

covered his body with a heap of stones sat down in despair. A passenger asked why he sat thus in lonely grief? He replied that he had found the tomb of an eminent saint. The man kissed the stones, and giving Ali a present, passed on. The news of the holy shrine spread through the land. Pilgrims thronged to Ali, who soon grew rich, built a fine dome and was the envy of all the sheikhs. Mohammed, hearing of the new shrine, and finding his own eclipsed by its growing popularity, made a pilgrimage to it, in hopes of ascertaining the source of its great repute. On finding Ali in charge he whispered to him, and asked the name of the saint whose tomb he had in charge. 'I will tell you,' said Ali, 'on the condition that you tell me the name of your saint.' Mohammed consenting, Ali whispered, 'This is tomb of the donkey I stole from you.' 'And my shrine is the tomb of that donkey's father,' said Mohammed."



A RECESS OF THE GREAT COURT, BAALBEC.

It was a glorious ride over the crest of anti-Lebanon to Baalbec. We were going over a sort of hog's-back ridge, when a magnificent view of the whole valley of Cælo-Syria, or Hollow Syria, burst upon our sight, with the magnificent background of the Lebanon range crowned with snowy peaks of dazzling whiteness in the morning sun. The fertile valley between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon ranges is watered by a branch of the Litany, the largest river in northern Syria.

As we rode along we observed an example of women's rights