

that glorious song which is ringing louder, clearer, sweeter every hallowed Christmastide, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men."

Through one of the streets of the town, as the shadows of evening descended, poured jostling, crowding flocks of sheep and goats from the pasture fields without, under the charge of shepherds, to be safely folded within the walls as a protection against the raids of thievish Arabs, who even so near Jerusalem make it unsafe to leave the flocks in the fields.

When the glorious full moon rose and flooded the valley with its silver light we climbed from ledge to ledge and came to an overhanging shelf of rock where we could look down upon that fair pastoral scene. It was an hour of solemn thought—of deep and thrilling emotion. How this little town of Bethlehem, with all its hallowed associations, has entered into the thought and life of Christendom. Upon the hearts of millions who have never heard of London, of Paris, of Vienna, of Chicago or New York, and to whom even Rome and Athens are almost unknown words, are engraved the words "Bethlehem," "Nazareth," "Jerusalem,"—the birth-place, the home, the scene of the crucifixion of the Saviour of men.



CAVES IN SOUTHERN PALESTINE.

In the dim distance lay the traditional field of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned among the reapers—the scene of the most exquisite idyl in the world.

To my great disappointment the Latin convent, which covers the Grotto of the Nativity and Tomb of Jerome, was so filled with pilgrims that I could not obtain even a cell. I had to go to the more comfortable, if less romantic, native inn. I lingered long in the glorious moonlight on the stone balcony, and gazed down upon the silent, white-walled town, and in thought seemed to see the heaven opened and a white-winged multitude of the