

After the day's ride, my first enjoyment was a bath in the clear, fresh fountain, whose waters were healed by the prophet whose name it bears. The waters were so soft and delicious that I can testify to the permanency of the healing. In the calm of the evening and the quiet radiance of the setting sun, I ascended an elevated mound to obtain a view—one of the most beautiful and impressive in all Palestine. Behind us the lofty and rugged wall of Judean mountains. Mount Quarantania, rising up savage and desolate, fit spot for the "forty days'" fast, and fierce assaults of the Evil One; its almost perpendicular east face, honey-combed with caves, the cells of the hermits of the middle ages, and its summit crowned with a Greek chapel that marks the spot of the



EXPLORATION BENEATH THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

Redeemer's triumph over the Prince of Darkness. Before us, and on either side, as far as the eye can reach, is the Plain of the Jordan, its soil of inexhaustible fertility, but uncultivated and given over to rank weeds, and thorns, and willows, lovely even in utter neglect. The tortuous windings of the Jordan are plainly visible from the flashing waters of the Dead Sea, far up towards Galilee, and away eastward; rising thousands of feet above the valley, the long range of the mountains of Moab and Ammon, furrowed with deep ravines, and clad in deep rich purple shade, and glowing with tints of magical beauty; around us heaps of *debris*, entombed dwellings, and palaces of the mighty Canaanitish city.

Early next morning we were in the saddle, and riding over the mounds and mouldering ruins of old Jericho, and through a forest of picturesque thorn, which occupies the ground of that vast grove of majestic palms, which once stretched eight miles