

and stretching across the land from the Mediterranean to the river Jordan. It has an entire length of twenty-four miles. Its greatest breadth—which is in the centre—is about ten or twelve miles. On every side of the plain rugged and romantic mountains, all famed in history, tower up heavenward, and add grandeur and sublimity to the scenery. On the west stately Mount Carmel stands like a sentinel, looking out wistfully towards the Mediterranean Sea. On the north are the old mountains of Galilee over which our kinsman Redeemer oftentimes walked during the years of His retirement in Nazareth. On the east are Tabor, and Little Hermon, and Gilboa, each telling the passing traveller its wonderful tale of the olden times. On the south are the flower-decked mountains of Samaria, over which we have already travelled. We entered the great plain at a place on its southern extremity, which the Arabs call Jenin, and there pitched our tents for the night. The Bible name of this locality is Engannim, which means, literally, “a fountain of gardens.” It has, at present, a population of about 3,000. And, as it was in ancient times, so is it to-day, plentifully supplied with water from a neighboring fountain, and adorned with the same kind of gardens and orchards as those for which it was famed in the olden days. I saw here—a rare sight now in Palestine,—some fine palm-trees. The never-failing fountain, in the rear of the town, sends forth a copious stream, which we saw running away westward to help to swell the short but celebrated torrent which Deborah in lofty strains extolled as “that ancient river, the river Kishon.” The day following our arrival at Jenin, was bright and clear,—very favourable for seeing and enjoying the splendid panorama that spread out before us. We were early astir, and were soon ready to set out on our journey across the Plain. Our first run of four miles from Jenin to Jezreel was in striking contrast to the slow rate at which we travelled over the pathless mountains and valleys of Samaria. You may smile, gentle reader, but I will tell the truth: that noble ladies, and gallant young men, and pale-faced parsons, and obliging Arab attendants, and fleet-footed Syrian ponies, and solemn-looking mules and long-eared donkeys, all

alike heartily enjoyed a rushing gallop which almost, if not altogether, equalled the rapid riding of the Bedouins, as we afterwards saw them scour the Plain!

And this is all that now remains of the far-famed Jezreel where Ahab and Jezebel reigned and ruined the kingdom of Israel! So passes the glory of the world! Here was once an ivory-coated palace to which were brought the productions of the earth, and the air, and the sea, to contribute to the happiness of its royal occupants. Here was a magnificent temple in which four hundred priests, at Jezebel's command, ministered to the hosts of heaven, with the view of suppressing the worship of the one living and true God throughout the length and breadth of the land. But some large sarcophagi, and the foundations of “the tower in Jezreel,” on which a modern fort has been erected, were all the actual relics we could see of the vanished city. The little village that now occupies the site of ancient Jezreel is called Zerin. It is simply a collection of poor mud hovels. Its commanding situation, however, on a gentle elevation of easy access from the south, is perfectly charming. From it you see the immense expanse, stretching away in all directions, until your eye rests with pleasure on the surrounding mountains. In the near neighborhood of the village our guides pointed out to us the place where “Naboth, the Jezreelite, had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab, King of Samaria.” Sloping gently to the rising sun, and of amazing fertility, it could easily, with proper cultivation, be transformed into a magnificent “garden of herbs,”—the purpose for which Ahab and Jezebel eagerly coveted it. But any one who wishes may now cultivate it, if he submits to the exactions of the Turkish Government, and runs the risk of seeing the fruits of his labour carried off by the Bedouins who roam at pleasure over it. We crossed this fertile field, and, by a detour of nearly a mile to the southeast, visited the *Fountain of Gideon*, from which the brave hero-warrior and his faithful three hundred hurriedly lapped the water, while the great majority of his followers leisurely bowed down upon their knees to drink. About an equal proportion of our party dismounted, and, as an illustrative experiment, imitated the signifi-