

of the tomb of our common father is one of the properties of this chapel.

But time would fail to tell of other points to which we were conducted; to the Chapel of the Apparition, where the risen Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene; the Chapel of Longinus the Centurion, who acknowledged Him as the Son of God; the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross, where, after the lapse of centuries, Helena founded it by Divine direction; the Chapel of the Crown of Thorns, and many others.

There they are, these traditional sites, and though one may disregard the tradition and question the accuracy of the sites—*they are the sites* to millions, and have been to many millions passed away. These sites stirred the fierce courage of the Crusaders, and led hither to their rescue from the Saracen thousands of chivalrous warriors; they have stirred the devotion and self-denial of millions of passionate pilgrims, who have not counted life dear, if they might but see them and die. And every year adds its quota to the long list of those who have been led by the magnetism of a dying Saviour's love to visit the scenes of His agony and triumph. All this stirs one's pulses strangely as he walks along the Via Dolorosa, or muses within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bends him down
The most when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

STERN Daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!
—Wordsworth