

of Akka, the whole face of the country changes, and we have some of the finest scenery in Palestine, much resembling the park scenery of England. The path leads along a picturesque glen, shaded by large oaks, and skirted by many flowering shrubs, which fill the air with their sweet fragrance. Beautiful butterflies and others of the insect tribes fluttered about or settled to sip the sweet dew from the flowers, happy in the enjoyment of their short existence. It was a lovely day, and we enjoyed no ride in Palestine more than from Nazareth to Carmel.

Descending from the hills of Galilee into the plain of Akka, we lost our way among the reeds which line for a great width the banks of the Kishon. Our horses floundered in the mud, and it was some time before we were able to extricate ourselves from the jungle.

It is easy to imagine how after a storm of rain, such as appears to have fallen on the day of the battle of Megiddo, the Kishon would be swelled into a turbulent river, and so overflow its banks as that the chariots and horses of Sisera and his host would be involved in confusion in the quagmire, and be literally swallowed up by the roaring flood.

After passing the village of Hiafa, the representative of an old town mentioned by Greek and Roman writers, the path winds diagonally up the mountain side to the gate of the convent of Carmel.

We met with a kind reception from the monks, and, as it was Saturday evening, we purposed enjoying a Sabbath's rest within the hospitable walls.

The convent is built on the promontory of Carmel, which is thrown out from the great central ridge of Palestine to the north-west, and separates the plains of Sharon from Phoenicia. From this projecting ridge a long line of indented and rock-bound coast extends on either hand, having now a desolate appearance and with only a few villages marking the site of once important towns. The sea dashes against the western base of the mountain, while its northern slope is washed by the rale of Akka. On the opposite side of the bay is the town of Akka or Acre, and immediately beyond is the Ladder of Tyre, a spur from Lebanon, the heights of which with Hermon form the back-ground of this interesting picture.

For the Presbyterian.

#### THE PARISH OF LOCHIEL.

It may not be known to most of your readers that in point of numerical ratio there is no rural charge within the bounds of our beloved Zion that stands in advance of Lochiel. Another of the distinctive features of this congregation, and one which gives it notoriety even beyond the bounds of our own Province, is its tenacious, mayhap *perilous*, adherence to the unadul-

terated language of Ossian with all its concomitant customs and habits. Other Highland districts in America may repudiate their native tongue; our numerous Canadian congregations may complacently witness the diminishing light of a Gaelic flame which in former days had enlightened the sanctuary, synchronous with the first illumination of the forest cottage, until, like the last flicker of the exhausted lamp, it is gone out forever. Even "wild Caledonia" herself may anglicise many of her parishes and cause the Saxon tongue to supplant that of the mountaineer, yet the clansman of Lochiel, regardless of all precedents, holds on to the dialect of his sires, as if determined to transmit those mellifluous tones, re-echoed, it is insisted on, "amid the bowers of Eden," until they chime in with the universal song of millennial praise. Yes, we hazard the opinion that neither Ross nor Inverness nor any other district in the Fatherland is more thoroughly Highland than Lochiel. The correctness of this opinion a single fact will, we think, establish; of the 220 families which according to public statistics compose this congregation that only 4 could be named do not understand Gaelic better than English. And even of these 4 families, some members understand Gaelic quite as well as or better than English. It will not be matter of surprise then to Gaelic-speaking ministers, who may happen to officiate there, that an auditory of some 800 during the Gaelic service should dwindle down to less than a score in English. And he will partly excuse this conservatism when informed that a "Crois Tara," dispatched for many miles around, could summon only McLeods, McMillans, McGillivrays, McDonalds and such other illustrious and patrician clans, who are more than reconciled to the language imported by their sires some two generations past. And who knows but one of these little *Normans*, belonging to the first named very numerous clan, who in the Sabbath School there so correctly reads his copy of the sacred volume imported by his grandfather, may not in some future day compile a dictionary which will not blush to present its claims to standard authority even underneath the shadow of *St. Columba's* spire. And to the realization of this wish, it is fondly hoped that the efforts now making for raising a "Norman Macleod scholarship," to be vested in Kingston College with special reference to proficiency in Gaelic, may not a little contribute. And perhaps also the success of a youthful lad of the congregation, (the *first* indeed, but it is hoped not the *last*) just matriculated in that institution, in winning the laurels of *second best* in his class, evincing his proficiency in more than Celtic literature may afford presage to the same effect. *How long* this linguistic peculiarity we are now considering shall characterize this congregation, it is needless to guess; and equally irrelevant to decide how long it

ought to distinguish them. It is manifest however that this supposed relic of primeval innocence is destined here, as elsewhere "to go the way of all the earth." Its extinction is only a matter of time. Indeed we already see sure premonitions of its decay in the example of their immediate neighbours in the same county of Glengary. There on the front, although settled by a similar element, it is fast dying away, so that the comparative attendance at the English and Gaelic services is nearly the reverse of what it is at Lochiel. However sanguine then as to its perpetuity at Lochiel, we fear that ere many generations shall have passed away, its last *Coronach* is to be sung, as it takes its departure, like the heroes who had rendered it classical, to the "Halls of Art and Calmer. But meanwhile it now is and will evidently continue for no inconsiderable time to be the vernacular tongue here: and as such must receive encouragement, and concede to it the most prominent place, especially as the vehicle of religious instruction and worship. It is not a little amusing to strangers, traversing the junction of the French and Highland settlements in Glengary, to note that the polite *Canadian* rattles out French and Gaelic with wonderful volubility, but is an entire stranger to the English tongue. Whilst then it is evident that the Gaelic as a living tongue, happily or unhappily, is destined to be ousted from here, we hope that such a sad fate does not betide the concomitant traits of nationality of which it is an index. We refer to those traits of friendship, hospitality, impulsive generosity, patient industry and decided religious sentiment which characterise the migrating Highlander underneath every sky. Nor does the frigid atmosphere of the Glengary Celt avail to cool that warm impulse which opens *his* cottage and spreads *his* table for the wayfaring man and the stranger and this trait, I am happy to observe, is not peculiar to the professors of any one religion. Those of them who are wont to "attend mass" (and no inconsiderable proportion do that sort of things here yet) nevertheless in kindness and generosity are not a whit behind their countrymen who are wont to "attend preaching." Indeed the devotees of the mass are loudest and foremost in professions of friendship, in reciprocating acts of kindness and reminding their oblivious and less considerate countrymen of the Presbyterian faith that no particular views of religious truth should ever be allowed to mar those kindly feelings to each other, which ought to unite in closest harmony a race reared in the same glens, taught to adore the "Son of Mary" in identity of speech and really constituting but different members of the same family. It will excite no surprise then to be told that the late induction at Lochiel was amply represented by decided and influential Catholics; that a number of them united in a hearty welcome to the new incumbent; and that one of their "*clerics*," better versed