

herbs covered its hills and the fairest flowers decked its glens. The rose was in Sharon and the lily in the valleys. The voice of the turtle was heard in the land. There roamed the vine, and there clustered the date, and there hung the pomegranate. The cedar towered on the mountains and the myrtle skirted their sides. No human hand could raise the clusters of Eschol. The South wind passing over the gardens caused the spices thereof to flow out. The seasons revolved in their variety, but with a blended sweetness. There was the upland breeze, in which the fir could wave its arms, and the softer air, in which the olive unfolded its blossom. The sun smote not by day nor the moon by night. The birds sang among the branches. The dew lay thick in Hermon. There was the balm in Gilead. The lign-aloe drooped from the river bank. Kedron and Jordan poured forth their streams. The rain also filled the pools. Lakes glistened in the landscape and cooled the drought. Beautiful for situation was mount Zion. The cattle browsed upon a thousand hills. The excellency of Carmel and the glory of Lebanon set their pinnacles against the deep azure of Canaan's sky. The year was crowned with goodness. The Lord God cared for that land and His eye was always upon it. At the stated period fell the early and the latter rain. The pastures were clothed with flocks. The ploughman overtook the reaper and the treader of grapes him that sowed the seed. The barns were filled with plenty and the press burst out with new wine. The little hills rejoiced on every side. Precious fruits were brought forth by the sun and precious things were put forth by the moon. The earliest pass, the valley of Achor, was a door of hope. The vineyards distilled the pure blood of the grape. The fountain of Jacob was upon a land of corn and wine. The inhabitants were filled with the finest of the wheat. It flowed with milk and honey. Its heavens dropped fatness. It was surrounded with mountains of rock. The deep, couching beneath, spread its sure defence. The land might be called Benliah. The distant glimpse of its prospect refreshed the dying eye of Moses; and of all Thine earthly territory, this is emphatically Thy land, O Immanuel!

While out over the farm in company with Meshullam, we noticed men and boys at work in the face of the green hills overlooking the vines and figs of the valley below. On narrowly looking at them, we discovered that, with mattocks, they were grubbing out the roots of the stumps of an oak forest that once covered these hills to the very summits.

The roots are carried to Jerusalem on asses, and sold for fuel at a high price.

It was an interesting sight and hour, when the little company sat down to lunch at Meshullam's table. There at the head of the table was the son of Abraham, thin, fallow, keen-eyed, clothed in humble attire, horny-handed, but cool and wary in all his talk, and withal a man of intelligence and experience as an agriculturist, after the fashion of that country, which cannot be a bad fashion, surely, when, according to our host, he could, by arranging his succession of crops properly, obtain *four* harvests in a year. The company was drawn from the extremes of the earth. There were two gentlemen from Australia, some from America, and this Israelite a native of Asia, talking in the English tongue and thanking God (before breaking bread) in the name of Christ, on the spot where Solomon had his gardens to which he retired in company with Pharaoh's daughter, from the noise of his capital. The fare on the table was the product of the farm—milk and fruit and bread. But we must not linger, for it is drawing on towards evening and we must return to Jerusalem.

The law in all walled cities in the Turkish empire is that, at sunset on the firing of a cannon, the gates are closed, with no entrance to those who are late, till the next morning. During the time we were in Jerusalem, which happened about the middle of the moon, we had often wished it were possible to have a moon-light walk about the city. To this proposal it was always objected by friends in Jerusalem, that the thing was impossible, unless we were prepared to sleep outside the walls all night, for which alternative we were not altogether prepared. It happened, however, that our wish was gratified in this respect quite unexpectedly. Leaving Urtas, we followed the windings of the valley and the course of the aqueduct, so that by the time we regained the ordinary highway the sun was setting, and Jerusalem,