

five or six hours of this, your heroship sub-sides into a martyrdom. Your horse plods on wearily with hanging head and you sit him still more wearily, after having exhausted your ingenuity in inventing new and easier modes of adapting yourself to an inexorable saddle. The whole atmosphere seems transformed into a gigantic burning glass, through which the sun's fierce rays are concentrated on one particular spot in your head, burning into the brain and parching up your very thoughts; you associate your horse's footsteps to some dreary tune which is for ever ringing in your ears, and you endure life rather than live. Still one vast plain without a break or landmark is ever unrolling its weary length before you, and the fiery vault of heaven rests on every side upon the burning plain, as you seem ever on one spot, though still toiling on. Oh, the misery of those days of blazing sun and parched earth without a drop of water or a shading bush; try it, New Brunswick readers, and you will value each useless sapling that you wantonly cut down to prove the edge of your axe!

We were thus jogging on in a dreamy dead-alive state, with the eternal creak, creak, of our new saddles, and the melancholy tune of the horses' tramp ringing in our ears, when we saw a wide *mirage*, as we thought, quivering before our blinking eyes. We hardly heeded it, for we had more than once that morning been deceived by such phantasms, by which a shrub of wild thyme is magnified into a palm tree, or a stone into a ruined pillar, while a limpid lake seems rippling in the sunlight, but ever receding, until at length, as if to mock your thirst, it vanishes all at once. But we certainly seemed to be gaining on this mirage, and soon we were galloping with revived spirits up to a broad lake dotted with villages along its shores. We threw ourselves from our horses, and drew in one long thirsty gulp from its crystal

waters, but, alas! it was only *one*, for this was the great Salt Lake of Aleppo and we had to repair to a village hard by to take the bad taste out of our mouths. This lake is a vast evaporating-pan, which is almost entirely dry in summer, and supplies Aleppo and its neighbourhood with salt.

Near our resting place, the village of Gibreen, is the site of the ancient Chalybon, of which only very faint traces are still visible. Its name the Arabs have converted into "Haleb," and given it to the neighbouring town of Berœa, the present Aleppo. The full Arabic name of Aleppo is "Haleb Es-halhah," which means simply "Aleppo the gray" a title which it fully deserves when compared with the surrounding mud villages; but the Arabs, with their usual proneness to seize a *double entendre* and to surround their newly conquered possessions with a halo of Coranic tradition, interpret the name "The milking of the gray (cow)." Here they say, Abraham, when on his way from Ur of the Chaldees, encamped for some time and milked a famous gray cow which figures honourably in Mahometan story. I confess I never could see the point of this tale, which was told me with great complacency and pity for my ignorance, but I dare say it has a point. The primeval name of Aleppo, however, appears to have been Zobah, and an Aleppo Jew told me that some fifty years ago a stone was to be seen in the castle of Aleppo with a Hebrew inscription to the effect that it was set up by Joab on the capture of this city of Zobah in the name of his master David. This stone, he said, is now covered up by accumulations of rubbish. The story may be true, but taking into consideration the traditional character given to it by the "fifty years ago," and the general mendacity of Arabs on even contemporary matters, one might be permitted to doubt it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMEMBER these two plain and momentous rules of conduct:—*First*, that, on every occasion, you are to act precisely in that manner which we believe that moral rectitude would, of self, require you to act, independently

of any reference to effects which may be produced by your example. And, *secondly*, that, whatever may be your station in life, there is no case in which your example may not do harm, nor any in which it may not do good.