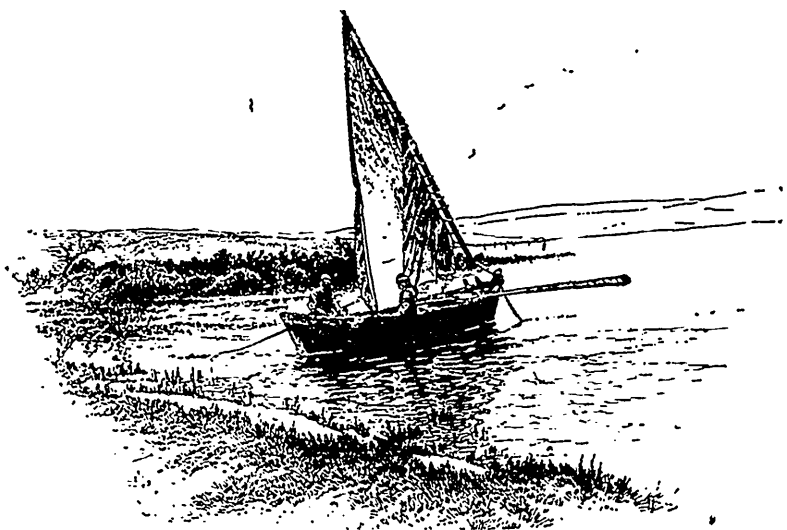


whispering gallery, and it was evident that the vast multitude could be addressed from the little boat with perfect ease.

At a little quay we embarked in a fishing-boat for Tell Hum. Our boat was about twenty feet long, with sixteen persons in all on board. In such a boat as this, doubtless, our Lord and His disciples must often have crossed this lake. The lake front of the town was flanked with stone towers and walls of black basalt. A crowd of fair-faced women and bright-eyed children were collected at the water-side cleaning fish, which filled the air with unsavoury odours, and washing clothes. We took on board, besides our party, a blind flautist, a black dulcimer-player, and a man who thrummed upon an earthenware tom-tom with a parch-



A FISHING-BOAT ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

ment top. They kept up a monotonous, chant with clapping of hands, which jarred upon the sacred associations of the place.

We wished our crew "to launch out into the deep," and raise their sail, but the gusts rushing down the valleys from the hills roughened the surface so that they crept timidly along the shore. Sudden storms still swoop down upon the lake, as described in the gospels. While gliding over its waters, we read the last chapter of St. John's gospel and other references to the lake, and mused upon its many sacred scenes.

A little north of Tiberias, beside a spring and stream, is the legendary site of old Dalmanutha, to which our Lord came after the miraculous feeding of the four thousand, when the Pharisees desired of Him a sign from heaven. (Mark viii.) Nothing now