

mountain (though, owing to the unevenness of the ground, we were far from walking a *chalk line* as we did so,) and started once more for our objective point—Jericho.

But ere we had proceeded very far, we were stopped again, and were not sorry to find ourselves this time at the "Good Samaritan Inn," built, the proprietor would have us believe, on the site of the incident recorded in the parable of that name. (See St. Luke's Gospel, chapter tenth.)

Here we found "refreshments for man and beast"—this latter portion of our party needing the same more perhaps than we did; for though there had not been much *up-hill* work for them to do, they were flecked with foam and quite jaded, by reason of the excessive heat which prevailed. We ourselves were glad to get into the de-

lightful shade of the large, cool and airy "salon" of the hostelry with the historic name, and were pleasantly surprised to learn that its modest bar was well supplied with soda water, lemonade, and other mild beverages wherewith even the most devout pilgrim might quench his thirst without hesitation or scruple. (I won't say anything here about certain mysterious black bottles which were produced from divers capacious wallets, a portion of the contents of one of which found its way into my glass, "*just*"—as my generous Samaritan would have said, had he been an Irishman,—"*to take the color of death off the water.*")

A grateful rest of about half an hour found us ready to resume our onward march, and this time it was to Jericho without further interruption.

Another Milestone Passed.

BY REV. STEPHEN J. McDONALD, O. C. C.

A WAKENING New Year's morning we find ourselves in a new century, the twentieth of the Christian era. Beyond our own knowledge of the seasons united with the testimony of our time pieces, there is nothing strange and novel to advise us of the fact. Nature cuts no capers in celebration of its birthday, the sun looks as commonplace as ever, nor does the moon give any sign—except perhaps in the imagination of its votaries—that it has entered upon another century-run. Nevertheless our minds are naturally impressed by the consideration that another hundred years have dwindled into a mere chronicle, and that we are speeding on-

ward over the course of time towards the happenings stored up for us in the new century. It touches, moreover, a chord in our memory which, by its sympathetic associations, sends us back through the long series of centuries that now exist only in history's pages, and are peopled only by the children of our fancy. As these centuries pass one by one in review before our mind, we are able to read the chapter-headings of a work as yet unwritten, a history of the human mind. We have histories of wars that ruined and established dynasties, that have changed the maps of nations or have obliterated them completely; we have the history of inventions and the history of the