

through two thousand years and more of the history of the race. It is only the mountain tops—the great outstanding events and men—that are seen.

But we see, too, the steps of the Almighty Creator and friend of man, as, from mountain top to mountain top, he moves onward in majesty and mercy. How He formed man in His own image, having first prepared the earth as his abode; how He bore with man's sin and opened up the way of repentance and

peace for him; how at length He chose one man and one nation, that through them the whole world might yet be saved;—all this is told us, and much more. There is much that is sad; for wherever sin is, there is sorrow. But out of that atmosphere of dimness, and yet so strangely full of light, peals the music of the joy-bells of salvation, the same glad melody of heaven that welcomed the Divine Saviour of mankind, when at length He came to earth as the babe of Bethlehem.



#### NIGHTFALL IN A BEDOUIN TENT

Our lessons now take us back to the days of tent life. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were but sojourners in the land, with no abiding dwelling place, and their habits were those of the nomadic or wandering tribes to this day, softened by the fear and love of Jehovah.

An English traveller, Mr. Gray Hall, thus describes a Bedouin sheik's tent at the close of the day.

"The tent was about eighty feet long, open on the whole length of that side of it which looked towards the valley, except for one end, which contained the apartment of the women. I will describe the scene, which is similar to what we found in the tents of the sheiks of

other tribes.

"Ali Diab sat on a carpet with his back towards the closed back of the tent, his youngest son on his right and his nephew on his left, and the more important members of the tribe near to him. Others were placed according to their several ranks in the estimation of the tribe on carpets laid opposite to and on each side of him, so as to form a small square. In the middle of this square was a heap of hot wood ashes, from which an old slave picked live embers, which he held with a pair of little tongs to anyone who wished to light narghile or cigarette. Ali Diab sent for some cushions from the women's apart-