

the reins are lying loose on Naaman's neck, and the Doctor, notebook in hand, is serenely and absorbedly contemplating the landscape, having evidently abandoned the whole business of ascent to his horse.

And, indeed, the pictures disclosed by the upward windings of the path might well make one forget its dangers. Fair, smiling valleys, and the varied outlines of range after range of mountains come successively into view as we ascend; the picture is never twice the same, but always beautiful.

On reaching the top, after three-quarters of an hour's steady climbing through a wilderness of oak and syringa, it was a surprise to find so large a space that is comparatively level—a field or two of thin, starved-looking wheat, and stone-walled gardens. We entered a gate and rode between two stone walls to the courtyard of the Latin (Roman Catholic) monastery, and as we dismounted to explore the ruins I took a refreshing peep at the monks' pretty little formal garden, with its neatly-kept beds brilliant with bloom.

The history of the broken and fallen masses of masonry covering this part of the mountain is not known, but they are certainly the remains of many ages and many different nations. Antiochus the Great built a town here more than two hundred years before Christ. Josephus occupied the mount as a fortress and built a wall around the plateau on the summit. Much later, the Crusaders erected a church and monastery which the Moslems at length destroyed. As sole successors to all those varied owners, there are now two monasteries, a Latin and a Greek; and so great is their fraternal affection, that travellers visiting either one are denied admittance to the other.

Whatever the history and dates of these vine-covered ruins they are picturesque and beautiful now, and in perfect harmony with the stately traditions of the place. Not less so is the Franciscan monk who receives us with the graceful courtesy of his race, giving us a cordial welcome in very pure French. As he stands there, with the bright sunshine lighting up his blue eyes and the short auburn curls of his uncovered, tonsured head, I am grateful to the custom that prescribes his long brown robe of coarse cloth, the girdle of knotted cord with the carved olive rosary, even the bare sandalled feet. He is thoroughly in keeping with a historic past.

Following the good brother, we passed through the ruins; and, climbing the wall at the north-eastern point, reached a sort of platform, where we stopped amazed at the wonderful sight. All central Palestine lay spread out before us; the cradle of the human race, the scenes associated with its early history, when