

of his king, the fugitive outlaw, the man of blood, the sweet singer of Israel, the king over all the tribes of God's people, the inspired prophet, the deeply repentant sinner, the ancestor of the Messiah—stands by the city where first he reigned.

And there, too, is one with flowing locks, whose beauty was matchless through the land, and whose frank word and seductive smile "stole the hearts of the children of Israel." He, so loved and cherished by the father whom he honoured not, passes before us in parricidal rebellion, with a trumpet blown before him, and a crown usurped, breaking God's command spoken in Sinai's thunder, and destined soon to lose the blessing attached to its observance, for his days were not long in the land which the Lord his God had given him—his fate the great warning to disobedient children.

Strangely in unison with our mind's flight into the spectral past, was the phrase with which our wearied guard, whom we had kept so long waiting for us, broke in upon our train of thought and dispelled the vision of the mighty men of old: "Have you no bowels?" Here was a form of expression used in common talk by a Moslem soldier, in a sense which was familiar to us from its frequent occurrence in Scripture, and in Scripture alone. It was a phrase belonging to those ancient days and that old dispensation whither our thoughts had wandered. He was tired of having to take charge of us for so long a time, sitting out in the sun, whilst we were engaged in an occupation that seemed to him utterly childish and futile, if not positively wicked, and we had pity for him. Our "bowels" were "troubled for him;" we had not showed him "any bowels and mercies;" we had shut up our "bowels of compassion." He thought that we were "straitened in our bowels," and said in his own mind to each of us, "The sounding of thy bowels and of thy mercies towards me, are they restrained?" He looked upon us as altogether selfish and unfeeling for continuing to do our own pleasure in opposition to his wishes, but what else could he expect from infidels and Nazarenes such as we were? And he doubtless thought that "the bowels of the wicked are cruel."

Our sketch at length was finished, and then we remounted our dromedaries, yielded ourselves up as prisoners to the quarantine official, and were lodged by him at last within the walls of the lazaretto, to his great satisfaction.

This was our last day of travel upon camels and dromedaries. We were now supposed to be within the border of civilization, and amongst a fixed population, dwelling in houses instead of amongst the nomade dwellers in tents. From

henceforth, horses and mules were destined to carry us and our baggage. The quarantine establishment of Hebron is situated in a great cemetery outside the town; and now that we and our belongings were deposited there, the "ships of the desert," whom we had burdened so long, were to return to their native wilderness.

We had now to take leave of our wild Arabs and their chiefs, the sheikhs of the great tribe of the 'Alawin or 'Alooin Bedowin, and to give them "baksheesh," i.e. small presents over and above the price stipulated for our safe conduct and the hire of their animals. This bargain had been struck and this price fixed at Akabah with the famous Sheikh Hussein, the chief of all the 'Alawin. The "baksheesh" was optional on our part, but still was expected, as a matter of custom, by the subordinate sheikhs sent with us by the crafty and powerful old man of Akabah.

During our long desert journey we had overtaken, or been overtaken by, several independent parties of travellers, who joined our cortège, until the caravan, gradually swelling in numbers, amounted, when we reached Hebron, to upwards of seventy dromedaries and camels and one horse, of which latter unfortunate beast we have before made mention. The whole caravan was governed by a brother of Sheikh Hussein, who obliged us all to start more or less together each morning, to adhere to the same route during the day's journey, and to pitch our tents in tolerable proximity at night. He also regulated the hours of our morning's start and of our halt for the night, but beyond these points he did not interfere. In other respects, each party preserved its own independence, was guided by its own sheikh, had its own encampment, went its own pace during the journey, made slight deviations from the route if it chose, stopped to lunch or sketch when it pleased, and amalgamated with or isolated itself from the companions whom chance had thrown in its way, just as it fancied.

Our own private detachment of this great gathering was led by Sheikh Eid, and we had a dozen dromedaries and camels for our share. We had also a supplementary sheikh attached to our party, a boy, by name 'Aish, who had inherited the rank and property of his dead father, and who for the first time acted as a guide and guard to wayfarers traversing the land of his tribe. His inheritance comprised a dromedary or two, an immense and faded "kefieh," or striped silk and cotton handkerchief worn over the head, and an "abbaya," or outer garment, striped brown and white, and so much too long for its diminutive wearer

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