

campment of Bedouins was engaged to guard us—on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief—and he stalked majestically and with a vast sense of importance and authority around our camp.

An hour's journey in the morning brought us to the Hasbany, a tributary of the Jordan, which here is spanned by an old Roman bridge, whose pointed arches seem strong enough to last for centuries longer, in another half-hour we reached a mound crowned with a noble terebinth tree and embowered in thick and brilliant foliage, at the base of which a large fountain of splendidly clear water burst out from under the rocks and flowed away over the plain. The Arabs call it Tell-el-Kadi, the Hill of the Judge. It is the Laish of the Phœnicians, the Dan of Scripture, one of the proverbial limits of the land of Canaan—"From Dan to Beersheba." The fountain at its base is one of the principal sources of the Jordan, and here the famous stream gushes bright and pure from its mother earth, to become dark and turbid in its long and tumultuous windings, till it pours its rapid torrent into the sluggish depths of the Dead Sea. The fountain and stream are called by the Arabs *El Leddan*, possibly a corruption of Dan.

The view from the hill out over the fertile plain still bears out well the description given of it by the Danite spies, who made the reconnaissance which led to its capture from its original Phœnician possessors, "We have seen the land and behold it is very good, a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth." The old patriarch Jacob, in his dying prophecy said of the descendants of his son Dan, "Dan is a lion's whelp, he shall leap from Bashan;" and, in the capture and colonization of this site, the prophecy was fulfilled. Here are the foot-hills of the heights of Bashan, with its famous oaks still springing from their slopes. The Danites, separated so far from the rest of their brethren, became in time loose and lawless in matters civil and religious. They stole idols from their neighbours and set up an irregular priesthood, at the very beginning of their establishment here, and their later history is on line with that inauspicious beginning.

The short journey from Dan to Baniyas is through the fairest country I saw in Palestine. We rode over green and springy turf, under the spreading branches of oak and terebinth, through glades of exquisite greenery, a perfectly park-like landscape. The terebinths were in blossom, and the fragrant white flowers almost brushed against our faces as we rode slowly up the hill-slopes of Bashan, to our camping-ground near the upper source