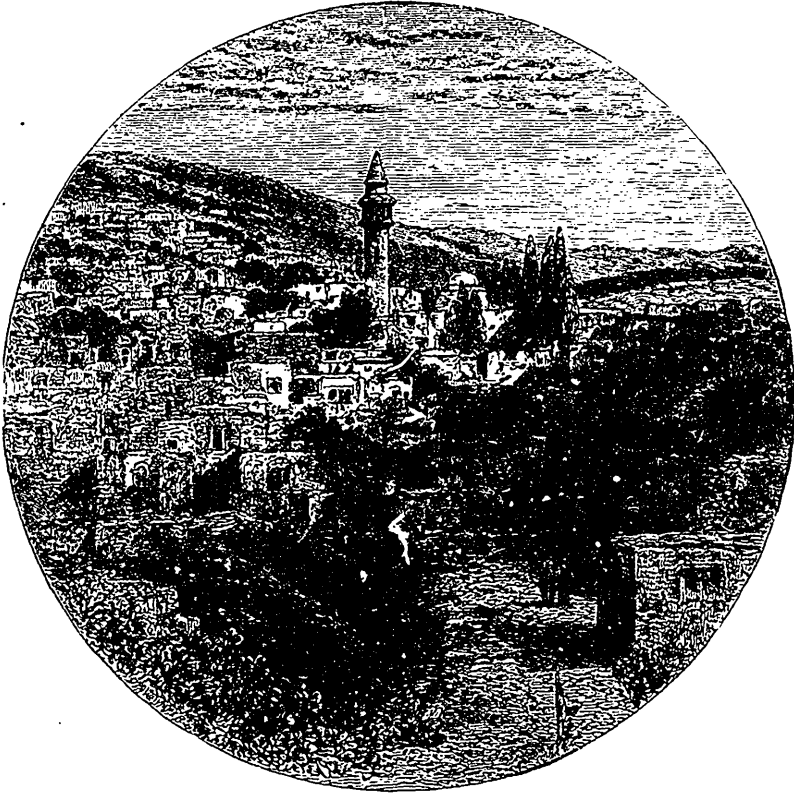


God yet dealt directly with men; history so remote that it had always seemed unreal. But now, names that had hitherto been mere shadows became living realities as our guide pointed out their location.

Far to the north-east Mount Hermon lifts its stately head, its snowy crown dazzling white against the blue sky; nearly east



STREET IN NAZARETH.

of us rise the tawny slopes of the Gadarene hills, and, at their feet, a silvery gleam of blue water :

“Clear silver water in a cup of gold,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara
It shines—His lake—the sea of Chinnereth.”

It is our first glimpse of that “little silver happy sea, far famed,” and the eye lingers a moment before we look for the mountains of Gilead, and those of Samaria, where Ebal frowns at Gerizim across the smiling valley of Nabulus.