

like the great white throne of God in the heavens. This view was possibly the occasion of the noble words, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name."

Two or three miles from Shunem we reach a modern village of the usual Palestine type, with shapeless ruins, narrow lanes and flat-roofed, mud-built houses, crowded with ignorant and fanatical Moslems. Yet this village is dear to the heart of the world by reason of its precious memories of our blessed Lord. It is Nein, the ancient Nain. Issuing from its gate, as the Lord approached, came the funeral procession of a young man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." If, as many believe, these words describe the relationship of our Lord Himself, it lends a deeper pathos to His touching sympathy as He had compassion on the weeping mother and said unto her, "Weep not." A steep path leads to a group of rock-hewn tombs, the ancient burial-ground of the place, and it must have been on this very path that our Lord wrought that miracle of grace and comfort. The genial Dr. Macleod thus expresses the sentiment we all must feel in connection with this miracle:

"Nain, in the light of the Gospel history, is another of those fountains of living water opened up by the Divine Saviour, which have flowed through all lands to refresh the thirsty. How many widows, for eighteen centuries, have been comforted, how many broken hearts soothed and healed, by the story of Nain,—by the unsought and unexpected sympathy of Jesus, and by his power and majesty! It was here that he commanded those who carried the bier of the widow's only son to stop, and said to the widow herself, 'Weep not,' and to her son, 'Arise!' and then 'delivered him to his mother,' the most precious gift she could receive, and such as a Divine Saviour alone could bestow.

"What has Nineveh or Babylon been to the world in comparison with Nain? And this is the wonder constantly suggested by the insignificant villages of Palestine, that their names have become parts, as it were, of the deepest experiences of the noblest persons of every land and every age."

We made somewhat of a *détour* to visit the ancient village of Endor, with its sombre memories of the first king of Israel. That dark and moody monarch, seeing that the Lord answered not, "neither by dream, nor by Urim, nor by the prophets," sought the witch of Endor to divine unto him the unknown future by a familiar spirit.* It is now a small and wretched hamlet over looking the broad plain. There are numerous caves in the hillside,

* Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel. . . . And Samuel said to Saul, Why has thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams: therefore I