



CEDARS OF LEBANON.

downwards, were sunk in a perpendicular shaft. Noah was evidently a man to be looked up to.

As we rode through the Moslem village it was an unexpected pleasure to be greeted in good English by an American missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss, from the neighbouring town of Zahleh. This thriving town covers the slopes of a vast amphitheatre and with its bright white and blue walls is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. It numbers about sixteen thousand people, chiefly Greek, Catholic, Maronite and Protestant Christians, and gives evidence of great thrift and industry. Our entrance was like a triumphal procession. The people left forge and loom, swarmed in the streets, thronged the roofs of the houses, and the children bade us welcome in both English and French, which they had learned in the Protestant or Catholic mission schools.

So steep is the slope on which the town is built that to keep it from sliding down the mountain great arcades of buttresses are constructed beneath the walls. During the late Druse massacre the town was captured, plundered, and every house burned. The thrift and energy of the inhabitants, however, have obliterated every trace of that disaster.

Our camp was most picturesquely situated on a green knoll across the valley. Tall and handsome women wearing blue gowns and white izzars, and children dressed in red, yellow and blue, brought us water, flowers and confectionery—a very striking contrast to the curses, sticks and stones with which we were