

enough, I got on the wrong trail which brought me in a round-about way to the east base of Mount Tabor into the midst of a Beduin camping ground. Determined to reach the top of the mountain where the monastery buildings appeared in plain sight, I struck out cross lots over rocks, valleys and groves of timber, but had not gone far when I met a big and vicious looking Beduin, armed with a gun, who placed himself in the path before me and demanded "backshish" (money). Assuming the attitude of not understanding him, I darted past him, having my eye on a pile of cobble stones near by; but as he did not follow, I had no occasion to arm for self protection with rocks. At length I reached the path leading up the mountain side, and finally reached the top with tired limbs and parched lips, almost dying for the want of water. I made my way straight to the Latin monastery where nothing greeted me at first but a horde of ugly looking barking dogs, which made music for me while I was helping myself to a drink of water from the monastery well. At length a friendly monk appeared, who after treating me to a drink of pure Palestine wine, took me around and showed me the ruins crowning the summit of the mountain and other objects of interest. He then conducted me into an apartment where the monks entertain their visitors. There I enjoyed a refreshing sleep, and did not awake till a servant, a Canadian-Frenchman, who could speak a little English, called me to dinner, which was prepared for me in an adjoining room.

Mount Tabor (2,018 feet above the level of the sea) is called Jebel et Tor by the Arabs. When seen from the southwest, it has the form of a dome, but from the northwest that of a truncated cone. The slopes of the hill are wooded. Oaks formerly covered the summit, but most of them have been felled by the Greek and Latin monks. Partridges, hares, foxes and various other kinds of game abound. The ruins on the mount belong to several different periods. The substructions of the wall inclosing the summit, and forming a plateau of about four square miles, consists of large blocks, some of which, particularly on the southeast side, are drafted, and are at least as old as the Roman period. The castle which occupied the highest part of the plateau, dates from the middle ages, and is now a large and shapeless heap of cut stones. Within the Latin monastery are still to be seen the ruins of a Crusaders' church of the twelfth century, consisting of a nave and aisles and three chapels in memory of the three tabernacles which the Apostle Peter wished to build. The Greeks and Latins differ here, as in many other places, as to the actual spot where the Transfiguration took place, each claiming it to be within their own church.

The view from Mount Tabor is very extensive. To the east the north end of the Lake of Tiberias is visible, and in the extreme distance the blue chain of the mountains of the Hauran in ancient Bashan. To the east of the lake is the deep gap of the Yarmuk valley. Toward the south on the slope of Jebel Dahl el Endor, Nain and other villages. Toward the southwest can be seen the battlefield of Barak and Sisera: to the west rises Mt. Carmel, which, together with several ranges of hills, almost entirely shut out the view of the sea. To the north rise the hills of Ez-Zerbud and Jermak, near which is the mountain town of Lafed. Above all, presides majestic Harmon, on the top of which I still noticed some of last winter's snow.

Mount Tabor has a long history. It was on the boundary line between Issachar and Zebulun. It was here that Deborah directed Barak to assemble

an army, and from hence the Israelites marched into the plain and defeated Sisera (Judges 4). In the Psalms, Tabor an Hermon are extolled together (Ps. 99: 12). The hill was afterwards called Itabrior or Atabyrior. In the year B. C. 218, Antiochus the Great founded a town of the same name on the top of the hill. In A. D. 53, a battle took place here between the Romans under Gabinus and the Jews. Josephus afterwards caused the place to be fortified, and the plateau on the top to be enclosed by a wall. Origen and Jerome speak of Mt. Tabor as the scene of the transfiguration (Mark 9: 2-10): but many critics claim that this could hardly have been the case, as the top was covered with houses in the time of Christ. The legend, however, attached itself to this, the most conspicuous mountain in Galilee, and as early as the sixth century, three churches had been erected here in memory of the three tabernacles which St. Peter proposed to make. The Crusaders also erected a church and a monastery on Mt. Sabor, but these suffered much during the wars with the Muslims. In Mt. Sabor, but these suffered much el-Adil, the brother and successor of Saladin. Five years later this fortress was unsuccessfully besieged by the Christians. It was afterwards dismantled by the Muslims themselves, and the church was destroyed. The two monasteries, one Greek and the other Latin, which now occupy the top of the hill, are comparatively modern.

After resting and refreshing myself at the Latin monastery on Mt. Tabor for about five hours, I decided to continue my walk to Tiberias. Instead of returning to Nazareth. Accordingly, at 2 p. m. I left my friends, the monks, and commenced descending the northeast slope of the mountain without following road or path. I reached the base without accident, and then struck across the country in a northeasterly direction to Khan-el-Tuffar, where I found good water to drink. Continuing the journey I passed the village of Kehr Taft, situated on high ground on the right of the path, and also met a number of caravans coming in from the desert beyond the Jordan. After descending a deep basin, I met some traveling Beduins who accosted me as if bent on mischief and made the usual demand for backshish without getting away. They made a terrible noise, and for awhile it looked as if they were determined to make me a prisoner, but they didn't; and after that I was troubled with nothing but tired limbs.

I found that my climbing experiences on Mount Tabor had drawn very heavily on my physical strength, and before I reached the top of the plateau called by the Arabs Ard-el-Hamma, which overlooks the Sea of Galilee, I was almost give out, and my thirst knew no bounds. But the lovely view which I enjoyed, as I sat down to rest on the brow of the hill overlooking the beautiful lake about 1,100 feet below, made me partly forget my exhausted condition for the time being. It was now after sundown, and as I had been warned of the dangers of being out alone in the night in a Beduin country, I proceeded to descend the steep incline and finally reached the town of Tiberias, situated on the lake shore, at 9 p. m. After some little difficulty I found the only hotel in the place, and retired at once, being too tired to eat supper. During the day I had walked about 25 miles, on account of my roundabout course. Otherwise, the distance from Nazareth by way of Mt. Tabor to Tiberias is only about 18 miles.

After this day's experience I decided not to undertake any more excursions on foot during my sojourn in Palestine. To venture out alone like I did through a country inhabited partly by roving

and hostile Beduins is fraught with considerable danger; and though a servant of the Lord has a claim upon the preserving care of his Master, he should not unnecessarily expose his life or property. And besides this, walking in a semi-tropical land in the heat of summer is altogether different to the same kind of exercise in a more temperate climate and a cooler part of the season.

In making my usual arrangements for stopping at the hotel in Tiberias, I was somewhat amused at the look with which my Arabian host surveyed me when I told him that I was a missionary without much money and would like him to give me his lowest terms. "A missionary without much money," he repeated after me, "that certainly sounds strange; for missionaries are always supposed to have plenty of money." Had I told him that I was a banker or merchant with only little money I believe he would have been less surprised. And who can blame him, for the priests and pastors, missionaries and colporters of the various so-called Christian denominations in Palestine are considered the best paid people in the land. They generally live in pompous style and in elegant homes, having lots of native servants to wait on them—all on the strength of the liberal donations which pious Christians in Europe and America are contributing toward the relief of the "poor suffering Jews." And when they travel they can afford always to go first-class, and live on the fat of the land. Consequently it was something like a new revelation when I told my Arab host about missionaries who travel without purse or scrip, or at least on their own expenses. He, however, gave me the reduction asked for, and treated me with kindness.

ANDREW JENSON.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

San Francisco, Cal., November 3rd, 1897.—The past week was notable for the opening of the winter racing season, an event that is sort of a red letter day in San Francisco. The usually large crowds that visit this city every year to attend the races seem to be larger than ever before, and all indications point toward a gay and lively winter.

"They're off!" was the cry of the hundreds of interested spectators at Ingleside race track last Monday, as the horses dashed past the grand stand in the opening race of the winter season. The weather was favorable, the track in perfect form, and the attendance large; consequently everything passed off to the satisfaction of the management and its patrons.

Winter racing has been in vogue in California for the last three years and has come to be regarded as one of the main features in the Golden state's numerous attractions as a famous winter resort. When the cold weather in the east necessitates the closing of all out-door sports, the owners of fast horses ship their stables to California, and in this favorable climate they continue their operations all through the winter months.

That the season just opened will be a successful one appears to be an assured fact, as past meetings have demonstrated that the public take kindly to the sport and give it the necessary support. Its influence upon the times brings joy to the hearts of business men in almost every line of trade, as it has a tendency to loosen up some of the tightest pocket books, and puts money in circulation that would otherwise remain under cover.

Louis Sternberg, the San Francisco politician who was convicted in February, 1895, of fraudulent election methods, in connection with the colo-