

hold of Caesarea the Apostle of the Gentiles passed his last two years in the Holy Land, before he finally went down to the sea, westward bound for Malta and Rome.

The echoes of the glorious past sound sweet and near as we revolve these thoughts. Along this girdle of rich luxuriant growth, by the golden sands that run out to meet the sapphire sea, the new spirit of zeal and love, of faith and fervor, of strength and constancy fell on the Apostles, and the clear ring, loud and strong, went up of copious redemption, of world-wide apostolate, of a divine message, that knows no denial, of tidings joyous and lightsome, of a word that searches the heart and burns the veins—a word that found in Western Europe its best and noblest auditory, its ultimate seat and throne and centre.

A CHILD OF NATURE.

It was at Jaffa we met Selim. More correct it is perhaps to say—and accuracy in the narrator is an appreciable quality—that Selim met us; by his own instinct and genius discovered us. Rough-hew them as we may, there is a divinity 'tis said, doth shape our ends, and, as showing point in the master's instinct, Selim captured our little party at Jaffa and held that party under his particular suzerainty during our brief stay before sailing for home. Selim, be it noted, was a Mahommedan of the mature age of ten. As we drove into the courtyard of the Hotel du Parc, there under the nodding fronds of the stately palm flanking the orange and citron trees, in white fez and thin jacket and meagre doublet and hose, Selim was 'drawn-up,' and claimed us for his own, smiling broad smiles for that Allah had delivered us into his hands. Mild was the sway this child of nature, true son of the soil, exercised over us, but constant, persistent, ceaseless withal while we dallied in Jaffa till the steamer 'Carib Prince' bore us off to the lands of the evening, westward ho! Selim's store of English was limited to one word, 'yes,' and of this term he made free use, as if it did universal duty in response to all and sundry questions put by barbarians of our order. 'Good morning, Selim.' 'Yes.' 'Where will you guide us for a couple of sous?' 'Yes.' 'Where is the Catholic Church, Tabitha's tomb, Simon the Tanner's house?' 'Yes.' 'Whither will this road lead?' 'Yes.' There may have been other terms in reserve, expletives of a stern and lurid calibre much affected of hardy salts who go down to the sea in ships. We heard them not. Yet so quick the sense of service, so consuming the hope of daily wages, that Selim was handy and invaluable, bringing us everywhere, showing us the points of interest, warning us off foetid slums, and lying ever in wait for us like a sleepless sleuthhound, ready to fetch and carry and pilot and follow. With nod and beck and broadening smile and flash of lustrous eye, and agile, nimble feet, and laughter playing round his glistening teeth, this Arab lad of ten ripe years, mobile as a lizard, fleet and willing as an antelope, with proud air of sole possession, never relaxed his hold during our stay. When at length with the opening year and century we took boat from the quay to the 'Carib Prince,' there was Selim proudly enthroned among the oarsmen, helping to pull the big, heavy, unwieldy boat through rapids and breakers, past high rocks and low, with a strength and energy and force of muscle that gave no pause. There were friends on the bridge to say adieu, friends from the Hotel du Parc, of the butterfly order, but there was a soft touch of human sympathy when we gladdened the heart of Selim with a few piastres and bade a last goodbye. Hand to forehead, hand to heart, a deep salaam, another 'yes,' and Selim was in the boat pulling for all he was worth towards Jaffa and his home. Moslem though he was, and trained to the faith of his fathers, and seeing nothing beyond the groove he moves in, Selim gave us many a laugh and called up many a comment on the philosophy that ruleth human kind.

THE FAST OF RAMADAN.

Among the Mahommedans the Jewish and Catholic law of fasting with prayer obtains with especial vigor. The Fast of Ramadan for one month was in force about this time, and obliges every conscientious Mahommedan to abstain from all food and drink from dawn to sunset. At dawn in the towns a cannon is fired from the fort, and again at sundown. During the interval total abstinence from food and drink is the law. Even the solace of a cigarette is denied the faithful follower of the Prophet. We handed Selim his lunch one day during Ramadan, a goodly portion bountifully provided by Madame, and we noted the result. He took the basket, but made no beginning of eating. 'Eat it, Selim.' 'Yes.' Then he looked into vacancy. 'We can wait, eat your lunch.' 'Yes.' But he did not. When he understood our query, then the muscles played, and the teeth flashed and like a volley came with menacing finger and shake of dusky face: 'Ramadan, Ramadan.' This child of nature, son of the soil with his weight of ten mature years would not traverse the law he owned to, and in unquestioning submission to that law refused his hungry lips the tasty lunch provided for him. No, not till sundown—'Ramadan, Ramadan!' Is it to be wondered at that the Christian message humanly speaking falls on deaf ears, when earliest years are swathed and bound in the toils of ancestral creed? And this observance of a rigid law points a moral and adorns a tale.

FAREWELL TO PALESTINE.

All is taut on board the 'Carib Prince.' The 'old century' is gathered to its limbo. The joybells of Jaffa from the climbing heights have rung in the new.

'Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky.'

Over the strip of azure sea come the peals of hope and joy, and leaning over the taffrail, in silent vision of the scenes and shores and places we had visited, looking a last look at the green and golden zone of orange trees lining the beach, noting the branches sighing in the sea breeze as they whisper a parting blessing, our party of three sweep the shores of Palestine till they sink on the horizon, but not till these shores have wafted us a sweet fragrance of blessed memories and treasured thoughts to stand us in good

stead for all time. Chatting in groups under the awning are our fellow-passengers, all interchanging impressions with the soft civility and easy grace that mark the olden world, all anxious to learn with the polish of gentle unobtrusive curiosity what is the story to be told of Bethlehem and Calvary and Damascus and Nazareth by the much-travelled party of three. And now over crest and trough we are heading for Malta, for

'The fair breeze blew,
The white foam flew,
The furrow followed free.'

But in dream and cozy thought we hug the experiences of this glimpse into wonderland, and treasure the memory as the memory of a sweet and fragrant and holy 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

MALTA.

On a bleak and blowy morning in January of the first year of the new century, over a turbid sea, churned into ill-tempered, choppy, yeasty waves, under the beetling cliffs and through whole fleets of dingies and steamers, we made fast at Valetta. A visit to the wondrous church of St. John, and a visit to St. Ignatius' College at St. Julien filled in our day profitably and pleasantly, and a saunter along the Via Reale brought us again into touch with the gentle, classical Maltese. To one church we visited, there are attached 25 priests, but then the parish numbers some fifteen thousand Catholics, all of them consistent, practical, fervent Catholics. There are non-Catholics in Malta, but they are not of the Maltese, Maltese. The home of an ancient Latin race, soft and sweet and eminently cultured, Malta is in the hands of a stranger, a stronger and rougher power that dominates the island in the interests of empire.

'To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering.'

To their weakness it is due, not to choice or sympathy, that the soft Maltese bow to a flag not their own. But as the oil fuseth not with water, so Maltese cleave to Maltese on their island home. Maltese are still and will be Maltese to their spinal marrow, and look not for lessons in art, culture, language, or religion to the Teuton that with shotguns, and drawn bayonets, and cavernous magazines, and hulking war-ships lord it over the rock. In the free, full practice of the old Catholic Faith, and the sweets of modest life:

'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

the Maltese hug their island home, their ancestry, their proud traditions, and reck not of, and love not the power that dominates.

While lying to in the Mersey our steamer was run into by the Mammoth liner the 'Cymric,' and quite a panic ensued as in the broad morning light the huge bulk struck our bows and tore off bow-sprit and foremast. But we were quit with a shock to the steamer and to our nerves, and safely landed at Liverpool. Dripping skies, and the swish, swish of the rain welcomed our arrival in Belfast—bleak contrast to the sunny lands we skipped over. It was a short run then to Dunavil, the doctor's home, where the travellers were received with open-armed Irish welcome, and many the questions asked, and many the stories told while the big logs spluttered in the generous grate. It is not in our scheme to tell of our welcome by the distinguished local pastor and clergy of Dr. Maokin's natal place, nor of the hours of peace and rest spent in the historic environs of Greenacres. Our party of three journeyed in time across Carlingford Lough to Greenore, thence to Dundalk, the home of the other doctor. In the old home, at the mother's knee in happy circle of younger shoots of older trees, we unfolded again and often the wondrous story of our visit to the Holy Land. Not for long did we tarry at home. In the early days of February, 1901, we foregathered in London; in sound health and with grateful hearts we completed the last link in the chain of our travels, and now on the farther shore, we look back, in the fulness of storied memories to the enchanting hours, that flitted by as a stray sunbeam on the chequered pathway of life, at a time when, perforce, freed from aught but the will to turn to account a favor not showered on all, we trod the soil sealed to the 'chosen people,' and we quickened our faith and hope and love at the homestead and sanctuary of the Incarnate God, Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day, the same for ever.

F. J. WATERS, S.M., D.D., ('Viator').

London, January 24, 1902.

It is not at all unusual to hear people speak slightly of 'patent' medicines, but the enormous demand for them throughout the whole of the civilised world is in itself proof that they are regarded generally as one of the necessities of life. The majority of housewives would consider themselves as wanting in their duty if they did not have at hand those remedies which experience has taught them to use in cases of emergency, and nobody will venture to question the wisdom of this. Among the remedies which no household should be without is EVANS'S WITCHES' OIL, an invaluable cure for rheumatic complaints of every description, which has proved itself to be unequalled both as an embrocation and an internal medicine. In the case of sprains, strains, bruises and all kinds of surface wounds, to which, as mothers will know, children are particularly liable, the application of the oil to the parts affected will ensure a speedy and complete cure, while attacks of mumps, quinsy, sore throat and every sort of ache can be successfully treated through its agency. The preparation is a certain remedy for inflammation of the bowels, lungs or any part of the body, and as these are complaints that require immediate attention, a bottle of WITCHES' OIL in the house will prevent serious if not fatal consequences. Sold at all chemists and storekeepers throughout the Colony at 2s 6d and 4s 6d per bottle and Messrs Kempthorne Prosser and Co., agents.—".