

No choicer spot for monks and hermits could be imagined, than around the stupendous cliffs of this wild, deep gorge; and these abounding caverns—now the homes of owls and bats—were once alive with anchorites, who sought to escape the pollutions and degradations of the world around them, in a life of seclusion and poverty, simplicity and piety.

We encamped in a desolate and wonderful gorge—the Wady-en-Nar, or Valley of Fire, as the Kedron is here called—and that



WIND STORM.

night a terrible storm burst upon us. The lightning flashed, and lit up the wild landscape; the thunder rolled and shook the hills; the rain fell in torrents; the winds were let loose, and swept the canvas tents. Our poor Arab attendants fled terrified towards the caves, crying, "Allah! Allah!" and the dragomen could with difficulty keep them at their post. The order went round that none were to undress. There was a running from tent to tent, and a strengthening of the stakes; but the storm passed, leaving us unharmed; and though during the night the rain descended, we were perfectly dry and secure.