

beloved by all creeds and classes. He was succeeded by the Rev. F. J. B. Allnath, D.D., who held the post most acceptably only two years, being in 1887 appointed to the Professorship of Pastoral Theology in Bishop's College, Lennoxville. His successor was the Rev. Lennox W. Williams, M.A., Oxon., the present rector (a son of the late Bishop Williams), who had acted as curate under the two preceding rectors. In 1888, a peal of bells from J. Warner & Sons' foundry, London, England, was placed in the tower at a cost of \$2,800. The peal was dedicated to God's service on November 14th, 1888. It is probably the only peal of bells in Canada, if not on the continent, which are regularly rung by a guild of ringers (as opposed to the American system of chiming) each Sunday and Great Festival of the year. The final debt of \$3,000 on the church was paid off in 1892, and the church consecrated by the present Bishop of Quebec, on All Saints' Day, 1892. The church contains 15 handsome memorial windows, erected in memory of former members of the parish, among them a large one to the Right Rev. Dr. Mountain, the founder of the parish. The pulpit is the gift of Robert Hamilton, D.C.L., in loving memory of his son, the Rev. George Hamilton, M.A., Oxon., for some years curate of the church, and who died and is interred at Cannes, France. The reredos is also a gift in memory of the late Senator Price. Both are handsome works of art. A costly and very rich set of altar vessels were presented to the church in November, 1894, by Mrs. Irvine, in memory of the late Commissary-General Matthew Bell Irvine, C.B., C.M.G., for many years a devoted member of the congregation. The set consists of a chalice, richly studded with valuable jewels, and having around the base six medallions carved in silver, and set in enamel, representing the Incarnation, the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension and our Lord in Glory. They were solemnly dedicated to the service of God at the Early Celebration on St. Andrew's Day, 1894. Finally the congregation have had erected a very handsome and richly carved font and baptistry, costing some \$1,500, as a memorial to the late revered Bishop Williams, who was such a true friend of St. Matthew's, and who so often when in town worshipped in the church. It was solemnly set apart to the service of God at a special dedication service conducted by the Lord Bishop, assisted by a large number of the clergy, on Thursday evening, February 21st, 1895. It is probably the finest work of art in the country. St. Matthew's has steadily gone on increasing both in numbers and every other way, until now it is probably one of the most prosperous parishes in the Dominion, and stands out as a noble monument to the good work done on Catholic lines by its past rectors, especially the much beloved Bishop of Niagara and the Ven. Archdeacon Roe. Its financial strength has so far also kept pace with the ever onward movement in other departments. The whole revenue in 1887 was \$525.37, while that from Easter, 1893, to 1894, was \$9,390.42. The parish has also been always in the front rank in assisting missions both at home and abroad, and contributed some \$3,000 alone towards the Bishop Williams' Memorial Mission Fund. The parish has about 500 communicants on its roll, and there is a Weekly and Saints' Day Early Celebration, and a full choral celebration on the 1st and 3rd Sundays in the month. To the fact of having frequent celebrations and the many regular and devout communicants, is to be attributed in a great measure the present prosperity of the parish,

THE LAND AND THE BIBLE.

"Beginning at Jerusalem."—(St. Luke xxiv. 47.)

To those who, either from choice or from necessity, never leave their native shores, Syria and Palestine must indeed seem a "far country," and the interest taken in them only coincident with very ancient time and circumstance; but to those who have once crossed the Mediterranean these lands of Biblical interest are lands to be lived in, and not only dreamt of—lands full of real, actual, thrilling interest. It is not possible to have lived in Syria and Palestine and disbelieve the Bible—to lay it aside as a worn-out, old-fashioned book; for day by day its characters stand before us; its customs are prevalent amongst us, and in every part we see and hear its actual life and language in our midst. And we cannot stop here: not only is it a Bible land, but a Church land also; it not only saw the origin of the Bible, but of the Church.

As you rise in the morning, be it ever so early, you will generally find the sun is up before you, rejoicing as a giant to run his course; and if you have to go a journey of any length, you will conclude with the psalmist that there is indeed nothing hid from the heat thereof. Travel across the plain, or even upon the mountain, and you will acknowledge the need of a hiding-place, the value of the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Thorns and thistles, too. Was there ever a country like it? The very oaks have leaves like holly bushes, and the ground bears 150 varieties of thistles, all of which have spikes of peculiar virulence. Do not the words of the prophecy come before us, "Because all the land shall become briars and thorns"? Look at that juniper bush—how soft and green it appears; but be careful that you do not brush against it, or you will be very rudely awakened from your dream of Elijah sitting under a similar bush, faint and dispirited. Trees and bushes in these lands supply good food for meditation; they are all so intimately connected with passages from Holy Writ. Go where you will, you will soon find a sycamore by the way, just such a one as Zacchæus might have climbed; and a mighty locust tree will not be wanting, seeming to teach a double lesson from its connection with St. John the Baptist and our Lord's parable. The same road, too, will furnish abundance of wavy palms, fit to be plucked in honour of the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. See, again, that large fig tree, with its immature promise of abundance, and call to mind the one destructive miracle of the Lord.

All these are on the outskirts of the city, or even in it, and further out are the groves of oil-bearing olives and numbers of vines and large-leaved gourds. You need not go far to see "myrtle and fir and pine," and if you can stand the journey you can rest beneath the cedars of Lebanon. O those cedars! They form a magnificent natural temple, and you feel as if the place in which they stand must be holy ground.

And not only the trees, but everything in nature recalls some text or Scripture incident; the very insects have their commemorative lesson, from the moth that we find such a terrible pest in our houses to the ant that furnished a parable to the wisest of mankind. Those moths! Do you wonder that our Lord took them as a portrait of the perishing nature of all earthly treasures? Those ants! Is there anything like their perseverance and energy? Those great black fellows that make lines of march like an army, and carry

burdens three and four times larger than themselves. Solomon was not unobservant of the lessons of nature when he warned men to "consider her ways and be wise." The animals, too: the oxen, with the heavy yoke upon them, standing as of old in Mosaic days, all unmuzzled, to tread out the corn. The ass, again, with us a humble, but in the East a royal animal—the only one which ever bore the King of kings. The sheep, too; do they not carry their own lesson with them, always and invariably following the shepherd, trusting themselves implicitly to his care? And the countless goats, so difficult to separate from the sheep they meet in their wanderings; so like and yet so unlike, so eager, too, to get all that they can, so careless of the damage that they do. And then the dogs, poor wretched creatures, still objects of contempt as well as of persecution. Well might the self-righteous man exclaim in anger, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" And at night they howl and run about the city, grin like a dog and return. You might go through many an English city without hearing the "crow of Chanticleer," and if he does crow he is indicted as a nuisance; but here every house has its adjacent fowl-yard, and all know when it is cock-crow, and may meditate on the weakness of St. Peter if they will.

Inanimate nature, too, will bear its witness—"waters rushing from the rocks, rivers in high places; fountains in the valleys, in the wilderness pools of water, and in the dry land springs of water." See, too, in the heat of summer the fulfilment of the words: "And I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbs; and I will make the rivers islands, and I will dry up the pools." Look, too, on the dry roadway, at the whirlwind, and think of the still, small voice that was preferred to all its mighty force. Look out at even at the countless lights by the sides of numberless cottages where the evening meal is preparing, and see the fires where the pots are being made hot with thorns. Those piles of stone, too, standing out clearly in the bright moon-light, are put up to scare away the little foxes that spoil the grapes and gnaw the cucumbers—grapes of a vineyard like that of "the well-beloved," cucumbers of a garden like that of which the prophet spoke. There, too, is the lodge in the garden, just as you would have expected—a rough booth of wattles and boughs for the "natoor," or keeper, to screen himself alike from the mid-day sun, and mist at eventide. But more, far more, than nature, animate or inanimate, are the people—Jew, Moslem, Druse, Syrian, Bedowee, Maronite, Greek Orthodox, no matter, all have their intimate association with the old Bible days.

Time after time may be seen an exact counterpart of Abraham in some old man of patriarchal mien and benevolent countenance. A Moses, too—"deep on his front engraven deliberation sat and public care"—you may see a face like that in many an old Druse Sheikh mourning over the downfall of his people in the distant wilds of the Lebanon. A Joseph, too, with coat of many colours; or, still easier, a David rejoicing in his youth, with bright black eyes and teeth of marvelous whiteness, and with all his dusky skin of a "ruddy countenance." A Samson, too; the land abounds in Samsons, able to lift huge weights and suffer patiently. It is possible, too, to see a face fit for the picture of a Madonna; and how often we see represented the scene of Joseph and Mary and the young child, the old