

embowered in a wealth of waving palm trees and rich shrubbery, lay our stopping-place in Jaffa—the Jerusalem Hotel. It was wonderfully pleasant, that sunny Sabbath morning, to sit on the balcony of the hotel, overlooking the waving palms in the gardens below, and out over the rich sea of green that led up to the white buildings of the town, while the pure clear air from the Mediterranean refreshed one after the weariness of weeks of almost constant sightseeing.

Modern Jaffa has little to interest the traveller, and is merely a stopping-place on the way to Jerusalem. Though a town of 20,000 inhabitants, its bazaars are comparatively insignificant, its



RAMLEH, TRADITIONAL SITE OF ARIMATEA.

houses, for the most part, mean and dilapidated, and its mosques uninteresting. One shrine, of course, we visited, the traditional house of Simon the tanner. An ordinary modern Oriental house, its flat roof, on which is a small lighthouse, affords a magnificent view over sea and shore; and it is possible, indeed, that whatever be the case with the house, the site is that of Peter's vision.

Jaffa is famous for its oranges, and we paid a visit to one of the splendid orchards. Here were scores, and, I suppose, hundreds of splendid trees, laden with the ripe and golden fruit, while on the same branches were clusters of the lovely white, fragrant blossoms, beginnings of the next harvest ere the present one was gathered. It was a novel and very pleasant experience to walk beneath the orange groves, picking and eating as many as we