

do not believe that anything pertaining to human affairs is ever settled until it is settled right. We are certain that any question involving, as the Philippine question does, not only the rights and liberties of 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 Filipinos, but also the government and welfare of 70,000,000 or 80,000,000 Americans, is not an academic question, but a profoundly practical one. To learn this, we do not need to go to Manila for six days.—The People's Paper, of Minneapolis, Minn.

PROFESSOR HERRON IN PAL- ESTINE.

Extracts from a private letter, dated Jerusalem, April 30, 1900.

I have had a week of expeditions in the parts of Judea near Jerusalem, and to-night ends our stay in hotels. To-morrow morning we start on our camping pilgrimage. Three days of this week have been taken up with a trip to the Jordan and the Dead sea. We left here Tuesday morning and went down through the mountains to Jericho. It is a big descent—4,000 feet in 18 miles. The ride was very beautiful, and very wild in some of its effects. We stopped at Bethany, just beyond Jerusalem, to see what remains of the old mines, and lunched at noon at "Good Samaritan inn." In the afternoon we reached the mountain ridge overlooking the brook Cherith, where Elijah hid himself from King Ahab when he joined himself to principle at war with power. Here, too, the young men who were to be prophets gathered about him, and here he thought and reflected; here he aspired and came to his conclusions. In this gorge was really the historic beginning of all the prophecy that has come since—the standing forth of individuals and groups against world powers. It wasn't in the programme to go down there, but I could not possibly pass by such a place, appealing to me so sympathetically, so I walked down into the valley and went on to Jericho late in the evening, some of the party going on ahead, and some going with me. There is nothing in Switzerland so uniquely beautiful. Among high and barren rocks, white with the sun shining on their barrenness, this deep gorge or valley of Cherith meets one as a surprise. Its beauty is all hidden from sight, because it is so deep down and inaccessible. Through the gorge flows a beautiful mountain stream of crystal water, and on its banks grow everything luxuriant in beauty. Away down, in the historical cave of Elijah,

who was fed by the Arabs and not the ravens, the Greek monks have built a beautiful and picturesque monastery—dug out of the rocks and built upon them in bird-like perch, and in almost impossible ways. The monks have most beautiful little gardens down there, of figs, olives, dates, pomegranates, and all kinds of fruits and trees and flowers. They raise their wheat on little mountain terraces, and have their own mill, turned by the water. They greeted us kindly, and brought coffee and fruit to us all as we rested for an hour on the monastery balcony. Then we started on to walk back up the mountain. If one wants to hide from the world, there could not be a more ideal place. We got to Jericho that night, and without falling among thieves.

The next day we went to the Dead sea and the ford of the Jordan and Gilgal, starting at 5:30 in the morning, having risen at 4:30, and getting back for noon lunch and rest from the heat. The most impressive sight at the Jordan was the presence of hundreds of Russian pilgrims, sent on their long pilgrimage from Russia by their priests. They were so imposed upon and robbed by the church, and yet so simple and devout. They were bathing in the Jordan as a sacramental act, and dipping their image-covered shrouds in the water to take home to be buried in when they should die.

In the afternoon, about three o'clock we started on another pilgrimage to some old historic sites. I climbed to the top of the traditional Mount of Temptation, where Jesus is said to have decided against the kingdoms of the world and their glory. I rode my donkey part way up the mountain. There is a picturesque monastery up there, too, and the monks were very kind—ten of them in all; one of them spoke very good English. He had been in Chicago, with some Greek emigrants, years ago.

I climbed up above the monastery and sat on a rock. I shall never forget the hour. Nothing in Switzerland compares with the view. Away off, two or three days' journey in distance, across the Jordan, I could see the dim summits of Mounts Nebo and Pisgah. Below me was the whole plain of Jericho, where I was looking down on more than a hundred generations of history and conflict, and defeat and achievement. Here Abraham and Moses, Joshua and David, Jesus and the apostles, the crusaders and Arabic chieftains had struggled, in one way or another. There is no

plain in the world where one can survey so much of human hope and failure. It is the most fertile plain, capable of supporting boundless life, and of being made a paradise. Yet it is now barren, too desolate to be even a wilderness, inhabited chiefly by Bedouin tribes in their tents. And this is the porch of the land of promise, so I keep thinking. So many promises have been made on this plain. From Moses to Jesus, from Jesus to the crusaders, great forces and ideals have battled here. Is there to be no land of fulfillment, as well as of promise? Is mankind forever to struggle for what is never to be attained? Are not great ideals ever to be realized? Is history to be the perpetual martyrdom and perfidy of humanity? Yet, while I asked these questions, a long file of Russian pilgrims came by me, singing in deep rich undertones and minors, a fervent hymn of victory. The Son of Man, they felt, in a poor, crude way, had won—won for them—the victory of faith and life over power and compromise—the victory of love and sacrifice over fear and force, and above all, over self and selfish hopes and happiness. So I, too, knew that somewhere at the heart of things the victory of the sons of men was already won, and the land of fulfillment is sure. It was a beautiful ride, back down the mountains, to Jericho that night. The lights were shining from the Arab tents over the plain, and the Arab soldier was full of merry interest. The next day we came to Jerusalem, and completed our seeing here. Saturday we hired our horses for the going ahead, and went down the valley of Raphaim, to the mountain where the Jews fought their last battle as a people, and became extinct as a nation. That was a hundred and thirty years after Christ, when the Romans completed the massacre of the Jewish nation, which was led by Bar Cochaba.

My horse is a beautiful Arab steed, a pure Bedouin. I am thinking I shall have to buy his trappings and bring them home.

GEORGE D. HERRON.

Every proprietor, therefore, of cultivated land owes to the community a ground rent (for I know of no better term to express the idea) for the land which he holds.—"Agrarian Justice," by Thomas Paine.

The narrow-minded ask: Is this one of our tribe, or is he a stranger? But to those who are of noble disposition the whole world is but one family.—Hindu Scriptures.