

tine, Latium, Holland, and Britain, of vast influence on countries a hundred times larger and more populous than itself. From Phœnicia, Europe got one of its oldest religions, as also its knowledge of letters, and some of its important colonies.

The god of the Phœnicians was Baal, the sun, whose worship was conducted under the open canopy of heaven as became the god of day, whose altars stood on the loftiest hills, and *through* whose fires the people made their children to pass as an act of consecration to him, and *in* whose fires they were sometimes consumed as an offering to appease his wrath. This horrible religion, which was indeed the cause of the ruin and dispersion of the kingdom of the ten tribes, we can plainly recognize in the Druidical religion the Romans found among the Celtic races of western Europe. The very name of Baal is formed from two very ancient word-roots which are found in the Greek and Celtic languages. *Be*, life, and *ul, ol*, all, *i.e.* the life of all things. Traces of its open-air worship within enclosures of upright stones, (one of which is to be seen to-day half-way between Tyre and Sidon,) are scattered widely over Wales and Scotland. And is not the word *Sunday*, and the habits still found in parts of Scotland, of kindling fires on May-day, which the people call *Bealtuin* (*i.e.* *Baaltein*, the fire of Baal) and the habit also of the children leaping through the flames in sport, remnants of Baal worship and traces of the connection of our country with this ancient land on whose threshold now are the hoofs of our horses.

As to the Phœnician origin of our alphabet, and the Phœnician origin of Carthage, which came within a little of conquering Rome, and being to Europe in the place of that city, we need say nothing, for these are facts in regard to which there can be no dispute.

It is not difficult to understand also, how Phœnicia came to be the missionary people of Asia as regards Europe and Northern Africa. From the valley of the Euphrates, the cradle of the human race, the descendants of Noah pushed westward and peopled Europe. The shores of the great sea arrested the progress of the Canaanites. Favoured by the harbours that belong to Phœnicia and hemmed-in in perfect security by its mountains, the colonists to whom that country fell, became like the inhabitants of Britain, a trading and manufacturing people, and carried their name, their letters, and their religion to the nations with whom they traded, and over whom they obtained the influence that merchants always exercise over the labourers of the soil. This wave that came from Phœnicia was a foul wave, but that polluted and polluting wave has been succeeded by the blessed and beneficent wave of the Christian religion which, from the very same ports, Ptolemais, Tyre and Sidon have spread westward, not over Europe alone, but also over America and its islands. But I must return to my narrative.

Having reached the plain, we hug the sea so closely that at times the waves breaking in solemn sweet music in the yellow sand, washed the hoofs of our horses. We cross the Kishon where it enters the sea, and to our surprise find it a large stream, even to the girths of our saddles. Then we pass the hull of a wrecked ship (which on some stormy night was driven ashore) lifting up its skeleton ribs between us and the blue waters of the sea as we pass quite close to it, telling us that in tempestuous weather the harborage here is not safe. After fording another river we halt about noon under the walls of Accho, (a small town of 6000 people), which means very significantly "*hot sand,*"