

With lamps and brazen shields and spangled slaves,  
Came and went lordly at Tiberias.

Now all is changed—all save the changeless things—  
The mountains, and the waters, and the sky—  
These, as He saw them, have their glory yet  
At sunrise, and at sunset; and when noon  
Burns the blue vault into a cope of gold;  
And ofttimes, in the Syrian spring, steals back  
Well-nigh the ancient beauty to those coasts  
Where Christ's feet trod.

Only what Man could do, man hath well done  
To blot with blood and tears His track divine,  
To sweep His holy footsteps from His earth.  
In steel and gold, splendid and strong and fierce,  
Host after host under that Mount has marched,  
Where He sate saying: "Blessed the peacemakers!"  
In rage and hatred, host with host has clashed.  
There where He taught: "Love ye your enemies!"  
Banners which bore His cross, have mocked His cross  
Scattering His land with slain; till now, at last,  
Truly the sword, not peace, is what He brought!

—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.



TOWN AND LAKE OF TIBERIAS.

It was near noon, when, riding down the steep slope from the Mount of Beatitudes, we reached the ruined Turkish castle of Tiberias, weathered by the storms of six hundred winters. Four massy round towers rise at its corners, connected by heavy stone walls of black basalt, but all are rent and shattered by earthquakes. Beneath their shadow we spread our rugs

and ate our lunch. The vaulted corridors which run around the court in several stories are still preserved. Climbing to the roof, where an old cannon still lies, we enjoyed a beautiful view of the little town, the blue lake and the mountains in the distance.

We envy not the man who can gaze unmoved upon these sacred