

but how very different they are! The one is gracious, laughing, fragrant as the chalice of love, its sweet waters fertilizing and embellishing the shore; while the other is full of water bituminous and bitter as the cup of hatred and the anger of a god. Vainly the Jordan empties into it her overflowing urn; it is swallowed up as if in a whirlpool and rises no more. Its sacred, blessed wave that bears prosperity throughout all Galilee becomes a curse as it falls into the Dead Sea, spreading desolation and death upon its arid banks.

This sea is really a curious phenomenon, and I find it difficult to explain its origin without having recourse to the Jewish books, which tell how once, in a day of anger, nearly fifteen centuries ago, Jehovah opened this abyss to engulf five sinful cities.

I turn quickly from this desolate shore, and return with joy to the banks of my beautiful Lake of Galilee, following the left side of the Jordan.

From my window I can see a graceful bay hollowed out between two hills, like an amphora with its two arms, and when night comes, the little boats with their white sails lie upon it, and Venus, leaning from her celestial balcony, casts over its surface her brilliant radiance.

Our rural divinities, in whom these people do not believe, lavish here their favors and their riches with a generosity not shown to us who worship them,—worship them in unbelief. For while we offer them our adoration, are we convinced of their reality?

I have brought from Rome into Palestine my gods,

my  
whi  
are  
flan  
my  
shir  
sho  
on v  
V  
love  
Spe  
stat  
of a  
Jews  
merc  
O  
the p  
relig  
the  
His t  
He p  
to he  
He b  
Va