

How many feet have sought that land! The pathways to it from every part of the earth have been worn by the staves and the footsteps of pilgrims. In the front we see the venerable form of him who, "when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed, and he went out, not knowing whither he went." Thence down to these busier times, stretches the long procession of those that have travelled far, to kneel and to dwell on soil that, to the pious heart, is like no other soil. And as it has been in the past, it will be in the future. Old-

But of all the associations linked with that magic name, none are more strange than those of the wars for its liberation from the Moslem. The Crusades alone would endue any land with a deathless interest.

When the followers of the False Prophet had overcome its feeble defenders, pilgrims still sought Palestine, undeterred by the perils they might meet. But as years passed by, they were more and more oppressed and maltreated, so that they who returned brought back to Europe sad tales of suffering of the believers there, and of increasing desecration of the spots



"DEUS VULT,"—"IT IS THE WILL OF GOD!"

est shrines may be deserted, superstitions may pass away, but the sense of reverence and the power of association will never so far perish that they who have the Bible will no longer care to visit the Holy Land.

Poets may tell us of romance, but there is no romance like that of this consecrated Palestine,—consecrated by the lives that have illumined it, by the love that has been lavished on it, by the blood that has been shed for it, above all by the cross once reared in it: what land is like that ancient Canaan, which, so fair and so cherished, has given us all a name for heaven.

connected with the life and the passion of Immanuel.

At length, in the eleventh century, these reports became so numerous and so exciting, that there ran throughout Christendom a thrill of indignation. Then Peter the Hermit raised his voice to plead for the deliverance of those sacred scenes. With a voice like that of many waters came the response, "Deus Vult,"—"God wills it! God wills it!"

Thus began those wonderful wars, in which, with a devotion and persistency that are unique in history, host after host assembled, fought, and died. Even as the