

Jacob, Moses, Joshua and Samuel, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Daniel, and most of all by the lives of Christ and the Apostles. In no other age of the world would such a journey, with such happy advantages for fulfilling the purposes of it been possible. We left with photography up to date, on "The New York," one of the greatest steamers ever built. We were going to the oldest regions on the earth, to bring back pictures to gladden the eyes of the people who live in the newest. We were going from the midst of civilization, large, rich, robust and grown, to get representations of the sky lines and landscapes which surrounded its humble birthplace and childhood. We were going to see and to get copies of that land "Over whose acres walked those blessed feet which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross."

Every man of sensibility and depth of nature is touched to tenderness and tears, as he retraces his steps from the place of his manhood and his triumph, to the scenes of his infancy and the struggles of his early years.

In going back to Palestine, even if we only go through a picture or a book, we are returning to the place of our birth and childhood. We are all copies and reproductions of the civilization in which we live, and Palestine, and the countries about the Mediterranean Sea, constitute the cradle of our civilization. Here we were rocked in the infancy of our ancestors by the blue waves of the "uttermost sea." Here bent above us, in the years of our weakness and innocence, the deep kindly face of the Syrian sky. Here bloomed about us, when we were learning to stand alone and to walk on the earth, the flowers which make Palestine a Paradise. But for these lands and the lives which transfigured them, we would not be what we are, we would not have the names we bear, nor the calendars we use, nor the history we know, nor the songs we sing, nor the books we read, nor the paintings we see, nor the homes we love, nor the religion which guides us and blesses us from the cradle to the grave. Hence Bible countries, as the homes of our fathers, belong to us. The heroism that blest them we have inherited. The virtues that grew in grace and beauty there, have come to live and bloom in our lives. The laws that were ordained and honored there, regulate our conduct. The hopes that were