

night utterly exhausted, but rising next morning eager for new discoveries,—thus we journeyed on day after day through the heart of the Holy Land.

The peasant life of Palestine is full of interest. We passed scores of men plowing their fields with clumsy, one-handed, wooden plows such as were used a millennium ago. Women were seen coming from the hillsides with bundles of sticks upon their heads, or gathered round the springs with their shapely pitchers. Their villages are rudely built of mud and stone, and are without exception wretched, poor, and filthy, contrasting strangely with the wealthy cities that stood there in the time of Jesus.

We lunched at Bethel beside the spring where Jacob dreamed of Heaven; we visited Shiloh where the ark of God once rested but which is now a heap of ruins; we stopped at Jacob's Well and drank of its waters as did the Master when he was "wearied with his journey;" we climbed Mount Gerezim; we spent a night at Shechem where Jesus preached; we saw the fallen columns of Samaria, once called "the marble city;" we stopped amid the palms and cactus hedges of Jezreel; we lingered in Nazareth, the city of our Saviour's boyhood; we stood amid countless wild-flowers on the Mount of Beatitudes, recalling Jesus' words, "Consider the lilies of the field;" we came to "Galilee, blue Galilee, where Jesus loved so much to be," and sailed across its waters in a fisher's boat; we tented at Capernaum, "his own city;" we came to the springs of the Jordan; passed through the ancient cities of Dan and Caesarea Philippi, climbed over the snowy shoulder of Mount Hermon, crossed an expanse of heated desert, and saw Damascus in the distance before us, a green spot in a wilderness of sand.

We had left the Holy Land and were now approaching the capital of Syria. The keen delight of those days in Palestine will never be forgotten; but I confess that it was a weary, dusty, horse-sick crowd of pilgrims that entered Damascus after their ride of nearly three hundred miles. No tears were shed as we bade adieu to our horses, and no murmurs were heard as we exchanged the tents of Kedar for the hotels of Damascus. But never shall we forget those days in the land of Jesus, for with all their weariness, they were the happiest and most profitable days of our lives. A new light now shines upon the page of Scripture. A new strength has come into our faith. Jesus seems both nearer and dearer since we have been

"In those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which nineteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross."