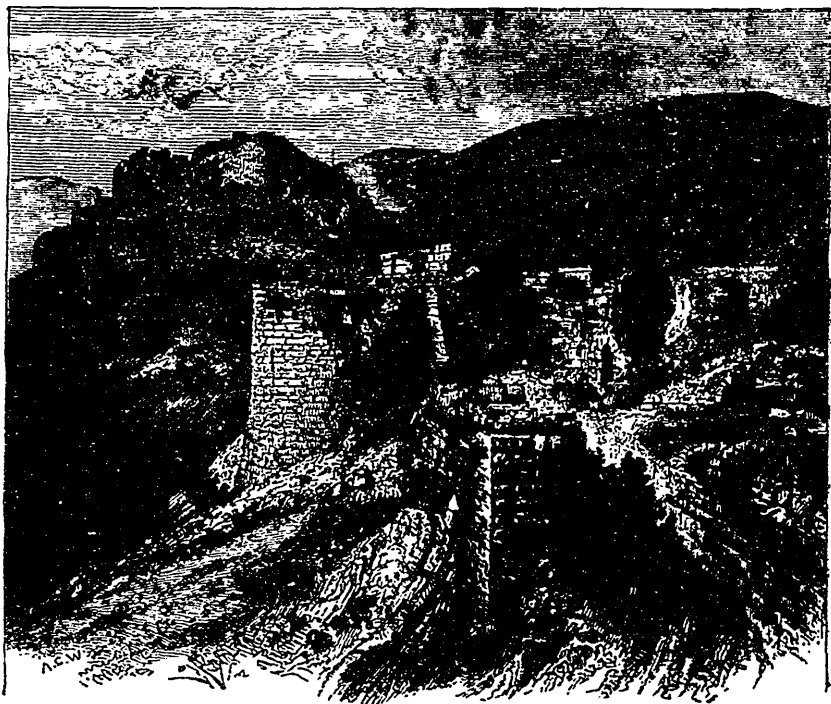


Small wonder that the Danite spies exclaimed of the Plain of Huleh with its rich pastures, its countless herds of buffalo, its clouds of wildfowl of every wing, "It is very good, a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth."

It was with the utmost reluctance that I could tear myself away from this majestic scene. Long after the rest of our party had gone I lingered behind, and mused amid the solitudes of this venerable castle once resonant with the tread of Crusading and Moslem knights, and perchance with the rude clash of Roman or



RUINS OF CASTLE OF ES-SUBEIBAH, NEAR BANIAS.

Phœnician arms. At length another group of tourists climbed the cliff and conveyed the somewhat peremptory message from the Judge, that if I did not promptly return they were to throw me over the battlements. Dark clouds were lowering in the sky. The wind rose, and moaned through the crannied vaults and shattered walls, and sighed and whispered amid the olive groves below, and rain began to fall. I therefore surrendered at discretion, scrambled down the cliff and, mounting my faithful Naaman, galloped down the slope, narrowly escaping the fate of Absalom amid the low-branching olives. We dried off before