

the bread which cometh down from heaven that a man may eat thereof and not die."

From Tell-Hum our boatmen rowed us about a mile and a half up the lake to where, on the western shore, was a crescent of sandy beach, through which a small stream poured its clear waters into the lake, a little to the south of a low cliff. Here, a few minutes' walk from the beach, on a small grassy meadow our camp was pitched, and right glad we were to leave the boats and seek the shelter and refreshment it afforded. Some indulged in a bath in the waters of the lake, others engaged the Arab boatmen for a half-hour's fishing, while all rejoiced in the delicious quiet and seclusion of our camping-ground, and felt, more or less, the spell of the memories with which its scenes were associated.



TIBERIAS, AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

After dinner most of our party strolled down to the beach, and sat chatting in groups beside its waters. It was a glorious starlight night, and our minds were full of the associations of the place, Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. Nazareth yesterday, and Galilee to day; was it wonderful that as we sat beneath the starry skies, with the waters of the lake rippling at our very feet, while its storied hill-sides girdled the horizon, our hearts were full of thrilling memories and our feelings sought expression in sacred song?

While we were camped at Khan Minyeh a rather startling occurrence interrupted the quiet of our camp life. In the middle of the night, one of our muleteers on guard—for our camp was