

until now it is only about seventy feet in depth. It has now become so choked up that it has only occasionally any water in it. But if necessary it could easily be renovated and restored to its original condition in the days of the patriarch who dug it thirty-six centuries ago. As I sat for a time on the old stones around, the historical associations connected with it rose up before my mind's eye with all the vividness of reality. I particularly thought of the instructive scene described for our edification in the fourth chapter of the Gospel by John. In imagination I saw the woman of Samaria with her pitcher on her head come to draw water from the well, as we frequently saw the women in other places do. I seemed to hear the Great Teacher, as he sat on the curb stone of the well, speaking to that woman as never man spoke, of the living water which alone can quench the thirst of the immortal soul. A few rods to the northwest of the well we saw the tomb of Joseph in "the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph." While life last, I will remember the impression made on my mind as I stood by the tomb of Joseph, and thought of all the scenes through which he passed in life, and of the peaceful repose of his body in this beautiful vale till the morning of the resurrection.

Shechem was the name of the city that existed in this picturesque valley in the old patriarchal times. The existing city in the days of our Saviour's sojourn in human form on earth is described as "a city of Samaria which is called Sychar." When the Romans made Palestine a province of their great empire they changed the name to Neapolis, or the New City. And now in turn the Arabs have contracted Neapolis into Nablús. With each new name given to the city there was, I believe, the erection of a substantially new city, and the gradual removal of its site further westward in the valley until now the modern Nablús is nearly a mile and a half west of the well of Jacob and the tomb of Joseph near which, I think, ancient Shechem stood. Even in the almost unchangeable east there is occasionally seen to be some truth in the familiar, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." In any case the city, as I saw it nestling cosily in the narrow vale between Ebal and Gerizim, has a surprisingly pros-

perous appearance. The streets, it is true, are narrow and uncleanly like those of many other Oriental cities. But its solid stone houses are fairly well supplied with the few commodities which the 12,000 inhabitants deem necessary for their comfortable existence. The unfortunate lepers, however, who live in considerable numbers in the suburbs of Nablús seem to be little benefited by the general prosperity of the city, and the beautiful surrounding natural scenery. My heart almost bled in sympathy for them, as they held out their wooden bowls and old tin pans, and in plaintive, piteous tones besought the strangers from a far country to contribute to the relief of their urgent necessity.

It would fill a good sized volume to tell the story of the Samaritans of this place and their far-famed Pentateuch. There is room here for only a brief paragraph in regard to them. At remote periods of their history, claiming kinship with the patriarch Jacob, they were a numerous powerful people, but decimated by wars, and persecutions, and trials, and disasters, they now number, all told—men, women and children—just one hundred and sixty souls. They live in the southwestern part of the city. Our visit to their synagogue was to me particularly interesting and instructive. The high priest, a comparatively youthful and slender but decidedly handsome man, admitted us to his place of worship in a very friendly, pleasing manner. Having told him in advance through our dragoman that we would not be satisfied with a sight of the two modern copies of their Pentateuch which they generally show to uninitiated travellers, he promised to show us the old, original manuscript, and he kept his word. And when the venerable roll was brought out from the silver cylinder in which it is carefully kept, it did look old and worn enough to have been written, as the Samaritans affirm, by Abishua the son of Phineas, the son of Eleazur, the son of Aaron.

Missionary Cabinet.

THE COVENANTERS—RICHARD CAMERON.

THE Covenanters saved England and Scotland from the tyranny and the crafty plots of perjured monarchs. They