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A RAINY DAY ON MOUNT HERMON, AND SCENES IN DAMASCUS.

BY ZELLA CARMAN.



DRUSE SHEPHERD
WEARING BURNOOSE
OR CLOAK.

To the average traveller there is, perhaps, no pleasanter hour in the twenty-four than that which he spends over the walnuts and coffee after the serious business of the *table d'hote* is finished. In that serene state of mind and body which follows upon a well-spent day and a good dinner, he is at leisure to enjoy a chat over to-day's impressions and to-morrow's plans.

Shortly before our party left Jerusalem, Mr. Floyd, in the course of one of these after-dinner chats, remarked, "You will have one, or, it may be, two days' rain on your journey north. I hope it may occur

when you are under shelter."

The serenely confident air with which this announcement was made, prevented any open display of scepticism, but an intimate acquaintance with the Canadian climate is not conducive to faith in weather prophecies, and we did not take Mr. Floyd's prediction seriously, though we were destined to recall it. Some weeks later, the morning of the twenty-second of April, found us in camp at Baniyas, the northern limit of our journey in Palestine proper. We were awakened as usual at five o'clock by Assad's bell, accompanied by his invariable formula, "Fust bell, please;" but the little ceremony seemed to lack its usual brisk cheerfulness, and alas! the soft patter, patter on our canvas roof assured us that Mr. Floyd's prophecy had been only too correct.

Now a rainy day in April was not exactly a thing without