

stantly in view. It requires to be iterated and reiterated in a materialistic age, when there is so much in modern life which would close in our horizon, and restrict our view to the merely sensuous. We are exiles, strangers, here but for a time, our home is above, this is not our Fatherland. Our King to whom we give our heart's allegiance is Christ, our citizenship is in heaven. We are pilgrims on the earth, but sojourners for a little while, travellers passing through to their own country. "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." The time of our stay is short. Our faces are Zionward. Our motto is Onward, Excelsior.

The most beautiful, and at the same time the most expressive meaning for Golan is Joy.

It makes no draft upon the imagination to enter into the exultant joy of the refugee, as fleeing from the dread avenger, he entered within the precincts of the City of Refuge. He would indeed rejoice, his whole being would exult in the thought of perfect safety. The awful dread of death which like a dark cloud had rested upon him, along the whole pathway which he had come, as like a frightened deer he had fled before his angry pursuers, gave way as the sun of hope came again into his sky, and as he passed within the gates the full flood-tide of joy burst upon him. His fears are now dead, joy reigns within and without,

"The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."