

always guarded, to prevent the depredations of prowling Bedouins, fell asleep over his loaded gun, and lodged the whole charge in his arm. Well for him that the accident happened in the company of Christians, rather than with his own compatriots or co-religionists. The other Arabs would have left him to perish; they would have said: "He is finished," and stoically left him to his fate. But he fared better with us. Our young American doctor soon had him in hand, and all the private stores of medicaments in camp were freely placed at his disposal. But rest and proper dressing he could not have, and did not get until five days after, when we reached Damascus; and all that weary journey, the poor fellow, perched on the back of a donkey, fevered and sore, with thirty-two pellets of shot in his wounded arm, bore with extraordinary endurance of body, and, apparently, with great patience of spirit, the jolting and unrest of that long ride.

A curious incident occurred the morning after our arrival at Khan Minyeh. With another of the party, I was strolling on the beach, when I noticed a fish lying apparently dead, some distance from the water. There was a wound upon its back, as if it had been speared by a fisherman or seized by the talons of some large bird. As there was no sign of human beings about, the latter was probably the case. "Hallo!" said I to my friend, "I've got a fish," and seizing it by the tail, I took it to the edge of the lake. It was alive, and as we put it into the water it swam off, as though nothing were the matter. How long it had been on the shore it is difficult to say. Thus, if I did not catch a fish out of the Sea of Galilee, I certainly put one in.

The road from the lake at Khan Minyeh winds close to the base of the Horns of Hattin, and then climbs through a series of rugged defiles overgrown with rank wild mustard and a wilderness of other weeds. Descending from this hill region, it enters a plain, bounded on the left by a hilly country, and stretching away to the right, swampy and reed-grown, for many miles. In the centre of this plain is Lake Huleh, supposed to be the waters of Merom, mentioned in the Book of Joshua as the scene of that warrior's victory over the hosts of the neighbouring kings. The plain is a vast pasture-ground for herds of buffalo, and the black tents of the Bedouin herdmen dot it at frequent intervals.

Our camp was pitched at Ain Balât, close to a stream, and the neighbourhood of Hermon was shown, not only by the view which we had of it from our tents, but by the rain which fell upon them, the only rain which we encountered in all our camping out. Here, I remember, the sheikh of a neighbouring en-