

night of the capital to whose splendour he had so greatly contributed. Here, too, his son, Herod Antipas, was revelling in the society of the voluptuous and wicked Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, when, at the request of Salome, the daughter of Herodias, he beheaded John the Baptist in the dungeon whose imperfect outlines have been noticed.

In the morning we started early for Callirhoe Springs. A ride northward—if part-ride and part-walk and another part-ride can be called a ride—of one hour and a-half brought us to the bottom of Wady Zurka-Ma'in. Mention is made of these springs by Josephus, Pliny, and others. Herod the Great, in his last loathsome sickness, by the advice of his physicians, availed himself of these waters. We ascended from the springs by the same difficult path we had come down, and lunched on the side of the mountain. Then, instead of returning by Macharus, we bore to the east of Mount Attarus, toward the head of the valley (Zurka-Ma'in), and thence across stony hills until we debouched upon well cultivated fields, where was the rankest growth of wheat we had seen east of the Jordan. On the left, as we struck the frequented route from Ma'in to Dhiban, we noticed some ruins crowning a knoll, from which fertile valleys fall away in all directions. These our Arab guide called Lib, put down by Van de Veldo as Lob (?) but not noticed by Tristram. Turning south from Lib, we found our camp about sunset, not at Dhiban as we expected, but by a copious stream which flows through Wady Waled on its way to the Arnon.

April 30.—We breakfasted at 6 a.m. After rising the banks of Wady Waled we struck a broad rolling plain, rich in wheat and clover, and riding along over it we came, all at once, on a Bedawin encampment. It proved to be the home of Weban, sheik of the Hamidehs. He had led us to it when we supposed we were going directly on to Dhiban. Having preceded us, he now came out, and insisted that the beks should alight and take a cup of coffee with him. It was soon understood that the invitation was to all the howadji; but we declined, saying we were in too great haste. The sheik was, however, so importunate that Dr. De Hass and two or three of us decided to accept. Our next point was Dhiban—without doubt the Biblical Dhibon, as proved both by the name and the location. Over a smooth plain we rode three miles to Wady Mojeib, the ancient River Arnon, the boundary between the land of Moab and the land of the Amorites, and subsequently between Israel and Moab proper. On our left, a short distance only, we saw the site of Arrah or Arrear, the scriptural Arer—“a city by the brink” (Deut. ii., 36; iii., 12; iv. 48). The view from the point where we entered Wady Mojeib is very grand. The valley is deep and broad, with very little wood or vegetation on its rugged sides. It is, indeed, a natural boundary. We were one hour and a-half descending 2,000 feet to its bottom. At two o'clock we began the ascent, and tedious it was; but in about two hours we reached the top, 2,200 feet from the stream below. Just before we reached the summit there was a point so sharp and steep that it seemed quite impassable; but a Syrian horse will go anywhere a man will push him. How our pack mules got up was a mystery, but they did; for after a brief rest under the shade of a large terebinth, and a short gallop over as beautiful a soil as horse's hoof ever couched, we found our faithful Areph had preceded us, and our tents were in readiness. Near the camp was a good well of rain-water, and beyond rose Jebel Shihan, its high top covered with the ruins of the ancient city of Sihon.

The next morning (Friday, May 1) we were in the stable soon after six o'clock, and first ascended Jebel Shihan. We had seen, by glimpses, his peak shooting up above the horizon much of the way from Nebo, and had anticipated a fine panorama when we reached it. The scene fulfilled all expectations.

May 11.—In the afternoon all of the party except Mr. Dobbs, who was sick, and myself, having departed for the Low Country, or Plain of Philistia, Miss Fish, Mrs. Ridgeway, and I took a ride, guided by Areph, to the hill Scropus. Toward sunset we went up on the roof of our hotel, from which there is a fine view of the city, looking toward the Mount of Olives. Almost directly beneath is the Pool of Hezekiah. It is 240 feet long, by 144 feet wide, and is inside of a block of buildings, the rear of the houses on Christian-street overlooking it. The water looks clear, as though frequently changed. The supply is through a small drain from the Pool of Upper Gihon. This pool is called after King Hezekiah, as best answering the description and location of the pool which he built (2 Kings xx. 20, and 2 Chron. xxxii. 30).

JOY IN HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. G. W. M'CREE.

“I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” Luke xv. 10.

THIS is a remarkable saying. It affirms the existence of angels—an order of beings superior to men in their intelligence, purity, grandeur of condition, and high intercourse with God. They dwell with Him and do His will. They are His servants: His glorious ministers who do His pleasure. It also affirms the benevolent interest which they take in the affairs of men. Angels are men's friends and helpers. When God laid the foundation of the earth and created man upon it, then did the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. When the shining messenger came swiftly from heaven to say to the watching shepherds of Bethlehem, “Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord,” we are told that suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, “Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.” When Jesus was faint and sorrowful in the Garden of Gethsamene, an angel came to strengthen Him. When Peter lay in prison an angel opened the doors of his dungeon, and set him free. And still, still the bright ones watch over us, and keep us, for they are ministering spirits sent forth by the Lord of angels to minister unto the heirs of salvation.

There are ample reasons for their joy. We can conceive, for example, this reason: *The desire of angels to see God glorified.* The realms of heaven do often resound with angelic voices, saying, “Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory.” But the sinner, the unconverted person does not, cannot glorify God. “The carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be.” The sinner's mind is rebellious; the penitent's mind is submissive. The sinner's mind hates God; the penitent's mind loves God. The sinner's mind is without God; the penitent's mind longs after and desires God more than life. Hence the joy of angels. They see the rebel lay down his sword, and yield to God. They see him forsaking evil ways, and walking in the paths of honour, temperance, piety, and heaven.

We can conceive, also, this reason: *The angels know that when a sinner repents the Cross of Christ is vindicated and accepted.* Angels bow down before that wondrous Being who lived and died and rose again. Throughout all His marvellous course they followed Him with their entranced gaze.

They know why He died on the Cross. They know that He endured the Cross that he might save sinners, and that peace, righteousness, and eternal life are through Him—that is, through His precious blood—shed for the remission of sins. Hence, when they behold a penitent sinner fly with outstretched arms to the crucified Jesus, they know that He will soon see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and they make their harps of gold peal forth melodious notes in celebration of another victory won by Christ.

We can conceive of this reason: *The angels know what it is for a soul to be saved or lost.* “For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment,” then they have seen bright forms cast from the golden thrones of heaven into the abysses of woe, and they have thus known that God's wrath can be revealed against sinning angels. And there is no improbability in thinking that they have seen sinners lost. They, doubtless saw Judas go to his “own place.” They doubtless saw Dives when “He lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments.” Yes, they know what a lost soul is. They could tell you the meaning, the awful meaning of such Biblical phrases as “an horrible tempest,” “everlasting burnings,” “everlasting punishment,” and “the vengeance of eternal fire.” From afar they have seen “the great gulf” which keeps apart for evermore the sun-like host of God, and the doomed servants of the wicked one, and, consequently, they could tell you what is meant by the most fearful of all words—HELL.

The angels also know what it is for a soul to be saved. They see us repent; they see us forgiven; they see us live; they see us die; and they welcome us to “everlasting habitations.” When the dark shadows of death assemble around our heads they will conduct the horses and the chariot of fire to where you wait, and thus lead you to the boundless