

tage, in giving birth to whom she yielded up her own life) occupies therefore a conspicuous place in the imagery of Revelation. Jeremiah calls Rachel from her tomb in Ramah (for unquestionably the guides are right when they point out the ruins of a Ramah close to the Sepulchre) to witness the sufferings and death of her children in the Babylonish captivity, Jeremiah, xxxi. 15. Matthew calls her, again, to witness the sufferings and death, on a larger scale, of her children in the destruction of the Jewish Church and nation, which continues till this day, of which the massacre of the innocents of Bethlehem was the opening chapter. And once more will Rachel be called from her way-side resting place. But this time it will be in joy and not in sorrow: to welcome her children back, and not to mourn over their going. *"Thus saith the Lord; Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord: and they shall come again from the land of the enemy,"* Jeremiah, xxxi. 16.

In drawing near Bethlehem we were told by Mr. Finn how Ibrahim Pasha, during his period of power in Syria, settled the dispute between its Christian and Mahometan population, after warning them that unless they agreed better he would turn out of the place either the Christians or Mahometans, according as he found things. The threat had no effect on them, and so he drove out his own fellow-worshippers, and left the Christians in possession, (now numbering 3,000,) as one could judge by seeing so many vineyards with their towers, on which we saw the watchmen, to defend the vineyard from birds and from men. There are rich churches in Bethlehem, and covents and caves, but what are they all, with their gold and glitter, compared to the view from the top of the Convent of the Nativity, which commands the country where David led his sheep, and the plains where the shepherds watched

their flocks when the angels came with the glad tidings of that birth (in the stable) that is turning the world upside down.

The Jewish farm lies beyond Bethlehem, in a narrow valley watered by the Pools of Solomon, and there we arrived about noon. We boast of our enlightened age, and our age is not to be despised; but save in three things, (steam, compass and printing) the nations that once filled the Euphrates and Nile valleys, (whence the Jews borrowed their arts) were our equals, if not our superiors in mechanical skill. These Pools of Solomon, three in number, and still nearly as good as ever, built to collect water for Jerusalem, are in some respects more wonderful than New York's Croton Reservoir. For three thousand years they have poured into Jerusalem their inexhaustible supply of water, which passes under the Temple, and thence, along with the water of the natural springs, into the Pool of Siloam, and thence down the Kidron towards the Dead Sea. From the waters of this aqueduct and from living springs on the farm, two miles of the valley have been converted into a spot of great beauty and fertility. It showed clearly what Palestine could be made, were men allowed to settle down in security to its cultivation, as in the days of Solomon. The late Dr. Hamilton, of London, never visited Palestine, but with the intuition of a true Christian poet familiar with the descriptions of the Bible, he pictures, in strains not largely overdone, what the country once was and what it may yet become, judging from what we saw in Urta and in similar valleys where there is abundance of water.

"A better country than this," says Dr. Hamilton, "earth did not contain. It was a 'delightful' and a 'pleasant' land... a 'goodly heritage of the hosts of nations.' It was variegated and intersected with all the elements of sublimity and beauty, with whatever was bold and gentle. It was prolific without a miracle and the subject of a periodical one. It was a wealthy place. Aromatic