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'THE LORD'S LAND.*

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I.

THERE was not much sleep on shipboard on the night that we approached the Holy Land—a land endeared by associations, linked with our earliest and most hallowed recollections. We are up early in the morning, and amid the pale ethereal colours of the dawn is seen the dim outline of the shore. It is soon clearly discerned, and in the distance, the rose-purple shoulders of swelling hills. It is Palestine, and we have the strangely-subduing sensation of gazing upon a land the most sacred upon earth. It is the land promised to Abraham, the land of Jacob, the goodly land which Moses in rapt vision saw from the heights of Nebo, the land of Rachel and Ruth, the land of David, the Shepherd-king of Israel and the inspired minstrel of the world, the land of Solomon the Wise, of Elijah and Isaiah, the land of Immanuel, the holy fields—

“O'er whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which *eighteen* hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

Nothing in Egypt the earliest centre of human thought and culture; in Greece, the mother of philosophy and art; in Rome, the once mighty mistress of the world; in Babylon, Nineveh, or Damascus (the oldest city in the world), can thrill the soul with such feelings as are inspired by the sight of the Holy Land; and all because of the Nazarene, who wearied along its highways,

* Abridged from the Fourth Edition of the Author's "Toward the Sunrise." 12mo., pp. 459. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.