

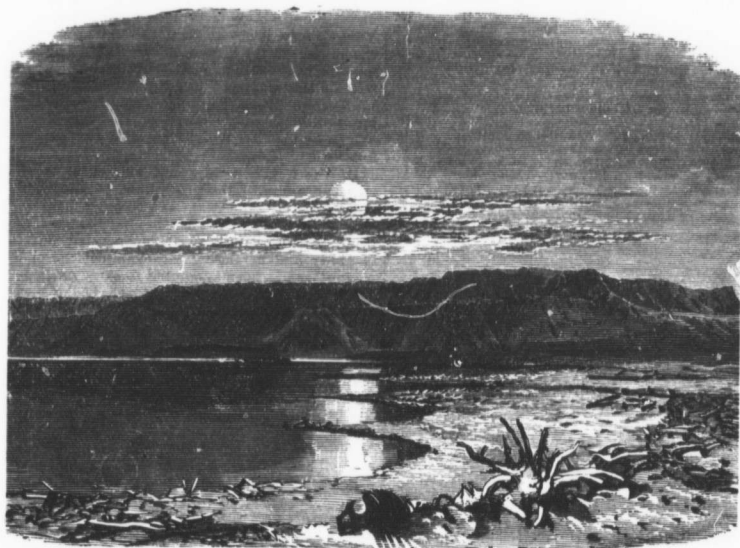
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THE DEAD SEA.

The Dead Sea.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

WE crossed the ravine from Mar Saba, wound along the side of the opposite hills till we reached their summit, and soon had one of the finest views in Palestine immediately before us. Away in front, in the distance, stretched the long wall of the mountains of Moab, with Mount Nebo in full view, to the right flashed the waters of the Dead Sea, while far away in

the dim distance to the north, a hundred miles or more, gleamed the snowy peak of Hermon, and at our feet lay the Jordan Valley, a bright line of foliage showing the course of the river. An hour or two more brought us to the shores of the Dead Sea, and several of us, myself included, were soon testing for ourselves its famed buoyancy, by a plunge in its cool waters. I can bear unqualified testimony as to the extraordinary buoyancy of its waters. It is not easy to swim, it is not easy to sink—indeed I should say it is hardly possible—but one can