

coast, and rich and populous inland cities on the lines of travel from north to south. Now, the splendour of Tyre and Sidon has faded, the very sites of the great cities of the Lake of Galilee are uncertain, and their decay, rather than any great increase of its own, has made Nazareth the chief town of this district. It is still, however, the secluded Galilean village, the only approach to it being the bridle-paths over the hills; happily, therefore, its quiet peace and beauty remain unchanged.

It is said that not a stone remains of the village which was Christ's home, but this one probably presents much the same appearance. The square, flat-roofed houses are built as they were built two thousand years ago, and of the same white stone, quarried from the neighbouring hills. There has been no change in the narrow little valley and the low ranges of hills closely surrounding it.

"The mountains and the waters and the sky,
These, as He saw them, have their glory yet,
At sunrise and at sunset."

Full of this thought we lingered long on the grassy hill-top, remembering the many proofs in the gospels of our Lord's love for the mountain solitudes, and reverently believing that this must have been a favourite retreat. Many times, it may be, He has stood here, in the solemn hush of the dying day, and watched the purple shadows deepen in the valley, and the snows of distant Hermon bathed in rosy light, or the bold, blue line of Carmel sharply cut against the deep gold of the evening sky. It was a scene to live forever in the memory, and, most reluctantly, when the light faded, we took a last long look and started back to camp.*

One great event of the day yet remained. Of course dinner was always an event, but we knew that this night's *menu* had

*Of the view of this beautiful valley from the hill above the town, Archdeacon Farrar writes thus:

"The view from this spot would in any country be regarded as extraordinarily rich and lovely; but it receives a yet more indescribable charm from our belief that here, with His feet among the mountain flowers, and the soft breeze lifting the hair from His temples, Jesus must often have watched the eagles poised in the cloudless blue, and have gazed upwards as he heard overhead the rushing plumes of the long line of pelicans, as they winged their way from the streams of Kishon to the Lake of Galilee. And what a vision would be outspread before Him, as He sat at springtime on the green and thyme-besprinkled turf! To Him every field and fig-tree, every palm and garden, every house and synagogue, would have been a familiar object; and most fondly of all amongst the square, flat-roofed houses would His eye single out the little dwelling-place of the village carpenter."