

inscribed in large-sized Greek letters, stretching across the whole pediment, was the prophetic inscription,

Η ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΣΟΥ, $\overline{\text{X}}\overline{\text{E}}$, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΑΙΩΝΩΝ, ΚΑΙ Η
ΑΕΣΠΟΤΙΑ ΣΟΥ ΕΝ ΠΑΣΑ ΓΕΝΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΓΕΝΕΑ

"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

"How wonderful," remarks the Rev. Geo. Bond, "that such an inscription should have been allowed to remain on this great Mohammedan mosque for twelve hundred years! What pledge and prophecy it has maintained, through all the centuries of desecration of His sanctuary, and despoliation of His people, and yet there shall be an end. He reigns, and He must reign. Despite frenzy and fanaticism, despite death and dispersion, despite the power of opposing dynasties, and the might of superstition entrenched and established by the prestige and vantage of untold years, the Kingdom of Christ must come and must endure!*

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

One night the gentlemen of our party thought they would indulge in the luxury of a Turkish bath after the manner of the Orientals. Abdallah took us to a high-toned establishment with lofty dome, marble floor and walls and a succession of chambers, each hotter than the last. After being invested in a loose sheet we tottered over the hot floor on high pattens, and were first half-baked, and then half-boiled, and kneaded like dough, by a dusky-bronze attendant, who replied to our remonstrances in voluble Arabic, and by more emphatic rubbing and kneading. After a most energetic steaming and scrubbing, which induced a very languorous feeling, we were allowed to rest and cool off on divans, to the accompaniment of a monotonous thrumming of

* The accidental burning of the great mosque of Damascus, in October, 1893, is a notable event in history. The Turkish authorities, in their usual style, forbade any reference in the papers to the destructive fire, and a telegram, sending the news to England, was suppressed at Beyrout. The Turks miscalculated the feeling with which the news of their disaster would be heard in England, and they have no conception of the regret with which intelligent Christian people have heard of the destruction of their great historical landmark.

The Damascus mosque is one of those structures around which historic memories crowd, and which carry the thoughts back to even pre-historic times. Nor is it improbable that the local tradition may be true, which tells of an