

in a fierce and bloody sea-fight, lost from four to five thousand men, which will give some idea of the number and size of the ships which were employed. Now there are but half-a-dozen, and those were brought in sections over the mountains from Beirut. I woke as from a dream from the thought of this ancient splendour—and stern reality became again a presence.

We rode past the crumbling walls of Tiberias, which has the reputation of being the most squalid town in Palestine, especially abounding in that odious insect pest which gives it the reputation of being the court of the "King of the Fleas." As we rode along this historic shore we were amazed at the ruins of the former city of Herod—beautiful marble columns, carved plinths and capitals, lying half-buried in the sand. It would seem as if the colonnades of the ancient city faced the whole water-line. The very palace of Herod is in ruins. Its porphyry pillars are hewn into watering troughs. The temple columns are cut into mill-stones, and the threshing floors are paved with fragments of its marble walls.

We found our tents pitched on a beautiful greensward within a stone's throw of the lake, about a mile from Tiberias, near the famous Hot Springs mentioned by Josephus. There are two domed structures, in one of which is a large public bath much frequented by Jewish pilgrims. The four preachers of our party secured the exclusive use of a smaller one and enjoyed a plunge in water almost hot enough to cook an egg. The temperature varies from 130° to 140°, but it seemed no warmer than the Canadian hot springs at Banff, in the Rockies, or the famous baths at Leuk, in Switzerland. A native attendant thoroughly doused us with cold water as we emerged in a parboiled condition, and very refreshing we found it.

After dinner we gathered shells by the pebbly shore of Galilee, and pondered much on its sacred associations, and repeated McCheyne's beautiful lines:

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee;
For the glorious One who came to save,
Hath often stood by thee.

"It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide;
But He that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by thy side.

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea;
But, oh, far more! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.