

desired. There are, I believe, about three hundred of these orange gardens around Jaffa, varying in extent from three or four acres to ten or twelve, and the annual produce is about eight million oranges. They can sometimes be bought there for eight or ten a penny, and are very large, oval in shape and of fine flavour. Great hedges of prickly pear, a cactus of huge growth, divide these orchards the one from the other, and, I should say, afford a very tolerable protection from predatory hands.

We spent a quiet Sunday at Jaffa, having a united service in our hotel in the morning, and attended the service at the Church of England Mission in the afternoon; but early on Monday morning every one was on the *qui vive* for the journey to Jerusalem. Those who desired them had saddle-horses, those who preferred riding had landaus at their service. I was among the latter myself, for my horsemanship was a minus quantity, and I was not a little nervous of beginning to acquire the art. Perhaps it is just as well we drove, for we had not left Jaffa ten minutes before one of the horses bolted, setting off another as it galloped past. The first was ridden by a young English lady, who fortunately was a good horsewoman, and beyond a little fright was none the worse; but the second was ridden by an old clergyman, six-seven years of age, who got off somehow, as the horse was galloping, and was seriously shaken.

In this bit of excitement, we left Jaffa behind us, and struck out over the plain of Sharon, for our noonday halting-place at Ramleh. The road was fair; indeed, as roads go in Palestine, it was good, in some parts very good; but I'm afraid we should be writing to the papers against our paternal government if our own roads were anywhere on a level with some of the best of it. It sorely shook the springs of the strong, Swiss-built landau in which I was sitting, as the pair of stout horses drew it over the uneven, rutty road. It was an interesting drive, however. Around us on every hand, stretched the wide and undulating surface of the plain of Sharon, bearing evidence in the wild flowers that everywhere carpeted it, of the fertility for which it was anciently proverbial.

The charming little *anemone coronaria*, in appearance similar to a small scarlet poppy and the supposed "rose of Sharon" of Scripture, lifted its bright cup everywhere. It is the commonest flower of Palestine. I saw it here in Sharon. I was to see it all over the land, brightening hillock and valley, until I bade it final farewell on the slopes of the Lebanon at Beyrout. Well,