

After climbing the hill above Nazareth, Mrs. Carman returned with the dragoman to the camp; and the Judge, with the rest of the party, visited the English Protestant Orphanage, beautifully situated on a slope overlooking the town. We went up a hundred stone steps in noble terraces, studded with palm, fig and mulberry trees. The house is quite extensive, and bears the beautifully appropriate inscriptions, "A Father of the fatherless is God in His holy habitation," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

The halls and rooms were lofty and clean; neatly-dressed children were enjoying their supper of Easter eggs and bread. About one hundred Syrian girls were being trained in religion and domestic virtues, and no better work can be done than this, the preparing these girls for the establishment of Christian homes in this country.

"Do you know my mother?" asked one of these sweet-faced girls, of the Judge.

"No; where does she live?" he asked.

"Oh, she lives in England," the girl replied; "she pays for my education at this school, so I call her mother."

Very anxious they were to converse in their somewhat scanty English. A number of these girls attend the morning service at the English Church. They wore a modest lace veil over their head and shoulders, while some wore a white mantle. They had pale, olive complexions, calm, pure, classic features, and deep, dark eyes, like those of the Sistine Madonna. It came with a strange thrill to our hearts to hear them sing the Magnificat of the Virgin, so near the spot where those immortal words were first sung—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Then their sweet, pure voices rose clear and strong, with slightly foreign accent, in that grand old hymn of the ages, the *Te Deum*, "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

The sermon was preached by a native clergyman, the text being, "Christ our Passover is slain for us." The anthem for the day was, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept"; and the old English Easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day, sons of men and angels say," rang out clear as a bird's carol in the bright morning air. In that beautiful Easter service in the dear old English tongue, and especially in our quiet meditation on the hilltops above the town, all the sacred past with its hallowed associations seemed to come once more before our mind. The glorious thought of the risen Lord, who had passed forever into the heavens, hallowed with sacred and tender associations this little town of Nazareth.—Ed.

CYCLES have rolled since the first Christmas day,
When, from His Father's house the Son came down,
To share our sorrows, take our sins away,
And make Himself for us of no renown.

—Amy Parkinson.