

the hill through the gardens, a carriage in front, with three or four ladies laughing and chatting in English, gave one the idea of a drive amid far other scenes. One of the ladies, I remember, was an American lady doctor of considerable avoirdupois and immense spirit, whom my friend, the doctor, delighted to chaff, and whom he used to call, half in sarcasm, I think the doctora. Whether it was the doctora's weight or not I do not know, but somehow their horse balked and halted at the hill, and we passed them almost at a standstill, and drove on to the point of view. As we reached it and turned, we had a glorious panorama. Before us lay the city embosomed deep in its miles of surrounding gardens, the fast westering sun lighting up brilliantly its domes and minarets. It lay, indeed, as its citizens love to say, "like a pearl set in emeralds," and one could understand something of the feeling of Mohammed when gazing upon its distant beauty he forbore to enter it saying, "Allah only allowed the faithful to enter one paradise," and he preferred to have his in the other world.

Far away to the right were the peaks of Hermon, and then coming nearer the point between two hillocks, where Paul's conversion is said to have taken place. Nearer still to the city swept the green meadow-like expanse of the Merj, with the wandering waters of the Abana—like silver threads among the green. Then the long suburb of the Meidan, with its gardens, an outstretching arm of the long wide sea of green on which the city lay. There was scarcely a sound, for the hum of the city was too distant to be heard, and all the landscape lay below us bathed in the solemn stillness of the evening, and glowing in the level beams of the setting sun. The old city, the oldest of cities, after all her strange vicissitudes and changes of fortune and of faith, still the head of Syria, as in Isaiah's day, and still the merchant of a vast merchandise and wealth, the Eye of the East still clear and undimmed, though she has shed so many tears. The great mosque towered above the white houses, its graceful minarets pointing their slender shafts up to the blue sky—the minaret of the Bride, the minaret of Jesus.

They say that when Jesus comes to judge the world He will descend first on that lofty minaret, and then entering the mosque summon all the world before Him. But He comes in mercy ere He comes in judgment, and who could look at the fair city in the soft light of the evening, without praying from his deepest heart, for the full shining upon her and upon her benighted thousands of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His beams, for all their sick, their sorrow and their sin. "The morning cometh," aye, and the noontide glory, for the dawn of light of a better day hath broken already upon her.