

angel of light, sought to perplex and ensnare him by telling him that if he would give acceptable gifts they must be these three,—the crescent moon, the orb of the sun, and the head of a rose. The last did not trouble him much. He would give all the roses in the land. But how could he give the crescent moon, how could he give the orb of the sun? In his distress an angel came to him. "This spirit is trying to deceive you. The crescent moon is the letter C, the orb of the sun is the letter O, and the head of a rose is the letter R,—C-O-R, Heart—give your heart to God and you need have no fear about the rest" (cheers). And from a living poet he would quote his one short piece of advice:

"Take thou no thought of aught but truth and right
And deem it thus thy prize to die secure.
Wealth, gold, and honour, Fame may not endure,
And noblest souls soon weary of the light.
Keep innocence, the orb of true man's life.
Let neither pleasure tempt nor pain appal.
He who hath this
Hath all things, having nought.
He who hath not
Hath nothing, having all."

Babylonish History.

A London special says: The American expedition to the ancient mound at Nippur has made wonderful discoveries, throwing a flood of light upon the history of Babylon. The most astonishing of all is the unearthing of ancient inscriptions and other records which carry back written human history no less than 2,250 years further than anything before known. Professor Hilprecht, who has charge of the excavations in behalf of the University of Pennsylvania, has just deciphered cuneiform records upon tablets of Babylonian history dating back at least seven thousand years before Christ. This is 2,250 years earlier than any other record. He is confident that some tablets upon which he is now working date back still another thousand years, or about ten thousand years earlier than the present day. He is not ready fully to commit himself yet on this point. These latest discoveries came about in an interesting way. His predecessor, Dr. Peter, worked down to a certain floor or platform, which he and others had taken to be the ground floor of the ancient city. One of the party suggested that this level should be penetrated and the digging continued until rock or virgin soil should be reached. The suggestion was adopted, and to the delight of all concerned it was found that what was supposed to be the level of the ancient city was only the level of a comparatively modern city built over the ruins of an older one, or a succession of older ones. The excavations above the level had gone through thirty-six feet of debris. They were now continued to a depth of thirty-feet below. The excavation above the platform discovered remains which covered a period of four thousand years of Babylonian history. Below the platform, to the virgin soil, was an accumulation of drains, preserved and broken pottery and various other objects of interest. Twenty-three feet below the platform Prof. Haines found the most ancient keystone arch known, an arch which Prof. Hilprecht thinks cannot be later than 5,000 B.C. Prof. Haines excavated the lower part of the marvellous wall of the city. Its foundations were found to be sixteen feet below the level of the wall itself. It is seventeen feet high and forty-five feet wide upon the top. This wall stands upon another of unknown height. These walls were built of bricks twenty inches square, probably the largest bricks ever used. The most valuable finds were the inscriptions upon the broken vases, bricks and tablets. From these it is confidently predicted by Prof. Hilprecht that a continuous history of Babylonism will be written.

We do not sing enough, either in our homes or in the House of God. The tongue that is singing will not be scolding or slandering, or complaining or uttering nonsense. And in the House of God it is sheer robbery to seal the mouths of Christ's redeemed followers and to relegate the sacred joy of praise to the voices of half a dozen hired performers. Choirs have their use; it is their abuse that works spiritual mischief. —Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

Letters from Palestine.

BY REV. D. MOKENZIE, ORANGEVILLE.

Written for the Review

FROM HAIFA TO NAZARETH.

Continued.

The road between Haifa and Nazareth is called a carriage road. And carriages do indeed drive over it but at a serious disadvantage for much of it resembles a trail across the prairie rather than a roadway intended for wheeled vehicles. The only portion that is at all worth the name is that over the elevated lands beyond the Kishon. Here the road is good except where torn by the winter torrents. It is reasonably good also where it crosses the arm of Esdraelon, referred to, having there been turnpiked and gravelled. Its condition at the present illustrates the methods of the Turkish government. Two or three years ago a contract was let to repair the road. In carrying out the contract a large number of cross cuttings were made, over which were to be built stone bridges beneath which the freshets might find a free flow. At this stage the government expressed inability to pay the contractors with the result that all work ceased. From that time until the present these cuttings have remained open, and traffic has been forced to find its way along the neighbouring fields. Over the plain of Acre and the Kishon the road is in a deplorable condition much of it never having been even turnpiked. Here, during the wet season, all classes of passengers prefer to choose their own course, taking the road only as a guide directing towards the objective point. Over the hills of Nazareth there is nothing but a rude bridle path, the so called carriage road skirting along the foot of the hills and approaching Nazareth from the south. The dragomen speak of the road along this route as Roman, and it is quite possible that that energetic people did build one of their permanent roadways across this territory, through Nazareth and on to the sea of Galilee. Towards the hills of Nazareth there are unmistakable traces that at that point, at any rate, there was such a road. It would seem that these splendid workmen in constructing their roadways made the foundation of large boulders closely packed, and completed the work by covering this substructure with a depth of broken stone. Such being the case an underlying layer of boulders stripped of it, covering and stretching across the country might be taken as the remains of one of these roads. Such a closely packed layer is found at this point, on the way between Haifa and Nazareth, and the inference is that here at one time was a Roman road.

The road between these towns being of such a character the journey can be taken most comfortably on horseback. This is indeed the usual mode of travel throughout Palestine and, except in a few localities, the only possible one. There is a good carriage road between Jerusalem and Hebron, another between Jerusalem and Jaffa, another between Jerusalem and the Jordan but no where else in the country is such a convenience to be had. The result is, that riding is one of the institutions of the country and one with which the visitor, who sees much of what is worth seeing, will form an acquaintance, that will not soon be forgotten. Days spent riding over the hills and valleys of Palestine on an ordinary Arab horse, leave behind memories that are sure to linger in the remotest future.

When the writer, therefore, with some others made the journey the mode of travel was riding not driving. The party left Haifa at 9 o'clock a.m. and, spending the morning at Mount Carmel, arrived at Nazareth at 7.20 o'clock p.m. The day was bright and warm but the air and everything else was saturated with moisture causing a deluge of perspiration at every pore. For the preceding two weeks heavy rains had fallen almost every day with the result that every stream was a torrent and every depression on the surface of the ground a land-locked body of water. The roads were mud, the fields were mud and before the day was spent rider and horse might be taken for an equestrian mud statue.

The first duty of the morning was to learn how to manage an Arab bridle and to commit to memory the vocabulary of the Arab horseman by which he urges forward his steed and brings him to a stand. In this latter task we found that half our labour was wasted effort. For it is with the Arab horse as it is with his master, all that is necessary to bring him to a stand is to cease urging him on. Long before the first day came to a close the Arabic for "get up" was indelibly impressed upon the memory, and it was seen that the effort to remember the equivalent for "woa" was energy quite wasted.

(To be Continued.)

Some day He will tell you why He has tried you, and let you look back upon your life story, and see the golden thread of His fatherly love and care shining over it all.