

JOURNEY IN PALESTINE.

JOHN WORCESTER.

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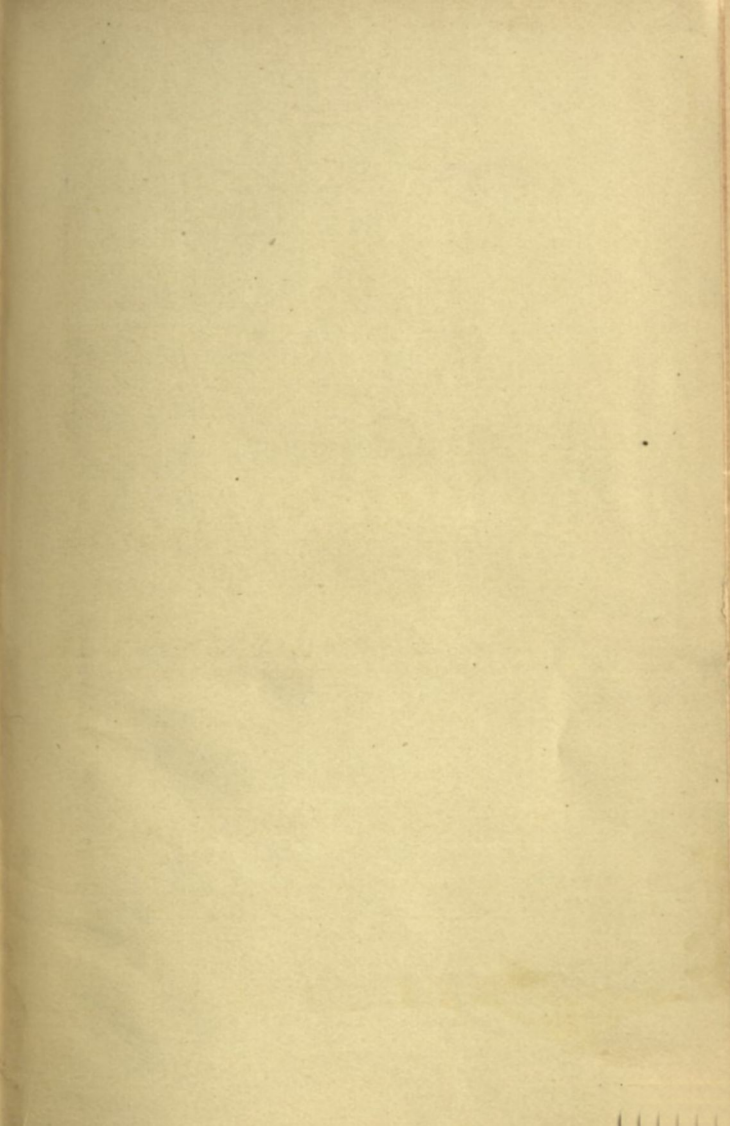


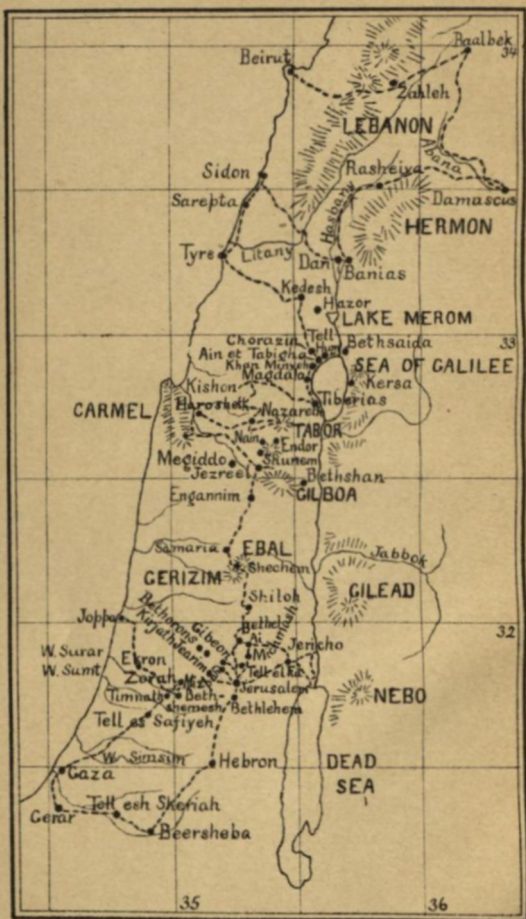
The
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1761 N St., N.W.

WASHINGTON, D. C. 20036

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A

JOURNEY IN PALESTINE

IN THE SPRING OF 1882.

JOHN WORCESTER.

BOSTON :
MASSACHUSETTS NEW-CHURCH UNION,
1884.

ally over the hill country of Judea to the mountains around Hebron, and thence falls rapidly towards the broad hills of the South-country about Beersheba. At Ebal the range is said to be 3,077 feet high, and at Tell Azur, eighteen miles south, something more than 3,300 feet; falling gradually to 2,600 at the Mount of Olives, and again rising to over 3,300 among the hills north of Hebron. The whole land was before us,—the land of the Bible story,—prepared as a representative of the heavenly kingdom of the Lord.

From this little town of Jaffa, built upon a steep, though rather low, hill, Jonah sailed to escape from the Lord, out on the beautiful sea where His care is all about us. Here also, perhaps in the small bay north of the town, the rafts of cedars were brought from Lebanon for Solomon's temple. And here Peter "tarried many days with one Simon, a tanner."

At a safe distance off the steamer anchored; for the water is shoal, and a row of flat reefs encircles the small harbor. In stormy seas the steamers do not stop here at all, because of the impossibility of land-

ing ; but in this smooth water it was easy to descend into a large row-boat, by which we were quickly borne through a narrow gap in the reef into the quiet harbor, and to the side of a stone pier. A short walk through the northern part of the town, brought us to a garden in the midst of luxuriant orchards of oranges, lemons, pomegranates, figs, and date-palms ; and there we took possession of the comfortable tent which is to be our home for two months.

This afternoon we have been out on a sand-hill back of the town, overlooking the plain of Sharon. The blue mountain wall of the morning resolves itself, in the direct afternoon light, into a beautiful mountain slope, with most interesting ridges, ravines, and foot-hills. About ten miles over the plain the foot-hills begin ; and among them wind cultivated valleys which presently contract into steep mountain passes, leading up into the interior of the hill country, and especially toward Jerusalem. Five such passes there are between Jaffa and Jerusalem, all within the territory of the tribe of Dan ; whose special function it appears to

have been to protect the land from the Philistines.

ZORAH, April 18.

The name of our camping-ground will be recognized as that of the place where Manoah lived, and Samson was born. We came yesterday from Jaffa to Ekron, and to-day from Ekron to Zorah.

Nobody in Jaffa seemed to know where Ekron is, or scarcely that it exists; and our muleteer and dragoman had much to say about the danger of going into such an unknown country. Yet they consented to start along upon the road that seemed likely to be right, and inquire as we went. The result was that we went straight there, just as the maps indicated, and found a good village to camp by. We did not get an early start, as it was the first time of packing the mules, and there was the usual struggle between the chief muleteer and the dragoman as to the number of mules required. The contest had the curious conclusion of paying for half a mule more than was needed, and not taking the half mule. The dragoman said that usually they had to pay for a whole mule and not take him,

and he considered that our muleteer was very easy and good natured. Finally the train of ten mules and horses and two donkeys, started through the streets, no unusual sight in Jaffa, and not so queer as most of the things they passed. The road led right out into the plain of Philistia, among the pastures and wheat fields. We rode for two hours; and then, letting the baggage train go by, we turned up on a hillside for rest and lunch. The lunch tent was pitched and carpeted, and an abundant repast was prepared, all in about ten minutes. After a good rest, we wandered about the hill to gather flowers. It was the first hill I ever saw entirely covered with flowers, without grass or sedges. It was brilliant with purple bells, scarlet poppies, and a still deeper scarlet composite flower, dark red clovers (besides white and yellow clovers of several sorts), and bright yellow composites of many kinds, besides innumerable wholly new flowers. Our botanical press and box were soon filled, without touching a tenth part of the interesting things.

In due time we continued our ride over

low hills and fertile valleys,—for this plain of Philistia is by no means the flat, sandy stretch my fancy painted; it is full of variety, and more like a rolling prairie than anything else we have at home. Some of the views from the hills are beautiful. As we approached Ekron,—called Achir,—we learned by experience why the god of Ekron was Beelzebub,—the lord of flies; for our horses were nearly frantic with flies the last hour. We found the tents surrounded by groups of Ekronites, examining everything at a respectful distance. They seldom have travellers, and were especially interested; but were altogether civil, and even friendly. We were tired enough to withdraw to our tent at once, but supper and sleep made us quite fresh for the morning.

We took a guide at Ekron for Bethshe-mesh,—“Ain Shems,”—and followed the “straight road,” over which the kine went lowing. It is remarkably straight, though bending around the tops of some hills. We stopped at noon on a hill even more interesting in flowers than that of yesterday, besides commanding a really magnificent view over the hills and the beautiful

valleys, and away out to sea. Grasses, and wild oats, and rye, formed the ground-work of our carpet, which was plentifully filled in with poppies, bachelor's buttons, cyclamens, curious clovers and peas, and no end of pretty things which to us were nameless.

In the afternoon we crossed one valley, climbed a long hill, and descended on the other side into the broad, beautiful valley of Zorah. After a mile or two we turned to the right, out of the path, rode across a ploughed field and a dry brook bed, and found ourselves by a well which we were told was "Ain Shems,"—the Spring of the Sun. We drank from it, and went on up the hill, past an olive orchard, to the old site of "Beth-shemesh,"—the House of the Sun. It is a hill of moderate height, extending from the east into this charming valley. We were delighted with the situation. The cultivated fields come down from the hillsides in graceful sweeps, and spread out in a broad plain, and then run on till the valley opens out into the plain of Philistia. We had no idea of such beauty and fertility in these wadies that come down

from the hills of Judea. Further back, they contract into mere brook beds, or not much more; but this one, at least, has in its lower course a country worth fighting for. In the openness of the valley to the burning afternoon sun, we thought we saw reason enough for its name.

After enjoying the view for an hour or so, we recrossed the valley to the northern side, and spied our tents at the very top of a sharp little mountain by the side of a wely, or Mohammedan chapel, the tomb of a sheik, or saint. Our horses climbed the hill, and brought us out to a most interesting prospect. It extends over Bethshe-mesh and its valley, and over other hills and valleys more or less familiar, out to the plain of Philistia; and, on the other side, up the steep rocky slopes of the hills of Judea. This is Zorah; and the little village of "Eshua," nestling under the hills, just across the valley to the east, answers all the requirements of "Eshtaol" in JUDGES xiii. 25; xvi. 31; xviii. 2, 8, 11. We were prepared for a Biblical interest attaching to all these plains and hills and valleys; but wholly unprepared for their

beauty, and the great interest they have in *themselves*. It is a lovely country at this season, and the air, day and night, is full of the fragrance of mints and flowers.

It should be added, in regard to Bethshemesh, that though we did not see any "great stone" standing out in the fields, the rock of the hill comes down to the cultivated field, and there presents a shelf about three feet high, close to the grain land, which seemed to us suitable for the requirements of the story.

SUMMEIL, April 19.

We were off early this morning, intending to come as far toward Gaza as we could. "Tibneh," we were told, — the old Timnath, — was directly in our way; so we aimed at Tibneh; and we found it at last, after a long scramble through rocky pastures. There is no inhabitant, nor modern house; only old stone foundations and dry wells. But we were interested to see the scene of JUDGES xiv. and xv., including Samson's adventures with the lion and the bees; and we felt paid for the scramble. The situation of the town is somewhat like

that of Bethshemesh,—a low hill extending into more cultivated plains ; but the plains or valleys here are comparatively insignificant.

From Tibneh we came over, through Mughallis, into the tributary valleys of the "Wady es Sumt," which is thought to be the "valley of Elah" of David's time. We rode over long swelling hills and richer valleys, mostly fertile and cultivated, and finally down a beautiful valley to the foot of "Tell es Safieh," where we camped for the noon in an olive orchard. The olive-trees were good, but not equal in interest to some of the old trees of which we have pictures.

After an hour we climbed the "tell" on foot. It is steep,—much too steep for the unfortunate women who have to carry water from a well at the foot to the village near the top. But the top gave us just one of the comprehensive views that are most valuable to us. On the north and east was the great Wady es Sumt, very much like the Wady Zorah, broad and fertile, with arms stretching far among the hills on either side, away into the interior of

Judea ; and on the west we had the plain of Philistia, arrayed in the beautiful green of the nearly-grown wheat, and the red brown of recent ploughing, extending to the blue water of the Mediterranean, and as far as we could see to the north and south. It was a charming as well as an instructive view. The hill we were upon has a most commanding situation, and is usually regarded as the site of ancient Gath.

In leaving Tell es Safieh we left the wadies and came out upon the plain ; over the fertile swells and hollows of which we rode the six miles to Summeil. We found the tents pitched on a low hill, commanding as fine a prairie view as one could wish to see. The neighboring village is better built and neater than is usual. Friendly villagers were over to see and to welcome the travellers, but travellers are not so entirely novel here as they are at Zorah.

GAZA, April 20.

We have been in the saddle seven and a half hours to-day, and are tired. But we have crossed the plain again diagonally, and are in the best place for a visit to the South-country. The prairie-like character of the country continued to-day, with some rocky hills, and some great swells. We noticed especially the broad valley of Simsin ("Wady Simsin"), not so beautiful as "Es Sumt" and "Zorah," but even more extensive; suggesting both by its name and its course the road which Samson took when he carried away the gates of Gaza "to the top of a hill that is before Hebron." We followed the wady down to Gaza, through extensive ploughed fields and pastures full of cattle and camels. The entrance to Gaza, after coming over the hill which bounds the wady, was through a mile or two of olive orchard, the trees of which were vigorous, and also picturesque. We were accompanied through it by a throng of men, women, and children, who had come out to welcome some returned soldiers. Drums and singing, and most

affectionate embraces, seemed to give full expression to their feelings.

TELL ESH SHERIAH, April 21.

Another most interesting ride we have had. There were difficulties in procuring guards and making arrangements for to-night's camp; so we did not get off till eleven o'clock. A bright young fellow, arrayed in yellows and tassels, accompanied us as guide and guard, and another was sent by the direct road with the mules.

In two hours our party were at "Um (Oom) el Gerar," the Gerar of Abimelech and of Abraham and Isaac. "Abraham abode in the country of the Philistines many days;" and Isaac seems to have spent most of his life between here and Beersheba, and further south. We left Gaza through a rather poor pasture country, but as we approached Gerar, we came upon wadies full of wheat. The city was, as is common, upon a low hill, with a fertile valley on each side stretching away down to the south indefinitely. The well of Gerar is in the southern slope of the hill, and the water is still good and abundant;

it is covered with substantial stone work. Two large stone grain pits also are conspicuous. Under the shelter of one of them we sat down to lunch, with water from the well of Gerar, and enjoyed exceedingly the sunny, treeless country, with its abundant wheat fields, and plenty of camels and sheep upon the hills, and several clumps of Bedouin tents in sight. The Bedouin are the sole occupants of the country; and one can scarcely avoid trying to reproduce from them their ancestors of the patriarchal times. It was a peaceful scene, quite different from my expectation. Of course we saw the country at its best; in the latter part of summer it would be dried up, and much less attractive. A very pretty view of the sea adds much to the charms of Gerar.

In the afternoon we rode three and a half hours, most of the time through wheat fields, some very poor and some good. Beautiful views, mostly of the same character as that from Gerar, we saw everywhere. And this was the "South-country" of Abraham and Isaac, and afterwards the domain of the tribe of Simeon.

We are encamped on a hill. A deep

wady is in front of us, where the mules are feeding, and there is still a little water in the bed of the brook; and across the wady stretch the gradually-sloping pastures, away as far as we can see. A Mohammedan wely is behind us, and a Bedouin camp just round a knoll on one side.

BEERSHEBA, April 23.

A long forenoon's ride yesterday brought us to a Bedouin camp, from which we were to take guards for Beersheba. Fortunately we found the sheik of Beersheba there on a visit. The camp consisted of fifteen to twenty tents, some of them quite large. The old sheik of the encampment, who seemed friendly, came out to meet us, accompanied by a crowd of bright colored rags. Presently he returned, inviting our dragoman, and whoever would, to dine with him. The dragoman soon came out bringing his share in his hand, consisting of a thin cake of bread, like a dinner plate, with a lot of mutton in it.

After an hour's rest we moved off on the path toward Beersheba, and were soon followed by the sheik of Beersheba on a full

gallop, with robes flying, and his long spear in the air. The other sheik came immediately after, and one and another of his followers, all in the same style, till we had a large escort. There are blood-feuds among the tribes here; so the old sheik had to stop at his boundary and go back with all his men. It was difficult to make a bargain with the Beersheba sheik; he wanted fifty dollars for guarding us from his own people two nights, but afterwards accepted a much smaller sum. We came on with him to Beersheba, and are having as quiet a Sunday as a small crowd of curious Bedouin will permit. We are camped on a grassy slope fronting south. A wady more than a mile broad, with a brook bed now dry, runs by at the foot of the slope. This morning the wady was full of sheep and camels. A well of good water is just in the edge of the slope, a few rods from the tents. It is about forty feet deep, and the soft limestone walls are deeply furrowed by the well-ropes. Behind the tents there is an arc of low hills, covered thick with old foundations of houses. These are the remains of the city of Beersheba. It com-

manded good views in all directions, and possessed a large tract of good pasture land. Some spots seem to pay for cultivation even now; and the Bedouin pasture large flocks of animals in the neighborhood. There ought to be peace in this country; it is quiet and pastoral by nature, inviting to peaceful occupations and meditations to a remarkable degree. No wonder that pastoral people, like Abraham and Isaac, loved it.

It appears from the sequence of the story that Esau and Jacob were born here, and that it was here that Esau hunted, and found the venison which Isaac loved. The day before yesterday, as we came from Gerar, we started two gazelles, which went bounding off through the fields; and this morning the sheik brought to our tent a gazelle kid, with a ribbon round its neck. Probably in the old time venison was still more easily found than now.

There is one other well about an eighth of a mile from ours, larger, but partly filled up, so that it is now nearly dry. It is about fourteen feet in diameter, and the sides are as deeply furrowed as those of the other.

It evidently was very much used formerly, and its situation shows it to have been the main dependence of the old city. It looks as if it might easily be cleared, and made to do good service again. The Arabs have a traditional idea that there are seven wells here, but these two are all that we find.

HEBRON, April 25.

Yesterday we escaped from the Bedouin, who clamored around our dragoman like a pack of savage dogs. Indeed, at a little distance the resemblance of sound was remarkable. Judged by our standards they are a set of thieves; and all are armed with old swords and long flint guns, to add murder to robbery if not too dangerous.

We were escorted out of the territory of the Beersheba tribe by three milder fellows, who took us to "Dhoeriyeh," about half way to Hebron, and wholly out of the Bedouin country. The first half of the way was over plains like those about Beersheba; and then, climbing over a hill about four hundred feet high, we entered upon narrow valleys among the limestone hills of southern Judea. Not a house nor an

inhabitant was seen for miles ; but, at the top of a long ascent, we came suddenly upon the little town, built of stone, called "Dhoeriyeh." Here we saw for the first time caves in the rock, used for shelter for sheep and cattle ; also pits containing grain, cheeses, and other domestic stores. Some of these pits had mouths sloping with the hillside, and large, round stones to close them.

It was only five hours to-day from Dhoeriyeh to Hebron. The road was interesting, over some hills, but mostly up the valleys. There were still no houses, but there were small fields of wheat in the valleys, and flocks of goats and camels on the hillsides. Stone walls are built across the valleys, to hold the earth in time of rain ; so that the path rises from terrace to terrace. There are also many smaller terraces on the sides of the hills. Probably this part of the country was mostly pastoral in old time ; but there must have been many vines and trees on the hills and in the valleys, and many more people than now.

A very beautiful valley, running north and south, we crossed just before we came

to Hebron; and then, climbing up a high hill, the city and the valley of Hebron burst upon us unexpectedly. We were struck by the picturesqueness of the city, as seen partly through a fine olive orchard on a hill near us; and also by the incongruity of the modern city with the place as it is in itself and as it used to be. A huge mosque over the cave of Machpelah, and a crowd of stone buildings huddled about it, would have made the cave an impossible burial-place to the shepherd of ancient time.

Our tents were pitched on a pretty common, on the west side of the valley, with a good view of the city across the valley. After a few minutes' rest we climbed a hill on the south, which gave us a fine view of that part of the valley which runs away to the south from the city. The natural situation is very good; the slopes of the hills are fine, and the fertile bottom land much wider than in any valley we have crossed in this hill country.

It does not seem likely that any part of the present city lies within the bounds of the old city. The cave of Machpelah was in an open field with trees in it, lying

“before Hebron;” which, besides the idea of “to the face of,” may mean also “to the east of.” The present city lies just below the cave, low down in the valley, and has the cave behind it and to the north and northeast. But there is a “tell” on the west, projecting into the valley, just as Ain Shems and the tells of other cities do; and the cave is “before” this, across the valley and to the east. This tell also looks up the fruitful valley to the west, as far as “Abraham’s oak;” all of which is out of sight from the present city. The tell is now covered with olive-trees, and we do not know whether any ruins exist upon it; but it is almost a typical situation for an ancient city.

JERUSALEM, April 28.

When we left our camp at Hebron we went up the broad valley to the west, to visit “Abraham’s oak.” The oak is on the north slope in a very pretty place, looking down the valley to the tell. It also is very old, apparently about ten feet through. It seemed possible that the tree at least preserved the situation of the “oak-grove of Mamre.” As we rode north from

the tree there were pretty and fertile valleys everywhere. It is a neighborhood that must have been, and might be again, very fruitful.

The approach to the Pools of Bethlehem, where we were to camp, was through a north and south valley three or four miles long, and then over a rocky hill. From the top of this hill we had a good view of the hills about Bethlehem. The city was not in sight, but we knew it was near, and that these pastoral hills belonged to it. They are high and rocky, marked with the natural terraces of limestone strata. The sun was still high, and we took a long stroll over the rocky pastures south of the Pools. A very pretty valley, with a little hill in it, ran up toward the sun; some of it was cultivated, and the sunshine through the green wheat, contrasted with white rocks and dark shadows, was beautiful.

I had seen photographs of the Pools, and had a prejudice against them as regards beauty. But they are much finer than represented by the photographs; and in their setting of hills they seem worthy of the admiration they excite. We camped close to the upper pool, protected from the

cool wind by an old castle, which was built to guard the springs of the pools. One large spring is within the castle walls, and another is close by. It was quiet and homelike; and the view about us, beautiful by daylight, was still more so in the light of the young moon and the planets and stars in the peaceful evening. We were almost sorry to leave the place in the morning; it was so much nearer the facts of the simple Bible story than anything we were likely to see in the city itself. We went on, however, and after three or four miles over the hills, came upon a busy scene of building of great churches and private houses, all of white limestone. And then we went through the show of tombs and pictures, dark passages and gloomy cells, and the continual pressure for baksheesh, with which Christian ecclesiasticism has incrustated the cave where our Lord was laid. We were glad to get out of it, and to move on to a fine hill top, from which we could look back at the natural situation of the cave. Its dimensions and shape have been greatly altered; and if the surroundings had been intended

to wipe out the remembrance of the Bible story, they could hardly have done it more effectually. Yet we had no doubts as to the genuineness of the cave. It is in a hill-side where caves might readily be formed; it is not far from the Nazareth road, which must be the same we were following toward Jerusalem; and such caves are constantly used here as retreats for the animals. At a little distance it was not difficult to imagine the arrival of Joseph and Mary, and the resort to the little cave for shelter. From the same hill top we looked down the wadies of the wilderness of Judea toward the Dead Sea. The blue of the sea was distinctly visible among the mountain tops; and across the water was the long purple bank of the mountains of Moab.

JERUSALEM, April 30.

Our first view of Jerusalem from the Bethlehem road, was a great disappointment. We saw it over a newly ploughed level plain, in a setting of barren hills, and in the direct noonday sunshine.

In the afternoon of the same day we walked around the little city outside. We

were amused at the compactness of it, and the shortness of the distances; but we were glad to get more and more favorable impressions. There are charming views down the deep Kedron valley, to the south, the steep hillsides being carefully terraced and cultivated. The view of the city itself from the Mount of Olives, which we have had since, is very beautiful and interesting.

The streets of the city are as oriental as those of Cairo, though in some respects different. This is a stone country; Cairo has more wood. There are no prettily latticed windows here, though many with iron bars. Instead of projecting windows and light roofs thrown over the street on timbers, here are solid stone arches, some of which are built upon, and others are filled with plants. When not too wide these are pretty; but sometimes they are so wide that the street is like a dark tunnel. Open shops line the narrow streets, as in Cairo; but they are not quite so shallow. The whole city is built in this compact way; and no Ismail Khedive has run any boulevards through it.

This afternoon, by arrangement, the

consul sent his cavasse to escort us to the Mosque of Omar. We were attended by our dragoman, a soldier, and various other persons, and were shown all about by the old sheik of the mosque. The court, with its arches, niches, and pulpit, was familiar from photographs, in all but colors. These are well worn, but have much beauty, especially the tile mosaics of the mosque itself. The inside is gorgeous with mosaics, gold, and bright colored windows. The sheik was intent upon showing the bits of old marble that are built into the walls, all of which, together with other curious parts of the building, he ascribed to Solomon. But our interest centred in the great rock over which the dome is built. It is very large—the guide book says fifty-seven feet by forty-three—and it rises above the present platform about six feet. I went round and round it, wondering if it is the rock on which Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac? if it was the threshing floor of Araunah? and if any part of it appeared in the highest platform of the old temple? I was inclined to say

"yes" to all three questions, which gave the rock a somewhat intense interest.

We were afterwards taken to the Mosque of Aksa, which is big and blank inside, and down to the great arches under the platform. The sheik said they were supported by "three thousand" pillars (possibly there are three hundred), and touched one pillar which he said was eight thousand years old. I thought it was a part of the natural rock, and assented. But my thoughts went back to the top of the rock, and to the courts of the temple as the Lord walked in them. The top is nearly flat, though somewhat irregular, and all along one side there is a straight cut which seems designed to fit something else to the rock. I imagined that it was the pavement of the temple; and that the rest of the top formed a part of the floor. Lower down in the temple area there is another level rock surface, with old cisterns in it; and I thought that here must have been one of the courts of the temple; while along by the eastern wall, where there are so many of the great ancient stones, probably was "Solomon's porch." The temple certainly

was here, and also "One greater than the temple."

Our visit to the mosque was on Sunday. Monday we went to "Neby Samwil," the "Mizpah" of old, to which "all Israel" were accustomed to gather. It has a most extensive view, including "Gibeon" on a low, symmetrical hill close by, on the north; "Beth-horon" lower down in the northwest; and nearly the whole road between them, over which Joshua chased the five kings of the Amorites; "Ramah" not far off, in the northeast; "Beeroth" on a more distant hill; and toward Jerusalem the old "Gibeah of Benjamin." The story of the Gibeonites, and their treaty with Joshua, and the other sad story of the destruction of Gibeah for its wickedness, had their scene there before us, and also many interesting events of Samuel's life.

At Neby Samwil we took a guide for "Kubebeh," which many believe to be the "Emmaus" of the New Testament. We soon struck the direct path from Jerusalem, a picturesque path running along the sides of stony hills, which make good pasture for goats, and looking down into remarkably

deep and steep valleys. Kubebeh itself stands out modestly upon a hill comparatively low and rounded, but looking out through a wady over the plain of Philistia, and away off to sea. We were delighted with it, and with the whole ride. With regard to the identification with Emmaus, it should be said that Lieut. Conder has discovered a place named Khamasa, with fine springs, from which the name seems to be derived, at about the same distance southwest from Jerusalem; and he suggests with great probability that this is the ancient Emmaus.

Our guide next led us by a very good sheep path among the tops of the hills, across to the other great wady in which lies Kirjath Jearim. It was a very pretty path, about three miles long, with wild pasture views all the way. We stopped at noon on a hillside from which we looked down a deep little wady, out upon our old track from Ekron to Bethshemesh. We knew it by the double row of white foothills; and we remembered looking up the wady as we passed the other end. In the afternoon a short ride over the crest of a

hill brought us into sight of the little town of Kirjath Jearim, now generally called "Abu Gosh," from a tyrannical sheik who lived there some seventy years ago. It is pleasantly situated on the slope of a small hill, and surrounded by fine olive orchards. To Kirjath Jearim the ark was brought up from Bethshemesh, which lies over the hills at the foot of the next wady to the south; and here the ark abode twenty years. This was also one of the Hittite cities, with Gibeon, preserved by the treaty with Joshua. Three or four Hittite cities we have seen to-day.

We rode down to the town, and found ourselves upon the old Roman, and modern wagon road from Joppa to Jerusalem. It is a macadamized road, in tolerable condition, and goes zigzagging up the long hills to Jerusalem, presenting some beautiful views. On the way we passed, on a low hill at the left, "Kuloniyeh," which some regard as Emmaus. It is, however, much nearer to Jerusalem than the "sixty furlongs" of the New Testament, which agrees well with the distance to Kubebeh and to Khamasa.

The hill of Kuloniyeh is situated in the

wady which here crosses the road, running from under Neby Samwil (Mizpah) away down to Bethshemesh. Looking down the wady, on the right as we crossed it, we saw "Ain Karim" on the east hillside, the wady running rather deep below, and here bending round to the west toward the plains of Philistia. Probably this is the "Beth-car" to which Samuel drove the Philistines from Mizpah, "and smote them unto from below Beth-car." And between here and Neby Samwil may be the place where Samuel set the stone which he called "Ebenezer," saying "Unto here hath Jehovah helped us." Every point in this road is full of historical interest, and would repay thorough study.

JERICHO, May 1.

This evening we are on a little hill where at least a part of old Jericho is supposed to have stood, commanding a lovely view of the valley, the mountains, and a part of the Dead Sea. We never thought of coming to Jericho for beautiful scenery; yet we have hardly seen anything so fine as this. Our little hill is very steep, and

from the tent door it would be easy to toss a stone to the foot, into the famous fountain of Jericho. This is a noble spring. A little brook runs out from under the cliff, and more and more boils up from the bottom, till presently it has become a great brook of beautiful water. It meanders about in the plain, stimulating the fertile soil wherever it goes, and, with the aid of two other brooks that come down from the hills, causes the plain for miles about to be luxuriant with wheat, trees, grass and weeds. It is merry, too, with the songs of birds, to say nothing of frogs.

The plain slopes gently down to the river, apparently in a straight line, and rises on the other side in a corresponding slope. Then comes the long mountain range, or, rather plateau, the front of which is varied with cliffs and wadies, the top maintaining a level of about thirteen hundred feet above the plain, except where the mountains of Gilead rise considerably higher.

We arrived here in the middle of the afternoon, and saw the Dead Sea reflecting the deep blue of the sky. Now it reflects the light of the nearly full moon, and shines

like silver. The mountains to the west are fine, especially the "Quarantine mountain," immediately behind our tent, which is high and rugged and pierced with many caves. It has its name from the tradition that there the Lord passed the forty days of temptation. On this account it has been a favorite resort of hermits. Some Abyssinian hermits are said to be still living there.

The road from Jerusalem to Jericho was a surprise in the extent and interest of the views. The little village of Bethany is not much in itself; but its situation, under the brow of the Mount of Olives, and at the head of a fertile little valley running down to the southeast, is very pretty. The rest of the scenery is barren enough; but the hills are high and interesting in form. At noon we climbed the halfway hill, which is crowned by an old fort, and has extensive views both of the valley and of the mountain wilderness. The "Wady Kelt" runs by the side of the road the latter part of the way, and is very deep and precipitous. The bottom of the wady appeared level and green, though very narrow, and in it

lay a silver thread of a brook, which we could hear better than we could see. With the bright colored cliffs on both sides, it seemed almost too wild and picturesque to be real.

May 2.

Another most interesting day's ride we have had. First we went to the Dead Sea, accompanied by our dragoman, the chief muleteer with lunch tent and bags, and the young Arab who guards and guides us in this valley. The wind was strong and cool from over the sea, and the sky somewhat clouded, with showers on the mountains; so we had none of the intense heat for which the valley is noted. We went on and on, an hour's riding seeming to make little impression on the distance; but at last we stood on the beach, and the waves came tumbling and running up on the gravel, as innocent as any other pretty waves. The water was green near the shore, like other shoal sea water; further out, blue. The mountains on both sides were beautiful, though the haze prevented our seeing so far as we had hoped. Our Arab coaxed his horse into the water, and

gave him a good bath; which he shared himself, saying that it was very good. The water was not so salt as I expected; perhaps because we were at the Jordan end of the sea.

Next we went to the lower ford of the Jordan, riding over a dreadfully barren plain, which becomes a jungle where it approaches the river. There are three levels in the valley,—the great plain where people live, the plain of the delta and jungle, and the bed of the river. When full, the river flows over the middle level, but never the higher. Where these two meet, the water has undermined and washed away part of the higher plain, leaving a great number of flat-topped hills, white and chalky. The path down to the upper ford is over and among some of the most picturesque of these, in one place running upon the side of some nearly as steep as the roof of a house.

At the lower ford we stopped for lunch, and were introduced to the river. It was narrow, rapid and very muddy. As water, it had no beauty at all. As the Jordan, it was interesting; as also was the tropical

thicket of tamarisks, canes and vines which lined the banks. The midges were intolerable. Then, to our guide's surprise, we requested to go to the other ford. He remarked afterwards that travellers seldom went there, but were content to see the river at the ford nearest the sea. It added an hour or two to the ride; but the day was favorable and there was time enough. So he led us across the country till we struck the great road, and then among the chalky hills down to the lower plain and the water. The river is much the same here as below. Neither ford is passable till the water is lower than at present, but at the upper ford they have stretched two ropes across, tying them to trees, and they pull a flat ferry boat across with their help.

I was glad to see this place, partly because the story in Joshua makes the Israelites' crossing place somewhat stony; and it has been said that at this ford there are no stones. It perhaps is true that there are none in the regular river bed; but in the next level, which is a part of the river bed when "the Jordan overflows all his banks, at time of harvest," there were

plenty of suitable stones. It may be said that there is no reason to suppose that the Israelites crossed at a fording place, since no place was then fordable without a miracle, and all places were fordable with. But the great wady "Shaib" comes down there from the hills of the east; and this is "right against Jericho," where the people are said to have passed over.

The four or five miles back to the tents was like a ride in New England on a clear September afternoon. The sun was declining toward the western mountains, and was bright and warm in our faces; the sky was deep blue, with plenty of white clouds; and the wind was fresh and cool. It seemed very homelike and we enjoyed it thoroughly.

JERUSALEM, May 4.

Yesterday morning was bright and hot at Jericho, and the flies very persistent. We congratulated each other that the two days of our sojourn had been cool; and now we were glad to have the tents rolled up, and to start for Ai and Bethel, on the way by which Joshua entered the hill country. We went up the wady Nawaimeh, on the north

side of Quarantel. It opened out surprisingly as we entered, into miles of nearly level pasture land, which might bear good crops if it were irrigated. But the level land ceased; and we had to climb by a zig-zag path to the top of the mountain, perhaps eighteen hundred feet above the plain, and then along a ridge to the more compact mass of mountains which make the border of "Ephraim." The path was so close to the steep slope that I could not look down for dizziness; but I am weak headed. The views back were very grand for their kind—long, steep slopes, with pretty glimpses of the valley and the sea, and long reaches of the eastern mountains. From these hills it is clear that those mountains are only the front view of a great table land, from which the wadies come down to the level of the "Ghor," as they call the great depression.

We lunched in a little valley high up among the hills. A woman came by, and the dragoman asked her what village she was from. "Ru-mon," she answered, quite distinctly. It was an interesting answer, for we knew that this is the

modern name of the "Rock Rimmon," which is just at the right as one comes up out of the wady. There we saw the little town, high upon the rocky hill, in a few minutes after we started again; and just beyond it, on another high conical hill, was the village of Taiyibeh, believed to be the "Ophra" of Joshua xviii: 23, and the "Ephraim" to which our Lord withdrew when he was persecuted at Jerusalem. A most extensive view it must have to the east and south and west.

To the northwest of Taiyibeh the mountains rise still higher, Tell Azur, a few miles off, the highest point in Mount Ephraim, reaching about the same level as the highest mountains of Judea, namely, something over 3,300 feet above the sea.

We rode over several hills, without knowing what they were, then through rough little roads with high walls on both sides among the fig orchards and the vineyards of Dir Diwan, and then over very rough pastures, to an old ruin which is called "Burj Beitin," or the Castle of Bethel. As this is not Bethel, we went on down a pretty slope, passing a beautiful little valley

on the left, through which Jerusalem is plainly visible, to the little town on the slope of another hill, which *is* Beitin, or Bethel. Our tents were pitched in a green moist spot, which proved to be the bottom of an old reservoir. We did not like the location; but it was the best that could then be had, because all the hillsides were covered with wheat. After a few minutes' rest we walked around the town, outside, and to the very top of the hill, where, near the road to Shechem, we found an artificial mound with a pavement in the top, which might well enough be Jeroboam's "high place," on which he set up the golden calf.

This morning we retraced our steps, with a good guide, to Dir Diwan; but stopped on the way to examine "Tell el Hajar," which name means the same as "Ai," and is generally believed to indicate the Ai of old. Its sides are indeed "a heap of stones," which is the signification of the name; but these stones are gathered out of fertile terraces, where wheat is growing; and among the wheat on the very top are a few olive trees, which are conspicuous at a

great distance. The broad hill on which Burj Beitin stands is a "mountain on the east of Bethel, having Ai on the east and Bethel on the west."

It is a noble hill with gentle slopes and good pasture, and commanding fine views. From here "Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of the Jordan." And some great stones built in a solid square, partly thrown down now, just suggested the fact that Abram built there an altar to Jehovah.

The valley on the west of Ai is not deep enough to hide an ambuscade, till it bends round to the southeast, south from Ai, under another little hill. There a small army could be entirely hid from Ai and from Bethel, and from the northern road between them. There is also a branch of the valley, over another hill, where a company could "hide to the west." There are low hills on the north on which Joshua may have displayed his army, and a wady close by for them to run down toward "the wilderness;" and then the men of Ai would be drawn out exactly in the opposite

quarter from that in which the ambuscade would enter the city.

From Dir Diwan we went to see Michmash and Geba, the opposing camps of the Philistines and Saul, and the scene of Jonathan's romantic attack. We knew that they stood on opposite sides of a deep ravine running down to the Jordan valley, and we found the two little villages with a deep valley between, which valley becomes more precipitous further down. Sending our horses up to Geba, we followed the valley down on foot, till we saw the two spurs Bozez and Senneh standing out nearly opposite to each other, unmistakable. A slope of the hill close to the Philistine spur (Bozez) can be climbed "on the hands and knees," and not otherwise; elsewhere in the immediate neighborhood the cliffs are inaccessible. From the tops of these hills broad fields belonging to Michmash and Geba extend back toward their respective villages, furnishing camping ground sufficient for many thousand men.

The afternoon's ride was through His-meh, Anata (Jeremiah's Anathoth), where

are fine views of the Dead Sea and the plain, and over the hill Scopus, to Jerusalem. The roads these last two days have been worse than any mountain paths in New England, so bad that for several miles none of us could ride. Our tents are in the old place, northwest of the Jaffa gate, and seem homelike after all the new places.

JERUSALEM, May 7.

Friday afternoon (the 5th) we spent in and under Jerusalem, with our little guide, "Jamile," a bright boy who has been with us all the time at Jerusalem. We wished to see all we could of Mount Zion; so we went up on the city wall on that side, and had a good outlook over the Tyropæon, and the temple area, as well as down the Kidron, which is always interesting. I was especially pleased to see a little bit of the blue Dead Sea just to the right of the Mount of Olives.

Jamile, thinking we wanted to see all the usual sights, led us next into a convent (I believe) to see the rooms where it is said that the Lord washed the disciples' feet, and ate the Passover with them. Escaping

from this we went out on the part of Mount Zion outside the wall, which must have been the pleasantest part of the old city, with a fine view down the valley of Hinnom. Then we went to the citadel, and were conducted by a soldier to the top of "the tower of David." Here are several old towers in a group, composing the citadel; with a complicated arrangement of court yards, covered passages, cells and moats. Perhaps it is partly Jewish, partly Roman, and mostly of crusading times. It looks as if made for hard work in its day. It is certainly the military centre of the city, and commands a good view of the whole. The soldier showed us the room where, he said, David lived, and a green box which he said was David's cradle. There is no end of such nonsense in this land; and the only way to keep clear of it is to refuse to go the usual round. The country is extremely interesting, and in full agreement with the Bible story; the ecclesiastical traditions and superstitions are only in the way.

Jamile then took us to the Damascus gate, and down into the quarries under the

city. We entered by a hole that looks like a natural cave outside the wall. The cave soon became higher, so that we could stand upright, and further on it seemed to be twenty or thirty feet high. It evidently is an old quarry; and the grooves cut for splitting out the stones are still visible. No doubt the entrance was much larger when it was in use, and has become filled up. Jamile declared that it was the quarry from which Solomon got the stones of the temple, and that it extends under the whole city.

Yesterday we went to see Beth-horon, and the valley along which the Amorite kings fled before Joshua. We started early, and went out by the Shechem road, over Scopus, stopping at the top of the hill to look back at the city, which is at its best from here. Shafat and Beit Hannina were soon passed, and then Gibeon. We had seen Gibeon from the south, from Neby Samwil; and now on the north we admired its situation even more. It is on a double-crowned, rounded hill—the buildings on the front mound, and an olive orchard on the rear,—which slopes down both

ways into beautiful wheat fields. There is a sort of amphitheatre of hills about it, the high point of Neby Samwil constituting the rear. We stopped some time to admire it.

Our road then passed over a long plain; and away in front, on a lower level than the plain, but still on a high hill above the plain of Philistia, we saw the "Upper Beth-horon." The valley, as we approach, descends rapidly toward it, and then through a steep pass, which we did not see, to the "Lower Beth-horon." We were expecting to go down to the pass; but, through a mistake of our guide, were led up the valley to the right, to "Beit Unia," whence we returned by another road to Jerusalem.

This is Sunday, and we have been over the Mount of Olives to Bethany, and home through the Kidron valley. We went first down to the garden of Gethsemane, and then up a steep ancient path which seems directly to connect the garden with Bethany. As we ascended, the view of the city was interesting as ever; but we were especially struck by the eastern prospect

after passing the top of the hill. The air was wonderfully clear, and the mountains of Gilead and of Moab showed their forms to better advantage than even when we were at Jericho; and their natural redness combined with the blue of the distance in a delightful purple. A long strip of the Dead Sea, interrupted by the tops of nearer mountains, furnished a contrasting deep blue. The hills of the wilderness appeared steep and barren; but deep valleys close by were considerably cultivated. A narrow ridge, at a lower level, connects the summit of the mountain with the spur on which Bethany lies. Passing over this, and around the point of the hill, we descended into the little village, and down to the Jericho road. This road, as it comes up from Jericho, climbs around a shoulder of the hill, and comes into sight at a little distance from the village. Not far from there may be the place where Martha went to meet the Lord.

We resisted the attempts to drag us to the "tomb of Lazarus," and to the great "house of Martha and Mary," with its big green door; and went across the fields to

the Kidron valley. This we followed up to the city, enjoying the view and the picturesque olive trees, but not seeing much that was new. Olive trees seem to us the most homelike trees we know, perhaps partly from their resemblance to our apple orchards; but they have more grace and friendliness than apple trees. They are to us also the most beautiful of trees, though their beauty is not of the simple, symmetrical kind.

We have become much attached to Jerusalem, and to all its hills and valleys. Into its present life we have entered very little, and no doubt have lost some valuable instruction that might have been gathered from it; but the natural situation and advantages of the city and its suburbs, and their connection with the Bible history, we have tried to get clearly in mind. To-morrow we have planned a long walk over some of the neighboring hills, Gibeah and Scopus especially, to fix the general views as firmly as possible; and the next day we propose to start for Shechem.

NABLOUS, May 10.

Our excursion of Monday to Gibeah (Tell el Ful) and Scopus, was pleasant and profitable. This probable site of Gibeah of Benjamin, is a broad hill with a conical point, just north from Jerusalem. It commands a fine view, including Neby Samwil, Gibeon, Ramah, Bethel, Rimmon, Taiyibeh and Geba, besides the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea. It had been very conspicuous in all our excursions from Jerusalem, and we were glad to see the views reversed.

Scopus has perhaps the best possible view of Jerusalem, which we greatly enjoyed, and commands the largest reach of the Dead Sea that we have seen from anywhere. It was our farewell visit to these views, and we lingered for hours, trying to impress them upon our memories.

Yesterday (Tuesday) morning, after a long look at Mount Zion from our tent door, we reluctantly started for the north. The ride to Bethel was mostly familiar; but we were glad to pass close under Ramah and Beeroth. If this Ramah is Samuel's town, the first time it is mentioned

in the book of Samuel it is called "Ramathaim Zophim," which appears to mean "the two elevations," or "the Double-head, of the Zuphites." From the south we saw no indication of two heads; but from the west it appeared that the hill is long from north to south, and that the modern city is wholly on the southern end. Between this and the northern there is a slight depression, enough to justify the name, especially if a part of the city was at one time on the northern prominence.

The afternoon's ride was among cultivated hills; some were terraced to the top, the walls covered with vines, and the levels with fig trees and olives. We found our tents on a high hill at the village of "Sinjil." As we approached the camp we were delighted by a beautiful view of the Mediterranean, from a part of which we had the reflection of the declining sun. We had thought we saw the sea from a hill in Bethel early in the afternoon; but as the Dead Sea and the Jordan were in full view from a point close by, it seemed hardly credible that the Mediterranean also was in sight. But at Sinjil we had blue water

toward the northwest, the reflection of the sun in the west, and the sandy shore. It was certainly the Great Sea; and at the same time the mountains east of the Jordan seemed quite near; so it was evident that a few miles further south, at Bethel, the country cannot be too wide to see both sides at once.

This morning we climbed a goat path a little way, and added to the other elements of the prospect snowy Hermon at the north. In looking from high places we are always struck by the smallness of this country. It is all hills and valleys; and places of great interest lie thick around, separated one from another only by a little valley or two. It is like a book in fine print, with ever so many interesting things in small compass. But there is difficulty in travelling fast through the little land. The roads are goat paths; and, take them all together, three miles an hour is as fast as we can move. So the various views presented are practically kept very distinct.

This morning we left the straight road for a visit to Shiloh. We found it about an hour from the road, on a hill of its own,

which slopes steeply down to rather deep valleys, except on the south, where the road approaches it and the descent is less. The valleys are fertile and cultivated on the east and west, very narrow at the north, and very wide and beautiful to the south. Around them the mountains make an unbroken shelter in every direction. It seemed a most appropriate situation for "the peaceful" city.

From Shiloh we wound around one of the western mountains, through several miles of wheat fields, and came at last to a rough hill, from the top of which we looked off upon the beautiful great valley which leads up to Shechem. Among the hills at our left was "Tinnath Heres," the inheritance of Joshua and his burial place. In front were Ebal and Gerizim, only a few miles away; and over the valley, further to the right, was Hermon. After a short rest we descended into the valley, and rode for some hours through the tall wheat, stopping at last near the slope of Gerizim, by Jacob's well. The well is in a most unworthy condition,—just a hole in the ground, leading down to a little chamber of

masonry, in the floor of which a square stone covers the small mouth of the well proper. We are told that the Greek Church have bought it, and are only waiting for funds to cover it with ecclesiasticism. We heard last year that an English lady had offered a hundred pounds to have it decently protected. We are now told that the permission of the Greek bishop at Jerusalem was obtained, but the permission of the Turkish government was refused; so that the exploration party, in whose hands it was placed, had to return the money.

May 11.

We climbed Mount Ebal this morning, preferring this to Gerizim, because it is two hundred and twenty-eight feet higher, and has a much more extensive view. We have become accustomed to looking off upon the Mediterranean; indeed, we see it from less than two rods from our tent; but from Ebal we saw a bit of sea north of Carmel, and then a long stretch from Carmel down far beyond Joppa. The mountains east of the Jordan seemed very near, and could be seen continuously up to

Hermon. A little to the left of Hermon we saw, lower in the horizon, the snow-white Lebanon, the extreme northern limit of the land and of our journey, and between it and us were the mountains of Galilee, the plain of Jezreel, and the little group of Tabor, "little Hermon," and Gilboa. Just over the nearest hills on the east, was the great wady, Fariah, leading down to the Jordan valley; and in it lies Ainum, which has its name from the great springs "near to Salim," where John baptized.

May 12.

We walked through the valley this morning to observe more particularly some points which we passed hastily in coming. We noticed that Jacob's well, as we looked through the valley between Ebal and Gerizim, is hardly in sight, but is nearly hid by Gerizim, though at some distance from the mountain. We were glad to see "Salim," a little town on the hill east from Gerizim, across the broad valley. It is the town of which many believe that Melchizedek was king; but it must always have been a small town. On our left, close under Mount Ebal

was the little village of "Askar," which is generally accepted as the Sychar of the New Testament.

As we returned we observed that the height of the valley is exactly between the two great amphitheatres in Ebal and Gerizim respectively; and it seemed altogether probable that the tribes standing "over against" Ebal and Gerizim, occupied these amphitheatres, and that Joshua stood on the height of the valley between them.

On reaching the camp we started at once for the city of Samaria. A large rounded hill we found it to be, standing out by itself, with a fine plain to the southwest. The multitude of columns upon and about the hill show that in Herod's time it was the site of a fine city. We were especially interested in the long row of columns around the brow of the hill, toward the prospect, for which the city is said to have been indebted to Herod. A magnificent walk it must have been in his time. From our noon camp, in an olive grove on a hillside a few miles further on, we had a fine view of the hill and the valleys around it, and the other hills about them.

The ride this afternoon was around the eastern end of a noble valley that we never heard of, and with many good sized towns in picturesque positions on the hills about. We are camped behind "Jeb'a," which is on a hill at the northeast corner of the valley, commanding a full view of it, and also of a branch to the north, up which is our road for to-morrow. As we are behind the city we do not get the western view; but we are in the midst of threshing floors, where just now they are threshing out their large beans and little peas. We saw them this afternoon driving the cattle over the floors, with drags stuck full of flints; and then we saw them take off the bare stalks with rude wooden pitchforks. And now the men are wrapping themselves in their robes, and lying down for the night, each man in his own floor, to protect it from pilferers, just as Boaz did.

The barley harvest is beginning, and the wheat will soon follow. There is a prospect of an unusually full harvest; and, judging from what we see, the land ought to have plenty of wheat and oil. There is very much more cultivation of these two

things than we expected to see ; but of other fruits as yet much less.

JEZREEL, May 14.

Our way yesterday forenoon, from Jeb'a, was through a beautifully fertile, but somewhat swampy valley, which is not yet all of it dry enough to plough. The higher parts of the land are covered with magnificent wheat, and the rest is being planted with pease and corn as fast as it is dry enough. Men were ploughing, and women following to drop seed into the furrows through funnels with long tubes. I have had so little notion of the country of Samaria and of Manasseh, that to me it did not exist ; but Galilee joined Judea, with only Shechem and its mountains between. The city of Samaria, and these fine valleys, and the hills that divide them from the plain of Jezreel, now help to fill out the idea.

As we began to descend the northern slope of these hills, toward Jenin, we looked across at "Tell Dothan," only a little way off at the left, and a pretty little plain called "the plain of Dothan," separ-

ated from Esdraelon only by a line of small, very low hills. Stopping on a hill just above Jenin, the great plain of Esdraelon — the garden and the battle field of the country — lay spread before us. Carmel was its bound on the northwest, and the hills of Galilee on the north. These begin low at the west, and gradually rise into mountains, which are higher than Tabor and little Hermon and Gilboa, which bound the plain on the east. The beauty of form in the landscape was almost exceeded by that of color — the blue of the mountains, the green and gold of the grain fields, and the deep red of the ploughed earth. We enjoyed it all, and took such poor sketches as we could.

The afternoon's ride was short, two hours over the red earth, to our tents at "Zerin," or Jezreel. The slopes of Gilboa are gentle and rounded, and Jezreel stands on what may be called a low foothill, out in the plain. From the east side of the hill there is a beautiful view, down a broad, cultivated wady, to the Jordan valley. And away down, standing up in the fields, we saw the hill of Bethshan. In

photographs of the hill, taken from a much nearer point, it appears large ; but from this distant position it is very small, and in the midst of a red and green valley of which the pictures give no idea. Up this valley it was that Jehu drove so furiously ; and though so fast, yet they watched him long from Jezreel, and sent two messengers successively to meet him. Thinking only of a steep, dry water course, as I have supposed a wady down to the Jordan valley to be, I had no appropriate idea of Jehu's ride. But up this comparatively gentle, cultivated slope, such a ride could easily be taken, and as easily watched for an hour or so from Jezreel.

North of us, toward little Hermon, in the plain, is Shunem, the home of the Shunemite woman with whom Elisha lodged on his journeys between Carmel and Gilgal. If the valley of the Jordan was, as Dr. Merrill gives us good reason to believe, populous and cultivated, with good roads north and south, Elisha's path from Carmel would be straight across the plain to Shunem, and then down the wady to the Jordan roads ; which makes the story of

his frequent sojourn in Shunem very natural. From here we see his whole course from Carmel to the Jordan.

This afternoon we have been down the valley toward Bethshan, a mile and a half or so, to a great spring larger even than the spring at Jericho. The water is beautifully bright and clear. It comes out from under Gilboa, a stream large enough to turn a mill and leave quite a brook besides. An old wall encloses a little pond for the mill. It seems likely that this is the water to which Gideon brought down his men to see how they would drink; for it is the only suitable place in the neighborhood. The Midianites (Bedouin) filled the valley, especially just opposite us, under Little Hermon (JUDGES, vii). This must also be the "fountain which is in Jezreel," by which Saul and all his people encamped. The same word is here translated "fountain," and in JUDGES vii. the "well" of Harod; and probably the same water is meant. "Spring" would be a correct translation in both cases. There are said to be two other small springs in the neigh-

borhood; but this is by far the most important.

We do not forget that we see all these things in their best array, the springs full, and the fields green; but we are glad to have it so, and to know how beautiful the land can be.

May 15.

Our camp to-night is at Hartiyeh, a mile or two from Mount Carmel, and directly opposite the highest point. We have a fine view of the whole mountain, and look down the narrowed, but still beautiful, plain out to the sea. It is one of the best camping places we have had; and nearly all have been good.

The ride to-day over the plain was interesting. The greater part of the plain is cultivated, and is now either luxuriant with the ripening wheat, or just ploughed for the summer crops. The west end, however, perhaps on account of its wetness, is given up to summer pasturage. Tabor soon came in sight from behind little Hermon. Little Hermon, as it receded, became strikingly like Kiarsarge Mountain, in New Hampshire, the resemblance being increased by a

wely on top. We saw Taanach nestled among the hills to the south; Megiddo also, on a low mound projecting from the hills into the plain. We intended to stop at Mansura, just under the southeast point of Carmel; but we found the village deserted, and so came three miles further, to the next village. Perhaps the noble prospect pays for the trouble. The Kishon we crossed twice; once where it was deep and sluggish, in marshy ground, and once where a more rapid current reduced it to the dimensions of a brook. In the deeper place the water was over our stirrups; and the mule that carried our baggage went in deep enough to wet it badly.

Hartiyeh, more fully written Harothiyeh, is probably "Harosheth of the Gentiles," where Sisera dwelt. If so, then here were the nine hundred chariots of iron, by which he ruled the plain from the Jordan to the sea. From here they were drawn out to the waters of Megiddo and Taanach, to meet Barak as he came from Mount Tabor. And when "they fought from Heaven" with rain and hail, the swampy land of all this end of the great plain became impass-

able; "the horse-hoofs were broken by their plungings," and "the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon."

May 16.

We rode this morning to Elijah's top of Mount Carmel, the southeast point, overlooking the great plain. The central point opposite our camp, does not command so good a view, and is not otherwise so interesting to visit. About a quarter of a mile from the top we reached a spring, which is stoned about, with steps down to the water. The water is cool and good, it is also deep and abundant, and the neighbors say that the greater the drought the better this water is. Over the spring rises a little ledge, and beyond the ledge a slightly rising and hollowing plain of a few acres, now producing barley, wheat and olives. Then comes the rocky summit with its extensive view of the plain of Jezreel, the mountains of Galilee, and, to the southwest, of the sea. In reading the Bible story one would naturally wonder where upon a mountain, in such a drought, the people found the water to pour upon Elijah's altar.

But if they were assembled in this little plain under the top of the mountain, and the altar was there by the ledge, it was but a few steps to the unfailing spring. And if Elijah, after the slaughter of the priests of Baal, returned to this place, it was a convenient distance for his servant to the top, where is the view of the sea.

We sat long under a small oak on the brow of the hill toward the plain. We saw the three eastern mountains very clearly; and looked away down the wady to Bethshan, though the little hill did not appear distinctly till the afternoon light shone upon our side of it. Jezreel, under Mount Gilboa, was easily seen; and we traced our road of yesterday, which was very nearly as Elijah must have run before Ahab's chariot. It is about eighteen miles; and a straight road could not be less than fifteen. But men did miracles when "the hand of the Lord was upon" them. There was need for Ahab's haste; for half an hour's heavy rain would have made the fields all about the Kishon impassable. When we descended the mountain, we went straight to the nearest point of the Kishon, where

the story would lead us to suppose that Elijah slew the priests; and at that point, just across the brook, is a little hill called to-day "Tell el Kesis," the "Hill of the priests."

The density of historic associations about this plain is almost as remarkable as about Jérusalem. From the top of the mountain we could see a circle of historic places,—Gilboa, En Gannim, Taanach, Megiddo, Carmel itself, Harosheth, the hills about Nazareth, Great Hermon in the distance, Tabor, Little Hermon—under which lie Shunem, Nain and Endor,—Bethshan, and Jezreel; not to mention many other cities of less importance, the cities of the sea-coast, and the mountains of Samaria, of Galilee, and of Bashan. The armies of Ramses, of Barak and Sisera, of Gideon and the Midianites, of Saul and the Philistines, of Pharaoh-Necho and Josiah, of Saracens and Crusaders, of Napoleon and the Turks, all have marched and fought upon this little plain.

The hills around are sprinkled with oaks, some of them large and of fine form. It is pleasant to see forest trees again; they

are a covering which rocky hills very much need, and for want of which the hills of Judea and Samaria look unpleasantly bare.

“Carmel” seems to mean a “garden” or an “orchard;” and nothing but cultivation is needed to make the mountain true to its name. The northern side is rather steep and rocky; but the southern is a great fertile slope, with laps of wheat even now. The soil all over the mountain is rich,—deep red in color.

NAZARETH, May 17.

A very pretty ride we had this morning, first among rounded hills shaded by large oaks, then over a corner of the great plain, where the moon kindly eclipsed the sun and protected us from his intense rays, and then up a long narrow valley among the hills of Galilee. About half an hour before reaching Nazareth we left the path, and climbed a little hill, from which we had a view of the whole plain, with Carmel and the sea. The curve of the bay at Haifa, and the rolling surf, were perfectly distinct.

Our tents are pitched in the valley, about two minutes from “Mary’s well.” The

water is the same that it used to be ; but it is now brought in an aqueduct, and discharged through two stone troughs upon a stone pavement. The water is pure and clear ; and the women come and fill their jars, as of old, and carry the heavy things to the ends of the town ; for this is the only spring. There can be no doubt that of this water our Lord drank during all his life in Nazareth ; and we ought not to be sorry that the arrangements for obtaining it are changed from of old, for the present are very convenient.

We visited the spring this afternoon, and then walked through the town, and up to the low precipice behind it, which seems to be "the brow of the hill whereon their city was built," from whence His angry countrymen would have cast Him down. The rock has been dug away somewhat, and piled up at the foot of the precipice. Possibly in the old time there was a fall of twenty feet. Another higher rock is shown two or three miles away ; but it is not "the hill on which their city was built ;" and, besides, the men were angry, and wished to do something quickly, and would hardly have waited

to drag Him two or three miles over a difficult path, or no path at all.

From the precipice we climbed to the top of the hill, feeling sure that He who so often visited the Mount of Olives during His sojourns near Jerusalem, would have been familiar with the top of the hill on the slope of which He lived so long. A noble prospect it has. The mountains east of the Jordan, with all their ravines and seams, are very near; Tabor is partly concealed by a nearer hill; but its top is in full view, and seems close at hand; Little Hermon and Gilboa, and a large part of the plain, are in view. The part of the plain under Carmel is hidden by a near hill, but the mountain is all there, and a long line of sea, somewhat interrupted by hills, including the pretty curve of the bay of Haifa. In the north is the fertile plain of Buttauf, and hills upon hills everywhere, crowned by snowy Hermon, always beautiful.

Nazareth itself has not an extensive view. It has a little meadow of its own, much higher than the great plain; the tops of some distant hills it sees in the south; and

for the rest, it is surrounded by high, near hills, which would be pretty if covered with trees and gardens.

The plain of Jezreel is only about two hundred feet above the sea, and is so level that the water drains off with difficulty through the sluggish Kishon. Gilboa rises about thirteen hundred feet above the plain, the highest of the hills around Nazareth about fourteen hundred, Little Hermon and Carmel about fifteen hundred, and Tabor sixteen hundred. In general, they form a circle of low mountains about seventeen hundred feet above the sea. The mountains of Upper Galilee reach nearly four thousand feet.

May 18.

A delightful day we have had on Mount Tabor. Our horses went easily to the top; though some bits of path were so rocky and slippery that I preferred to walk, and coming down we all walked. A most interesting view we had. When less than a quarter of the way up we saw Hermon, overlooking the land, and sending streams of cold, pure water for its refreshment;

and we saw it all day. A little to the right of Hermon, down deep in the valley near our feet, was the little blue sea of Galilee. "Kurn Hattin" (the horns of Hattin) was under Hermon, only a few miles from us. The mountains east of the Jordan were distinct and beautiful in their furrowing; and away down we could see very plainly the mountains of Gilead, the valley of the Jabbok, and "Kurn Sartabeh," which we had seen at Jericho from the south. So in a manner we have seen the whole Jordan valley from sea to sea. Looking southward over the plain, and over Little Hermon and Gilboa and a multitude of lesser hills, Mount Ebal was unmistakable, standing upon the centre of the land, which slopes from it in every direction. In Mount Ebal, Joshua set the altar with the law written upon it, in the very heart of the country.

Under Little Hermon, on the north side, was the village of Nain; and under the east end, the other little mud village of Endor. From Gilboa, Saul had only to cross the valley, and go just round the point of the mountain, to Endor. An

extensive view of the great plain of Jezreel was not unexpected. Carmel also was fully in sight, though the part of the plain between us and it was cut off by near hills. A bit of the Mediterranean enabled us to look from the same spot upon the two seas which bound the land east and west.

We went to Tabor by the direct road over the hills ; we came back through the plain, striking the "great road" from Jenin, which is the chief entrance to the valley of Nazareth. A great road indeed ! A rough path zigzagging up a stony hill, and over sloping rocks so threatening that we all dismounted and walked. The valley of Nazareth is a bowl into which the roads climb over the rim. A little gully I believe there is at the lower end of the meadow, for the water to get through ; but there is scant room for a road. We have crossed the enclosing hills at four points, and when we leave to-morrow, shall go by a fifth, getting views of the town and the valley from all sides.

There is not a foot of our ride to-day over which it is not probable that our Lord walked, perhaps many times. And while

we know that He is equally present in other places, wherever men will walk with Him, yet there is a peculiar pleasure in thinking that these are the things that delighted Him, and were means of development to His human life; and that over these very roads He walked, "to save His people from their sins," to lead them in purer, kinder, more useful ways of living.

The ruins on Tabor are extensive and interesting, and seem to represent various stages of development, heathen, Jewish and Christian. Brugsch tells us that Tabor is mentioned among the conquests of Ramses II, for whom the children of Israel built cities in Egypt. Probably it was a fortified stronghold even then. The remains of heavy walls of great basalt stones with dressed edges are still there, certainly as old as the time of Josephus, and probably much older. And, cut in the solid rock are two sunken cruciform churches, entered by descending steps also cut in the rock, probably the work of crusaders. We went through the old chapels and fortifications; but we were drawn from these to the

natural features of the scene which have been the same in all historic time.

One thing I must mention somewhere. In the plain of Philistia and in the south country, the grain fields and the air were full of the songs of larks. I have not noticed them since we left Beersheba until yesterday. Then and to-day we have frequently heard the songs overhead, and seen the merry little brown fellows shaking them out.

KEFR MENDA, May 19.

There are two "Kennas" here, and strife as to which is the "Cana of Galilee." This morning we started the mules straight for Sefurieh and "Kanet el Jelil," and we went a longer way by "Kefr Kenna" to Sefurieh, and thence to Kanet. Kefr Kenna is nearer to Nazareth, and we found it a pretty place on the west side of a little tell with fertile meadows of its own, and an excellent spring. We stopped at the spring, which fills a large stoned tank, from which they were drawing water for a flock of goats. It was clear, good water, and undoubtedly the same with which the stone jars were filled, if this is the Cana. The

overflow of the spring runs down through the valley, producing a luxuriant orchard of pomegranates and olives. The yellow-green of the pomegranates and the grey of the olives make a very pretty contrast.

None of these facts are arguments except that about the distance from Nazareth. A town an hour and a half from another is more likely to have social intimacies with it than one four hours off. The argument for the more distant place seems to be wholly in the name. Both times when the town is mentioned by John, he calls it "Cana of Galilee;" and Kanet appears always to have had the affix "el Jelil." It should be said that "J" stands here for the soft g. The Kefr people feel the force of this argument, and have adopted the name in addition to their own. So, when we asked at the spring the name of the town, they shouted, "Kefr Kenna, Kenna el Jelil."

The other Kenna we did not reach till an hour or more after lunch. It is, or rather was, on an unusually high, steep tell, on the west side of the plain of Buttauf. We found, to our disappointment, that

there is no inhabitant or habitable house in the town. Ruins there are of many stone houses, perhaps of a town wall, and of a large reservoir for water. Two wells we saw half way up, from one of which some reapers, temporary dwellers in tents, were drawing water. We saw nothing to answer the main question, positively; but are left with an inclination toward Kefr Kenna. We heard that our mules had come to Kanet, and gone back by the road they came, to the first village, expecting to meet us. We came by another way, so we missed them; but we followed them back, an hour's riding, to "Kefr Menda," a pleasant town looking down a long distance over the plain. Our tent door commands the whole of this simple view.

TIBERIAS, May 21.

A most interesting day yesterday brought us to this lovely Sea of Galilee. A long morning's ride through the plain of Buttauf (B'ttoff I believe), and then a short climb, led to the top of a hill or pass, from which we had a beautiful view. Kurn Hattin rose before us, with an imposing bit of

precipice in the Wady Hammam, which leads from Kurn Hattin down to the plain of Gennesaret, and which opened to us a glimpse of the blue sea.

After a long pause we pursued our way down to the village of Hattin, and then up the steep mountain side to the top. This is believed to be "the mountain" of MATTHEW v., and LUKE vi: 12; and we were very desirous to become acquainted with it. A photograph that I have often showed in Sunday School, looks over the plain of Gennesaret, up the wady to the "Horns of Hattin." But the distant mountain appears insignificant in the photograph; and I was glad to find that the reality is not at all so, but a fine mountain, impressive in itself, and presenting a noble prospect. From the horn nearest the lake you look down first upon some miles of cultivated upland plain, very smooth and fertile, and then through the rugged pass of the Wady Hammam upon a large part of the plain of Gennesaret, and the pretty lake. Mount Hermon is full in view, and the long range of eastern mountains are so near that every furrow is visible.

The question, Where is "the level place" to which the Lord descended, and in which He appears to have delivered the Sermon on the Mount? naturally came up for consideration. There is a pretty little plain between the horns, about six hundred feet in diameter, slightly hollowing like a crater, forming a quiet, protected amphitheatre in the high mountain. This seemed a most appropriate place. But there are also other level places in the descent, on at least three different altitudes, which ought not to be summarily rejected. We visited them all, giving the preference decidedly to the little plain between the horns. The other horn is somewhat higher than the first we visited, perhaps a hundred feet above the little plain, and has a large, grassy top. There are also here remains of old buildings and of a road, probably of medieval times. At the northwest corner are some rocks which appear to be in their natural condition, and furnish at once comfortable seats, protection from the winds, and a very extensive view. We thought they might always have been used in this way. It is needless to

say that we spent some hours on the mountain with great enjoyment.

The ride down to Tiberias was longer than we expected; but the view of the lake, of the plain on which we were, and of the distant mountains, especially Hermon, was delightful enough to prevent excessive fatigue. Our tents are on a small mound south of the town, about ten rods from the water. To-day is somewhat cloudy, and the water is green, the opposite hills purple; to the north-northeast, Hermon presides over the whole scene.

TIBERIAS, May 22.

Yesterday afternoon we walked down to the hot springs, half a mile south of us. There are bath houses over two of them, and the bathers' horses and donkeys make a considerable crowd outside. The inside we did not visit, not wishing to encounter the corresponding crowd. Three open springs we examined. The water is bright and clear, much too hot to bear one's hand in it. Bubbles of sulphurated hydrogen rise in the springs, and perfume the air. The taste of the water is saltish and bitter.

The baths are much visited, and have a wide reputation for the cure of disease.

To-day we hired a fishing boat for a visit to the north and west sides of the lake. We went first to Tell Hum, and then along-shore, stopping at Ain et Tabigha, or Bethsaida, as it is called here, and Khan Minyeh. At Tell Hum we looked about among the ruins of a large town, seeing no remains of interest except those of the synagogue, so-called, which, together with the resemblance in the name, have been supposed to identify Tell Hum with Capernaum. But it appears from MATTHEW xiv: 34 and JOHN vi: 17 that Capernaum was in the land of Gennesaret, which Tell Hum is not; and, further, it is not "crossing to the other side" to go from here to the "desert land belonging to Bethsaida;" it is simply skirting the shore; and it is only a very little way, not seeming worth while to take a boat. And again, Mark says that the people saw him departing, "and ran afoot thither out of all the cities;" but Tell Hum is the nearest city, and not in sight from any other.

Ain et Tabigha is a very large spring of

warmish, saltish water, which turns a mill, besides sending a large brook to the lake. The western Bethsaida may have been here, but there does not appear to be room for a large town.

Khan Minyeh is a large stone khan, now in ruins, said to date from Saladin's time. It stands in the edge of the plain of Genesaret, back some way from the lake, just at the point where the road across the plain ascends into the hills. There are mounds near by, in which ancient walls have lately been discovered, belonging, Dr. Merrill says, to "the best class of eastern ruins." That there are no ruins on the surface more ancient than the khan, is said to be because the Arabs have burnt the stones for lime. A fine spring, producing a brook of excellent water, is situated between the khan and the lake. We lunched by it; and afterwards gathered papyrus stalks from the marshy bank of the brook.

On the way back the wind was extremely variable, changing from one quarter to another with great suddenness. I was surprised that the steersman did not take advantage of what appeared a favorable breeze,

and put out from the land for the point near Tiberias. But he knew better; and letting the chance go, he had the men tow the boat along shore. If he had taken my course, in a few minutes he would have had a strong head wind, and would have been forced back.

May 23.

A remarkable day for changes in the weather we have had to-day. We breakfasted at six, so as to have a long day for the boat. But while we were at breakfast it rained; and though it soon cleared off, the boatmen did not appear to discover it, and we did not get started till eight. At that time there was a light southerly wind and a warm sun; and we were wafted and rowed nearly across the lake. But as we sailed along by the eastern shore the wind increased, and before we reached the entrance of the Jordan, at the north end, it was really high, so that the men were compelled to drive the boat into the Jordan for a harbor. And there they had to wait, with a surf before them like that of a storm on the sea shore.

We were glad to see the little river; but it did not seem best for us to stay there in the wind; and as our horses had been ordered to Ain et Tin, in anticipation of possible head wind, we walked thither along the shore of the lake. We passed again Tell Hum and Ain et Tabigha, this time stopping to examine the large stoned enclosure from which the water issues.

It has been shown by the officers of the Palestine Exploration that the wall was designed to raise the water so that it would flow through an aqueduct, and water the plain about Khan Minyeh. The aqueduct can still be traced toward the remarkable cut in the rock, above Ain et Tin. This cut is fifty-three feet above the lake; the top of the wall about the spring is now fifty-one feet; but probably it was once higher. Such water carefully distributed over such a plain would produce wonderful fertility.

We were glad to walk over this old path connecting the cities of the north shore with one another, and with the country beyond the Jordan, even though we did not know certainly the old names of the

cities. Ain et Tin—the spring near Khan Minyeh—delighted us again with its pure, bright water. We arrived just in season for lunch; and sat on the rocks under a fig tree, over the water. The “spring of the fig,” the name means.

While we were making some sketches the horses arrived, and we took advantage of them to visit the “Round Spring”—“Ain Mudawwera”—at the west end of the plain of Gennesaret. It is another beautiful spring enclosed in an old wall of masonry, round, and ninety feet in diameter. The water is much like that of Ain et Tin, clear and sweet, slightly warm. Its overflow makes a large beautiful brook. This is a third candidate for the site of Capernaum; but there seems to be less in its favor than for Khan Minyeh. From the shore near either place a boat might really “cross to the other side,” into the pasture land of Bethsaida; and the people of “all cities” on the northern end of the lake, Magdala included, might see it go, and run along the lake shore, and be there first. Our time of walking from the Jordan to Khan Minyeh was about two hours.

We left the boat waiting in the Jordan for the wind to go down. This it soon did; and by the time we had mounted our horses, the boat was at Ain et Tin. We chose, however, to go on, for the sake of the Round Spring. Head winds delayed the boat on the north shore; but when it turned toward the south they became more favorable; they were quite high in passing the wadies, and before the boat reached Tiberias the north wind was almost as strong as the south wind had been in the forenoon. It was cool like an autumn wind at home; but while we were at supper there was a heavy thunder shower. The sound of the thunder was grand.

SAFED, May 25.

After the thunder, as is sometimes the case at home, it settled down for a rainy night. But in the morning it had so far cleared that the mules were loaded, and we set out for Safed. The mules went the straight road, but we wished to see "Kerazeh" (Chorazin); so we again rode the length of the plain of Magdala, and on to Ain et Tabigha. There a bright little

urchin was hired to guide us over the hills to Kerazeh, and afterwards to Jubb Jusef. He did his part well; but I never saw a path so bad as that by which he led us. It rained hard a part of the way, and where the stones permitted us to touch the ground, it was an adhesive red clay which accumulated indefinitely. The boy was barefoot, yet he looked as if he wore immense shoes. It was the hardest day both for riding and for walking that we have had.

As we went over the plain toward Khan Minyeh, we were struck by the evidently artificial form of the top of the hill behind the spring, and the line of road leading obliquely up. If we had noticed these before, we would have explored them. They are said to be the remains of a castle.

Chorazin showed more extensive ruins than any we had seen by the lake. It is situated some distance up a wady from Tell Hum, and was wholly built of black basalt. A tell, steep on three sides, but connected with other hills at the east, projects into the wady, and is covered with the remains of buildings, some of them large. The ruins also reach far back on the other hills.

We wondered what could support so much of a town, on no through road, too far back for fishing, and with little good land. As far as we could see, pasturage must have been its main resource. And this was where "mighty works were done;" but the city would not be saved.

Jubb Jusef is a large khan, like that of Minyeh, consisting of a high stone wall enclosing a large yard, with arched recesses or alcoves on two or three sides for the protection of travellers and their animals. Neither khan seems to be used now, and both are tumbling down.

At Safed we found our tents; but they were only just pitched; and the men complained of the slippery roads. The great height of the hill on which the town is built, of course added to the delay. We have seen the town from many places, beginning, I believe, with Tabor; and we were interested to see the view from it. The night was rainy again, and also the morning; so we took the day for rest. At noon it cleared, and we walked up to the top of the old castle, or fortress, under which the tents are pitched. It is a huge ruin, and

we were not surprised to read that Saladin had great difficulty in taking it. The top of the hill comprises some acres, and the sides are high and steep; but the natural defences were strengthened by a double wall and a double moat. An immense cistern fills the top of the hill, or rather, makes it hollow. The view is beautiful. Except a part of the northern shore, under the nearer hills, the whole of the Sea of Galilee is visible, and the plain of the Jordan away to the south. You fairly look down on the table land east of the lake, and into its wadies. The wady Hammam on the west, with Hattin beyond, and then Tabor, were very distinct; as were also all the hills in this part of Galilee, including Jebel Jermuk, on the west, nearly four thousand feet high.

BINT JEBEL, May 26.

To-day we had a beautiful ride. Hermon appeared, and seemed near and lovely, as we went over the first hill from Safed; and we have hardly lost sight of it all day. White clouds have rested on the top a part of the time, and cloud shadows on the

slopes. The colors and some forms, enough to produce the general effect, have been very much like Mount Washington on a June day. We have enjoyed it very much. Pretty views we had also of Lake Huleh and the plain north of it; and we crossed one very deep wady.

At Kedesh—the “Kedesh Naphtali,” where Barak lived—we found sarcophagi used as watering troughs, and inspected several more in a field near their original position. Two were in pairs, and had double covers adorned with carving like fish scales. The east wall of a fine synagogue is sufficiently preserved to show what it was; and very many foundations are left to prove that Kedesh was once an important town. Some fine valleys belong to it.

There are as many suggestions of sites for “Hazor,” where lived Jabin, King of the Canaanites, as for Capernaum. “Tell Hazur” we saw below Safed, a low hill not far from the Sea of Galilee. Lieut. Conder suggests “Jebel Hadireh,” a high hill on the left, just as we crossed the wady. “Kureibeh” and “Haraweh,” or “Harrah,” two sharp little tells on our right, are also

proposed. Of these, Harrah is nearest the "waters of Merom;" which is in its favor, both on account of the story in JOSHUA xi. 5-7, and because "the Canaanites dwelt by the sea, and by the coast of Jordan," (Numbers xiii. 29), and their chariots were useful only on the low lands.

Our camp is at Bint Jebel, at the point in the road nearest half way to Tyre. It is a neat town, and the fields show unusual care. The stones are actually picked out of some of the roads, and thrown into double walls,—a thing we do not remember to have seen before in Palestine. Few travellers stop here; and we are surrounded by such a crowd of sight seers that we have been obliged to drop our curtain.

TYRE, May 28.

Soon after leaving Bint Jebel, yesterday, the old crusaders' castle of Tibnin came in sight; and, from its fine position, it continued to be visible for a long distance. It is the best preserved castle we have seen; and formerly it was reckoned one of the four or five strongholds of this north country. Passing Tibnin, at the top of a gentle

hill, we found ourselves at the head of a long, deep wady; over which, away in the distance, we saw the little peninsula of Tyre, like the handle of a crutch lying in the blue sea. We did not see it again till we had walked for some hours down the wady, and climbed the hill at Kana near the mouth of it, and then the city seemed close under our feet, though it took some hours yet to put our feet upon it. A man at Kana, being asked the name of his town, said, "Kana el Jelil," and insisted strenuously that this is the Cana of Galilee. Possibly this is a bit of crusaders' geography, which was very absurd and inconsistent. This was the crusaders' country. The castles, walls and churches show that they did a great deal of hard work here, and spent a great deal of time and money. The crusades will never again seem to us like unreal fairy stories.

Our camp to-day is within two rods of the old sea wall of Tyre. By going a few steps up the embankment, we have the Mediterranean before us, with a long coast line north and south; and, turning round, we see Lebanon and Hermon with their

snowy tops. Hitherto we have seen these mountains only from the south, where the ranges are seen as single peaks; now, as we move by them to the north, they begin to display themselves, and show great variety. We shall see more and more of them till we say good-by at Beirut.

There is only a little town now at Tyre, on the northern end of the peninsula. From a mound just south of the town they are digging out building stones, which are sent on small coasting vessels to the more flourishing towns on the coast. A mine of such stones may be worked some day in Alexander's causeway, by which he connected the former island with the mainland; and then Tyre may have a harbor again. The situation is beautiful; and, as it is rocky, not marshy, it probably is healthful. Perhaps in the regeneration of the world it may again become "perfect in beauty." We have been reading with great interest Ezekiel's description of her commerce (chapter xxvii.). It is not difficult to imagine the caravans moving along the coast, and up and down the wadies, and the little ships from all parts of the Medi-

terranean, carrying the rich productions which he describes. Such caravans we met on the very sands of the isthmus, only yesterday; but I fear they had very ordinary burdens.

One thing about the country has interested us as we came along. Great fields of wheat and barley we have seen everywhere; but besides these, perhaps an equal amount of land has been recently ploughed, and planted with pease for fodder, and maize, and other summer crops. We have seen the red earth turned over and planted when it seemed dry as powder, and we thought the seed could not possibly grow without rain. The rain of last week was just what was needed, and was an interesting example of the "late rains" ("latter rains" in our version), which seem to be as important to the summer crops as the "early rains" ("former" in our version) are in fitting the ground for the winter grain.

The effect of the colors of the earth and the grain, in the parts of the land nearly bare of trees, is much like that of the autumn colors at home; some red and yellow hillsides a little way north from Jerusalem,

had very much the effect of New England hills covered with scrub oaks, berry bushes and birches. This, with the bright, cool air, has made it difficult for us to realize that it is spring and not autumn.

NABATIYEH, May 30.

A warm day's ride we had yesterday from Tyre to Sidon, all the way by the blue sea. There is no harbor between these two cities; but most of the way the sea breaks upon low reefs, or the surf comes in over a shallow beach. The water was beautiful all day long, and we wished it would send us some cooled sea breezes. In general the coast makes one long curve from Tyre to near Sarafend, which is the ancient Sarepta, and another from Sarafend to Sidon. Sarafend is rather more than half way to Sidon, and is situated on the south side of a hill at the end of a range that comes down from the east to the sea. The old city was upon the little cape which divides the bay of Tyre from the bay of Sidon; where some old ruins are still to be seen. The modern town has moved back upon the hill. All the way to Sarafend, on

turning round we saw the white houses of Tyre rising out of the blue sea,—a beautiful city would have a fine opportunity to display itself there,—and then, after a few rods in passing the point, we had Sidon before us the rest of the way.

Sidon is not on an island, but on a promontory, the highest point of which, not over forty feet above the sea, is occupied by the ruins of a small castle, not very old nor very pretty. We went round the city this morning to see the streets and the harbors. Like Tyre, it has a north and a south harbor; and, as at Tyre, the northern is the only one in use now, and this only for small coasting vessels. The streets are better and cleaner than we have seen before in Palestine; new houses are going up, and there is a general air of thrift. Large gardens, rich with foliage of figs, mulberries, apricots, olives and pomegranates, extend across the broad valley east of the city, and for some miles north and south. It evidently is a city with a present and a future, as well as a past.

To-day we have been climbing the hills again, toward Mount Hermon. The lower

hills belonging to the Lebanon range have been in sight all day; but *snowy* Lebanon and Hermon have favored us with very scant glimpses of their beauty.

We have been riding over a "Roman road." A Roman road in this country was originally a road well paved with smooth blocks of limestone, which must have been slippery for horses, but very acceptable to heavy armed foot soldiers in wet weather, when the alternative was deep, sticky, red clay. But now it is a road with a part of the paving stones in their original position, or at any angle thereto, the rest broken up and lying loose, with no end of accumulated small stones among them. Now and then a bit of road is well preserved, and no worse than I have seen in Boston or New York; but generally the road is no better than if paving materials had been dumped all over it, and no attempt made to place them in order. We hope for a better road to-morrow, and the encouragement of fine views.

BANIAS, May 31.

The road here was quite as interesting as we expected. When we started from Nabatiyeh, an old castle, "Kalat esh Shekif," was upon a hill some distance in front. We climbed a shoulder of the hill, to the left, leaving the castle above us on the right, and then went down a long, steep, zigzagging road to the river Litany, which drains the Lebanon ranges southward. We had crossed the same river two days before, near the sea, as we came from Tyre. Here it is a rushing mountain river, green, but not quite clear, looking like chrysoprase. We rode over a bridge with two unequal arches, and then up a long, steep path to the right, in the side of the hill. At the top of the precipices across the river was the same castle, picturesque as possible, and hardly needing a wall on this side. It must have a fine view up and down the romantic valley, and over the country from Mount Hermon to the sea. It was in sight for several miles, till we went over another ridge.

But going over that ridge brought us face to face with Mount Hermon, with only

distance enough between to enable us to see to the top. Light clouds were about it, occasionally dispersing, as in our best summer days at home. And besides the noble mountain, we looked down the valley to the south, and saw, first Baniyas, just under the mountain, nearly east; then Dan, on a low, flat hill, nearer and a little further south, marked by some large oaks; then the broad, open plain of the Huleh, with the pretty lake in the distant south, the green marshes and swamps with the lesser ponds and streams nearer to us, and the grain fields still nearer. We thought we distinguished the two Hazors which we saw from Kedesh, among the western hills. In full view of all these interesting things we stopped an hour for rest.

Then we started for "Tell el Kadi," the flat hill that represents "Dan," the former "Laish." It is a low, broad-topped hill, standing alone, and certainly "far from the Zidonians," to whom it belonged, but who could not protect it from the stealthy Danites. It is remarkable now chiefly for the great volume of water that comes out from under it, and in a few moments grows into a

rushing flood, which constitutes an important part of the upper Jordan. The source of the stream is so overgrown with shrubs that it is impossible to get a satisfactory view of it; but the water seems to come out all along the base of the hill for some rods, yet with one principal place of exit. A much smaller stream has an independent source higher up on the hill, and soon joins the other. A half hour before, we had crossed that part of the Jordan that comes down from Hasbeiya, and found it a rapid stream about up to our stirrups, at the bottom of a very rough gorge in the basalt rock. One more large addition is made to the river by the spring of Baniyas. We crossed the stream on entering the town, but have not yet seen the spring.

The country about Baniyas is the most home-like country we have seen. The plain looks like a New-England meadow, though it is broad, and rough with black stones; the western mountains, and even the shoulders of Hermon, look like New-England mountains; the clear brooks and the oaks are not unhomelike; and we even passed some tall bushes covered with clem-

atis,— a most familiar sight to a New-Englander. Baniás is in a nook among the mountains, and looks out over the plain to the mountains in the west. Our camp is in an olive grove behind the town, close to a corner of the old town wall. The great castle is perhaps two miles north of us, on a very high, steep hill—a spur of Hermon. We have seen its gray walls, just the color of the rock, all the afternoon.

June 1.

This morning we went around the little town, visiting first an old gateway close by the camp, and passing through this to a stone bridge of one arch, over a mountain brook. These are the things commonly seen in photographs of Baniás. Then we came back through the gateway, and across a corner of the town, to the stream from the spring, and followed it up to its source. The mountain slope ends here in a precipice, nearly semi-circular, perhaps thirty feet high. In front of the precipice is a corresponding mound of debris, from the bottom of which issue brooks of water, abundant and gushing, which soon unite

into one fine tumbling stream. The truth about the water here seems to be that the melting snows of Hermon do not form cascades down the sides of the mountain, as might be expected, but find their way by internal channels among the strata of the mountain, forming internal brooks which come out at the base in these great springs of Hasbeiya, Baniyas and Tell el Kadi.

This afternoon we rode up to the castle. The rocky path under the castle wall is in rude steps, some of which show deep prints of horses' hoofs, representing an immense amount of travel over them at some time. The labor expended upon such a castle as this would be sufficient to build a comfortable town. Great walls and towers, in some parts very thick, arched chambers and passages, and huge cisterns, all show that war was once the business of nations, and engaged in very seriously. Some parts of this castle seem to be of old Jewish times; but much of it probably dates from the crusades. The view from it, west and south, is very fine, but not very different from what we have seen before. Two other great castles — of Shekif and Hunin

—are in sight; and Tibnin is not far off, over the hills. So there was a kind of neighborliness, even among the great soldiers.

RASHEIYA, June 4.

The ride from Baniyas to Hasbeiya was not especially interesting, except for the pretty valley of Hasbeiya, green with olives, mulberries and tall poplars. At the upper end of the valley is a mill pond with a substantial stone dam. A large stream runs out of the pond, and only a very small one runs in, the rest being supplied by springs in the pond. Possibly we might have seen the springs more particularly if we had taken time to examine. This is considered the beginning of the Jordan; and it is the ninth great spring that we have seen supplying it,—Jericho, Jezreel, Tiberias, the Round Spring and et Tin, et Tabigha, Dan, Baniyas, Hasbeiya. No doubt there are others that we have not seen; but the three last named are probably the most important of all; and they, no doubt, are supplied by the snows of Hermon.

Nearly all the way from Hasbeiya to

Rasheiya, Hermon was in sight; we were coming round its highest points, which are the northwest part of the range. Fine views we had all along; and we were near enough to see the forms of the snow-drifts. In the afternoon, we came out over the hills north of Hermon, and had our first really good view of the long, snowy range of Lebanon. There was much more snow than we expected to see, lying mostly in ribs down the sides of the range. A general view of the mountains we hoped to have to-day from the top of Hermon. There is a bridle path from here, and our horses and guide were ready; but it is almost wintry cold, the wind is high, and the clouds come down even to the tents, sometimes raining. Rasheiya is so high that Hermon does not seem more than five thousand feet high. From here, also, its form appears simple, being a ridge with some snowy gullies, but no deep ravines to break up the mass.

June 5.

To-day we have come to Dimas, before a bleak, snowy wind, cold as November. Even if we had planned to go up Hermon to-day, we could not for the cold. The sun has been bright, too, but could not warm us all round. This peculiarity in the weather is extreme to-day, but in general it has been true, both in Egypt and in Syria, that the sunshine is warm and the air cold, like some of our spring weather when the wind comes over snow. The hot sun makes it warm for exercise, and at the same time the wind is chilling.

The clouds still hang about Mount Hermon, parting occasionally to show the ridge freshly whitened by the frozen cloud. Some of the lower, nearer peaks of Lebanon have appeared; but the snowy parts have been in cloud, so that we could not see them to-day even if within our range.

We came out this afternoon upon the French diligence road between Beirut and Damascus. It was amusing to see how afraid our horses were of a wheelbarrow, some dirt carts, and even of the road itself. A train of camels, each laden with a swing-

ing telegraph pole, were not nearly so formidable to them as the wheelbarrow. The wind blows almost a gale to-night; and, though not so cold as at Rasheiya, we need a fire, and the flapping of the tent is very noisy.

DAMASCUS, June 6.

We are camped in a garden, with English walnut trees, apricots, and pomegranates, all about the tents. A little brook descends in its stony canal close by; the main stream of the Barada is about twenty rods from the door, and thirty feet below; and the end of the French diligence road is just this side of the river.

Our ride this morning was for several miles over the diligence road, through a desert. Two or three fields of barley we passed, so scant as hardly to be worth harvesting; and for the rest there was only a little clumpy herbage here and there. Hermon showed his snowy head above nearer mountains; and these were arrayed in the various colors of iron rust—orange, dark crimson and purple. Brilliant they were, the brightest colors I ever saw in

the hills, and almost untempered by green. Toward noon we came upon the Barada at the town of Dumar; and the foliage of the trees along by the water had to our eyes a vivid greenness never before equalled. We passed through a native village, and then a village of villas belonging to Damascus people who come here in summer for fresh breezes and abundant cool water. I should think from appearances that every house had a brook through it.

Here we left the diligence road, and turned to the left, over a little mountain, for the sake of a general view of the plain of Damascus. At the top of the desert hill, again we came out upon the vivid green of a plain of foliage; and from one point on the hill, the Barada, the white road, and the dark green trees that border them, were at our feet. Though Damascus is some way off, its orchards and gardens begin at the hills. As soon as the Barada issues into the plain, it begins to be conducted into canals for irrigation; and wherever the water comes there is fruitfulness. The city was clearly in view among the foliage; and several outlying villages appeared

among the trees of the same great orchard. The line of the other river of Damascus — the Pharpar of old — was traceable in the south by the green fields and the string of villages, but not so much by trees. The direction of the road to Palmyra was evident; the road to Arabia, and those up into the land of Israel, were before us. And this was the city of the Syrian kings, of Naaman, and familiar to Abraham; a city of caravans and of trade, as well as of orchards and gardens; of great vitality, past and present; and of a very long history. A caravan of eighteen loaded camels we passed yesterday, coming here from Beirut, in competition with the diligence luggage wagons. A long train of wagons we saw yesterday going from the city; and another long train has just come in.

DAMASCUS, June 7.

We have been through the city, nearly the whole length, four times; have been out at the east gate, and up the hill of rubbish beyond; through "the street called Straight," and into "the house of Ananias;" have looked into the great mosque, and been through the fortress; have inspected "the handsomest house in Damascus," which seems to be kept as a show house, and have had long rambles in the bazaars. A most interesting city it is, like the oriental parts of Cairo, on a larger and finer scale.

Except a part of the Straight street, which is wider, the bazaars are mostly in narrow streets, roofed over, but lighted by windows under the roof. The shops are rather shallow, wide open to the street, as in Cairo. Ice cream, made with snow from Lebanon, and lemonade cooled with the same, were offered in many places, and really looked good; so did the bread, and the cakes at the pastry cook's. We saw a baker baking his thin bread. He had a good fire in his dome-shaped earthen oven, and a row of lumps of dough by his side.

A lump of dough he spread thin on something like a pot-cover, clapped it on the inner wall of his oven, and immediately pulled off the cake he had previously put there. Then spreading another, he plastered that on, and pulled off the last; and so on, baking them quite fast.

We went through the jewellers' bazaar, and saw them at work with blow-pipes and gravers, in a very sociable fashion; for this bazaar is not on a street, but arranged in a large building by itself, where the jewellers have their benches and safes, like one great workroom. In the silk bazaar we were interested by showy silks of Bagdad, Damascus and Lebanon, and some Bedouin work. Shoemakers were numerous, especially makers of red and yellow slippers. The meat and vegetable markets were nice and clean. Fat tails of sheep were hanging in them; there were also bunches of our common purslane neatly tied up, and baskets of beautiful apricots. Copper-smiths, tin-smiths, saddlers, grain dealers, and dealers in salt, soap, brooms, and other articles innumerable, all were there, and all seemed busy. The streets of the

city are tolerably clean ; watering places abound ; beggars are few ; dogs are sound asleep in the middle of the street, or anywhere else, and everybody goes round them. The streets of dwellings are narrow and crooked ; the houses depending mainly upon their own courts for light, air and gardens. We think the people are justified in being very fond of their city. That it is not dead is evident from the rebuilding of some bazaars, which were burnt, and now are being greatly improved.

We were greatly interested in the "khans" of Damascus. They are court yards leading out of the bazaars, where the caravans unload. Each yard has in its centre a fountain and large round basin of water, for drinking and washing ; also rooms at the sides for storing goods, which serve for wholesale stores. We went into several, and saw bales of cotton, wool and silks, and baskets of rice, spices and various unknown goods. At one place, in front of a shop, we saw upon a cloth on the sidewalk perhaps ten bushels of rose leaves.

There is not much that is interesting to be seen from the city, except Mount Her-

mon. You look out from among the houses or the green trees, and see hills absolutely bare, of reddish color; and off in the distance, above the red hills, and seeming to belong more to the sky than the earth, is the snow-streaked mountain top, beautiful in the distance as ever.

SUK WADY BARADA, June 8.

One day's ride on the way to Baalbek we have come, and we have seen another magnificent spring. More than two-thirds of the water which causes the fertility of the Damascus gardens, and is the life of the city, comes from the "Ain el Fijeh." Beautifully transparent, and of clear beryl color, the water rushes out from under the great stones of an ancient temple, near the base of a sloping cliff. At the place where we camped, a few rods off, the stream is very swift, and about thirty feet wide and two and a half deep. The rest of the river, coming down the Wady Barada, soon joins it; but the muddy water is crowded off to its own side by the lively, bounding, clear stream from the spring. There is something very delightful in such

a generous spring of beautiful water. We were interested in thinking of the miles and miles of crevices and caves filled with water there must be in the mountains, to supply this spring all summer long without a drop of rain. And when the rains and snows do come, how they must soak in!

The diligence road, over which we came to Dumar, is an admirable road; but being made of limestone, white as a chalk mark, in the hot sun it is very trying to the eyes. We were glad to leave it for a ride in the desert; and again glad to leave the hot desert for the green valley of the Barada, as we approached Ain el Fijeh.

This afternoon we have continued up the smaller stream of the Barada, which waters a delightfully green, though narrow, valley. The mountains on both sides are nearly bare. And to-night our camp is under the red cliffs, just as the road turns to go north between Lebanon and Anti Lebanon. The village of Suk Wady Barada—said to be the ancient Abilene—lies compact at the bottom of the valley below us; and the orchards belonging to it follow the stream down the valley. Their green-

ness is refreshing, in contrast with the nearly bare limestone hills on both sides; and the great red cliffs at the head of the valley are as picturesque as the Gate of the White Mountain Notch.

SARGHAYA, June 9.

Between the red cliffs of Suk Wady Barada we passed early this morning, and other cliffs that probably once shut in the Barada lake, and now just permit the river that drained it to pass. The river seems larger than at el Fijeh, and is very pretty at the bottom of its gorge. Soon after passing the cliffs, we came out upon a broad valley, green and red as usual, and very pretty. The guide book calls it the "Plain of Zebedani." It is a north and south valley, watered by the Barada, and running between "Anti Lebanon" and a low range of mountains and hills that separate this valley from that of the Litany. Hermon lies to the south, and, after we were well into the valley, appeared to close the southern end, presenting a fine view of the northeastern half of its own range. The land produced more varied foliage as

we went northward, and in the neighborhood of Zebedani were orchards of apples, almonds, figs and walnuts, also grape vines in plenty.

In the afternoon, not far north from Zebedani, we came to a division of the river, with a low range of hills between. Upon the ridge of this range, along the centre of the valley, lay our road, giving us beautiful views. Anti Lebanon, on our right, is rough with the upturned edges of limestone strata; but the western hills become low and rounded, and are cultivated. Before reaching Baalbek they disappear, so that the valley becomes a unit. We followed the valley up till the springs of the Barada were all passed, and the ground began to descend toward the north; and then presently we came upon a spring of beautiful water, making a brook at once; and there in a red, ploughed field close by, were our tents.

BAALBEK, June 11.

Our tents to-day are in the old temple said to have been erected to all the gods by Antoninus Pius, and close under those six Corinthian pillars that adorn all the pictures of Baalbek. We have been over the great enclosure again and again, into the elaborate temple of Baal, near by, down to see the huge stones in the outside wall; and after all, we do not get into the spirit of the men who did it. The work was exceedingly great, and the motive power must have been great too; but power of that kind seems to have vanished from the earth, and it is difficult to imagine it. The crusaders, or somebody else, made a castle of the temple enclosure, and pulled down the great temple for materials. Their wall contains old columns, some of them flattened above and below, pieces of stone stairways, and all sorts of blocks. They seem to have considered it meritorious to destroy as much of the heathen work as they conveniently could; and they showed considerable ability in that direction.

The first half of the forenoon yesterday we followed down the pretty brook that

began in the spring by our tents; and then suddenly, climbing over a hill at the right, we came out upon a fine view of the snowy part of Lebanon. The long range formed the left hand (northwest) wall of the valley; and the northern and southern thirds of it were about half covered with snow. It is the southern part, called *Jebel Sannin*, that we have seen occasionally in the distance, though from here it does not look so high as the northern. Neither is its form so varied and beautiful; it has a rather simple ridge, with ribs of snow descending from it. The northern mountains have peaks and curves, and much more varied patches of snow. The west end of this temple—a little south of west it faces—looks diagonally across the valley, over green gardens and orchards, to the southern snow; and the northern side looks across, nearly straight, at the northern snow. The situation is beautiful, and is made habitable and luxuriant by another bountiful spring, with its abundant brook. The temples are impressive from their size and the profusion of their ornament, and a certain grace when seen from a distance. But they seem

to belong to a corrupt stage of Greek art, when the springs of life were gone out of it, and nothing could be made but in imitation of what had been made before; and, indeed, with little sense of appropriateness in the selection.

June 13.

A hot ride over the plain yesterday brought us to "Muallaka;" and then a short turn to the right, over brooks of water and up a pretty hill, led us to our tents. The town of "Zahleh" was before us, partly still further up the hill, and partly across the little river below. A guide was soon found to take us to the house of a friend upon whom we wished to call. The guide had much to say in Arabic, which we did not well understand; but we made out that he was dissatisfied with his clothes on so important an occasion. After passing through several streets, he showed us up some stone steps, opened a door and some window shutters, and after conducting us in, urged us to sit down on the cotton quilts that lay on the floor on two sides of the room. A pleasant looking woman came in,

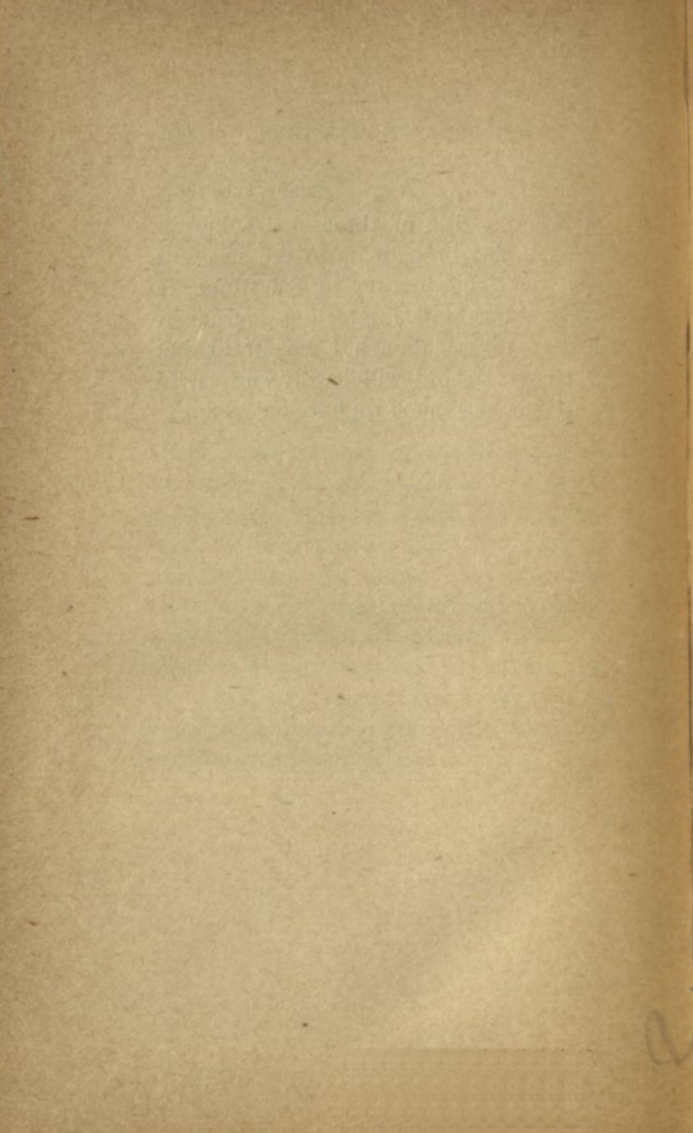
and eagerly shook out the carpet, and brought us extra cushions, while a kindly old man motioned to us to sit down, and himself waited till we gave him the example. We asked for our friend, and received pleasant nods and a few words which we did not make out. But before long our guide made his appearance attired in his best; and we gathered from what he said that this was his house, and the old man his father. Our friend's house was a very different thing, with rooms well furnished in home style.

There is a diligence road from Baalbek to Shtora, at the foot of the hills on the French road from Damascus to Beirut. To-day we came to Shtora, and then on the French road over the mountains. This afternoon we have come about half way down from the summit toward Beirut. We have had a fine view of the reverse of Jebel Sannin, and of the valleys west of it. Its western side is precipitous; the valleys are deep, but rough and hilly; and there are very many little villages on the smaller hills. I counted thirteen from the place where we stopped at noon.

From our camp to-night we look over the sea. As we looked off upon it at first, from this height, it seemed to rise far into the sky, like shining golden clouds, and some light clouds were below it. Beirut, with its harbor and cape, was in view a little to the right. The sun went down, and now Venus illumines a path over the water, just in front of our door. Our camp is in a vineyard, and all the hillsides about are covered with vines. The diligence has just gone by,— a quarter before nine. It is a small omnibus with seats for four inside, and one with the driver, drawn by three horses abreast. To-morrow morning, about eight o'clock, it will drive into Damascus. The day diligence we met near the top of the pass this forenoon. It is much larger, and is drawn by six horses in two sets. It was due in Damascus about six this evening.

BEIRUT, June 14.

A pleasant ride of three hours, mostly down hill, has brought us to the sea, and ended our long journey in Palestine. A most generous and interesting journey it has been to us; though I am afraid that this meagre record will hardly suggest to our friends how much we have enjoyed it.



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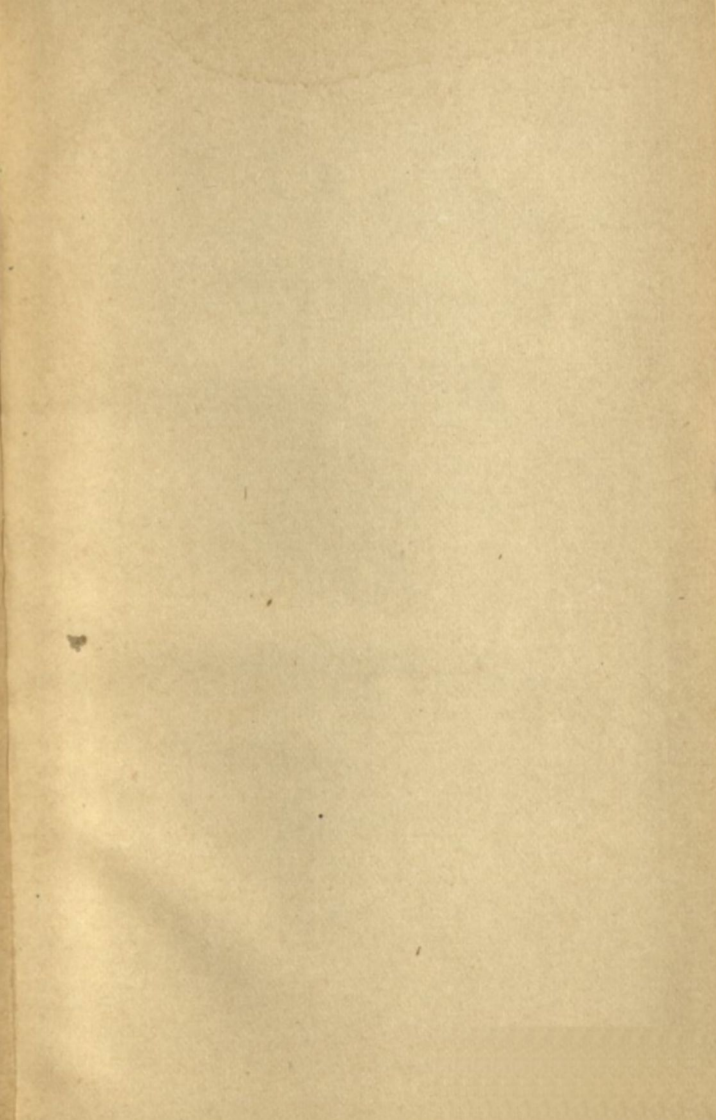
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