

of the Palestine exploration party helps us to realize what the evangelists record so briefly.

"The morning," says Capt. Wilson, "was delightful: a gentle, easterly breeze, and not a cloud in the sky to give warning of what was coming. Suddenly, about mid-day, there was a sound of distant thunder, and a small cloud no bigger than a man's hand was seen rising over the heights of Lubieh, to the west. In a few moments the cloud appeared to spread, and heavy black masses came rolling down the hills towards the lake, completely obscuring Tabor and Hattin. At this moment the breeze died away, there were a few minutes of perfect calm, during which the sun shone out with intense power, and the surface of the lake was smooth and even as a mirror. Tiberias, Mejdal and other buildings stood out in sharp relief from the gloom behind: but they were soon lost sight of as the thunder gust swept past them, and rapidly advancing across the lake, lifted the placid water into a bright sheet of foam: in another moment it reached the ruins, driving myself and my companion to take refuge in a cistern, where for nearly an hour we were confined, listening to the rattling peals of thunder and torrents of rain. The effect of half the lake in perfect rest whilst the other half was in wild confusion, was very grand. It would have fared badly with any light craft caught in mid-lake by the storm, and we could not help thinking of that memorable occasion on which the storm is so graphically described as *coming down* upon the lake."

After supper we went to one of the towers whence we could see the lake in moonlight. But that was the end of the romantic for us in regard to Tiberias. We retired to our beds but not to rest; but it is well to pass rapidly over the experience of that night. When our party met next morning over

an excellent breakfast of fish from the lake, the same doleful tale came from every one. One of the company, Mr. Astor, not wishing to be burdened with talking about the matter, as he was a man of few words, showed us his arm covered from the waist to the shoulder with specimens of the prowes of the fleas and bugs of this unholy city. One can learn from this how precarious a thing it is to trust much to pilgrimages for sentimental feelings. The charms of the Sea of Galilee can be destroyed in one night, and the traveller may be driven from sacred localities suffering in every pore from heat and filth. It is possible therefore to enjoy Tiberias, (after one has been there), thinking and talking and writing about it beside a good fire on a Canadian winter night, better than to be walking its streets, and sleeping in its beds until such time, at least, as better accommodation is provided for Europeans, and such as have tender skins.

It was clearly seen in our walk to the hot baths, about a mile south of the modern town, that nearly all the level ground here between the mountains and the lake about two miles long and a quarter of a mile wide, was at one time occupied by this proud city and its suburbs. There is the foundation of a wall, here are heaps of stone, there blocks of granite, and yonder a solitary column still standing. The hot baths were therefore close to the wall of the city, and few Roman towns could boast of such baths. The water as it issues from the ground is too hot for the hand to bear it. The bath room is a fine building erected by Ibrahim Pasha in 1833, and seems to have escaped the earthquake in 1837, for it is in excellent condition, and was full of people who come there from various parts of Galilee for the cure of their diseases, so that on a small scale we saw there that evening what was often seen in Galilee during the ministry of our Lord.