

Calvary still remains the place of the skull, where the shadow of the cross seems to grow crimson in the dying of the day, there, where the feet of the infinite Son of God walked in their weariness, and his voice was heard as never man spake before, or since, in that land of lands, everything is waiting, palpitating, and ready to respond, with beating breast of fruitfulness, to the husbandman's touch and toil, to the worshipper's bended knee and ascending prayer.

There is another sign, and this, too, in relation to the land.

That sign is the latter rain.

The Lord promised that when his people should turn their faces thitherward the latter rain so long withheld should be given them again.

The latter rain has commenced to fall.

Heaven is pouring sunshine, dew, and this precious rain, upon the awakening land. God is preparing it for the harvest home of those who shall return.

In that land are great stone cities.

These cities are in a state of wondrous preservation—a touch here and there, and the houses would be habitable.

For two thousand years they have been empty, save for the wild beast and the night bird that would make her nest there.

Silence and desolation have been the sentinels.