

rite," and while waiting we look over the hotel register, and have the satisfaction of seeing the familiar Canadian names of Rev. Donald G. Sutherland and his sister, Mrs. Strong, who pass through the Lord's land a few months before.

The first day in the Holy Land is one of the greatest events and of the grandest memories in a life-time. It is a realization of the dreams and longings of many years. As soon as breakfast was over we sauntered out into the busy life of the town, through the bazaars and along the narrow, irregular, and dirty alleys that are called streets. What tumultuous emotions are awakened as we tread the soil pressed by the feet of God's ancient worthies—the feet of patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, yea, by the feet of God's incarnate Son! Somewhere within the circuit of these walls were the disciples gathered when Tabitha died, and they sent for Peter, who was at Lydda. We visited the traditional house of Simon, the tanner, with whom Peter tarried many days after the raising of Dorcas. The tradition as to the location cannot be far wrong. The house is "by the sea-side," and among tanneries of great antiquity. An old well of never failing water is in the outer court-yard, and an ancient stone trough that may have done service from the time of the apostle's visit.

We climbed the rude broken stairs to the flat roof, and as "the Great Sea" stretched in unbroken expanse before us, we thought how appropriate a spot for the marvellous vision that was here vouchsafed to the apostle. Below is the busy harbour; there, come and go the white-winged ships of Tarshish. It was the point of contact between the Jewish and Gentile world, and from this place the supernatural and symbolic communication is made to Peter, that the Gentile world, with its diversities of race, is as admissible to the privileges of Christianity as the Hebrew people; that what the Jew esteemed unclean and profane, is not to be called common; that every ceremonial barrier and partition wall is broken down; that God is no respecter of persons, and that salvation by Christ is for all nations and all men.

As we gazed along the shore the spot was pointed out where that most infamous tragedy of modern times occurred, the butchery in cold blood of four thousand Turkish and Albanian prisoners of war by Napoleon Bonaparte. There, on these white sand heaps, on the 10th of March, 1799, was heard for many hours the rattle of musketry and the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying. Think of the name of this selfish, ambitious, and blood-thirsty man associated with the scenes and the land of the Bible! Yet so it is. Mount Tabor's virgin bosom has been desecrated. From a spot not many miles above us the overturner of thrones and dynasties, pointing to Aere, said to Murat, "The fate of the East depends upon yonder petty town." But under the wall of that petty town he was foiled. Eight times he led his veteran soldiers to the assault; the struggle was desperate, the bravest of his officers fell under the Mameluke sabres; British soldiers, too, were under Sir Sydney Smith. The French were driven back in defeat. The dream of Constantinople and the Indies, of a new and brilliant empire in the East was shattered for-

ever; and of the English General, Napoleon bitterly said, "That man made me miss my destiny!"

Plucking a few wild flowers that bloomed on the flat house-top, and a few leaves from a fig-tree that overshadowed it, we descended and made our way to Miss Arnott's school for girls. The building is a very substantial one, and has a commanding view of the town, with its white walls and domed roofs, the groves and gardens of the plain, and the distant mountain summits flushed with soft and rosy light. As I looked upon the little ones and heard them sing our Christian hymns, I felt that the work being done was a counterpart of that given to Peter to do when in a vision at Jaffa he saw the great sheet let down from the skies.

But the charming visit of the morning was to an orange garden, of which there are upwards of four hundred in and around Jaffa. What a delight to go into a field crowded with orange trees, each one loaded with the yellow, delicious fruit, and to hear the injunction "Fall to!" How that luscious oval fruit, each as large as your two fists, disappeared before us! The trees were in full leaf and blossom while the branches were bending with the weight of the large, luscious fruit. These oranges were three times the size of those we buy at home, and seemed all the more delicious because of the green leaves and beautiful, white, fragrant blossoms that encircled them. The air was loaded with the mingled perfume of orange, lemon, and citron; and to stand in February in an orange orchard and pluck and eat the juicy and richly-flavoured fruit is a privilege one can never forget. The wife of the gardener, a dark-eyed, clever woman, stood near us, and gave me as a special favour a loaded branch, and that cluster of fruit served me on the way to Jerusalem. Each was expected when leaving to give in return, for the pleasure and benefit received, a gratuity, and my female friend who held out her hand for the "backsheesh," made quite a joke. One or two who led the way had given each a piastre, about three cents, and she said in Arabic, "The fruit is very large, but the pieces of money very small." This was a hint to those who came after, who followed with half-francs, much to her delight. She was handsomely rewarded, for oranges here are sold at the rate of eight or ten for a cent.

Returning to our hotel, luncheon is discussed with a relish, for even in the Holy Land poor flesh and blood cannot dispense with creature comforts. Now we mount and start for the Holy City. The horses are selected according to number, and the steed that fell to me was as lony and lank as Don Quixote's famous Rosinante. But he is not to be judged by first appearances, for he turns out to be an excellent walker and an easy trotter. The caravan is in motion. What a spectacle our cavalcade would have presented on St. James Street, Montreal, or King Street, Toronto! Solemn-looking camels, with long, slow, steady stride, neck depressed, head elevated, and carrying piles of heterogeneous articles—tents, bedsteads, mattresses, bedding, linens, carpets, rugs, tables, provisions, dishes, saucepans, baggage; the loaded train stepping to the music of several cowbells; donkeys bearing packs, their rumps bestrided by long-legged Arabs whose toes almost touch the ground; horse-

men and women, each with hat or bonnet wrapped in a *yugaree* of white muslin which covers the head and floats down over the shoulders; each rider wielding a whip and determined "to witch the world with noble horsemanship;" dragoonmen, on spirited Arab chargers, dashing away; mulattoes shouting; and excitable Arab servants shrieking, yelling, scuffling, and scampering along. We force our way along the crowded thoroughfare, jostling busy citizens, foreign pilgrims, camels, mules, donkeys, sheep, and goats; running over women muffled up to the eyes and waddling about "like animated bundles of dirty clothes," as Mrs. Brasseley has it. Passing the gate we find a noisy, chattering rabble in squalour, rags and filth. O the filth of this people! We visited extensive soap factories in Jaffa, but surely every particle made is exported out of Syria. Now, our way is through narrow, shady lanes, bordered by the richest and most beautiful gardens of orange, lemon, citron, quince, apricot, plum, and apple trees. These groves, separated from each other by gigantic cactus hedges, cover an area of many miles and loaded the air with delicious odors, while here and there—

"The stately palm-tree lifts head on high,  
And spreads its feathery plume along the sky."

We pass a fountain with several large sycamore trees in front and a few cypress trees behind. The structure is of Saracenic beauty, and some point out this place as the spot where Dorcas was raised to life. Benevolent woman! How her coats and garments are still needed in Jaffa! Charmed with the fertility and beauty we ride along until we are on the Plains of Sharon. Our party is a large one, and each heart is in high glee. All is new, strange, exhilarating, delightful! We are amid the scenery of the Bible and customs of the patriarchs.

[From *Toward Sunrise*, a charming book of Travel in the East by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.25. This book should be in every Sunday-school library.]

#### "I Come Quickly"

"WHEN ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled; for such things must needs be." Mark xiii. 7.

He is coming—coming quickly,  
To this sorrow-stricken earth;  
Though the shadow fall so thickly  
O'er the land which gave him birth;  
Though the vine-clad hills of Judah  
Lie in misty darkness dim,  
Stretching out no hands of greeting  
Eagerly to welcome him.

He is coming—coming quickly,  
And his feet once more shall set  
On the dusky hill-top shaded—  
Purple-crowned Olivet;  
For where once despised, rejected,  
Where for man, as man he trod,  
He shall stand the manifested,  
Mighty Saviour, Son of God.

He is coming! Like the lightning  
Shining out from east to west,  
He will come through clouds of darkness—  
Sun of Righteousness confessed;  
For these wars and darkness rumours,  
Are but thunder-claps before;  
Loud Jehovah's voice is speaking,  
"Jesus Christ is at the door!"

He is coming! They who listen  
Hear the tinkling golden bells;  
See the distant white robes glisten  
Which the High Priest's advent tells:  
Smell the sweet pomegranate's fragrance  
Stealing on the laden air:  
Know the spotless feet are pressing,  
Lingering, willing still to spare.

Then though waves of sea are roaring,  
Men's hearts failing them for fear,  
Looking for the things which, coming,  
Cast foreshadows dark and drear—  
We will trust that our redemption,  
Promised long, is drawing nigh;  
For they say to patient watchers,  
"Christ the Lord is coming by."

He is coming! And the trumpet  
Mightily afar shall sound,  
Calling to the wondrous meeting  
All who rest in Christ around.  
We may hear him any moment,  
Calling all his ransomed home,  
He is coming—coming quickly!  
Even so, Lord Jesus, come!

—London Christian.

#### A Golden Motto For Every Earnest Teacher.

THE old Bible truths are the freshest, after all. They have a perennial grandeur, like the Alps, at every view of them; they have a perennial sweetness, like that honey which is set before you every morning on your Swiss mountain rambles. Many of these truths are condensed into portable mottoes that may be carried in every man's memory. I find one of these golden watchwords in the twelfth chapter of Isaiah: "I will trust."

No word is interwoven more closely in the warp and hoof of the Old Testament than this word "trust." It is connected with the word of God no less than eighty-six times. In the New Testament the Greek verb which corresponds to it is "believe," and the Greek noun which corresponds to it is "faith." These vital words occur more than a hundred times. There is no duty commended so often in God's word as the duty of trusting; with none are linked more exceeding great and precious promises.

This motto holds good for every decision we have to make and for every duty we have to perform. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He will bring it to pass." This means what it says: give the Lord the direction of your steps. Paul, when he felt drawn to Rome as a witness for Jesus, did not trouble himself whether he went there as a passenger or as a prisoner in chains.

In a Chinese Christian family, at Amoy, a little boy, the youngest of the three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might return to heathenism if he made a profession of religion when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply: "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. I am only a little boy; it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This was too much for the father; he took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and three sons—are all members of the mission church at Amoy.

Sydney Smith was once dining in company with a French gentleman who had been before dinner indulging in a number of free-thinking speculations, and had ended by avowing himself a materialist. "Very good soup, this," said Mr. Smith. "Oui, monsieur, c'est excellent," was the reply. "Pray, sir, do you believe in a cook?" inquired Mr. Smith.—Dr. Cuyler.

OH how hard it is to die, and not to be able to leave the world any better for one little life in it!—Abraham Lincoln.