

experience fully endorsed. So we said a grateful adieu to our obliging *cicerone* and began the descent on foot, with one exception. To our surprise, the Doctor rode down, quite satisfied, apparently, with his horse at an angle of forty-five degrees; and utterly regardless of the fact that one mis-step might cause a vacancy in the editorial chair of the METHODIST MAGAZINE. However, Naaman justified the confidence reposed in him; and the rest of the party drew a long breath when the foot of the mountain was reached in safety.

In order to save time we were to take a short cut across the hills to Nazareth; and we had picked up a bare-headed, bare-footed, lightly-clothed native of that place for a guide. He seemed to care as little for sharp stones and sharper thorns as our horses did, and kept easily ahead of us; chanting the endless, monotonous Arabic song with which our muleteers enliven the way. We rode as fast as the rocky winding path allowed; indeed, our horses always knew much better than we did when the day's work was nearly done, and needed no urging except the near prospect of the evening meal. The sinking of the sun behind the high western hills soon threw the valley into deep shadow, but on the upper slopes of Tabor the golden light still lingered with exquisite effect. But it faded even from the heights, and the quick-coming darkness had fallen before we rode down the last long slope and reached Nazareth. We had been thirteen hours in the saddle, and though such a day could not be too long, we were thoroughly ready for dinner and bed.

An ideal Easter morning! The bluest of blue skies, floods of glorious sunshine, flowers everywhere. This was my first impression of Nazareth as I came out into the fresh sweetness of the early morning; an impression that was deepened as I took in the details of the fair scene: the white houses in their green setting of fig and olive gardens, with pots of blooming plants on the roofs—roses running riot over the low stone walls—while acres of scarlet poppies blazed in the valley below us, and yellow daisies and fragrant mignonette grew like weeds at our feet. We found the curtains of our dining tent looped back, so we enjoyed our coffee and the lovely morning together, and not less the great bunches of dewy pink roses that had come to be the usual daily tribute to "Madame's" love of flowers.

On starting out, immediately after breakfast, we were struck by the strange fact that, for the first time since leaving Canada, we had found a real Sabbath. In the narrow little streets of the "bazaar," and in the broader market-place, every shop front was