

The town lies in a basin. It is built on the slopes of fifteen little hills. On the top of one of these heights the F.E.S. Orphanage is built. It is a fine building and a most well-ordered institution, where young Syrian girls are educated and trained, some to be teachers for the Church Missionary Society Schools, and some to be servants, and the very *first* thing each child is taught is to speak and walk *quietly* and not to *scream* and yell in Arab fashion. It is a steep climb to the Orphanage, and when at last we reached the gate we had 100 steps to mount to get to the hall door. Behind this building where the garden lies, one has a lovely view of the surrounding country.

We were charmed with our visit, the ladies at the Orphanage are deserving of the very highest praise, they are doing a splendid work there. We paid a visit to the Greek Church, which is built over the one spring of which the town can boast, the opening to the well is just below the altar, a vessel was let down and filled for us to taste the water, which was deliciously cool and refreshing.

At Mary's Well, at Nazareth one may always see groups of women, either going to or returning from the well, carrying their waterpots on their heads. It is wonderful how they balance them, they looked very picturesque in their bright coloured clothes, and most of the women, I noticed, have beautiful eyes. In spite of all one's disillusionments in visiting the "holy sites" in Nazareth, the "Carpenter's Shop," the Church of the Annunciation, the "house of the Virgin," &c., there is something about the place that fills one with reverence, whatever the ordinary tourist may tell you to the contrary, for was it not here that our Blessed Lord, the founder of the greatest and purest of all religions, spent the first thirty years of His life, and how often His eyes must have rested in deep thought on these same green meadows and purple slopes! And when tired of visiting the *factitious* sites, the best thing to do before leaving this town is to call at the English Hospital; there at least one's soul is refreshed by what is real and pure and lasting, the noble and unselfish work that is being carried on there.

FROM NAZARETH TO TIBERIAS.

This journey took us about six-and-a-half hours; I think it sometimes takes longer, but our horses were good and the weather perfect, so we had no unnecessary delay anywhere. The road wound round the hills now covered with greenest grass and lovely flowers. We passed Gath Hopher, the birthplace of Jonah, which is but a small mud village on a low hill with a good deal of cactus hedge about it. Further on we came to the little town of Kefr Kenna, thought by some to be Cana of Galilee; here again is an old well and women and children as usual were filling their pots with water. These women, as at Nazareth, wear a short jacket without sleeves over their other garments and very loose blue trousers reaching to the feet. Fields of barley and other grain inter-

persed with ploughed land of deep rich colour met the eye on all sides for a good part of our journey.

At last we caught our first view of the blue waters of Galilee, and the white houses of Tiberias standing out clear against the water. I shall *never* forget that first peep of the deep indigo blue of the Lake, a vision of beauty, and oh the colouring of the hills around it! Simply exquisite! There are ruins of the old walls round the town and a few palm trees among the low white houses. We put up at the Hotel Tiberias, which is close to the sea with an open space near it, and this seems to be the general rendezvous for man and beast, Arabs sitting together on the ground chatting; a Bedouin shepherd with his sheep, Jews walking up and down in their long coloured robes, and no end of little imps of children. The population numbers, I think, 8,000, principally Jews, the Moslems being only about 400. We paid a visit to the Scotch Hospital there where the greatest courtesy and kindness were shown us. No praise is too high for this hospital nor for the splendid and untiring devotion of the staff, everything about it seemed perfect.

We took a boat and went round the north end of the lake, which was very calm and the colouring exquisite. We landed first at Bethsaida, where we saw no traces of the former city. The ground is low and covered with bushes and flowers, particularly white vetch. We threaded our way by a narrow foot-path, and presently arrived at a rocky winding road round the hill which led us to a house where a Latin monk lives. He was out, but we went in and sat on the balcony for lunch and his servant made us tea. The house is close to the sea with a sweet little garden in front full of roses and climbing plants, it seems to be a sort of simple hospice. Lovely pink oleanders in great quantities were growing wild by the water's edge.

After lunch we went on in our boat to the Jordan. The ground where it enters the sea is very low, but just now covered with grass and flowers. The shore at the Jordan is covered with the loveliest little white shells. We then went to Capernaum, where two Italian monks live in another small Hospice. Their garden was full of larkspur of all colours, and carnations and lupins. So English and sweet it looked. One of the priests walked with us through the garden which encloses the ancient ruins of the place—large pieces of stone, a little carving, the lintel of a door and remains of pillars. The monk only spoke Italian, so our conversation was rather limited. This Hospice was a very simple little place, one of the rooms serving for both bedroom and chapel.

On our return journey we made tea in our boat on the lake. We gave each of the boatmen a cup; they told us they liked much the English "shy" (tea). Before leaving Tiberias we drove to the sulphur baths, from which steam is always issuing. A dirty crowd of Jews were squatting

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