

was made to Paris, where Dr. Talmage preached January 12. A tour was also made to London, and the Doctor preached there on the 19th. While in London Dr. Talmage called to see his old friend, Mr. Gladstone, and, after partaking of luncheon with the "grand old man," had a long talk on Irish "Home Rule." After this interview a return was made to Liverpool, and the steamer "Aurania" taken for New York. A few hours stoppage at Queenstown, January 26, allowed Dr. Talmage time to preach in the "Green Isle" on the question, "What's in a Name?" The voyage across the Atlantic being continued from this port the renowned American divine was royally welcomed by 10,000 of his congregation and others in the great Brooklyn Armory, on the evening of the 6th February, ninety-eight days after his departure for the Holy Land.

Summing up this whole trip Dr. Talmage writes: "I have visited all the scenery connected with our Lord's history. The whole journey has been to me a surprise, an amazement, a grand rapture or a deep solemnity. I have already sent to America my Holy Land observations for my 'Life of Christ,' and they were written on horseback, on muleback, on camelback, on ship's deck, by dim candle in tent, in mud hovel of Arab village, amid the ruins of old cities, on Mount of Beatitudes, on beach of Gennesaret, but it will take twenty years of sermons to tell what I have seen and felt on this journey through Palestine and Syria.

"This Bible from which I preach has almost fallen apart, for I read from it the most of the events in it recorded on the very places where they occurred. And some of the leaves got wet as the waves dashed over our boat on Lake Galilee, and the book was jostled in the saddlebags for many weeks; but it is a new book to me, newer than any book that yesterday came out of any of our great printing houses. All my life I had heard of Palestine, and I had read about it, and talked about it, and preached about it, and sung about it, and prayed about it, and dreamed about it, until my anticipations were piled up into something like Himalayan proportions, and yet I have to cry out, as did the Queen of Sheba when she first visited the Holy Land, 'The half was not told me.'

"Every nerve in my body has thrilled as I have reached one place after another and read the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John on the very spots where Christ once stood. I not only recognized the localities by their descriptions, but recognized every object referred to in the sacred