

of bare-legged, yelling, howling Arabs, ourself and baggage were safely stowed away in boats and rowed to shore.

Jaffa, or Joppa, is a very ancient city. It is said to have been named after Japhet. Pliny declared it to have been standing before the deluge, and it is popularly believed to have been the city where Noah dwelt and built his ark. It looks beautiful from a distance, set as it is upon a hill, with the long bright sweep of the Mediterranean in front, and the dark chain of the Judean mountains behind; but when you enter the city, you find that the streets are dirty and narrow, the houses wretched, and the people abominable. As soon as you set foot upon the sacred soil, everything about you gives the assurance that you are treading upon Eastern ground. While we were waiting for the slow Turkish officials to do their work, we had ample opportunity to watch the attitudes, gestures, and occupations of the ever-changing groups about us—a multitudinous mass of men, women, and children—black, brown, white; beasts of burden, camels, horses, and donkeys. At length we were permitted to enter a carriage, and threading our way through the steep, narrow, and unsavoury alleys of the old town, we reached wider and cleaner spaces, and drove rapidly through streets and bazaars to the Jerusalem Hotel, which is beautifully located amid gardens and sweet-smelling orange groves. Before us lay the clear dark-blue of the Mediterranean, north and south stretched the long coast-line of white sand—a noble panorama—the eye sweeping from Gaza to—

“Where Carmel’s flowery top perfumes the skies.”

The first day in the Holy Land is one of the greatest events and of the grandest memories in a life-time. It is a realization of the dreams and longings of many years. What tumultuous emotions are awakened as we tread the soil pressed by the feet of God’s ancient worthies—the feet of patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, yea, by the feet of God’s incarnate Son! We visited the traditional house of Simon, the tanner, with whom Peter tarried many days after the raising of Dorcas. We climbed the rude broken stairs to the flat roof, and as the “Great Sea” stretched in unbroken expanse before us, we thought how appropriate a spot for the marvellous vision that was here vouchsafed to the apostle. In the afternoon we mount and start for the Holy City. What a spectacle our cavalcade would have presented on