

(Who goes there ?) A silence. "Aich ente, ya kelb ?" (Who goes there, you dogs ?) The same silence again, broken immediately this time by the explosion of Mohammed's gun, accompanied by the usual form of malediction. On the shot being fired, a dark form rose up, and tried to run off, but fell again heavily to the earth without uttering a groan. Other dark forms fled rapidly towards the mountain. Mohammed rides up to the man he has just slain, compels his horse to touch him with his foot, and comes back quietly. "Aich kan ?" said De Sauley to him, (What's the matter ?) "Hono mat," (He is dead !) "Allah akbar !" (God is great !) "Nestaad-jel !" (Let us make haste.) Such is De Sauley's own account of this affair, but Mohammed never referred to it. On one occasion some one asked him if the sword he carried had ever drawn blood. "Yes," he replied with a quiet smile, "I have used it in killing sheep when camping out."

This man was our constant attendant, and faithful guard for six days. He gained the respect, I might almost say affection of some in our company. Old Paul, the Maltese dragoman of Mr. Astor's party, who travelled with us through Galilee, was so overcome with love to the soldier, that he took his silver watch from his own pocket and put it on the neck of Mohammed, when he left us between Acre and Tyre. It was interesting to chat with him; he had been guide on the other side of Jordan, to a member of the Bonaparte family, a few years after he had accompanied De Sauley. From that Bonaparte he received as a gift, the silver-mounted revolver he carried in his belt. He brought him to Paris where he spent a winter, and from which he returned with a pension of two francs a day for life. The evening he left us he sat alone with me in our tent for quite a time. I asked him if he would read the New Testament, if I would

make a present of it to him in Arabic. He said that certainly he would. I then asked what his opinion was, frankly, of the Christian religion. He said;—When I was in Paris, I looked into these things a little, and this much I could see that the Protestant religion in its simplicity and freedom, from images in its churches, is nearer the truth than the church of Rome. Wishing to reach more important points, I asked what he thought of Jesus Christ, the prophet of Christianity. He replied, that he could not but esteem him as one of God's true servants, ranking in his eyes equal with Moses. I knew we were now approaching solemn and searching things, and after a long pause, I asked if he knew what our opinion was of Christ's death. He said he would like to hear me explain it. I told him I could not explain it until I knew what he thought about *sin*, "He said sin was hateful to God, that all men were sinners, that he knew well that he was a sinner, and that God must often feel displeased with him. Then, how do you hope to be forgiven and received unto God's favour? was the next question. God is great, was his reply, and can forgive me, if I repent. Thus, at length, did we reach the marrow of all theology, and the testing question of all religions, how a man can be just with God. To show him that his ground was not safe, I pressed him with the encouragement that would be given to sin and rebellion, if God dealt too easily with sinners. You are a soldier, I urged on him, and you know the value of discipline, and would ask you to consider for a little the evil consequence that would come to an army or a kingdom did a general or a king forgive the crimes of their soldiers, or their subjects, simply on their saying they were sorry for what they had done. "That is true, very true," he replied; "but only true of men and human governments.