

The Dead Sea is not only the most briny, but also the most depressed body of water on the globe, being 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. We recognize the Jordan, or "Descender," to have been fittingly named when we remember that in its turbulent course of only 136 miles, it falls more than 3,000 feet. The sudden and severe storms of Galilee are readily understood when we know that it lies 700 feet below the Mediterranean. Down its ravines the winds rush from the higher levels like air through a funnel, lashing the waters speedily into furious billows. Light is thus cast by geography upon the facts of history.

But our main interest in the Holy Land is derived from its association with Jesus Christ our Lord. Its mountains, rivers, plains and cities are God's alphabet which spell out the story of His wonderful life. Bethlehem speaks to us of His incarnation; Nazareth, of the silent years of preparation; Jordan, of His baptism and divine approval; Galilee, of that teaching which has ever since been the food of the world; Jerusalem, of His trial and rejection; and Calvary, of that death which is the message of hope to all mankind. This is what Renan called "The Fifth Gospel," the Gospel according to Geography.

Fortunately, the means for adequate instruction in this subject are within the reach of every teacher. All the lesson helps are furnished with carefully prepared maps. It is better that these should be used for private study. In class instruction, there is nothing so good as a map prepared by the teacher himself, upon which the places referred to in the lesson are marked from Sabbath to Sabbath, and the journeys of Jesus are carefully traced. For this, neither artistic talent nor training are necessary; a mere outline is quite sufficient for the purpose. A few minutes each day, given to the study of geography will lay the foundation for accurate Bible knowledge, and will increase both the interest and profit of the lesson.

Walkerton, Ont.

Handles

I am a suburbanite—a man of bundles. One evening I was trudging home with a particularly awkward parcel. The strings cut into my fingers. When I tried to carry it in my arms, they at once began to ache from their constrained position. The bundle was all angles. It began to tear under my vicious shiftings.

As I was leaving a grocery, after making some final purchases, the clerk looked pityingly at me.

"That's quite a load. Don't you want me to fix it?"

"Fix" is the American's word of comfort, and I instantly agreed.

Making my chief foe the basis, the grocer attached to it all the smaller parcels, passing a stout cord over and over, and then hooked into it one of those wooden handles that have done so much to ease our lives since they were invented.

I walked off a new man. It was a much heavier load, for my purchases there had been many; and yet I bore it easily, for I had an easy hold upon it. From shuffling, my gait became a rapid stride. From tense and nervous, my face became placid. Before, my bundles had blotted out the world; now, I actually forgot that I was carrying anything, and fell to planning an essay. It was all on account of the handle.

And, on the whole, throughout life, there's everything in the way you take hold of what you have to do. That is why some days go hitching, rasping, pulling, dragging, from fretful morn to headachy eve, while other days, with just the same tasks, are one delightful scene of easy mastery and smiling accomplishment. The first day had no handle, the second had. The first tasks were grasped by the string, that cut; the second were fitted with an attachment for power.

What is the handle for days and for works? Ah, you do not need to be told that it is prayer.—Professor Amos R. Wells, in "Sermons in Stones."