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THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON.

The Mountains of Lebanon.

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As we reached the table-land above our camping-ground, we caught glimpses through the hill-tops of the wide plain beyond, and of the chain of Lebanon on its farther side. Light, fleecy clouds, saturated with sunlight, rolled over the lofty mountain summits, and hung suspended in the blue sky above the plain. I never saw anywhere such glorious cloud effects, such wealth of sunlight and shadow, as I did that brilliant morning. Ordinarily the Syrian sky is cloudless, and the mountains we had passed before were sharply outlined against the clear blue. Here glorious masses of cloud

sailed, like sun-laden argosies of the air, between the twin yet distant ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, or lay at anchor beside their tops. Soon we reached the crest of the hill, and the rich plain lay at our feet stretching away as far as the eye could see on either hand, and walled in on one side by the long range of Anti-Lebanon, on which we were standing, and on the other by glorious and historic Lebanon,

WE are like little children strayed from home; and God is now fetching us home; but we are ready to turn into any house, stay and play with every thing in our way, and sit down on every green bank, and much ado there is to get us home.—*Baxter.*