

On the neighbouring hill-sides around I noticed some fine vines, and olive trees, and some very good crops of wheat. Our white tents were pitched on a grassy glade in this valley. The town which we had in full view before us is, speaking generally, remarkably well built with white flat-roofed stone houses which rise up row above row on the sloping hill-side. Here, as in other parts of Palestine, it is true, you see some low, dingy, hovels, but many of the buildings like those that we saw at Bethlehem and Nablûs, have a rather comfortable appearance. The population of the town which has been gradually increasing in recent years is now fully 6000, including 2000 Mohammedans, 2500 of the Greek Church, 1000 Latins, and a vigorous little band of Evangelical Christians. We attended a morning service in the Episcopal Church of the town. The Church is a very fine stone building seated for 500. At this service it was about half filled with the regular worshippers gathered principally from the Greek Church, and with two or three groups of travellers who like ourselves were resting on the Sabbath day according to the commandment. The rector, Rev. Mr. Walters, is a hale and hearty looking middle aged clergyman who has done good service in this important mission field. In his sermon, which was much better in doctrine than delivery, he faithfully exhorted his hearers to have their treasure in Paradise, not even in Palestine. During the whole of the service quite a number of swallows kept up a twittering in the Church, and reminded me very forcibly of the words of the psalmist: "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars O Lord of hosts." In the afternoon we visited the churches, or if you will, the chapels, of the Latins, Greeks, and the Maronites. In one apartment of the Latin Church I noticed the inscription, "*Hic Verbum caro factus est.*" Here the Word was made flesh. We were also led into the *Virgin's House*, the *Virgin's Kitchen*, and the *workshop of Joseph*. In front of the Maronite Church we were shown a large limestone slab called the *Table of Christ*, on which, it is said, the Saviour dined with His disciples before and after His resurrection. In the near

neighborhood of this Church there is a steep precipice which Dean Stanley thinks is "the brow of the hill" from which the Nazarenes endeavoured to cast their rejected Prophet. I looked upon all these souvenirs of the Saviour's residence in Nazareth as approximately indicating the sites of never-to-be-forgotten events in His history. It is a pity that superstition should ever attach any other significance to them. The Well of Nazareth, the only well of which the town can boast, is however a veritable reminder of ancient times. It is to-day unmistakably in the same place which it has occupied in all the historic ages. It is now called the Virgin's Fountain, from the well grounded belief that the Virgin Mother often drew water from it for domestic purposes. To us it was very suggestive of by-gone days to see decidedly good looking village maidens come to this old historic well, and carry away on their heads large pitchers filled to the brim with its excellent water. In the evening we had a special religious service in our largest tent at which nearly all our party were present. A Presbyterian divine from the Dominion made all the necessary arrangements for the meeting. An Episcopal clergyman from London read appropriate passages of Scripture. A missionary from the United States belonging to the Society of Friends led in prayer—the Spirit not failing to move him to use the right word at the right moment. The writer of these Notes gave a brief address on the Holy Land as the scene of the Saviour's Ministry, referring particularly to His lengthened residence in the secluded place in which we were assembled. All present entered heartily into the spirit of the service. Thus ended a Day in Nazareth, one of the memorable days of my history.

Early on the following Monday morning quite a number of the villagers called on us in the most friendly manner offering several articles of home manufacture for sale. Almost every one of us bought some souvenir of Nazareth from them. Several of the characteristic sayings of these shrewd native citizens from whom we made the purchases are at this moment clamoring for notice in the pages of the *Record*. But I must not trespass on space that is required for other purposes. This much I must further say of the Home for thirty years of Him who