

lunched beside a tree near an old, mossy mill, where the sparkling, flashing water set in motion, by means of turbines, four run of stones, whose pleasant croon gave a rural suggestion like that of a Canadian backwoods village mill. We offered a few eggs to an Arab woman who wistfully watched our proceedings. At first she could not understand us, but when we put them in her lap a glad smile lit up her sombre features.

Where the Hasbany, a tributary of the Jordan, rushes down a picturesque ravine, we crossed a fine old Roman bridge which leaps across the gorge by a single arch. The stone pavement was worn to slippery smoothness by the tread of camels for hundreds of years. The bridge had no parapet and it looked quite perilous to cross, but we all got safely over. The whole region now became amphibious, so full was it of springs which water the plain.



BRIDGE AND GATEWAY AT BANIAS.

Waters everywhere abounded, irrigating orchards of pomegranates, dates, peaches, figs and pears.

We rode through the bed of the stream between retaining walls made to prevent its overflow, and soon reached a splendid fountain springing up amid the thicket of dark oaks, fragrant oleanders, and silvery birches and poplars. This is one of the chief sources of the most sacred river in the world. Near it rises a grassy mound covered with crumbling ruins, on which grew two majestic oaks. This is Tel-el-Kadi, Hill of the Judge, or "the City of Dan," which has the same signification, on the site of the old Phœnician town of Laish. This was the northern limit of ancient Israel, hence the phrase "from Dan to Beersheba," and here Jeroboam set up one of his two golden calves for idolatrous worship, the other being on the sacred site of Bethel.