

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for

TEACHERS

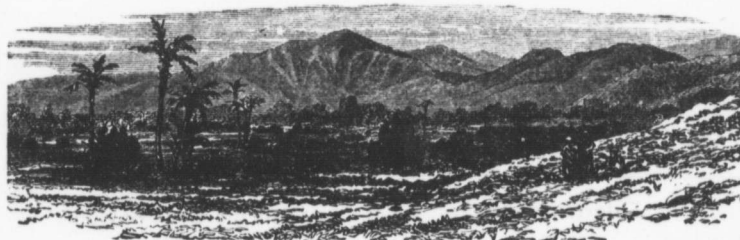
AND

YOUNG PEOPLE.

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PLAINS OF JERICHO.

Jericho.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

LEAVING Gilgal, we travelled first to the site of ancient Jericho, the famous city of Palm Trees, whose strong walls fell by the power of Omnipotence, without a single stroke from the host who so strangely encompassed it. It is now a heap utterly desolate, with little to indicate its site but a few traces of ancient foundations. From the mound on which it stood one looks out over a cheerless, uncultivated waste of what was once, and could be made again, by proper cultivation and irrigation, a scene of marvellous beauty and fertility. Before us, to the west, rise the heights of the Judean wilderness, the highest point of which, Mount Quarantania, is the traditional scene of our Lord's Temptation.

At the foot of the mound on which the ancient city was built springs the fountain of Aines-Sultan, as the Arabs call it, the Fountain of Elisha, as travellers call it; which is undoubtedly the spring whose bitter waters were made sweet by the prophet, at the request of the inhabitants of the city.

From Elisha's Fountain, we turned once more our faces toward Jerusalem, and rode up the long, steep and sinuous pathway—the road spoken of by our Lord in the Parable of the man who *went down* from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, and the Good Samaritan who relieved him. It was a toilsome climb, and the heat was most oppressive, though every hundred yards of ascent brought us very perceptible relief, as we exchanged the close air of the valley for the brighter, breezier atmosphere of the hills. We had a noon-tide halt by a well-side for lunch, and a halt for half an hour at Bethany, to visit the reported tomb of Lazarus, and the site of the house of Simon the Leper; and then in the bright, sunny afternoon we rode over the summit of Olivet, and stopping awhile to meditate in Gethsemane, and drink from the Pool of Siloam, reached at length our quarters on Mount Zion.

“GIVE, and it shall be given you.”

As an illustration of Christian patience, Mr. Spurgeon says: “The anvil breaks a host of hammers by quietly bearing their blows.”