

orchards, groves, and pastures. As the season advances, much of the verdure of the hill passes away; and, comparing it throughout the year with what it once was, it may be said of it, that it is now stripped of its glory, even more than when exposed to the scorching blast of Sennacherib the 'plunderer.'

'The earth mourneth and languisheth:
Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down:
Sharon is like a wilderness;
And Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits.'
Isaiah 33 : 9.

"The view from it is exceedingly grand and beautiful, embracing the coasts of the Mediterranean between the White Promontory and Joppa, and inland the mountainous ranges of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and the hills of Galilee, Samaria, Bashan, and Judah."

Mr. Carne gives a glowing description of this mount:—"No part of the promised land creates a deeper interest in the traveller than the rich and extensive bosom of Mount Carmel. While barrenness spreads on every side, and the curse of the withered soil is felt on hill, valley, and shore, this beautiful mountain seems to retain its ancient 'excellency' of flowers, trees, and a perpetual verdure. The scenes in its interior are often bold and romantic in the highest degree: deep and verdant precipices descending into lonely glens, through which a rivulet is seen dashing wildly; the shepherd and his flock on the long grassy slopes, that afford at present as rich pasture-ground as in the days when Nabal fed his numerous herds in Carmel. There is, indeed, a character peculiarly pastoral about the scenery; few grey and naked rocks, or sublime but useless cliffs, are here, as in the mountain of the Temptation, or on Pisgah. And this fertility and vivid verdure on so sultry a soil, is deeply welcome and refreshing: more especially so, the woods that wave over the summit and sides. It is beautiful to stand beneath their shelter on the

brink of the mount, and look far on every side, where nought but a forsaken and shadowless land meets the eye."

Lamartine was here overtaken by a storm. He says:—"I have witnessed few so terrible. The clouds rose perpendicularly, like towers, above Mount Carmel, and soon covered all the length of the summit of this chain of hills. The mountain, just now so brilliant and serene, was plunged, by degrees, in rolling waves of darkness, split here and there by trains of fire. The horizon seemed to close around us; the thunder did not burst in claps—it threw out one single majestic rolling, continual and deafening. The lightning might be truly said to rush like torrents of fire from the heavens, on the black flanks of Carmel. The oaks on the mount, and on the hill on which we were journeying, bent like young plants. The winds, which rushed from the caverns, and from between the hills, must have swept us from our horses if we had not speedily alighted, and found a little shelter behind a fragment of a rock in the then dry bed of a torrent. The withered leaves, upraised in masses by the storm, were carried above our heads like clouds; and the slender, broken branches of the trees showered around us. I remembered the Bible, and the prodigies of Elijah. * * * * The storm abated in about half an hour. We continued our route along the foot of Mount Carmel, which we traced in this way during the march of about four hours. It presented everywhere the same severe and solemn aspect. It is a gigantic rock rising almost perpendicularly, and everywhere covered by a bed of shrubs and odoriferous herbs. The rock is seldom entirely naked."

In Leviticus 26 : 22, we read that wild beasts were to be sent among the people of that land for their iniquities; even that seems well nigh accomplished. "The monks