CALENDAR FOR JULY, 1893.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter, 6th day, 5h 12m., p. m., N.
New Moon, 13th day, 8h 35.8m., a. m. N.E.
First Quarter, 20th day, 1h 50 m., p. m. E.
Full Moon, 28th day, 3h 57.4m., p. m. N.E.

	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water
		h m	h m	after
1	Saturday	4 18	7 49	0 1
2	Sunday	19	49	1 38
3	Monday	19	49	1 14
4	Tuesday	20	29	2 51
5	Wednesday	21	48	2 33
6	Thursday	21	48	4 57
7	Friday	22	47	5 27
8	Saturday	23	47	7 42
9	Sunday	24	46	8 5
10	Monday	25	46	9 16
11	Tuesday	26	45	10 16
12	Wednesday	26	45	11 10
13	Thursday	27	44	11 0
14	Friday	28	43	11 44
15	Saturday	29	43	morn
16	Sunday	30	42	0 24
17	Monday	31	41	1 3
18	Tuesday	32	40	1 30
19	Wednesday	33	39	2 20
20	Thursday	34	38	3 3
21	Friday	35	37	3 55
22	Saturday	36	36	4 57
23	Sunday	37	35	6 10
24	Monday	38	34	7 17
25	Tuesday	39	33	8 16
26	Wednesday	41	32	9 4
27	Thursday	42	31	9 49
28	Friday	43	30	10 30
29	Saturday	44	28	10 57
30	Sunday	45	27	11 41
31	Monday	4 46	7 26	aft 15

THE DAILY EXAMINER

THE LEADING DAILY NEWSPAPER OF P. E. ISLAND,

Is issued every afternoon, from the office of THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the London House Building, Queen Street.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

(IN ADVANCE)

ONE YEAR	$4.00
SIX MONTHS	2.00
THREE MONTHS	1.00
ONE MONTH	0.35

Sent post paid to any part of Canada or the United States.

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That THE EXAMINER is considered by our Merchants and Manufacturers to be the leading newspaper in P. E. Island, and consequently the most valuable advertising medium through which to make their announcements public, is abundantly proved by the fact that in order to accommodate our advertisers we have been compelled to enlarge the paper to its present size.

THE DAILY EXAMINER is for sale by the following agents:—

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J. McIntyre, Malpeque Road, "
C. Paul, Lower Spring Park Road, "
W. M. Coffin, Grafton Street, "
D. Chappell, Prince Street, "
Bazaar Store, Queen Street, "
S. Gray, News Stall, P. E. I. Railway, and on the trains.
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Graduate of the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, late Member of the Resident Staff of Bellevue Hospital and the New York Lying-in Hospital, New York City.

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(Graduate of Laval and McGill)

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OLD Canadian, United States' and other stamps, as used 25 to 40 years ago. For many I pay $1 to $5 each.

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Port, Sherry, Claret, Champagne, &c.

THESE WINES have been imported from first-class European houses, and are pure, reliable and well matured.

BYRNE BROS.,
Great George Street.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

P. E. I. RAILWAY.

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

Express leaves Charlottetown....7.00 a. m.
Accom. do do.....3.40 p. m.

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

Express arrives at Charlottetown. 7.20 p. m.
Accom. do .....10.40 a. m.

CAPE TRAVERSE BRANCH.

Train leaves Emerald Junction..6.15 p. m.
Train leaves Cape Traverse.....7.25 a. m.

Train arrives Emerald Junction..8.15 a. m.
Train arrives Cape Traverse.....7.05 p. m.

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

Express leaves Charlottetown.....4 p. m.
Accom. do do.....7.30 a. m.

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

Express arrives Charlottetown.10.20 a. m.
Accom. do do.....6.35 p. m.

STEAMSHIPS.

STEAMERS CARROLL AND WORCESTER.

Leave Boston for Charlottetown, Saturday, 10 a. m.
Leave Charlottetown for Boston, Thursday, 6 p. m.

STEAMER FASTNET.

Leaves Halifax, N. S., for Charlottetown, every Monday, 6 p. m.
Arrives Charlottetown from Halifax, about 6 a. m., Wednesday.
Leaves Charlottetown for Summerside, about 10 a. m., Wednesday.
Arrives Charlottetown from Summerside, about 4 a. m., Thursday.
Leaves Charlottetown for Halifax, N. S. 4 p. m., Thursday.

STEAMER ST. LAWRENCE.

Leaves Charlottetown for Pictou, N. S., 6 a. m.
Arrives from Pictou, N. S., about 6 p. m.

SOUTHPORT AND WEST RIVER.

Steamer leaves Charlottetown for Southport, 6 a. m., and runs every half hour until 10.30 p. m.
Leaves Southport for Charlottetown, 6.15 a. m., and runs every half hour.
Monday—Steamer leaves Charlottetown for Rocky Point at 2 p. m. and 4 p. m.
Tuesday—Leaves Charlottetown for Rocky Point at 9.30, a. m., 12 a. m., and 2 p. m.
Wednesday—Leaves Charlottetown for Rocky Point, 9.30 a. m., and 3. p. m.
Friday—Leaves Charlottetown for Rocky Point, 9.30 a. m., 12 a. m., and 2 p. m.
Saturday—Leaves Charlottetown for Rocky Point, 8.30 a. m., 9.30 a. m., 2 p. m., and 4 p. m.
Sunday—Leaves Charlottetown for Rocky Point, 9 a. m., 12 a. m., 1 p. m., and 2 p. m.
Monday—Leaves Charlottetown for West River, 4 p. m.
Tuesday and Friday—Leaves Charlottetown for New Bridge, calling at Rocky Point and Westville at 4 p. m.

ROCKY POINT SAIL BOAT.

Monday and Thursday—Leaves Charlottetown for Rocky Point, 9 a. m., 11 a. m. 2 p. m., 4 p. m. and 6 p. m.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday—11 a. m., 3 and 6 p. m.
Sunday—Leaves Charlottetown for Rocky Point, 4.30 p. m.

STEAMER JACQUES CARTIER.

Tuesday—Leaves Charlottetown for Orwell 4 a. m., and 3 p. m.
Wednesday — Leaves Charlottetown for Orwell, 3 p. m.
Thursday—Leaves Charlottetown for Orwell, 3 p. m.
Arrives from Orwell — Tuesday and Wednesday, 10 a. m.
Arrives from Orwell—Thursday, 8 p. m.
Friday—Leaves for East River, 4 a. m., and 3 p. m.
Arrives from East River, 9 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Saturday—Leaves for Crapaud, 3 a. m., 3 p. m.
Arrives from Crapaud, 10 a. m., and 9.30 p. m.
Calls at Vernon River every alternate Wednesday, beginning 24th May.
Leaves for Mount Stewart every alternate Friday, beginning 26th May.

STEAMER ELECTRA.

Leaves Charlottetown for Murray Harbor, Georgetown and Montague, every Thursday at 12 a. m.
Arrives at Charlottetown from Murray Harbor, Wednesday evening.

P. E. I. RAILWAY.

Until Further Notice the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

Trains will leave Charlottetown:

Express for Summerside and Tignish..6 00 a m
Accommodation for Mount Stewart, Georgetown and Souris.....6 30 "
Accommodation for Summerside....2 40 p m
Express for Mount Stewart, Georgetown and Souris.....3 00 "

Passengers for the West can leave Charlottetown at 6 a. m., arriving at Summerside at 8.15 and Tignish at 11.55 a. m., returning same day, reaching Summerside at 4.05 and Charlottetown at 6.20 p. m. Express Trains make close connection at Summerside with Steamer to and from Point du Chene. Passengers going East can leave Charlottetown at 6.30 a. m., arriving at Souris at 10.55, or Georgetown at 10 a. m., returning to Charlottetown same day, arriving at 5.35, p. m.

Trains will arrive at Charlottetown:

Express from Georgetown, Souris and Mount Stewart.....9 20 a m
Accommodation from Summerside..9 40 "
Accommodation from Georgetown, Souris and Mount Stewart.....5 35 p m
Express from Tignish and Summerside.....6 20 "

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

J. UNSWORTH, Superintendent. Ch'town, D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Moncton,

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

Manufacturers of Wire Nails, Steel and Iron cut Nails and Spikes, Tacks, Brads, Shoe Nails, Hungarian Nails, &c.
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WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR Wooden Butter Dishes and Egg Cases.

We also carry a large stock of WAXED PAPERS for covering Butter and Lard.

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TO SUIT EVERY CUSTOMER

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North Side of Queen Square Charlottetown.

June 28, 1893.

15 CENTS PER POUND

for FERGUSSON ALEXANDER'S PURE PARIS GREEN in One Pound Boxes; 14c in 25 lb. Irons.

DODD & ROGERS.

Ch't own, June 27, 1893.

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
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THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE.

THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY.

Ask Your Wine Merchant for Them.

Would you Like to go Shopping in

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A full Stock in each department. Trial orders solicited.

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MONTREAL.

feb 9—t t s

"Shorter" Pastry and "Shorter" Bills.

We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Harland among a host of others) are using

COTTOLENE

instead of lard. Nor: but the purest, healthiest and cleanest ingredients go to make up Cottolene. Lard isn't healthy, and is not always clean. Those who use Cottolene will be healthier and wealthier than those who use lard—Healthier because they will get "shorter" bread; wealthier because they will get "shorter" grocery bills—for Cottolene costs no more than lard and goes twice as far—so is but half as expensive.

Dyspeptics delight in it!
Physicians endorse it!
Chefs praise it!
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All live Grocers sell it!

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Streets,
MONTREAL.

TABOR AND NAZARETH.

A CANADIAN LADY'S ADVENTURES IN THE ORIENT.

The Scenery Around Mount Tabor—The Mountain Itself — Mount Carmel — A Woman of Nazareth—A Carpenter Shop Such as Our Lord Worked In.

Saturday, April 16th, 1892, was a day of surpassing interest to Dr. Withrow's small band of Canadian pilgrims in Palestine; for we not only visited Jazreel Shunem, Nain and Endor, but Mount Tabor and Nazareth were to complete the list. As we rode down the steep, rocky hillside of Endor, and looked northwards, across the wide plain of Esdraelon, we had our first clear view of Mount Tabor.

We had several times seen its great round head rising over other mountains; but we had now crossed the last of these intervening hills, and the whole grand outline of the isolated mass of rock came clearly into view. Mount Tabor really rises only about 1,350 feet above the plain; but, approached from the south, the sheer, naked limestone rock, rising so abruptly from the level plain, gives the appearance of much greater height.

The road winds around the eastern face to the village of Deburieh on the north, where the ascent begins. It is very gradual, and the road is fairly good for the

WOMEN OF NAZARETH.

first fifteen minutes, when its character changes. Here our sure-footed horses give us one more proof of their astonishing capability for walking up a steep stairway filled with loose stones. But worse still was at hand, for we presently reached an alarmingly steep smooth stone toboggan-slide—nearly smooth, at any rate; for, though there are some faint marks worn in the stone by the feet of the generations of predecessors of my good steed, Jemil, they are not reassuring, and I only require an excuse to dismount and finish the ascent on foot. I look down at the Doctor, who is mounted on a wiry and most opinionated little sorrel, rejoicing in the name of Naaman; but the reins are lying loose on Naaman's neck, and the Doctor, notebook in hand, is serenely and absorbedly contemplating the landscape, having evidently abandoned the whole business of ascent to his horse.

And, indeed, the pictures disclosed by the upward windings of the path might well make one forget its dangers. Fair, smiling valleys, and the varied outlines of range after range of mountains come successively into view as we ascend; the picture is never twice the same, but always beautiful.

On reaching the top, after three-quarters of an hour's steady climbing through a wilderness of oak and syringa, it was a surprise to find so large a space that is comparatively level—a field or two of thin, starved-looking wheat, and stone-walled gardens. We entered a gate and rode between two stone walls to the court yard of the Latin (Roman Catholic) monastery, and as we dismounted to explore the ruins I took a refreshing peep at the monks' pretty little formal garden, with its neatly kept beds brilliant with bloom.

The history of the broken and fallen masses of masonry covering this part of the mountain is not known, but they are certainly the remains of many ages and many different nations. Antiochus the Great built a town here more than two hundred years before Christ. Josephus occupied the mount as a fortress and built a wall around the plateau on the summit. Much later, the Crusaders erected a church and monastery which the Moslems at length destroyed. As sole successors to all those varied owners, there are now two monasteries, a Latin and a Greek; and so great is their fraternal affection, that travellers visiting either one are denied admittance to the other.

Whatever the history and dates of these vine-covered ruins they are picturesque and beautiful now, and in perfect harmony with the stately traditions of the place. Not less so is the Franciscan monk who receives us with the graceful courtesy of his race, giving us a cordial welcome in very pure French. As he stands there, with the bright sunshine lighting up his blue eyes and the short auburn curls of his uncovered, tonsured head, I am grateful to the custom that prescribes his long brown robe of coarse cloth, the girdle of knotted cord with the carved olive rosary, even the bare sandalled feet. He is thoroughly in keeping with a historic past.

Following the good brother, we passed through the ruins; and, climbing the wall at the north-eastern point, reached a sort of platform, where we stopped amazed at the wonderful sight. All central Palestine lay spread out before us; the cradle of the human race, the scenes associated with its early history, when God yet dealt directly with men; history so remote that it had always seemed unreal. But now, names that had hitherto been mere shadows became living realities as our guide pointed out their location.

Far to the north-east Mount Hermon lifts its stately head, its snowy crown dazzling white against the blue sky; nearly east of us rise the tawny slopes of the Gadarene hills, and, at their feet, a silvery gleam of blue water:

"Clear silver water in a cup of gold,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara
It shines—His lake—the sea of Chinnereth.'

It is our first glimpse of that "little silver happy sea, far famed," and the eye lingers a moment before we look for the mountains of Gilead, and those of Samaria, where Ebal frowns at Gerizim across the smiling valley of Nabulus.

Beyond these still the faint outline of the Judean hills is lost in the deeper blue of the sky. Stretching away from the base of Tabor for miles towards the south lies the plain of Esdraelon; green now with a luxuriant crop of wheat.

We have many times admired the wonderful clearness and transparent brilliancy of the atmosphere, which an Eastern traveller has well said, "like water brightens all it touches." This effect is especially noticeable to-day in the vivid depth of color of the blue sky, and the yellow, russet and purple of the mountains, while Esdraelon glows like an emerald, except where the long shadow of Tabor lies across it. Objects that are many miles distant are revealed with a clear distinctness of outline as if close at hand.

Looking to the west we see Mount Carmel; and between that and Tabor, on the southwest, the valley of Megiddo, the battlefield of Barak and Sisera. Mount Tabor has been closely associated with all the past history of this region, but in all that past there is, perhaps, nothing of so much dramatic interest as the overthrow of Sisera. Barak, in accordance with Deborah's instructions has assembled here his ten thousand fighting men of Zebulon and Naphtali. And what a rendezvous for an army! We are strangers from a far country, but, looking at the wide, glorious prospect, we feel a thrill of pride and love for our common heritage in this motherland of all Christian peoples. What, then, must have been its inspiration for a Jew, of all men the most intensely patriotic! Small wonder that Sisera's "nine hundred chariots of iron" went down before the impetuous charge of Barak's host No doubt Deborah, standing on these heights, watched the battle she had instigated; all the high courage and loyalty of her lofty soul enkindled by the valour of her people; and, on their return, she celebrated the victory with a song of rejoicing, worthy alike of the scene and the occasion.

Looking at the very scene where it occurred it was easy to re-people those western slopes with the multitude of wearied soldiers, enjoying their well-earned rest, while the stately, white-robed prophetess in song and recitative immortalized "Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite," for the brave deed that had sealed the victory. But they vanished, and I was brought suddenly back to the present by the whispered request to "ask him if he has any canes!" For we had a cane collector in our party; not the first of his kind who had been here, perhaps; for the good brother smiled and shook his head. "I am afraid there is nothing left—everyone wants a souvenir, mais nous verrons." And we did see; for when we reached the courtyard again, an attendant brought a knotty oak stick from which he was brushing the ashes. It was the fire-poker! But in spite of its humble origin it is now the crowning glory of a very motley collection.

In order to save time we were to take a short cut across the hills of Nazareth; and we had picked up a bare-headed, bare-footed, lightly clothed native of that place for a guide. He seemed to care as little for sharp stones and sharper thorns as our horses did, and kept easily ahead of us; chanting the endless, monotonous Arabic song with which our muleteers enliven the way. We rode as fast as the rocky winding path allowed; indeed, our horses always knew much better than we did when the day's work was nearly done, and needed no urging except the near prospect of the evening meal. The sinking of the sun behind the high western hills soon threw the valley into deep shadow, but on the upper slopes of Tabor the golden light still lingered with exquisite effect. But it faded even from the heights, and the quick-coming darkness had fallen before we rode down the last long slope and reached Nazareth. We had been thirteen hours in the saddle, and though such a day could not be too long, we were thoroughly ready for dinner and bed.

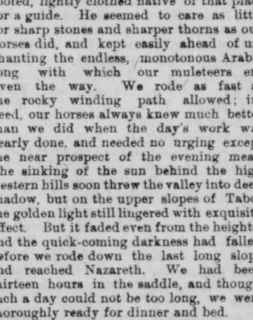
An ideal Easter morning! The bluest of blue skies, floods of glorious sunshine, flowers everywhere. This was my first impression of Nazareth as I came out into the fresh sweetness of the early morning; an impression that was deepened as I took in the details of the fair scene; the white houses in their green setting of fig and olive gardens, with pots of blooming plants on the roofs—roses running riot over the low stone walls—while acres of scarlet poppies blazed in the valley below us, and yellow daisies and fragrant mignonette grew like weeds at our feet. We found the curtains of our dining tent looped back, so we enjoyed our coffee and the lovely morning together, and not less the great bunches of dewy pink roses that had come to be the usual daily tribute to "Madame's" love of flowers.

On starting out, immediately after breakfast, we were struck by the strange fact, for the first time since leaving Canada, we had found a real Sabbath. In the narrow little streets of the "bazaar," and in the broader market-place, every shop front was tightly shuttered, and there was not even a sherbet-seller abroad. In reply to our comment on this, our dragoman said:

"Oh, yes, Nazareth is a Christian town."

But, in view of the practices we had seen in other "Christian" towns, this hardly appeared conclusive. However, it did seem very fitting that, in Christ's home, His Sabbath should be respected.

The Latin Church of the Annunciation, which we first visited, is of fair size, the interior rather handsome, the altars on



CARPENTER'S SHOP AT NAZARETH.

either side the nave being simple and artistic, and the effect of the high arches of the nave itself, resting on four massive pillars, is very fine. In the crypt under the altar, there is a curious instance of the mathematical accuracy with which these Latins locate events. We had been already told that the church covered the site of the Virgin's house; that the house itself was transported by angels to Dalmatia; and thence to Loretto in Italy, where it still remains. But when we entered the Chapel of the Annunciation, and read on the altar the inscription, "HIC VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST" (here the Word was made flesh), it was somewhat startling; but, having got the most important matter settled, we were able to accept the minor details of the Virgin's kitchen and other domestic arrangements without a protest.

We next visited the small Latin chapel on the site of Joseph's workshop,* the synagogue where Jesus read the prophets, the flat rock called the Table of Christ, where He is said to have eaten with His disciples, and the precipice near the Maronite Church where His murder was attempted. We visited these places because it is the correct thing for pilgrims to do and because the local dragoman seemed to expect it of us; but we meant to spend the rest of the day studying the realities rather than the traditions of Nazareth.

On the way back to camp we stood for some time at Mary's Well, watching the women drawing water; a scene little different from what it was when Mary came here for the daily supply of water for the humble home of the carpenter. No traditions are needed here; this is the only spring in Nazareth. Even the women's simple dress, falling in straight lines from the shoulders to the feet, and the graceful shapes of the jars borne on their heads, have come down from the past, and illustrate it for us.

In the afternoon we visited the Greek Church of the Annunciation, but neither church nor service had sufficient interest to detain us long. On coming out into the courtyard of the church we saw what, at the first glance, seemed to be a bed of bright-hued flowers, but proved to be a group of fifty or sixty Syrian children, clad in all the colors of the rainbow, and basking like kittens in the sun. The soft, bright colors brought out the rich tints of their olive cheeks, and great black eyes, making a picture thoroughly oriental in its warmth and brilliancy.

The streets were gay with people as brightly clothed as the children, many of the women wearing a bewitching head-dress that we had not seen elsewhere. It was a square of white or light-coloured transparent silk gauze, caught into soft folds at the back by a silver aigrette, and floating with airy grace on the shoulders.

Our dragoman was now taking us to visit the home of his cousin, Dr. Nadif Kawar, where we were received with an unaffected cordiality that was very winning. Dr. Kawar, who is a graduate of the American Missionary College at Beyrout, is the son of a former clergyman of the little Protestant church here; and evidently, like most Christian physicians in the East, he is as much missionary as doctor. While the gentlemen were talking to him I was greatly interested in hearing from his sister, Miss Hannah Kawar, an account of the work she is doing among the poor Moslem girls, and women. She has a class of fifty-five of the older girls whom she teaches sewing, singing, reading and writing; and "above all" (to use her own words) "the love of Jesus." She has done this alone since her father's death some years ago, with only such pecuniary help as she obtains from the sale of her pupils' work to the few tourists that visit Nazareth in the spring and autumn.

It was now late in the afternoon and we were going to see the sunset from the top of Jebel es Sikh. We realized afresh, as we went up, up, up the narrow, stone-paved streets, that Nazareth is built on a hill-side; a system that has its advantages where sewers and health-committees are not. No wonder these steep streets look clean—the winter rains must come down them like a cataract. The view from the hill-top embraces many of the features of that from Mount Tabor, but is less extensive. The town lies on the south-eastern slope of the hill and looks little more than a village, though the population is variously estimated at from five to ten thousand. (A Turkish census always leaves room for individual judgment.)

Nazareth was never at any time a place of importance; it is not mentioned in the Old Testament, and Thompson thinks that even Josephus knew nothing of it. There were then many important towns in this region; busy commercial seaports on the coast, and rich and populous inland cities on the lines of travel from north to south. Now, the splendour of Tyre and Sidon has faded, the very sites of the great cities of the Lake of Galilee are uncertain, and their decay, rather than any great increase of its own, has made Nazareth the chief town of this district. It is still, however, the secluded Galilean village, the only approach to it being the bridle-paths over the hills; happily, therefore, its quiet peace and beauty remain unchanged.

It is said that not a stone remains of the village which was Christ's home, but this one probably presents much the same appearance. The square, flat-roofed houses are built as they were built two thousand years ago, and of the same white stone, quarried from the neighbouring hills. There has been no change in the narrow little valley and the low ranges of hills closely surrounding it.

"The mountains and the water and the sky,
These, as He saw them, have their glory yet,
At sunrise and at sunset."

Full of this thought we lingered long on the grassy hill-top, remembering the many proofs in the gospels of our Lord's love for the mountain solitudes, and reverently believing that this must have been a favorite retreat. Many times, it may be, He has stood here, in the solemn hush of the dying day, and watched the purple shadows deepen in the valley, and the snows of distant Hermon bathed in rosy light, or the bold, blue line of Carmel sharply cut against the deep gold of the evening sky. It was a scene to live forever in the memory, and, most reluctantly, when the light faded, we took a last long look and started back to camp.

One great event of the day yet remained. Of course dinner was always an event, but we knew that this night's menu had been arranged with special reference to the day, and to the memory of that Passover which the sons of Israel still eat with girded loins and staff in hand. Appetites and expectations were therefore pleasantly excited as we sat down to our flower-decked table.

And now "Mr. Cook" himself marched into the dining-tent in his most stately manner, bearing a huge platter containing a lamb roasted whole—the passover-lamb, dressed in true Eastern fashion with rice and savory herbs. "Mr. Cook's" brown face beamed with professional pride as he skilfully cut the choicest morsels and served us himself, while Assad and Hani, our usual waiters, looked on in respectful admiration. Perhaps the most ordinary dish would have gained a flavor under such circumstances, but it is an article of faith with our party that Epicurus himself never tasted such a lamb—such juicy, tender, "gamey" flesh, cooked to the utmost perfection of browned sweetness.

No wonder that the two following courses were mere matters of form; but no one could slight the concluding masterpiece. It was our cook's special pudding, a delicious combination of Damascus apricots, rice and cream. Then came Jaffa oranges, ripened to juicy sweetness in the long sunny days, and the warm nights full of soft sea mists; lastly, tiny cups of Turkish coffee, over which, as usual, we lingered, discussing the wonderful sights of the day, and the wonders to come to-morrow, for there were no blank days—every hour, indeed, being full of interest.

Outside, the Paschal moon is shining in a sky that glows like a sapphire, the little valley is full of silvery light which turns the white walls of the town to purest marble, and close about stand the hills, keeping forever their silent, solemn watch over our Lord's earthly home.—Zella Carman, in Canadian Methodist Magazine.

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