

We also made a two days' excursion on horse-back from Jerusalem down to Jericho. It was an intensely tiresome journey across the most desolate of hills, where there was not a single tree for shelter, but where the sun beat down so mercilessly upon our heads that things turned black before our eyes, and at times we almost fell from our horses. But it was a journey full of interest. We visited Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and saw the traditional guest-chamber in which Jesus was entertained. We passed a caravan of seventy camels going into Jerusalem with merchandise. We met several companies of Russian pilgrims, walking those dusty roads with staffs in hand and the songs of Zion on their lips. We lunched at the "Inn of the Good Samaritan," and pitched our tents that night upon the site of ancient Jericho.

Next day was a day of bathing. We bathed in the briny waters of the Dead Sea where one has the strange experience of floating like a bit of cork. Then we went to the Jordan and washed in its muddy waters. And finally I took an unexpected plunge into the brook Cherith; for as we went down the bank my saddle slipped over the horse's ears, and I found myself upon my back in the stream, much to my horse's amazement and my own!

But I wish you could have seen us when we left Jerusalem for our long camping tour in the Holy Land. At the head of the column rode Mr. Clarke, the American vice-consul at Jerusalem who accompanied us throughout the entire trip. Then came thirty or forty men and women well mounted on Syrian horses. When Mark Twain traveled through these regions he called his horse Baalbec "because he was such a magnificent 'uin';" I called mine Baalzebub because of his satanic temper. After the horsemen, came eight or ten palanquins in which the members of the party who were not strong enough for horse-back riding were borne by mules; guarding them was Solomon our Syrian dragoman, who had traveled from Jerusalem to Damascus forty-eight times. Then came fifty or sixty donkeys and mules laden with tents and baggage, while as many servants ran beside them and urged them forward. Ahead of us all was the "lunch-tent brigade" pushing rapidly forward that they might have luncheon waiting for us when we rode up hot and weary at noon.

Thus we went in single file along the rockiest paths, in many places so dangerous that we had to dismount and lead our horses, down into gorges and up hill-sides where nothing but a Syrian horse would dare to venture, fording brooks, climbing over stone walls, our horses many times falling but then riders escaping serious injury as though by miracle, now journeying through wildernesses of burning rocks, now through fertile valleys, now beneath the grateful shade of olive and fig orchards, now across the beautiful plain of Esdraelon, being often in the saddle eight or ten hours a day reaching tent at