

per territory we are now entering across the ridge of the "White Cape."

And such an entrance! The road, two yards wide, is cut into great steps like a huge stair-case, while a balustrade some three feet thick of the chalk rock is left standing to save the traveller from tumbling—should he make a false step—into the sea, which washes the foot of the chalk cliffs some 200 feet below. On the one side the traveller looks down a perpendicular cliff into the water, on the other side he looks up a perpendicular cliff into the sky, while he, leading his horse, walks cautiously, as it were, between heaven and earth. On the top of this pass stands the ruin of what is called the Candle Tower, which with a handful of men could hold the pass against a great army. There before us, as we gain the top of the pass, stretching away northward twenty-eight miles, is Phœnicia proper, being a strip of land not more than a mile wide, on an average, though in the neighbourhood of Tyre and Sidon the breadth of the plain spreads out to four or five miles. How was it that such a small country became so wealthy and powerful, and left such impress on the institutions and literature of the ancient world? It was, first, well protected from external enemies. On the south it was shut in by the "White Cape," on the east by the Lebanon, on the west by the sea, while to the north alone was it exposed, and from the north came its ruin. It was, second, well-watered, having within its territory streams of a depth and permanency wholly unknown to Palestine. It was, third, cool and healthy, with sea breezes to temper the extreme heat that enfeebled the inhabitants of the inland plains. It had, fourth, an endless supply of timber of the best quality wherewith to build ships. It commanded, fifth, the highway of the sea. Its two cities, Tyre and Sidon, twenty miles apart, standing in the

same relation to the west of their day that Liverpool and Glasgow do to the west of our day. It was with feelings of wonder we saw the smallness of a country that exercised such an influence on Europe. Slowly and cautiously we descended the steps of the great Tyrian ladder, now to our left peering into the frightful depth below where the blue waves washed the white cliffs, and again to our right gazing at the dizzy height above, where the white cliffs mingled with the blue sky. At last we reach the plain safely, and wind our way along the beach, to the "Fountains of Tyre," hardly a quarter of an hour from the shore, where we dismounted to examine these remarkable structures of the remote past. There are three reservoirs, with aqueducts leading the waters north and south, while a considerable portion of it finds its way directly to the sea, turning some mills in its course. The clear, sweet waters are there springing up as of old, and the beautiful works by which they were collected and utilized, are also there, though in ruins; but the "renowned city, inhabited by sea-faring men, strong in the sea," has been made a desolate city, like the cities that are not inhabited. There is little doubt but all round these fountains stood the city of Tyre, the ancient mistress of the commerce of the East, on the right hand, and on the left, stretching herself along the shore, from the island to the base of that cliff down whose stoney steps we had just come. But there is hardly a stone left here upon another, for thus spake the Lord by his servant, the prophet: "Behold I am against thee, O Tyrus! I will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up: and they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape the dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock."