

of amusement, street bands, or wandering minstrels; no wealthy or upper classes, no mayor, no aldermen, no elections, no newspapers, no printing-presses, no cheerfulness, no life. No one sings, no one dances, no one laughs in Jerusalem, even the children do not play." It would seem as though the shadow of the coming Judgment rests already upon the city that crucified our Lord, shouting, "His blood be upon us and our children!" About two-thirds of the inhabitants are Jews, and there is no more touching sight than that witnessed at the Jew's Wailing Place. In a small paved court beside some ancient masonry, which was once actually a part of the temple wall, we saw Hebrews of all countries and of all ages and conditions of life, with their open Bibles before them, reading the lamentations of Jeremiah and the mournful prophecies of Isaiah, praying to Jehovah for the recovery of the city whose glory has departed, weeping and bewailing the desolation that has befallen them. They kiss those stony walls, they beat their breasts and tear their hair and rend their garments; and the real tears they shed "come from their hearts and souls as well as from their eyes." One cannot but pity this people without a country whose sacred city is held by the unbeliever, and whose very temple has been transformed into a Mohammedan mosque.

The most sacred spot in Jerusalem is that

"Green hill, far away, outside the city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

I spent an hour alone upon Calvary. It is nothing but a knoll of limestone, covered with a carpet of green grass, and dotted with the white stones of a Moslem cemetery; but to me it was the most sacred place on earth. There it was, almost beyond question, that Jesus died. Do you wonder that as I sat there and read over the deathless record, that I wept like a child and kissed the very rocks? Wonder not; for any Christian with a heart of flesh must do the same. That was not only the most sacred hour of my trip abroad, it was the holiest hour of my life.

(From Jerusalem through other parts of the Holy Land— in next issue

Obituary.

We have to record the death, on March 10th, of Mrs. Chase, widow of the late Rev. John Chase. Mrs. Chase was Mrs. A. W. Sawyer's mother. This event will bring back to some of our readers, at least, the years of Acadia's early history.

Rev. John Chase, who was for years pastor of the Baptist church at Bridgetown, came to Wolfville in 1850. He was for some time Financial Agent and Treasurer of the college, and labored incessantly on its behalf. He also opened a school for young ladies in a building that stood where Roy-