

The Rockwood Review.

and comfortably settled for a considerable time at least.

I was not at all sorry to leave Gaza;—it was a very trying place, sleep at night during the summer being almost entirely out of the question. Acre is also on the plain, but is built close to the sea. In fact the sea-wall is built in the water.

You will probably be acquainted with more or less of its history, as the great stronghold of past days, from the crusading period onward. It was taken by Richard Coeur de Lion from the Saracens, and was the last place to surrender to the Moslem, when the Crusaders were finally driven out of the country.

Napoleon called the town "the Key of Palestine," and it is the only place which has the honor of having successfully resisted all the attacks of the great soldier. It was captured by the British fleet about 1840, on account of the presence of the army of the ferocious Ibrahim Pasha within its walls.

At the gate there is still a large beam across the archway, where it is said that the latter gentleman was accustomed to hang those who did not altogether coincide with the justice of his views and actions.

I think I have told you before that we have only one gate for all ingress and egress;—apart from this one opening the entire landward side is defended by a triple system of ramparts and ditches. In the old days, the entire system must have mounted nearly if not quite a thousand guns, I counted positions for nearly a hundred in a comparatively small space near the gate. Like everything else terrestrial it is falling rapidly into decay and ruin, though the range and power of modern artillery has, I presume, robbed it of its ancient claim to impregnability.

I have here a great part of Galilee as my field of operations, and from time to time I hope to send you more or less interesting ac-

counts of rides and work among its many historical scenes and places. * * * * *

Please give my very kindest regards to all Rockwood friends, including the "special ones" among the patients. I think of them all very frequently, indeed; especially during the busy scenes, and merry doings of Christmas-like.

Being comparatively near the seat of War, I have felt many a burning desire to go off and join the ambulance corps. But I hope the tide has now definitely turned.

A WRONG KIND.—An old Irishman was sitting out in front of his house puffing away and pulling heroically at his pipe. He would light a match and pull and pull at his pipe, then throw the match away and light another, and he continued the performance with great patience until the ground was literally strewn with burnt matches. "Come in to supper," said the wife at the door. "Faith and Oi will in a minute, Biddy," said he. "Moike has been a telling me that if Oi shmoked a bit of ghlass Oi could see the shpots on the sun. Oi don't know whether Moike's been a-fooling me or whether Oi've got hold av the wrong kind of ghlass."

Beth had never before seen an ox with its large, well-formed horns. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed with wide-open eyes, "just see that animal's handle-bars."