were taken from a variety of stand-

points. If twenty artists attempt to sketch Brooklyn, or New York, or London, or Jerusalem, they will plant their cameras at different places, and take as many different pictures, but in a few minutes I shall see

The Sacred City.

Over another shoulder of the hill we go, and nothing in sight but rocks and mountains, and awful gulches between them, which make the head swim if you look down. On and up, on and up, until the lathered and smoking horses are reigned in, and the dragoman rises in front, and points eastward, crying, "*Jerusalem!*" It was mightier than an electric shock. We all rose. There it lay, the prize of nations, the terminus of famous pilgrimages, the object of Roman and crusading wars, and for it Assyrians had fought, and Egyptians had fought, and the world had fought; the place which the Queen of Sheba visited, and Richard Cœur de Lion had conquered. Home of Solomon. Home of Ezekiel. Home of Isaiah. Home of Saladin. Mount Zion of David's heart-break, and Mount Moriah, where the sacrifices smoked, Mount of Olives, where Jesus preached, and Gethsemane, where He agonized, and Golgotha, where He died, and the Holy Sepulchre, where He was buried. O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Greatest city on earth, and type of the city celestial.

After I have been ten thousand years in heaven, the memory of that first view from the rocks on the afternoon of December 2d, will be as vivid as now. An Arab on a horse that was like a whirlwind, bitted and saddled and spurred, its mane and flanks jet as the night—and there are no such horsemen as Arab horsemen—had come far out to meet us, and invite us to his hotel inside the gates. But arrangements had been made for us to stay

at a hotel outside the gates. In the dusk of the evening we halted in front of the place and entered, but I said "No thank you for your courteous reception, but I must sleep to-night

Inside the Gates of Jerusalem.

I would rather have the poorest place inside the gates than the best place outside." So we remounted our coach and moved on amid a clamor of voices, and between camels grunting with great beams and timbers on their back, brought in for building purposes—for it is amazing how much a camel can carry—until we came to what is called the Joppa Gate of Jerusalem. It is about forty feet wide, twenty feet deep, and sixty feet high. There is a sharp turn just after you have entered, so planned as to make the entrance of armed enemies the more difficult. On the structure of these gates the safety of Jerusalem depended and all Bible writers used them for illustrations. Within five minutes' walk of the gate we entered, David wrote: "Enter into thy gates with thanksgiving," "Lift up your heads, O, ye gates!" "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion," "Open to me the gates of righteousness." And Isaiah wrote: "Go through, go through the gates." And the captive of Patmos wrote: "The city had twelve gates." Having passed the gate we went on through the narrow streets, dimly lighted, and passed to our halting-place, and sat down by the window from which we could see Mount Zion, and said: "Here we are at last, in the capital of the whole earth." And thoughts of the past and the future rushed through my soul in quick succession, and I thought of that old hymn, sung by so many ascending spirits:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

And so with our hearts full of gratitude to God for journeying mercies all the way from Joppa to Jerusalem, and with bright anticipation of our entrance into the shining gate of the heavenly city when our earthly journeys are over, my second day in Palestine is ended.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

"If I forget thee O Jerusalem, Let my right hand forget her cunning." Psalm 137 : 5.

PARALYSIS of his best hand, the withering of its muscles and nerves, is here invoked, if the author allows to pass out of mind the grandeurs of the Holy City where once he dwelt. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm, and not David. Afraid I am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been to Jerusalem should, in enthusiasm of soul cry out, whether he be sitting by the Euphrates or the Hudson or the Thames, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" You see it is a city unlike all others for topography, for history, for significance, for style of population, for water-works, for ruins, for towers, for domes, for ramparts, for literature, for tragedies, for memorable birth-places, for sepulchres, for conflagrations and famines, for victories and defeats.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem and on a house-top, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3d, with an old inhabitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," I said, "where is Mount Zion?" "Here at your right." "Where is Mount Olivet?" "In front of where you stand." "Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?" "In yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered, I saw it. No unpreju-

diced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull, and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull-shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it, is the shape of the inside of a skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside the gate, while the site formerly selected was inside the gate. Beside that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

The Saviour's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads," and there is the ancient thoroughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mould of that skull hill, made by the late General Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, eighty years of age and imposed upon by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story, selected another site as Calvary, all recent travellers agree that the one I point out to you was, without doubt, the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

There was a thousand things we wanted to see that third day of December, and our dragoman proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all, show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere, and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else, we must see that and see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some on mule-back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to the base of the hill we first

went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of Lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high and its top and side are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and grey.

Coming forth from those pictured subterraneous passages, we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up, we see cracks and crevices in the rocks, which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill lay a limestone rock, white but tinged with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity, and the crimson of sacrifice, that I said, "That stone would be beautifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building in America; and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinia across the desert, when put under it, how significant of the Law and the Gospel! And these lips of stone will continue to speak of justice and mercy long after all our living lips have uttered their last message." So I rolled it down the hill and transported it. When that day comes for which many of you have prayed—the dedication of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake—we invite you in the main entrance of that building to look upon a memorial wall containing the most suggestive, and solemn, and tremendous antiquities ever brought together; this rent with the earthquake at the giving of the Law, at Sinai, the other rent at the crucifixion on Calvary.

On a Bluff of Calvary.

It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions

were as we gathered, a group of men and women, all saved by the blood of the Lamb, on a bluff of Calvary, just wide enough to contain three crosses. I said to my family and friends: "I think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar, and there the cross of the penitent miscreant, and here between, stood the cross on which all our hopes depend." As I opened the nineteenth chapter of John to read, a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solemnity. I read a little, but broke down. I defy any emotional Christian man sitting upon Golgotha to read aloud and with unbroken voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke and John, of which these sentences are fragments: "They took Jesus and led Him away and He, bearing His cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified Him and two others with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst;" "Behold thy mother!" "I thirst;" "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" "Father forgive them, they know not what they do;" "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." What sighs, what sobs, what tears, what tempests of sorrow, what surging oceans of agony in those utterances!

While we sat there, the whole scene came before us. All around the top and sides, and foot of the hill, a mob raged. They gnash their teeth, and shake their clenched fists at him. Here the cavalry horses champ their bits, and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of a dying Saviour. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd, His mother and His aunt, and some whose sorrows He had comforted, and whose guilt He had pardoned. Here a man dips

a sponge into sour wine, and by a stick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage from the five wounds has done its work.

The Heavens Velled.

The atmospheric conditions are such as the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. *It was a bereavement of the heavens!* Darker! Until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! Until the surrounding hills dissappeared. Darker! Until the inscription above the middle cross becomes illegible. Darker! Until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and He sighed with His last sigh, the words, "It is finished!"

As we sat there, a silence took possession of us and we thought: this is the centre from which continents have been touched, and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward this hill the prophets pointed forward. Toward this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed downward. To this with foaming execrations perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all history, all time, all eternity, and with this scene, painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled the grandest oratorios, and churches lifted their greatest doxologies, and heaven built its highest thrones.

Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene, we moved on, and into the garden of olives, a garden which in the right season is full of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the Book says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulchre." I think this was the garden and this the sepulchre. It is shattered,

of course. About four steps down we went into this, which seemed a family tomb. There is room for about five bodies. We measured it, and found it about eight feet high, and nine feet wide, and fourteen feet long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long. I think that there once lay the King wrapped in His last slumber. On some of these rocks, the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the first Easter morning, the angels rolled the stone thundering down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Conqueror, and from these heights, He looked off upon the city that had cast Him out, and upon the world He had come to redeem, and at the heavens through which He would soon ascend.

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of prophecy. In Jeremiah, 31st chapter and 40th verse, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through ashes. What ashes? people have been asking. Were those ashes just put into the prophecy to fill up? No! the meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple, ashes of the wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices. It has taken all these thousands of years to discover what Jeremiah meant when he said, "Behold the days shall come saith the Lord that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, and the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes." The people of Jerusalem are at this very

time fulfilling that prophecy. One handful of that ashes on which they are building enough to prove the divinity of the Scriptures! Pass by the place where the corner-stone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by Solomon.

Explorers have been Digging,

and they found that corner-stone seventy-five feet beneath the surface. It is fourteen feet long, and three feet eight inches high, and beautifully cut and shaped, and near it was an earthen jar that was supposed to have contained the oil of consecration used at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone. Yonder from a depth of forty feet a signet ring has been brought up inscribed with the words "Haggai, the Son of Shebaniah," showing it belonged to the prophet Haggai, and to that seal ring he refers in his prophecy, saying, "I will make thee as a signet." I walk further on far under ground, and I find myself in Solomon's stables, and see the places worn in the stone pillars by the halters of some of his twelve thousand horses. Further on, look at the pillars on which Mount Moriah was built. You know that the mountain was too small for the temple, and so they built the mountain out on pillars and I saw eight of those pillars, each one strong enough to hold a mountain.

Here we enter the Mosque of Omar, a throne of Mohammedanism where we are met at the door by officials who bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step further, lest our feet pollute the sacred places. A man attempting to go in without these slippers would be struck dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted as well as we could, we are led to where we see a rock with an opening in it through which, no doubt, the blood

of sacrifice in the ancient temple rolled down and away. At vast expense the Mosque has been built, but so sombre is the place I am glad to get through it and take off the cumbrous slippers, and step into the clear air.

Yonder is a curve of stone which is part of a bridge which once reached from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple. Here is the wailing place of the Jews where for centuries almost perpetually during the day-time, whole generations of the Jews have stood putting their head or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of Abraham with tears rolling down their cheeks and lips trembling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor. Most affecting scene! And such a prayer as that century after century, I am sure God will answer, and in some way the departed grandeur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them and saw that they were reading from the mournful psalms of David while I have been told that this is the litany which some chant :

“ For the temple that lies desolate,
 We sit in solitude and mourn ;
 For the palace that is destroyed,
 We sit in solitude and mourn ;
 For the walls that are overthrown,
 We sit in solitude and mourn ;
 For our majesty that is departed,
 We sit in solitude and mourn ;
 For our great men that lie dead,
 We sit in solitude and mourn ;
 For priests who have stumbled,
 We sit in solitude and mourn.”

I think at that prayer Jerusalem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence ; it may not be precious stones and architectural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon saw.

But I must get back to the house-top where I stood early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and once was. Standing here on the house-top, I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do the work of military trenches. Compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles journey around, and the three ancient towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus, Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

The Earth's Metropolis.

As I stood there on the house-top in the midst of the city, I said, "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world, that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immediately the Mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared and the most honored structure of all the ages lifted itself in the light and I saw it—the temple, the ancient temple ! Not Solomon's temple, but something grander than that. Not Zerubbabel's temple but something more gorgeous than that. It was Herod's temple built for the one purpose of eclipsing all its architectural predecessors. There it stood, covering nineteen acres,

and ten thousand workmen had been forty-six years in building it. Blaze of magnificence ! Bewildering range of porticos, and ten gate-ways, and double arches, and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus. Masonry bevelled and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble steps pure as though made out of frozen snow, carving that seemed like a panel of the door of heaven let down and set in, the facade of the building on shoulders at each end lifting the glory higher and higher, and walls wherein gold put out the silver, and the carbuncle put out the gold, and the jasper put out the carbuncle, until in the changing light they would all seem to come back again into a chorus of harmonious color. The temple ! The temple ! Doxology in stone ! Anthems soaring in rafters of Lebanon cedar ! From side to side and from foundation to gilded pinnacle,

The Frozen Prayer of All Ages.

From this house-top on the December afternoon we look out in another direction and I see the king's palace covering a hundred and sixty-thousand square feet, three rows of windows illumining the inside brilliance, the hall-way wainscoted with all styles of colored marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music of waterfalls in the garden outside answering the music of the harps thrummed by deft fingers inside ; banisters over which princes and princesses leaned, and talked to kings and queens ascending the stairway. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! Mountain city ! City of God ! Joy of the whole earth ! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol surely it never could have been captured.

But while standing there on the house-top that December afternoon, I hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fall. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they weré leveled. To rob the treasures from her temple and palace and dethrone this queen city of the earth, all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron decides that he must have Jerusalem for his capital and, coming up from the South at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand troops, he captures it. Look, here comes

Another Siege of Jerusalem !

Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign, Phœnician cities kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege ! The armies of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege ! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy, they break up—the brazen sea, and the two wreathed pillars Jachin and Boaz.

Another siege of Jerusalem : and Pompey with the battering-rams which a hundred men would roll back,

and then at full run forward would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left twelve thousand dead, and the city in the clutch of the Roman war-eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballistæ arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great boulders against walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making galleries of beams underground which, set on fire tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror wants to save that unharmed; but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time and ninety-seven thousand captives were taken, and Josephus says one million one hundred thousand lay dead.

But looking from this house-top, the siege that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England and France, and all Christendom, wanted to capture the Holy Sepulchre and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans under the command of one of the lovliest, bravest, and mightiest men that ever lived, for justice must be done him though he was a Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard, Cœur-de-Lion, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey, and other valiant men, marching on through fevers, and plagues, and battle charges, and sufferings, as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem seeing King Richard afoot sends him a

horse. With all the world looking on, the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem. At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatred among themselves were given up, and Raymond, and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. Then the batteringrams rolled and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey of Bouillon is the first to mount the wall, and the Crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast, having taken the city, march bare-headed and bare-footed to what they suppose to be the Holy Sepulchre, and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem the possession of Christendom. But Saladin retook the city and for the last four hundred years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism !

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this nineteenth century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the Sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of Gospel Peace ! And the Cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the Mosque of Omar shall give place to a Church of Christ, and Mount Zion, become the dwelling place not of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem de-

scending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter

When Our Work is Done,

and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship. Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on the way to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who started with them, dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow-pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the Holy City. As she came to the gate of the city she could not take another step, but she was carried in, and then said: "Now hold my head up till I can look upon Jerusalem," and her head lifted, she took one look, and said: "Now I die content, I have seen it! I have seen it." Some of us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the Temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "King in His beauty" will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heartbreaks, of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah! Amen.

IN STIRRUPS TO JERICHO.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho."
Luke 10 : 30.

IT is the morning of December 5th, in Jerusalem, and we take stirrups for the road along which the wayfarer of old fell among thieves who left him wounded and half dead. Job's picture of the horse in the Orient as having neck "clothed with thunder" is not true of most horses now in Palestine. There is no thunder on their neck, though there is some lightning in their heels. Poorly fed and unmercifully whacked, they sometimes retort. To Americans and English, who are accustomed to guide horses by the bridle, these horses of the Orient, guided only by foot and voice, make equestrianism an uncertainty, and the pull on the bridle that you intend for slowing up of the pace may be mistaken for a hint that you want to out-gallop the wind, or wheel in swift circles like the hawk. But they can climb steepes and descend precipices with skilled foot, and the one I chose for our journey in Palestine shall have the praise of going for weeks without one stumbling step, amid rocky steepes where an ordinary horse would not for an hour maintain sure-footedness. There were eighteen of our party, and twenty-two beasts of burden carried our camp equipment. We are led by an Arab sheik with his black Nubian servant carrying a loaded gun in full sight, but it is the Turkish Government which assures the safety of the caravan.

We cross the Jehoshaphat Valley which, if it had not been memorable in history and were only now discovered would excite the admiration of all who look upon it. It is like the gorges of the Yosemite or the chasms of the Yellowstone Park. The sides of this Jehoshaphat Valley are tunnelled with graves and overlooked by Jerusalem walls—an eternity of depths over-shadowed by an eternity of architecture. Within sight of Mount Olivet and Gethsemane and with the heavens and the earth full of sunshine, we start out on the very road mentioned in the text when it says: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." No road that I ever saw was so well constructed for brigandage—deep gulleys, sharp turns, caves on either side. There are fifty places on this road where a highwayman might surprise and overpower an unarmed pilgrim. His cry for help, his shriek of pain, his death groan would be answered only by the echoes. On this road to-day we met groups of men who, judging from their countenances, have in their veins the blood of many generations of Rob Roys. Josephus says that Herod at one time discharged from the service of the temple forty thousand men and that the great part of them became robbers. So late as 1820, Sir Frederick Henniker, an English tourist was attacked on this very road from Jerusalem to Jericho and shot and almost slain. There has never been any scarcity of bandito along the road we travel.

With the fresh memory of some recent violence in their minds, Christ tells the people of the good Samaritan who came along that way and took care of a poor fellow that had been set upon by villainous Arabs and robbed, and pounded and cut. We encamped for lunch that noon close by an old stone building said to be the

tavern where the scene spoken of in the Bible culminated. Tumbled in the dust and ghastly with wounds, the victim of this highway robbery lay in the middle of the road—a fact of which I am certain, because the Bible says the people passed by on either side. There were twelve thousand priests living at Jericho and they had to go to Jerusalem to officiate at the temple. And one of these ministers of religion, I suppose, was on his way to the temple service, and he is startled as he sees this bleeding victim in the middle of the road. “Oh,” he says, “here is a man that has been attacked of thieves.” “Why don’t you go home?” says the minister. The man in a comatose state makes no answer, or, with a half-dazed look, puts his wounded hand to his gashed forehead and draws out “What?” “Well,” says the minister, “I must hurry on to my

Duties at Jerusalem.

I have to kill a lamb and two pigeons in sacrifice to-day. I cannot spend any more time with this unfortunate. I guess somebody else will take care of him. But this is one of the things that cannot be helped, anyhow. Beside that, my business is with souls and not with bodies. Good morning! When you get well enough to sit up, I will be glad to see you at the Temple.” And the minister curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief offices of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would have been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from your censer for the next three weeks, and you missed the chance. Go on your way! Execrated by the centuries! Soon afterward, a Levite came upon the scene. The

Levites looked after the music of the temple and waited upon the priests and provided the supplies of the temple. This Levite passed along this road where we are to-day, took a look at the mass of bruises and laceration in the middle of the road. "My! my!" says the Levite, "this man is awfully hurt and he ought to be helped. But my business is to sing in the choir at the temple. If I am not there, no one will carry my part. Beside that, there may not be enough frankincense for the censers, and the wine or oil may have given out, and what a fearful balk in the service that would make. Then one of the priests might get his breast-plate on crooked. But it seems too bad to leave this man in this condition. Perhaps I had better try to staunch this bleeding and give him a little stimulant. But no! The ceremony at Jerusalem is of more importance than taking care of the wounds of a man who will probably soon be dead, anyhow. This highway robbery ought to be stopped, for it hinders us Levites on our way to the temple. There, I have lost five minutes already! Go along, you beast!" he shouts, as he strikes his heels into the sides of the animal carrying him, and the dust rising from the road hides the hard-hearted official.

The Good Samaritan.

But a third person is coming along this road. You cannot expect him to do anything by way of alleviation, because he and the wounded man belong to different nations which have abominated each other for centuries. The wounded man is an Israelite, and the stranger now coming on this scene of suffering is a Samaritan. They belong to nations which hated each other with an objurgation and malediction diabolic. They had opposition

temples, one on Mount Gerizim and the other on **Mount Moriah**, and I guess this Samaritan when he comes up will give the fallen Israelite another clip and say : " Good for you ! I will just finish the work these bandits began, and give you one more kick that will put you out of your misery. And here is a rag of your coat that they did not steal and I will take that. What ! Do you dare to appeal for mercy ? Hush up ! Why your ancestors worshipped at Jerusalem when they ought to have worshipped at Gerizim. Now take that ! And that ! And that ! " will say the Samaritan as he pounds the fallen Israelite.

No ; the Samaritan rides up to the scene of suffering, gets off his beast and steps down and looks into the face of the wounded man and says : " This poor fellow does not belong to my nation, and our ancestors worshipped in different places, but he is a man, and that makes us brothers. God pity him, as I do ! " And he gets down on his knees and begins to examine his wounds, and straighten out his limbs to see if any of his bones are broken, and says : " My dear fellow, cheer up, you need have no more care about yourself, for I am going to take care of you. Let me feel your pulse. Let me listen to your breathing. I have in these bottles two liquids that will help you. The one is oil, and that will soothe the pain of these wounds, and the other is wine, and your pulse is feeble and you feel faint, and that will stimulate you. Now I must get you to the nearest tavern. " " Oh, no ; " says the man, " I can't walk ; let me stay here and die. " " Nonsense ! " says the Samaritan. " You are not going to die. I am going to put you on this beast, and I will hold you on till I can get you to a place where you can have a soft mattress and an easy pillow. "

Now the Samaritan has got the wounded man on his

feet, and with much tugging and lifting, puts him on the beast, for it is astonishing how strong the spirit of kindness will make one, as you have seen a mother after three weeks of sleepless watching of her boy, down with scarlet fever, lift that half-grown boy, heavier than herself, from couch to lounge. And so this sympathetic Samaritan has, unaided, put the wounded man in the saddle, and at slow pace the extemporized ambulance is moving toward the tavern. "You feel better now, I think," says the Samaritan to the Hebrew. "Yes," he says, "I do feel better." "Halloo, you landlord! help me carry this man in and make him comfortable." That night the Samaritan sat up with the Jew, giving him water whenever he felt thirsty and turning his pillow when it got hot, and in the morning, before the Samaritan started on his journey, he said, "Landlord, now I am obliged to go. Take good care of this man and I will be along here soon again and pay you for all you do for him. Meanwhile here is something to meet present expenses." The "two pence" he gave the landlord sounds small, but it was as much as ten dollars here and now, considering what it would there and then buy of food and lodging.

Practical Christianity.

As on that December noon we sat under the shadow of the tavern where this scene of mercy occurred, and just having passed along the road where the tragedy had happened, I could, as plainly as I now see the nearest man to this platform, see that Bible story re-enacted, and I said aloud to our group under the tent: One drop of practical Christianity is worth more than a temple full of ecclesiasticism, and that good Samaritan had more religion in five minutes than that minister and that Levite had

in a lifetime, and the most accursed thing on earth is national prejudice, and I bless God that I live in America, where Gentile and Jew, Protestant and Catholic can live together without quarrel, and where, in the great national crucible, the differences of sect, and tribe, and people, are being moulded into a great brotherhood, and that the question which the lawyer flung at Christ, and which brought forth this incident of the good Samaritan, "Who is my neighbor?" is bringing forth the answer: "My neighbor is the first man I meet in trouble," and a wound close at hand calls louder than a temple seventeen miles off, though it covers nineteen acres.

I saw in London the vast procession which one day last January moved to St. Paul's Cathedral at the burial of that Christian hero, Lord Napier. The day after, at Harwarden, in conversation on various themes, I asked Mr. Gladstone if he did not think that many who were under the shadow of false religions might not nevertheless be at heart really Christian. Mr. Gladstone replied: "Yes; my old friend Lord Napier, who was yesterday buried, after he returned from his Abyssinian campaign, visited us here at Harwarden and, walking in this park where we are now walking, he told me a very beautiful incident. He said: 'After the war in Africa was over, we were on the march and we had a soldier with a broken leg who was not strong enough to go along with us, and we did not dare to leave him to be taken care of by savages, but we found we were compelled to leave him and we went into the house of a woman who was said to be a very kind woman, though of a race of savages, and we said, "Here is a sick man, and if you will take care of him till he gets well we will pay you very largely," and then we offered her five times that which would ordinari-

ly be offered, hoping by the excess of pay to secure for him great kindness. The woman replied: "I will not take care of him for the money you offer. I do not want your money. But leave him here, and I will take care of him for the sake of the love of God." Mr. Gladstone turned to me and said: "Dr. Talmage, don't you think that though she belonged to a race of savages, that was pure religion?" And I answered: "I do; I do." May God multiply, all the world over, the number of good Samaritans!

In Philadelphia a young woman was dying. She was a wreck. Sunken into the depths of depravity there was no lower depth for her to reach. Word came to the midnight mission that she was dying in a haunt of iniquity near by. Who would go to tell her of the Christ of Mary Magdalen? This one refused and that one refused, saying, "I dare not go there." A Christian woman, her white locks typical of her purity of soul, said, "I will go, and I will go now." She went and sat down by the dying girl and told her of Christ who came to seek and save that which was lost. First to the forlorn one came the tears of repentance, and then the smile, as though she had begun to hope for the pardon of Him who came to save to the uttermost. Then, just before she breathed her last, she said to the angel of mercy bending over her pillow: "Would you kiss me?" "I will," said the Christian woman, as she put upon her cheek the last salutation before in the heavenly world, I think, God gave her the welcoming kiss. That was religion! Yes, that was religion. Good Samaritans along every street, and along every road, as well as this one on the road to Jericho.

But our procession of sight-seers is again in line, and

here we pass through a deep ravine, and I cry to the dragoman : " David, what place do you call this ? " and he replied : " This is the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. " And in that answer he overthrew my life-long notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me had meant a slight depression of ground, and a stream, fordable, and perhaps fifteen feet wide. But here was a chasm that an earthquake must have scooped out with its biggest shovel or split with its mightiest battle-axe. Six hundred feet deep it is, and the brook Cherith is a river, which when in full force, is a silver wedge, splitting the mountains into precipices. The feathered descendants of

Elijah's Ravens

still wing their way across this ravine, but are not like the crows we supposed them to be. They are as large as eagles, and one of them could carry in its beak and clinched claw at once enough to feed a half-dozen Elijahs. No thanks to the ravens ; they are carnivorous, and would rather have picked out the eyes of Elijah, whom they found at the mouth of his cave on the side of Cherith, waiting for his breakfast, having drunk his morning beverage from the rushing stream beneath, than have been his butlers and purveyors. But God compelled them, as He always has compelled and always will compel black and cruel and overshadowing providences to carry help to His children if they only have faith enough to catch the blessing as it drops from the seeming adversity ; the greatest blessing always coming not with white wings, but black wings. Black wings of conviction bringing pardon to the sinner. Black wings of crucifixion over Calvary, bring-

ing redemption for the world. Black wings of American revolution, bringing free institutions to a continent. Black wings of American civil war, bringing unification and solidarity to the republic. Black wings of the judgment day, bringing resurrection to an entombed human race. And in the last day, when all your life and mine will be summed up, we will find that the greatest blessings we ever received came on the wings of the black ravens of disaster. Bless God for trouble! Bless God for sickness! Bless God for persecution! Bless God for poverty! You never heard of any man or woman of great use to the world who had not had lots of trouble. The diamond must be cut. The wheat must be threshed. The black ravens must fly. Who are these nearest the throne? "These are they who come out of tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But look! Look what at four o'clock in the afternoon bursts upon our vision—the plain of Jericho and the valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea. We have come to a place where the horses not so much walk as slide upon their haunches, and we all dismount, for the steep descent is simply terrific, though a princess of Wallachia, who fell here and was dangerously wounded, after recovery, spent a large amount of money in trying to make the road passable. Down and down! till we saw the white tents pitched for us by our muleteers amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, which fell at the sound of poor music played on "ram's horn," that ancient instrument which taken from the head of the leader of the sheep, is perforated and prepared to be fingered by the musical performer, and blown upon when pressed to the lips. As in another sermon, I have fully described that scene, I will only say

that every day for seven days, the ministers of religion went round the city of Jericho, blowing upon those ram's horns, and on the seventh day without the roll of a war-chariot, or the stroke of a catapult, or the swing of a ballista, crash ! crash ! crash ! went the walls of that magnificent capital.

On the evening of December the 6th, we walked amid the brick and mortar of that shattered city, and I said to myself : All this done by poor music blest of God, for it was not a harp, or a flute, or a clapping cymbal, or an organ played, at the sound of which the city surrendered, but a rude instrument, making

Rude Music Blest of God

to the demolition of that wicked place which had defied the Almighty. And I said, if all this by the blessing of God on poor music, what mightier things could be done by the blessing of God on good music, skilful music, Gospel music. If all the good that has already been done by music were subtracted from the world, I believe three-fourths of its religion would be gone. The lullabys of mothers which keep sounding on, though the lips that sang them forty years ago became ashes, the old hymns in log-cabin churches, and country meeting-houses, and psalms in Rouse's version in Scotch kirks, the anthem in English cathedrals, the roll of organs that will never let Handel or Hadyn, or Beethoven die, the thrum of harps, the sweep of the bow across bass viols, the song of Sabbath Schools storming the heavens, the doxologies of great assemblages—why, a thousand Jerichos of sin have by them been brought down.

Seated by the warmth of our camp-fires that evening of December 6th, amid the bricks and debris of Jericho,

and thinking what poor music has done and what mightier things could be accomplished by the blessings of God on good music, I said to myself : Ministers have been doing a grand work, and sermons have been blessed, but would it not be well for us to put more emphasis on music? Oh, for

A Campaign of Old Hundred!

Oh, for a dashing cavalry charge of Coronations! Oh, for an army of Antiochs and St. Martins and Ariels! Oh, for enough orchestral batons lifted, to marshal all nations! As Jericho was surrounded by poor music for seven days and was conquered, so let our earth be surrounded seven days by good Gospel music, and the round planet will be taken for God. Not a wall of opposition, not a throne of tyranny, not a palace of sin, not an enterprise of unrighteousness could stand the mighty throb of such atmospheric pulsation. Music! It sounded at the laying of Creation's corner-stone when the morning stars sang together. Music! It will be the last reverberation, when the arch-angel's trumpet shall wake the dead. Music! Let its full power be now tested to comfort and bless and arouse and save.

While our evening meal is being prepared in the tents, we walk out for a moment to the "Fountain of Elisha," the one into which the prophet threw the salt, because the waters were poisonous and bitter, and lo! they became sweet and healthy; and ever since, with gurgle and laughter, they have rushed down the hill, and leaped from the rocks, the only cheerful object in all that region being these waters.

Now on this plain of Jericho the sun is setting, making the mountains look like balustrades and battlements of

amber and maroon and gold ; and the moon, just above the crests, seems to be a window of heaven, through which immortals might be looking down upon the scene. Three Arabs as watchman sit beside the camp-fire at the door of my tent, their low conversation in a strange language all night long a soothing rather than an interruption. I had a dream that night, never to be forgotten, that dream amid the complete ruins of Jericho. Its past grandeur returned, and I saw the city as it was when Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra and Herod bought it from her. And I heard the hoofs of its swift steeds, and the rumbling of chariots, and the shouts of excited spectators in its amphitheatre.

And there was white marble amid green groves of palm and balsam ; cold stone warmed with sculptured foliage ; hard pillars cut into soft lace ; Iliads and Odysseys in granite ; basalt jet as the night, mounted by carbuncle flaming as the morning ; upholstery dyed as though dipped in the blood of battle-fields ; robes encrusted with diamond ; mosaics white as sea-foam flashed on by auras ; gaieties which the sun saw by day, rivaled by revels the moon saw by night ; blasphemy built against the sky ; ceilings stellar as the midnight heavens ; grandeurs turreted, archivolted and intercolumnar ; wickedness so appalling that vocabulary fails, and we must make an adjective and call it Herodic.

The region round about the city walls seemed to me white with cotton such as *Thenius* describes as once growing there, and sweet with sugar cane, and luscious with orange and figs and pomegranates, and redolent with such flora as can only grow where a tropical sun kisses the earth. And the hour came back to me when in the midst of all that splendor Herod died, com-

manding his sister Salome immediately after his death to secure the assassination of all the Jews whom he had brought to the city, and shut up in a circus for that purpose, and the news came to the audience in the theatre as some one took the stage, and announced to the excited multitude: "Herod is dead! Herod is dead!" Then in my dream all the pomp of Jericho vanished and gloom was added to gloom, and

Desolation to Desolation,

and woe to woe, until, perhaps the rippling waters of the Fountain of Elisha suggesting it—as sounds will sometimes give direction to a dream—I thought that the waters of Christ's salvation and the fountains "open for sin and uncleanness," were rolling through that plain and rolling across that continent, and rolling round the earth, until on either side of their banks all the thorns became flowers, and all the deserts gardens, and all the hovels mansions, and all the funerals bridal processions, and all the blood of war was turned into dahlias, and all the groans became anthems, and Dante's *Inferno* became Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and *Paradise Lost* was submerged by *Paradise Regained*, and tears became crystals, and cruel swords came out of foundries glistening plowshares, and, in my dream, at the blast of a trumpet, the prostrated walls of Jericho rose again. And some one told me that as these walls in Joshua's time, at the sounding trumpets of doom went down, now at the sounding trumpet of the Gospel they come up again. And I thought a man appeared at the door of my tent, and I said: "Who are you and from whence have you come?" and he said, "I am the Samaritan you heard of at the tavern on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, as taking care of the man who

fell among thieves, and I have just come from healing the last wound of the last unfortunate in all the earth." And I rose from my pillow in my tent to greet him, and my dream broke, and I realized it was only a dream, but a dream which shall become a glorious reality as surely as God is true and Christ's Gospel is the world's Catholicism. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.

"He toucheth the hills and they smoke." Psalms 104 : 32.

DAVID, the poet, here pictures a volcano and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas, this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors, intershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has he employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century, that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain, up the sides of which it ran with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble, and bronze, and imperial baths, and arborculture, and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernatural landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore; yea, all that beauty, and pomp, and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and

spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city, first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scoriæ of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic force to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

An Aqueous Mausoleum.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been a controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is by the same divine hand.

Our horse-back ride will not be so steep to-day and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when He touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in

the way of desperation than you have ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand, including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed the steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them

To Die Before they were Captured.

First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-bye and then put a dagger into their hearts and the women and the children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by his dead wife and children and waited for the executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves and after all was over, came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do, they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God-forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those

bewitchments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we get down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have a six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean having four per cent. of salt, and this lake twenty-six and a quarter per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol, of India, is the highest lake in the world ; this lake, on the banks of which we kneel, is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run uphill. It swallows up the river Jordan, and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty million cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callirhoe, where king Herod came to bathe off his illness, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish-scale swims it. Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say, "We want no life here, but death is our preference, death." Those who attempt to wade into this lake, and submerge themselves, come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes,

but a metallic lustre like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and ibexes that live on the hills beside it, and the cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it, almost continually, which though natural evaporation, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the risings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster coiled among the hills, or creeping with ripples, and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

In these regions once stood

Four Great Cities

of Syria : Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after they had filled up their cup of wickedness. "No, that is absurd," cries some one ; "It is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone, long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrophe. "Well now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and revelation, "you have no right to say the Cities of the Plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur, because this region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was of bitumen, easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth. One day

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.

there was a rumbling in the earth and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth are giving way. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command burst forth, easily setting everything a-flame, and first lifting these cities high in air, and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption overshot the dense smoke, and rolled unto the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came widespread desolation. The red hot spade of volcanic action had shovelled under the cities of the Plain. Before the catastrophe, the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right. Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead Sea instance, so in all cases, God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says, "Land animals next," and the Bible responds, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and

finds result of fire, and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh yes," says the Bible: "Moses wrote thousands of years ago, 'The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer.

A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at five o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes too early, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir!" "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from four to five o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes not with the full force of His hand, but with the tip of His finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at His feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm as the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them, but since then the Indian archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook America about six or seven summers ago, was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface but it will be at the Divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression.

Profligacy was the Characteristic

of the seven cities of ancient times over which they put their smothering wings : Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah. If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian, and French, and American literature, steeped in putriency, does not get banished from the rows-stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterraneous fire. Yet let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the gas-light or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever empearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life, or social life, or political life, or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths, for another march, around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass the

Bedouins, whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation, *Salaam Aleikoum*, "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronounciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race, those Bedouins. Such a commingling of ruffianism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was travelling and were about to take pocket-books and perhaps life, this lady sitting upon her horse took out her note book and pencil, and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure, the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all-conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied, "I would go to Leipsic if it rained George's nine days."

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar, and column, and arch, and chancel, and pulpit, and dome, and architecture of rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the Church so well, He builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone Park, and Yosemite, and Switzerland, and Palestine, these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows, but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there.

"Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Ilyssus has

more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation ; but the Jordan is the queen of rivers and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroics, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah, and Elisha, and David, and Jacob, and Joshua, and John, and Jesus.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river, and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was sounded,

"The Jordan! The Jordan!"

Thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a gown wet in the wave and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed, and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieutenant Molineux had copper-bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieutenant Lynch ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt, the rage of this stream is like the Conemaugh when Johnstown perished, and wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says: "Behold he shall go up like a lion from the swelling Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, travelling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now of rocks, now of mud, and now of sand, laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders, and acacias, and reeds, and pistachois, and silver poplars,

This river marries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. Here the skilled Major General of the Syrian host at the seventh plunge, dropped his leprosy, not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water and plenty of it, has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an axe-head not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the axe-head, as the fact it was not his own, and cried, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and, in defiance of the law of gravitation, the iron axe-head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yea; from the bank of this river

Elijah Took Team of Fire,

showing that the element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything; for, if the most destructive of all elements, was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord. I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made of wood, or crystal, or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan

himself. When, stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide-open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest affliction of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire, you drive up toward God, and not down towards the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake, they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend P. P. Bliss, the Gospel Singer, was consumed with the rail-train that broke through Ashtabula bridge, and then took flame, I said : "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire.

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was here baptized, and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then, while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy, to the baptismal font in the old meeting-house at Somerville, and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism observed in the river Jordan, on that afternoon of last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day,

and told me that a young man who is now studying for the Gospel ministry, would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination, made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants, two robes not unlike those used for American baptistries, and these we obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present, I dictated to my daughter a few verses, and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river, wade through and across to show the depth, and the swiftness of the stream, and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then, as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters, the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice :

“ On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight :
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.”

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those

tides be strong? No matter, if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on the shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to see us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears, and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us, "Is that you, father?" "Is that you, mother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divides us!

"Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore."

HORTICULTURE and HYDRAULICS IN PALESTINE.

"I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits ; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." · Ecclesiasties 2 : 4-6.

A SPRING morning and before breakfast at Jerusalem : A king with robes snowy white, in chariot decked with gold, drawn by eight horses, high-mettled, and housings as brilliant as if scoloped out of the very sunrise, and like the winds for speed, followed by a regiment of archers on horse-back with hand on gilded bow, and arrows with steel points flashing in the sun, clad from head to foot in Tyrian purple, and black hair sprinkled with gold dust, all dashing down the road, the horses at full run, the reins loose on their necks, and the crack of whips, and the halloo of the reckless cavalcade putting the miles at defiance. Who is it, and what is it? King Solomon taking an outing before breakfast, from Jerusalem to his gardens, and parks, and orchards, and reservoirs, six miles down the road toward Hebron. What a contrast between that and myself on that very road one morning, last December, going a foot, for our plain vehicle turned back for photographic apparatus forgotten, we on the way to find what is called Solomon's pools, the

ancient water-works of Jerusalem, and the gardens of a king nearly three thousand years ago. We cross the aqueduct again and again, and here we are at the three great reservoirs, not ruins of reservoirs, but the reservoirs themselves, that Solomon built three millenniums ago for the purpose of catching the mountain streams, and passing them to Jerusalem to slake the thirst of the city, and also irrigate the most glorious range of gardens that ever bloomed with all colors, or breathed with all redolence, for Solomon was the greatest horticulturist, the greatest botanist, the greatest ornithologist, the greatest capitalist, and the greatest scientist of his century.

Come over the piles of grey rock, and here we are at the first of the three reservoirs, which are on three great levels, the base of the top reservoir higher than the top of the second, the base of the second reservoir higher than the top of the third, so arranged that the waters gathered from several sources above shall descend from basin to basin, the sediment of the water deposited in each of the three, so that by the time it gets down to the aqueduct which is to take it to Jerusalem, it has had three filterings, and is pure as when the clouds rained it.

Wonderful Specimens of Masonry

are the reservoirs. The white cement fastening the blocks of stone together is now just as when the trowels three thousand years ago smoothed the layers. The highest reservoir, 380 feet by 229 ; the second, 423 feet by 160 ; and the lowest reservoir, 589 feet by 169 ; and deep enough, and wide enough, and mighty enough to float an ocean steamer.

On that December morning, we saw the waters rolling down from reservoir to reservoir, and can well under-

stand how in this neighborhood the imperial gardens were one great blossom, and the orchard one great basket of fruit, and that Solomon in his palace, writing the Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes, may have been drawing illustrations from what he had seen that very morning in the royal gardens when he alluded to melons, and mandrakes, and apricots, and grapes, and pomegranates, and figs, and spikenard, and cinnamon, and calamus, and camphire, and apple trees among the trees of the wood, and the almond tree as flourishing, and to myrrh and frankincense, and represented Christ as "gone down into His gardens, and the beds of spices to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies," and to "eyes like fish pools," and to the voice of the turtle dove as heard in the land. I think it was when Solomon was showing the Queen of Sheba through these gardens, that the Bible says of her: "There remained no more spirit in her." She gave it up.

But all this splendor did not make Solomon happy. One day, after getting back from his morning ride and before the horses had yet been cooled off, and rubbed down by the royal equerry, Solomon wrote the

Memorable Words

following my text, like a Dirge played after a Grand March, "Behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." In other words, "It don't pay!" Would God that we might all learn the lesson that this world cannot produce happiness! At Marseilles there is a castellated house on high ground, crowned with all that grove and garden can do, and the whole place looks out upon as enchanting a landscape as the world holds, water and hill clasping hand in a per-

fect bewitchment of scenery, but the owner of that place is totally blind, and to him all this goes for nothing, illustrating the truth, that, whether one be physically or morally blind, brilliancy of surrounding cannot give satisfaction. But tradition says that when the "wise men from the East" were being guided by the star on the way to Bethlehem, they, for a little while, lost sight of that star, and in despair and exhaustion came to a well to drink, when looking down into the well they saw the star reflected in the water, and that cheered them, and they resumed their journey, and I have the notion that though grandeur and pomp of surroundings may not afford peace, at the well of God's consolation, close by, you may find happiness, and the plainest cup at the well of salvation may hold the brightest star that ever shone from the heavens.

The Rare Exotics.

Although these Solomonic gardens are in ruins, there are now growing there flowers that are to be found nowhere else in the Holy Land. How do I account for that? Solomon sent out his ships and robbed the gardens of the whole earth for flowers, and planted these exotics here, and these particular flowers are direct descendants of the foreign plants he imported. Mr. Meshullam, a Christian Israelite, on the very site of these royal gardens, has in our day, by putting in his own spade, demonstrated that the ground is only waiting for the right call to yield just as much luxuriance and splendor eighteen hundred years after Christ, as it yielded Solomon one thousand years before Christ. So all Palestine is waiting to become the richest scene of horticulture, arboriculture and agriculture.

Recent travellers in the Holy Land speak of the rocky and stony surface of nearly all Palestine, as an impassable barrier to the future cultivation of the soil. But if they had examined minutely the rocks and stones of the Holy Land, they would find that they are being skeletonized, and are being melted into the soil and, being for the most part limestone, they are doing for that land what the American and English farmer does when at great expense and fatigue, he draws his wagon-load of lime and scatters it on the fields for their enrichment. The storms, the winters, the great mid-summer heats of Palestine, by crumbling up and dissolving the rocks are gradually

Preparing Palestine

and Syria to yield a product like the luxuriant Westchester farms of New York, and Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, and Somerset County farms of New Jersey, and the other magnificent farm fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the opulent orchards of Maryland and California. Let the Turk be driven out and the American, or Englishman, or Scotchman, go in, and Mohammedanism withdraw its idolatries, and pure Christianity build its altars, and the irrigation of which Solomon's pools was only a suggestion, will make all that land from Dan to Beersheba as fertile, and aromatic and resplendent as on the morning when the king rode out by his pleasure grounds in chariot so swift, and followed by mounted riders so brilliant that it was for speed like a hurricane followed by a cyclone.

As I look upon this great aqueduct of Palestine, a wondrous specimen of ancient masonry, about seven feet high, two foot wide, sometimes tunnelling the solid rock and then rolling its waters through stoneware pipes,

An Aqueduct

doing its work ten miles before it gets to those three reservoirs, and then gathering their wealth of refreshment, and pouring it on, to the mighty city of Jerusalem and filling the brazen sea of her temple, and the bath-rooms of her palaces, and the great pools of Siloam, and Hezekiah and Bethesda, I find that our century has no monopoly of the world wonders, and that the conceited age in which we live, had better take in some of the sails of its pride when it remembers that it is hard work in later ages to get masonry that will last fifty years, to say nothing of three thousand, and no modern machinery could lift blocks of stone like some of those standing high up in the walls of Baalbec, and that the art of printing claimed for recent ages, was practised by the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago, and that our mid-night lightning express rail-train was foreseen by the prophet Nahum, when in the Bible he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightnings," and our electric telegraph was foreseen by Job, when in the Bible he wrote, "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, 'Here we are?'" What is that talking by the lightnings, but the electric telegraph? I do not know but that the electric forces now being year by year more thoroughly harnessed may have been employed in ages extinct, and that the lightnings all up and down the sky, have been running around like lost hounds to find their former master.

Discoveries Unforseen.

Embalment was a more thorough art three thousand

years ago than to-day. Dentistry that we suppose one of the important arts discovered in recent centuries, is proven to be four thousand years old by the filled teeth of the mummies in the museums at Cairo, Egypt, and artificial teeth on gold plates found by Belzoni in the tombs of departed nations. We have been taught that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood so late as the seventeenth century. Oh, no! Solomon announces it in Ecclesiastes, where having shown that he understood the spinal cord, silver-colored as it is, and that it relaxes in old age, "the silver cord be loosed," goes on to compare the heart to a pitcher at a well, for the three canals of the heart do receive the blood like a pitcher, "or the pitcher be broken at the fountain." What is that but the circulation of the blood, found out twenty-six hundred years before Harvey was born? After many centuries of exploration and calculation, astronomy finds out that the world is round. Why, Isaiah knew it was round thousands of years before when in the Bible he said: "The Lord sitteth upon the *circle* of the earth." Scientists toiled on for centuries and found out refraction or that the rays of light when touching the earth were not straight but bent or curved. Why, Job knew that when ages before in the Bible he wrote of the light: "It is turned as clay to the seal."

In the old cathedrals of England, modern painters in the repair of windows are trying to make something as good as the window painting of four hundred years ago and always failing by the unanimous verdict of all who examine and compare. The color of modern painting fades in fifty years while the color of the old masters is as well preserved after five hundred years as after one year. I saw last winter on the walls of exhumed Pompeii, paint-

ings with color as fresh as though made the day before, though they were buried eighteen hundred years ago. The making of Tyrian purple is an impossibility now. In our modern potteries we are trying hard to make cups and pitchers and bowls as exquisite as those exhumed from Herculaneum, and our artificers are attempting to make jewelry for ear and neck and finger equal to that brought up from the mausoleums of two thousand years before Christ. We have in our time glass in all shapes and all colors, but Pliny, more than eighteen hundred years ago, described a malleable glass which, if thrown upon the ground and dented, could be pounded straight again by the hammer, or could be twisted around the wrists, and that confounds all the glass manufactories of our time. I tried in Damascus, Syria, to buy a Damascus blade, one of those swords that could be bent double or tied into a knot without breaking. I could not get one. Why? The nineteenth century cannot make a Damascus blade. If we go on enlarging our cities we may after a while get a city as large as Babylon, which was five times the size of London.

These aqueducts of Solomon that I visited to-day, finding them in good condition three thousand years after construction, make me think that the world may have forgotten more than it now knows. The great honor of our age is not machinery, for the ancients had some styles more wonderful; nor art, for the ancients had art more exquisite and durable; nor architecture, for Roman Coliseum and Grecian Acropolis

Surpass all Modern Architecture;

nor cities, for some of the ancient cities were larger than ours in the sweep of their pomp. But our attempts must

be in moral achievement and Gospel victory. In that we have already surpassed them, and in that direction let the ages push on. Let us brag less of worldly achievement, and thank God for moral opportunity. More good men and good women are what the world wants. Toward moral elevation and spiritual attainment, let the chief struggle be. The source of all that, I will show you before sundown of this day, on which we have visited the pools of Solomon, and the gardens of the king.

We are on this December afternoon on the way to the cradle of Him, who called Himself greater than Solomon. We are coming upon the chief cradle of all the world, not lined with satin, but strewn with straw, not sheltered by a palace, but covered by a barn, not presided over by a princess, but hovered over by a peasant girl; yet a cradle the canopy of which is angelic wings, and the lullaby of which is the first Christmas carol ever sung, and from which all the events of the past, and all the events of the future have and must take date as being B. C. or A. D.—before Christ or after Christ. All eternity past occupied in getting ready for this cradle, and all eternity to come to be employed in celebrating its consequences.

I said to the tourist companies planning our Oriental journey, "Put us in Bethlehem in December, the place and the month of our Lord's birth," and we had our wish. I am the only man who has ever attempted to tell how Bethlehem looked at the season Jesus was born. Tourists and writers are there in February or March, or April, when the valleys are an embroidered sheet of wild flowers, and anemones and ranunculus are flushed as though from attempting to climb the steeps, and lark and bullfinch are flooding the air with bird-orchestra. But I was there in December, a winter month, the barren beach be-

tween the two oceans of redolence. I was told I must not go there at that season, told so before I started, told so in Egypt; the books told me so; all travellers that I consulted about it, told me so. But I was determined to see Bethlehem, the same month in which Jesus arrived, and nothing could dissuade me. Was I not right in wanting to know how the Holy Land looked when Jesus came to it? He did not land amid flowers and song. When the angels chanted on

The Famous Birth-night

all the fields of Palestine were silent. The glowing skies were answered by grey rocks. As Bethlehem stood against a bleak wintry sky, I climbed up to it, as through a bleak wintry sky, Jesus descended upon it. His way down was from warmth to chill, from bloom to barrenness, from everlasting June to a sterile December. If I were going to Palestine as a botanist, and to study the flora of the land, I would go in March, but I went as a minister of Christ to study Jesus, and so I went in December. I wanted to see how the world's front door looked when the heavenly Stranger entered it.

The town of Bethlehem, to my surprise, is in the shape of a horse-shoe, the houses extending clear on to the prongs of the horse-shoe. The whole scene more rough and rude than can be imagined. Verily, Christ did not choose a soft, genial place in which to be born. The gate through which our Lord entered this world was a gate of rock, a hard, cold gate, and the gate through which He departed was a swing-gate of sharpened spears. We enter a gloomy church built by Constantine over the place in which Jesus was born. Fifteen lamps burning day and night and from century to century, light our way

to the spot which all authorities, Christian and Jew and Mohammedan, agree upon as being the place of our Saviour's birth, and covered by a marble slab, marked by a silver star sent from Vienna, and the words: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.

But standing there, I thought, this is the place of the nativity, how different the surroundings of the wintry night in which Jesus was born! At that time it was a khan or a cattle-pen. I visited one of these khans now standing and looking just as in Christ's time. We rode in under the arched entrance and dismounted. We found the building of stone and around a open square without roof. The building is more than two thousand years old. It is two stories high. In the centre are camels, horses and mules. Caravans halt here for the night or during a long storm. The open square is large enough to accommodate a whole herd of cattle, a flock of sheep, or caravan of camels. The neighboring Bedouins here find market for their hay, straw and meats. Off from this centre there are twelve rooms for human habitation. The only light is from the door. I went into one of these rooms and found a woman cooking the evening meal. There were six cows in the same room. On a little elevation there was some straw where the people sat and slept when they wished to rest. It was in a room similar to that our Lord was born.

This was the cradle of a king and yet what cradle ever held so much? Civilization! Liberty! Redemption! Your pardon and mine! Your peace and mine! Your heaven and mine! Cradle of a universe!

Cradle of a God?

The gardens of Solomon we visited this morning were a

type of what all the world will be when this illustrious Personage now born shall have completed His mission. The horses of finest limb, and gayest champ of bit, and sublimest arch of neck that ever brought Solomon down to these adjoining gardens, were but a poor type of the horse upon which this Conqueror, born in the barn shall ride, when, according to apocalyptic vision, all the "armies of heaven shall follow Him on white horses." The waters that rush down these hills into yonder three great reservoirs of rock, and then pour in marvellous aqueduct into Jerusaïem, till the brazen sea is full, and the baths are full, and Siloam is full, are only an imperfect type of the rivers of delight which, as a result of this great One's coming, shall roll on for the slaking of the thirst of all nations. The palace of Lebanon cedar from which the imperial cavalcade passed out in the early morning and to which it returned with glowing cheek, and jingling harness, and lathered sides, is feeble of architecture compared with the House of Many Mansions into which this One born this winter month on these bleak heights shall conduct us when our sins are all pardoned, our battles all fought, our tears all wept, our work all done.

Standing here at Bethlehem, do you not see that the most honored thing in all the earth is the cradle? To what else did loosened stars ever point? To what else did heaven lower balconies of light filled with chanting immortals? The way the cradle rocks, the world rocks. God bless the mothers all the world over! The cradles decide the destinies of nations. In ten thousand of them are, this moment, the hands that will yet give benediction of mercy or hurl bolts of doom, the feet that will mount the steeps toward God or descend the blasted way, the lips that will pray or blaspheme. Oh the cradle! It is

more tremendous than the grave. Where are most of the leaders of the twentieth century, soon to dawn upon us? Are they on thrones? No. In chariots? No. In pulpits? No. In forums? No. In senatorial halls? No. In counting-houses? No. They are in the cradle! The most tremendous thing in the universe, and next to God, is to be a mother. Lord Shaftesbury said, "Give me a generation of Christian mothers, and I will change the whole phase of society in twelve months." Oh, the cradle! Forget not the one in which you were rocked. Though old and worn out, that cradle may be standing in attic or barn, forget not the foot that swayed it, the lips that sang over it, the tears that dropped upon it, the faith in God that made way for it.

The Glory of the Cradle.

Dishonor not the cradle, though it may, like the one my sermon celebrates, have been a cradle in a barn, for I think it was a Christian cradle. That was a great cradle in which Martin Luther lay, for from it came forth the reformation of the sixteenth century. That was a great cradle in which Daniel O'Connell lay, for from it came forth an eloquence that will be inspiring while men have eyes to read, or ears to hear. That was a great cradle in which Washington lay, for from it came forth the happy deliverance of a nation. That was a great cradle in which John Howard lay, for from it came forth a mercy that will not cease until the last dungeon gets the Bible, and light, and fresh air. Great cradles in which the John Wesleys, and the John Knoxes, and the John Masons lay, for from them came forth an all-conquering evangelization. But the greatest cradle in which child ever slept or woke, laughed or cried, was the cradle over

which Mary bent, and to which the wise men brought frankincense, and upon which the heavens dropped song. Had there been no manger, there had been no cross. Had there been no Bethlehem, there had been no Golgotha. Had there been no Incarnation, there had been no Ascension. Had there been no start, there had been no close.

Standing in the chill kahn of a Saviour's humiliation, and seeing what He did for us, I ask what have we done for Him? "There is nothing I can do," says one. As Christmas was approaching the village church, a good woman said to a group of girls in lowly and straightened circumstances: "Let all now do

Something for Christ."

After the day was over, the good woman asked the group to tell her what they had done. One said: "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I had a beautiful flower I had carefully trained in our home, and I thought much of it, and I put that flower on the church altar." And another said: "I could not do much for we are very poor, but I can sing a little, and so I went down to a poor, sick woman in the lane, and sang as well as I could, to cheer her up, a Christmas song." "Well, Helen, what did you do?" She replied: "I could not do much, but I wanted to do something for Christ, and I could think of nothing else to do, so I went into the church after the people who had been adorning the altar had left, and I scrubbed down the back altar stairs." Beautiful! I warrant that the Christ of that Christmas day gave her as much credit for that earnest act as He may have given the robed official who, on that day, read for the people, the prayers of a resounding service. **Something for Christ!**

A plain man passing a fortress saw a Russian soldier on guard in a terribly cold night, and took off his coat and gave it to the soldier, saying, "I will soon be home and warm, and you will be out here all night." So the soldier wrapped himself in the borrowed coat. The plain man who loaned the coat to the soldier soon after was dying, and in his dream saw Christ, and said to Him "You have got my coat on." "Yes," said Christ, "this is the one you lent me on that cold night by the fortress. I was naked and ye clothed me." Something for Christ !
By the memories of Bethlehem I adjure you !

In the light of that star
Lie the ages empearled.
That song from afar
Has swept over the world.

OFF FOR NAZARETH.

"So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north."
Ezekiel 8 : 5.

AT one o'clock or a December afternoon, through Damascus Gate we are passing out of Jerusalem for a journey northward. Ho! for Bethel with its stairs, the bottom step of which was a stone pillow and Jacob's well, with its immortal colloquy, and Nazareth with its Divine Boy in His father's carpenter shop, and the most glorious lake that ever rippled or flashed :

Blue Galilee, sweet Galilee,
The lake where Jesus loved to be ;

and Damascus with its crooked street called Straight, and a hundred places charged and surcharged with apostolic, evangelistic, prophetic, patriarchal, kingly and Christly reminiscences.

In travelling along the roads of Palestine, I am impressed as I could not otherwise have been, with the fact that Christ for the most part went afoot. We find Him occasionally on a boat, and once riding in triumphal procession, as it is sometimes called, although it seems to me that the hosannas of the crowd could not have made a ride on a stubborn, unimpressive and funny creature like that which pattered with Him into Jerusalem, very much of a triumph. But we are made to understand that generally he walked. How much that means only those know who have gone over the distance traversed by Christ. We are accustomed to read that Bethany is

two miles from Jerusalem. Well, any man in ordinary health can walk two miles without fatigue. But not more than one man out of a thousand can walk from Bethany to Jerusalem without exhaustion. It is

Over the Mount of Olives,

and you will have to climb up among the rolling stones and descend where exertion is necessary to keep you from falling prostrate. I, who am accustomed to walk fifteen or twenty miles without lassitude, tried part of this road over the Mount of Olives, and confess I would not want to try it often, such demand does it make upon one's physical energies. Yet Christ walked it twice a day—in the morning from Bethany to Jerusalem, and in the evening from Jerusalem to Bethany.

Likewise it seemed a small thing that Christ walked from Jerusalem to Nazareth. But it will take us four days of hard horseback riding, sometimes on a trot and sometimes on a gallop, to do it this week. The way is mountainous in the extreme. To those who went up to the Tip-Top House on Mount Washington, before the railroad was laid, I will say that this journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth is like seven such American Journeys. So, all up and down and across and re-crossing Palestine Jesus walked. Ahab rode. David rode. Solomon rode. Herod rode. Antony rode. But Jesus walked. With swollen ankles and sore muscles of the legs, and bruised heel and stiff joints and panting lungs and faint head, along the roads, and where there were no roads at all, Jesus walked.

We tried to get a new horse other than that on which we had ridden on the journey to the Dead Sea, for he had faults which our close acquaintanceship had developed.

But after some experimenting with other quadrupeds of that species, and finding that all horses, like their riders, have fault, we concluded to choose a saddle on that beast whose faults we were most prepared to pity or resist.

We rode down through the valley and then up on Mount Scopus, and our dragoman tells us that this is the last opportunity we shall have of looking at Jerusalem. We turn our horse's head toward the city and take a long, sad and thrilling look at the religious capital of our planet. This is the most impressive view of the most tremendous city of all time. On and around this hill the armies of the crusaders at the first sight of the city threw themselves on their faces in worship. Here most of the besieged armies encamped the night before opening their volleys of death against Jerusalem. Our last look! Farewell Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount of Olives, Mount Calvary! Will we ever see them again? Never. The world is so large and time is so short, and there are so many things we have never seen at all, that we cannot afford to duplicate visits or see anything more than once. Farewell yonder thrones of grey rock, and the three thousand years of architecture and battle-fields. Farewell sacred, sanguinary, triumphant, humiliated Jerusalem! Across this valley of the Kedron with my right hand I throw thee a kiss of valedictory. Our last look, like our first look, an agitation of body, mind and soul, indescribable.

The Scene of a Tragedy.

And now, like Ezekiel in my text, I lift up mine eyes the way toward the north. Near here was one of the worst tragedies of the ages, mentioned in the Bible. A

hospitable old man coming home at even-tide from his work in the fields, finds two strangers, a husband and wife, proposing to lodge in the street because no-shelter is offered them, and invites them to come in and spend the night in his home. During the night, the ruffians of the neighborhood conspired together, and surrounded the house and left the woman dead on the doorstep and the husband, to rally in revenge the twelve tribes, cut the corpse of the woman into twelve parts and sent a twelfth part of it to each tribe, and the fury of the nation was roused, and a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the assassins, and the demand refused, in one day twenty thousand people were left dead on the field, and the next day eighteen thousand. Wherever our horse to-day plants his foot, in those ancient times a corpse lay, and the roads were crossed by red rivulets of carnage.

Now we pass on where seven youths were put to death and their bodies gibbeted or hung in chains, not for anything they had themselves done, but as a reparation for what their father and grandfather, Saul, had done. Burial was denied these youths from May until November. Rizpah, the mother of two of these dead boys, appoints herself as sentinel.

To Guard the Seven Corpses

from beak of raven, and tooth of wolf, and paw of lion. She pitches a black tent on the rock close by the gibbets. Rizpah by day sits on the ground in front of her tent, and when a vulture begins to lower out of the noonday sky seeking its prey among the gibbets, Rizpah rises, her long hair flying in the wind, and swinging her arms wildly about, shoos away the bird of prey until it retreats to its

eyrie. At night she rests under the shadow of her tent and sometimes falls into a drowsiness or half sleep. But the step of a jackal among the dry leaves or the panting of a hyena arouses her, and with the fury of a maniac she rushes out upon the rock, crying, "Away! Away!" and then examining the gibbets to see that they still keep their burden, returns again to her tent till some swooping wing from the midnight sky or some growling monster on the rock again wakes her.

The Tireless Watcher.

A mother watching her dead children through May, June, July, August, September and October! What a vigil! Painters have tried to put upon canvas the scene and they succeeded in sketching the hawks in the sky and the panthers crawling out from the jungle, but they fail to give the wanness, the earnestness, the supernatural courage, the infinite self-sacrifice of Rizpah, the mother. A mother in her home watching the casket of a dead child for one night exerts the artist to his utmost, but who is sufficient to put upon canvas a mother for six months of midnight guarding her whole family, dead and gibbeted upon the mountains? Go home, Rizpah! You must be awfully tired. You are sacrificing your reason and your life for those whom you can never bring back again to your bosom. As I say that, from the darkest midnight of the century Rizpah turns upon me and cries: "How dare you tell me to go home? I am a mother. I am not tired. You might as well expect God to get tired as for a mother to get tired. I cared for those boys when they lay upon my breast in infancy and I am not going to forsake them now that they are dead. Interrupt me not. There stoops an eagle that I must drive back with

my agonized cry. There is a panther I must beat back with my club."

Do you know what that scene by our roadside in Palestine makes me think of? It is no unusual scene. Right here in these three cities by the American sea-coast, there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys that the rum-saloon, that annex of hell, has

Gibbeted in a Living Death.

Boys hung in chains of habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after waiting until twelve o'clock at night for the ruined boy to come home, and giving it up, he may say: "Mother, come to bed; there's no use sitting up any longer." But mother will not go to bed. It is one o'clock in the morning. It is half-past one. It is two o'clock. It is half past two when he comes staggering through the hall. Do you say that young man is yet alive? No; he is dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the family altar where he was reared. Dead to all the noble ambitions that once inspired him. Twice dead. Only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp. His father is asleep, his brothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep, but his mother is watching him, watching him in the night. After he has gone up to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep, his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered and before she turns out the light, will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah!" she says, "I cannot go to bed. I am Rizpah watching the slain."

And what are the political parties of this country doing for such cases? They are taking care not to hurt the feelings of the jackals and the buzzards that roost on the shelves of the grog-shops, and hoot above the dead. I am often asked to what political party I belong, and I now declare my opinion of

The Political Parties

of to-day. Each one is worse than the other, and the only consolation in regard to them is, that they have putrified until they have no more power to rot. Oh, that comparatively tame scene upon which Rizpah looked! She looked upon only seven slain. American motherhood and American wifehood, this moment are looking upon seventy of the slain, thousands of the slain. Woe! Woe! Woe! My only consolation on this subject is that foreign capitalists are buying up the American breweries. The present owners see that the doom of the business is coming, as surely as that God is not dead. They are unloading upon foreign capitalists, and when we can get these breweries into the hands of people living on the other side of the sea, our political parties will cease to be afraid of the liquor traffic, and at their conventions nominating presidential candidates, will put in their platform a plank as big as the biggest plank in the biggest ocean steamer, saying: "Resolved unanimously that we always have been, and always will be opposed to alcoholism."

But I must spur on our Arab steed, and here we come in sight of Beeroth, said to be the place where Joseph and

Mary Missed the Boy

Jesus on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, going

home now from a great national festival. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Mary. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Joseph. Among the thousands that are returning from Jerusalem, they thought that certainly He was walking on in the crowd. They described Him, saying: "He is twelve years old, and of light complexion and blue eyes." A lost child! Great excitement in all the crowd. Nothing so stirs folks as the news that a child is lost. I shall not forget the scene when in a great out-door meeting, I was preaching and some one stepped on the platform and said that a child was lost. We went on with the religious service, but all our minds were on the lost child. After a while a man brought on the platform a beautiful little tot that looked like a piece of heaven dropped down, and said: "Here is that child." And I forgot all that I was preaching about, and lifted the child to my shoulder, and said: "Here is the lost child, and the mother will come and get her right away, or I will take her home and add her to my own brood!" And some cried and some shouted, and amid all that crowd I instantly detected the mother. Everybody had to get out of her way or be walked over. Hats were nothing, and shoulders were nothing, and heads were nothing in her pathway, and I realized something of what must have been Mary's anxiety when she lost Jesus, and what her gladness when she found her boy in the Temple of Jerusalem, talking with those old ministers of religion, Shammai, Hillel, and Betirah.

I bear down on you to-day with a mighty comfort. Mary and Joseph said: "Where is our Jesus?" and you say, "Where is John? or where is Henry? or where is George?" Well, I should not wonder if you found him after awhile. Where? In the same place where Joseph

and Mary found their boy—in the temple. What do I mean by that? I mean: you do your duty toward God and toward your child, and you will find him after awhile in the kingdom of Christ. Will you say “I do not have any way of influencing my child.” I answer, you have the most tremendous line of influence open right before you. As you write a letter, and there are two or three routes by which it may go, but you want it to go the quickest route, and you put on it “via Southampton,” or “via San Francisco,” or “via Marseilles,” put on your wishes about your child, “via the throne of God.” How long will such a good wish take to get to its destination? Not quite as long as the millionth part of a second. I will prove it. The promise is: “Before they call, I will answer.” That means at your first motion towards such prayerful exercise, the blessing will come, and if the prayer be made at ten o’clock at night, it will be answered five minutes before ten. “*Before they call, I will answer.*”

“Well,” you say, “I am clear discouraged about my son, and I am getting on in years, and I fear I will not live to see him converted.” Perhaps not, nevertheless I think you will find him in the temple, the heavenly temple. There has not been an hour in heaven the last one hundred years when parents in glory had not had announced to them the salvation of children whom they had left in this world profligate. We often have to say, “I forgot,” but God has never yet once said “I forgot.” It may be after the grass of thirty summers have greened the top of your grave, that

Your Son may be Found

in the earthly temple. It may be fifty years from now

when, some morning, the towers are chiming the matins of the glorified in heaven that you shall find him in the higher temple which has "no need of candle or of sun, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof." Cheer up, Christian father and mother! Cheer up! Where Joseph and Mary found their boy you will find yours—in the temple. You see, God could not afford to do otherwise. One of the things He has positively promised in the Bible is that He will answer earnest and believing prayer. Failing to do that, He would wreck His own throne, and the foundations of His palace would give way, and the bank of heaven would suspend payment, and the dark word "repudiated," would be written across the sky; and the Eternal Government would be disbanded, and God Himself would become an exile. Keep on with your prayer, and you will yet find your child in the temple, either the temple here or the temple above.

Out on the Western prairies was a happy but isolated home. Father, mother, and child. By the sale of cattle quite a large sum of money was one night in that cabin, and the father was away. A robber who had heard of the money one night looked in at the window, and the wife and mother of that home saw him, and she was helpless. Her child by her side, she knelt down and prayed among other things for all prodigals who were wandering up and down the world. The robber heard her prayer and was overwhelmed, and entered the cabin, and knelt beside her and began to pray. He had come to rob that house, but the prayer of that woman for prodigals reminded him of his mother and her prayers before he became a vagabond, and from that hour he began a new life. Years after, that woman was in a city in a great

audience, and the orator who came on the platform and plead gloriously for righteousness and God was the man who many years before had looked into the cabin on the prairie as a robber. The speaker and the auditor immediately recognized each other. After so long a time, a mother's prayers answered.

But we must hurry on, for the muleteers and baggage-men have been ordered to pitch our tents for to-night at Bethel. It is getting so dark that we have to give up all idea of guiding the horses, and leave them to their own sagacity. We ride down amid mud cabins and into ravines where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks, rocks under rocks. Whoa! Whoa! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible-history, the two most prominent,

A Theological Seminary,

where of old they made ministers, and for Jacob's dream. The students of this Bethel Theological Seminary were called "Sons of the Prophets." Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will everlastingly be grateful, and in the calendar of saints, which I read with especial affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care. I thank God that from these theological seminaries there is now coming forth a magnificent crop of young ministers who are taking the pulpits in all parts of the land. I hail their coming and tell these young brothers to shake off the somnolence of centuries, and get out from under the dusty shelves of theological discussions which have no practical bearing on this age, which needs to get rid of its sins and have its sorrows comforted.

Many of our pulpits are dying of humdrum. People do not go to church because they cannot endure the technecalities, and profound explanations of nothing, and sermons about the "eternal generation of the Son," and the difference between sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism, and about who Melchisedec *wasn't*. There ought to be as much difference between the modes of presenting truth now and in olden time, as between an express rail-train and a canal-boat.

Theological Pin Making.

Several years ago, I went up to the door of a factory in New England. On the outside door I saw the words "No Admittance." I went in and came to another door over which were the words "No Admittance." Of course I went in, and came to the third door inscribed with the words "No Admittance." Having entered this, I found the people inside making pins, beautiful pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins! So over the outside door of many of the churches has been practically written the words "No Admittance." Some have entered, and have come to the inside door, and found the words "No Admittance." But persisting, they have come inside, and found us sounding out our little niceties of belief, pointing out our little differences of theological sentiment—making pins!

But most distinguished was Bethel for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anything else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face, and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The plural

was used in the Bible story and you find it was not a pillow of stone, but of stones, so that if one proved to be of uneven surface he could turn over in the night and take another stone, for with such

A Hard Bolster

he would probably often change in the night. Well, that night God built in Jacob's dream a long, splendid ladder, the feet of it on either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow, and the top of it mortised in the sky. And bright immortals came out from the castles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

I suppose they had wings, for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings, but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us, who have no wings, to climb, and encouraging us to believe that, if we will use what we have, God will provide a way, and if we will employ the hand and the foot, He will furnish the ladder. Young man! Do not wait for wings. Those angels folded theirs to show you wings are not necessary.

Let all the people who have hard pillows, hard for sickness or hard for poverty or hard for persecution, know that a hard pillow is the landing-place of angels. They seldom descend to pillows of eider-down. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

Superb Dreamers.

The greatest dream of all time was that of St. John with his head on the rocks of Patmos, and in that vision

he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of heaven in procession cherubic, seraphic, arch-angelic. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the celestial city, and so many entering it, he cried out in his dream: "I wished myself among them." The next most wonderful dream was that of Washington sleeping on the ground at Valley Forge, his head on a white pillow-case of snow, where he saw the vision of a nation emancipated. Columbus slept on a weaver's pillow, but rose on the ladder let down until he could see a new hemisphere. Demosthenes slept on a cutler's pillow, but on the ladder let down arose to see the mighty assemblages that were to be swayed by his oratory. Arkwright slept on a barber's pillow, but went up the ladder till he could see all England quake with the factories he set going. Akenside slept on a butcher's pillow and took the ladder up till he saw other generations helped by his scholarship. John Ashworth slept on a poor man's pillow, and

Took the Ladder Up

until he could see his prayers and exertions bringing thousands of the destitute in England to salvation and heaven. Nearly all those who are to-day great in merchandise, in statesmanship, in law, in medicine, in art, in literature, were once at the foot of the ladder, and in their boyhood had a pillow as hard as Jacob's. They who are born at the top of the ladder are apt to spend their lives in coming-down, while those who are at the foot, and their head on a boulder, if they have the right kind of dream, are almost sure to rise.

I notice that those angels, whether in coming down or

going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom, nor jump to the top. So you are to rise. Faith added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung by rung. Gradually going up from a block of granite to pillar of throne.

That night at Bethel, I stood in front of my tent and looked up and the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, and angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not." But to-night God is in this place, and I know it!

AMONG THE BEDOUINS.

"Forasmuch as thou knowest we are to encamp in the wilderness." Numbers 10 : 31.

NIGHT after night we have slept in tent in Palestine. There are large villages of Bedouins without a house, and for three thousand years the people of these places have lived in black tents, made out of dyed skins, and when the winds and storms wore out and tore loose those coverings, others of the same kind took their places. Noah lived in a tent. Abraham in a tent. Jacob pitched his tent on the mountain. Isaac pitched his tent in the valley. Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. In a tent the woman Jael nailed Sisera, the general to the ground, first having given him sour milk to make him sleep soundly, that being the effect of such nutrition, as modern travellers can testify. The Syrian army in a tent. The ancient battle-shout was, "To your tents, O Israel!" Paul was a tent-maker. Indeed, Isaiah, magnificently poetic, indicates that all the human race live under a blue tent when he says that God "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," and Hezekiah compares death to the striking of a tent, saying, 'My age is removed from me as a shepherd's tent.'

In our tent in Palestine to-night I hear something I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks near by. When you

may have seen this monster putting his mouth between the iron bars of a menagerie, he is a captive and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the midnight on a throne of rocks he has nothing to fear, and he utters himself in a loud, resounding, terrific, almost supernatural sound, splitting up the darkness into a deeper midnight. It begins with a howl and ends with a sound something like a horse's whinnying. In the hyena's voice are defiance and strength and blood-thirstiness and crunch of broken bones and death.

I am glad to say that for the most part Palestine is clear of beasts of prey. The leopards, which Jeremiah says cannot change their spots, have all disappeared, and the lions that once were common all through this land and used by the prophets for illustrations of cruelty and wrath, have retreated before the discharges of gunpowder, of which they have an indescribable fear. But for the most part Palestine is what it originally was. With the one exception of a wire thread reaching from Joppa to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to Nazareth and from Nazareth to Tiberias and from Tiberias to Damascus, that one nerve of civilization, the telegraphic wire, (for we found ourselves only a few minutes off from Brooklyn and New York while standing by Lake Galilee) —with that one exception, Palestine is just as it always was.

Nothing surprised me so much as the persistence of everything. A sheep or a horse falls dead, and though the sky may one minute before be clear of all wings, in five minutes after, the skies are black with eagles contending for largest morsels of the extinct quadruped. Ah, now I understand the force of Christ's illustration when He said: "Wheresoever the carcass is there will the eagles

be gathered together." The longevity of these eagles is wonderful. They live fifty or sixty and sometimes a hundred years. Ah, that explains what David meant when he says, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." I saw a shepherd with the folds of his coat far bent outward and I wondered what was contained in that amplitude of apparel and I said to the dragoman, "What has that shepherd got under his coat?" And the dragoman said: "It is a very young lamb he is carrying, it is too young and too weak and too cold to keep up with the flock." At that moment I saw the lamb put its head out from the shepherd's bosom and I said, "There it is now, Isaiah's description of the tenderness of God—'He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom.'"

Passing by a village home, in the Holy Land, about noon, I saw a great crowd in and around a private house, and I said to the dragoman: "David, what is going on there?" He said: "Somebody has recently died there and their neighbors go in for several days after to sit down and weep with the bereaved." "There it is," I said, "the old scriptural custom: 'And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother.'" Early in the morning passing by a cemetery in the Holy Land, I saw among the graves about fifty women dressed in black, and they were crying: "Oh, my child!" "Oh, my husband!" "Oh, my father!" "Oh, my mother!" Our dragoman told us that every morning very early for three mornings after a burial, the women go to the sepulchre, and after that every week very early for a year. As I saw this group just after daybreak, I said: "There it is again, the same old custom referred to in Luke, the evangelist, where he

says: 'certain women which were early at the sepulchre.'

But here we found ourselves at Jacob's well, the most famous well in history, most distinguished for two things, because it belonged to the old patriarch after whom it was named, and for the wonderful things which Christ said, seated on this well curb, to the Samaritan woman. We dismount from our horses in a drizzling rain, and our dragoman climbing up to the well over the slippery stones, stumbles and frightens us all by nearly falling into it. I measured the well at the top and found it six feet from edge to edge. Some grass and weeds and thorny growths overhang it. Large stones embank the wall on all sides. Our dragoman took pebbles and dropped them in, and from the time before they clicked on the bottom you could hear it was deep, though not as deep as once, for every day travellers are applying the same test, and though in the time of Mundrell, the traveller, the well was a hundred and sixty-five feet deep, now it is only seventy-five. So great is the curiosity of the world to know about that well, that during the dry season Captain Anderson descended into this well, at one place the sides so close he had to put his hands over his head in order to get through and then he fainted away, and lay at the bottom of the well as though dead, until hours after recovery, he came to the surface.

It is not like other wells digged down to a fountain that fills it, but a reservoir to catch the falling rains, and to that Christ refers when speaking to the Samaritan woman about a spiritual supply, he said that he would, if asked, have given her "living water;" that is, water from a flowing spring, in distinction from the water of that well, which was rain water.

But why did Jacob make a reservoir there when there is plenty of water all around and abundance of springs and fountains and seemingly no need of that reservoir? Why did Jacob go to the vast expense of boring and digging a well perhaps two hundred feet deep as first completed, when, by going a little way off he could have water from other fountains at little or no expense. Ah, Jacob was wise. He wanted his own well. Quarrels and wars might arise with other tribes and the supply of water might be cut off, so the shovels and pick-axes and boring instruments were ordered and the well of nearly four thousand years ago was sunk through the solid rock.

When Jacob thus wisely insisted on having his own well he taught us not to be unnecessarily dependent on others. Independence of business character. Independence of moral character. Independence of religious character. Have your own well of grace, your own well of courage, your own well of divine supply. If you are an invalid you have a right to be dependent on others. But if God has given you good health, common sense, and two eyes, and two ears, and two hands, and two feet, He equipped you for independence of all the universe except Himself. If he had meant you to be dependent on others you would have been built with a cord around your waist to tie fast to somebody else. No; you are built with common sense to fashion your own opinions, with eyes to find your own way, with ears to select your own music, with hands to fight your own battles. There is only one being in the universe whose advice you need and that is God. Have your well and the Lord will fill it. Dig it if need be through two hundred feet of solid rock. Dig it with your pen, or dig it

with your yard-stick, or dig it with your shovel, or dig it with your Bible.

In my small way I never accomplished anything for God, or the Church, or the world, or my family, or myself except in contradiction to human advice and in obedience to divine counsel. God knows everything and what is the use of going for advice to human beings who know so little that no one but the all-seeing God can realize how little it is. I suppose that when Jacob began to dig this well on which we are sitting this noon-tide, people gathered around and said: "What a useless expense you are going to, when rolling down from yonder Mount Gerizim and down from yonder Mount Ebal, and out yonder in the valley is plenty of water!" "Oh," replied Jacob, "that is all true, but suppose my neighbors should get angered against me and cut off my supply of mountain beverage what would I do, and what would my family do, and what would my flocks and herds do? Forward, ye brigade of pick-axes and crow-bars and go down into the depths of these rocks and make me independent of all except Him who fills the bottles of the clouds! I must have my own well!"

Young man, drop cigars and cigarettes, and wine cups, and the Sunday excursions and build your own house and have your own wardrobe and be your own capitalist! "Why, I have only five hundred dollars income a year!" says some one. Then spend four hundred dollars of it in living and ten per cent. of it, or fifty dollars, in benevolence, and the other fifty in beginning to dig your own well. Or, if you have a thousand dollars a year, spend eight hundred dollars of it in living—ten per cent., or one hundred dollars in benevolence and the remaining one hundred in beginning to

Dig Your Own Well.

The largest bird that ever flew through the air was hatched out of one egg and the greatest estate was brooded out of one dollar.

I suppose when Jacob began to dig this well on whose curb we are now seated this December noon, it was a dry season then as now, and some one comes up and says: "Now, Jacob, suppose you get the well fifty feet deep or two hundred feet deep and there should be no water to fill it, would you not feel silly?" People passing along the road and looking down from Mount Gerizim or Mount Ebal near by would laugh and say: "That is Jacob's well, a great hole in the rock, illustrating the man's folly." Jacob replied, "There never has been a well in Palestine or any other country, that once thoroughly dug was not sooner or later filled from the clouds, and this will be no exception." For months after Jacob had completed the well people went by and out of respect for the deluded old man put their hand over their mouth to hide a snicker and the well remained as dry as the bottom of a kettle that has been hanging over the fire for three hours. But one day the sun was drawing water and the wind got round to the east and it began to drizzle and then great drops splashed all over the well curb and the heavens opened their reservoir and the rainy season poured its floods for six weeks and there came maidens to the well with empty pails and carried them away full and the camels thrust their mouths into the troughs and were satisfied and the water was in the well three feet deep, and fifty feet deep, and two hundred feet deep and all the Bedouins of the neighborhood and all the passers by realized that Jacob was wise in

having his own well. My hearer, it is your part to dig your own well and it is God's part to fill it. You do your part and He will do His part.

Much is said about "good luck," but people who are industrious and self-denying almost always have good luck. You can afford to be laughed at because of your application and economy, for when you get your well dug, and filled, it will be your turn to laugh.

Two Famous Mountains.

But look up from this famous well, and see two mountains and the plain between them on which was gathered the largest religious audience that ever assembled on earth, about five hundred thousand people. Mount Gerizim, about eight hundred feet high, on one side, and on the other, Mount Ebal, the former called the Mount of Blessing and the latter called the Mount of Cursing. At Joshua's command six tribes stood on Mount Gerizim and read the blessings for keeping the law, and six tribes stood on Mount Ebal reading the curses for breaking the law, while the five hundred thousand people on the plain cried Amen with an emphasis that must have made the earth tremble. "I do not believe that," says some one, "for those mountain tops are two miles apart, and how could a voice be heard from top to top?" My answer is that while the tops are two miles apart, the bases of the mountains are only half a mile apart, and the tribes stood on the sides of the mountains, and the air is so clear, and the acoustic qualities of this great natural amphitheatre so perfect that voices can be distinctly heard from mountain to mountain as has been demonstrated by travellers fifty times in the last fifty years.

Can you imagine anything more thrilling and sublime and overwhelming than what transpired on those two mountain sides, and in the plain between, when the responsive service went on, and thousands of voices on Mount Gerizim cried, "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the fields, blessed shall be thy basket and thy store!" and then from Mount Ebal, thousands of voices responded, crying: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark! Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way," and then there rolled up from all the spaces between the mountains that one word, with which the devout of earth close their prayers, and the glorified of heaven finish their doxologies: "Amen! Amen!"—that scene only to be surpassed by the times which are coming, when the Churches and Academies of Music, and the auditoriums of earth, no longer large enough to hold the worshippers of God, the parks, the mountain sides, the great natural amphitheatres of the valleys, shall be filled with the out-pouring populations of the earth, and mountain shall reply to mountain, as Mount Gerizim to Mount Ebal, and all the people between shall ascribe riches and honor, and glory, and dominion, and victory to God the Lamb, and there shall arise an Amen like the booming of the heavens mingling with the thunder of the seas.

On and on we ride until now, we have come to Shiloh, a dead city on a hill surrounded by rocks, sheep, goats, olive gardens and vineyards. Here good Eli fell backward and broke his neck, and lay dead at the news from his bad boys, Phineas and Hophni; and life is not worth living after one's children have turned out badly, and more fortunate was Eli, instantly expiring under such tidings, than those parents who, their chil-

dren recreant and profligate, live on with broken hearts to see them going down into deeper and deeper plunge. There are fathers and mothers here to-day to whom death would be happy release because of their recreant sons. And if there be recreant sons here present, and your parents be far away, why not bow your head in repentance, and at the close of this service go to the telegraph office and put it on the wing of the lightning that you have turned from your evil ways? Before another twenty-four hours have passed, take your feet off 'he sad hearts at the old homestead. Home to thy God, O prodigal!

Many, many letters do I get in purport saying: "My son is in your cities; we have not heard from him for some time; we fear something is wrong; hunt him up and say a good word to him; his mother is almost crazy about him; he is a child of many prayers" But how can I hunt him up unless he be in this audience? Where are you, my boy? On the main floor, or on this platform, or in these boxes, or in these great galleries? Where are you? Lift your right hand. I have

A Message from Home.

Your father is anxious about you, your mother is praying for you. Your God is calling for you. Or will you wait until Eli falls back lifeless, and the heart against which you lay in infancy ceases to beat? What a story to tell in eternity that you killed her? My God! Avert that catastrophe!

But I turn from this Shiloh of Eli's sudden decease under bad news from his boys, and find close by, what is called the "Meadow of the Feast." While this ancient city was in the height of its prosperity, on this "Meadow

of the Feast" there was an Annual Ball where the maidens of the city amid clapping cymbals and a blare of trumpets danced in a glee, upon which thousands of spectators gazed. But no dance since the world stood ever broke up in such a strange way as the one the Bible describes. One night while by the light of lamps and torches these gaieties went on, two hundred Benjamites, who had been hidden behind the rocks and among the trees, dashed upon the scene. They came not to injure or destroy, but wishing to set up households of their own, the women of their own land having been slain in battle, and by preconcerted arrangement each one of the two hundred Benjamites seized the one whom he chose

For the Queen of his Home,

and carried her away to large estate and beautiful residence, for those two hundred Benjamites had inherited the wealth of a nation.

As to-day near Shiloh we look at the "Meadow of the Feast," where the maidens danced that night and at the mountain gorge up which the Benjamites carried their brides, we bethink ourselves of the better land and the better times in which we live, when such scenes are an impossibility, and amid orderly groups and with prayer and benediction, and breath of orange blossoms and the roll of the wedding march, marriage is solemnized, and with oath recorded in heaven, two immortals start arm in arm on a journey, to last until death do them part. Upon every such marriage altar may there come the blessing of Him "who setteth the solitary in families." Side by side on the path of life! Side by side in their graves! Side by side in heaven!

But we must this afternoon, our last day before reaching Nazareth, pitch our tent on the most famous battlefield of all time—the plain of Esdraelon. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as He crossed it on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth? Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the inherited blood of flowers that drank the blood of fallen armies. Hardly a foot of the ground that has not at some time been gullied with war-chariots or trampled by the hoofs of cavalry. It is a plain reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Upon it look down the mountains of Tabor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through it rages at certain seasons the river Kishon which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in November when there is always a shower of meteors so that the “stars in their courses” were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu, and the iron chariots of the Canaanites, scythed at the hubs of the wheels, hewing down their awful swathes of death, thousands in a minute. The Syrian armies, the Turkish armies, the Egyptian armies again and again trampled it. There they career across it, David and Joshua and Godfrey and Richard Cœur de Lion, and Baldwin and Saladin—a plain not only famous for the past, but because the Bible says the great decisive battle of the world will be fought there—the battle of Armageddon.

To me the plain was the more absorbing because of the desperate battles here and in regions around in which the Holy Cross, the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host: and that night closing my eyes in my tent on the plain of Esdraelon—for there are some things we can

see better with eyes shut than open—the scenes of that ancient war came before me. The twelfth century was closing and Saladin at the head of eighty thousand mounted troops was crying, “Ho for Jerusalem! Ho for all Palestine!” and before them everything went down, but not without unparalleled resistance. In one place one hundred and thirty Christians were surrounded by many thousands of

Furious Mohammedans.

For one whole day the one hundred and thirty held out against these thousands. Tennyson's “six hundred” when “some one had blundered,” were eclipsed by these one hundred and thirty fighting for the Holy Cross. They took hold of the lances which had pierced them with death wounds, and pulling them out of their own breasts and side hurled them back again at the enemy. On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen and he, mounted on the last horse, wielded his battle axe right and left, till his horse fell under the plunge of the javelins and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave up his life on the point of a score of spears. But soon after, the last battle came. History portrays it, poetry chants it, painting colors it, and all ages admire that last struggle to keep in possession

The Wooden Cross

on which Jesus was said to have expired. It was a battle in which mingled the fury of devils and the grandeur of angels. Thousands of dead Christians on this side. Thousands of dead Mohammedans on the other side. The battle was hottest close around the wooden cross upheld by the Bishop of Ptolemais, himself wounded and

dying. And when the Bishop of Ptolemais dropped dead, the Bishop of Lydda seized the cross and again lifted it carrying it onward into a wilder and fiercer fight, and sword against javelin, and battle-axe upon helmet, and piercing spear against splintering shield. Horse and men tumbled into heterogenous death. Now the wooden cross on which the armies of Christians had kept their eye, begins to waver, begins to descend. It falls ! and the wailing of the Christian host at its disappearance drowns the huzzah of the victorious Moslems. But that standard of the cross only seemed to fall. It rides the sky to-day in triumph. Five hundred million souls, the mightiest army of the ages, are following and where that goes they will go, across the earth and up the mighty steeps of the heavens. In the twelfth century it seemed to go down, but in the nineteenth century it is the mightiest symbol of glory and triumph, and means more than any other standard whether inscribed with eagle, or lion, or bear, or star, or crescent. That which Saladin trampled on the plain of Esdraelon I lift to-day for your marshalling. The cross ! The cross ! The foot of it planted in the earth it saves, the top of it pointing to the heaven to which it will take you, and the outspread beam of it like outstretched arms of invitation to all nations. Kneel at its foot. Lift your eye to its victim. Swear eternal allegiance to its power. And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called to bear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

As I fall asleep to-night on my pillow in the tent on the plain of Esdraelon reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, the waters of the river Kishon soothing me as by a lullaby, I hear the gathering of the hosts for the last battle of all the earth. And by their representatives America is here and Europe is here and Asia is here and Africa is here and all heaven is here and all hell is here, and Apollyon on the black horse leads the armies of darkness, and Jesus on the white horse leads the armies of light, and I hear the roll of the drums and the clear call of the clarions, and the thunder of the cannonades. And then I hear the wild rush as of millions of troops in retreat, and then the shout of victory as from fourteen hundred million throats, and then all the armies of earth and heaven were joining it, clapping cymbals beating the time—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever."

AMONG THE HOLY HILLS.

"He came to Nazareth, where he was brought up."

Luke 4 : 16.

WHAT a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been the Pope and his college of cardinals passing that way. Last evening, the genial Sisterhood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travellers must see or feel that they have not seen Palestine, namely Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of Him for whom I believe there are fifty million of people who would now, if it were required, march out and die, whether under axe, or down in the floods, or straight through the fire.

Grand old village is Nazareth, even putting aside its sacred associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the Oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablous is the filthiest town I ever saw, although its chief industry is the manufacture of soap. They export all of it. Nazareth was perhaps unusually clean the morning I speak of, for, as we rode into the

village the afternoon before, the showers which had put our mackintoshes to the test, had poured floods through all the alleys, under command of the clouds, those thorough street commissioners. Beside that, Nazareth had been the scene of battles, passing it from the Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty-one hundred French, Napoleon Bonaparte commanding. That greatest of Frenchmen walking these very

Streets Through Which Jesus Walked

for nearly thirty years, the morals of the two, the antipodes, the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following the one, and doxologies of earth and the hallelujahs of heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl, the surrounding fifteen hills. The God of nature who is the God of the Bible, evidently scooped out this valley for privacy and separation from all the world during three most important decades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth, he spent thirty of them in this town in getting ready—a startling rebuke to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for the Church or the world. The trouble is with most young men that they want to launch their ship from the dry-dock before it is ready, and hence so many sink in the first cyclone. Stay in the store as a subordinate until you are thoroughly equipped. Be a good employee in your trade until you are qualified to be an employer. Be content with Naza-

reth until you are ready for the buffetings of Jerusalem. You may get so gloriously equipped in the thirty years, that you can do more in three years than most men can accomplish in a prolonged lifetime. These little suggestions I am apt to put into my sermon, hoping to help people for this world, while I am chiefly anxious to have them prepared for the next world.

The Well of Nazareth.

All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which by his mother's side he trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work. Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out their barrels, their hogsheads of water in floods gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talk and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evil eye," are playing, and women with their strings of coins on either side of their face, and skirts of blue, and scarlet, and white, and green, move on with water-jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave him with, being in humble circumstances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides He did not explore, nor one species of bird flying

across their tops that He could not call by name, or one of all the species of fauna on those steeps that He had not recognized.

You see it all through his sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his orations or discourses you discover

His Early Whereabouts.

What a boy sees between the ages of seven and seventeen, always sticks to him. When Apostle Peter preaches, you see the fishing nets with which he had from his earliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear in it the bleating of the herds which he had in boyhood attended. And in our Lord's sermons and conversations you see all the phases of village life, and the mountainous life surrounding it. They raised their own chickens in Nazareth, and in after time He cries: "O Jerusalem! O Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" He had seen his mother open the family wardrobe at the close of the summer and the moth millers flying out, having destroyed the garments, and in after years He says: "Lay up not for yourselves treasures on earth where moth doth corrupt." In childhood He had seen a mile of flowers, white as snow, or red as the flame, or blue as the sea, or green as the tree-tops, and no wonder in His manhood sermon He said, "Consider the lilies." While one day on a high point where now stands the tomb of Neby Ismail, He had seen winging past Him so near as almost to flurry His hair, the partridge, and the hoopoe, and the thrush, and the osprey, and the crane, and the raven, and no wonder afterward in His manhood sermon He said: "Behold the fowls of the air." In Nazareth and

on the road to it there are a great many camels. I see them now in memory making their slow way up the zig-zag road from the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. Familiar was Christ with their appearance, also with that small insect the gnat which He had seen His mother strain out from a cup of water or pail of milk, and no wonder He brings afterward the large quadruped, and the small insect into His sermon and, while seeing the Pharisees careful about small sins, and reckless about large ones, cries : "Woe unto you blind guides which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

Country Illustrations.

He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hopelessly mixed up. And a sheep-stealer appears on the scene and dishonestly demands some of those sheep when he owns not one of them. "Well," say the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shepherd goes out in one direction and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheep-stealer in another direction, and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheep-stealer calls, and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ years after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating His own shepherd qualities, says : "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him for they know His voice, and the stranger they will not follow for they know not the voice of the stranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round

eyes watching the trimming of the grape-vines. Clip, goes the knife, and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a dead branch and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "we prune off these that the main branch may have more of the sap and so be more fruitful." No wonder in after years Christ said in his sermon: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman: every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Streaks of nature all through Christ's sermons and conversations! When a pigeon descended upon Christ's head at His baptism in the Jordan it was not the first pigeon He had seen. And then He has such wide sweep of discourse as you may imagine from one who has stood on the hills that overlook Nazareth. As far as I understand, Christ visited the Mediterranean Sea only once, but any clear morning He could run up on a hill near Nazareth and look off to the west and see the Mediterranean, while there in the north is snowy Mount Lebanon, clad as in white robe of ascension, and yonder on the east and southeast Mount Gilboa, Mount Tabor and Mount Gilead, and yonder in the south is the plain of Esdraelon over which we rode yesterday on our way to Nazareth. Those mountains of His boyhood in His memory, do you wonder that Christ when He wanted a

good pulpit, made it out of a mountain—"seeing the multitudes He went up into the mountain." And when He wanted special communion with God, He took James and John and Peter into "a mountain apart."

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world and to stamp out the cruelties of the world and to illumine the darkness of the world and to transfigure the hemispheres! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchandise and our court-rooms and our healing art and our studios and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for that annual influx our cities would have enervated and sickened and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful apparel and over-taxed digestive organs and crowding environments of city life, would have halted the world, but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem, and

The Country Saves the Town.

From the hills of New Hampshire and the hills of Virginia and the hills of Georgia come into our national eloquence the Websters and the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come into our national charities the George Peabodys and the William Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From plough boy's furrow and the village counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem,

But alas that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth was treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as cruel. On every street of every city

The Crucifixion Goes On.

Every year in our history shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels, in what mills and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving from the country. They are worth saving. Boys as grand as the one who with his elder brother climbed into a church tower and, not knowing their danger, went outside on some timbers when one of those timbers broke and the boys fell and the older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older; the older could not climb up with the younger hanging to his feet, so the younger said: "John, I am going to let go: you can climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me holding fast; I am going to let go; kiss mother for me and tell her not to feel badly; good-bye!" and he let go and was so hard dashed upon the ground he was not recognizable. Plenty of such brave boys coming up from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it treats them! A gentleman long ago entered a school in Germany and he bowed very low before the boys and the teacher said: "Why do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one of the boys flashed fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a lame and invalid

child. The passing boy said to him: "Why don't you go to school?" "Oh, I am lame and I can't walk to school!" "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pulpit orator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come down from Nazareth to Jerusalem

A Crown Instead of a Cross.

On this December morning on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting his widowed mother after he was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer, and saw, and plane, and augur, and vice, and measuring-rule, and chisel, and drill, and adze, and wrench, and bit, and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth, shoving a plane. He who cleft the mountains by earthquake, pounding a chisel. He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth, turning an augur. He who wields the thunder-bolt, striking with a hammer. He who scooped out the bed for the ocean, hollowing a ladle. He who flashes the morning on the earth, and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora, constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A sceptic said to an old clergyman, "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Indeed!" said the old clergyman, "You will not believe anything you cannot explain. Please to explain to me why some cows have horns, and others have no horns." "No!" said the

sceptic, "I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen." "Indeed," said the clergyman, "You will not believe anything you have not seen. Have you a backbone?" "Yes," said the sceptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Godhead and humanity interjoined I cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven. If we knew everything here, heaven would be a great indolence. What foolish people, those who are in perpetual fret because they cannot understand all that God says and does. A child in the first juvenile primer might as well burst into tears because it cannot understand conic sections. In this world we are only in the A, B, C class, and we cannot now understand the libraries of eternity which put to utmost test faculties archangelic. I would be ashamed of heaven if we do not know more there, with all our faculties intensified a million-fold and at the centre of the universe, than we do here with our dim faculties and clinging to the outside rim of the universe.

In Cana of Galilee.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine, where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative and having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ, and He to relieve the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted, became the butler of the occasion, and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beverage of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was

not one drop of intoxicant or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet, in New York two years ago, left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes. The difference between

The Wine at the Wedding

in Cana, and the wine at the banquet in New York being that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other. We got off our horses and examined some of these water jars at Cana said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nineteen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of one hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine. What was that for? Probably one gallon would have been enough for it was only an additional installment on what had already been provided, and it is probable that the housekeeper could not have guessed more than one gallon out of the way. But a hundred and twenty-six gallons! What will they do with the surplus? Ah, it was just like our Lord! Those young people were about to start in housekeeping, and their means were limited and that big supply, whether kept in their pantry or sold, will be a mighty help. You see there was no strychnine, or logwood, or nux vomica, in that beverage, and, as

The Lord Made It,

it would keep. He makes seas that keep thousands of years and certainly He could make a beverage that would keep four or five years. Among the arts and inventions of

the future I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of damning alcoholism that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent journey—I travelled through Italy, and Greece, and Egypt, and Palestine, and Syria, and Turkey, and how many intoxicated people do you think I saw in all those five great realms? Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

Oh, I am glad that Jesus was present at that wedding, and last December, standing at Cana, that wedding came back. Night had fallen on the village and its surroundings. The bridegroom had put on his head a bright turban, and a garland of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and camphor, an odor which the Oriental especially likes. Accompanied by groomsmen, and preceded by a band of musicians with flutes and drums, and horns, and by torches in full blaze he starts for the bride's home. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and bridesmaids: flambeau answering flambeau. The bride is in white robe and her veil not only covers her face but envelopes her body. Her trousseau is as elaborate as the resources of her father's house permit. Her attendants are decked in all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal charms make tame the jewels, for those Oriental women eclipse in attractiveness all others except those of our own land. The damask rose is in their cheek, and the diamond in the lustre of their eyes, and the blackness of the night in their long locks, and in their step is the gracefulness of

the morning. At the first sign of the torches of

The Bridegroom and His Attendants,

the cry rings through the home of the bride : " They are in sight ! Get ready ! Behold the bridegroom cometh ! Go ye out to meet him." As the two processions approach each other, the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and the two processions become one, and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession which is made up of the friends of both the bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house, and the dance begins, and the door is shut. And all this Christ uses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet Him when He comes garlanded with clouds, and robed in the morning and trumpeted by the thunders of the Last Day. Look ! There He comes down off the hills of heaven, the Bridegroom ! And let us start out to hail Him, for I hear the voices of the Judgment Day sounding, " Behold the Bridegroom cometh ! Go ye out to meet Him ! " And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the Gospel wedding is presented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it slam. Too late.

The Door is Shut!

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to-night till I see from a mountain top, Lake Galilee, on whose banks, next Sabbath we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the

Blesseds—Blessed this and Blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in mole-hills, and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps." On and up over mountain sides where in the later season, hyacinths, and daisies, and phloxes, and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak, look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems to be the Beatitudes themselves arched into skies, and rounded into valleys, and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Lookout Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail, hills of Galilee! Hail, Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed for illustration in the sermon preached here, saying, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this

Mount of Beatitudes

enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Aye, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity. The valley of Hattin between here and Lake Galilee is an amphitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down, and hear Christ preach a sermon, in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To those who heard Him on this very spot, His word must have seemed the contradiction of everything that they had

ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been : Blessed are the arrogant ; Blessed are the supercilious ; Blessed are the tearless ; Blessed are they that have everything their own way ; Blessed are the war eagles ; Blessed are the persecutors ; Blessed are the popular ; Blessed are the Herods, and the Cæsars, and the Ahabs. " No ! no ! no ! " says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks and, through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline lake on one side, and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe and around the earth both ways, till the globe shall yet be girdled with the nine beatitudes : Blessed are the poor, Blessed are the mournful, Blessed are the meek, Blessed are the hungry, Blessed are the merciful, Blessed are the pure, Blessed are the peacemakers, Blessed are the persecuted, Blessed are the falsely reviled.

Do you see how the Holy Land and the Holy Book fit each other ? God with His left hand built Palestine, and with His right wrote the Scriptures, the two hands of the same Being. And in proportion as Palestine is brought under close inspection, the Bible will be found more glorious and more true. Mightiest book of the past ! Mightiest book of the future ! Monarch of all literature !

**The proudest works of Genius shall decay,
And Reason's brightest lustre fade away ;
The Sophist's art, the poet's boldest flight,
Shall sink in darkness, and conclude in night.
But faith triumphant over time shall stand,
Shall grasp the sacred volume in her hand ;
Back to its source the heavenly gift convey,
Then in the flood of glory melt away.**

OUR SAIL ON LAKE GALILEE.

"He entered into a ship and sat in the sea ; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land." Mark 4 : 1.

IT is Monday morning in our Palestine experiences, and the sky is a blue Galilee above, as in the boat we sail the blue Galilee beneath. It is thirteen miles long and six miles wide, but the atmosphere is so clear it seems as if I could cast a stone from beach to beach. The lake looks as though it had been let down on silver pulleys from the heavens and were a section of the sea of glass that St. John describes as part of the celestial landscape. Lake Galilee is a depression of six hundred feet in which the river Jordan widens and tarries a little for the river Jordan comes in at its north side and departs from its south side, so this lake has its cradle and its grave. Its white satin cradle is among the snows of Mount Hermon where the Jordan starts, and its sepulchre is the Dead Sea into which the Jordan empties. Lake Como of Italy, Lake Geneva of Switzerland, Lake Lomond of Scotland, Lake Winnepesaukee of America, are larger, but Lake Galilee is the greatest diamond that ever dropped from the finger of the clouds, and, whether encamped on its banks as we were yesterday and worshipping at its crystal altars, or wading into its waves which make an ordinary bath solemn as a baptism, or now putting out upon its sparkling surface in a boat, it is something to talk about, and pray about, and sing

about, until the lips with which we now describe it can neither talk, nor pray, nor sing.

As sometimes a beautiful child in a neighborhood has a half-dozen pet names, and some of the neighbors call her by one name, and others by another, so this pet lake of the planet has a profusion of names. Ask the Arab as he goes by, what this sheet of water is, and he will call it Tabariyeh. Ask Moses of the Old Testament and he calls it Sea of Chinnereth. Ask Matthew and he calls it Sea of Galilee. Ask Luke and he calls it Sea of Gennesaret. Ask John and he calls it Sea of Tiberias. Ask Josephus and Eusebius, and they have other names ready. But to me it appears a child of the sky, a star of the hills, a rhapsody of the mountains, the baptismal bowl of the world's temple, the smile of the great God. Many kinds of fish are found in these waters, every kind of tree upon its bank, from those that grow in the torrid zone to those in the frigid, from the palm to the cedar.

Of the two hundred and thirty war-ships Josephus manœuvred on these waters—for Josephus was a warrior as well as a historian—there remains not one piece of a hulk, or one patch of a canvas, or one splinter of an oar. But return to America we never will until we have had a sail upon this inland sea. Not from a wharf but from a beach covered with black and white pebbles we go on board a boat of about ten or twelve tons, to be propelled partly by sail and partly by oars. The mast leans so far forward that it seems about to fall, but we find it was purposely so built, and the rope through a pulley manages to hoist and let down the sail. It is a rough boat and as far as possible removed from a Venetian gondola or a sportsman's yacht. With a com-

mon saw and hammer and axe many of you could make a better one. Four barefooted Arabs, instead of sitting down to their oars, stand as they always do in rowing, and pull away from shore. I insist on helping, for there is nothing more exhilarating to me than rowing, but I soon had enough of the clumsy oars, and the awkward attempt at wielding them while in standing posture.

We put our overcoats and shawls on a small deck in the stern of the boat, the very kind of a deck where Christ lay on a fisherman's coat, when of old a tempest pounced upon the fishing smack of the affrighted disciples. Ospreys and wild duck and kingfishers fly overhead or dip their wings into the lake, mistaking it for a fragment of fallen sky. Can it be that those Bible stories about sudden storms on this lake are true? Is it possible that a sea of such seeming placidity of temper could ever rise and rage at the heavens? It does not seem as if this happy family of elements could have ever had a falling out and the water strike at the clouds and the clouds strike at the water.

Pull away, oarsmen! On our right are the hot sulphur baths, so hot they are scalding, and the waters must cool off a long while before hand or foot can endure their temperature. Volcanoes have been boiling these waters for centuries. Four springs roll their resources into two great swimming reservoirs. King Herod there tried to bathe off the results of his excesses, and Pliny and Josephus describe the spurtings out of these volcanic heats, and Joshua and Moses knew about them, and this moment long lines of pilgrims from all parts of the earth are waiting for their turn to step into the steaming restoratives. Let the boat, as far as possible, and not run aground, hug the western shore of the

lake that we may see the city of Tiberias, once a great capital, of the architecture of which a few mosaics, and fallen pillars and pedestals, and here and there a broken and shattered frieze remain, mightily suggestive of the time when Herod Antipas had a palace here and reigned with an opulence, and pomp, and cruelty, and abomination that paralyzes the fingers of the historian when he comes to write it, and the fingers of the painter when he attempts to transfer it to canvas. I suppose he was one of the worst men that ever lived. And what a contrast of character comes at every moment to the thoughtful traveler in Palestine, whether he walks the beach of this lake or sails in a boat as we now do on these waters !

Side by side are the two great characters of this lake region : Jesus and Herod Antipas. And did any age produce any such antipodes, any such antitheses, any such opposites. Kindness and Cruelty, Holiness and Filth, Generosity and Meanness, Self-sacrifice and Selfishness, the Supernal and the Infernal, Midnight and Midnight. The father of this Herod Antipas was a genius at assassination. He could manufacture more reasons for putting people out of this life than any man in all history. He sends for Hyrcanus to come from Babylon to Jerusalem to be made High-Priest and slays him. He has his brother-in-law while in bathing with him drowned by the king's attendants. He slays his wife and his wife's mother, and two of his sons and his uncle, and filled a volume of atrocities, the last chapter of which was the massacre of all the babes at Bethlehem. With such a father as Herod the Great, you are not surprised that this Herod Antipas, whose palace stood on the banks of this lake we now sail was a combination of wolf, reptile and hyena. While the Christ who walked

yonder banks and sailed these waters was so good that almost every rood of this scenery is associated with some wise word or some kindly deed, and all literature, and all art, and all earth, and all heaven are put to the utmost effort in trying to express how grand and glorious and lovely He was, and is, and is to be. The Christly and Herodic characters as different as the two lakes we visit and not far apart, Galilee and the Dead Sea : the one flower-banked and the other bituminous and blasted ; the one hovered over by the Mercy of Christ, the other blasted by the wrath of God ; the one full of finny tribes sporting in its clear depths, the other forever lifeless ; the waters of the one sweet and pleasant to the taste, the other bitter and disgusting. Awful Dead Sea ! Glorious Gennesaret !

We will not attempt to cross to the eastern side of this lake, as I had thought to do, for those regions are inhabited by a thieving and murderous race, and one must go thoroughly armed, and as I never shot anyone and have no ambition to be shot, I said : " Let us stay by the western shore." But we look over to the hills of Gadara, on the other side, down which two thousand swine after being possessed by the devil ran into the lake, and bringing down on Christ for permitting it the wrath of all the stock-raisers of that country, because of this ruining of the pork business. You see that Satan is a spirit of bad taste. Why did he not say : " Let me go into those birds, whole flocks of which fly over Galilee." No : that would have been too high, " Why not let me go into those sheep which wander over these hills ?" No, that would have been too gentle. " Rather let me go into these swine. I want to be with the denizens of the mire. I want to associate with the

inhabitants of filth. Great is mud ! I prefer bristles to wings. I would rather root than fly. I like snout better than wing."

Infidelity scoffs at the idea that those swine should have run into the lake. But it was quite natural that under the heat and burning of that demoniac possession, they would start for the water to get cooled off. Would that all the swine thus possessed had plunged to the same drowning, for to this day the descendants of some of those porcine creatures retain the demons, and as the devils were cast out of man into them, they now afflict the human race with the devils of scrofula that comes from eating the unclean meat. The healthiest people on earth are the Israelites because they follow the bill of fare which God in the book of Leviticus gave to the human race, and our splendid French Doctor Pasteur, and our glorious German Doctor Koch, may go on with their good work of killing parasites in the human system ; but until the world corrects its diet, and goes back to the Divine regulation at the beginning, the human race will continue to be possessed of the devils of microbe and parasite. But I did not mean to cross over to the eastern side of Lake Galilee even in discussion.

The Caves of the Hills.

Pull away, ye Arab oarsmen ! And we come along the shore near by which stand great precipices of brown, and red, and grey limestone crowned by basalt, in the sides of which are vast caverns, sometimes the hiding place of bandits, and sometimes the home of honest shepherds and sometimes the dwelling-place of pigeons, and vultures, and eagles. During one of Herod's wars his enemies hid in these mountain caverns and the sides

were too steep for Herod's army to descend, and the attempt to climb in the face of the armed men would have called down extermination. So Herod had great cages of wood, iron-bound, made and filled them with soldiers and let them down from the top of the precipices until they gave the signal that they were level with the caverns, and then from these cages they stepped out to the mouth of the caverns and having set enough grass and wood on fire to fill the caverns with smoke and suffocation, the hidden people would come forth to die; and if not coming forth voluntarily, Herod's men would pull them out with long iron hooks, and Josephus says that one father rather than submit to the attacking army, flung his wife and seven children down the precipice, and then leaped after them to his own death.

Now, ye Arab oarsmen, row on with swifter stroke, for we want before noon to land at Capernaum, the three years' home of Jesus. But before our arrival there we are to have a new experience. The lake that had been a smooth surface begins to break up into roughness. The air which all the morning made our sail almost useless, suddenly takes hold of our boat with a grip astonishing, and our poor craft begins to roll and pitch, and tumble, and in five minutes we pass from a calm to violence. The contour of this lake among the hills is an invitation to hurricanes. I used to wonder why it was that on so limited a sheet of water a bestormed boat in Christ's time, did not put back to shore, when a hurricane was coming. I wonder no more. On that lake an atmospheric fury gives no warning, and the change we saw in five minutes made me feel that the boat in which Christ sailed may have been skilfully managed, when

The Tempest Struck it

and the importunate cry went up : " Lord save us or we perish ! " I had all along that morning been reading from the New Testament the story of occurrences on, and around that lake. But our Bible was closed now, and it was as much as we could do to hold fast, and wish for the land. If the winds and the waves had continued to increase in violence the following fifteen minutes in the same ratio as in the first five, and we had been still at their mercy, our bones would have been bleaching at the bottom of Lake Gennesaret instead of our being here to tell the story. But the same Power that rescued the fishermen of old, to-day safely landed our party. What a Christ for rough weather ! All the sailor boys ought to fly to Him as did those Galilean mariners. All you in the forecastle, and all you who run up and down the slippery ratlines, take to sea with you Him who with a quiet word sent the winds back through the mountain gorges. Some of you Jack Tars to whom these words will come need to " tack ship " and change your course if you are going to get across this sea of life safely, and gain the heavenly harbor. Belay there. Ready about ! Helm's a-lee ! Mainsail haul ! You have too valuable a cargo on board to run into the Goodwins or the Skerries.

" Star of peace ! beam o'er the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee :
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea."

Here at Capernaum, the Arabs having in their arms carried us ashore to the only place where our Lord ever had a pastorate, and we stepped amid the ruins of the church where He preached again, and again, and again, the synagogue whose rich sculpturing lay there

not as others see it in spring-time covered with weeds, and loathesome with reptiles, but in that December weather completely uncovered to our agitated and intense gaze. On one stone of that synagogue is the sculpturing of a pot of manna, an artistic commemoration of the time when the Israelites were fed by manna in the wilderness, and to which sculpturing no doubt Christ pointed upward, while he was preaching that sermon on this very spot, in which He said : "Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead ; he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Wonderful Capernaum. Scene of more miracles than any place in all the earth ! Blind eyes kindling with the morning. Withered arms made to pulsate. Lepers blooming into health. The dead girl reanimated.

These Arab tents which on this December day I find in Palestine disappear and I see Capernaum as it was when Jesus was pastor of the church here. Look at that wealthy home, the architecture, the marble front, the upholstery, the slaves in uniform at the doorway. It is the residence of a courtier of Herod, probably Chuza by name, his wife Joanna, a Christian disciple. But something is the matter. The slaves are in great excitement, and the courtier living there runs down the front steps and takes a horse and puts him at full run across the country. The boy of that nobleman is dying of typhoid fever. All the doctors have failed to give relief. But about five miles up the country, at Cana, there is a Divine Doctor, Jesus by name, and the agonized father has gone for Him, and with what earnestness those can understand who have had a dying child in the house. This courtier cries to Christ : "Come down ere my child die !"

While the father is absent, and at one o'clock in the afternoon, the people watching the dying boy see a change in the countenance, and Joanna, the mother, on one side of his couch says : "Why, this darling is getting well ; the fever has broken ; see the perspiration on his forehead ; did any of you give him any new kind of medicine ?" "No," is the answer. The boy turns on his pillow, his delirium is gone, and asks for something to eat and says : "Where's father ?" Oh, he has gone up to Cana to get a young Doctor of about thirty-one years of age. But no doctor is needed now in this house at Capernaum. The people look at the sun-dial to find what time of day it is, and see it is just past noon, and one o'clock. Then they start out to meet the returning father, and as soon as they come within speaking distance they shout at the top of their voices : "Your boy is getting well." "Is it possible ?" says the father, "when did the change for the better take place ?" "One o'clock," is the answer. "Why," says the courtier, "that is just the hour that Jesus said to me 'Thy son liveth.' One o'clock."

As they gather at the evening meal what gladness on all the countenances in

That Home at Capernaum !

The affectionate mother, Joanna, has not had sleep for many nights and she now falls off into delightful slumber. The father, Chuza, the Herodian courtier, worn out with anxiety as well as by the rapid journey to and from Cana, is soon in restful unconsciousness. Joanna was a Christian before but I warrant she was more of a Christian afterward. Did the father Chuza accept the Christ who had cured his boy ? Is there in all the earth a parent so ungrateful for the convalescence or restora-

tion of an imperilled child as not to go into a room and kneel down and make a surrender to the Almighty love that came to the rescue.

Do not mix up this case with the angry discussions about Christian science, but accept the doctrine, as old as the Bible, that God does answer prayer for the sick. That Capernaum boy was not the only illustration of the fact that prayer is mightier than a typhoid fever. And there is not a doctor of large practice but has come into the sick-room of some hopeless case and, in a cheerful manner, if he were a Christian, or with a bewildered manner if he were a sceptic, said: "Well, what have you been doing with this patient? What have you been giving him? The pulse is better. The crisis is past. After all, I think he will get well." Prayer will yet be acknowledged in the world's materia medica and the cry is just as appropriate now as when Chuza, the courtier from Capernaum, uttered in Christ's hearing: "Come down ere my child die!" If the prayer be not answered in the way we wish, it is because God has something better for the child than earthly recovery, and there are thousands of men and women now alive in answer to father's and mother's prayers, myself among the multitude. For I have heard my parents tell how when at three years of age scarlet fever seemed to have done its full work on me and the physicians had said there was no more use of their coming and they had left a few simple directions to make the remaining hours peaceful, and according to the custom in those times in country places, the neighbors had already come in and made the shroud, the forlorn case suddenly brightened and the prayer "Come down ere my child die!" was

answered in a recovery that has not been followed by a moment's sickness from that time to this.

The mightiest agency in the universe is prayer and turns even the Almighty. It decides the destinies of individuals, families, and nations. During our sad civil war a gentleman was a guest at the White House in Washington and he gives this incident. He says: "I had been spending three weeks in the White House with Mr. Lincoln, as his guest. One night—it was just after the battle of Bull Run—I was restless and could not sleep. I was repeating the part which I was to take in a public performance. The hour was past midnight. Indeed, it was coming near to the dawn when I heard low tones proceeding from a private room where the President slept. The door was partly open. I instinctively walked in and there I saw a sight which I shall never forget. It was the President kneeling before an open Bible. The light was turned low in the room. His back was turned toward me. For a moment I was silent as I stood looking in amazement and wonder. Then he cried out in tones so pitiful and sorrowful: "Oh thou God that heard Solomon in the night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me! I cannot lead this people, I cannot guide the affairs of this nation without thy help. I am poor and weak and sinful. O God, who didst hear Solomon when he cried for wisdom, hear me and save the nation!" You see we don't need to go back to Bible times for evidence that prayer is heard and answered.

But some one may say that Christ at Capernaum healed that courtier's child, yet he would not have done it for one in humble life. Why, in that very Capernaum, He did the same thing for a dying slave, belonging to

the man who had made a present to the town of the synagogue among whose ruins, I leaped from fragment to fragment. This was the cure of the Roman soldier's slave, whose only acknowledged rights were the wishes of his owner. And none are now so enslaved or so humble or sick or so sinful, but the all-sympathetic Christ is ready to help them. Hear it! Pardon for all. Mercy for all. Help for all. Comfort for all. Heaven for all. Oh, this Lake Galilee! What a refreshment for Christ it must have been after sympathizing with the sick, and raising the dead, and preaching to the multitudes all day long, to come down on these banks in the night-time and feel the cool air of the sea on his hot face and look up to the stars the lighted lamps around the Heavenly Palaces from which he had descended.

All heaven and earth were still: from the high host
Of stars to the hilled lake and mountain coast.

All heaven and earth were still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most.

“But,” says some one, “why was it that Christ coming to save the world should spend so much of his time on and around so solitary a place as Lake Galilee. There is only one city of any size on its beach, and both western and eastern shores are a solitude, broken only by the sounds coming from the mud hovels of the degraded. Why did not Christ begin at Babylon the mighty, at Athens the learned, at Cairo the historic, at Thebes the hundred-gated, at Rome the triumphant? If Christ was going to save the world, why not go where the world's people dwell? Would a man, wishing to revolutionize for good the American continent, pass his time amid the fishing-huts on the shores of Newfoundland?” My friends, Galilee was the hub of the wheel

of civilization, and art, and the centre of a population that staggers realization. On the shore of the lake we sail to-day, stood nine great cities, Scythopolis, Tarichæ, Hippos, Gamala, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, Tiberias—and many villages the smallest of which had 15,000 inhabitants, according to Josephus, and reaching from the beach back into the country in all directions. Palaces, temples, coliseums, gymnasiums, amphitheatres, towers, gardens terraced on the hillside, fountains bewildering with sunlight, baths upon whose mosaic floors kings trod; while this lake from where the Jordan leaves it, was beautiful with all styles of shallop, or dreadful with all kinds of war galleon. Four thousand ships, history says, were at one time upon these waters. Battles were fought there which shocked all nations with their consequences.

*Here mingling blood with pure and sparkling foam,
In her last throes Judæa fought with Rome.*

Upon those sea-fights looked Vespasian, and Titus, and whole empires. From one of these naval encounters so many of the dead floated to the beach, they could not soon enough be entombed, and a plague was threatened. Twelve hundred soldiers escaping from these vessels of war were one day massacred in the amphitheatre at Tiberias. For three hundred years that almost continuous city encircling Lake Galilee was the metropolis of our planet. It was to the very heart of the world that Jesus came to soothe its sorrows, and pardon its sins, and heal its sick, and emancipate its enslaved and reanimate its dead.

And let the Church and the world take the suggestion. While the solitary places are not to be neglected, we must strike for the great cities, if this world is ever

to be taken for Christ. Evangelize all the earth except the cities, and in one year the cities would corrupt the earth. But bring the cities, and all the world will come. Bring London and England will come. Bring Paris and France will come. Bring Berlin and Germany will come. Bring St. Petersburg and Russia will come. Bring Vienna and Austria will come. Bring Cairo and Egypt will come. Bring the nearly three million people in this cluster of cities on the Atlantic coast, and all America will soon see the salvation of God. Ministers of religion ! let us intensify our evangelism. Editors and publishers ! purify your printing presses ! Asylums of mercy ! enlarge your plans of endeavor. And instead of this absurd and belittling and wicked rivalry among our cities as to which happens to have the most men and women and children, not realizing that the more useless and bad people a city has the worse it is off, and that a city which has ten thousand good people is more to be admired than a city with one hundred thousand bad people, let us take a moral census, and see how many good men and good women are leading forth how large a generation of good children who will consecrate themselves and consecrate the round world to holiness and to God. Oh, thou blessed Christ, who didst come to the mighty cities encircling Lake Galilee ! come in mercy to all our great cities of to-day. Thou who didst put thy hand on the white mane of the foaming billows of Gennesaret, and make them lie down at thy feet, hush all the raging passions of the world ! Oh, thou blessed Christ who on the night when the disciples were trying to cross this lake and "the wind was contrary," after nine hours of rowing had made three miles, didst come stepping on water that at the touch of thy foot hardened

into crystal, meet all our shipping, whether on placid or stormy seas, and say to all thy people now by whatever style of tempest tossed or driven, as thou didst to the drenched disciples in the cyclone, "Be of good cheer. It is I. Be not afraid!"

Thank God that I have seen this Lake of Christly memories, and I can say with Robert McCheyne, the ascended minister of Scotland, who, seated on the banks of this lake wrote, in his last, sick days, and just before he crossed the Jordan, not the Jordan that empties into Galilee, but the Jordan that empties into the "Sea of Glass mingled with fire;" these sweet words fit to be played by human fingers on strung strings of earthly lute, or by angelic fingers on seraphic harps:

It is not that the wild gazelle
 Comes down to drink thy tide,
 But He that was pierced to save from hell,
 Oft wandered by thy side.
 Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
 Thou calm, reposing sea;
 But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
 Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
 O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
 Yet the same Saviour still,
 Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
 And every fragrant hill.

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