

And of the region beyond the wall he says : " Among the different localities around the city, none is more worthy of a thoughtful visit than Bethany. Starting from the Joppa or Jaffa gate, with a friend, on two hired asses, we passed slowly around to the path that slants down from the temple walls and the Moham-medan seminary to the bridge over the long-vanished Kedron. Crossing it, perhaps, at the spot where our Lord often crossed it, nearly 1900 years ago, we passed in front of Gethse-mane, southwards; our beasts keeping up their pattering walk, for it is always to be remem-bered that no one ever rides faster than a walk-ing pace in a country utterly without roads like Palestine. Gradually the track bent to the east, when we were opposite Ophel, on the other side of the valley, and climbed the southwest slope of the Mount of Olives, the lower part of which we had been skirting since leaving Gethsemane.

" There was no pretence of a road, simply a track worn by the traffic of ages, the rock crop-ping out at intervals in broken layers on the upper and under sides, and even on the path itself. The Mount of Offence lay on our right hand, rising from the hollow below. At the bend of the road, where we turned our faces almost east, the huge swell of Olivet rose in an easy slope three hundred feet above us on the one hand, while, on the other, a little way off, was the Mount of Offence, bare and yellow, about a hundred feet lower. Bethany itself lies four hundred feet lower than the top of the Mount of Olives, but our Lord, no doubt, as a rule, when on foot, took the path which still goes over the summit and is used habitually by the peasants from its being much shorter than the circuit taken by us as more easy for riding.

" Passing Bethany, beyond which the ground rises into a new height, we find ourselves on the road to Jericho. The rising ground sur-mounded, a steep descent leads to a deep valley shut in by hills. A well with a small basin, in which leeches are abundant, stands at the side of the track, the only one between Bethany and the Jordan valley. . . . The Sultan's Spring, which is also known as the Spring of Elisha, a mile and a half north of the road from Jeru-salem, is the usual place for travellers to pitch their tents; affording in the abundant water and pleasant verdure a much more agreeable site than the dirty modern village of Jericho. This is the only spring in the plain of Jericho, except that at Duk, and hence it was very probably the scene of the miracle of Elisha, when he cast salt into the water and cured its previous bitterness. The top of the mound above the Sultan's Spring commands a fine view over the plain, which needs only water and industry to become again one of the most fruitful spots in the world. The ever-flow-ing waters of two fountains spread rich fertility

for several miles in every direction, but almost all this verdure is nothing more than useless shrubs and bushes. Nature is ready, but man is idle and neglectful. Desolation reigns when the water ceases to moisten the soil; and when it rains the showers feed only worthless rank-ness. Once, however, it was very different. When our Saviour journeyed through these parts, groves of palms covered the plains far and near. The Bible, indeed, calls Jericho 'the city of palm trees,' and Josephus speaks of those graceful trees as growing to a large size, and as very numerous, even along the banks of the Jordan. And Jericho itself, once a city of palaces, has disappeared. Its present successor is Eriha, one of the foulest and most wretched villages of Palestine. Rude walls of stone, often dilapidated, with roofs of earth heaped on layers of reed, maize, stalks, or brushwood; no windows, one room for all purposes; the wreck of old huts breaking the rude line of those still inhabited—these are the features of modern Jericho. And in it there are about sixty families."

Thus is the Holy Land, in many places as here, once prosperous and fertile, now uncared for and dreary. In one word, it is desolate, and marks well the Saviour's words to the Jews, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate; and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

#### OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 104—MISSION OF MAGNETAWAN, ALGOMA DIOCESE.



THE little village of Magnetawan lies among the hills of the Parry Sound dis-trict, and is very prettily situated on the Magnetawan River. It is reached by rail to Burk's Falls, which is 170 miles from Toronto, and then in summer by steamboats which ply daily up and down the river, at a distance of twenty-eight miles, carrying pas-sengers and freight. It is a very pretty trip, and is a favorite route for tourists. The dis-tance by stage in winter from Burk's Falls is sixteen miles.

This mission is one of those which the Rev. W. Crompton, travelling missionary for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, built up between the years 1876 and 1880. His headquarters were at Aspdin, and he travelled for many miles into the surrounding country, holding services in houses and other available places. In the year 1884 the Bishop of Algoma placed Mr. A. J. Young as catechist in charge of the mission. Meanwhile, between the years 1878 and 1884, the following buildings had been erected: A plain frame building, dedicated to