

stood, while the rippling wavelets kissed His feet, and the water of baptism flowed down His head; and as the voice from heaven was heard, "This is my beloved Son," the Spirit, dove-like in form and motion, came upon him. And at such a spot, also, might well come to tear-dimmed eyes, the vision of John Bunyan's pilgrim, struggling through "the swellings of Jordan," while on the far-off heights beyond are seen the jasper walls and golden streets of the heavenly city, and down at the water's edge the white-robed messengers, waiting to welcome the warrior HOME.

An hour's ride due west over the Plain of the Jordan, brought us to the site of ancient Jericho. On our way we crossed a pretty babbling stream, which is said to be the brook Cherith, of whose waters Elijah drank when hiding from Ahab's wrath. We also passed through Er Riha, a little village of mud huts, said to be on the site of the ancient Gilgal.

Our camp was pitched at the foot of one of the mounds which mark the site of ancient Jericho. From its base flows a copious stream of clear, fresh water, called to this day the Fountain of Elisha. There is no reason for doubting the tradition that it is the one whose bitter waters were made sweet at the word of the prophet. I ascended the high mound in the calm of the evening hour, and again in the early morning, "to view the landscape o'er." Very striking is the scene, and very impressive are the memories associated with it. Around the spot where I was seated, the hosts of Israel marched for seven days; and the walls fell with thunderous crash before their faith's triumphant cry.

About a mile and a half to the south, on the banks of the Cherith, Herod the Great erected the modern Jericho, a city associated with the names of the notorious Antony and Cleopatra, who exercised some kind of proprietary right over the land. A holier memory is also linked to it; for through the groves of palm, and balsam, and sycamore that surrounded the city, came the Lord of Life, speaking the sight-conferring words to blind men by the wayside, and bringing salvation to the house of Zaccheus, the publican.

Behind us, to the west, half a mile away, stretches the line of lofty Judean hills—brown, harsh, rugged, and uninviting. Mons Quarantania is desolate enough to have been the scene of