

yards more into the open, so that their backs were towards us. Here the Doseh, the culmination of the interest of the day, took place. Numbers of devotees threw themselves flat upon their faces, and over them the religious skeik began to walk. Then in a few minutes more the procession wound around a corner and dispersed, and the strange scene was over. But memory, aided by the pictures my friend was fortunate enough to secure (my own were unsuccessful, through a defect in my camera), retains most



MAKING A PLOUGH IN WOODWORKERS' BAZAAR.

Vividly that extraordinary experience, and makes it easy to live over again its unique excitement and interest. Never can I forget that sunny morning, with Hermon strangely near in the brilliant atmosphere, with the storied plains of Damascus for a landscape, and with that wonderful panorama of wild, frenzied processionists, and its attendant crowds of onlookers and participants, so varied of feature and garb, so essentially Oriental of character and creed.

We rode along the outside of the walls through the bazaars. Craftsmen of every sort were hard at work—the blacksmith, brazier, and coppersmith, ringing on their noisy anvils; boys polishing chains by shaking them in a bag; the dyer red-handed