

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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*ON HORSEBACK THROUGH PALESTINE—FROM ZION
TO HERMON.*

WE started from Nazareth at a more than usually early hour on Monday morning, so as to reach the Sea of Galilee by noon. My friend M—— and I essayed a photograph before sunrise, but were unsuccessful, and our company were already some distance along the road, as we reluctantly put up our cameras and mounted our horses for the start. Passing the Virgin's Well, we found the place full of the village women, as at sunset on the preceding day, coming and going with their huge and graceful pitchers. Turning up over the hill, in a quarter of an hour or so, we reached the highest point of the road and halted to look our last upon the scene of Our Lord's home-life. There it lay just below us in the cup-like hollow, its white houses all gleaming brightly in the newly risen sun—"Nazareth where He was brought up," the spot of all the earth chosen by the Almighty Father as the dwelling-place of His incarnate Son for thirty years of mortal life.

A shepherd was leading his flock along the rocky slopes close by the road, as we travelled on—a sight always interesting in the East from its many sacred associations. In about a half-hour we came to Kefr Kenna, by many supposed to be Cana of Galilee, the scene of the first miracle. There is a fountain by the roadside just outside the village where an ancient sarcophagus does duty as a water-trough, and two or three of the women were filling their pitchers as we rode past. Kefr Kenna is a village of eight hundred inhabitants, and of the usual type of Palestine villages. There is a Latin convent in the place, and of course some of the original water-pots, but we did not stay to visit the one or marvel at the other, but took our way quickly along the now rapidly descending road. There is another village some miles farther north—Kana-el-Jelil, which disputes with Kefr Kenna the honour of being the true scene where

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed,"

but which of the two places is the successor of the ancient Cana is, of course, hard to determine.

Our route now lay along a rugged table-land, with heights rising around on all sides, and then through the broad plain of