

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 upon His own.”

Our hotel in Damascus occupied a fine position overlooking the chief square. Close beside it the Abana flowed, its strong current just at the corner of the building pouring into one of the subterranean aqueducts by which it is conveyed through the city, and from the windows of my bedroom I could look out upon its waters and out over the fine square, an ever-varying panorama of Eastern life. Opposite the hotel were the barracks of the Turkish garrison, and near by the post-office and other public buildings. This was the headquarters of my three days' stay in the city as a tourist, but after leaving the large party at Beyrout my friend M—— and I had the privilege of returning and spending a week in the old city as guests in a private family, and thus we had exceptional advantages for exploring and observing the real life of the place, such as we could never have had under ordinary circumstances.

Of the unique experiences of that delightful sojourn, when the kindness and hospitality of our host and hostess made us literally “At home in Damascus.” I have now neither time nor room to speak, but must reserve their recital for my next paper.



IN EXILE.

LIFE to me is as a station,
Wherein, apart a traveller stands;
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear approaching in the distance,
The tain for home.

—*Longfellow.*