

our charcoal fire, and a good dinner soon made us all right. But all night long the rain poured down and the gusty wind seemed determined to prostrate our tents. Indeed, that of Messrs. Read and Rorke did partially collapse. All this was an ill omen for our ride next day over the shoulder of Mount Hermon.

We have now in our journeyings reached the northern borders of Palestine and the extreme point which our Saviour is recorded as having visited. We have traversed its length and breadth, from Hebron to Cæsarea-Philippi, from Jaffa to Jericho. Many of our readers may not be privileged to visit these holy fields, with their sacred memories of patriarchs, prophets, priests and kings; of the disciples, apostles, and of our Lord Himself; but to use the words of Dr. Manning, "All may reach the better country, that is, 'a heavenly,' of which the earthly Canaan was but a type." Though their feet may not stand within the gates of the Jerusalem on earth, they may walk the streets of the New Jerusalem on high, "the city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God."

It has often been said that the Holy Land itself is the best commentary on the Holy Book. Even so sceptical a writer as M. Renan has strongly expressed this sentiment. He says:

"I have traversed in all directions the country of the Gospels, I have visited Jerusalem, Hebron and Samaria; scarcely any important locality of the history of Jesus has escaped me. All this history, which in the distance seems to float in the clouds of an unreal world, thus took a form, a solidity which astonished me. The striking agreement of the texts with the places, the marvellous harmony of the Gospel ideal with the country which served it as a framework, were like a revelation to me. I had before my eyes a Fifth Gospel, torn, but still legible, and henceforward, through the recitals of Matthew and Mark, in place of an abstract Being, whose existence might have been doubted, I saw a living and moving, an admirable human figure."

With deeper and more tender feeling Mrs. Elizabeth Charles has expressed this sentiment in the following lines:

The pathways of Thy land are little changed, Since Thou wert there; The busy world through other ways has ranged, And left these bare.	Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads, Quiet and low; Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads, His voice they know.
The rocky path still climbs the glow- ing steep Of Olivet; Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep, Men tread it yet.	The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still, As once o'er thee; Peasants go home at evening up that hill To Bethany.