

while, for those for whom this is impossible, supplementary courses of reading are provided, which go far to furnish no mean substitute for a college course. We hope that not a few of our readers may be induced to take up this course of study, so simple that even the busiest life may compass it, so broad that even the best read minds may pursue it with advantage.

The Lord's Land.*

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

VII.

JERUSALEM, as a city, is "compact together," and there is no difficulty in finding one's way from place to place. We were favoured with one of the most excellent dragomen, Mr. Bernard Heilpern, in the employ of Cook & Son. He is a Prussian, and came to Jerusalem many years ago as a religious enthusiast, expecting the speedy appearance of Christ to make Jerusalem the metropolis of His kingdom on earth. He has, consequently, studied with great care every foot of the sacred city. Underground Jerusalem was more interesting to him—indeed, to many of us, than a good portion of the present city. He led us on and on, through cavern after cavern, to the old city wall, in the south-east corner. There were the marks of chiselling in the rock, just as they were left when the workmen dropped tools thousands of years ago. There were the niches for the lamps and the smoke of their burning upon the rock. We turned aside to get the dimensions of one huge block, partially cut down, but left unfinished. What a history in those dark caverns! We were most likely in the place where the stones were made ready by the kingly builder for the goodly temple, that was to glitter on Moriah. A Sabbath spent in Jerusalem is a memorable day. I "was in the spirit on the Lord's-day" and felt a strong desire to visit the traditional spot where the Lord was crucified, and where He rose in triumph from His rock-hewn sepulchre, of which supreme event every Sunday is the anniversary.

Accompanied by a Christian friend, we went early to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Climbing the hill called Calvary, we found ourselves quite alone, and stood close by the rent in the rock and the hole through the marble slab over the spot where the cross was fixed. I forgot the surrounding ornaments and trappings; the Virgin's face, set in diamonds, and other shows, that burlesque a scene so solemn, and held on that sacred spot for a long season unbroken communion with Him "who loved me and gave Himself for me," and is now "alive for evermore."

Then we descended to His vacant Tomb. A service was going on at the Latin Chapel near by, and the magnificent music rolled solemnly and gloriously through the aisles and arches and chapels of the wonderful building; and, as I saw the passionate devotion of the worshippers, and the costly decorations, I was ready to allow their religious ceremonies, and to admit that even their worship, so full of superstition, might be acceptable to God.

Our last afternoon in Jerusalem we spent in wandering over the Mount of Olives. It was so precious to meditate on the love of the Incarnate God, to walk where He walked, sit where He sat, and listen afresh to the heavenly wisdom which He spake on the mountain side. Here He was wont to pray, and here He oftentimes resorted with His disciples. On the slopes of this mountain, with the city full in view, He predicted the destruction of the Temple and the overthrow of Jerusalem. On this mountain, at whose base lay Bethany on one side and Gethsemane on the other, He blessed the apostle band; sent His message of mercy to all mankind, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and from it He ascends to glory. He spread His scarred hands over them in benediction, and while speaking, the glories gathered around Him, His form rises, it moved upward thronged by an escort of ministering spirits, until it seemed to melt into a glory-cloud that floats high above the heads of His lingering followers, as they stand and gaze upon its fleecy folds, with wonder-stricken faces until the last attendant of the angel train tells them "This same Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." In the evening we had a social gathering in the Mission House, and, before leaving, our kind host took us to the flat-roofed top, and from that commanding elevation in the soft moonlight, which, in the land of the Orient, turns night into day, we gazed for the last time upon the holy city, its streets, and mosques, and minarets, and towers—its hills and valleys and sacred pools. Farewell, Jerusalem! thy glories have been levelled to the dust; but thou art dear and sacred still. Farewell, Kedron! and "Siloam's brook!" Farewell, Gethsemane and Calvary, and sacred stones on which the Saviour trod. Farewell, Jerusalem!

ONE of the most important books lately announced, and the most important one in its specialty, is Emil Naumann's *History of Music*, issued by Cassell & Company. The book is in two volumes, and it is profusely illustrated, not only with pictures but with numerous reproductions of famous musical manuscripts. The history of music is carefully traced from pre-classical times to the music of the future. No such elaborate work has heretofore been attempted. It comes at a most auspicious time, when music has a more vital hold upon public interest than it has ever had before.

* Abridged from the Fourth Edition of the Author's "Toward the Sunrise." 12mo, pp. 459. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.25. This book should be in every Sunday-school library.