

POSTSCRIPT.

SKETCHES IN PALESTINE AND EGYPT.

JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem." The words came to our lips involuntarily, as we stepped into the landau, waiting for us at the door of our hotel in Jaffa, and started on our journey to the once "Holy City." There were seven of us in company, so filling two carriages, each with a pair of horses, and each accompanied by a dragoman, one of whom we had engaged to take us down to Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan,—Abdallah G. Kayat, by name,—a most intelligent and obliging guide, whom we were fortunate enough to have with our quartette, and by whom the various places of interest on our journey were pointed out to us as we travelled along. Our route lay through beautiful groves of orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, and before long we enter the Plain of Sharon, celebrated for its fertility, over which we ride about twenty miles, to the foot of the mountains of Judah and Benjamin. Passing Lydda, just in sight, at a little distance to the left (See Acts ix: 32-35), we travel on, stopping here and there to pluck a "rose of Sharon," or some other pretty flower (a brilliant red poppy abounds), till we reach Ramleh, believed to be the Arimathea of Matt. xxvii: 57. Here we halt for half an hour to ascend the tower, from the top of which we obtain a magnificent view of the country around, including Gath, Ashdod, Gezer, and indeed the whole plain from Gaza on the south, to Mount Carmel on the north, and from the hill country of Judea to the Mediterranean Sea. The road from Canaan to Egypt, along which Jacob and his sons, and Joseph and Mary, with the infant Jesus, fleeing from the cruel Herod, must have journeyed, passes right through Ramleh. The other points of interest along our route were the valley of Ajalon, made famous by Joshua's miracle (Joshua x: 12); Kirjath Jearim (now called Abu Gosh) where the ark remained for twenty years (1 Sam. vii: 2); Mizpah, or Neby Samivil, where Saul was chosen king (1 Sam. x: 17); and Gibeah of Saul, his early home (1 Sam. x: 26). There are a number of other interesting localities along the road, less

certainly identified, which I do not name. I need not say that the whole journey was one of intense interest to us.

Towards sundown, all eyes are strained as we wend our way up among the hills, to catch the first glimpses of the sacred city. Those who ride with their backs to the horses can no longer sit still, but rise and watch for the revelations of the next turn of the road. "There it is!" two or three exclaim together; but no, we must wait for another turn, and yet another, until it seems as if the day would close before we should have the coveted vision. At last we descry its walls, and here and there a tower, or mosque, but the view is rather disappointing to us at first. It does not burst upon our vision as we expected, and as it does afterwards, when rounding the shoulder of Mount Olivet. Yet, who can look upon it, and remember its history, and the wonderful scenes that have been enacted within its walls, without feeling much as the Crusaders did when first they came in sight of it:

"Behold, Jerusalem in prospect lies!
Behold, Jerusalem salutes their eyes!
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
All hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim.

Scarce dare their eyes the city walls survey,
Where clothed in flesh their dear Redeemer lay;
Whose sacred earth did once their Lord enclose,
And where, triumphant from the grave He rose."

To more than one of us, and more than once, did the thought arise, "Is this a dream, or do I really look upon the city who streets our Saviour trod, over whose coming desolation He wept, and where He was condemned and crucified, and rose again from the dead?" It had been to me, for years, a dream that I hoped might some day be fulfilled, and, behold, by the goodness of God, here I am, with my coveted opportunity of seeing and examining, about to be realized! What I saw, with some of my impressions regarding it, I must reserve for my next.

J. W.

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