

lawless tribes. On Monday of each week there is a great fair held here, when thousands gather from all parts of the country bringing, as W. M. Thomson tells us, cotton from Nablous, barley and wheat, and Indian corn from the plain of Jezreel; horses, donkeys, cattle, and flocks from Gilead, and Bashan. The pedler is here with his trinkets, the tailor with his garments, the shoemaker with shoes, the farrier is there to shoe your horse, and the saddler to mend your saddle, but none remains over night. Some return to their homes or seek shelter for the night in the neighbouring villages.

There at last is Tabor. Of all the pictures I have ever seen of Tabor no two have ever been alike, nor any single view quite like that one presented to us in the mellow light of the setting sun. Tabor is a conical hill rising in the eastern end of the plain of Jezreel, to the height of a thousand feet above the plains, like a high mound cast up in sport by the ancient giants from the level ground. Such being its character and position, some look at it from the south side where it looks bare and broken: some again view it from the north where it is covered with woods to the very top: from the east side it looks as if it had two summits, whereas the view from the west shows it as a sharp peak. The root of the word has thoroughly puzzled scholars, but he would not probably be far wrong who would seek the name of the hill in its shape and situation as we find it in the old Celtic and Sanskrit roots, signifying the "great mound." \* It is indeed the great mound of Galilee standing out on the wide plain as a landmark and

a great natural curiosity. There is a path for horses right to the top; the path is steep and would be dangerous to any horses but the horses of the country, which are cautious and very surefooted. We are looking northwards as we ascend, and get from our winding path among the scraggy oak and terebinth trees, beautiful vistas of the Lebanon range sloping downwards from Hermon towards Tabor.

We at last gain the summit. Let us feast our eyes on the prospect before us. Some have said that three seas can be seen from the top of Tabor, the Dead Sea, Mediterranean, and the sea of Galilee. It is not possible to see the first of these three, although the dark blue haze that gathers over the salt sea cauldron might be mistaken for its waters. The other two seas are visible with the valley of the Jordan, the land of Gilead beyond the plain of Jezreel, the rich dales and vales of Galilee, and the ridge of Carmel. It is the general opinion of persons competent to judge, that the panorama spread before the spectator standing on Tabor includes as great a variety of objects of natural beauty and historic interest as can be seen from any position in the Holy Land which would seem to justify the Rabbinic saying, that the temple should of right have been on Tabor, had not an express revelation assigned it to Mount Moriah. The only regret that mingles with the joy of standing there is that arising from the shortness of one's stay. It would indeed repay the traveller to take his tent with him, and see from Tabor the sun in the evening sinking into the great sea, and rising again in the morning from the great desert. Travellers who have passed the night on the top, tell us that in the morning they found their canvas drenched as with rain from the dew of Tabor: what must therefore the dew of Hermon be?

\* "Tum" in Celtic means a mound. *Tumulus* a hillock in Latin, is no doubt a diminutive from this root, *tum*. To this let us add "*mhor*" large, great, and we have *Tumhor*, which is just *Tabor*, "the great mound."