

road northward to Nazareth. After one hour the party separated, some going directly to Nazareth, while others kept due north to visit the site of Cana of Galilee. We crossed a high mountain north-east of Nazareth, passing the village of Mannah, and then descended through a deep gorge upon the Plain el Buttauf, or Plain of Zebulun. Here we found, beautifully situated on the west side of the valley, Kana el Jelil, a small village occupying, according to Robinson and others, the site of Cana of Galilee. It lies on the great highway of Central Galilee, about six miles north of Nazareth, and has for its identification the remarkable circumstance of its Arabic name. There is further south, only two miles from Nazareth, a Kefr Kenna, which Dr. Thomson thinks was the true Cana. Tradition is divided between the two, and therefore the remarkable correspondence of the name of the former, Kana el Jelil, with Cana of Galilee, should decide the question. From Kana el Jelil we rode directly southward over hill and dale toward Nazareth. The village Er Gath-hepher, the birthplace of Jonah, lay on our right, and also the village Er Reinch.

At about six p.m. we got our first view of the Vale and town of Nazareth. The appearance of the town, as we saw it from the hill south of it, was very pleasing. It lies upon the eastern side of Mount Neby Ismail, and by its large conventual buildings, schools, and churches, and well-built flat houses, make upon the mind of the stranger an impression of comparative solidity and wealth. It was almost dark when dinner was over, but one of my companions and I walked out to get a peep at the streets. These we found to be narrow and crooked, and scarcely cleaner than those of ordinary towns. In a court we saw a woman grinding at the mill. After breakfast next morning, we rode directly through the town, winding about and up among the houses, in some of our turns looking into their courts, bedrooms, and even upon their tops, and seeing the women at work, until we came to the summit of the great hill back of the town on the east. So precipitously does this mountain rise above the town, that I cannot doubt but it was the hill to the brow of which Christ's enraged townsmen led Him, "that they might cast Him down headlong" (Luke iv. 23, 29). It is explicitly stated that it was "the hill thereon their city was builded."

We left Nazareth, Saturday, May 30, at 10 a.m., and rode due south, descending from the ridge on the west of the Mount of Precipitation, a hill with a steep rugged peak, to the Plain of Esdraelon. Our first objective point was Taanach, situated, in a line a little west of south, on the southern side of the plain. Tabor, Little Hermon, Gilboa, and the sites of Shunem el Fulhik, and Jezreel, were on our left. Zigzagging across the valley, we reached Tell Taanach about 3 p.m. The village stands on the south side of the hill, looking toward a pretty little valley locked in by the jutting hills of Samaria. Taanach was an ancient Canaanitish city (Josh. xii. 21), afterward belonged to Manassah, and was assigned to the tribe of Levi. The houses of the present village are mud huts, with one or two store buildings. A ride of one hour more down the plain brought us to El Lejjun, the Scriptural Megiddo. I have already spoken of battles which took place on the eastern arm of the great Plain of Esdraelon, the Valley of Jezreel. This immediate vicinity was also the scene of some of the most marked conflicts in the history of Israel. In view of the many bloody and decisive engagements which have been fought around Taanach and Megiddo, it has been termed the battle-field of Palestine. In marked contrast with the field of blood was the peaceful Sunday which we passed here. In our customary worship we had a graphic sermon on Elijah's sacrifice on Carmel and flight to Horeb.

The next morning we rode down along the southern edge of the valley, and in about an hour and three-quarters came to the foot of Mount Carmel. Half-way up the mountain we passed a large spring, and, turning sharp above it, came out on quite a broad plateau, which is the traditional site of Elijah's sacrifice. The course of the Kishon can be distinctly seen; and between it and the mountain immediately in the foreground, are two hills, on the slopes of which, toward the Kishon, Elijah slew the prophets of Baal. Stopping at the Place of Sacrifice only long enough to examine the spot, I followed the party up through the thick oaks and terebinths over the rough path to the summit. All at once the calm, blue Mediterranean broke on my sight. I was not expecting to see it so near. A steep descent around the northern brow of the mountain brought us to the level plain, where Haifa stands. This place (Sycaminum of the Greeks and Romans)

possesses no antiquities. It is well located, and has some commerce. A more pleasant ride than that from Haifa to Acre cannot well be found. All along the road is the smooth, firm, sandy beach. The day we took it there was a good breeze from the sea, and the surf broke wildly upon the shore. Our horses caught the infection of salt air, their stiffened joints limbered up, and they hurried us forward to Acre in two and a-half hours. We forded the mouths of the Kishon and of the ancient Belus. On the banks of the Belus the first glass was, according to Pliny, manufactured of its fine sand. We rode in at the old gate of Acre (or Akka, or Acoho), and through its streets and bazaars, visiting some points of interest, such as the Hotel of the Knights Hospitalers, now a hospital for soldiers, and the Mosque of Jezzer Pasha, once the Church of St. John. The buildings of the city are large but dilapidated, the bazaars in some instances wholly forsaken; the walls, though still guarded, have long since lost their strength. Acre (the Ptolemais of classic times) is mentioned as a stopping place of St. Paul in the voyage from Ephesus in his last errand to the feast at Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 7). At evening we found our tents pitched on the sea-shore just outside the village of Er Zib (Aohzib) (Josh. xix. 19), which was originally given to Asher, but from which the Canaanites were never expelled (Judges i. 31). After the Babylonish captivity it was considered by the Jews as the northernmost limit of their land. For the first time we bathed in the Mediterranean. The surf was very exhilarating.

We left Er Zib next morning about seven o'clock. The scene after we got down on the Plain of Tyre was very beautiful. The sea, of a deep blue, lay quietly, with only the slightest ripple, and the surf broke lazily and softly on the shore. Mount Hermon, and the summits of Lebanon, crowned with snow, were clearly seen rising far away on the eastern and north-eastern horizon. We had reached Ras el'Ain, the site of old Tyre (Pale-Tyros), surrounded by groves of mulberries. The village is called Head of the Fountain, because of a remarkable fountain which stands in its centre. Through deep sand we forced our way about two miles to Tyre proper (Sur), crossing the peninsula built by Alexander the Great in his capture of the city. On a narrow ledge of rock, wholly separated from the main land, not more than a mile long, and half-a-mile broad, stood the ancient queen of the seas. Our camp was pitched at the back of the town, near the sea-coast. Very little of ancient Tyre now remains. The first mention of Tyre in the Bible is by Joshua, xix. 29, where he speaks of it, in reference to the borders of Israel, as the strong city. It comes into prominence in the history of David and Solomon, between whom and Hiram, its king, a close alliance existed. (2 Sam. v. 2; 1 Kings vii. 13-45.) At the time Christ visited its coasts (Matt. xv. 21, Mark vii. 24) it is conjectured, on the authority of Strabo and Pliny, that its population was about equal to that of Jerusalem. We took our leave of Tyre, and riding across the peninsula, which the drifting sands have made now a half mile wide, took as straight a course as we could south-eastward over the Plain of the Phœnicians.

BEHOLD THE MAN!

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the Man!—John xix. 5.

THERE was a moment which seems like a pause between the trial of Jesus, if trial it could be called, in the scenery of the judgment hall and the progress to Calvary and the crucifixion there. It was that moment when Pilate, as in the text, led the Divine victim forth, holding over him the thin shield of his cold and cowardly, contemptuous and contemptible exculpation, and in answer to the wild cry of the mad and furious multitude, said, *Ece Homo!* "Behold the Man!"

Artists have often erred in representing our Lord as a figure full of abject woe—shivering, distorted, weeping; "incapable," as one writer well says, "of ideas of love, sacrifice, or glory." The narrative assures us that at no time was our Lord insensible to either. There is not a moment in which He appears crouching or servile; and, on the other hand, we are to remember He was "laying" down His life, and He restrained all the tokens of material majesty. In any case, however, you have to bring before your mind the Matchless, the Only One. The image of Jesus rises before us as the conscience of Jesus, clear and stainless in its purity. All the sensual sensibilities of Jesus were held in him as the undivergent colours are held in