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A CANADIAN LADY'S ADVENTURES IN THE ORIENT.

MOUNT TABOR AND NAZARETH.

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SATURDAY, April 16th, 1892, was a day of surpassing interest to Dr. Withrow's small band of Canadian pilgrims in Palestine; for we not only visited Jezreel, Shunem, Nain and Endor, but Mount Tabor and Nazareth were to complete the list. As we rode down the steep, rocky hillside of Endor, and looked northwards, across the wide plain of Esdraëlon, we had our first clear view of Mount Tabor.

We had several times seen its great round head rising over other mountains; but we had now crossed the last of these intervening hills, and the whole grand outline of the isolated mass of rock came clearly into view. Mount Tabor really rises only about 1,350 feet above the plain; but, approached from the south, the sheer, naked limestone rock, rising so abruptly from the level plain, gives the appearance of much greater height.

The road winds around the eastern face to the village of Debûrieh on the north, where the ascent begins. It is very gradual, and the road is fairly good for the first fifteen minutes, when its character changes. Here our sure-footed horses give us one more proof of their astonishing capability for walking up a steep stairway filled with loose stones. But worse still was at hand, for we presently reached an alarmingly steep smooth stone toboggan-slide—nearly smooth, at any rate; for, though there are some faint marks worn in the stone by the feet of the generations of predecessors of my good steed, *Jemil*, they are not reassuring, and I only require an excuse to dismount and finish the ascent on foot. I look down at the Doctor, who is mounted on a wiry and most opinionated little sorrel, rejoicing in the name of *Naaman*; but