

Beyond these still, the faint outline of the Judean hills is lost in the deeper blue of the sky. Stretching away from the base of Tabor for miles towards the south lies the plain of Esdraelon; green now with a luxuriant crop of wheat.

We have many times admired the wonderful clearness and transparent brilliancy of the atmosphere, which an Eastern traveller has well said, "like water brightens all it touches." This effect is especially noticeable to-day in the vivid depth of colour of the blue sky, and the yellow, russet and purple of the mountains, while Esdraelon glows like an emerald, except where the long shadow of Tabor lies across it. Objects that are many miles distant are revealed with a clear distinctness of outline as if close at hand.

Looking to the west we see Mount Carmel; and between that and Tabor, on the south-west, the valley of Megiddo, the battle-field of Barak and Sisera. Mount Tabor has been closely associated with all the past history of this region, but in all that past there is, perhaps, nothing of so much dramatic interest as the overthrow of Sisera. Barak, in accordance with Deborah's instructions has assembled here his ten thousand fighting men of Zebulon and Naphtali. And what a rendezvous for an army! We are strangers from a far country, but, looking at the wide, glorious prospect, we feel a thrill of pride and love for our common heritage in this mother-land of all Christian peoples. What, then, must have been its inspiration for a Jew, of all men the most intensely patriotic! Small wonder that Sisera's "nine hundred chariots of iron" went down before the impetuous charge of Barak's host. No doubt Deborah, standing on these heights, watched the battle she had instigated; all the high courage and loyalty of her lofty soul enkindled by the valour of her people; and, on their return, she celebrated the victory with a song of rejoicing, worthy alike of the scene and the occasion.

Looking at the very scene where it occurred it was easy to re-people those western slopes with the multitude of wearied soldiers, enjoying their well-earned rest, while the stately, white-robed prophetess in song and recitative immortalized "Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite," for the brave deed that had sealed the victory. But they vanished, and I was brought suddenly back to the present by the whispered request to "ask him if he has any canes?" For we had a cane collector in our party; not the first of his kind who had been here, perhaps; for the good brother smiled and shook his head. "I am afraid there is nothing left—everyone wants a souvenir, *mais nous verrons.*" And we did see; for when we reached the courtyard again, an attendant