

is of fair size, the interior rather handsome, the altars on either side the nave being simple and artistic, and the effect of the high arches of the nave itself, resting on four massive pillars, is very fine. In the crypt under the altar, there is a curious instance of the mathematical accuracy with which these Latins locate events. We had been already told that the church covers the site of the Virgin's house; that the house itself was transported by angels to Dalmatia; and thence to Loreto in Italy, where it still remains. But when we entered the Chapel of the Annunciation, and read on the altar the inscription, "HIC VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST" (here the Word was made flesh), it was somewhat startling; but, having got the most important matter settled, we were able to accept the minor details of the Virgin's kitchen and other domestic arrangements without a protest.

We next visited the small Latin chapel on the site of Joseph's workshop,* the synagogue where Jesus read the prophets, the flat rock called the Table of Christ, where He is said to have eaten with His disciples, and the precipice near the Maronite Church where His murder was attempted. We visited these places because it is the correct thing for pilgrims to do, and because the local dragoman seemed to expect it of us; but we meant to spend the rest of the day studying the realities rather than the traditions of Nazareth.

On our way back to camp we stood for some time at Mary's Well, watching the women drawing water; a scene little different from what it was when Mary came here for the daily supply of water for the humble home of the carpenter. No traditions are needed here; this is the only spring in Nazareth. Even the women's simple dress, falling in straight lines from the shoulders to the feet, and the graceful shapes of the jars borne on their heads, have come down from the past, and illustrate it for us.

In the afternoon we visited the Greek Church of the Annunciation, but neither church nor service had sufficient interest to detain us long. On coming out into the courtyard of the church we saw what, at the first glance, seemed to be a bed of bright-hued flowers, but proved to be a group of fifty or sixty Syrian children, clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and basking like kittens in the sun. The soft, bright colours brought out the rich tints of their olive cheeks and great black eyes, making a picture thoroughly Oriental in its warmth and brilliancy.

* The workshop of Joseph, the traditional remains of which we were shown, must have been not unlike the picture given on page 531 of a modern carpenter's shop in this ancient town.