Contributors and Correspondents

Journeyings in the holy land.

for Ediature had has kindly consented to would for This Princeparative joinings of a trip to Jorgadem, and other points of interest to Pales time. We respect to say that the first instalment has been lost. We make your readers will posses the largest ye with ingree than carried ye with ingree than carried ye with ingree that R. A. P.]

The sun had not yet appeared on the morning of the 9th December, when, after rather a meagre brookfast, I started from Paraleh with the feeling that this was to be a day of days for me, ac, if all went well, I should see Jerusalem ere evening. My American friend had done his hest for me in the matter of horses, and though he had utterly failed to discover the one which I had been promised, had managed to get me comething very superior to my steed of the day before. As we rode out of the court of the little inn, our way was lighted by a brill ant moon, the light of which was very useful, as though the road was then in a much better condition than it often is. we did pass big holes in a small bridge over a dry water course, which without a bright moonshine, might have been rather dangerous. It was about 6 a.m. when we left Ramleh. At first our way was still over the plain of Sharon, and was dreary enough -all vegetation being aried up; but soon the sun rose from behind the hill of Judes towards which our course was leading us, and every hour the ride became more interest ing; besides which, on the local ground, I was able to get a good many nice gallops, although much of the way was such as we should not think of cantering over in Scotland. About three hours from Ramleh we passed the village of Latron, which gets its name from a monkish legend as to its having been the birth place of the ponitent

thief. It looks as if it might be the abode of thieves of more modern times. On a rocky rising ground there are remains which seem to date from Roman times. Within sight of the road my guide pointed out to me the village of Amwas. crowning one of the hills among which the road began to wind. This is the old Nicopolis made out by the monks to be the Emmaus of Scripture, though from its distance from Jerussiem it is perfectly impossible that it could be the scene of that wonderful interview between our Lord and his two disciples which has made the name of Em maus sacred to every Christian heart. This Emmaus or Nicopolis however has an interest of a different character, as being much associated with the wars of the Maccabees. Some little distance beyond Latron we passed a small kind of hestelry, often made a half way resting place by travellers on their road to Jerusalem. Its aspect was by no means tempting, so as I was not tired, I passed on without dismounting. We were now at Bab-el-Wady, the door or gate of the Wady, or glen. It is well so named, for the road here passes from the comparatively level ground over which we had been riding through a narrow gorge into the heart of the hills of Judea. The rocky banks which rose steeply on each side were now pretty well clothed with low shrubbery, and scrubs of evergreen oak, and hawthorn, while here and there the earth was retained by a low terrace wall, and a few olive trees were planted, and flourished well in the rocky soils, reminding me of the minute accuracy of Scripture expression which telts of God causing his people "to suck honey out of the rock, and oils out of the flinty rock " It is not very ong since this Wady bore a very bad character, as a place where travellers were liable to attack from robbers. They could not have found a more suitable lurking place than these rocky banks which rise so steeply nda with angle, or hushy thicket whence a robber might unseen, take a lei-urely aim with his gun at the passing waytarer. As I looked up the sides of the gorge, and saw a pensant or shopherd passing along from rock to rock high above me, his outline clearly against tue sky, showing the long gun with which he was armed, I congrate lated myself that days were changed, and I had nothing to fear from him. very face that shepapeds, and labourers do carry guns when they go out over these hills proves that the state of the country is yot something very different from what we should consuler seems at home, and I was told that mough my ompanion was really of no use to me for guidance, for there being but one real made road in the country, and that one the road from Juffa to Jerusaiem, I was not likely to be at a loss for the way, yet he was absolutely necessary to me for safety. After rating on for at o the bour I came out our command | that when coming from the west the waits | ing at some patricipal carrier. In Jerusaling platform, from whence there was a ware | hade the greater part of it. The top of the | lein or in at constorn cities, the ownerview over the pla a which I had lett. This I thought would make a good resting place, so I dismonanced, and groung my norse into the Mont mountains is visible, and is all ready to fait on any stray dog which the sais of my grade, and down in the shell ways a bountain object, from the fine cold may venture to intrude on them. I have ter of a great took which projected me from joining which distance gives them. Along seen a large og running away with its tail the desert, a d can make dry land become both sun and wind, and winto time comboth sun and wind, and winds time com-, the Jalla road outside the wans quite a pertween its not from two small creatines, printing of manufacturing our souls parch up with the forms of the word in the property of the prop is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary one adeas of the ancien city. Their presence in business there, and fled con-cience hand. My functions as a trigal one, consist is an evelence of increasing safety in the stricken from a simil opponents. Outside ing of dry bread and cold tea, but that seemed the very smallest of all small matters to me, for was I not actually within | large house bears its name, Laitha Kunix. In the air, an absence of all sounds of man, a few hours rate of Jerasalem. There was I settle g on the son of that very land which my Redeemer had hallowed by his blessed footsteps during more than thirty years, and working forth over accass on

which his eyes probably may have rosted

with the compassionate gaze of one who

knew the misery and descistion that would

fali en its inhabitants through their rejec-

sion of Him, their Messials.

Borond the broken ground immediately around n.e., I could see a wide stretch of plain, dotted with a few small villages, and bounded by the bright waters of the Mediterranean, on the margin of which Jaffa was conspicuous. Above me was an almost cloudless, deep blue sky. The sun was hot evough to make shade agreeable, though aheady the air began to have a keener feeling than at Jaffa, and had something of the invigorating freshness of hillair. Dotted amid the rocks where I sat were some levely little white orocuses—the early rains had brought them forth-they were almost the first of the season, the forcrunners of the countless thousands of brilliant blossoms in which I rejeited during my five menths' stay in Palestine.
After half an hour's rest I mounted again,
and went on "going up to Jerusalem," for
that is the true description of the journey, from whatever direction the traveller comes. We had, however some very steep descents as well as ascents, for Judea is a kind of labyrinth of rugged hills, with deep, narrow glens between. On one of the steep hill-sides we passed Kurget el Enab, the ancient Kirjath Jearim. It is still a considerable village, with some large stone houses, which show almost castle-like on the rocky slope on which they are built, and remind one how very lately some of these houses were inhabited by the famous robber chief, Aboo Ghoosh and his followers, who were ready, not only to rob, but sometimes also to murder those who refused the blackmail which they levied on all travellers. The winding glen beneath Kirjath Jearim must have been the scene of that very in-teresting incident in Israel's wonderful history, when the Ark of God, after its brief and terrible abode amid the Philistines, was brought back by the "milch kine," who willingly forsook their young to obey their Maker's beliest, and carry back the symbol of His presence to His own people. Bethshomesh, where it first "ested, was near the mouth of the glen, where it opens on to the plain on which Ekron stood. The fields in which the Bethshemites were reaping their wheat harvests, would be larger than any there could be in the narrow glen at Kirjath Jearim; but there is still a good deel of cultivation there, and in older days every such of the steep hill-sides must have been utilized in terraced vineyards and oliveyards. Probably the hills around the town also were clothed originally with the forest trees, which a half-Canadian half Scotch farmer told me the very rockiest hills of Judea were fitted to nourish al-andantly, for the old name Kirjath Jearim means "Village of Forests," while the modern Kurget el 'Eunb means "Village of Grapes." Near the village, I passed a pretty large train or laden mules, going the same way as myself, carrying every kind of luggage in bales, boxes, and baths, and straggling across the road in a way that required cautious riding to get past them without getting a blow from some of their loads. was the household goods of the English Consul, who was returning to Jerusalem from an autumn sojourn at the seaside. Mounted high on a pile of soft goods was a native woman, in wide trousers, with her white sheetlike garment wrapped around her, riding man's fashion, and carrying an infant in her arms. Travelling with a family of young children is no easy matter in Paiestine, where there are no wheeled conveyances, and the reads are most generally the roughest of rough tracks. Sometunes little ones are carried in panniers, slung on each sule of a hoise or mule. Be youd Kirjath Jearim the ascents and descents got still steeper. At last, after mounting a long zig-zag up a steep hill, we reached a rocky plateau, where the road is wonderfully good, unless the weather is very wet, when parts of it become seas of mud. Cantering over this, the rise being gentle, the first view of Jerusalem is soon gained. Many have told me of their and disappointment with this first look, and, indeed, with Palestino generally. I never felt any disappointment, perhaps because I had thus been propased not to expect much. The tact is, the country round Jerusalem is, on the whole, just a stony desolation, which on arriving I saw at its very worst-when every green thing had been dried up by the long diought of summer and autumn, and bring a new clothing of verdure over the stony soil. There is cultivation around how anything can grow in such soil. Yet, when the season is favourable, good crops all that can be sail of Jerus dem. B-autiful can be obtained, for in many places the sail for situation sho still is. That beauty, not is rich and deep, with all its stoniness, and all the fury of the many seiges which she aund the rocks both olives and vines thrive adminably. In spite of the impression of frearmess which the unclothed, barren-locking fells of Palestine often convey to the mind my feeling was one of satisfaction that I thus saw so literally and evidently tutfitted every word of Scripture which tells of the mournful desolation under which the Holy I and should pine while Gad's july ments are on His ancient people. If every word of threatening is thus fulfilled, is there not in this very fact the strongest as encause that the God who delighted in

morey will equally fully accomplish of the promises of mercy which are so along dantly given in His Word? on its front. It is the orphian asylum of the Kaisers erth deaponesses, where more than | corio feeling on the heart. one inudred girls are fed, clothed, and taught by the German Protestant Sixters. On the left, still further from the city, is a building of more modest pretentions, also an orphan asylum, but for toys. It too is under the care of Gormans. A godly

under truly Christian influences. The lastitution bolongs to the St. Chriselinia Mission, of Basle, in Switzerland, and like all the other good works belonging to that mission, is conducted on the most economical and selflenying principles. One lingo assemblage of buildings close to the wells of Jerusalem. is the Russian hospics and church. Riding by it the Jaffa, road brought me to the north-east corner of the walls of the city, and passing along under the walls for httle way I came to the Jassa gate, the usual entrance for way farers from the west. On each side of the roal outside the walls, some poor lepers are always to be seen sitting, crouching on the ground, each with the little in pitcher in front, in which they receive the alms for which they plead in a polyglot string of entreaties, made up of a few words which they have picked up of various western languages, mixed with their native Arabic. Some of them are fearful objects, half hiding, half-displaying the ravages of the terrible disease under which they suffer; all are ragged and fithy. A neat house and garden outside the walls is a leper asylum, where a devoted couple of Moravians, after spending many years among the Esquimaux of Labrador, now give their lives to the care of these afflicted with the leathsome disease. There who dwell in the home are well clad and fed. and nursed, yet, but a small proportion of the lepers will go there; they prefer liberty, dirt, and beggary, to comfort, cleanliness, and plenty, with regular hours and such occupation as they are capable of. Passing through the large arch of the Jassa gate, under which Turkish soldiers are always on guard, I was actually in Jorusalem. Within the arch, on the right of me as I rode along, once the rough, slippery pave-ment, was a dry most, out of which there rises one of the oldest buildings now extant, the so-called tower of David. The under part at all events, of this tower, is very ancient, and even if it does not ge back to the times of David is most venerable. Some believe it to be that tower of Hippicus, mentioned by Josephus, as being walls of Jerusalem left standing when the were destroyed by Titus. On the other side of the rend are some shops, and the Mediterranean Hotel, forming the beginning of the street of David, which now opens before me, steep and narrew. But I do not need to ride down it, nor do I turn into the hotel; I have a pleasanter abode awaiting me. Turning off to the right, I ride up a couple of stops that go across the wide open space in front of the tower of David. On these steps a crowd of market men and women squat, displaying their live fowls, vegetables, firewood, etc. Through these my guide leads the way; the steps seem quite natural to Palestine horses. I am now in front of a substantial two-story house, flat roofed, like all the rest in Jerusalem. In front of it a little raised terrace makes a convenient step for dismounting, and here, before I can jump down, a young lady appears to welcome me to the hospitable house, where I hoped to rest a few days before seeking another abode, but, where instead of that, I had a true home of Christian loving kindness for the four months during which Jerusalem was my headquarters. It is unbecoming for a guest to betray the privacy of the home which shelters her, but Bishop Gobert is from his position a public character, and I may be permitted to express my feeling of deep thankfulness for the privilege of spending so long a time under his roof. He is one of the few men I have met with of whom I could say that the closer the inter course, the higher the estimation in which I held him became. His utter unselfishness and simple devotion to his Heavenly Master, impressed me more and more the longer I lived in his house, and at evening and morning I joined in his earnest, trusting, humble, petitions to the Saviour whom he so loves and serves, I felt it was good to be there. My rido from Ramleh had taken

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Monut Zion, on the sules of the north, the city of the great king." How doth the city sit solitary? From the there had not been enough of rain as yet to daughters of Zion all her beauty is depart-How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, Jerusalem, but the fields look as if sowed and cast down from heaven auto the earth with stones, little and big, and one marvels the beauty of Israel?" Trees two very has en lured, could take from the daughter of Zion, but all that the rage of enemies and the wasting of hundreds of years of Turkish miscute could do, has been done to distroy her ancient grandour. He polaces are east down, and their foundations are hid twenty or thirty feet under the debris of their own ruins, which for us the or ned on which the existing buildings stand

me between six and seven hours, besides

the time I rested. With a better horse I

might have done it in a good deal shorter

The city oils strangely solitary. Contrast ed with the full life of the gaily ol .d crowds of Alexandria, the streets of Jerusalem strucking with an impression of m. anchory. Some of the streets for lanes as they should rather be called, have indeed a sort of In approaching Jerasa'om from Jaffa, but the walls there are ploughed fields and freshment for their thirsty tongues. It is the acreage you sow; it is the multiplication of the city steelf but bare walls. I large waste places, where only a solitary an inviting secure, and is bringing with tuon which God gives to the seed, which that when coming from the west to east, so proving do, may be mer, engaged a tear spiritual instruction. Many a sweet lesson will make up the harvest. You have less that when coming from the west the walls ing at some patricipal carrier. In Jerusa-may we draw from this outgushing well at the acreage you sow; it is the multiplication. Many a sweet lesson will make up the harvest. You have less may we draw from this outgushing well at the faithful. Your main comfort is that in bustle and throng in them, but even within they press forward and draw the sweet recity, and to the south-east the long line of each set keeping to its own district, and the Lord will provide. It is a grievous sin | Et rand One, who guides the marches of the doubt Cod, or to limit the Holy One of the stars is with your labor you are not alone, for God, the marches of the sum object, from the fine col | may ventue to intrude on them. I have I Israel House or the stars is with your labor with your labor you are not alone, for God, the marches of the stars is with your labor with your labor you are not alone, for God, the marches of the stars is with your labor your labor. the Jaffa road outside the wans quite a between its inge from two small creatness, land, and some of the buildings bolong to the walls of Jerusalem, even quite close to interesting itsulations. On the right a the city, there is often a strange stillness and no song on their tongues. As long as large house bears its name, Laitha Kunnx. In the air, an absence of all sounds of man. Christians Leglect daty, and forswear praybird, or beast, which strikes with a kind of corio feeling on the heart. My flist real view of Jorusalem was from the roof of the indiop's house, while from its position on the highest part of the hill of mands a wide prospect over the city and environs. Many objects of de p interest

walls of the city, and beyond thom the high their prayer: "Spring up, O well!" Peally plateau, over which I had come from Joppa, and which is united to the city without any gorge between. Turning nerthward, and looking over the coof of a neighboring house, I saw a wide, open space, evidently a tank, it was then dry, but the raine seen filled it. This is the pool of Hezekiah, and as on my first days in Jerusalem we read more about at family worship, how the good king stopped the fountains outside the city, and brought the water from them " straight down to the west side of the city of David, there ceemed a reality in the history which I had never felt before. The pool of Heze-kiah is entirely surrounded by houses. The water works connected with it, are like most of such under Turkish rule, in a woful state of disrepair; so that the pool only has water in it, while the rains fill the upper pool of Gihon outside the walls, from which the water, and praying for the water, we an ancient conduit brings water into the are singing for thankfulness that the wa an ancient conduit brings water into the pool of Hezekiah. Looking over it, I saw the domes of the so-called church of the Sepulchre, and letting my eye warder on northward, the heights of Icopus, and other hills still further off appeared bleak and bare, the amount of limestone lying on them, or cropping through the soil, giving thom a white glare in the brilliant sunshine. Turning eastward, I looked over a jumble of flat roofe, courts, ruins and minarets that cover the slope of Zion, and form the lower part of the city, to the large area, where once stood Solomon's magnificent temple.

Though itself the top of a hill, it is lower than Zion. Conspicuous in its midst stands the deme of the great mosque of Omar, the space around which is partly flagged, partly plots of grass dotted with splendid cypresses, and a four pelm trees. These last are very rare in Jerusalem, but one of them stood in a court near the bishop's house, and was the abode of some beautiful wild pigeons, which came every morning to the terraced roof, where the servant put food for them. Looking beyond the temple area on the summit of Moriah, still eastward, the Mount of Olivos closed the view in that direction, while south east there was a magnificent prospect of the mountains of Monb, and the clear air made them appear wonderfully near. With a glass I could oven discover near their summit, the walls of Kerak, which still exists as a considerable town, but is little known by Europeans, a visit there being rather a dangerous experiment. Often have I seen the sun rise from behind these hills, and the last light of evening tint them, or storm clouds gather over them. Turn-In every aspect they are beautiful. ing still round to the south, a ridge of high land not far off, slints in the view, and hides the neighborhood of Bethlehem, but helps to rewind me that "as the mountains are around about Jerusalen, so the Lord is round about His people, from honco forth even for ever." Jerusalem is in the midst of the mountain region of Judea, and though its highest point is 2,581 feet above the sea, not only the Mount of Olives, but several other of the surrounding hills. and even the platform I had crossed in coming from Joppa, are still higher in elevation.

(To be continued.)

Lastor and Leople.

The Song at the Well.

There was once a sermon at a well. The teacher was Jesus of Nazareth, and the discourse was delivered to one poor, sinful woman as the entire audience. The Son of God felt (what we ministers ton often forget on stormy Sundays) that a single immortal soul is a great audionce.

Other wells in the Bible are historic besides the well of Sychar. One, at Bethlehem, is associated with a princely not of chivalry; another, at Nahor, with the boginning of a singular courtship. We venture to say that there is one well beside which most of our readers never halted and out of which they have never drawn either a song or a sormon.

It was situated on the borders of Monb. not far from Mount Pisgah, whose site has lately been identified by our Palestine Ex ploration Society. It bears the name of Beer which signifies a well-spring. Up to this spot thursty Israel came, on their journey from Egypt to Canaan. The Lord had just said unto Moses: "Gather the people together, and I will give them water." Here condition in this case is that the leaders of the congregation were o dig for the water.

A striking scene unfolds itself. leaders of the host begin to open the loose sand with the staves which they carried. Moses directs the work, and the earth is thrown out fast. While the digging goes forward, the prople sing a simple song -one of the oldest suntches of song that has come down to us .

Spring up, O well' Sing ye unto Hun! The princes dugit, the noties of the people opened it, with the lawgiver's scepter, with tho staves.

Presently the coul water begins to steal in and fill up the cavity. The water bubbles up to music. The plasti of the cool inquid ningles with the song of the multitude, as content. We can not be always sure when

dull march over a very barron Sahara of formalities. There is no joy in their sonis, er, and disobey God they must expect nothing else than drought and barrenuess.

God mais His well spring of blessing inside the gateway of fasth, and our faith is to be proved by our obedience. As soon as Israel believed God enough to dig into the sand, the waters began to bubble up. I.ie

the deepose, richest, and devoutest hymns we sing are full of inspiration and petition. They are yearnings toward God and out-ories for blessings. That matchiness hyran, "Jesus, I over of my Soul," is the cent's passionate call upon Jesus to open His bosom of love, and let us hide ourselves there. "Nourer, my God, to Thee," is a there. prayer which has floated up on the wings of song from thousands of yearning hearts.
" Anido me, O Thou great Jehovah !" is another. When a long-thirriting Church is beginning to arouse into a revival, their hymns begin to become forvent coul-cries for the power from on high. Such song is irrepressible. The soul bursts into it. Pe. tition mingles with praise, and the heart's deepest wants are blended with the heart's fullest gratitude. Willo we are digging for begins to flow. This complex idea runs through all of David's richest pealms. They are blended prayer and praise.

This triple process belongs to every Christian's best labours and sweetest joys. He yearns after Jesus, and after a fuller tasting of Jesus love, and a fuller enduement with the Spirit. With his hands he is digging, but with his lips he is singing. Duty is no longer drudgery; it is delight. Witness all ye beloved brothron who have experienced the richest joys of revival seasons. Has not preaching the Word, and praying for the conversion of sinners, and honest work for the Master been aspiritual luxury? As you plied the staves and the waters of salvation gushed out, you have taken up Israel's strain: 'Spring up, O well! Sing ye unto Him."

That gathering at the fountain of Beer was a primitive praise-meeting. We should have many such in our churches, and if we were filled with the Spirit we would multiply our "sacrifices of praise." The more the blessings the more the joys, and the more the joys the more the music. While Israel continued to murmur against God, they were parched with drought When they began to work, and to pray, and to sing, the fountain burst forth. An ounce of song is worth a ton of scolding. As a group of sailors on the deck, when they pull with a will, always pull to the cadence of a song, so God's people will always pull with more harmony and strength when they join in the voice of praise. "Whose offereth praise glorifieth Me." God nover loves to hear us murmur, or scold, or revile each other. As keveth the prayer of faith, and upagering of joyful praise. It was not only P. ul's prayer, but Paul's midnight song of pra. , that shook open the old dungeon of Phi' ppi.

One other thought must not be forgotten s we stand by that well of Beer. Those inflowing waters are a beautiful type of the Holy Spirit. As the previous scene of the uplifted brazen serpent is a type of the atoning Saviour, so the fountain of Beer is a symbol of the influences of the Spirit. Christ himself employed the same emblem, as we read in the seventh chapter of John's gospel. When the Divine Spirit flows into our souls, then comes refreshment, peace, strongth, holiness, and the sweetest, purest of all joys, Then we work for Christ with clastic hope. Then we see the fruits of our toil springing up like Beer's bursting well. Then we have the new song put into our mouths, and our hearts make melody. Life becoming attuned for those halleluishs which we shall sing with ra turous sweetness beside that crystal stree which flow-oth out of the throne of Gr I and of the Lamb. - Cuyler.

Lonely Workers.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describes their labors and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brethren is plodding away in a little country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the augels are acquainted with him, and & few precious ones, whom he has led to is a promise; but, like most of God's pro-mises, it is coupled with a condition. The sister has a little class in the Sundayschool; there is nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a very remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant. There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all that she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lind through her instrumentality. Hundreds trad's dear servants are serving him without the encouragement of man's improving eye, yet they are not alone -the Father is with them,

Never mind where you work: care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves. If he smiles, be

It, there fore, the destrine of election is preached in a way that abridges the purpose of Christ to have the bonofits of his atomment proffered to every sinner of our race it contravonce the very terms of the com-mision, and is in direct conflict with God's amazing plan of mercy for the redemption of our race. Since the Gaspel began to be published, we doubt it it has ever been presched more in harmony with its compasensive, shirs and its Renerons brokisions then at the present time, and it is a matter for congratulation that, amid the unhappy, controversies which provail on points of church polity, there never was a s anuer one care or termans. A godly were i read out before me. In front of the people began to work, and God began to sample are at the head of the medianton, in those westward from it, I saw the ancient work also. They began to pray also; their the vital accreme of the afonement.—Dr. which some seventy boys are brought up a same or allow I may also also began to pray also; their the vital accreme of the afonement.—Dr. They same or allow I may also a polyment of the presentation of the afonement.—Dr. They same. John Hall.

. .