

one to another. It may be that the first records were liturgies in which the form of sound words was preserved. Fragments of these "liturgical germs," as they may be called, are preserved in the Epistles of the New Testament.

It pleased God, the HOLY GHOST, to inspire men to write accounts of the life and sayings of the Lord Jesus, of the planting of the Church, and to compose letters to the Churches. In these various compositions there were preserved the truths which had formerly been taught orally. The Church did not grow out of the Scriptures, nor did it gain its Faith primarily from them. The Church was founded, with its ministry, sacraments, ordinances and doctrines, before a line of New Testament Scripture was written.

The Canon of the New Testament Scriptures was determined by the application of the simple principle: Does this writing contain what is agreeable to the Faith which the Church has received? The Canon being once established, Holy Scripture was thenceforth to be appealed to as containing whatever was essential in Christian doctrine, and hence our Church in the VI Article of Religion declares that "whatsoever is not read therein nor may be proved thereby is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." No part of our belief, therefore, is to rest upon mere tradition. We are to appeal to the infinitely superior authority of Scripture, and to make it the only final resort. It is there that we can find the sure means of ascertaining the Rule of Faith, the teaching of CHRIST and His inspired servants.

A division may be made between what is the Rule of Faith with reference to essentials and what has been the common belief of the majority of Christians in the ages all along with reference to points not essential to salvation.

Sometimes this latter classification is confounded with the former, and points are presented as included within the Rule of Faith which really do not belong there. They may be agreeable to it, but not included within it as essentials.

The need of giving attention to this point is shown by considering the position of the Roman Church on the one hand and modern denominations of Christians on the other. Rome widens the Rule of Faith by adding to the teachings of Scripture the traditions which had their origin in obscurity and the decisions of Popes whom she declares infallible. Hence the Rule of Faith may be different (according to this view) from age to age.

Modern Christian sects, on the other hand, deny, obscure, belittle, or omit portions of the Faith, and consequently do not present before us that indubitable truth by which all views are to be measured.

It is the glory of our branch of the Christian Church (the Anglican) that in its ministry, sacraments, ordinances, creeds and liturgy, it aims to preserve the Rule of Faith as it was received everywhere by all and in every place before there were divisions in the Body of Christ.—*Rev. G. W. Shinn, in the Church Cyclopaedia.*

BETHPHAGE.—The meaning of this word is "house of figs." Bethphage was a place on the Mount of Olives, on the road between Jericho and Jerusalem, and apparently near to Bethany. It is mentioned only in connection with the sending of the two disciples for a colt on which Jesus rode when making His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

THE JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY.

By WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX.

I.

From the top of David's Tower, just inside the Jaffa Gate, one looks down upon a vast expanse of cream-coloured hemispheres, the low-plastered Oriental buildings of modern Jerusalem. He looks down upon Mahometan mosques and Christian churches, upon the teeming life of a populous city, the only city in the world that focuses two entirely distinct religions. For here are places sacred to Moslem eyes as being connected with the life and ascension of Mahomet, and under yonder dome of Omar is the living rock still bearing his foot-print. And here, second only in importance to sacred Mecca, not far away in western Arabia is the goal of many a weary Mahometan pilgrimage.

Here, too, are the most sacred spots of Christianity; the places where the Christ spent His last tragic days and whence He ascended to heaven. And here crusades are still waged for the faith. And still there come, and ever shall, many a questor to the city that never dies.

Directly beneath the Tower of David is a noisy, open square, paved with rough stones, lined with ragged, white-plastered buildings, and dissonant with many shrill voices. At the sides are the stalls of the hucksters, and the groups ceaselessly forming and changing are fantastic in flowing robes and strong dark visages. Bedouins from the hills of Moab are here in brown camel-hair bournous and purple head covering, which hides the fez and floats over their shoulders; men from the coast, with garments stiff and striped; dragomans in jacket and loose trousers of smooth cloth, and with curved sword at the waist; Greeks with nondescript costumes savoring both of the Orient and their own classic land; fellahs almost garmentless, and pilgrims with travel-worn cloths, from Russia, Armenia, and Turkey.

Here and there, apertures between the close-grouped buildings discover narrow streets thrusting themselves deep into the maze of walls and leading to various parts of the city. In the foreground, tightly walled in on all sides, is the Pool of Hezekiah, and beyond it two dark domes are seen. The nearer is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre supposed to cover the Mount of Calvary, and the other surmounts the spot which the members of the Greek Church call the centre of the world. Farther away to the right are the marble walls and dark dome of the Mosque of Omar.

Upon all sides the city presses, its two hills, Zion and Moriah, thickly encrusted with low, domed buildings whose white plaster has mellowed with age into a soft cream-color. Girding it round about, the bluff, brown walls of Sultan Suleiman forefend marauders, and beyond them, on the west and east, the two valleys Hinnom and Kidron fall away into their rocky basins. Beyond the Valley of Kidron a terraced hill arches, at its summit a slender tower—the Mount of Olives.

Thus, looking down upon the city from David's Tower, one realises that he sees, not the city of Solomon, nor of Ezra and Nehemiah, nor of our Lord. The sacred city of the Bible has succumbed before the hordes of Babylonians, Romans, and Turks, has risen from her ashes and fallen again, to rear once more its walls upon many buried ones; and stands to-day, a mediæval city, resting broodingly over the hallowed dust of bygone centuries.

And in the square below, the strident voices contend with each other among these little mortals who fight their feverish and brief existence among the walls of the everlasting city, and are blown hither and thither and pass away

and are forgotten—puny grains in the sand-storms of the illimitable desert of time.

II.

Narrow streets thrust themselves deep into the maze of walls and lead to various parts of the city. They are dark and ill paved, and no wheeled vehicles ever traverse them. At all the city gates stand the Turkish guards, and only foot-passengers or those mounted upon horses, asses, or camels may enter. Some of the streets have so steep an inclination that they are simply long flights of stone stairs. The buildings are low and solidly made of stone. Many have domed roofs; often an arch spans the street, buttressing a home on each side. The shops are entirely open at the front, and the owner sits in the centre among his wares; watching furtively each possible customer. In one shop are great bunches of figs and dates, and sacks of nuts; in another are sweetmeats, "Turkish delight," and flat cakes covered with sesame seeds; in another are olive-oil-soap and gray cakes of aromatic incense, sandal-wood rosaries, and carved momentoes; elsewhere are displayed cotton stuffs dyed in many colours, turbans and sashes of Damascus silk. Here we see saddles and trappings of red leather embroidered in silver thread, and there a fine stock of old arms. In one shop a baker stands putting six flat, round loaves of dough upon a long wooden paddle and sliding them into the deep oven behind him. Next to him a man is frying long strings of batter upon round griddles. He holds a vessel of the batter which has a perforated bottom and whirls this above the griddle, covering it with long thin lines which are cooked at once and raked off to give place for more.

In the shadow of an arch sits a public scribe with long ink-horn and little rolls of paper, a functionary perhaps constantly seen here since the time of David. At the corners of the street sit the money changers at their little tables, and constantly passing are itinerant merchants, followed by high-laden donkeys, who pick their way daintily over the refuse of the slippery pavement.

"Streets in the European sense of the word have no existence in Jerusalem," remarks W. H. Dixon. "An Arab, who has a thousand words to express a camel, a sword, a mare, has scarcely one word which suggests a street. . . . Solomon never saw a Boulevard, Saladin never dreamt of a Pall Mall." A city "must have quarters; but it need not have the series of open ways cutting and crossing each other which we call streets. Its houses are built in groups; a family, a tribe, a profession occupying each group of houses. A group is a quarter by itself, having its own sheik, its own police, its own public law, and being separated from the contiguous quarters by gates which a stranger has no right to pass. Free communication from one to another is not desired, and such alleys as connect one quarter with another, being considered no man's land, are rarely honoured with a public name. Only two streets are mentioned in the Bible; Baker-street in Jerusalem, and Straight-street in Damascus. . . . Remains of all ages litter and adorn these alleys; here a broken column, there a Corinthian capital, elsewhere an Egyptian sarcophagus. A porphyry shaft may be built into a garden wall, and a plinth of verd-antique may serve as a tailor's board."

And in these narrow, busy streets, vocal with the noise of traffic and of trade, are those who throng, to-day, the everlasting city, as they have thronged it for centuries. The weaver sits at his hand-loom and helps to weave the history of the sacred city. His fingers pass the shuttle of life across the woof, and the pattern slowly grows before him. The potters sit at work with the red clay—the clay from the Potters' field that is by St. Stephen's Gate—and mould

Trial Trip.

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