

Persian soldiers—and gazed down into the awful ravine beneath the convent walls. Some monks in black gowns were perched as watchmen on the lofty towers; others wandered over the stone pavements in a sort of aimless vacancy. What an attempt to live in an exhausted receiver!

The monks gave us hospitable welcome, sold us shoes and wood work, and furnished us lodgings on the divans of two large stone parlors. One of the religious duties of the brotherhood is to keep vigils, and through the night bells were ringing and clanging to call them in to their devotions. The vermin in the lodging rooms have learned to keep up their vigils also; and as the result our party—with one exception—had a sleepless night. By daylight next morning we heard the great iron door of the convent clang behind us like the gate of Bunyan's "Doubting Castle," and for five hours we made a toilsome descent of the desolate cliffs to the shore of the Dead Sea. That much-maligned sea has a weird and wonderful beauty. We took a bath in its cool, clear waters, and detected no difference from a bath at Coney Island, except that the water has such a density that we floated on it like pine shingles. No fish from the salt ocean can live in it; but it is very attractive to the eye on a hot noon day. A scorching ride we had across the barren plain to the sacred Jordan, which disappointed me sadly. At the place where the Israelites crossed, and our Lord was baptized, it is about 120 feet wide. It flows rapidly, and in a turbid current of light stone color. In

size and appearance it is the perfect counterpart of the Muskingum, a few miles above Zanesville. Its useless water ought to be turned off to irrigate its barren valley which might be changed into a garden. For beauty, the Jordan will not compare with Elijah's Brook Cherith, whose bright, sparkling stream went floating past our lodging place at Jericho. We lodged over night in a Greek convent (very small) and rode next morning to see the ruins of the town made famous by Joshua, Elijah, Zaccheus, and the restoration of Bartimeus to sight. Squalid Arabs haunt the sacred spot.

Our climb from Jericho to Jerusalem was hot and toilsome—past the wild gorge of the Brook Cherith, and up rocky ravines, till we reached the fountain of En Shemesh. There we halted at a ruined khan, and I was glad to throw myself on the ground, utterly tired out. While we lunched on eggs and oranges, the Sheikh Resheid amused himself playing cards with a brother Arab. Our last march brought us up among the olives and fig trees of dear blessed Bethany! I could have kissed the very ground. Its soil is hallowed with the footsteps and the tears of the Man of Sorrows. So ended our journey. —*New York Evangelist.*

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We understand that the Rev. W. McMillan of East River has been urgently pressed to accept a call from the congregation of River Philip, Oxford and Pugwash. In calling Mr. McMillan, this congregation show their appreciation of the qualities necessary to build up the church in this arduous though encouraging field. Few men are better qualified for the task. Should Mr. McMillan see fit to accept this call, it is matter of congratulation that he would not be lost to us, as the Pugwash congregation would doubtless annex itself again to the Presbytery of Pictou.