

in front of us, the summit that Dean Stanley has identified as the scene of the great contest between the one prophet of God and the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. This summit is on the extreme Eastern point of the ridge, "commanding," as Dean Stanley says, "the last view of the sea behind, and the first view of the great plain in front. On this summit, commanding a view of the great plain and its cities, of the Kishon and its branches, there stood no doubt at one time an altar to God, beside the perennial spring from which travellers now drink. This altar fell into ruins, as Jezebel raised, in opposition to it, the altar of Baal, who was sure to covet this noble summit for one of his temples. Down that steep face of a thousand feet the wretched idol priests were hurried to the bank of the Kishon, which takes a turn there to meet the mountain, hugging its very base. Till this day the river is called by the Arabs the "River of Slaughter," from the bloody business of that day.

THE RIVER KISHON.

In our journey, we came at last to the banks of "that ancient river, the river Kishon," which we found a paltry streamlet, scarcely reaching to the horses' knees, as they drank its muddy waters. This river is the drain by which the waters of the great plain, and of the mountains that slope down towards the plain, are carried to the Mediterranean Sea. Though in summer it is well nigh dry, yet we can see that between its high and confined banks it must, as a winter torrent, rush on in its course with a volume and a velocity that would "sweep away" all the armies in the world, riders and footmen, if they madly attempted to cross it at such a season. A few days after this we crossed the Kishon at its very mouth, and found that to ford it (after receiving some heavy springs from Carmel) was just

as much as our small horses could do. But we got safely across.

Early in the afternoon we came in sight of the Bay of Acre, the only bay belonging to Palestine, and in sight also of the nose of Carmel, (pushing itself into the sea,) the only promontory in the land. The bay has a fine sweep, (where it might be represented by the wood of the warrior's bow,) but it lies too open in its mouth (its string is too slack) to be of much use as a harbour for shelter from westerly winds. Turning to the left, before reaching Kaifa, (a small town that occupies the site of Ecbatana, where Cambyes died, on his way back from Egypt,) we began the ascent to the Convent that stands some six hundred feet on Carmel's western brow, looking out over the great sea.

A BOLD ROBBERY.

We were not the only party in the Convent that night. There came there, shortly before we came, a party of missionaries from Damascus, who were spending a few weeks in making a tour through Southern Palestine. They came from Joppa, up by the sea-shore, through the maritime plain, towards Carmel. As the country was reported unsafe, they hired two mounted soldiers to escort them to Acre. When they came to the ruins of Cesarea, on the coast, a party of about forty half-naked Arabs sprung on them, from among the ruins. The soldiers, to whom they looked for protection, seeing the position of things, turned tail, put spurs to their horses, and disappeared in the distance. The robbers offered no violence. They wanted simply to get the money and the goods of the travellers; but being ignorant of the European mystery of pockets, they failed to get the money, but took all the goods they could lay hands on, short of stripping the persons of the travellers, which fortunately, as there were ladies in the