

enough for me to know that God loved men, and that He wants me to make known that love. I need trammel myself with no other thought—with no craving for immediate results: here is Inspiration to fill a soul." And so he speaks to the religious thought and chivalry among his countrymen, and they know the voice to be the voice of a man good and true. Let little men carp as they may: he speaks the mind of Him who came to do not His own will but the will of God.

But "Eastward ho!" is now the motto, and so I pass over the journey from Calais via Paris to Marseilles—also the six days sail up and across the Mediterranean till we reach Alexandria. Who may attempt its description? It is unique—a city which has none like itself. It is neither Arabian nor Egyptian, though Arabs and Egyptians swarm in its streets—nor Italian, though Italy gives the official language—nor English or French, though its commerce is in their hands. It is Cosmopolis—the city of the world. There, rubbing shoulders together, crowd representatives of every nation under the sun. The language of every people is spoken in its streets and Bazaars—the costume of every country is seen, from the Arab sack—not unlike a coarse meal bag with a hood for the head, resembling that mounting a Canadian top-coat—to the hat and coat of "Regent street style";—the religions of the Mussulman, the Copt, the Romanist, the Lutheran, the Anglican, and the Presbyterian, display their ensigns side by side;—the coins of every mercantile people of Europe, Asia, Africa and America are received indifferently in its shops and at its hotels. And then the moral result of all this flowing together of peoples and religions, what is it? It is bestiality—open, unblushing and obscene. Vice is systematised—the city is a hell on earth, if there be one—Constantinople itself yields the first place to it. Oh God! what moral and spiritual darkness is here for the light of Truth yet to penetrate and dispel. For one moment may he of the Cross gaze at it astounded, and then, with the old crusading battle shout of "God wills it," forward to the grapple in the name and power of Love.

The neighbourhood presents some objects of interest. There is "Cleopatra's Needle"—a single block of rough granite 76 feet high and 12 feet square at the base, concerning which the tradition is that it once formed one of the entrance posts to the great Temple at Hieropolis or On—of which Temple Joseph's father-in-law was a Priest; also "Pompey's Pillar," another vast block of granite, only polished, and of exquisitely symmetrical proportions,—base, pillar and capital formed of one piece. Its dimensions I do not know, but it must be nearly one half larger every way than the "Needle." Visiting these, the Pacha's gardens and palace, and driving through some of the principal streets and Bazaars, manage to occupy some three or four hours—and then get out of Alexandria as quickly as you can, escape its filth and moral pests, and breathe more freely as you inhale the free air of the desert. And this city of impurities was once a great centre of Christian Orthodoxy. It gave Apollos to the early Church. The great Athanasius was its Bishop. As a simple Presbyter he stood forth as the champion against Arius and his heresy, and the Nicene creed owns him as its chief compiler and defender. As bishop he cheered and guided the church during the wilderness period when Constantine was emperor and Arianism dominant and persecuting. "He never feared the face of man." Dogmatic and even violent in power, he possessed that dauntless determination, that vehement eloquence and living Faith in what he held to be true, which form *leaders* in troublous times. His "creed" still testifies to the nature and powers of the man—to his orthodoxy, logic, and dogmatism. And long after his day Alexandria continued to shine as an intellectual light. But the eclipse came with the Mussulman conquest, and the shadow has continued to deepen till it has become the very "abomination of desolation." Commercially it still lives, but is near its death. The opening of the Suez Canal will be its destruction. Port Said—the Mediterranean end of the Canal