

cast into the field of Naboth. Then from the palace window, "with painted face and tired head," looked forth the wicked Jezebel, with haughty defiance of the conquering hero. But soon, flung from the window by her own chamberlains, her blood splattered the palace walls, and in the "portion of Jezreel" did the dogs devour this daughter of a king, "save the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands." Here, too, the heads of the seventy sons of Ahab were laid in two heaps at the gate of Jezreel. So forever the names of Ahab and Jezebel, and their wicked house, are a memorial of Divine justice. Where stood the lordly palace and the ivory house, are now but a few squalid Arab huts.

Riding down the steep slope of the hill, we soon reached the "Well of Harod" (Judges vii. 1), "the fountain which is in Jezreel" (1 Sam. xxix. 1). It springs from a deep cavern immediately under the crags of Gilboa, and forms a pool three hundred feet across, through which issues a broad, deep stream of pure, transparent water. In this the black and red kine were standing mid-leg deep, while the long-eared goats climbed the mountain slope. We rode our horses into the pool, from which they drank deep draughts with great satisfaction. It is pleasant to know that this is the very pool where Gideon's heroes drank over three thousand years ago. Here Gideon had his camp, and along this valley were the Midianites and Amalekites, "like grasshoppers for multitude," and here by the process of Divine selection was the motley host of 32,000 reduced to the little band of three hundred conquering heroes. Here Mr. Read dismounted and lapped the limpid water after the manner of the chosen three hundred. Through the long ages, how many conquering or discomfited warriors have here quenched their thirst!

Three miles north-west of Jezreel is the village of Shunem, at the foot of Little Hermon—a squalid hamlet of miserable mud huts surrounded by a hedge of giant cactus, rising in places to the height of twelve feet. Its name is engraved upon the world's heart forever by the exquisite story of the Shunamite woman who made "a chamber on the wall," for that man of God, Elisha. In the fields below our eyes the little lad, the child of promise, wandered at the harvest-time, and sank beneath the burning sun, crying, "My head, my head." Carried to his mother's arms, at Shunem, he lay upon her knees till he died, but the prophet's prayer availed to restore him to life. (2 Kings iv. 8-37.) It makes the narrative strangely vivid to feel that these are the very hills amid which this lovely idyl found its setting. In the mud walls of the village are built blocks of marble, with traces