

We then traversed a hilly tract and crossed a rolling country covered at the season of our journey with long grass. Now and again at long intervals we saw among the knolls, or small hills, shepherds with a few herds of diminutive cattle and black goats. The passage of our train seemed to awaken in their stolid faces but a momentary glance of curiosity as they leaned on their long staves and vacantly stared at us. At length we reached the hill above Tiberias passing to the left, the Karn Hattin, or Horns of Hattin. This is a small round protuberance rising some sixty feet over the elevated plateau surrounding the Sea of Galilee. A tradition, dating from the time of the Crusades, tells us that this was the scene of the Sermon on the Mount and the Feeding of the Five Thousand. Many writers are of opinion that tradition is in this instance probably right. The spot is visible and easily accessible from the Lake, and the level ground around this knoll is very suitable for the assembling of an audience. Near the Karn Hattin the last struggle of the Crusaders took place. On the 3rd and 4th July, A.D. 1187, Saladin signally defeated the Crusaders and gave them their death blow. The Knights were sold as slaves and the Templars and Hospitallers executed. From the top of the hill above Tiberias we obtained our first view of the famous Lake so familiar to us all, and around the shores of which cluster so many memories of "Jesus and His disciples." We were by no means disappointed at the prospect, and as we rode for some time down the hillside towards its shores could enjoy an admirable view of its waters. It was late in the afternoon when we first saw it, and as it lay sleeping in its bosom of hills it looked not unlike the Dead Sea. It resembles the latter sea as it is surrounded by a rampart of hills, open only at the north and south ends where the Jordan enters and leaves it. This basin is about 620 feet, at the surface of the water, under the level of the Mediterranean. Its form is oval, its length about 16 miles, and its width from 4 to 7 miles. I had difficulty, from the clearness of the atmosphere, in believing that the steep and lofty banks at the opposite side were distant fully six miles from the western shore. The hills around were all clad in verdure and the whole prospect was one of placid beauty. We did not enter Tiberias, but turning southward, passed round the west side of its walls and along an excellent bit of road for about a mile, till we found our camp waiting us near the beach. We had our lunch 'ent pached on the shingle and enjoyed a dip in the clear water before dinner. We saw fish swimming about in large numbers, and had some next morning for breakfast. Some of the fish are excellent, while others are soft and insipid. The fishing seems to be done from the banks, and no sail was to be seen on a sea which, from the Gospel narrative, was at one time navigated by many little ships. It is said that in the Lake are found varieties of fish not met with except in tropical climates. This may be accounted for by the great depression of the sea, which occasions a high temperature and induces also an almost sub-tropical vegetation along its shores. It may be mentioned that the water is very slightly saline but is quite wholesome. Our camp was situated about half way between Tiberias and the celebrated Hot Baths. A well made road runs along the shore from the baths to Tiberias. On it we saw a roller, evidently formed of a column from some of the ancient palaces of Tiberias. A stream of people was passing along this road between the baths and the town, and many persons made the journey in a large boat which did duty as a ferry. The Sea of Galilee attracts large numbers of pilgrims and, as cleanliness and godliness have not in their creed any very close connection, their cutaneous diseases are benefited by repeated plunges in the steaming waters. These baths have been celebrated from time immemorial. The water has a temperature of 142° Fahr., and has a strong sulphurous odor. The taste is bitter, and as the overflow runs down over the beach it leaves a green deposit on the shingle. Even at a considerable distance from the spring the water is so hot that one cannot bear to put the hand in it. There have been erected two bath-houses at these springs. They look like small mosques and have domed and vaulted roofs. I looked into them and found that the whole of the centre was occupied by a large circular tank surrounded by a narrow pavement of stone. Dense volumes of steam rose from the water, which, combined with the sulphurous fumes and the odours issuing from the filthy bodies and garments of the saintly pilgrims, compelled a speedy retreat. A sort of khan or caravanserai stands between these bathing establishments. This seemed to be occupied by eight or ten families or companies of pilgrims. As the evening shades crept on the pilgrims all returned to Tiberias, either on foot or by the boat—or rather scow— and an intense stillness followed, broken only by the noise of our horses as they crunched their evening meal of chopped straw and barley. The sunlight gradually disappeared from the hill tops on the eastern shore, among whose ravines the Derzoniac doubtless wandered and down whose steep slopes swine so violently rushed to their doom, and after lingering for a while in golden splendour on the snow-clad Hermon vanished in the sudden darkness of an Eastern night. As we sat at our tent

doors while the stars appeared, and watched the faint outline of the surrounding hills as they became visible under the clear shining of these lesser lights and listened to the dreamy murmur of the wavelets on the beach, the past seemed to revive again. We could hardly realize that we were sitting in the land of Zabulon which saw the "great light" and on the shores of that sea which witnessed so much of the life of the Redeemer and His disciples; where the fishermen were called from their boats and nets to become fishers of men; where the hook was cast for the fish which was to furnish the tribute money; where the Master taught from the little ship, and met his afflicted disciples in the midst of the sea, and where in the dim, grey dawn the solitary figure in his resurrection body filled to the breaking the empty nets of his toiling friends. In the morning I set out with my dragoman for Tiberias. On our way along the road we met many of the pilgrims going to the baths. They were a motley crowd, consisting however chiefly of Russians and Jews. We passed, all along the sea, the remains of many buildings jutting out into the lake, doubtless the vestiges of Roman grandeur. The town itself is surrounded by crumbling walls and towers which give it a very picturesque appearance as it stands on a small promontory. The streets were like narrow lanes and oozy with filth. We searched for some time among courts and slums for the telegraph office which at last we found without any sign to indicate its existence. Descending a few steps into an earthen-floored and very low room we found the operator, a rather pleasant looking and civil Turk dressed in fez and European costume. After due oriental deliberation he succeeded in despatching a message to Damascus. I found that for fifteen days previous to my visit no message had been sent from the office, and I understand that a longer interval had intervened between that despatch and the one preceding. The Turkish telegraph system exists really for military and governmental purposes, and to give effect to that organized espionage prevalent through the empire. I then set out on my search for the Free Church of Scotland Mission and found it in miserable enough quarters but like an oasis of cleanliness in a desert of dirt. The kindly greetings of the Rev. W. Ewing rendered the production of my letter of introduction unnecessary, and I found it most delightful to meet with the Christian friends of this Mission. Dr. Torrance, the medical missionary, had gone to Gaza and his place was temporarily occupied by a Syrian medical gentleman from Damascus, who had received his medical education in Edinburgh. I spent a delightful morning with Mr. Ewing in visiting the school, dispensary, etc. The school is under the charge of Miss Fenton, and there I saw a number of children, Jewish and Turkish, who were all scrupulously clean and who recited long passages of Scripture and sang many Christian hymns. Some of these children had not known, six months before, what it was to be washed. The people seem very willing to send their children to this school but are, of course restrained by the Rabbis and Mohammedan priests. During the intense heat of summer, which in the basin of Galilee renders life almost insupportable, the missionary staff remove to Safed and carry on a school, etc., there. Mr. Ewing told me that there, on their first visit they were subjected to many petty annoyances, but that on leaving they were regarded as public benefactors and met with much kindness. From the top of Mr. Ewing's house I looked down into the courts of the surrounding houses and saw something of the wretchedness of life in Tiberias. Many of the women I saw were engaged in cleaning their pans or articles of brass, and I learned that on the approach of the Passover a general cleaning of cups and platters takes place. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of welcoming our friends of the Mission at our camp and of enjoying a sail on the sea. Some friend of Mr. Ewing's, in Scotland, with thoughtful kindness sent out to him two beautiful boats called the "Clyde" and the "Kelvin." These were carried over the mountains and now form to the staff a source of great enjoyment, and permit them, after the confinement of the day, to escape for a little from the vile odours of Tiberias. Next morning at seven these boats were waiting for us, and sending our horses along the shore we were rowed to El-Mineyeh where we again met our men. Dark masses of clouds rolled over the lake as we coasted along, peals of thunder crashed among the hills and ominous gusts of wind swept along the sea. We were fearful of meeting one of those sudden storms so common on this sea and hugged the shore. But the sun soon broke out and a delightful day followed. As we skirted the coast we passed what remains of Magdala, and the shore of the fertile plain of Gennesareth. After a delightful sail by the shores of this plain which were lined with oleanders we reached El-Mineyeh which is supposed to be the true site of Capernaum. Nothing now marks the spot but a few heaps of rubbish. A fig tree, a spring and a rock are the landmarks, and near this spring we bade a regretful farewell to our friend as we turned northward to the waters of Merom and he rowed back to his work of love among the wretchedness of Tiberias.

REVIVALS.
III.
BY REV. W. A. WEAVER, D.D., WOODSTOCK, ONT.
ENGLAND.—WICLIFFE.—CRANMER.—HOOPER.—THE PURITANS.—WHITEFIELD, WESLEY AND THEIR TIMES.—THE METHODIST CHURCH AND REVIVALS.
ALTHOUGH the term "Revival" was not generally applied to active religious movements in the fourteenth century, yet even at that date England experienced an awakening which might well be called by that name. To Wicliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," must be given the credit of inaugurating this movement. The keynote of the period was "an open Bible." Too long it had been a sealed book. But Wicliffe made a remarkably faithful translation from the Vulgate, and the people were exhorted to study that blessed book for themselves. He regarded the Scriptures as the supreme authority. "Even though there were one hundred popes, and all the monks were transformed into Cardinals, in matters of faith their opinion would be of no account unless they were founded on Scripture." Realizing that it was impossible for a single individual to accomplish all that required to be done, he organized a company of itinerants who could carry the Gospel far and wide. These men were students and graduates of Oxford, and were known as the "poor priests." But though poor in this world's goods they were rich in faith and good works; and they emulated the zeal, the heroism, the devotion, and the enthusiasm of their Master. To render the work still more effectual he sent forth a company of lay preachers who laboured principally around Oxford and Gloucester. Clad in the plainest garments, without shoes, and armed only with a staff, they travelled through the country and summoned men to repentance. Although the results of this movement cannot now be tabulated, yet there can be no doubt that the efforts of Wicliffe, as well as those of his "poor priests" and lay preachers were crowned with great success. Many of the clergy were induced to lead purer lives; many of the careless awakened; many of the thoughtless aroused; many of the defiant made penitent, and the moral tone of many districts was greatly elevated and purified. But gradually the Church was lulled to sleep again, and though dreamily opening her eyes as spasmodic efforts were made here and there, she was not thoroughly aroused till the sixteenth century. Then the trumpet blasts of Luther in Germany were heard in England, and the strains were echoed by such men as Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer and Hooper. Their movement met a serious check during the reign of Bloody Mary, but was revived with fresh power under the Puritan divines. Great indeed was the impetus given to spiritual life and activity through the characteristic preaching of these men. The style of their preaching was clear, logical and doctrinal; the tone was calm and subdued; and if it lacked the "fire" that characterized some of the later English revivals, it was calculated nevertheless to tear down the props of self-righteousness, and to build up a vigorous type of Christian character. The third and grandest of the English revivals was inaugurated in the last century by the "Holy Club" or Methodists—names given in derision to the Wesleys and their like minded fellow-students who met regularly on stated days of the week, at Oxford, for prayer, Bible-study and mutual edification. There was a crying need for a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. With the restoration of the Stuarts there rolled in a flood of licentiousness which swept away almost every barrier interposed by religion for the safety of good manners and morals. Many of the upper classes were saturated with infidelity, while many of the lower were shamefully ignorant of the first principles of Scripture truth. "The Church," says one, "was a fair carcass without the Spirit." Many of the clergymen were ignorant of theology, and in their preaching they passed the Gospel by on the other side. Sad to say, not a few of them went drunk into the pulpit. The river of life seemed to be frozen over. "England," says Isaac Taylor, himself a Churchman, "had lapsed into virtual heathenism, when Wesley appeared." "No man could tell," says Cardinal Manning, "into how deep a degradation England would have sunk had it not been for the preaching of John Wesley." But the darkest hour is just before the dawn; and about the year 1730, gleams of light began to stream out from Oxford. The light glimmered for a short time in London, where George Whitefield spent a few days preparatory to his embarking for America. A few months afterwards it burst in full glory upon the crude, benighted, irreligious colliers in Kingswood, where Whitefield, who had returned from America, began the then unpopular practice of field preaching. His preaching was indeed a revelation to these men. They had been so long neglected that they had become coarse and brutal. So much terror did their very name inspire that scarcely any one would venture to go among them. But Whitefield was no coward. The door was opened and he entered. This was on Feb. 17, 1739. The effect was marvellous. From their sooty pits these swarthy colliers listened with uplifted faces, and streaming eyes to the words of life. Whitefield himself says, "The first discovery of their being affected was to see the white gutters made by their tears which plentifully

flowed down their cheeks as they came out of their coal pits." It was no unusual sight to see an audience of 20,000 persons, and sometimes 60,000 many of them visibly affected. "Probably," writes one, "no other unspurred man ever preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the Gospel by motives so persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful upon the hearts of his hearers." A single incident will serve to show the power of Whitefield's oratory. Chesterfield was listening on one occasion while Whitefield described the sinner as a blind beggar led by a dog. By-and-bye the dog left him, so he was forced to grope his way, guided only by his staff. Continuing, the preacher said, "Unconsciously he wanders to the edge of a precipice; his staff drops from his hand down the abyss, too far to send back an echo; he reaches forward cautiously to recover it; for a moment he is poised on vacancy, and,"—"Good God, he is gone!" shouted Chesterfield, as he sprang from his seat to prevent the catastrophe. From Kingswood the movement spread to the neighbouring town of Bristol, where Whitefield was joined by John Avesley. The latter had some scruples against field-preaching, but under the persuasion of his companion he set them aside. It was a good thing for these two great preachers that they were shut out of the churches; they might have been shut in. Day by day the interest deepened. Thousands flocked to hear the preachers; and, both before and after service, hundreds came to enquire the way of salvation. The opposition was mighty but not almighty, and divine grace prevailed. Moorefield, Gloucester, Halstead, Dedham, Ipswich, Withersfield, Colchester and other places were visited, and in all a gracious work was accomplished. In Moorefield in a single day about 300 were converted. "Give me," said John Wesley, "one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen; they alone will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of heaven upon earth." He got his heart's desire. The early preachers of Methodism, though for the most part strangers to college training, were men of conviction, men of courage, and if not so profusely adorned with literary titles as Canadian clergymen of to-day, they were certainly behind none of us in faith, in zeal, in self-sacrifice, and in a determination to win the world for Christ. The gates of hell were indeed shaken, Satan was aroused, and the preachers were subject to almost every form of insult and outrage. They were mobbed and spit upon; and not infrequently, they returned from a religious service bleeding with wounds. But sometimes "fools who came to scoff remained to pray." On one occasion Wesley was preaching in a barn. At the close of the service a man emerged from his hiding place in the hay-loft, and, with club in hand, thus accosted the preacher, "I came here, Sir, to break your head but you have broken my heart." So true is it that God is sometimes found of those who are not seeking Him. Fortunately for the cause of Methodism and for Christianity in England John Wesley was a master organizer. His brother Charles supplied the hymns which were then, and are still, such a power in the Methodist Church, and no less than thirty of which are found in the hymnal authorized by the General Assembly, for the use of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Men of Apostolic zeal like Fletcher and Dr. Coke did much to advance early Methodism. There can be no doubt that to the great awakening in which Wesley and Whitefield were the leaders, may be traced back many of the ever-widening and deepening streams of religious beneficence of the present day. The history of the wonderful progress of Methodism since the days of Wesley is almost a continuous history of revivals. To only one of these can we here refer, and that in the briefest terms. Many people in Toronto and Montreal will distinctly remember the Rev. James Caughey. Wonderful indeed was the power of the grace of God as seen in the labours of this man in many parts of England. During the two years, 1845 and 1846, more than ten thousand persons professed to have been converted through him. We look at the great Methodist Church throughout the world to-day—so evangelical, so earnest, so mighty a power for good, and we ask how did this Church attain its present position and character. The reply comes: Its converts have been made not one now and another again, but they have come in by fifties, by hundreds, and by thousands under mighty outpourings of the Holy Ghost. The Methodist Church is a revival Church, and we thank God for revivals. In our next we shall look at the Presbyterian Church and revivals. BE of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.—Socrates, B. C., 470. I wish the term "secular life" could be blotted out from our language, that we could understand that the life of shops and our farms is as truly the religious life as the Sunday church-going.—Rev. G. Guild.

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