

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,  
Where pine and heather grow,  
But thou hast loveliness above,  
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle  
Comes down to drink thy tide,  
But he that was pierced to save from hell,  
Oft wandered by thy tide.

Gracéful around thee the mountains meet,  
Thou calm, reposing sea;  
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet  
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

Those days are past—Bethsaida where?  
Chorazin, where art thou?  
His tent, the wild Arab pitches there,  
The wild reed shades thy brow.

Tell me ye mouldering fragments, tell,  
Was the Saviour's city here?  
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,  
With none to shed a tear?

O, Saviour! gone to God's right hand,  
Yet the same Saviour still,  
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,  
And every fragrant hill.

Oh! give me Lord, by this sacred wave,  
Threefold thy love divine,  
That I may feed, till I find my grave,  
Thy flock—both thine and mine.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A NIGHT IN TIBERIAS.

We were startled with our first look of Tiberias. It was built in the days of Christ, by that Herod who beheaded John the Baptist, and was named by him in honour of Tiberias, the Roman Emperor. Its founder, "that fox," having passed most of his early days in Italy, tried to make the new capital of Galilee as like an Italian city as he could. He built palaces and theatres, and baths, adorned them with paintings and statuary, and filled the place with foreign people, and foreign, wicked ways, so that the more pious Jews avoided the place with horror. This was probably the place where the daughter of Herodias danced before Herod, and to this palace

was brought the head of John the Baptist, some say from Machaerus beyond Jordan, others say from Samaria. From the character of the city, its people, its court, its king, it does not appear that Christ ever entered within its walls. Certain it is that Herod never put himself to the trouble of riding out a few miles to hear the preacher whose fame filled the land, for the two never met till they met and parted before the crucifixion, when Christ's solemn silence showed who was king, and sealed Herod's doom.

This proud city, we were well aware, passed through many changes—ceased to be the capital of Galilee, became in the second century one of the four holy cities of Palestine, and the seat of Jewish learning, was won and lost by the Crusaders several times, then passed through the hands of Persians, Arabs, and Turks, in whose hands it now is. Such a history could not lead us to expect a flourishing city; but for the spectacle that met our eyes we were not prepared. The earthquake of 1837 which laid waste Galilee, has left Tiberias a mere wreck, its walls rent from bottom to top, its towers as if shattered by demons in their giant fury, its streets blocked up with rubbish, and its houses full of ugly cracks. When one adds to this filth and heat, there is as wretched a picture of a city as can exist anywhere. We rode on through narrow streets for some time and at last alighted at a house where we were to stay for the night. It was a kind of private hotel, and as supper could not be ready for some time, some of us proposed to have a bath in the lake. We walked along the pebbly beach south of Tiberias, and sat on the shore. The water was clear, and sweet to the taste, the sea calm, and the sky without a cloud. It is difficult to imagine that such a scene as this could change in the sudden fashion mentioned in the gospels. But the following description by Capt. Wilson