

A DRY LAND.

WE in Canada who have lakes and streams in such glorious abundance, cannot realize happily even in imagination what life is in those lands where water is difficult to obtain. There are so many allusions in the Bible to the preciousness of water, it is used so often as a symbol of life and joy and riches, and the misery of thirst is depicted in the sacred writings with such power, that we believe it will help the young especially to understand these Biblical allusions if they have brought before their minds the words of one of their own race and time, relating his experience in "a dry land." The following graphic description of incidents which have occurred recently in Egypt, where the dearth of water has caused such suffering and delay, is from the pen of the special correspondent of the *Daily News*.

"When the column and convoy under Sir Herbert Stewart's command left Korti last Thursday, very few men in it probably had any idea that anything more intolerable than the glare and heat of tropical sunshine on desert sands would fall to their share. Officers of experience had tried to impress upon them the necessity of self-denial when thirst assailed them, and the impossibility of securing more than a limited supply of water between their starting point and the wells of Gakdul. Laudable resolutions were no doubt formed by everybody, but these broke down lamentably under stress of a sultry march the second day, with the result that before a dozen miles had been covered many men had exhausted the contents of their water bottles. To make matters worse, a very large proportion of the musaks used for carrying a reserve supply had been pricked by mimosa thorns, and leaked so badly that the men had to be put on short rations at a time when thirst was least endurable. Still very few of them were heard to complain. Animated by a spirit of praise-worthy rivalry, each regiment vied with its neighbour in an assumption of cherry good humour, and tried to forget temporary discomfort in an exchange of friendly badinage. Some sang until their throats were too dry for the utterance of another musical note, but even then they had a hearty laugh for every humorous incident. One Guardsman, chaffing an Ethiopian follower, said he had discovered at last why a negro's lips were so thick, for his own felt as if they had swollen to three times their natural size; and he was sure they would never get their beauty back again if he had to make many desert marches.

Crossing a desert on trotting camels is monotonous enough, but nothing when compared with the weariness of toiling along at a foot-pace through the dust raised by a thousand camels. At dawn or in the pale moonlight this dust forms a haze like the mist that hangs on English meadows in dewy autumn. At mid-day it is a hot cloud that chokes one's nostrils, like a hot air from a furnace. Then one cannot venture to look often at surrounding scenery, for the blinding glare of sunlight and gazing constantly on pebbles or sand-drifts that radiate rippling heat, is an occupation of which one soon tires. After only an hour or two of restless slumber, with nothing softer to lie upon than a bed of rough gravel, such things incline to a state of sleepiness; but at no time does one feel the subtle temptation to drop off into a quiet doze more strongly than towards the drowsy hours of dawn. Then men are silent, and nothing is heard but the low murmur of soft feet brushing the hard sand

with a ghostlike tread. There is at such moments something weirdly impressive in the movement of a great column steadily passing like a grey shadow across the desert, its progress marked only by that continuous whispering sound. Few things, one would think, could be more calculated to inspire a barbaric foe with feelings of superstitious awe than the night march of a camel column; nor, indeed, would disciplined troops be proof against momentary panic if they became suddenly aware of a formidable force advancing upon them in such mysteriously uncanny fashion from the dark distance. Our bivouac the second night was in a great jungle of dry rush like grass on a wide stretching plain dotted with mimosa trees, the green leafage of which was tantalisingly suggestive of moisture. One correspondent, who would not venture to waste water by evaporation in process of boiling, was taking his evening meal without any refreshing beverage to wash it down, when a trooper of the 19th Hussars generously brought him a canteen of hot tea. Most of us went thirsty to sleep. Where I lay, with my head against a tuft of tall grass, the keen easterly wind rustled the sapless reeds with a sound as of rippling water. I dreamed that rain was falling in torrents, and that I rose to lave my heated face in a cool refreshing puddle. Waking to find it all unreal was a bitter disappointment. The coldness was only that of the night breeze, and my lips were still parched with a thirst I dared not slack, for fear of diminishing further the already scanty store. Reveille sounded three hours before dawn, and the sun arose as we passed across a rugged defile into the fertile-looking stream-scarred but almost waterless plain of Hanbok. The party left by Sir Herbert Stewart to improve the wells, having laboured in vain, had forsaken the post and gone back to Howeyiat. At the bottom of deep sand-pits there were yellow puddles that yielded only a drink round for some half-dozen nearly exhausted horses."

The Mimosa tree is a mere shrub. The sand so covers its leaves that the plant cannot thrive, and it remains a stunted, prickly dwarf. A recent traveller in the East informs us that often and often he has been in an agony of misery owing to water when found being so impregnated with sand as to be undrinkable, except at the risk of life, yet tantalising the brain with its semblance to this precious element. Four lessons are on the surface of above narrative, so that he who runs may read them. First, we may learn the duty of thankfulness for an object like water, which is here so common that we take it without a grateful thought of the Giver. Second, the duty of keeping the water of life, the Word of God, free from the sandy additions of human fancies and speculation which cannot be imbibed without great spiritual danger. Third, the duty of reverencing loyally the Church of God to whose keeping has been committed the well of revealed truth, and on whose assurance we may rely that the water is pure, and by whom the divine well is kept not only free to all comers, but especially guarded from the contamination of men who love to mix the pure water of divine truth in charge of the Church with chemicals of human concoction. Lastly, as we should regard the man with just abhorrence who saw his fellows suffering from thirst while he had an ample supply of water, which he refused to share, so may we learn to regard ourselves with shame, if with our abundant privileges and means, we keep back the water of life from those in the dry land of ignorance and sin.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

THE selection of Dr. Temple as Bampton Lecturer for last year, was an excellent one. The Lectures annually delivered under this trust, form an invaluable library of which not the least interesting and serviceable will be the work contributed by the new Bishop of London. Happily one of the subjects required to be preached upon is expressed in the words, "To confirm and establish the Christian Faith," which allows a lecturer to deal with any phase of opposition direct or by implication or influence upon the Word of Revelation. In these days the war-drum of scientific speculation is being beaten with monotonous persistence under the ramparts of the Church. An effort is being made to create a belief in there being an irreconcilable antagonism between Science and Religion. It was incumbent upon a Bampton Lecturer, being as he is put forward as a Champion of the Faith, to sally forth and not merely smite the Philistines arrayed against Revelation under the banner of Science, but to demonstrate once for all that there is no natural antagonism between Religion and Science, but that they each occupy positions of which the boundaries cannot be defined—that Science which ignores the phenomena of Religion is vitally defective, and that Religion which ignores or opposes the demonstrated facts of Science is not a divine revelation. Dr. Temple accomplishes this, his attitude to Science is that of a scientific investigator. He has made himself familiar with the work and utterances of the leaders of Science. Having gone as it were into their camp to examine the pleas on which the cry against religion is based, he takes over to his camp the man of Science and demonstrates first, that these pleas are based on imperfect data, that the facts of religion have been left out of consideration, and that the facts of Science are open to an interpretation in harmony with the facts of Religion. Dr. Temple acts as the amicus curiæ between Religion and Science. The friend of both, he bids each to lay down the arms of enmity, and as mutual friends, work together for their common good, by patiently investigating the phenomena in respect to which they are now at variance.

The "strained relations" which are said to now exist between Religion and Science, represent, we submit, no such condition; but simply this, that certain phases of religion are antagonised by certain phases of scientific speculation. On both sides of this controversy there have been grave faults and blunders. Men who knew nothing of science in any form have been led into rash onslaughts on scientific investigators, and have poured their vials of most illiterate wrath upon science itself. On the other hand men devoted to science have with equally ignorant scorn attacked religion and religious men and religious literature.

It is but a few years ago since Dr. Stewart, a Baptist minister in Toronto, spoke this, "Geology lifts its impious hand against the Creator," a phrase which does religion more injustice than geology. The Church needs such teaching as that in Dr. Temple's Bampton Lectures, quite as much as it is needed by Scientific sceptics. The clergy should be trained to at least understand enough of Science to sympathise with all its honest endeavours to ascertain what is the truth, especially should they

* The Relation of Religion and Science, eight lectures by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Temple, now Bishop of London. Macmillan & Co., New York; may be had of Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto. \$1.50.