

other connected with Christ Himself. But can such methods bring us really nearer Christ? Where is Christ? Must I travel up eighteen hundred years before I find Him? No, he is here, as much with me as with those who saw Him and heard Him in Judea. I may be as near Him as John was when he leant His head upon His bosom at supper. I may as truly follow Him now as St. Peter did then. The Church of Christ does not by successive centuries depart farther and farther from Christ, but, like the globe, revolves round Him, being equally near to the source of life, light, and love, now, as eighteen hundred years ago. Thus may we all follow Him in spirit; and thus may we, in doing His will, be near and dear to Him as His mother, sisters, and brethren ever were.

A Trip to The Orient.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CULYER.

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I am very glad that grand old Tower of David stands only a few rods from my hotel window. It is a pleasant thing to be often looking at the one remaining structure on which the eye of the Redeemer may have rested, for though this tower was thrown down in the time of the Crusades, yet the lower portion is rebuilt of the same stones. Not far from the tower is Christ Church, where I was glad to worship yesterday—not in an unknown tongue. Bishop Barclay, the successor of Bishop Gobat, has a good congregation, largely composed of the young

people connected with his day-school for the Jews, and another for Arabs outside the city walls. Most of the converts made thus far came from the Jewish and Syrian elements. Neither here nor in Egypt have over a dozen Musselmans been converted to Christianity.

Last Thursday morning I set off with my four companions upon an excursion, which, although it involved hard horseback travel over rough paths and precipitous mountains, and exposures to blazing noonday heats, yet was abundantly stimulating and delightful. We set our faces for the Pools of Solomon—halting for a few moments at the tomb of Rachel by the roadside. The small structure was crowded with Jews, some of whom wore phylacteries, and all were wailing, as they wail beside the remnant of the Temple walls. One old woman was weeping and pressing her withered cheek against the tomb with as much distress as if the fair young wife who breathed out her life there forty centuries ago had been her own daughter. We found the enormous pools of Solomon (the longest of which measures 580 feet in length) were about half filled with pure water. We rode beside the aqueduct that leads from them, all the way to Bethlehem. Down among the bleak and barren hills we saw the deep, fertile vale of Ur-tas, filled with gardens and fruit trees. It is cultivated by the European colony, planted by Mr. Meshulam. For a half hour we feasted our eyes with the view of beautiful Bethlehem perched on its lofty hill, and surrounded by olive orchards. So many new edifices have been