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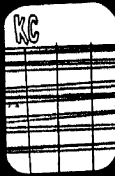
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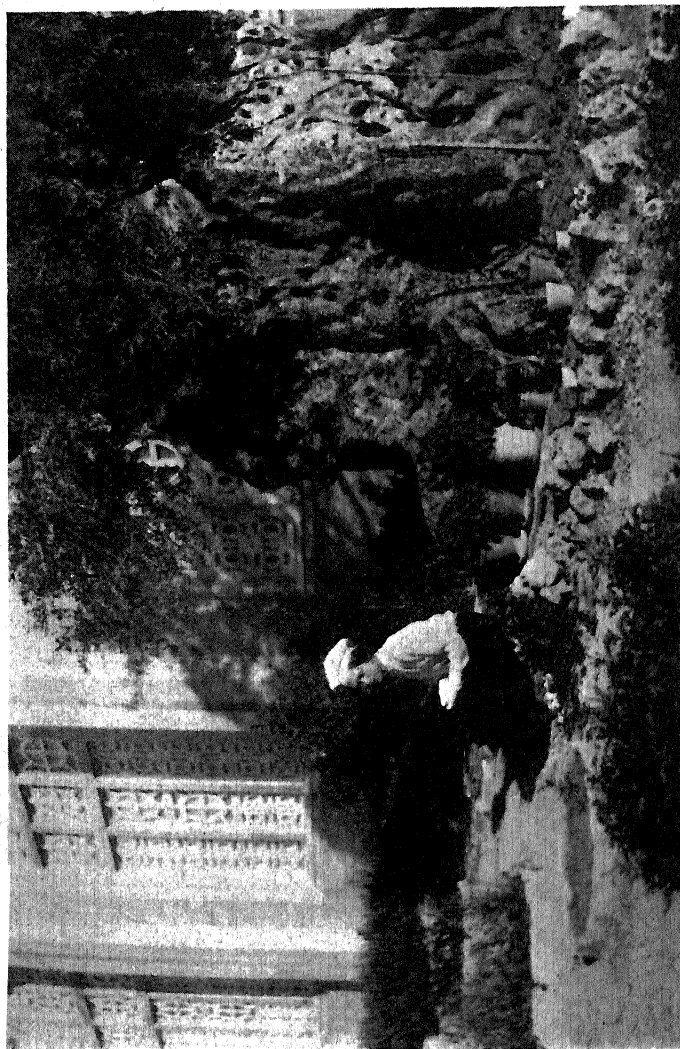
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Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

“Tarry ye here and watch,” Gethsemane invited me as earlier Jesus had bidden his disciples. There are eight venerable olive trees here. Around their trunks the Franciscans tend their flower beds and from them pluck a leaf or pretty posy for the pilgrim’s hand as a reminder of what Gethsemane meant in the life of Jesus. Watching, I felt truly that Time has not altered this garden of prayer — its healing, its peace are still here.

Around the Mediterranean With My Bible

By
HARRIET-LOUISE H. PATTERSON

Foreword
by
GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

PHILADELPHIA
THE JUDSON PRESS

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

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THE JUDSON PRESS
Revised

Printed in the United States of America

TO THREE

Two who opened doors

Jacob H. Goldner

Jacob Nusaibeh

One who smoothed pathways

My Mother

5801056

FOREWORD

MISS PATTERSON has written this work as a labor of love, though "labor" is an inadequate word. It is her matured contribution to a better understanding of the immemorial and interwoven association of the Bible with the shores and hinterlands of the Mediterranean; and she has thus named it. It is far more than the vivid telling of a single, sunlit voyage over the bluest of seas, whose very waters are spread with memories and along coasts of enchantment. She has written out of a long acquaintance with what she studies and describes. She has herself conducted parties over the routes she follows here and this gives her book a rich texture.

She knows what to look for and where and how to find it. She has seen the ports into which she sails so often that observation and recollection combine in her telling. She knows her guides and dragomen, has no fear of customs officials—though she did have a trying experience with one once over a rug. This gives the book an ease and assurance in movement which is part of its charm and yet there is nothing in it of the swagger of the blasé traveller—which is itself an achievement. Since these are her own experiences, she uses the first personal pronoun singular frankly and without apology.

Her itinerary is determined both by geography, history, the courses of the ships she used and the inland lines of travel she followed. The book is thus naturally written out from and around successive bases, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Greece, Italy. Its handling of the great material involved is highly competent.

And always there was her Bible, which she knows as she

knows its lands. When she reaches the place, the proper Biblical association is there. She meets St. Paul as they sail east past Crete, he is waiting for her in Damascus and bids her farewell in Rome. Here her touch is sure and sufficient; this makes the book of very great value to all Bible students, to ministers and teachers.

The author knows, as well, the secular history—if history is ever purely secular—of the regions about which she writes. She follows the movements of the races which have moved through and across this middle sea since history began. This, too, enriches the texture of the work. And finally her knowledge of recent archeological explorations brings the work up to date.

* * *

Miss Patterson writes as she travelled—leisurely. She had time to haunt the bazaars, drink a drop of coffee with an ingratiating merchant of fascinating wares, visit with children, drop in on an Arab school, note flowers, plants, trees. Craftsmen hammer for her readers their brasses or blow their glass, all as their ancestors did. The camel, the donkey, the truck and the motor car pass through her pictured pages. The peasant farmer goes out to work and comes home as he did under the Pharaohs. The author has a vivid sense of color. Her description, say of Damascus street scenes, is bright with color. She notes the play of light across sacred mountains and magic dawns and twilights. But all this, in detail, would make the introduction as long as the work. But it must be noted again and again how faithful the author is to her title. The Old Testament is here and the New. Their persons, their places, their mountains, lakes and rivers, their shrines, their monuments and their memories. This is the book's central value.

* * *

I venture, in conclusion, one observation in a time when

every conclusion is a venture and all anticipation a hazard. I doubt if any work similar to this in observed content will soon or ever again be written. In a way and without reproach, it is dated. It is written out of the period between the last World War and the beginning of the next (1939). The Near East she knows so well had already begun to change. Jerusalem was getting modern suburbs. There were tractors in Esdraelon. Even with continued peace, the lands which furnish her subject matter would have been markedly changed. But for her the spirit and substance were still there, though the habits, customs and costumes of the West had begun to erode the East.

And now? As this is written (April 27, 1941) the radio announces an alien flag with a strange device above the Acropolis. Mechanized armies whose bequest is tragedy grind on and down into dust what seeks to hinder them; nothing old and precious seems any longer safe. It may be that the future will be sadly grateful to Miss Patterson for having, in her full and characteristic way, sought to keep alive what may become, outside a book, only a memory touched with the tears of things.

GAIUS GLENN ATKINS.

During the two years following the end of World War II, I have taken the opportunity of revising and rewriting numerous portions of this book, bringing it up to date.

HARRIET-LOUISE H. PATTERSON.

October, 1947

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Galilee's mountains, valleys, great plain, springs, and her sea combine to help me realize why this region was "the place He loved so much to be." I have lunch on Esdraelon in view of Gilboa, Little Hermon, and Tabor, come into the noisy world of Nazareth to find a well, a hilltop, and a carpenter shop. At Cana, the beggars remind me of the mobs who crowded Jesus at the wedding feast; the "lilies of the field" growing on the Horns of Hattin recall the Sermon on the Mount; my first glimpse of Galilee reveals it as blue and beautiful as my dreams. I go to Tabgha, watch fishermen, eat "Peter's fish," and experience a storm on Galilee. I stay with the nuns on the Mount of Beatitudes, meet some Bedouin children who take me home to a goat-hair tent. At Capernaum I see the excavated ruins of an old synagogue, the site of Peter's house and read parables by the sea. The Plain of Gennesaret is like a vast green garden. Magdala is only a wretched village.

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Travelling along the oldest road in the world to Damascus, I have a last view of Galilee, glimpses of the Jordan, am stopped for contraband at Rosh Pinna, and come within sight of the Mount of Transfiguration (Hermon). I travel the last five miles remembering Paul's conversion to Christianity. I wander in the "Street called Straight" and the bazaars, see the scene of Paul's escape from his enemies, enjoy the garden-court in a princely Syrian house, poke around an old khan, and linger at the Grand Mosque, formerly a pagan temple, then a Christian church, and now a Moslem holy place. I go back to read again an almost forgotten Greek inscription on a stone lintel.

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Leaving Damascus I drive via the River Barada (Abana) to Baalbek, City of the Sun. Few ruins at first sight create such impressions of beauty, majesty, and human skill as this accumulation of masonry representing four architectural ages. I wander among enormous blocks piled up by the Romans and through courts succeeding one another in vastness and stand beside the six stupendous columns remaining from the Great Temple. I am awed by the gigantic foundation stones, perhaps the work of Phoenician stone-cutters. I have a lovely view from the quadrangle.

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The approach to Greece has always been by water and so I still find it as I debark for a day here. It is a short motor trip from sun-baked Piraeus to "violet-wreathed" Athens. I am touched by the city's modern comforts and thrill to the splendor of her ancient monuments: the Acropolis, Temple of Theseum, Theatre of Dionysus, the Tower of Winds, and the Areopagus. "Miracles of grace in stone" from the Golden Age lure me first to the Acropolis. I sit on Mars Hill where Paul preached and wonder what is still in Athens that he looked upon when he came as a tourist. Sailing from Piraeus at sunset, I enjoy a charming last view of the Acropolis towering above the city and of hills softly turning purple.

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CHAPTER I

I have my first glimpse of Gibraltar—gateway to the Mediterranean. I see it at midnight.

I SHALL never forget my first glimpse of Gibraltar, gateway to the Mediterranean. It came only a few hours after a dinner companion, a veteran sea-goer, had asked me, a neophyte, if I were staying up that night to see the Prudential Life Insurance sign on the Rock. Was I staying up to see the ROCK? Foolish question!

For hours, it seemed, we passed close to the mysterious, black, ragged coast of Africa, close enough to see the glittering lights of her cities matching the flotilla of stars which had come out of the east to welcome and to guide us. Cruising on to "Gib," the huge rock was outlined against an inky sky while high up within the secret honeycombed fortress there beckoned a solitary burning light, remote and mysterious as a single star. With our changed position the moonlight fell over the shoulder of the Pillar of Hercules making a beautiful silvery pathway along the very black, very shiny, rippling water from the now anchored steamer in the bay to the crouching city at the water's edge.

The city's lights were the miracle. The houses, the streets of Gibraltar were invisible, hidden against that great mass of rock. Lines of golden globes that marked the main traffic arteries leading away from the crouching city were strung out like topaz; in the cuplike hollow that borders the shore a thousand lights blazed like jewels. They might have been a necklace of yellow diamonds.

The night was marvelously clear: the sky a deep del-

phinium blue, the air extremely cold, the wind high. Amidst a romantic setting, the passengers, gala in their evening attire, swarmed about the rail of the promenade deck looking down as low, throaty, resonant voices in strange tongues drifted up from the bobbing tenders waiting below.

Though 'twas midnight the festive note of the Captain's dinner still lingered on in a scene which might easily have been a setting for the "Arabian Nights." As the tenders with passengers bound for Portugal and Spain pulled away from the liner, we shouted, "Adios." With one accord we lifted voices to sing a fond farewell to friends grown dear in eight all too short days at sea. "Good-night, Ladies," floated out over the water as the ship's anchor was lifted.

I watched the lovely curving line of glittering shore grow fainter; the color, the gayety departed from it as the distance widened. Cruising around the Rock, the city of Gibraltar was lost from view, but out of the east one low, shining star burned brightly, separating itself from all the others and beckoning toward another world of culture, philosophy, and religion now to be discovered by me. Ever since the star-led Magi set out with their caravans on the road to Bethlehem two thousand years ago a never-ending stream of pilgrims has moved toward the Holy Places, in order to tread with their own feet the ground trod by the Bible people and made sacred by religious associations. I was adding myself to the uncounted millions who had preceded me. And lo, this star which I saw in the east went before me as I began my Mediterranean journeys.

CHAPTER II

I begin my journey around the Mediterranean with my Bible. Describes my recollections past and present on the subject of the "Middle Sea," called "Mare Nostrum" by the Greeks and "Hinder Sea" by the Hebrews.

AFTER passing Gibraltar, it is only a matter of hours until one is embarked upon a voyage of cloudless days, blue sky curving overhead, and little islands lifting their sharp outlines in sunlight from a blue sea, a haven of rest and enjoyment. No longer then do skeptics scoff at the idea of blue sea rivalling blue sky. I have gotten a peculiar joy from rising early and remaining up late at night to see the spectacle of the Mediterranean in all its changing moods and colors, emerald and amethyst, turquoise and sapphire, jade and silver which predominate in turn but never once in all their evanescent loveliness repeated in exactly the same way. Hours on end I have spent in my deck chair looking out upon this vast expanse of water, which each hour of the day or night in any season has a spell of its own, and musing upon the sea's long and varied history.

The livelong day, even far into the night, I have been struck with the majesty of this ever-changing, island-strewn inland sea, but more than that I have found myself repeating with new meaning as I reclined in my deck chair or walked the decks and looked out over the Mediterranean:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea."

As I have looked from the shores of southern Europe across

the Mediterranean as it rolls away toward North Africa, I have felt a sense of the impermanence of material civilizations come over me. Only the sea remains.

II

“ In ancient times the world only possessed one known sea of any real importance, and that sea was the Mediterranean. Beyond its limits lay the great unknown, while within its confines were concentrated all the chief events of history. Here mighty empires rose and fell, and East and West closed in mortal conflict. The Mediterranean formed the great trade route by which merchants from the East brought their goods to the markets of the West. From its shores came the great Founder of the Christian faith, whose advent constituted the greatest major event in the history of the world,” writes Major General E. Polson Newman in *The Mediterranean and Its Problems*.

Today this waterway is known as the Mediterranean, coming from two Latin words, *MEDIUS* meaning “ middle ” and *TERRA* meaning “ land ” or “ earth.” It was given this name because in ancient times it was the very center of the most civilized area of the world. Its waters divided southern Europe from northern Africa. Its total length from the Straits of Gibraltar to Syria is approximately twenty-three hundred miles; its greatest breadth is about one thousand eighty miles; its total area as it washes the shores of three continents—Europe, Asia, and Africa—is something over a million square miles, which is equal to a third of the area of the United States.

It might be well to say just a word about the Straits of Gibraltar held by Great Britain and through which travellers enter into the Mediterranean. Often it is considered the sea’s chief outlet, yet technically it is an inlet. Due to evaporation the level of the Mediterranean is a little below that of the

Atlantic Ocean so that the fresher ocean water is constantly flowing in through the straits. This is true in spite of the large volume of water being poured into the Mediterranean by such bodies of water as the Nile, Rhone, Ebro, Po, and those waters feeding it through the Dardanelles.

Aristotle and his contemporaries did not call it "Mediterranean." They called it "Mare Nostrum" (Our Sea) and by using this blue medium to float their culture, they justified their use of the term. But to many another civilization before and since it has been "Our Sea" also.

Consider briefly those who have called it and are still calling it "Mare Nostrum." First, there was the ancient Minoan civilization which centered in Crete; then, there was the Mycenaean prehistoric of the Aegean Heroic Age; third, the Phoenician merchants pushed out from Tyre and Sidon to the Greek islands, to Carthage, to Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and Spain (Tarshish), and finally to England and the Baltic; fourth, the Ptolemaic Egyptian kingdom used this waterway; fifth, the medieval Crusading kingdom of Italian, British, French, German, and Spanish dreamers; and coming to our time never before have so many nations wanted to claim her as "Our Sea."

The British control the narrow straits at Gibraltar and Suez. France from her port at Marseilles keeps an eye on restless North Africa: fertile Algeria, rich French Morocco, and the strategic Tunisian protectorate. Italy had many air bases within firing range of British-owned Malta, which was midway between Italian Sicily and Italian Libya. Before Libya was lost to her in the war, needing this sea as the link between the peninsula and the colonial life of Libya, Italy jealously looked upon the Mediterranean, coveting it as "Our (Italy's) Sea." Germany for the rich minerals in Spain created the Rome-Berlin axis. Meanwhile Spain possesses Morocco across the sea from her beautiful shores. Rus-

sia is interested in the body of water because she had no southern waterway and outlet for her rich black oil from Baku and, too, because she wants other markets for Ukrainian wheat. Turkey has refortified the Dardanelles and has plans to improve her Mediterranean ports of Istanbul, Smyrna, and Mersina. The republics of Syria and Lebanon face it hopefully. Tripoli is an outlet for Iraq petroleum. Egypt, too, looks to Alexandria which is her Mediterranean port and to Suez as outlets for her cotton shipments. It has become no longer a one-track sea, controlled by one nation. Perhaps it is more correct to say that it is the most desired. However, of all the great events which have taken place along its shores in Crete, Greece, Italy, Egypt, or Phoenicia, or even in events transpiring there now, it is safe to maintain that none can compare in importance, in influence, or in subsequent consequence with what occurred in little Palestine more than nineteen hundred years ago at the time when Jesus lived at the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, by what he said and by what he did.

For travellers like myself journeying upon this historic water way, it becomes for the time being "Our Sea," too. For persons like myself, chiefly interested in everything as it pertains to the Bible, it is not only a voyage to the cradle of Hellenic beauty and culture, of Roman law, but it becomes a fascinating journey on the highway over which the gospel was carried to the great cities of the Roman Empire and raises questions on the subject of the Mediterranean and its significance in biblical narrative. It is because most of the events of the Old and New Testament took place at the eastern end of the sea that most people have been apt to call and think only of Palestine and Syria as the Holy Land and to forget the rôle the Mediterranean and the lands bordering it have played in the destinies of races, religions, and civilizations by disseminating Christian doctrines. Because scores of mission-

aries carrying the gospel did their work about the eastern Mediterranean and because the early Church flourished most extensively and vigorously in the great cities along its shores, it is possible to find a wealth of material to study with the Bible around the Mediterranean. Then in that respect the whole region bordering it becomes the Holy Land and the entire voyage a pilgrimage with one's Bible.

I discovered that no one chapter in either Old or New Testaments fully considers the important matter of this sea. Hence it has meant subsequently a diligent study through the Book. I discovered further that the Mediterranean, although never referred to by that name by the biblical writers, plays an altogether different rôle in the Old Testament than it does in the historical events of the New Testament. In the earlier age it was, so to speak, a wall of water, a boundary, separating Israel from other peoples; in the days of Jesus and his disciples, and Paul the evangelist, it was a highway over which the messengers of the gospel sailed to reach the great centers of the Roman world. Israel's boundary in Old Testament days was this vast sea. Turning to Joshua, I read:

“Every place on which the sole of your foot treads I have given to you, as I promised Moses; the region from the desert as far as the Lebanon yonder, and from the Great River, the river Euphrates, as far as the Great Western Sea, all the land of the Hittites, shall be your domain.”—*JOSHUA 1: 3, 4.* (The Bible, An American Translation, Smith & Goodspeed).

And there are other passages in the books of Numbers and Deuteronomy which confirm it.

I was arrested by the words “Great Western Sea.” I realized as never before that this was the largest body of water of which the Hebrews had any knowledge and they called it because of its pre-eminence “Great Sea.” But they also had other terms to designate it. Frequently, they called it the

“Hinder Sea” because it was always behind them as they faced east, away from their enemies the Philistines. Occasionally, they referred to it as the “Western” or the “Uttermost Sea.” Sometimes they spoke of it as “the Sea of the Philistines” since that people dwelling along the western coast of what we now call Palestine possessed the large portion of its shore. The Hebrews never knew it as “Mediterranean” or “Mare Nostrum.”

Israel was never at home on the sea; in the Psalms and the Prophets, and even so in their history, it remained always distant and foreign. It was something to gaze upon but not to sail. Long ago the Psalmist stood upon a mountain and sang:

“Yonder is the sea, great and wide.”

It might have been all Israel speaking. Their long, straight inhospitable coast line and the lack of ports making it seem a barrier, something to fear but not to venture upon, made it practically impossible for them to develop a race of mariners or leaders in commerce.

George Adam Smith in *Historical Geography of the Holy Land* writes: “No ports are mentioned in the Old Testament. When the builders of the second temple hired Phoenicians to bring timber from Lebanon to Joppa, it is not written ‘to the harbor or creek of Joppa,’ but to the sea of Joppa. Of the name or idea of a port, gateway in or out, there is no trace.”

To the Hebrews the eastern Mediterranean was a stiff, stormy line of unbroken coast. It had no little isles to tempt men in or out, to tempt them from island to island, and then to farther continents as the Greeks had. For Israel the sea was never intimate or alluring; the coast possessed no numberless bays to beckon or invite, no sprinkling of isles to tempt landsmen to seamanship.

It was only in the most secondary way that the Mediterranean was used by the Hebrews as a highway for commerce and then almost always not for exporting their products of oil and wheat to other world centers but for importing materials which Israel needed: cedarwood from Lebanon, gold, silver, and ivory from Tarshish (Tarsessus in Spain), metal-work from Tyre, and beautiful fabrics from Sidon. The relations of Israel to the Tyrians as seen in the account of Solomon's building and commercial undertakings disclose the fact that Israel had not—and, indeed, never—reached the point where she could supply mariners to carry out her commercial enterprises at sea. By his alliance with the sea-going Phoenicians, Solomon acquired the services of a Mediterranean fleet and that together with the timber from Lebanon enabled him to build and man another fleet at Ezion-geber on the Gulf of Akabah, which became Israel's seaport. It is very evident that the Hebrews were not sailors.

This sea plays no important part in the life of Jesus. In fact, it is referred to only once in all the four Gospels, and then only incidentally. And yet, strangely enough, at no time in his life was Jesus more than one hundred miles from its shores. He must have looked often upon its waters, near-by or at a distance, because the sea can be seen easily from many elevated places in Palestine. He must have enjoyed walking along its yellow sandy beach as he journeyed into the region round about Tyre and Sidon and watching the sea as it rolled in along this coast. Many a time Jesus must have stood on the western hill, turning his back on sordid, filthy, vitriolic Nazareth, and looked west to where the sea came pounding in against that long, dark green arm of the Carmel range as it reaches out toward the Mediterranean. It was only fifteen miles away. From Tabor, from Hermon, he must have seen its placid blue waters sparkle as with diamonds in the sunshine or watched it change its tranquil mood and beat angrily

against the rocks and spend its fury in high waves and thirsty white foam. Influenced as he was by the whole world of nature, which is reflected in his parables, I was struck by the omission of any mention of it in his teachings, especially when I remembered that Jesus' ministry was accomplished by its shores. How strange that living in such close proximity to it for more than thirty years Jesus remained silent on the subject of the "Great Sea."

In the history of the early Church, the Mediterranean assumes pre-eminent importance. One of the most distinguished historians, Harnack, has said: "It is hard to imagine the Christian faith spreading so rapidly to Rome and beyond, if the imperial people had not promoted maritime intercourse throughout the empire. Viewed in this respect, the Mediterranean figures as a mighty mixer of peoples and beliefs; for it connected the East and the West and promoted the interchange both of products and ideas."

If in the Old Testament the sea was a boundary or barrier shutting in Israel, in the New Testament it becomes the highway over which the gospel was carried to the great cities of the Roman Empire. If no desire for wealth or commercial supremacy could possibly persuade the Hebrews to venture out on its waters, then a passion for proclaiming the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ did drive the apostle Paul and others out to the uttermost parts of this sea again and again. On Paul's first missionary journey, he took ship at Antioch in Syria and sailed to Cyprus; at the farthest end of this island he took ship again for Attalia in Pamphylia; after preaching in some of the chief cities of Asia Minor, he returned to Antioch again by ship. On his second journey with Silas and Timothy, when he went down to Corinth, he crossed the northern end of the Aegean Sea, sailing from Troas; returning, he crossed the southern part of the sea, sailing from Cenchrea near Corinth to Ephesus, and then continuing down

the coast to the island of Rhodes, and then to Caesarea on the coast of Palestine. On Paul's third journey, he followed more or less the route he took on his previous one, with the exception that on his return journey he went from Rhodes to Patara in Lycia and sailed from there to Tyre-Sidon and thence down that lovely coast to Caesarea. The record of Paul's journey to Rome where he was to be tried before the Emperor's tribunal has been recorded so vividly by Luke, his travelling companion at that time, in the Book of the Acts. The chapter has been called "the most vivid account of a voyage and shipwreck in the whole of Greek and Latin literature." But more of that voyage later in this book.

Often as Paul sailed on this same wide sea, when he was planting Christian colonies from the borders of Syria as far as Spain and to the city of Rome, he had plenty of time on his hands to think things through. From the deck of a coasting vessel he could look out upon the sea reaching far and wide to the borders of this Mediterranean world, north, east, south, and west, restored to public order, peace, and unity under the authority of a single power—Rome. It must have suggested to him a truth in the world not seen by human eyes where God in His abundant mercies calls not only "Jews but also Gentiles" and makes of one all nations of peoples.

The example of national unity in the "inhabited world" around the Mediterranean Sea must have suggested to him a time when all who bear the name of Christ shall live in peace, bound together in one great fellowship of love and liberty. In that kingdom, stretching from shore to shore, Paul envisioned as had Hosea:

"I will call them my people, which were not my people; and her beloved, which was not beloved.

"And it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people; there shall they be called the children of the living God." —ROMANS 9:25, 26.

CHAPTER III

I visit Marseilles where the Phoceans and Romans have preceded me. I walk in the St. Jean quarter, begin ecclesiastical history at the Cathedral, find the harbor gay with twinkling lights, lively with little boats, and eat "bouillabaise." High above the city from her hillside retreat the golden statue of Notre Dame smiles her blessing and bids me "Godspeed" as I take up the trail again that leads to the Holy Land.

FOR some days we cruised along the north shore of the Mediterranean with its deeply indented harbors, past the Spanish peninsula. We stopped to enjoy briefly the unique island beauty of Minorca and Majorca from where white gulls as a "welcoming committee" fluttered out to greet the ship. Early one morning, I saw a new harbor looming in the distance. A massive cathedral, high on a hillside, topped with a fine gold statue of the Madonna and Child dominated our seaward approach. The city kneeling at the Virgin's feet looked neat and white. I knew it was Marseilles.

We swung into the new harbor, crowded already with shipping; as we moved into the dock all the sounds of a busy port were about us. I looked down on long lines of sheds, crowds of porters and officials. How different it all was from what the Phoceans saw when they landed here in 600 B. C.

Wanting to colonize, these Greek traders consulted their goddess Diana, the same as Artemis of the Ephesians. Through priestesses they were told to set sail from their homeland with the goddess' statue aboard and in time they would be guided to a suitable landing-place. Bearing the statue of Diana conspicuously placed, they set sail. A fresh breeze

sprang up and it carried the fleet along the Ligurian coast to a bay, the site of the present Marseilles.

Upon arrival, the handsome young Greek chief Protis was made ambassador to the chief of the tribes inhabiting this new country. Nannus, the local chief, was giving a feast that same evening to his young warriors. At this banquet his daughter Glyptis was to choose herself a husband from among the young gallants. Immediately, Protis was invited by his host to be present on this great occasion. When the guests were all assembled, the lovely princess entered the banquet-hall bearing in her hands the cup she was to present to him whom she would choose as a husband. Slowly she passed by all the nobles of her race; finally she came to Protis whose beauty and polish attracted her. She stopped and presented the cup to him. The Greek youth accepted it and that evening the betrothal of Protis and Glyptis was celebrated.

Nannus then gave to the young bridegroom a large tract of untried land upon which to settle himself and his countrymen. Soon the Phoceans were established on this coast and they set themselves to build a town, which in 600 B. C. they named Massalia.

That city was already ancient when in 49 B. C. Caesar "came and saw and conquered." Massalia had unfortunately espoused the cause of Pompey. Immediately, the conqueror set about to form a new province with its capital at Arles in which Greek culture blended with Roman magnificence. The "Provincia Romana" is not yet forgotten because its outline has been preserved in the charming region known as Provence. The area forms a triangle with the Mediterranean at its base and Lyons at the apex and is dominated by the Rhone River.

Whether Provence is explored from Nice, Cannes, or Marseilles, some remember Aucassin and Nicolette, Petrarch and Laura because this was the land of troubadours and me-

dieval romance. But far more remember that in early Christian centuries it was a center of culture and religion unique in Europe. In the Rhone Valley, more particularly at Arles, not a few recall those energetic first century Christians who with Trophimus preached the "good news" of Jesus Christ here so that by the second century Roman Provence held many believers; at Aix, others are reminded of King René, "Count of Provence, King of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem"; and back again in Marseilles with a wide view of the sea and the heavy shipping in the harbor still more recollect that for many, many years this city furnished all the galleys used by St. Louis and his armies in the eighth Crusade to the Holy Land.

Marseilles is one of the principal ports of southern Europe and gateway to French colonial possessions. One is not apt to forget this after he has seen the great ships in the harbor and the vast amount of cargo for import and export, after he has listened to the loud clamor and confusion, and been jostled by the cosmopolitan crowds which throng this large and important city of France.

II

Not far from the new dock was an old suspension bridge, until the Nazis came here. It was a good starting place for exploring the old harbor section, but nothing remains of it now. I remember the tall houses of the town stretched on either side. In this neighborhood I found a queer, new symphony of sound: the squeaky honks of tiny French horns on antiquated rattling taxis, the clang of trolley cars, the hoarse shouts of laborers, and the put-put from the engines of the darting harbor craft. I walked past one tiny sidewalk café after another and, after resting at first one and then another, discovered them all excellent places from which to watch the hum of harbor life.

Turning north from the quay, I wandered about in a labyrinth of narrow, dark streets between tall houses that must have been mansions in the eighteenth century. A tumultuous life as well as a lively collection of odors crowded them. The wrangling fruit and vegetable vendors disturbed the daytime dreams of these old mansions on what once was a street of fashion. But at night it was a different story. Taxiing back around midnight to the dock through the St. Jean quarter of the "Vieux Porte," I heard the whining and whirr of mechanical pianos. These disturbed its peace and provided melody for sailors' furtive love-making. It is history now.

Coming back through the avenues and boulevards of the old part of town, I reached the Place de la Major and the Cathedral, which is sometimes known as La Major or Ste. Marie Majeure. Designed in the Byzantine style by Leon Vaudoyer, it is an impressive building in appearance with its alternate courses of green and white stone. It is comparatively new as churches go in the Old World. This building was begun only in 1852; the work was continued until 1893; but it is still unfinished and escaped war damage.

Imagine, if you can, this striped church with a Gothic ground-plan. It is four hundred and sixty feet in length. Its huge dome is two hundred feet high. Its interior is impressive, being so richly decorated with marble and mosaics. Its crypt is the burial place of the Bishop of Marseilles.

This French city is a good place to start ecclesiastical history since it is supposed to have the cell used by Lazarus when he visited Marseilles and the cross upon which Andrew the apostle of Jesus suffered martyrdom.

Close by the Cathedral de la Major, on the site of an ancient temple to Diana, who was worshipped by the Phoceans on this soil, stands perhaps a more interesting old building also undamaged by war, Church of St. Victor. Within this twelfth-century Provençal-Romanesque building beside

the apse are two chapels dating from the fifteenth century. The Chapel of St. Lazarus on the left aisle contains an altar surmounted by statues of Lazarus and his sister Martha. Church tradition claims that these two, who lived in Bethan most of their lives, finally came to Marseilles in the first century to preach the "good news." This altar, a reminder of these two good friends of Jesus and of their sojourn in Europe is the earliest example of Renaissance sculpture in France.

Rue de Canebiere, which most American tourists pronounce "a can-a-beer," is Marseilles' busiest thoroughfare. It is lost when it merges into Rue Noailles. By turning left on this broad avenue I came directly into tree-shaded Boulevard de Longchamps and saw ahead of me the imposing Palais de Longchamps, built by Esperandieu.

This monument consists of two wings united by Ionic colonnades with a central "chateau d'eau" or water tower which brings the water a long way from Durand to Marseilles. There is a simple, beautiful cascade of water in the front of the monument, which is also fronted by a colossal group in stone. There is always something fascinating about watching leaping waters play. The crowds gathered in front of the Palais de Longchamps and the backward glance of sight-seers testify to the attractiveness of a silvery waterfall.

On the main streets, even in the narrow steep alleys of this hill-town, I was impressed by the shellfish stands, the "Coquillages." Mussels, clams, crabs, and lobster have an appeal when temptingly displayed on beds of cool green seaweed, decorated with lemons and odd-shaped shells. On the side streets I sought out the fishwives' quarters with their heaps of rainbow-hued fish. Here can be found all the ingredients for that famous dish "bouillabaise," which only the cooks of Marseilles can concoct. Cries of "Ici, Madame, des poissons frais," resounded as I passed through.

Another feature of the outdoor curb market, peculiar to

the "nouveau touriste," is peeled oranges and their skins for sale. There is no waste on the Continent; everything has value. Frenchmen buy the skins to make liqueur.

My first French violets came from the curb market. Their sweet fragrance lingers yet in my memory. And lilies-of-the-valley! Arrive some May in Marseilles on "lily-of-the-valley" day as I did once. You'll never regret it and you'll never forget it.

I am the kind of traveller who enjoys pushing through the market places, rubbing elbows with the natives, snooping over discarded, second-hand odds and ends literally dumped on pushcarts. For that reason I am not likely to forget that Marseilles' street markets fold up and silently steal away at precisely noon. There are individuals to whom the Rag Market in Rome, the bazaars in the "Street called Straight" in Damascus, and the "Musky" in Cairo hold more allure in prospect than the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, the Taj Mahal in India, or the Campanile in Florence.

Somewhere I have read that coffee cafés appeared in Europe first at Marseilles. It is not hard to believe when I remember that Marseilles stands as a sort of signpost at what in normal times is one of the world's crossroads. Coffee houses abound throughout the Near East and why not at this place where East meets West and West bids West "adieu"?

There are enough inviting places to find refreshment along the main street of this cosmopolitan city. The average visitor wonders how the male population finds time to make a living since there seems to be always time for Frenchmen to sit at sidewalk tables sipping cool drinks and watching the world go by. It is always easy enough to find a boat friend here. All one has to do is simply pass up one side of the Rue de Canebiere and down the other, giving a good sharp look among the occupants of the tiny café tables which occupy more than half the spacious sidewalks.

Thinking about "bouillabaise" took me to dinner near the "Vieux Porte" in the late twilight, at the hour when all Frenchmen are sipping an apéritif. On the balcony at the Restaurant Basso, which was above the noise, dirt, and crowd of the quay, I sat in comfort. While enjoying a delicious dinner and with moonlight making a path for dreams, I looked on the evening spectacle of the whole harbor. With a pleasant dinner companion, I enjoyed just that much more the scene of this harbor gay with twinkling lights and lively with bobbing boats. At another time I went to the Café de Strasbourg on the Place de la Bourse for excellent food, excellently served. It was possible here to select a fish from among others swimming in a tank. The "garçon" caught one with a net and had it fried for my supper.

Marseilles is still a small city from whose streets you can quickly escape into the country by following the Prado, which runs along through a fine botanical garden, past the race track, and comes head on into the coast road. Follow the Cote d'Azure farther east toward Cannes or Nice or Monte Carlo or San Remo for miles of breathless beauty, sections bathed in Riviera sunshine where mountain beauty is enriched by vineyards, glorified by riots of floral beauty, and graced by a necklace of colorful beach resorts, for views of little islands lifting their sharp outlines in brilliant sunshine from a blue, blue sea.

There is one building which means Marseilles to anyone who has ever visited here. The church called Notre Dame de la Garde, high above the kneeling city, is an imposing landmark from any approach because the golden statue of the Virgin holding the Child in her arms atop the church gleams by night and glistens dazzlingly by noonday.

Notre Dame de la Garde is the mariners' Lady. Sailing away from the French coast or returning home after adventures modern sailors as eagerly watch for a glimpse of her as

ancient mariners sought the glint of bronzed Athena's gold-tipped spear around the Bay of Phaleron. They never forget her and they leave votive offerings at her shrine.

I took the "ascenseur" or elevator built on the face of the cliff and rode up to visit the church. All the way I had broader views of the city as it retreated. Nearing the top, I looked out over a city of cream-colored houses and red roofs, made lovely by patches of vivid green and splashes of purple, and beyond harbor confines to where lay a calm blue sea with its sprinkling of little islands blanched by a brilliant sun. My eyes followed the course of a small motor launch as it skimmed over the waves to where the grim Chateau d'If, immortalized by Dumas in "The Count of Monte Cristo," is built on rocks.

The lift came to a stop. I was near enough now to have a good view of this huge church. Looking about me, I felt this commanding site had been a fortunate choice for a holy place.

I was still some distance from the church. I dropped down on the terrace steps to watch the people as they came here. Many of them stopped to buy white tapers from old women whose arms were filled with them. These I knew would go immediately to the marble-lined chapel and leave their candles among others burning there continuously. One group coming up was led by a priest who herded them together as a shepherd does his sheep. There were a few sailors. Perhaps they were coming to leave offerings at the shrine believing that "Notre Dame" had brought them success or saved them from shipwreck in the past months. Perhaps they were coming to pray because they would soon be off to unknown fortunes on the big battleship lying in the harbor. Another group mounted the steps. They looked definitely bored. This was only another church in a series of churches in European cities—just another one on a day's program of organized sight-seeing. After rounding up a few laggards, making sure

his "party" was together, the guide reciting facts—"largest built in France since the Middle Ages . . . by Esperandieu . . . 1864 . . . site formerly occupied by a chapel . . ."—led the way into the building. Only a very few who came up the steps hesitated for a view of the city from the church terrace.

At last I rose and, like all the others, I turned, went up a few more steps and disappeared into the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde.

All who come to look around and remain to worship are not Catholic. Standing on the terrace another day I watched a man come from the darkness of the church unashamedly wiping tears from his eyes. His wife remarked to me: "In seventeen years I have never seen Amos cry before." Afterwards at dinner he told us the story.

"I was over here in France with the American Expeditionary Forces during the World War. When the confusing days of the war were over, I came to Marseilles and to this church. For the first time in many months I found a sense of peace. Today, when I returned after all the years, I was seized with a desire to kneel just where I had knelt then and thank God. I was more moved than I have ever been before; it was like coming home."

III

When sailing out of Marseilles at midnight, it is worth while remaining up to watch for the magnificent gilded statue of the Virgin holding the Child surmounting this church. I have seen unsentimental people stirred by the beauty of the gleaming Madonna against a velvet sky. Twice it has seemed to me that the gracious Lady has been smiling her blessing upon me and bidding me "Godspeed" as I set forth again with thoughtful heart toward the land immortalized by her son, Jesus.

CHAPTER IV

I spend four hours passing Crete where I see the bay which sheltered Paul's ship during the voyage which ended in shipwreck and remember Titus. I learn the Philistines who settled on the west coast of Palestine are descendants of the Sea Kings of Crete and a corruption of their name from which we get the name "Palestine" today is the only thing which has come down to us from them.

WE spent about four hours passing Crete. The island rose up high and mountainous in the distance. The coast was rugged and inhospitable and looked perilous to sailing boats. On this April day it had snow in its corries. The sunlight made patterns in the green and saffron-yellow of the lowlands descending to where the Mediterranean's waves creamed themselves around the shore.

From my deck chair, looking over upon this outpost of the Aegean islands which was the link in ancient days between Europe and the Orient, I began to think of Paul and his companions Luke and Aristarchus and how they made a brief stop here once. Somewhere among one of these bays, numberless little bays which treacherously invite and beckon on its southern coast, is Kali Limniones or Fair Havens, the harbor which sheltered Paul's ship during the voyage which ended finally in shipwreck at Malta.

I thought back to the fall of 58 A. D. when Julius, the centurion, put his prisoner Paul and the latter's two friends on board a ship of Adramyttium at Caesarea. The next day they stopped at Sidon where Paul was allowed to go ashore to visit friends. A week later after a very rough journey due to the

ship being exposed to strong westerly winds they reached Myra. Paul and the rest were transferred to a wheat ship from Alexandria, one of the Egyptian grain fleet bound for Italy. I remembered a night I had spent once on this storm-tossed sea because of the heavy winds in this easterly part of the Mediterranean. It was a terrifying occurrence for all of us on shipboard. I realized then something of the dangers that first century Christians knew firsthand in little ships exposed to such strong winds. Seeing Crete reminded me.

The small ship carrying Paul toward Rome was heavy-laden and clumsy. The time for the winter storms was near. They were all uneasy aboard ship; Paul perhaps the more so since he had made at least eight crossings and had already been in three shipwrecks. They started out on this ugly sea, hugging the shore until finally they were forced out into the open. Soon they were glad to take refuge in the Cretan port of Fair Havens. The unusual weather continued. Now they were forced to make a serious decision. It seemed certain death to venture out into the raging storm. There was strong feeling in favor of laying up where they were for the winter but the captain thought he could creep along the coast to Phenice which was a safer harbor although in so doing there was some danger of being blown out to sea.

“When the south wind blew softly,” they sailed along close to Crete. But the south wind blowing softly was a traitor. The Euroclydon swept down from the Cretan hills and seized the ship. For fourteen days with neither sun nor stars, with a sky that was black as ink, they struggled with this sea because now they had run out into the open being fearful of being cast upon this treacherous rock-bound coast. During the struggle, at the time when “all hope that we should be saved was taken away,” Paul steadied the two hundred seventy-six persons aboard and gave them courage. They responded to his hopefulness.

Paul is magnificent here as Luke in the Book of the Acts reveals his confidence and his brave heart which had been strengthened by his consciousness of God's indwelling presence and God's love for all His children. He had already been in three shipwrecks, a day and a night tossed at sea, had faced furious crowds, scourgings, and stoning. Now off the shore of Crete he seemed faced by certain death by drowning. He remained calm in the midst of others' intense fear, indecision, and excitement. Why? Because he had taken time to refresh himself with prayer, to withdraw for a time from the troubles of the earth to commune with God on spiritual things. Prayer to him, as previously it had in the life of Jesus, meant power, victory, peace, and calm. Through his vital experience of prayer he was able not only to cheer himself but to comfort his terrified companions with: "Be of good cheer, I have assurance from God that not one of you shall lose his life."

I remembered again the night on this same sea when taking my Bible I had read the story of the stilling of the tempest on Galilee, and of how I was comforted and able to fall peacefully asleep while a terrifying storm raged outside.

Heartened by Paul's hopefulness they began to take food of which they had not tasted for fourteen days and to grow more calm. After the dawning of hope in their hearts which for days had held the black night of despair, there broke the dawn over this hitherto darkened, howling Mediterranean world. They beached the sinking ship on the island of Malta and "they escaped all safe to land," the crew coming ashore on planks. Another crisis in Paul's life was ended.

II

This island of Crete at which Paul touched on his last eventful voyage to Rome is the place where Titus became the first bishop, as similarly Timothy had been appointed to the church of Ephesus. Titus was young for a bishop and it

would seem that his authority was questioned. It was necessary to write the young man advice and directions. The substance of what Paul wrote his friend we have in the Letter to Titus.

III

But there is a longer history than this about Crete. Her first kings were rulers of the sea. Some believe she was the first naval power in history. At Cnossus under King Minos there grew up a powerful kingdom; it held possibly one of the most luxurious palaces of the time, having numberless apartments, many terraces, balconies, porticoes, and courts cunningly and invitingly placed.

The earliest high civilization of the Mediterranean appeared on Crete. This island became from its strategic position, which was almost like a breakwater shutting off the Mediterranean from the Aegean Sea, a bridge connecting the Orient and Europe. The trade routes from the Nile and the Euphrates converged here. It became the link between Egypt on the south and the lands on the north of the Aegean.

While the great Pyramids of Egypt were being built, Cretans were learning from Egypt the use of the potter's wheel and the closed oven, which was to mean beautifully wrought vases which were prized in the ancient world. Many fine polychrome vases from Crete have been found in tombs in Egypt, while swords and vases of Cretan-make have been excavated at Gaza.

By 2000 B. C., Cretans were a highly civilized people. Commerce between Crete and Egypt was constant, the latter bringing to bear much influence on the northern island in her industries of pottery and metalwork. Her galleys carried her art and industries far and wide. Under the influence of Egypt and the greater speed required by her increased commerce picture signs were developed into phonetic writing,

which was the earliest in the Aegean world. Crete became the home of the third great civilization in the ancient world, which formed the link between the civilization in the Orient and the later progress of man in Greece and western Europe.

Cretan power waned. In the fifteenth century B. C., she became a vassal of Thotmes III, Pharaoh of Egypt. The palace at Cnossus, erected about the time of Abraham, was destroyed about the same time that Joshua took Jericho, 1400 B. C. Many refugees fled to what we know as Palestine today, settling there and attempting to drive out the Canaanites already established in the land. They are not mentioned as the Habiru (Hebrews) are in the Tel el Amarna correspondence but in biblical narrative they are mentioned as the Cherethim or the Pelethites from Caphtor. Probably these refugees entered Canaan about the same time as the Israelites were entering it from the desert. They became in time the Philistines, which means "immigrant."

At first they remained a somewhat pastoral people living at Gerar. Then they developed their strength and began occupation of the whole coastal plain at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. They gave to this section in time their name, calling it Philistia. Gradually, a corruption of this name, Philistina, was given to the whole country between the Mediterranean and Jordan. It is from the Greek "Palaistine" and the Roman "Palaestina" that we get today the name Palestine for the country lying between the sea and Jordan. We are indebted to the Cretan refugees for this name and it remains perhaps the only thing which has come down to us from them.

The Philistines, who inhabited the Promised Land along with the Canaanites and the Hebrews, were descendants of the Peleset tribe, the last of the Minoans or Sea Kings of Crete. Breasted believes that they entered Canaan from Egypt rather than being lured there by the attractiveness of

the eastern shore to establish commercial relations with the Canaanites. It is quite likely that they were scattered by an invasion of Crete and that they took up their abode farther east in the Mediterranean basin. They did finally establish themselves in five independent cities on the coast: Gaza, Ashkelon, Ekron, Ashdod, and Gath.

For many years, like those other invaders from the east, they warred with their neighbors, which were shepherd tribes. It was a warfare between a primitive and a highly cultured invading civilization. Later the Israelites found these Philistines their most difficult foes after the Canaanites had been dealt with successfully, according to the Book of Judges. The Philistines saw no good reason why they should be ousted from their new home by those who felt the land had been promised to Abraham and his seed forever. They retained, even though well-established in a new country, the arts of their Cretan ancestors. This was made evident in the many fine buildings and the strong fortifications which they erected and in the examples of their skilled goldsmithing.

All this reminded me I must see Gaza and those new excavations. I hadn't thought a great deal about the origins of those ancient people who lived about there. Yes, it was a good thing we were sailing past Crete in the daytime; it led to dreams and dreams lead to many things!

The Cretans had been goldsmiths. Well, so had the Philistines. The Bible records they made six golden mice and five golden tumors to be placed within the Ark when they returned it with superstitious dread to the Israelites.

I remembered it had been a Philistine, a descendant of the Sea Kings of Crete, who had stood out in an open valley one day and defied the gathered armies of Israel. How he laughed in derision when the shepherd stripling came against him with one of those woven woolen slings and a few stones gathered from a brook! There was great rejoicing when

David slew the giant from Gath, the chief city of the Philistines, that giant clad in a coat of mail and a helmet of brass.

Here again was an instance of two types of civilization clashing for supremacy, a primitive and a highly cultured. It came to me quite suddenly that the Philistines were not of Semitic origin, but of an entirely different race from that of the Hebrews. Might it have been a clash between these two for not merely more territory but a struggle for racial supremacy? It went on for many years, for hundreds of years in fact. The stories begin in the Bible with the time when the Philistines captured the country-yokel Samson, brought him to their heathen city of culture and exhibited him in the temple at Gaza. They go on to the time when Jonathan was slain, and despairing Saul killed himself, and David sang his immortal lament:

“Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice.”

Finally, Philistia was included in Solomon's empire. At the time of the Babylonian captivity the old hatred of the Philistines for the Jews flared again. It was somewhat abated when the Jews returned to Jerusalem and a few of them married Philistine women, but this brought severe condemnation upon them from within their own ranks. Even the Bible people were race-conscious.

As I sat in my deck chair leisurely sailing past the inviting little island to the leeward, I pondered on these things. No, the Philistines and the Hebrews couldn't get along peacefully together in Canaan. The Philistines with such a brilliant background and civilization to their credit, with their ability to wage a modern warfare, to build beautiful buildings, and erect strong fortifications, to produce art, despised these primitive mountaineer Judeans, who were forced to borrow from

other cultures with whom they came in contact in the fifteenth century and for many years thereafter; they despised them for their race as well. Likewise the Hebrews despised them for their idolatry, their heathen practices, their culture, and were conscious of themselves always as the "chosen people" of Jehovah. Intolerance has reared its ugly head in every age; human nature does not change; we have not seemed to learn from experience.

Palestine is torn today by the same passions and fervors which tore it in the Bible days. Two peoples still want and fight for possession of the land. The Jews say it was promised to them as a homeland and they go back in their history to prove their right to possession. The Arabs plead their long occupation of more than twelve hundred years as giving them prior rights to the land. The Jews claim they can bring culture and the scientific knowledge of the Western world to make it a "land flowing in milk and honey" as the Israelites envisioned it. The Arabs declare the West and its methods are driving out morality and the things of the spirit, religion, and they deplore modern Zionism as a political idea rather than a religious ideal. The Jews despise the slowness, the ignorance, the ineffectiveness of Arab methods which are essentially Eastern, their contentment to continue in the ways of their forefathers, and their resignation to fate. As in the Bible days when the Philistines from Caphtor and the Hebrews occupied the land and fought for its possession, so again Palestine today re-echoes with the old strifes of its peoples.

IV

"Island of the Blessed" was the ancients' characterization. Through levelled glasses I had glimpses of this isle's fertility which even Homer praised. There were rich fields within the deep, wide valleys whose hillsides were covered with vines, olive orchards, and fruit trees.

“One-hundred-citied Crete,” the poet sang. The archaeologists have proven that it was not embellishment but honest truth. And now upon this countryside there lay a deep, enduring peace.

When Rome was an infant, when Athens was an adolescent, before the Phoenicians became a power in Tyre and Sidon, before the Egyptians went to Assyria, while slaves were building the Pyramids, Cretans had culture and power in the Mediterranean. Fifty centuries of picturesque history in four hours!

CHAPTER V

I enter Egypt through Alexandria, stop to discover some "first things" here, then follow the canal to Cairo. I seek Moses at the Nile, and watch a funeral cortege. I tour the Pyramids, meet the Sphinx, drink coffee on the desert, and have broiled quail for dinner. I am drawn to the Museum to see the gold of Tutankhamen and the Tel el Amarna tablets. Cairo is a city of contrasts. I visit some of her four hundred mosques, go shopping in the "Musky," and watch the shifting panorama at tea-time from a famous terrace. At Heliopolis, where Moses was instructed by the priests of Ra, there is a solitary obelisk; at Mataria, where the Holy Family are said to have lived, are a tree, a well, and a legend. I see a sunset from the Citadel.

IT is only sixteen days by steamer from my restless Western world to the leisured grandeur of the East, to Egypt! to a country of magical charm, ideal in climate, full of interest, comfort, and diversion for the Westerner. After one visit no one ever wonders again why the Arabic name for Egypt means "Fortunate Land."

After the interlude at sea, travellers approach the dean of seaports and the ship drops anchor at Alexandria in the oldest harbor in the world. I have entered Egypt both by her seaport and via the route of Abraham over the old caravan trail from Canaan across the Sinai Desert through the land of Goshen to arrive finally in Cairo late in the evening, when her lights are dancing. Frankly both have been thrilling!

Sailing into the harbor, it has come to me as I have leaned over the ship's side and seen on the horizon a hazy flicker of sandhills and nodding palms that I am five thousand miles from home, New York. But more than that the past has

come back to me and I have remembered that the famous Castor and Pollux, the Alexandrian grain ship which carried Paul and his friends to Italy from Malta, set sail from here proudly carrying her cargo in the spring of 59 A. D.

Approaching nearer, I have seen the Isle of Pharos in the bay, the site of where the famous Pharaoh lighthouse was built in the third century B. C., and one of the seven wonders of the world. It guided Greek and Phoenician ships into this harbor. The world's first lighthouse is gone but another carries on. Travellers to Egypt have an opportunity to see remnants of many other "firsts" during their stay, no matter how brief or prolonged their visits may be.

As the liner docks, Egypt swarms upon the decks in native costume. It becomes a sort of "Arabian Nights" come alive. The neophyte is bewildered by the great amount of color, the incessant shouting in the strange Arabic tongue, the picturesque costumes of the natives. The "gulla gulla" man, expert in Oriental juggling, has held me enthralled . . . incidentally, he has produced a fluffy chick, maybe two chicks, from my hand, from my pocket, even from the mouth (his mouth), meanwhile calling most anyone, "Mr. McKenzie." There are always tumblers on the dock, too, doing all sorts of fantastic feats. Oh, my yes! the arrival of the steamer into Alexandria harbor is the curtain call for the carnival to begin and it never ends until travellers bid the land of the Pharaohs good-bye. But don't forget that this world was the same in the days of the Bible.

II

In the city of Alexandria, the age of the Ptolemies lives yet in the checkerboard pattern of its streets, but in other respects it is a Western city and quite modern. Its main business section is Mohammed Ali Square, so named for Egypt's first viceroy who freed this country from vassalage to Turkey.

It is significant to remember among other "firsts" that here, during the rise of Hellenism, the Hebrew Scriptures were translated for the first time into a foreign language, Greek. It was during 275 B. C. that the Jews were persuaded the great library at Alexandria should contain a copy of the masterpieces of Hebrew literature, the Law and the Prophets. The Septuagint version was prepared by seventy workers, so legend tells us. This translation served to show a skeptical world that the Hebrew literature was as powerful and beautiful a literature as had ever been produced. But more than that, at last the Jews living in Diaspora could read the Law and the Prophets in a language which was familiar to them from their everyday life.

For Christians, it is significant to remember that tradition claims John Mark, St. Mark, proclaimed the gospel here. To him belongs the honor of establishing the first organized community of Christians in Egypt in 44 A. D. This occurred before his journey to Cyprus with his uncle Barnabas and before he travelled with Peter to Rome where he acted as Peter's interpreter. He was not the first preacher here because Simon Zelotes is believed to have been the first to preach the gospel in Egypt. A small, picturesque church in Mohammed Ali Square is erected supposedly on the site of Mark's first preaching in this ancient city.

Many people speed directly to Cairo upon landing. Instead I have enjoyed lingering here a day or two. The tall white buildings, the beautiful gardens and museums, and the glimpses of native life along the Mahmoudieh Canal with its large cotton barges slowly making their way to the sea have interested me. But it also has given me time to become accustomed to the tempo of life in Egypt.

III

Through the window of the train as it speeds on its way

through the Delta, which is spread like a green fan to Cairo, which is the jewel of the handle, the countryside is unfolded to the gaze. If one is a candid camera fan, anxious to preserve for the folks at home moments in this Old World, it is wise to buy a second-class ticket so as to take pictures freely from the open windows. Many new sights, "first things," greet the eye. They are definitely worth watching out for since they are a part of the spell of Egypt.

The fellah, who has probably changed less with time than any character in Egypt, burned almost black by the sun, will be tilling his fields along the canal or leading home to mud villages strange cattle. I hope every visitor to Egypt is fortunate enough to see this picture from the Bible days when Israel dwelt here: a father seated well astern on the rump of an ambling, demure, white donkey heading a procession; behind him straggle the family goats and sheep; behind them his children lead a heavy trio of water-buffaloes; and bringing up the rear come his womenfolks in their rusty black gowns, the fronts held high in their teeth for greater ease of movement, the long trains dragging dustily through the black powder, dirt.

Canals, fed by the waters of the Nile, follow the train route. This region is the luxuriant delta of the Nile River, that "ole riber" which rocked the baby Moses, gave the fat and lean years to Joseph, the Hebrew overseer in Pharaoh's palace, and which earlier protected Abraham when he came from Canaan. The canal's embankments carry the traffic; behind and below often as much as twenty feet, the flat land which can be made to yield three annual crops will be emerald-colored with grains. Set in groves of date-palms are the interesting, bare, mud-hut villages, which every traveller longs to explore but which might prove on close investigation hardly inviting. Teeming with life these houses are crowded with brown babies, turkeys, chickens, donkeys, camels, water-buf-

faloes; thousands of blue and white pigeons flutter from the roofs; doorways hold old women pounding corn for bread.

Egypt is held to be the originator of irrigation projects. True that the Nile overflows her banks annually, but rain is conspicuously absent during the growing season. Early this situation had to be remedied to take care of a growing demand for food among Egypt's large and prolific population. For me, the "Sakiyeh," dating from 2000 B. C., which any observant traveller can watch in operation along this route, is one of the great fascinations of the train journey to Cairo. The "Sakiyeh" is an endless chain of earthen jars on a geared sprocket-wheel; the motive power is furnished by camels, water-buffaloes, but, more often than not, by trudging men who sometimes work eighteen hours a day. It is a simple, inexpensive, and effective means of supplying water to as many as ten acres.

IV

Reaching Cairo, another charming sight is the Nile River with the big-bottomed "feluccas" with their multicolored prows just waiting, their sails folded; or their graceful sails stretched upon the blue velvet sky like butterflies. Boats like these have been in use for hundreds of years. It is no stretch of the imagination to say that Moses must have gone "feluccan on the Nile."

The Nile is beautiful at some hours of the day: when the sun sparkles on its waters or when the night falls with a sky pulsing with heavy stars. It is worth while hiring a boat and cleaving through these historic waters to watch in the daytime native boats loaded with sacks of wheat and sugar, pyramids of Standard Oil cans, crates of fruit, mounds of vegetables or to observe the life of swarming Egypt passing in review as the fertile banks slide by. But at night it has another side. A golden moon, a desert breeze, and bright stars

combine to make it one of the most restful and romantic spots in the world.

“The Nile, forever new and old,
Among the living and the dead,
Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled,”

proves the greatest fascination on any visit to Egypt. Travelers may be shown all sorts of historical monuments and buildings, told marvelous, thrilling stories of weird unusual happenings, excited by the “finds” from tombs, but yet the Nile, river of mystery, mother of Egypt, draws them time and again to her banks and, while gazing there, to ponder on her long, slumbering history.

The river calls up different things to different people. I have overheard visitors recalling that once upon a time the ships of Crete and Phoenicia in their days of power sought its commerce and its wealth. I have overheard others telling how Cambyses came down the long stretch over the caravan route from Persia to overthrow Egyptian power. Others mused upon those days when Arab desert wanderers made themselves masters of its banks. Others have told the romantic story of Bonaparte's conquest of this world. By far the largest majority remembered Cleopatra, Egypt's proud and laughing queen, who fascinated by turn the calculating Julius Caesar and Mark Antony. But there were those who spoke of Moses, remembering that he looked first upon these wide waters from a floating cradle and lived beside it for the first forty years of his life.

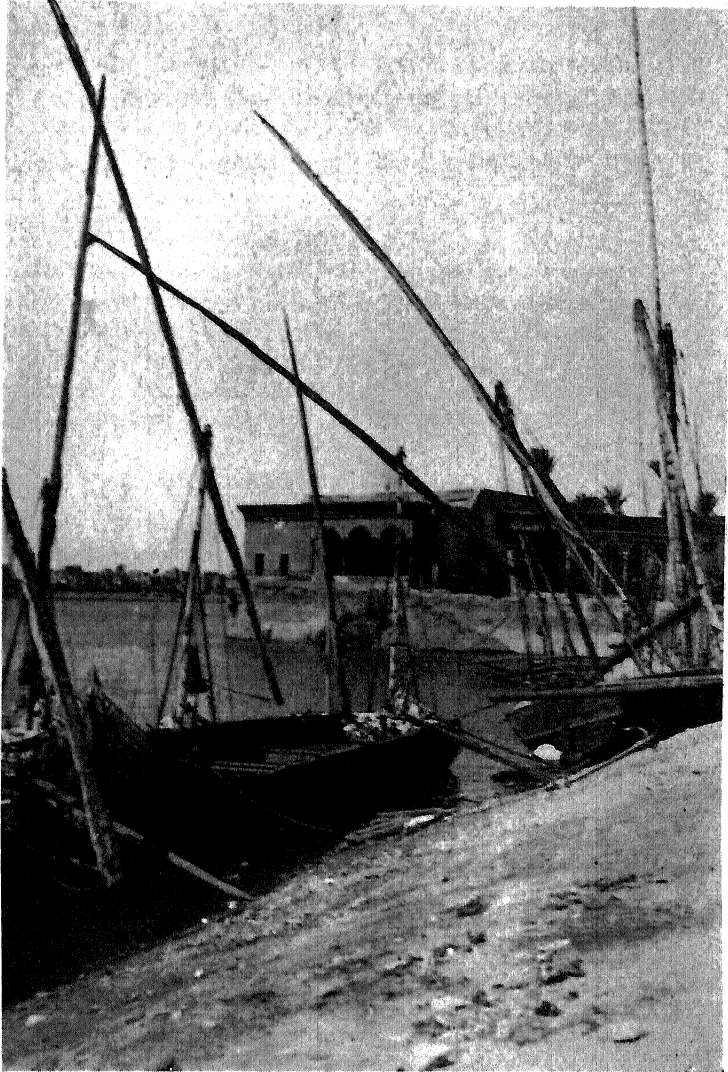
Every child in Sunday school is thrilled by the story of the baby who was found in the bulrushes along the banks of the Nile. Upon arrival in Egypt, Sunday-school days are recalled and one and all inquire WHERE he was born and WHERE the lovely princess found him in “an ark of bulrushes . . . in the flags by the river's brink.” I was no ex-

ception. More than anything else the Nile meant Moses to me. So one morning I set out to discover Moses in Egypt.

I reached the part of the city called "Old Cairo," the Fostât quarter, then turned in toward the riverbank and drove along some distance. The golden banks of the muddy Nile were swarming with natives in soiled white gowns and a flotilla of close-massed feluccas with their prows against the blue sky were moored along the edge of the water. Mohammed Ali indicated that "over there" on green Roda Island was the traditional site of the finding of Moses by the Princess Hatshepsut when she visited the Nile Delta in 1515 B. C. The place where Moses was born? That he didn't know. Suddenly, by a shrug, he indicated it made no difference. He had little interest in Moses when all Cairo's mosques and the bazaars were waiting for "milady."

Standing here on the narrow foreshore with men and boys singing or calling from boat to boat, with a guide who was little interested in a lady's musings, and in a glare of sky and water, it was difficult to get the atmosphere of the long, long ago or even to recall the hush of Sunday school when the teacher talked of a mother, a princess, a sweet baby, and a floating cradle. At the edge of the Nile it was more difficult to hear the lapping of the water, or the wind as it lightly stirred the tops of the bulrushes, or the low cries of an infant than it had ever been at Sunday school in America. It was more difficult to see the little cradle at the base of the reeds in the water at the river's edge or lovely Hatshepsut and her maidens as they stepped down to bathe, or waiting, watching sister Miriam, and not too far distant yearning Jochebed than it had ever been as a child at home, listening to this Bible story.

I turned back and threaded my way into a long desolate street, thick with rubbish, lively with odors, with wailing, moaning black bundles of dirty rags crouched against a high



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

This is "Old Cairo," the Fostât quarter. Standing on the narrow foreshore near-by where a flotilla of close-massed Nile feluccas with their prows against the blue sky were moored at the water's edge, Mohammed Ali indicated that "over there" on green Roda Island was the traditional site of the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter.

white wall. Plaintive and pitiful were the cries, disturbing was the sight of such abject sorrowing poverty. I walked on between the squalling line-up who paid not the slightest attention to me or to Mohammed Ali. Suddenly I stopped; verses from the Bible were actually coming alive:

“Call for the mourning women that they may come, let them make haste and take up wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears and our eyelids gush out with waters; wailing shall be in all streets and they shall say in all highways, ‘Alas, alas.’ Cry and howl. Put on mourning apparel. They rent their clothes. Put earth upon the head; and wept and sat there.”—*JER. 9: 17, 18; AMOS 5: 16; EZEK. 21: 12; II SAM. 14: 2; GEN. 44: 13; II SAM. 15: 32; JUDG. 20: 26.*

Standing in the open gateway leading to the old Ben Ezra Synagogue where earlier Moses had “spread abroad his hands unto the Lord” and the plague of hail had ceased, I waited. It wasn’t long until the funeral procession came into view. The body of a dead Coptic (Egyptian Christian), lying in a shallow open coffin, was being carried past me. Except for his face wrapped in silk damask, he was covered with flowers and beside him were bowls of food to be used in the next world. Behind the bier walked the mourners, the women in the family, and one or two public wailing women whose piercing shrieks rent the air at intervals when the family paused for strength and breath. Wailing, beating their heads and their breasts, tearing their hair, lifting loud their voices in public lamentation, they trudged along. It was some such a procession as this one that Jesus came upon that day in Nain when he raised the widow’s only son from his bier. The cortege passed on. My disappointment over the place where Miriam deposited the ark with its precious bundle in the bulrushes was forgotten in the contemplation of a scene from the Gospel of Luke.

V

Is there much in Egypt to remind one of the time when Israel dwelt there, is a question that I have been asked. Yes, the countryside, as you may have gathered from what I have already mentioned, bears a similar aspect. In 3000 B. C. Egyptians stood in fields bent above the same kind of hoe or walked behind the same kind of plow drawn by an ox and a camel; they sowed and reaped fields of wheat, barley, and beans as now. Grainfields stretched away to the Libyan Desert bounded by thick fringes of palms then as now. The threshing machine still has rollers to roll over the grain and is drawn over the floor by a yoke of oxen till the grain is separated from the straw and the straw ground into chaff, as it has through all the centuries. Men irrigated furrows with the same mechanical devices—the “Sakiyeh” and the “Shaduf.” Poets in the days of the “Oppressor” in Egypt sang of verdant meadows and bowers of blooming garlands and still flowers flourish here all the year round. Ancestors of these children travelled along the canal-banks in the same bright costumes, holding out scrubby little hands for “Baksheesh” and looking up with the same smiling black eyes. Then as now donkeys ambled along weighted down with produce for market and goats nibbled green shoots and tender leaves but—there were no camels here in Abraham’s time.

Then as now the common people enjoyed garlic, leeks, and onions as a regular part of the diet. Nearly two million dollars was spent to supply the workmen who built Cheops with these vegetables. The Pyramids stood on their plateau on the day that Moses was born in a mud-hut village along the river-bank. They looked much as they do now except that since then their smooth casing has been stripped off by vandals and the stone used to build Cairo. Sheeted in finest white stone, immense Cheops looked as if it were made from one solid slab

of polished stone to Abraham and Sarah when they visited Egypt. That is the only difference between the way the ancient world saw them and we see them and the reason why today Cheops is a series of stone steps.

VI

More than once I have motored five miles out along a beautiful highway past the Zoological Gardens to the terminus at the Pyramids. Hiring camels there I have ascended to the plateau for a tour of these monuments. To the measured, swaying step of a camel falling and rising like a pitching ship, my dragoman has woven for me a tale of Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus, the three royal tombs of Gizeh, of the inscrutable Sphinx, and of the Granite Temple of the Sphinx, while I gazed out over a vast expanse of motionless waves of golden sand dunes. Mohammed Ali, clad in his striking garb of multicolored silks, always tells his tales as only a gabbering dragoman can. It is easy here to be transported back to the days of the Pharaohs.

One day having "done" the circuit of the Pyramids on camel, although I might have chosen a sand-cart or a donkey, and seen their jagged sides glowing in the hot afternoon sun, I was tired and as usual slightly overwhelmed by their size. As many times as I have seen them, they always have the same effect upon me. I stopped for a cool drink in the garden at Mena House, which nestles at the base of the Pyramids. I dallied over my cooling drink, just waiting for the sunset to cast its glow over Cheops, a monument of a civilization that existed fifty centuries ago. I shall never forget that adventure of seeing the desert aflame with a crimson light, the intensity of which I had never seen before. Returning later to my hotel in Cairo along the tree-lined Gizeh road, it came to me that I was moving from the world of Abraham into the world of Henry Ford.

I promise that moonlight hours spent at Gizeh are hours to be remembered for the whole of one's life because the wonder of this ancient land stands forth in yet another guise than that which it presents by daylight. There is perhaps no more romantic place on earth than the Pyramids underneath a full moon when the mysterious blue dimness all about them seems to shimmer with the ghosts of the ancient dead who lie in mausoleums covered by the sands. The charm of the night on the desert, underneath a canopy of stars, must be experienced to be believed. No one has ever defined it. Probably no one ever will.

Upon each return to Egypt, I shall want to see the Pyramids first by moonlight. One year I had friends with me, newcomers to the land of the Pharaohs, who in the eerie night time first met these emblems of eternity. After standing in the shadow of Cheops, we wended our whispering way along the rapidly cooling desert sands, lighted only by the stars and moon, until we came at last to meet that strong, silent male, the Sphinx. In the silence of the late evening hour, which was broken only by the intermittent barking of troubled dogs in far-off Mena Village, we rested near-by the gateway to the Granite Temple and looked up into the fixed face of the Sphinx as it was outlined by the light of the moon against a deep blue sky. Silently, almost stealthily, the children of the desert crept round us until we were at last surrounded more by soft, gentle voices than by swathed bodies, who scarcely seeming to breathe whispered a low "Saida" (Good evening). As a part of the mystery of the night they seemed to have come up from out the sands. As silently and mysteriously as they came upon us, as silently and mysteriously did they fade away into obscurity again. Ghosts from the past or only the reality of the present breaking in upon us there? I wonder every time. They were gone when, with a burst of magnesium flares upon the face of the Sphinx, Mohammed



Photographed by Hamilton Wright

From the porch of Mena House, nestling in a garden at the base of the Pyramids' Plateau may be glimpsed the Great Pyramid of Cheops, less than five minutes' walk away.

Ali served us tiny cups of syrupy Turkish coffee. In that charmed instant Egypt wove its magic spell again.

VII

To the vast rooms of the Egyptian Museum where the golden treasures of five thousand years are kept, I have been drawn more than once to see hundreds of statues and busts of imperious kings and proud queens with princely heads, sensual lips, and haughty brows, who ruled this land so long ago and ruled it so magnificently in splendid courts. I have searched among them for a glimpse of Queen Hatshepsut, the princess who found Moses "in the bulrushes." Her reign was marked by great prosperity, so much so that the lofty obelisk she erected at Karnak in memory of her father and her lovely terraced shrine at Deir el-Bahri survive to this day. Most representations of her are in male attire because she carried out her intention of reigning over Egypt as a man. But the head of her in the Museum shows her to have been a very beautiful woman in spite of her strong-minded ways.

I have viewed with increasing astonishment what archaeologists have brought forth from the darkness of tombs to display here: tomb furniture, priceless art objects of gold and alabaster, intricate jewelry and costly, delicate ornaments. The treasures from the tomb of Tutankhamen gave me the best idea of what "the treasures of Egypt" were like in the days of Moses, although his early life in Egypt was lived a good one hundred and fifty years before this Pharaoh ascended the throne. The "Tut" treasures are segregated by themselves and defy my description. They must be seen! But all of this illustrates the life and luxury in which these nobles lived.

Tomb paintings from the Old Empire revealed as no reading nor study in school ever had that ancient Egyptians were REAL human beings, just ordinary men and women con-

cerned with the same basic life problems as we in our day and world. They were employed as agriculturists, as cattle-raisers, as shipbuilders and carpenters, in white-collar jobs. Women had a definite function in ancient daily Egyptian life beyond "sex appeal." Hieroglyphics, picture-writing, evolved in the Nile Valley, recorded history and everyday life here since the dawn of civilization. All this is priceless to the student interested in reconstructing the past.

Here at the Museum huge granite gods still sit with hands on knees and wait eternally beside sarcophagi. I have been lost in admiration for these ancient people who conceived such glories and for the artists who executed all this splendor in ages past.

I stood in awe one morning in the Cairo Museum before a collection of inscribed clay tablets under glass. They had been found by a native woman of Tel el Amarna on the Upper Nile in 1887. Altogether three hundred of them were saved. She sold her "find" for fifty much needed pennies! You can imagine the excitement aroused when it was realized that here was a buried filing cabinet of the royal capital of Akhnaton; these were the letters and despatches sent during the years 1380 to 1360 B. C. to Egypt, to the courts of Amenhotep III and his successor Akhnaton. And by whom were they sent? That's the most thrilling part to the Bible student. Most of them had been written in the Holy Land by kings of Canaanite cities mentioned in the Bible and by the very King of Jerusalem himself to their overlords in Egypt.

I was not able to read them, of course, since they are inscribed in the medium of international correspondence for the fourteenth century B. C.—Babylonian cuneiform script. But knowing their interesting story and historical importance, I marvelled just the same as these things passed through my mind. On some of these clay tablets are found the first mention of the Holy City, Jerusalem, in all the records of the

past, the first mention of the Hebrew people, and many complaints by the King of Jerusalem that the Hebrews or "Habiru" were attacking Palestine, besieging Jerusalem and Lachish, and had captured Shechem. The "Habiru" are identified by some with the Hebrews of Joshua's invasion. In fairness it should be explained that another school of Bible scholars, believing the Hebrews did not leave Egypt until two centuries after the Tel el Amarna period, under Raameses II, reject the Habiru-Hebrew identification and evidence that this was Joshua's invasion from the east which is recorded on these tablets. More than these things, I was impressed with the fact that the Tel el Amarna correspondence paints the same picture from the Canaanite point of view which the writer of Joshua-Judges paints from the Hebrew point of view. Too, the Tel el Amarna tablets have helped Bible scholars to fix the date of the conquest of Palestine but more than that they illuminate the Hebrew account of that conquest considerably. Imagine such a bargain for fifty cents! New light on one of the most obscure yet important periods of Palestinian history which opens up a new epoch in the study of Bible history with Egyptian history.

VIII

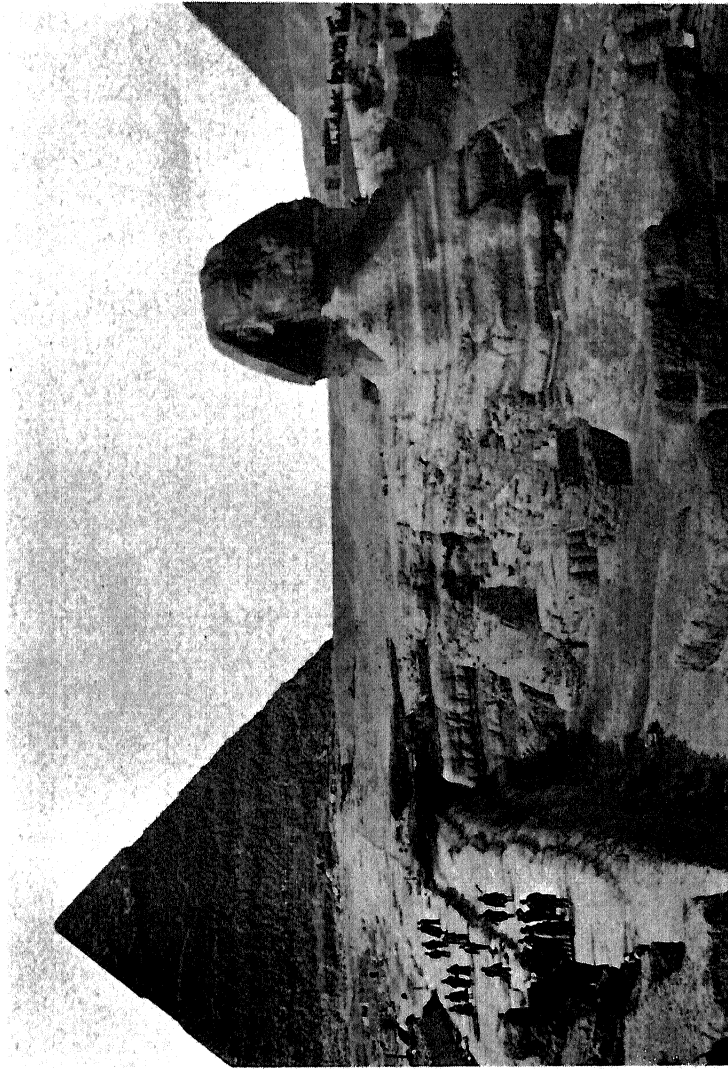
One night for dinner at the hotel in Cairo, I was served with delicious tiny broiled birds. They looked to me like baby robins on the platter. I was informed upon asking what they were that these were quail such as Moses fed the Israelites with in the Wilderness of Sinai. Every year, regularly in the spring, the quail in vast numbers fly with the wind from Cyprus over Gaza and down into the Wadi el Arish. The inhabitants of Gaza catch them in nets as they fall wearied from their long flight across the sea. But sometimes they come down on the ground so thickly that nets are unnecessary. They can be caught by hand. The flight lasts one

month. It is all in accordance with the account found in the Book of Numbers, Chapter 11. It must have happened a thousand times before and since Moses that the migrating quail has come to rest in the regions of Sinai and the vicinity of some sea-bound plain in the Bible lands.

IX

Travellers arriving in Cairo are thrust immediately into a city of contrasts, New World and Old, into a city which is a curious, colorful kaleidoscope of East and West. No doubt if the average visitors were asked why they come to Pharaoh Land, they'd reply: "Because of the country's historical past." But so few who come to Egypt are Egyptologists, nor do they during their brief stays learn much of dynasties and Egypt's storied past. After a few days' visit, the average tourists know the Pyramids are BIG, the Sphinx is inscrutable, the King "Tut" treasures are marvelous, and hieroglyphs are a Nile Valley invention to record by picture-writing history since the dawn of civilization.

It is easy for me to believe that the average tourists come and come again to Cairo because they delight in the topsyturvydom which prevails in the streets of this Eastern city, the contrasts between Islamic and Christian art, native and European, the old, the new, the modern and the old-fashioned, the twentieth century and medieval times, all close together. Perhaps it is best seen in the two sections of this great cosmopolitan city. First, there is the Arab quarter. Here can be seen still wooden lattices built out over the narrow, alley-like streets. These are the mushrabiyyeh'd harem windows, the balconies of mystery, behind which often sit charming, voluptuous Eastern ladies. In the crammed with traffic, winding lanes of the bazaars, the colorful turbans and flowing robes of the men are in contrast to the black, sombre garb of the veiled Moslem women. The magical charm of the Near



Photographed by Hamilton Wright

The Pyramids at Gizeh stood on their sandy plateau when Abraham and Sarah visited Egypt in 2,000 B.C., and on the day Moses was born in a mud-hut village. They looked much as they do now except that since then their smooth white stone casing has been stripped off to build Cairo. In the foreground is the inscrutable Sphinx, showing newly excavated area to the right. To the left is the corridor from the second Pyramid (Cephren) to Temple of the Sphinx.

East is found in these native markets, which are haunted by snake charmers, water sellers, story-tellers, fortune-tellers, and lemonade vendors, jangling brass cups. Here can be discovered hundreds of glorious antique mosques and minarets, purest relics of the Arab art to be found anywhere, more perfect than those of Damascus, Seville, or India. Then there is the modern, Western quarter, which is characterized by wide, fine streets lined with beautiful buildings and with little charming gardens adorning minute squares. Here the latest fashions predominate. But in both sections there is still to be found a contrast not only of fashion but of vehicles: luxurious motor cars, fast motor-busses, electric street cars, and . . . donkey carts. In both it isn't surprising to hear as many as a half dozen languages spoken in the short space of five or ten minutes.

X

It is almost absurd to attempt anything approaching a list of mosques of great historical and architectural interest to be seen in Cairo because there are something like four hundred of them. Simply walking at random through the dilapidated streets of "Old Cairo," it is easy to discover unaided some of its many beauties. The shortest walk through winding alleys lighted by thin streaks of sunlight will bring within sight at least one of these graceful, domed buildings. It may be the muezzins' mystical calls to prayer from high in their minarets will lure travellers to some portals. For others the helpful green and white enameled plaques on a gateway will assure that some interiors are interesting. The mosques are a treasury of Islamic architecture, a revelation of Arabic art and workmanship.

Cairo's "Blue Mosque" is lovely. It is one of the authentic antiques, having been erected in 1347. It is so named "Blue Mosque" because of the peculiar beauty of the blue tiles

adorning its walls, which are set into the panels, showing between vaulted colonnades.

The towering minarets, if not the fine bronze gateway, of El Muayyad attract many visitors. In Cairo this story is told concerning this mosque. Before El Muayyad's accession to the throne, he was imprisoned by his rival. While awaiting developments, he determined to change his prison into a beautiful mosque if, by the will and goodness of Allah, he found himself once again a free man. This lovely building, the Mosque of El Muayyad, testifies to the realization of his hope and the ultimate carrying out of his plan. It is a gem of art.

There is another splendid mosque, the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, which is directly across the narrow street from the entrance to another impressive building, the Mosque of El Rifai. Sultan Hassan is of all examples of Islamic architecture to be found in this great city probably the most universally admired. Its superb proportions tend to remove the impression of its immense size. Built in the fourteenth century, it was constructed in the shape of the cross. In each arm of the cross hang down unevenly many lamp chains. The fundamental idea in mosque construction is an open court surrounded by a covered cloister. The main variation of design consists of converting the four cloistered sides into four deep transepts. This results in a cruciform interior like Sultan Hassan possesses. Very often Christian architects were employed in mosque building and, no doubt, it was they who introduced the variant.

There is an atmosphere of quiet worship in Sultan Hassan. Silent figures, seated cross-legged on the matting floor, slipperless worshippers who have previously performed ablutions at the canopied fountain, the "faithful" preserve the atmosphere of quiet recollection that always seems an integral part of the Mosque of Sultan Hassan.

El Rifai, which is misnamed by dragomen "Coronation Mosque," is designed in the purest Arab style even though it is a modern building completed during the twentieth century. It is here that King Fuad lies buried. It was to this mosque that young Farouk hurried immediately upon becoming king of Egypt upon the death of his father.

The peace and sanctity of a mosque are seldom disturbed by "Baksheesh" hunters and souvenir vendors beyond the doorway where they accumulate in varying numbers and add greatly to the confusion caused by slippers being tied on over European shoes. But El Rifai is the exception. I have been pursued around this lovely building and been annoyed by an Egyptian with souvenirs of alabaster, paper weights in the form of pyramids and obelisks.

Among the oldest of the Cairene mosques is Abuna Ibn Tûlûn, 879 A. D. This splendid historical building has not been touched by rebuilding or restoration. It remains with its unique spiral minaret in the shape of a ram's horn a curiosity of architecture. Its immense size and the majesty of its cloisters and arches are what linger long in memory. Its silent courtyard is a haven of rest after hours of busy native streets and exhaustive sight-seeing. Impressive by day, it is majesty itself by night when seen under the magic of Egyptian moonlight.

These graceful mosques of Cairo are a delight to see, a joy to remember; their beauty cannot fail to excite the admiration and curiosity of all who visit them; their atmosphere of peace and selfless devotion is beautiful to feel. They leave an impression of Islamic Egypt that time cannot erase, especially if the traveller bids farewell to Cairo from the Citadel where, towering above him with the city below, stand the dome and the slender minarets of Mohammed Ali Mosque, sometimes called "The Alabaster Mosque," silhouetted against a cloudless blue sky.

XI

“Eastern cities miles apart
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set;
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar.”

The “Musky,” that’s the magic sounding word in Cairo, a vast, happy hunting ground for shrewd shoppers. Here amid streets with names reminiscent of medieval corporations—Street of the Goldsmiths, of the Perfume-sellers, of the Brass-workers—may often be found the bargain “bought for a song.”

As of yore caravans bring their treasures to these narrow, shady, winding streets: brass, Tunisian and Persian rugs, silver and gold ornaments, leather cushions, and silks,—all are on display and for sale sometimes at ridiculously low prices.

What does one see?

In the native quarter either side of the street is lined with open shops and stalls. In some places they are covered over with brilliant striped awnings. Dresses, carpets, walking sticks, clocks, hats, sweets, cakes, bread, and meat are hung up in multicolored array to tempt shoppers pushing through the narrow lanes. In peaceful corners, I have come upon natives huddled together, just sitting. Elsewhere sidewalks and lanes have been crowded with shoppers and natives pushing their way in either direction. I couldn’t help brushing against heaps of silken gowns and scarves, shawls, and cotton piece goods. Neither could I help brushing against the natives here, where riches and costly brocades are displayed before the eyes of many who have nothing in the world to call their own but dirt and rags. Riches and poverty meet as fellows here.

Farther up the street are the jeweler shops. The windows bulge with precious stones, fascinating bracelets, intricate

necklaces, silver ankle rings, earrings, and bangles. There are more of these in Cairo than in any city of equal size in the world. Why? Because native women have one pleasure, the diversion of wearing jewelry. It is not uncommon to find an Eastern heiress carrying her entire fortune displayed in anklets, bracelets, and rich festoons strung from her neck and shoulders.

Most of the business is transacted in the streets, instead of within the shops, by voluble negotiations. There is no privacy in the Near East. It has been with sounding of brass, and shouting of wares, the cries of a lemonade vendor, the far-away call of a muezzin to prayer, and the noise of creaking wooden wagons that I have made my way through the art and perplexity of this Oriental maze.

Sometimes the air is full of incense wafted from the Scent Bazaar. Intrigued by pungent odors, heavy perfumes, I reveled in the tiny shops, more like cupboards, whose shelves hold bottles of almost every describable essence of heavy perfume. When I have purchased, it was measured by the gram, put into a tiny flask. Every tiny drop has been distilled from thousands of flowers or extracted from sandalwood or amber. But if I did not purchase, the shopkeepers have put a dab on the back of my hand. Either way I carried back to my hotel the scent from the Scent Bazaar.

Following my nose again I have come to the Spice Bazaar where fragrant, tantalizing-smelling spices in a stone mortar were in the process of grinding. Cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg with thoughts of far-away lands have been my own simply for the bargaining!

Going on to the Khan Khalil, the real bazaar world of Cairo, one walks through narrow lanes, entranced by the shining, almost glittering array of brass and copper wares . . . brass vases, copper trays, cigarette boxes, inlaid jewelry boxes, coffeepots, silver salvers, and brasses inlaid intricately

with copper and silver. Inside doorways in dimly lit interiors the native workmen, master-craftsmen, have been busy carving the unique designs on trays and bowls. Never since have I taken a bit of brass goods lightly and matter-of-course. This class of merchandise is real Egyptian. In buying the prices will vary according to quality and cleverness of design. However, I discovered that my friends at home who were not connoisseurs were as happy with the rough, well-cut, deep designs, which are the less expensive variety.

Travellers should never be surprised if any of the indolent-appearing, happy shopkeepers invite them for a cup of tea, a drop of Turkish coffee, a drink of lemonade, or for cigarettes. It is a charming, disarming gesture of the East. One never refuses. If slightly ill at ease, the host will regale with stories. Business in the East has been carried on in this nonchalant fashion for five thousand years. It provides a splendid opportunity for visitors to observe a custom that has with passing centuries become a fine art.

These are the Arab bazaars of Cairo with their fascinating merchandise, their clever, ingenious merchants, whose streets teem with Oriental pageantry . . . an inexhaustible source of amusement and delight for any tourists. Here one is sure to find the East with its mystery, its color, its queer scents and smells, and its everlasting charm. The time spent in the "Musky" in early morning coolness passes quickly. It is then that the merchants have taken down their shutters and are chattering away their time as they lounge outside doorways waiting until the first customers arrive. I have spent as long as I liked then handling lovely embroideries, admiring jewelry and brassware, or choosing a piece of leather goods, even searching for something unusual to buy.

But whether travellers want to purchase or not, the "Musky" is worth a visit. Perhaps it is the one place in Cairo of which people always speak with pleasure and amuse-

ment of their experiences and of the "bargains" they achieved. Emerging from the bazaars with my bargains: leather goods, some "Dearest" beads, a bit of brass, a fly-whisk, another box, and a piece of Egyptian tent-work, I have always been in exactly the same frame of mind as that old and shrewd Oriental shopper characterized in the Book of Proverbs:

"It is naught, it is naught, but when he goeth his way, then he boasteth."—PROVERBS 20: 14.

XII

Only a short walk from the romantic regions which have not changed greatly since the time of the Caliphs is another Cairo, where emphasis is placed upon luxuries and the superficial modernities of European life. Modern Cairo is fascinating, but it lacks, however, the romance of "Old Cairo." Its life is varied, too. I promise that travellers will have moments here to be stored away in memory, to be recalled with pleasure in remembrance; moments not to be lightly ignored by anyone, even if he is interested primarily in the antiquities of Egypt. Here he will rest briefly from the mad rush of organized sight-seeing.

Tea on either Shepherd's or The Continental-Savoy's terraces is a red-letter occasion in any traveller's life, presenting as it does opportunity for fascinating and amazing glimpses into the variety of this crowded city's life. Just as all the world is supposed to pass Forty-second and Broadway, or to go through Jaffa Gate in Jerusalem, so it seems all the world journeys by Shepherd's or Continental-Savoy in a single afternoon.

Let me tell you what to expect at tea-time at either of these famous hotels. The dragomen, resplendently robed in silks, satins, and brocades, will hover on the pavement below await-

ing clients. The vendors like a flock of lively sparrows, with a supply of beads, fly-whisks, walking-sticks, imitation scarabs, and gaudy-colored postcards will be waiting there, offering their wares in soft, persuasive voices. There will be vendors of liquorice water hovering near-by. Paper boys, bare-legged and barefoot, will tear past loudly screaming. The plaintive cry, "Baksheesh" or "Lottery ticket," will linger on the air. Egyptian students in European suits, wearing crimson tarbooshes cocked at a jaunty angle, will stroll past and cast eyes upon the terraces. Provincial notables, stalwart and faithful to old dignified fashions, in robes of rich stuffs, silks of blue and purple, with shawls draped artistically about their shoulders, will pass nonchalantly by or mount the terrace steps.

A string of camels will pad along the streets like haughty dowagers. The ladies of the harem, their luminous eyes glancing interestedly this way and that above the filmy veils of Islam, in luxurious gleaming motor cars ride smoothly by on the asphalt pavement. In the midst of all this variety will be found the usually calm British Tommy, Jews, Persians, Turks, Indians, Irakies, Hejazis, and attractive Americans, each of them with characteristic features and distinctive attire . . . tourists from all the nations of the world. Big, brown birds measuring five feet from wing-tip to wing-tip, who have scavenged the streets of Cairo for centuries, keep watch as they fly whistling from roof to roof. This is the shifting panorama of East and West, riches and poverty, twentieth century and centuries before the Christian era, which I have watched pass by either hotel's terrace as I have languidly sipped my tea. It is always the same.

XIII

Heliopolis is no longer the University section of lower Egypt as it was during the time of Moses. Today it is a smart sub-

urb of Cairo with beautiful houses, gardens, and hotels. It has a fine race track and an airport. I rode out there on one of the electric trains which runs frequently the six miles between it and Cairo. I wanted to see the land where Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph had dwelt, Moses had lived as a student and a royal favorite, and where Joseph, Mary, and the Babe had been fugitives from Palestine.

Stephen testifying before the Sanhedrin in Jerusalem in the first century regarding Moses said that he was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." It is likely that Moses acquired that learning at Heliopolis.

Nothing remains of the site of ancient Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, or the once mighty City of On, or Beth-shemesh as it was called by the Hebrews, but a single beautiful obelisk of red granite rising in a sugar-cane field. It is the last of many that stood in front of the immense and magnificent Temple of the Sun when Joseph married Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah a priest of On, when Moses was laying the foundations of his learning, and were still here later when Plato was a student. But in course of time vandals from Europe robbed the place, destroying its beauty. One of the obelisks is in the Piazza del Popolo in Rome; two others more familiarly known as "Cleopatra's Needles" are in New York City's Central Park and in London.

I stood before the solitary obelisk, which is an expression of an old religious faith as well as a memorial of the oldest seat of learning in the world, the forerunner of all the schools of Europe, and read from a piece of paper the translation of the inscription found thereon.

"The Horus of the Sun, The life of those who are born.
The King of the Upper and Lower land, Kheper-ka-Ra:
The Lord of the Double Crown, The life for those who
are born.
The Sun of the Sun-god, Ra, Usertsen;

The friend of the Spirits of On, ever-living: The
 Golden Horus,
 The life for those who are born, The gracious god,
 Kheper-ka-Ra, has executed this work
 At the beginning of a thirty years' cycle,
 He, the dispenser of life for evermore."

Surely Moses read that many times when he came here to be instructed by the priests of Ra. And is it too much to believe that this obelisk cast its shadow on Mother and Child when they went by the then almost deserted seat of learning?

When the curious ask where the Holy Family stayed in Egypt there is a perplexing choice of locations, because many improbable places have been claimed by devout monks who wrote centuries after the event. The oldest and most likely tradition is that the Holy Family stayed at a place now called Mataria, which is near the site of ancient Heliopolis.

The writer of the Gospel of Matthew is the only one of the evangelists who mentions the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt to escape the cruel decree of Herod and then only briefly and reservedly. In the Apocryphal Gospels are fuller and more detailed accounts but they have little historical value. Matthew simply tells us that Jesus was taken out of Palestine by Joseph and his mother Mary in infancy and that he remained in Egypt until Herod's son, Archelaus, came to the throne in Judea. On their return journey Joseph "turned aside into the parts of Galilee," being afraid to venture into the territory of Archelaus.

I went to Mataria where in a garden a sprawling, ancient sycamore tree and a well are pointed out and associated with the visit of the Holy Family. Tradition says that for a time Mary and the Babe rested beneath this tree, which is hence known as the "Virgin's Tree." It is very old, certainly not two thousand years old, but two or three hundred years old at any rate, perhaps a descendant of the original, as the present

trees in Gethsemane are of the olive trees which were not "blind to Him." It stands within a round enclosure in a garden where there are growing shrubs, tall palms leaning down, and flowers blooming just as flowers must have bloomed all about the child Jesus when he was in Egypt. Much of the old tree is a mass of gnarled, dead branches from which hang and flutter colored rags tied there by sick folks who come here hoping to cure their ailments by the grace of this tree.

Near-by is a well, which, it is said, became sweet because the Babe was bathed there. From the spots where drops of water fell from his clothes, after they had been washed in water drawn from there, sprang up a crop of balsam trees. These grew for many hundreds of years thereafter and were made into a fine oil much used and prized for use in baptisms.

I thought that Heliopolis perhaps suggests better than any other place the true progress of the human race. There once stood here the oldest link in the chain of schools of learning. Conquerors and vandals destroyed the Temple of the Sun; the ancient On where lived the ancient wise men is gone—the Nile has deposited mud here and the peasants have ploughed across the site. When Mary and the Child rested in Egypt, the government was in the hands of the Romans. Nearly two thousand years later the government was under the supervision of Great Britain, whose civilization has been created upon and inspired by the teachings of this same Jesus. Looking back through the ages, measuring the gain in knowledge that has been won by patient scholars, I realized the deathlessness of wisdom. Where the lamp of learning had been lighted first, other lamps were lit. And where in turn these have shed their light, still others have been lighted until, ever-renewing her youth, immortal Wisdom leads onward to the pure flame, Truth.

XIV

There is one place I have liked to visit just before leaving Cairo. Hiring a horse-drawn open carriage, I have clip-clopped out to the Citadel. Coming up Sharia Mohammed Ali and long before I reached it, I have seen the Citadel on its splendid plateau under the grim Mukattim Hills, and the two tall, tapering minarets of the Mohammed Ali Mosque piercing the blue sky. It shelters within its walls Saladin's fortress, a palace so large as to be almost a town, and two mosques. Leaving my carriage at the top of the hill, I have entered through the massive, magnificent Saracenic gateway in the colossal walls which ring this huge fortress. It was planned in 1166 A. D. to protect Cairo from assault. Today it garrisons Egyptian troops. Slowly I have climbed up into the inner regions, searching for a grilled window, facing west. In the late afternoon, about sunset, the beauty of the view from here is almost heart-breaking.

Below and beyond the huge walls lies stretched a vast city, a wilderness of flat roofs and minarets. It holds the City of the Dead and the Tombs of the Mamelukes. Easily, I have distinguished the Arab quarter by the rising minarets and the round domes, literally hundreds of them, everywhere breaking the monotony of flat, brown roofs. It has seemed almost like a background to a romantic theatre-piece come true. Beyond, cosmopolitan Cairo drifts down to tufted palm trees which fringe the Nile, winding like a silvery snake through the golden sands of the desert on its way to the sea. Looking hard at the flat, remote Gizeh Plain, I have made out the grim outlines of three pyramids. Waiting, I've watched the sun sink behind the Pyramids and purple twilight, pinpricked by golden stars, come softly over Egypt.

CHAPTER VI

Describes my journey from the land of Goshen to the edge of Sinai and up to Jerusalem. Here three great religions come together, each worshipping, each dreaming, each guarding as sacred her treasures. The Holy City on her proud hills is sacred to Christian, Jew, and Moslem. Entering Jaffa Gate, I visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (Calvary), the Dome of the Rock on what once was the Temple area, and the Wailing Wall.

GOSHEN'S few mud sun-baked huts faded. Our train plunged on across a flat, barren landscape except for fertile portions directly along one of the Nile's many canals. We arrived at Kantara. It was a moonlight night. I was glad of that because of the novelty of the experience of a ferry trip across the Suez Canal to El Kantara on the Palestine side where my train for Judea was already waiting. I found it an interesting adventure. I mingled with other tourists like myself from England, France, and even far Norway, Bedouin and City-Arabs, "Tommies" on leave. It seemed that a cross section of all types of people were represented on the ferry that night. For once in this world catering to first, second, third class distinctions, these were forgotten. I had an Englishman, a Lord Somebody or Other, on the seat beside me. He had mountains of luggage, a distinguished manner of ordering people about, and a marvelous pair of moustaches. An Egyptian with his crate of chickens balanced on his head towered over me.

There is a memorable pause of waiting—two hours—at East Kantara. I spent the precious time not inside any stuffy, dim-lit train compartment but outside at the far end of the station's platform which was bordered by acacia. Its fuzzy

yellow pellets gleamed in the moonlight. It was hard to believe that already my "magic carpet" had brought me to the very edge of the land of my dreams. Palestine had lived so long for me only in imagination.

In the East the night seems audible with angel voices. Only infrequently is there an intrusion of the present world. At Kantara, it broke through with the distant intermittent bark of a lonesome dog, the grumblings of a resting camel, and the incoherent mumblings of the "stranger within the gates." I listened to the night sounds enveloping me. Above them all I felt that I could hear the angel choir again and share the comfort of those words sung centuries ago:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth, peace among men of good will."

In the penetrating silences I was compelled again and again to look upward into the moonlit, star-burdened sky. Many times in the Near East I have been overwhelmed by the magnificence and splendor of the heavens, but this particular night, standing alone on the edge of Sinai, I felt stirrings of an extreme exaltation of spirit. It was greater by far than any I had ever experienced in the finest cathedrals at home. That night and many nights thereafter while out-of-doors in Palestine and Syria I was to respond to this calling of "Him who is invisible" and understand the meaning of the Prophet's words: "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him," for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

All too soon the hours of waiting were over. It was time to hunt my compartment. The train went off into the night.

II

I stirred in my berth before sunrise. From the train window the sky was clear but still quite grey. It took me only a

few moments to make myself presentable for the corridor. I hoped to see Gaza on the very fringe of the Sinai Desert which we had crossed in the less than five hours since midnight, but we were still too far away. I could see nothing but sand. The patriarchs coming up over the old caravan route from Egypt must have known this moment: the grey light, the last star, the cold wind, and the sudden hush preceding day. Gaza was still far off, but I could see in the east, where I knew it to be, the first movement of dawn. Waiting alone in the corridor (no one else had cared enough to get up), I thought of the strange roads I was about to travel, of cities I hoped to visit, of mountains I was to climb, and valleys through which I was to walk. I whispered the names of these places: Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Tyre and Sidon, Mount Carmel, Mount Hermon, Olivet, Tabor, Damascus, Jericho, Jordan River, the Ghôr Valley, Esdraelon, and the Sea of Galilee. They were not mere names, mere towns, villages, or sheets of water. Almost endless seemed the echoes aroused by such whispered names; they were like stones dropped into a pool starting ripples that prolong themselves indefinitely.

The light grew in the east as the sun struggled with the night clouds. Suddenly with only a short preamble of brightness, a faint pink shaft shot up and then the sun came into the sky. In that moment I saw, far off, a fringe of palm trees around a group of white buildings. I knew I was looking at Gaza, once the capital of the Philistines and the scene of Samson's exploits.

As we rushed on splashes of ancient color seen in mud huts, black hair tents, and Moslem sanctuaries began to break the monotony of the landscape. There was all at once movement in the camps of the Bedouin as women began doing their chores. One carried a tray on her head. Long robed figures moved among sleek black goats leading them forth for a day's

grazing. I thought of Joseph, Mary, and the Child when they fled from Herod's wrath as I saw a family on the move from one location to another more habitable one, walking behind laden donkeys. There had been one unburdened donkey in this ménage and so the householder himself rode in comfort upon his back while the householder's womenfolk trailed behind. They balanced huge bundles on their heads and carried hammocked babies on their backs and managed to maintain in spite of it all a stately carriage. This sight spoke louder than words to indicate woman's inferior position in this Eastern world. Bells began to ring sweetly as camels wended their way out of this undulating sea of sand.

Speeding through the country of the Philistines, past once powerful cities now reduced to mere villages or crumbled ruins, I soon noticed the khaki sand gradually withdrawing, giving way to patches of green grass, and finally being swallowed up completely by the growth of the dark green orange plantations. I noticed large greyish-white boulders in flower-dotted fields. All at once these stones stirred slightly, changed shape, and moved off. I realized that these were not boulders but huddled men who had spent the chilly night like some Jacob at Bethel.

Surely the train journey from Egypt to Palestine is the proper approach to the land of the patriarchs and prophets because only then can the traveller understand to any appreciable extent why Israel thought of the Promised Land as a paradise, as "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and springs, flowing forth in valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates; a land of olive-trees and honey." From any other approach Palestine, and especially Judea, seems dour, grim, and forbidding; but from the old caravan route, teeming with biblical interest, it looks green and lovely.

Coming into Lydda with its miles and miles of sweet-

scented blossoming orange trees, which hang their golden globes against a cobalt sky, I saw fields of brilliant red anemones, beautiful clusters of yellow acacia, I heard the gay notes of birds. And I wasn't as surprised as I might have been if I had not been prepared for all this springtime splendor by a poem in my guidebook.

“For, lo, the winter is past;
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land.”

—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 11-12.

(American Standard Version)

Through the mountains of Judea from Lydda to Jerusalem and not so far from little cypress-clad Ain Karem snuggled on a hillside, a haven of peace as her white houses peek through watching trees which guard her sanctity, I saw hills rolling away into the distance, covered with a soft carpet of wild flowers, all colors, reds, blues, yellows, and even purples. They mingle so indiscriminately and blend so beautifully when Nature plants in her inimitable way. Those purple blossoms . . . what could they be that the Arab children are hugging in their bosoms just waiting for an opportunity to throw into open train windows? They are cyclamen blossoms!

In the distance I could see dazzling white crags and roads that looked like white ribbons slipping in and out and around these Judean hills. Against the horizon I saw a shepherd lad with his flock of sheep and black goats. I thought of the Bible story of the shepherd lad David and the giant Goliath of Gath because it was among these hills that the encounter took place. Later in Bethlehem, I bought a woven sling just like the one which David used to slay the giant. Once I saw a

patriarch leaning on his staff to watch the train go by. For all the world he reminded me of Abraham since fashion never changes among the Bedouin of the Bible lands.

The train made the ascent slowly through these hills of stone, enlivened only by small patches of green, brief and brilliant wild flowers, and an occasional round olive tree. It was not the lush green landscape of the Maritime Plain here. I understood now why so many travellers have considered them bleak, savage, ugly, and thoroughly grey. I remembered that this awesome mother Judea had nurtured Isaiah and Jeremiah, had encouraged no armchair philosophers nor weaklings among her children. Today her children rebel against her severity and sometimes they are able to snatch from her grim hillsides the peach, plum, grape, and olive rich in oil, turning parts of it into a green paradise.

UP, UP, we climbed; PUFF, PUFF, snorted the engine, each time as if to gather strength and courage for another attack on these hills. I said to myself again and again as I rode that bright sunshiny morning with my body half out the open train window: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people." The beautiful words of the Psalmist had a meaning before unknown to me. These hills of beauty were a spiritual preparation for our entrance, one hour late, into "the city set upon a hill."

III

Perhaps no spot on earth appeals so powerfully to intellect, emotion, or imagination as this Holy City, Jerusalem, the city of Abraham, David, Solomon, Jesus, Titus, Tancred, and Al-lenby. It is certain that no equal area has been the theatre of events which have so influenced the history of mankind. It is with an almost overwhelming rush that religious memories sweep over the pilgrim, be he Christian, Moslem, or Jewish. These surging religious memories blot out completely the

hurry and confusion, the bustle and the shouting of an Oriental railroad station; they possess the very heart.

It merits the name "city upon a hill" because its altitude is two thousand five hundred and fifty feet above sea level. It is built upon a natural bluff whose three sides look down at ravines. At its west, south, and east are the Hinnom and the Kidron valleys. What would it have meant to this city had there been a fourth valley? The list of peoples who have at one time or another besieged and captured this hill reads almost like a catalogue of nations: Egyptians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Assyrians, Romans, Turks, Tartars, Arabs, Crusaders, and British. The world little realizes that Jerusalem has been besieged close to fifty times, partially destroyed thirty-two times, and totally destroyed five times. What would a fourth valley have meant to her? THE PEACE, which she has never known.

The first glimpse of Jerusalem, the part which signifies the Holy City to three world faiths, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, is of the historic encircling walls. These present the appearance of a huge fortress. With the brilliant sun upon their soft brown the city becomes "Jerusalem the golden." Its present appearance is in a large part what has been given to it by the Saracens who in the seventh century made conquest of it. Its present walls were for the most part built by the Turks in the sixteenth century. The two and a half miles around the City Wall, which is thirty-eight feet high, are marked here and there by towers and gates, entrances to the Old City, the city which is interesting to the whole world.

Of the principal gates, some mere breaches in the Wall, there are two. One is Damascus Gate. Its towers, turrets, and projecting parapets and above "the chamber over the gate," such an one as David mourned Absalom in, present an appearance both beautiful and imposing. To this site came

pilgrims from Nazareth to pass into Jerusalem in Jesus' day. From here went Saul of Tarsus "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord" in the first century. The principal entrance to the Old City is Jaffa Gate. More footsteps of Israel have passed through here, past the Tower of David, than anywhere else in the whole world. It is the place to meet your friends; it is the place to observe many Oriental types; it is the real entrance to the city which is the home of about thirty thousand people. (1946)

From the moment that one enters through Jaffa Gate one is beset by pandemonium. I shall tell you of the Holy City today, not as David knew it even though he did build a Jerusalem in 1000 B. C., nor as Jesus would have seen it. To know it as Jesus knew it, we should have to peel off what nineteen hundred years have laid on, almost sixty feet of debris in the Tyropean Valley between the two hills of the city, Zion and Moriah.

The streets within are narrow, in some cases narrower than many of our sidewalks, averaging at the very most but three yards. No room for vehicles. Here jostle people of every race and religion, soldiers, vendors, priests, pilgrims, tourists, and beggars. They are clothed in many contrasting materials, designs, and hues. The man in the purple velvet cloak and the heavy fur hat is on his way to the Wailing Wall where he will join others who have come to pray, to read, to wail out their woe for the lost glory of Jerusalem and the Jewish Temple. The tall bearded patriarch, a Greek from the Orthodox church, and the black-robed priest are on their way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Dressed like Jacob and his sons the group of Arabs in flowing "kuffiyehs" and woven "abbas" step out of shadows and move along with stately mien to the Dome of the Rock, the Moslem sanctuary. Shapeless feminine figures, swathed in black, as necessary in this gaily-colored man's world as punctuation is to fine prose, slip

past barely noticed, never heard. In this close-packed democracy there mingle also with equal rights sheep, goats, donkeys, horses, and camels.

Beyond Jaffa Gate, diving into David Street is the best description of the manner one enters to go to the most interesting places in this comparatively small town. Visitors seldom recover from the surprise of how small Jerusalem actually is. David Street, the Broadway of this world, is narrow, a cobblestone, step-street, slippery and treacherous on damp days, and so packed with people of all types that often I have stood helpless in its midst. Down past stalls with an amazing array of oranges, melons, giant cauliflowers, red tomatoes, artichokes, and the most disgusting-looking fish, past smoking charcoal braziers, strong-smelling, creamy-white cheese, and hanging mutton, through aisles of cotton goods, festoons of brass coffeepots, and dangling shoes. On a sunshiny day it is a glittering chaos. It is not unusual to see a sleepy-eyed little donkey lean his shaggy head upon a convenient shoulder if traffic gets tied up in David Street.

In the booths, mere "holes in the walls," along the streets of Jerusalem, which constitute the famous bazaars, sales are made with a minimum of assistance. Here again the tourist must bargain to buy. The Oriental shopkeeper purposely raises his price in order to have a little game with the customer.

In most of the principal streets can be found these "holes in the walls," where men, ignorant of mass production, can be seen manufacturing the necessaries of Jerusalem life. There are some streets in which various trades are carried on. The cobblers are grouped together; the butchers in their red coats occupy another lane; and in still other byways men can be seen carding wool as it must have been done in David's day. Simon, the tanner, has opened a branch office in Jerusalem and is apt to extend an invitation to step inside over his laid-

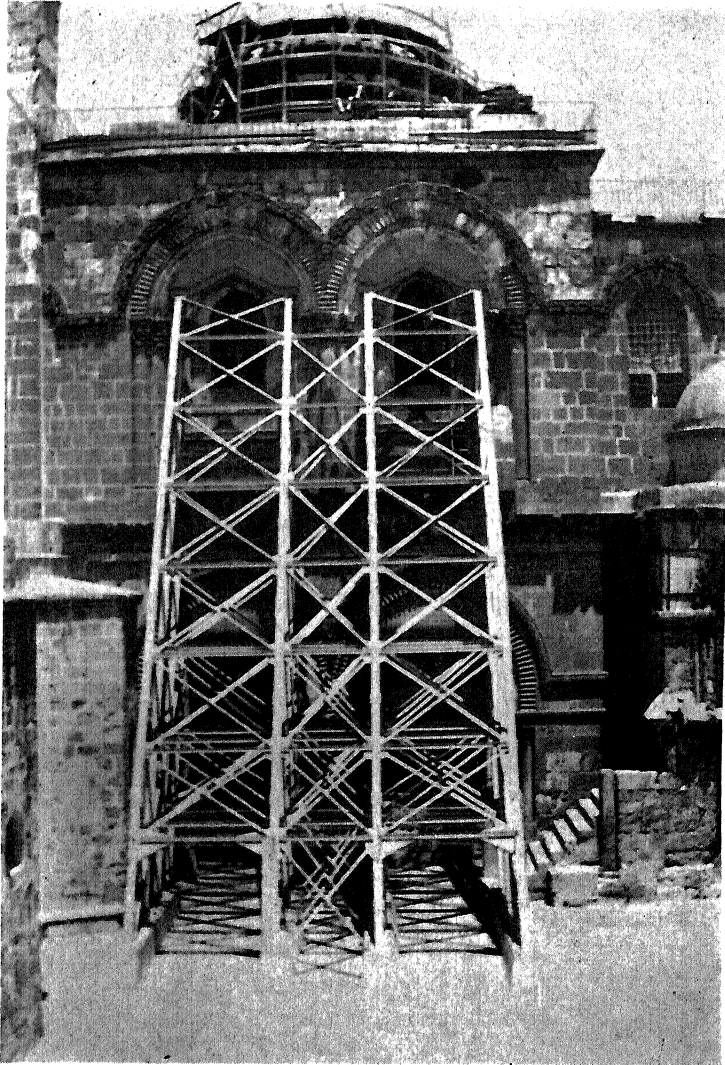
out leather; and it might even be Alexander the coppersmith who looks up from his noisy work to wonder why a visitor is so interested in pots and pans.

Some bazaars are arched over with masonry. These "suks" date from the time of the Crusaders in the Holy Land. Arched streets are apt to keep rising odors from mutton too-long-killed and cheese far-too-ripe stifling and slightly overwhelming. Holes in the masonry tops, which are the only sources of light and air, are frequently almost filled in with green growing grass and wild flowers offering brief glimpses of fresh, blue sky. In none of the streets within the ancient city is any color or any odor lacking.

It has been my experience that there are several places in the Old City to which every visitor and every Bible student comes more than once; even if only visiting Jerusalem a matter of hours instead of days or weeks, one finds himself slipping off for a memorable moment or two more at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Temple area, and the Wailing Wall.

IV

From David Street I have often turned left onto Christian Street and come finally to an entrance at the top of a flight of steps. I have passed through a short lane of booths, displaying brightly decorated candles, glaring pictures of red, blue, and gold painted on wood, rosaries, mother-of-pearl ornaments for tourists, baskets of "Jericho roses," and "crowns of thorns." I have gone down the steps, past the beggars and a man with his small store of necessities for pilgrims, beads, rosaries, crucifixes, which many neglect to buy before visiting the cathedral church of Christendom. Thousands of prayer-beads are blessed every year by the priests of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to be distributed the world over to friends and relatives of visitors. And I have found



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem covers the sites identified in the first archaeological excavations in the Holy City in the fourth century as Calvary and the Tomb of Jesus. Permanent iron girders today destroy the beauty of old doors and pillars and support its facade, because in the earthquakes of 1927 this landmark suffered badly.

myself before the great Crusaders' church, where the traditional tomb of Jesus and the site of Calvary is located.

Today the church has iron girders upholding its façade. These destroy the beauty of the old doors and pillars and are apt to leave a bad first impression with visitors. In the earthquakes of 1927 this church, which covers sites identified in the first archaeological excavation begun in this part of the world as Calvary and the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, suffered badly. In order that time would not witness the total destruction of this landmark all precautions have been taken since then to safeguard worshippers within the church. It has been braced within and without. It has been in sharp contrast to the brilliant sunlit courtyard that I have passed into the gloom of a once glorious church.

To many visitors the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a bewildering chaos, a confusion of pillars, statues, banners, pictures, chapels, altars, gilt and colored glass, candles, and incense. I have heard them revile the ecclesiasticism which prevails here. Yet it seems to me that no reverent visitor can have his visit to this church spoiled if he will only remember the Bible lessons from the past. It is possible with sincere willingness to understand men's motives and the sheer power of wishing to have the jewels, the statues, the pictures, and the incense fade away and there will be left a bare hill, three crosses, the Master and the thieves, an empty tomb, a winding sheet, Mary his mother in the arms of John, and weeping women at an open door from which a stone was rolled away. If there ever has been criticism in my heart when entering this church perhaps because I am not sympathetic to the worshipping creeds and their respective rituals, I have reminded myself to look beyond the outward symbols of worship and know that through the ages humble men and women worshipping here have caught a vision of the Christ and touched the fringes of eternity.

There are discordant notes in this edifice which was erected in the name of Jesus Christ. And yet, they are not as bad as many writers and guides would have the world believe. I have never seen any hatred flare into open flame to be whipped into a fury warmed by hot, red blood. Yet I have been here many times when the church was thronged with pilgrims. The strongest evidence I have ever seen of the enmity among the competing branches of the Catholic church has been on Sunday morning when I have watched and heard five simultaneous religious services. Standing within the sanctuary with my guide and friend, Jacob Nusaibeh, the present Keeper of the Key to the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, I have thought on these things: how since the time of Saladin this family has been entrusted with the key to open the one door of this huge church to worshippers daily; how since this long time Moslems have been entrusted to keep peace among Christians whose Way-shower is called "The Prince of Peace." When the British came to Palestine and took up the duties of administering the Mandate, to this same Moslem family was given the continued honor of keeping peace among the many sects of Christianity worshipping here. Watching, Jacob and I have seen in gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments the five sets of churchmen: the Greeks, the Latins, the Armenians, the Copts, and the Syrians parade around this sacred sanctuary, carry on their solemn liturgies without joining once one with another.

Later I have entered a small cell completely lined in marble. It is six and a half feet long, six feet wide. Only two, possibly three, at the most, can enter at a time. Here is found the slab of cracked marble covering the rock upon which Jesus was placed after the crucifixion. From the marble roof of the compact cell hang lamps, which belong in various proportions to the Greek, Latin, Armenian, and Coptic churches. Standing at the head of the marble slab is usu-

ally an impassive Greek monk, wearing a black cassock and a high black, rimless hat beneath which his hair is pinned in a round bun in the back. He holds a bunch of candles and as pilgrims enter he gives them one which they light from others burning in this tomb of Jesus.

I truly believe that these discordant notes of ritualism and pious enmity of which I have only briefly spoken are forgotten in the contemplation of the Christians who, in exalted faith, come here and pray reverently. All tongues, denominations, and nationalities, each bringing the special character of adoration peculiar to his own heart, his own creed, his own land, come together here about a common center, the tomb of Jesus. I feel I must impress upon you, as it has been indelibly impressed upon me time and again as I have lingered in the shadows of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it is the pilgrims who stir one most within this sacred area. They come from distant lands; they are members of all branches of the Church. But here they kneel in patient, earnest prayer and meditation. They pray, many of them, in the name of Jesus the Christ with a deep, deep desire in this Holy of Holies. To many this pilgrimage to the tomb of their risen Lord means the end of a life's dream. I have seen joy, peace, and contentment written upon the faces of these faithful as they have risen from their knees.

I promise you, my reader, that a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre can be the Easter lesson coming to Life, rising from the dead. It can be, I say, it is not always . . . it depends upon the attitude.

V

Wandering from this church along the street known as the Via Dolorosa from a holy site for Christendom, I have come within view of another sacred site; but this time to the third holiest site for Moslems in the world. In brilliant sun-

shine, on cobblestone, uneven pavements lined with beggars and resting pedestrians, some lying like bundles of rags in the shade provided by ledges and arches, I have found myself at buildings now occupying the traditional site of Herod's Tower of Antonia. This is the first station of the Cross for the Latins, where Jesus was crowned with thorns.

I came to the site of the Praetorium at three o'clock one Friday afternoon. Beneath a Syrian blue sky, in a glare of sunshine and the extreme heat of mid-afternoon in May, I saw faithful ones kneel down in prayer. Nothing seemed to break the sanctity of this moment as the priest's voice was lifted to intone the Latin words at the first station of the Cross on the Via Dolorosa. The ritual of the "Way of Sorrows" is observed every Friday afternoon by the Franciscans on the actual streets of the present-day Jerusalem.

But behind those kneeling Christians, I looked through open windows to a broad area of thirty-five acres within the present city's walls, which has occupied the pages of history for thirty-eight centuries. Here came Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac; one thousand years later it was Araunah the Jebusite's threshing floor, which David bought as a site for the Hebrew Temple; here Solomon built the imposing structure known as Solomon's Temple, which was destroyed five hundred years later in 586 B. C. by the Babylonians. A second Temple rose upon the same site to be torn down afterwards to make way for the magnificent Herod's Temple of Roman times. This latter was the one which Jesus visited when he was twelve and the one which he cleansed during the Last Week of his earthly life. But of it he prophesied: "There shall not be one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." In 70 A. D. the prophecy was fulfilled. Titus Vespasianus' armies totally destroyed Jerusalem, neglecting the instructions to save the Jewish Temple. Today on the same site of all these events, upon the same vast platform upon

which the beloved Temple stood, stands a Moslem sanctuary called the Dome of the Rock. They say in Jerusalem that the stones of this elevated platform are little changed from Roman times. The vast area is encircled by graceful arches, pulpits, prayer niches, marble fountains, groups of olive trees, tall cypresses, but rising above them all like an exquisite jewel in a perfect setting is the Dome of the Rock, glistening and ethereal. It is a picture scarcely to be surpassed anywhere in the world.

Descending from the height overlooking the Haram area to the streets again, I have come to one of the direct entrances to the Temple area, to the handsome fountain at the Gate of the Chain which lies at the end of David Street. The large flagstones just inside the double gateway are considered Herodian. If so, then they may well be said to have been crossed by Jesus. Turning to the right from this entrance and coming to a pretty fountain, there is one of the great staircases leading up from the surrounding court to the elevated platform upon which stands the Moslem shrine.

This beautiful mosque, whose blue lead dome excels in grace, was built in 691 A. D. Its windows are remarkable for their delicate tracery and brilliancy of coloring. No two of the Saracenic windows are alike. Its octagonal walls are decorated with colored, glazed Persian tiles. Their encrustation was ordered by Suleiman the Magnificent in 1561. The effect of the tiles covered with beautiful arabesques and graceful tracery of Arabic writing and the exquisite mosaics is superb.

When the visitor to the Holy City enters into this pride and ornament of Jerusalem, perhaps it is the subdued light, colored by the stained glass windows, which produces such a rare effect upon him. The mosque is seen to best advantage when there is a full blaze of Syrian sun streaming through the windows. The beautiful interior gives an air of mystery and a

prominence that it might not otherwise possess to the Sakhra or living rock, which it now covers. This building is appropriately called Dome of the Rock rather than the Mosque of Omar.

Surrounded by an intricate screen of metalwork is a huge slab of living rock. In some lights it is a soft brown, polished in surface. This rock formed part of the threshing floor of Araunah; west of this rock which became the Altar of Burnt Offerings, Solomon built the Hebrew Temple; behind it Herod constructed that enormous sanctuary which was still in the building when Jesus visited Jerusalem. These are a few of the thoughts which crowd one's mind.

Interesting, too, are the ideas and history of another age and faith. Moslems believe that from this rock their prophet Mohammed ascended to heaven. They believe, too, that the rock started after Mohammed and only because the angel Gabriel put his hand upon it to stay it did it remain behind. Further they believe that the Sakhra stands suspended in mid-air ever since that fateful day. This latter I cannot attest for I have never been able to see *all* the way under the rock.

It is quite easy to imagine Jesus preaching in the open spaces here at what is now known as the Haram area. There is an astonishing resemblance between the Temple of Herod's day and the Mosque which stands here now; perhaps it is that which helps the Bible student to preserve the illusion, perhaps it is that which makes him believe that this is a ghost of the Temple in whose courtyards Jesus preached and from whose gates he drove hucksters. Remember that this area has not been built upon again and again since the first century. It has come to us essentially unchanged. There is a central shrine with sacred buildings clustering about it surrounded by paved courts. The Holy of Holies of the Jewish Temple stood uplifted above surrounding courts in much the same manner as the Dome of the Rock. The open spaces found here today

correspond to the open spaces found on the Temple area in Jesus' time. The sheiks who perform services at the Mosque live in quarters under the colonnades as the priests of the Temple used to do. They have regular terms of office. Upon completion of them they return home until the time of ministration again occurs. This was the custom in Bible days among the Jews. Zacharias, who was the father of John the Baptist, entertained an angel visitant at the Temple during the course of his term of ministration which lasted only a week, from Sabbath to Sabbath. Afterwards the Bible records: "That as soon as the days of his ministration were accomplished, he departed to his own house." It is not unusual at all to see an old man talking to some boys in the shade of the porches. Sometimes they seem to be disputing among one another. It is the same as when Jesus both heard and asked questions of the teachers as they sat in the cloisters of Herod's Temple.

Wandering here another day I came upon a squatting Bedouin mother with her little brood of tanned children, who tumbled and huddled around her knees and clutched at her capacious skirts as she suckled an infant held lightly to her breast. Only two lustrous, black eyes but enough to include them all in her broad gaze and watch their every move; only two hands but enough to steady stumbling first steps and guide a hungry mouth to food; there she sat the All-in-All of her children, the queen of her woman's world. I thought back many years ago to a time when another mother came after the days of her purification to this broad area to present her new-born son before Simeon in the Temple. Mary must have sat down in the cool shade of one of the sacred buildings to suckle her infant son, while she waited for Joseph.

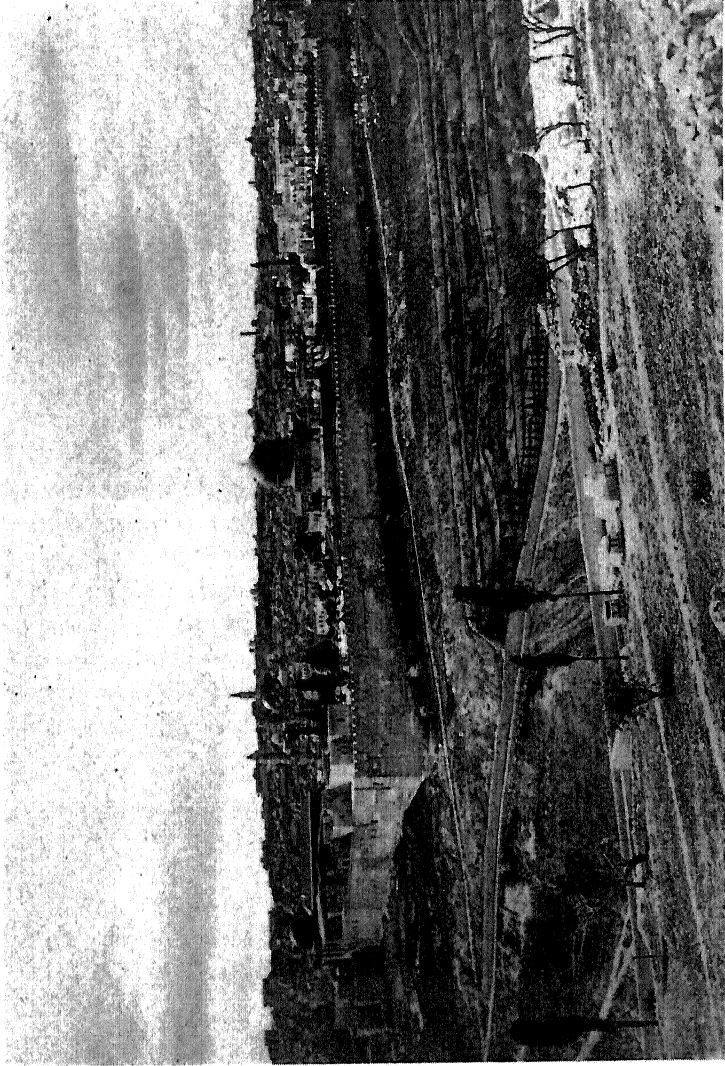
There are a number of other structures around the present Dome of the Rock on the Haram area. The Dome of the Chain is a miniature copy of the central building. At the ex-

treme southern end is the Mosque el Aksa. That it was originally a Christian church is immediately evident to the most casual sight-seer from its cruciform interior. Beyond the tall cypresses and the splashing fountain in front of Mosque el Aksa which is fed by Solomon's Pools on the Hebron Road and beneath the southeastern end of the Haram is a mysterious, great-vaulted substructure, known as Solomon's Stables. Descending the steps of this huge underground cavern I was speechless the first time before the spectacle of a hundred or more vaults with roofs upheld by pillars and mighty arches of stone. Some stone blocks are enormous; eight feet wide and fifteen feet high, said my guide. They are beautifully set in place and closely joined. The pillars are, I should say, about four feet square and a good number of them have holes bored through the corners. These holes in the columns were the hitching places for the horses. In some my guide pointed out stone mangers. Hardly a relic of Solomonic splendor, the place may date from the first century, but, at any rate, the Crusaders stabled their steeds here.

Coming up into the daylight from Solomon's Stables, I have liked to climb the eastern wall of the Temple area for a view of the city and its environs. Jerusalem rises like an amphitheatre to the west, south, and north with hundreds of those box-shaped limestone houses which form the greater part of Jerusalem proper. To the east is a splendid prospect past the Mount of Olives spotted with churches, monasteries, convents, and gardens to the hills of the Judean Wilderness. And one dazzling glance down the outside of the Old Wall—seventy feet straight down—reveals the steep slope of the Kidron Valley covered with tombstones.

VI

One of the most pathetic sights in the whole world is to be seen just outside that sacred area of which I have been telling



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives shows it to be still a walled city, surrounded by deep valleys, the Kidron and Hinnom. The Temple area (Haram) lies in full view. It is occupied today by a Moslem shrine, the Dome of the Rock. Southeast is Mosque of El Aksa. Beneath the southeast corner of the Haram are the so-called Solomon's Stables. Deep within this city of domes, spires, and twisting streets is seen the huge dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (Calvary) and near-by is the tower of the German Church of the Redeemer.

you against the southwestern wall in a paved space given to the Jews. It is the Jews' Wailing Wall. Here they come to pray and to read from the Hebrew prophets and to wail out their woe under the very shadow of the area upon which once stood the pride of their nation, the Temple. Here with tears streaming down their faces Jews of both sexes and all ages stand, sit or bow as they read or chant. Perhaps they kiss the walls or insert in the cracks little hopeful, prayerful messages written in Hebrew. Occasionally one is seen to pound in a nail in accordance with Ezra 9, verse 8, which symbolizes a possession or a sure abode. They chant a litany, read portions of the Psalms, parts of Jeremiah's Lamentations. After all these hundreds of years, men and women still stand at the Wailing Wall bewailing the lost sanctuary, shedding bitter tears of sorrow for the lost glory of Israel, and praying with a hopeless hope for the return of their ancient worship in Jerusalem.

Why do I say an almost hopeless hope? Because I have stood here so often and watched reformed Jews of our modern world as they have come to the Wailing Wall to gape, to be amused, and to ridicule their Orthodox brethren to whom religion and its ritual is the whole of life. They are not sympathetic to this old form of worship; it seems so unavailing to modern Jewry who has other methods at its command to remove the mountains of this present world. Ask any member of the Zionist movement in Jerusalem to go down to the Wailing Wall and then watch the look of disdain and disgust which comes over his face at the mere mention of the outmoded ritual continued there. That is why I say the Wailing Wall is a pathetic place. Not because of the customs perpetuated nor the visible intensity of devotion manifested there but because the attitude of their modern Jewish brethren is so indifferent to religion as a solution to mankind's problems. The remnant at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem seems a symbol of

the reduction in their ranks throughout the world of those who make "first things first."

Sometimes as I have stood listening to their pleading prayers, I have remembered Isaiah, the Hebrew prophet of faith, who urged complete reliance upon Jehovah in all economic, social, and political emergencies. His intensity in supplication must have equalled fervor such as this here. Listening to the low wails, the plaintive murmurs, the sobbing lamentations, I have remembered Jeremiah, the prophet-pacifist, who urged his countrymen to bow to the inevitable yoke of Babylon and thereby preserve the peace of Jerusalem. The "Weeping Prophet" was stirred by the lack in his people, their futile attempt to save themselves and their beloved city of Jerusalem, and it wrung from him a bitter outcry: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" His must have been a vocal fervor such as one hears here.

CHAPTER VII

I walk about Mount Zion, linger in the Upper Room of the Gospels, and where Peter denied Jesus hear a cock crow. I stop at the Pool of Bethesda. At the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, I am shown "Gabbatha."

THE Psalmist's injunction was in my head this early morning:

"Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

"Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces."—PSALM 48: 12, 13.

Poets have called Jerusalem itself Mount Zion; tradition locates it on the western hill occupying the southwest portion of the town and partly outside the present City Wall. In reality Zion was south of the Temple area.

I was interested in it because this was the Upper City where the palaces of Herod and of Caiaphas stood and where behind them stretched their extensive and beautiful gardens. But something more compelling drew me. It was on Mount Zion that the house of John Mark's mother was located where Jesus ate the Last Supper with his disciples, to which the apostles fled in fear after the crucifixion, where Christ appeared to the eleven after the resurrection, and where fifty days after Passover on the Day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was made manifest among the company of believers. Here Matthias was chosen to fill the place in the Circle formerly held by Judas. Here, too, gathered friends praying for Peter's delivery from prison when he suddenly appeared at the door

for Rhoda the scatter-brained servant girl to admit him. A building stands on the site of all these events which attaches to itself one of the strongest traditions in the history of Christianity and that place was what I was on my way to see.

Down Jaffa Road I went to Jaffa Gate. The Citadel, a mighty fortress with three large towers, loomed high and imposing. The great blocks forming its foundations date from when Herod the Great had a fortified palace here, but the present building was constructed mainly in the early fourteenth century. This morning I did not pass through the gate but went on to the break in the Wall and entered from there into the Old City.

It was early and so I stopped at Jerusalem's principal fruit and vegetable market at the base of the Citadel on Zion. Women come here from near-by villages at sunrise with their produce. Dark reds and blues are their favorite colors. Long white veils stream backward from their bronzed, tattooed faces. I watched many a woman walk erect with a baby slung on her back in addition to a shallow basket of vegetables atop her head. Cabbages, lettuce, beans, peas, artichokes, parsley, and vine leaves predominated among purple eggplant, white marrow, and green cucumbers. The fruits included luscious oranges from Jaffa, apricots from Bethlehem and Beit Jala, nectarines from near-by Jerusalem, bananas from Jericho, and watermelons from the coast around Caesarea. Up from David Street came a shepherd marching at the head of his flock, carrying in his arms a new-born lamb. As they passed me, I heard the patter of the little feet and as they skipped along the Bethlehem Road, I saw them kicking up little clouds of dust.

I rounded the Citadel and continuing my walk moved slowly along with a motley crowd on Zion Street through the Armenian quarter. I found the neighborhood a confusing maze of walls, churches, and monasteries.

The Armenians are very rich in church property. The Monastery maintains hospices capable of housing several thousand pilgrims at a time and there are schools here for boys and girls. The Church of St. James, their most beautiful church, was built to glorify the martyred Apostle, the son of Zebedee, who was beheaded at the order of Herod. I found it very interesting and handsome, especially the beautiful old tiles adorning its walls. I lingered a long time in the porch looking at some curious old wooden gongs, relics of the days when intolerant Moslems forbade the ringing of bells in Jerusalem.

Just a few steps outside Zion Gate I came to another group of modern ecclesiastical buildings. In the courtyard of the Monastery, standing on tombstones which pave the court, I tried to realize that legend places the house of Caiaphas, High Priest at the trial of Jesus, on this site. If this is so, I said to myself, then Jesus came from Annas here after he was arrested in Gethsemane, in this place he must have stood trial before the hastily assembled Sanhédrin, and somewhere in a near-by court Peter warming his hands before an open fire denied his Lord three times to a questioning maid.

Not caring to visit it, I passed by the church which covers the place where Mary, his mother, lived her latter years and died. At the end of the road I entered an arched gateway, went through a corridor, and climbed a staircase into an upper room.

This site is known with something approaching certainty. Epiphanius mentions a tradition, which goes back as far as the time of Hadrian, that a little house, the first Christian church in the world, was one of the few buildings left standing when Titus sacked Jerusalem in 70 A. D. A long, unbroken chain of tradition which seems trustworthy identifies the so-called Coenaculum with the Church of the Apostles and the scene of the Last Supper. Some kind of Christian building

has marked this site until the Moslems wrested it from the Franciscans. When a report spread that the tomb of David full of treasure lay beneath the Chamber of the Last Supper the Moslems drove out the Christians, seized the church, and converted it into a shrine, which they call En Nebi Daoud or the Prophet David.

Fortunately, the site of the Upper Room has not been spoilt by gaudy decoration and embellishment; the simple, plain vaulted room looks old and I felt that the strength of old tradition actually lingered and was at home in this place.

Christians are denied worship here. Since no one hurried me off I lingered meditating in its subdued light as long as I wanted.

It was a wonderful experience to stand in what is still an upper room and recall the story of Jesus' last night. I could see it all again. A long room built on the flat roof of an Eastern house, which had been prepared by Peter and John for their Master's final meal with his disciples. A room supported by pillars. I could imagine in this now emptied room the low table, only slightly raised from the carpet-strewn stone floor, and the mats on which they reclined at an angle with it. The lamps suspended from the ceiling shedding a soft light over the participants in the drama and over the common dish, the cups of wine, and the bread assembled on the table. The air of suspense and impending tragedy. Jesus saying, "Take and eat this, it means my body." Taking the cup of wine, and, thanking God, giving it to them, and declaring, "Drink of it, all of you; this means my covenant-blood which is shed for many; truly I tell you, I will never drink the produce of the vine again till the day I drink it new within the Realm of God." (*A New Translation*, Moffatt.)

The simple, symbolic rite of the broken bread and out-poured wine only Jesus fully understood; the disciples and Christians since have only imperfectly glimpsed its meaning

and purpose. Many have thought that by some magic the bread and wine in this rite were transmuted and that they were eating his actual body and blood. But might it not also be, I queried of myself here in the Upper Room, more than symbols of his flesh and blood but of his spirit and life? Does its meaning not go beyond the fact that he lived, beyond an attempt to make it a means of selfishly and easily getting the benefits of his bitter earthly experience vicariously? Surely the meaning of the rite is found in a Christian's fidelity to the moral and spiritual qualities which the Christ embodies and his dedication to the realization of the ideals and spirit of Christ "in earth, as it is in heaven."

I have said that Christians are not allowed to worship here and so no observance of the last earthly meal is practised in the place. Notwithstanding, I felt a tremendous new sense of what he meant when he suggested: "This do in remembrance of me." My thoughts lingered with the notion that the aims of Jesus make it quite certain that:

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Certainly there was much in the atmosphere of this plain room which made me feel that it was the starting-place from which Jesus that Thursday night went out unto the Mount of Olives.

I left and wandered along an old street constructed of wide paving blocks on the southwest hill. Descending a broad street of steps, all at once the landscape opened. High on the hillside but far below the frowning southeast corner of

the Wall, there was a well-worn track that leads down sharply into the valley. A man and his donkey were coming along it. Idly, I wondered if perhaps that spring moonlight night Jesus and the apostles followed this road now outside the Wall from Dung Gate to Gethsemane. Olivet in its quiet and sunny peace came into view; thousands of white sepulchres rose out of the Kidron Valley; every little goat path was clear and distinct; the hovels of Siloam clung to the Mount of Offense, their green gardens deep in shadows stretched south and west away to the Hinnom Valley. A cock crowed in the vicinity of Siloam Village. It was the only sound, but it brought Peter vividly before me.

In the chill morning light in the courtyard of the High Priest's palace, Peter three times denied the accusation that he was a follower of the Galilean. The cock crowing recalled to his harassed mind not only his earlier declaration, "If all shall be offended in thee, I will never be offended," but also Jesus' prophecy, "This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." The Apostle may have overestimated his loyalty but not his love. Peter failed a good many times in following his leader, but he, nevertheless, loved him with all the strength of his impulsive nature. When the noisy cock recalled to him the prophetic words of his Master, he went out to weep bitterly.

A distant cock crowed again a gay, bold note as I turned back toward Zion Gate.

II

The way to the Pool of Bethesda leads through the crooked duskieness of David Street, a turn to the left into Christian Street, another turn right and a descent of steps to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Across the courtyard and through a door in the wall and it comes onto Via Dolorosa. This street was laid out by men who have attempted to reconstruct the

probable path of that grievous journey from the Judgment Hall of Pilate to Calvary, a path which now lies buried far below the present level of Jerusalem. There are nine prayer stations along here for Latin Christians; the other five are within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Lining this sacred way are white walls which hide nunneries, churches, monasteries, and convents.

Almost at the end of the narrow streetway, near to St. Stephen's Gate, I stopped another morning before a door in a stone wall. I pulled the bell string. A whiskered monk looked through a window at me, opened the door, and bowed me into the courtyard of the Monastery of St. Anne. Through the small room where souvenir postcards were for sale, the monk led me to a staircase which runs down between the church and the wall to the Pool of Bethesda, one of the miraculous healing places of ancient Jewish times. Seeing a framed bit of Scripture on the wall, I hesitated to read:

“Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches.

“In these lay a multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water . . .

“. . . whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.”—
JOHN 5:2-4.

I followed my guide down the steps and in the dim light we stood together looking at the floor of the pool. It held a little dirty water, but it is usually dry, he explained.

“In early days superstitious people thought an angel troubled the waters that mysteriously came in here because at times they became agitated. See, it has ‘five porches,’ as the writer of the Gospel of John says, because the pool is a long rectangle—one porch on each of its four sides—divided into two squares or twin pools by a porch across the middle. The

sick, palsied, lame, blind, and halt waited on the porches or balconies around the pool of water until there came at one time or another a ruffling of these still waters, as if they were troubled by angels' wings. At that instant if the waiting mob rushed down into the pool, they were instantly healed. But for thirty-eight years one man had had a hard time of it. Because he was too helpless and weak, he was always just too late getting into the water. One day Jesus came here. When the man told him of his difficulty, he healed him with the words, 'Take up thy bed, and walk.'"

I rather wished as I looked at the pool and listened to the monk's explanation that the Pool of Bethesda looked as it used to when the lame, halt, and blind bathed in it, and when the man who had waited so long to be helped into the waters was healed by Jesus. But then there are many places in the Holy Land that need imagination.

III

Returning along the Via Dolorosa, I came to a large, high, graceful arch spanning an otherwise unroofed street. It is called the Ecce Homo Arch in Jerusalem. According to tradition, it marks the place where Pilate in turning Jesus over to the Jews said: "Behold, the man." Under this arch Jesus walked, here Paul was brought when in the near-by Temple court the mob seized him, and on a stairway here he turned and addressed his captors.

I knocked at a door in the wall and waited. I was welcomed by a nun in the Convent of the Sisters of Zion. I was invited into a reception room and motioned to a seat among those surrounding the wall. This sister, who spoke no English, went away and before another came into the room my eyes looked around at the rugs and religious decorations on tables, floors, and walls. This second nun could speak English.

She bore me off to a room where there was a door in the

floor. She went ahead, but she glanced about to see if I were following. I saw that her eyes were twinkling beneath her stiff, white headdress as though she had something very interesting in store to show me. Come, she beckoned. The stairway led down far beneath the convent. As I followed along, I heard her soft voice explaining that, although three sites for the Praetorium are discussed by scholars, this place is generally accepted as the location of Pilate's Judgment Hall.

Soon I was standing on the excavated remains of a paved street, an actual pavement of a former Jerusalem dating from Roman occupation of Palestine. The paving blocks here were of heavy, yellowish slabs of stone, a yard square, a foot or more thick. They were ribbed with the wheels of chariots. The nun reminded me that these very stones had felt the sandals of Jesus when he stood before Pilate sitting "on the judgment-seat at a place called The Pavement, but in Hebrew, Gabbatha." Above the din and uproar of the Jews outside the Praetorium, who had not entered fearing defilement before their great feast, and from the open-air platform here, Pilate formally opened the historic trial of Jesus of Nazareth. Acquiescing to Jewish demands and delivering the man to his enemies, these same stones had heard the Procurator as he called out to the Jews, "Behold, your King!"

She pointed out markings of one destroyed Jerusalem beneath another; and evidences of walls that once were the walls of a great house. She took me, too, to see the markings for games which had been scored into some parts of the pavement for the amusement of the Roman guard. A favorite pastime with the soldiers was a game called "Mocking the King." I remembered the stark tragedy in Mark's account of the Roman soldiers sporting with Jesus.

"They clothed him with purple, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head,

"And began to salute him, Hail, King of the Jews!

“And they smote him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon him, and bowing their knees worshipped him.

“And when they had mocked him, they took off the purple from him, and put his own clothes on him, . . .”—MARK 15: 17-20.

I went back to gaze once again at the old roadway—at Gabbatha. The agonizing trials which Jesus had been forced to endure: before the Sanhedrin, in Herod’s court, and before Pilate here in the sudden and astounding collapse of Roman justice at the demands of a frenzied mob of priests and rabble, passed in review in my mind and left me numb in heart.

The nun had long since ceased speaking. She was waiting quietly for me when suddenly I became acutely aware of the solemn stillness in this place. What was it that this silence would have me remember?

It was this—Jesus stood alone here in the Judgment Hall while others marvelled at the silence of him. He did not hear the scorn nor laughter because his ears were deaf to the jeering populace. He did not see their lustful faces because his eyes were straining for his Father’s face. And from this place Jesus set his feet firmly and without fear upon the road that he must tread leading to the top of a green hill where three crosses stood. As I stood here, believing for the moment in its historical accuracy, I thought: “God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.”

Then in the noonday heat I walked from the Convent of the Sisters of Zion home through the enchanted streets of old Jerusalem, back to have lunch with my friends. And all the way back, my heart was filled “with wonder, love, and praise.”

CHAPTER VIII

I ramble outside the Old Wall. The Valley of Hinnom (Gehenna) holds no terrors now. Siloam Village sprawls on a hillside. I go to see the tunnel which Hezekiah cut in the rock when the Assyrian threatened to come down "like a wolf on the fold." I go through the Kidron Valley to Gihon and climb the hill to Gordon's Calvary. I visit the underground quarries which provided the stone for Solomon's Temple.

IT was a blustery March afternoon. I came out of the Y. M. C. A. Across the road was the new King David Hotel. My guide was waiting for me. My purpose was to walk around outside the Wall.

I knew he disapproved of my determination because he criticised my shoes as unsuitable. He warned me more than once of the difficulties involved in a walk outside the Wall: rough roads, sometimes scarcely a footpath, the meanness of Siloam's villagers who might detain us, the loneliness of the walk. Again he suggested using donkeys. Up to that time I had never ridden a donkey and, knowing something of the topography, I was loath to try it. I knew I could run. I didn't know I could stay "put" on a donkey! I have since changed my mind. I love to ramble outside the Old Wall on the back of one of these nimble-kneed, wise beasts, who need no guides to follow. Finally, seeing it was to no avail, he capitulated: "For you only, Miss Patterson, would I do this—never for anyone who has come to the Holy Land would I take such a walk!"

From Julian Street, we struck off across an olive orchard, passing an old windmill. Ahead of us was a picture I shall long remember. At one glance I saw a long section of

Suleiman's mighty wall from the Citadel to the tall tower of the Dormition Church on the southwest hill, with the Sultan's Pool lying far beneath me and the Valley of Hinnom sinking away to the great gap in the hills which leads down to Jericho. We crossed the Bethlehem Road where we met a group of resting Bedouin shepherds, veiled women, and dirty children. I found myself stumbling down the steep, dusty, cruelly rocky path into the Valley of Hinnom, which is Gehenna—otherwise hell—of the New Testament. I had not counted on a desert wind to blow me down the hills, sand to fill my eyes, and an occasional shower while the sun shone to add to the rigors of this excursion. Stopping occasionally to catch my breath and rearrange my clothing, I'd look around me. To the north and to my left rose Mount Zion, "beautiful for situation." To the south and my right were olive trees that on a pleasant day make this valley a gracious place. Out from under the trees came a shepherd with his goats and sheep scrambling after him.

"Naharic said" (May your day be blessed), he greeted us. He passed on up toward Sultan's Pool.

In imagination I was beginning to see the dire events that had cursed forever the valley's name. As each gust of wind and sand cleared away, picture after picture rose in my memory. It was in this region that the abominable rites of Baal were observed. Somewhere there on the rocky southern hill was Tophet, a "high place" where parents gave their children as sacrifices to the god Molech. I had a good view of the Hill of Evil Counsel. I remembered Jephthah's lovely daughter, a reminder of a time when Hebrews practised human sacrifice in the worship of Jehovah. I remembered the sons of Ahaz and Manasseh who were made to "pass through the fire," burned alive in sacrifice to Molech in this valley. Micah proclaimed a God of righteousness among a people whom he saw coming before Jehovah with "burnt offerings, with calves

a year old . . . with thousands of rams . . .” and asking, “Shall I give of my first-born for my transgression?” Perhaps he had seen them doing so in Hinnom. As late as the seventh century, Jeremiah still could cry:

“And they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; which I commanded them not.”—JEREMIAH 7: 31.

Josiah purged the country of pagan shrines and turned the fires of Molech into an incinerator for Jerusalem. Dead bodies of animals, foul meat, and garbage were dumped into the pit to be burned. Offensive, unceremonially clean, filthy, not until Titus destroyed Jerusalem was the perpetual fire extinguished.

When between the Old and New Testaments, the Hebrews took over the idea of a place of eternal torment, and developed it, they decided upon this awful place, one of their own valleys running southwest of the Holy City. From its ceremonial defilement, from its detested fire of Molech, from its supposed ever-burning funeral piles where their own fathers had practised human sacrifice, it became for them the dreadful place whose name should signify hell—Gehenna (land of Hinnom).

Jesus in telling of the fate of the wicked found no other picture so applicable to his meaning as the everlasting fires of Hinnom:

“And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.”—MATTHEW 5: 29.

Some of the terrors of Hinnom have been overcome. My guide led me to an old rock surface, a sort of “high place.” It

might easily have been an altar. At some such place as this Molech with his arms outstretched over an eternal fire sat ready to receive his victims. Where, once upon a time, human sacrifice was offered to gods, a fellah family makes its home among an aggregation of emptied gasoline tins.

Once more I looked up at the Hill of Evil Counsel. According to tradition, Caiaphas possessed a country house here. Hither the Jews came to consult how they might put Jesus to death. Among an aggregation of cemeteries, my guide pointed out Aceldama or the "Field of Blood." This is believed to be "potter's field" which the chief priests bought with thirty pieces of silver returned to them by Judas.

I visited some of the crumbling tombs, "whited sepulchres," dotting the hilly southeastern banks of Hinnom. Crawling in to some, my candle searched out bones and skulls lying about in confusion.

We went on to the junction of the Hinnom and Kidron valleys. We paused for some time at Job's Well or Bir Ayoub, as the Arabs call it. This place is thought to be En Rogel, where the fullers plied their trade of cleansing and whitening garments. I was interested in the scarp of rock here which appears to have been bleached by some strong solution, perhaps the cleansing process used by the Hebrews, and whitened, perhaps with chalk. It bore no resemblance to the rock in the rest of the valley.

I was reminded by the dreadful stench here that fullers were always located some distance outside a city because of the offensive smell of their trade. Looking about, I noted too that here was plenty of room for drying clothes.

We started up the Kidron Valley in single file, picking our way carefully, tripping over stones. Vividly, I recalled the Psalmist's figure of speech when he promised: "They shall bear thee up . . . lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Below our rough track lay "king's dale." A few villagers

were working in carefully laid-out garden plots, in terraced fields upheld on the hillside by walls of stones in this green valley which supplies Jerusalem's markets with fresh vegetables.

Looking ahead I saw the Kidron curving to the right around the great golden wall of Jerusalem. From this depth she seemed like a city rising out of an abyss.

On the opposite cliff sprawled Siloam Village (Silwân), a mass of dirty caves, tombs, stone dwellings, and stables. It stretches north and south, a straggling community on the lower slopes of the Hill of Offense. This is the "hill that is before Jerusalem" or "the mount of corruption," where Solomon grown old and harassed by his harem allowed his wives to persuade him to erect heathen temples. Making concessions to idolatry, he thereby incurred the displeasure of Jehovah. Later, royal recorders in investigating causes for the Kingdom of Israel's downfall attributed it to this infiltration of pagan forms of worship and to Solomon's spiritual decadence.

We turned northward into the Tyropean Valley in the direction of the Pool of Siloam. In America I had sung:

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows."

It meant peace and beauty to me. I sat down on the masonry above the pool. It took a few moments for me to adjust my mental picture of this place, to which Jesus had sent the blind man to bathe, to the facts of reality. It was wet, messy, and noisy.

The valley in which the pool lies has been filled in with thirty to sixty feet of debris since the beginning of the Christian era. Consequently, the cleared pool is far below the present level of the Tyropean. Stone blocks cemented into place hold

back the crowding earth; stone steps, at least twenty, lead down to the water and to the entrance to a black tunnel.

I looked down upon a busy scene: Siloam villagers washing clothes in the primitive way, kneading the cloth like dough and rubbing the bundles on the round, flat stones in the water, which are relics of pillars in a fifth-century church which once covered the pool. The sound of gossip drifted up to me. I called down: "Assallam" (Peace). They looked up from their labors and, with grins spreading over their tattooed faces, returned my greeting. Their children, scattering glistening beads of water, scampered up to where I sat. This was an excellent opportunity to get "Baksheesh" for posing for their pictures!

I watched modern Rebekahs from Siloam descend the steps with Standard Oil cans and after filling their tins at the same pool where the others were washing, mount the steps again with the heavy tins balanced on patties of wet cloth on their heads. Mounting the steps as though the weight of these spilling tins was nothing at all—a mere twenty or thirty pounds perhaps!

My thoughts went back to 701 B. C. when this pool lay within the walls of ancient Jerusalem.

Hezekiah was king of Judah when word was brought that the Assyrian was preparing to come down upon this rebellious people "like a wolf on the fold." Forced to contemplate a siege, Hezekiah strengthened first the city's defenses; but he was troubled by the fact that Jerusalem's only source of water—Gihon—lay outside the walls of the Old City of David, on an open slope of the Kidron Valley. Jerusalem could not long resist if her water supply was cut off by the enemy.

"And when Hezekiah saw that Sennacherib was come, and that he was purposed to fight against Jerusalem,



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

The Pool of Siloam lies outside Jerusalem's wall in the Tyropean Valley. Its waters glisten in the sunshine as in the days when Hezekiah's workmen built a conduit from Gihon to Siloam and Isaiah encouraged a people terror-stricken by threats from Sennacherib's armies, and when Jesus sent the blind man here to bathe.

“He took counsel with his princes and his mighty men to stop the waters of the fountains which were without the city.”

—II CHRONICLES 32: 2, 3.

Gathering his people, Hezekiah put them to work cutting a long underground tunnel for a distance of 1750 feet through solid rock to carry the waters of Gihon to the Pool of Siloam within the city. He then sealed up the outer entrance to the spring so that the Assyrians could not find it.

Isaiah was living during this dangerous time. He must have watched with bated breath the construction of this conduit which would guarantee the city's population against Sennacherib's armies and at the same time cut off the enemy from the only spring in these hills.

Terror filled the people of Jerusalem as runners from distant outposts brought news of the surrender of one after another of the forty-six fenced cities of Judah. Feverishly the men must have worked, excavating from both ends. They had to hurry or the Assyrians would have been there before the tunnel was completed and Jerusalem would have been lost, all would have been lost.

To whom could these anxious people turn for encouragement as the “great day of the Lord” drew momentarily nearer? Ever faithful Isaiah was at hand. He, who had rebuked Jerusalem for her sins, was waiting for her to return to her God. He counselled:

“In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.”—ISAIAH 30: 15.

Many times during these trying days Isaiah in comforting a terror-stricken people must have shouted:

“Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.

“Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.”—ISAIAH 12: 2, 3.

Finally, he gave them this encouragement, a message from their God:

“The king of Assyria, He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, . . .

“By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city . . .”—ISAIAH 37: 33-34.

And then the Assyrians were at the gates, with their battering rams against the walls. Although for months they besieged Jerusalem, they could neither break down the strongly-fortified walls, nor starve the people, nor discover the city's source of water. At last they began an enforced retreat to Nineveh.

I came down the steps and walked over to the tunnel, a black hole in the side of the hill. I stepped onto a ledge inside the two-foot-wide entrance. My candle lit up the flow of water and the dark clammy walls. The marks made by the picks of Hezekiah's workmen were sharp and clear on the stone. They had worked in haste, making no effort about uniformity of workmanship. Some twenty-five feet inside, Hebrew workmen at the completion of this task scratched a six-line scrawling inscription describing this engineering feat which is mentioned three times in the Bible: in Second Chronicles, Second Kings, and again in the Book of Isaiah. This inscription which has been removed to the Imperial Museum at Istanbul is most notable, not only because it illuminates a rather meagre biblical account, but because this tablet when finally deciphered gave to the world the key to the ancient Hebrew language. This is the simple story of the triumph of Hezekiah's engineers:

“Behold the excavation. Now this is the story of the excava-

tion. While the excavators were lifting up the pick, each towards his neighbor, and while there were yet three cubits to excavate, then was heard the voice of one man calling to his neighbor, for there was excess of the rock on the right hand and on the left. And after that, on the day of excavating, the excavators had struck pick upon pick, one against the other, and the waters flowed from the spring to the pool for a distance of 1,200 cubits, and 100 cubits was the height of the rock over the heads of the excavators."

After almost three thousand years, I was watching water flow through this conduit from Gihon to the Pool of Siloam.

It was with thoughts of Isaiah that I was occupied as I skirted the hill of Ophel and came to Gihon. Ophel has been so tumbled by the spade of excavators that today one finds little to remind him of its history as the Jebusites' capital city or later as David's royal city. My guide pointed out ancient remains of city wall; wall probably from the fortifications of the Jebusites, but my mind was still taken up with physical details of Isaiah's Jerusalem that exists for the inquiring Bible student today—its conduits and pools, the softly flowing waters of Siloam, its rock-hewn sepulchres dotting the barren Judean landscape, its fortified walls against which the Assyrians cast up their mounds and brought up their battering rams before its gates, the crowded housetops, the Temple courts, and the precipitous valleys that surround it.

We crossed over a smelly little stream that trickled along its rocky bed. How could the Psalmist by the wildest stretch of imagination have cried out about the Kidron as "a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God" ! Yet my guide told me that she rushes along a torrent in the early spring.

On the hill above us Adonijah waited one night with his supporters to be crowned king of Israel when they heard shouts coming from Gihon where Solomon's friends had

anointed him king. I looked back. How easy it would have been to have heard the merry-making at Gihon that night; how easily I could hear the laughter of Arab women who were filling their empty receptacles at the plentiful fountain which witnessed Solomon's coronation.

Stopping briefly at Absalom's tomb, we went on through the Kidron Valley. Its gleaming crowded sepulchres reminded me that in this arid valley the final Judgment will take place, according to Jews and Moslems. We came to the foot of the Mount of Olives and saw the little walled garden of Gethsemane green and peaceful. Crossing the concrete bridge we began to trudge upward toward the Palestine Museum. It is a massive white-stone building in which are kept the many precious discoveries made by excavators who in recent years are digging into the ancient hills of Palestine, which are yielding the "hidden riches of secret places."

Our road now paralleled the Old Wall. Motor coaches speeding to Jericho and Amman whizzed by. Camel caravans loaded with heavy bags, led by their masters in saffron-colored "abbas" (cloaks), padded wearily along toward the Damascus Gate.

We came within sight of that weird hill whose skull-like features led General Gordon to call it "Golgotha" and to identify it with the "Place of a Skull" mentioned in the Gospels. Since an ancient Jewish tomb has been excavated here, it has become one of Jerusalem's traditional Golgothas. Situated as it is at the road-junction it might have been chosen for executions for the sake of publicity by the Romans. From the distance as the light fell across this ancient stoning-place, which lies in full view of the City Wall, it looked bleak, much like everyone pictures Calvary. Which is the true site—that covered by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre or this place? No one can be quite sure, but wherever the

crucifixion took place, it was in the open air and beneath the wide sky. There wasn't time to visit Gordon's Calvary this afternoon.

II

Instead I came one morning, pulled a bell string hanging outside a heavy door, and waited for the caretaker to stop pottering among his flowers and answer my insistent summons. I stepped into a restful, quiet little garden. As I stood among the flowers, olive trees, and vines, and looked up toward the green hill shaped like a skull, this place seemed to satisfy the gospel story. If Gordon's Calvary is authentic, then in the place where Jesus was crucified there is still a garden.

The caretaker led me along a path to the Garden Tomb. A low oblong door, which once possessed a "rolling stone" to cover the entrance, led into the sunken rock-cut chamber. Bending, I entered and sat down on the stone bench alongside one wall intended for the mourners. I looked directly into one of the three open burial vaults hewn in the solid rock. Only one of these is completely finished.

The body was supposed to have been wrapped in a winding sheet and placed on the sunken stone shelf where a body could rest. I could see the support for the neck and a dent for the head. It answers the description that it was "a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid." The caretaker stepped outside and showed me how it was possible for John "stooping down, and looking in to see the linen clothes lying" on the small shelf cut beside the recess where the body had lain until that morning. I came out of the tomb feeling that if one must see an empty sepulchre, then go to the Garden Tomb; it is reverent and beautiful.

I walked in perfume-scented air along the paths laid out

among growing spring flowers and budding trees. I felt that if one must see the garden of the resurrection where, when the full glory of the sunrise came, a triumphant voice exclaimed: "He is not here. He is risen, even as he said," then walk in this garden. It spoke a very real message to me that

"The earliest Easter greeting
 Was breathed on garden ground,
 Where Life and love were meeting,
 And joy and hope were found;
 And every tree and flower
 Speaks with a living voice
 Of Resurrection power,
 And bids the world rejoice!"

—A. R. G.

I came away thinking not of a sepulchre because the pall of Calvary was lifted, but of a quiet, little garden all aglow with resurrection symbols. I came away this bright morning remembering the rosemary and the rue, the daisies and pansies, the mustard trees with their bright yellow blossoms, and all the other flowers with which "God writes His Easter story upon His world so fair."

III

The entrance to Solomon's Quarries, called by Josephus the "Royal Quarries," lies directly across the highway from Gordon's Calvary. The old Arab, who stood inside the entrance in a patch of daylight that came through the dilapidated doorway, gave me a twisted bit of candle and a lantern to my guide. Together we walked off from cool shadows into pitch blackness.

Our path led steeply down into an enormous cave like a large assembly hall. I was told that this is where visiting Masons congregate to hold midnight meetings because they

believe King Solomon organized his workmen into a brotherhood who were the first Freemasons.

From this cleared place I noticed that corridors led off in many directions to lower and more distant caverns. This excavation in the Bezetha Quarter undermines Jerusalem for two hundred yards to the south and reaches out for almost three hundred yards. I couldn't shake off my amazement that pedestrians in the Old City were not aware of our presence in the quarry and neither were we conscious of the sound of the footsteps of those who were constantly moving over our heads.

Chips and abandoned half-hewn stones cluttered the way and made walking laborious. Several times I drew back quickly from the edge of deep chasms. When light from the lantern fell against the roof, it revealed a pure white stone, almost giving the appearance of cotton clinging there. It is this resemblance which has made the Arabs call these caves the "Cotton Caves." A flash of the lantern or my flickering candle revealed signs of workmen. I could see where they had cut niches in the walls to hold their lamps while they worked; a few of these had smoked. I could see the clean, clear, sharp marks the Phoenician stone-cutters made when they removed the soft white limestone from its bed; in some places blocks still hung from the walls of the cave, partially worked. We walked on a floor of chips which they left behind them when the task of shaping the stones for Solomon's Temple some three thousand years ago was finished. If I had not known the story of how this quarry had been lost to the world for so long while the source of the stone used in the Temple remained a secret until about eighty-five years ago and then discovered only by accident one day, I should have believed I was visiting a modern quarry whose workmen had quit for the day. There seemed nothing about it to suggest an abandoned place.

One method of quarrying here was to use wooden, water-soaked wedges, allowing the water to stand in the crevice and loosen the stone without the sound of chisel or hammer. Then it was passed to masons to be shaped and smoothed. It went straight from here ready to take its place in the Temple building. On another visit I watched Arabs using this method as they obtained stone to shape into souvenirs—triangles and keystones and gavels—for tourists.

A puzzling verse of Scripture in connection with the extraordinarily detailed account of the building of the Temple took on meaning for me. Verse seven in First Kings, Chapter 6 says:

“And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.”

The ring of tools in these corridors would never have reached the Temple area. I was quite convinced of it after Arab workmen had shown me how workmen of Hiram and his principal architect Hiram had labored cutting stone in Solomon's day.

The afternoon sun was almost gone when I left the Quarry. Camels lay alongside the Old Wall near the low iron door, their long legs folded comfortably about them. The drivers squatted in the cool, dusty shadows. Out of the Damascus Gate came a shepherd and his flock of sheep. My road following the Wall dipped and turned to Jaffa Gate.

CHAPTER IX

I spend a morning on the Mount of Olives climbing the Russian Tower's 214 steps for a view of the Judean Wilderness and Moab, visiting the Chapel of the Ascension, and the Church of the Lord's Prayer. I talk with a nun at the Russian Church and am given a bouquet of rosemary. I tarry in the Garden of Gethsemane. The night before I leave Jerusalem, I return to Olivet and spend an hour under a sky spangled with stars and walk beneath olive trees whose "little gray leaves were kind to Him."

BEFORE Jerusalem on east, across the Kidron Valley, there is a green hill far away, beyond the City Wall, which makes the same curved, graceful line against the sky, which has the same zigzag path up its slopes leading over the hill "out as far as unto Bethany," and at whose base there lies a garden, *the* garden, so the Fathers say. All as it must have been nineteen hundred years ago when Jesus roamed this countryside at will.

My second morning in Jerusalem, I hurried alone, a pilgrim, to the Mount of Olives. I carried a New Testament to read again the Passion Week narratives in their setting. I chose the route to the top of Olivet that I might descend from the summit to the garden, the little garden where Jesus triumphed through prayer, because I felt that here amidst these stony paths that twist and zigzag I could follow in his steps.

As I stood on the height, Zechariah's prophecy and location of this site, "His feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east," echoed in my heart.

Entering the garden of the Russian compound, a nun came forward with a large key to open the tower door. Then she left me to slowly climb the narrow, winding staircase. There was no one else about; no one to hurry me. There were no harsh noises, only the singing of the birds. I was alone but not lonely. Full of keen anticipation, I stepped up the 214th step of the tower, yet I was wholly unprepared for the spreading panorama before me. This was my first glimpse of the Jordan Valley. Straight down to the east I gazed into a world of silent, brown, domed hills, savage in appearance, bare of any vegetation. Farther in the distance I saw a streak of startling blue which marked the waters of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and beyond them a long, misty barrier of violet hills, the hills of Moab. How close they seemed! This was a view that Jesus knew! This was the view he sought when he came over the road from Bethany . . . this sky, these hills, these stony valleys, and yonder Jordan's banks.

How often sad thoughts crowd in with happiness and make the two seem one. The pious, reverent visitor to the Mount of Olives will often find the tears welling at the same time his heart is singing a noble tune. So, I dreamed in the pregnant stillness of Moses as I gazed on that violet wall, because

“By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On that side of Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.”

From the lofty Russian Tower set amid the cypress trees, the crown of Olivet, I walked down a stony lane into the very center of a tiny Arab village, Kafr et Tûr. By this time I had a self-appointed guide. Here he left me to go to tell his wife, or so he said, that he had found a lady on the

mountain and would be late getting home to dinner. Peculiar, isn't it, how such homely, ordinary things of life can crowd in upon this hill which lives mostly in the imaginations of men? Somehow at home in America I had never thought of really poor people, concerned with the business of daily living, dwelling on this mountain so rich in memories.

As he disappeared into an alley, I went on to the Chapel of the Ascension, accepted by the Occidental as the site of the ascension, notwithstanding that Luke says, "He led them out as far as unto Bethany." Yet here is the traditional site. Eusebius mentions its popularity among pilgrims. In 351 A. D. Constantine built here a roofless, round chapel. The present domed, octagonal building set in a paved court is owned by the Moslems, who revere the Christians' Jesus, too.

What had I come to see? A venerated slab of marble within the chapel which shows the impression of a right foot, the right foot of Jesus, so they say. I didn't remain here long. Somehow I didn't feel his presence among these white buildings. So, out into the sunshine, out into the clear, refreshing air, listening to the singing of the birds, I continued down a stony road with grey-green olives to my right. And other verses came to me from the Bible:

"And it came to pass, that, as he was praying in a certain place . . . one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, . . .

"And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven . . ."—LUKE 11: 1, 2.

Until now I should have preferred to have these simple, trusting words in the out-of-doors of Palestine, upon this flowered hill fragrant with the smell of waking earth, with only the birds singing in delirious ecstasy and the whispers of olive trees moving in the slight breeze to break its early morning stillness, but there is the inevitable church here, of

course, to mark where Jesus taught his disciples to pray. The Church of the Pater Noster is not a disturbing place. In its hushed courtyard his followers have placed thirty-two tablets containing the Lord's Prayer in as many different languages.

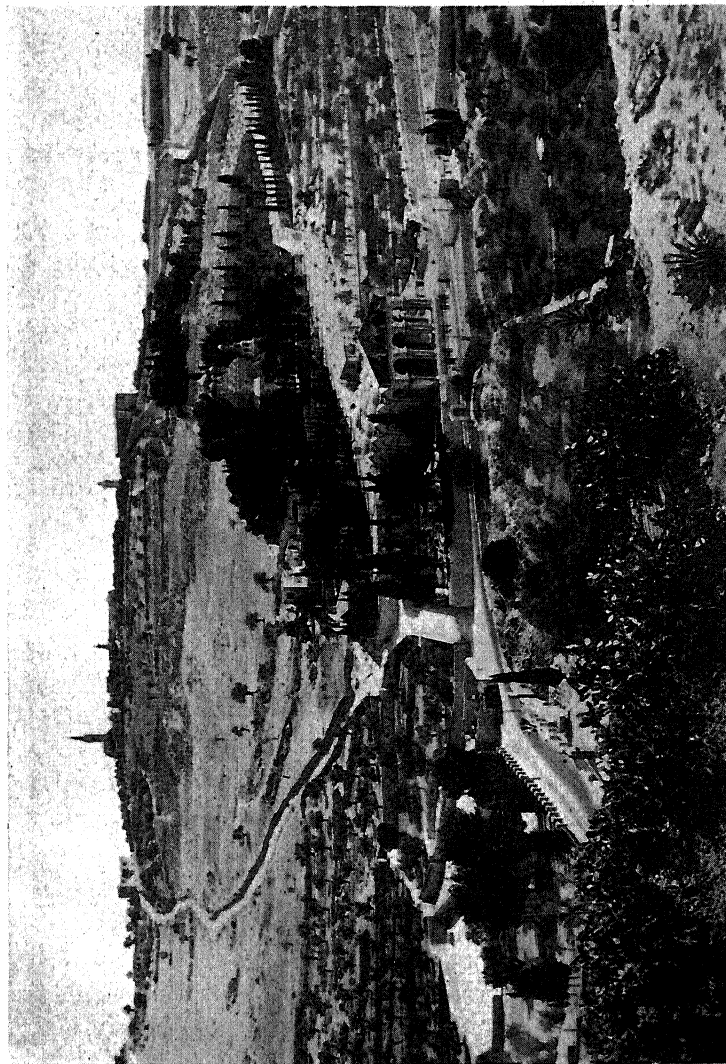
This particular day two German lads stood before the German tablet; I stood before the English version; my Arab guide looked up at the Arabic. I knew the precious words by heart and my lips formed them soundlessly again. German, American, and Arab, we stood all one for a time before his prayer. I remembered later that we whispered and tiptoed out together.

By the way that Jesus might have walked down the mountain on fragrant spring mornings and again during Passion Week, by the route which is called in Palestine "Hosanna Road," I continued. My heart was singing:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—JOHN 14: 27.

How lovely, I kept thinking to myself, that the Mount of Olives is not completely built up. All along the right side of the slope are olive trees which name it, while at their trunks grow in profusion the red anemones, "the lilies of the field," and the sheep wander here and there reminiscent of the days when this land was truly a pastoral country. Along this hillside pious fathers and nuns have, together with their other work, managed to plan and tend gardens, places of refuge from the relentless stones of the twisting footpath. These oases bespeak the infinite patience of saintly people who from the chalky limestone ground have brought forth "a thing of beauty."

Into almost a bit of heaven I wandered this spring day, into the most luxuriant greens, stately cypresses, tall cedars, flowering shrubs, and beds of old-fashioned pinks, purples,



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

Olivet is a green hill across the Kidron Valley, east of Jerusalem. It makes the same curved graceful line against the blue sky, has the same zig-zag path up its slope leading over the hill to Bethany, and at its base there is the peaceful walled Garden of Gethsemane. All as it must have been when Easter history was made here. On the summit is the Russian Tower. The church of Mary Magdalene stands above Gethsemane. The road past the Franciscan church leads to Jericho.

and forget-me-nots. Around and about them all was a mossy green grass. I was in the garden of the Russian Church of Mary Magdalene, a beautiful structure erected by Czar Alexander III. It stands with its glittering domes, upturned like golden turnips, just above Gethsemane. Some say that this garden was part of the original garden. We don't know.

A nun, exiled from Russia, greeted me. She had known keen mental suffering and yet her face bespoke the peace of a conquered fear. We spoke of her motherland. I said how sad it was that Russia had sold herself for "a mess of pottage" since the worship of the One, Universal God seems today to have so little share in its people's lives. Her face lighted and she said: "Never say that again, never give it the power . . . there is no place where God is not and He lives in the hearts of all Russians; He is with them."

Exiled from her homeland but loving it, she had come to have faith in that country's religious future even while she toiled an alien in Palestine. We talked and talked. In the pauses I thought perhaps Paul's words written to the church at Philippi, which was begun with a nucleus of worshipping women converted to Christianity by him on the Philippian water-front, were sounding down the ages of womanhood to us, two women in a garden. Paul had written to them: "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and mind through Jesus Christ." Does it mean that peace must start and thrive in the hearts of men who would rather love than hate, rather give than possess? So it seemed that morning on Olivet.

As I was leaving with her words and Paul's echoing in my ears, she walked to the gate of the garden. She stooped to pick a bouquet of rosemary from "a bed of spice."

"For remembrance," she said, handing it to me.

Yes, of "peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you . . ."

II

There is a place on this hill where "when he drew nigh, he saw the city and wept over it." What did he see? A great city enclosed within walls of cyclopean masonry; a mass of tortuous, twisting streets just as I have seen it. In Jesus' day, two thousand years ago, perhaps there was more contrast between the houses of the poor and the marble houses of the rich than there is today. Jesus gazed upon the palaces of the Maccabees, of Caiaphas, and of Herod. These are no more. He saw the sinister Tower of Antonia, the Praetorium, which sheltered the Roman garrison within the city, and which is pointed out to visitors. He saw a gleaming gold and white Temple crowning them all where I have seen only the Moslem shrine, the Dome of the Rock. To the right and to the north of the fortified walls he saw as I have those "hills round about Jerusalem" of which the Psalmist sang.

III

I came to the foot of the mount, and there was the Garden of Gethsemane. In the center of the retreat and not far from a near-by church stands one gnarled, old olive tree. It is at least nine hundred years old since these eight trees in this garden have never paid the taxes assessed on such trees in Palestine. Some religious believe it stood among the seven others when Jesus prayed here nineteen hundred years ago on Thursday of the Passion Week. Around the trunks of the venerable trees the Franciscans tend their flower beds and from them pluck a leaf or a pretty posy for the pilgrim's hand. The simple gesture is not so much as a reminder of this specific garden, as some pilgrims believe, but a reminder of what Gethsemane meant in the life of the Master.

"Tarry ye here and watch," the Garden invited me as

Jesus had earlier bidden his followers. I sat down to watch an old monk as he moved from flower bed to flower bed among the ancient olive trees, seeming to touch everything with beauty and reverence. I heard in the stillness the thrilling, trilling songs of warblers, the drone of bees over flowers, much as Jesus must have heard them long ago. I understood somewhat in the golden silence, pure air, and springtime fragrance why the man came to this hillside so often and why he sought this Garden; and watching, I felt truly that time has not altered the Garden . . . its healing, its peace are still here.

I raised my eyes and looked west. I beheld a long slope covered with the debris of centuries, thick with tombstones. I saw the high fortifying wall of the Holy City with the massive, closed Golden Gate separating today as yesterday the city's noise and confusion from the absolute peace and quiet of this almost paradise. I saw the ethereal blue lead dome of the Moslem shrine as it rises above the gigantic wall under a blaze of Syrian sun. Its windows remarkable for their delicate tracery and brilliancy of coloring, its octagonal walls decorated with colored, glazed tiles blotted from view by the encircling, protecting masonry. In fulfilled prophecy a voice seemed to echo from the past: "The days will come, in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another . . ." The Dome of the Rock stands where once stood Solomon's Temple, Zerubbabel's Temple, and Herod's magnificent shrine for the Jews about which Jesus had spoken those words.

I left the Mount of Olives and walked back up the dusty road to Jerusalem. The noonday sun burned above the city.

IV

I came again to the Mount of Olives one midnight, the night before I left Jerusalem. There was a new moon in the deep midnight-blue sky; the myriad stars hung like God's

own lanterns from the heavens, their rays came down like fine-spun golden threads to earth. Twinkle, twinkle came and went the lights within the close-packed Holy City yonder. Barely discernible were a church spire, a minaret, and the rounded domes of El Aksa and the Dome of the Rock. The massive, irregular walls loomed dark and forbidding beyond the starlit valley of the Kidron. Only the sighing of the old olive trees broke the hushed silence of the night as if they still kept watch in Nature's way as once they watched while others slept on a night long years ago. In

“ the silver green of olive sheen
Oh, can my soul forget ”

that on Thursday evening in the year 30 A. D. Jesus came with his disciples into Gethsemane (“oil-press”) and said, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death: abide ye here and watch” ? And I remembered that Jesus went forward a little, “a stone's cast,” says Luke the historian, to be accurate. He wanted to be alone and yet not quite alone. Still he wanted the nearness of three: the most strong, the most faithful, the most loving; these three, Peter, James, and John. In the dead, sensitive stillness of Gethsemane did they hear his voice as it opened its healing prayer and prayed, “Abba, Father . . .” ?

Jesus came over the Brook Kidron with the disciples into this place where there was a garden lighted by stars even as now. He, too, watched the lights that twinkled within the festive city ready for the Passover. Here beneath olive trees like these, he walked alone with God. Remembering again, time seemed suspended and I whispered:

“ Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

“ Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with love and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
’Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.”

—SIDNEY LANIER.

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CHAPTER X

I spend Sunday at Hebron, City of "the friend of God." En route I visit Solomon's Pools and Ortus. I discover that Hebron's "welcoming committee" is not out to greet me but the survivors of the "Haj." Children bother me at the Mosque. A potter's open door invites me to "Look"; a glass factory solves the mystery of Palestine's source of "evil eye" beads. In "the heat of the day," I walk through extensive vineyard country and rest near the ancient oak at Mamre.

IT was about nine o'clock on a beautifully bright, sunshiny Sunday morning that I set out from Jaffa Gate in Jerusalem for Hebron, city of "the friend of God." Vagrant cottony clouds floated in a brilliantly blue sky. In answer to my exclamation of delight at the wondrous beauty of this morning world, Jacob replied that I should see the skies in the summertime.

Jacob Nusaibeh is the son of a prominent old Moslem family in Jerusalem. He had agreed to show me the countryside where Abraham had dwelt for a time, where he had built an altar after Jehovah had commanded him to leave his country and go into a land which he would give to him, and where he now lies buried. Since I was now journeying to a real Moslem community, Jacob informed me that Moslems are not worshippers of Mohammed but that all true Moslems worship Allah (God) and that Mohammed is but His prophet. So with that bit of religious instruction we went on.

II

Not far from Jaffa Gate we passed Animal's Market Pool, which in the springtime is a pool of very dirty water, far too

filthy to have so near a large city. Here the natives bring their animals on Fridays to clean and sell them. We passed by the beautiful Scottish Church and then were out into the Judean hills. Busses marked "Bethlehem-Hebron" sped by in both directions. The road itself is not rough, but it winds in and out among these striking hills. The sides of the road are built up with stone fences, the rocks for them having been procured from the adjoining fields. In springtime these hills immediately out of Jerusalem are grassy but in places enormous bare, harsh spots suddenly show. These are stones! Their coloring may be white, sometimes cream, occasionally a soft brown; they blend into the wild greenness almost like a patterned green paisley.

Herds of black goats and flocks of sheep branded with henna grazed quietly that morning in near-by fields or else stampeded either up or down along the motor road as our honking car flashed through their ranks. A few donkeys here and there unequally yoked together with camels plowed in the ancient manner, with only a stick of wood to upturn this stubborn, rocky soil belonging to Arabs. The patches of cultivated land are small and so divided as to show distinctly the boundaries of various landowners. Stumps of oak trees abound along here, the oaks having been cut down during the World War I, the stumps having never been blasted from their bed. Life is still evident because every spring tender green shoots push forth from the neglected stumps of trees and they look instead like enormous flourishing bushes.

III

We came into the Rephaim Plain, situated in a beautiful valley, with memories that this was the place where the Philistines encamped twice against David who had surprised them once by having himself proclaimed king over Israel and a second time by securing Jebus as a site for his capital city.

The Old Testament records that word filtered through to the enemy, the Philistines, but the one-time friends of David, that surprisingly enough David had been anointed king over Israel and Judah after a separation of the two Hebrew kingdoms for seven years following upon the death of Saul at Gilboa. The Philistines came and encamped at Rephaim. Meanwhile, David inquired of Jehovah if he should go up against them. Jehovah answered, "Yes." It was in desperation that the enemy finally fled from before David's armies and in their haste left behind them their images. David was victorious. But once again the Philistines encamped at Rephaim. Again, David, exponent of theocratic rule in government, obediently inquired of Jehovah how to conduct the second campaign. Listening to the voice of Jehovah, David followed His directions. And the second time the Philistines were defeated on this historic plain. Very much earlier than this in Israel's fortunes the Plain of Rephaim marked the boundary between the tribe of Judah and the tribe of Benjamin.

IV

Not far from here the road branches into two. The upper is the road to Bethlehem. From this fork in the road we chose the lower highway and continued on to Hebron. Bethlehem would wait for another day.

Through wild country now and brilliant sunshine, we hurried on. With a turn in the road suddenly we saw an old khan, a square building erected centuries ago to protect travellers at night from marauding Bedouin bands. Once upon a time, long before the days of swift-travelling motor cars which accomplish these twenty miles in much less than an hour, it was a convenient stop for merchants and others on their way from Hebron to market in Jerusalem. They would spend the night here in safety and then starting out before

sunrise reach the great city in time for market. Likewise, on their return home, they would reach its massive walls of safety before sunset.

Walking behind the khan, I saw three large reservoirs. Jacob said that these were erroneously called "Solomon's Pools" since in reality they had been built by Pontius Pilate in an effort to supply Jerusalem with much needed water in this "dry and thirsty land." The restless Jews reported him to Caligula in Rome and Pontius Pilate was punished. Through the years since Jerusalem has had to depend upon these pools and her own cisterns for her meagre water supply until just recently when pipe lines were laid from Jaffa to Jerusalem. These latter now supply the "city set upon a hill" adequately with pure, fresh water.

The name of this lovely place where we stopped briefly is *Ortus*, meaning "garden." The name fits this fertile, luscious green valley with its luxuriant trees and flourishing green grass which is like a velvet carpet spread beneath a canopy of blue. *Ortus* is made vivid and beautiful with pheasant's eye, cyclamen, anemones, soapwort, and pimpernels.

It is quite possible that Solomon's gardens used to be here and that *Ortus* once was *Etam*. Possibly, I reminded myself, Solomon was recalling *Etam* when he sang:

"I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards:

"I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits:

"I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."—ECCLESIASTES 2: 4-6.

Some authorities believe the scenes in the Song of Solomon are laid in these gardens whose plants were once "beds of spices and orchards of pomegranates with pleasant fruits."

V

Only a short distance from Castle by the Pools as the ancient khan is now called we came to a pile of tawny, natural rock. At one side of it grew a number of tall cypress trees. Glancing ahead to them it seemed to me as if they might be sentinels to guard a precious site. I was not wrong. Jacob explained as we drew nearer and stopped that this is where tradition says Philip the evangelist met, converted, and baptized the eunuch from the court of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia, who was earnestly reading from the prophet Isaiah but couldn't understand a difficult passage. The eunuch was on his way to Egypt; Philip had been bidden to go to Gaza; both were travelling the ancient caravan route which led from the East through Gaza and across sand-strewn trails to end in Egypt; we were travelling on that same historic route only as far as Hebron this day. Philip overtook him, explained Isaiah, Chapter 53, in the light of the gospel message and the sufferings of Jesus. Accepting Philip's ready explanation and understanding it, the eunuch became one of the few individuals in the New Testament the process of whose conversion is recorded. Here an individual's life began to take on new meaning, new purpose, new aspirations as the Christ suddenly laid hold upon him, as he confessed: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," and then he continued on his way rejoicing.

VI

Somewhere near to the right of the road is the Plain of Mamre, but as we had planned that day to visit it on our return from Hebron, I shall not pause here to recall its history.

We came into the vineyard district. This section of Palestine has been noted always for its grapes. Tradition claims and it is believed as true that Joshua and Caleb came as far

as here when they spied out the Promised Land for Moses in 1400 B. C. They returned, I remembered as I gazed on these vineyards, with "one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff." It certainly isn't hard to believe tradition here after seeing this countryside around Hebron; the hills are striped with terraces of vines, olives, and figs. At the spring season the vines are not in bud yet and on this spring day the small branches stuck up out of the ground or lay upon it like black snakes because the Palestine husbandman never poles his vines or attaches them to trellis as we do in America until they begin to leaf.

Soon we saw some modern residences, comfortable, clean-looking, stone-built houses and a few domes glistening in the sun. We were approaching Hebron, a well-known city in even Abraham's time as early as 2000 B. C. and still an important city when it served as David's capital when he was king of Judah. In age it rivals Damascus, being close to four thousand years old in recorded history. From Hebron Joseph set out to seek his brothers in Shechem, and to Hebron those same brothers returned carrying a blood-stained coat of many colors to a father who mourned many days for his beloved son. Absalom, David's favorite son, was born here. At the gates of Hebron Abner treacherously killed Joab and paved the way for his master to be king of Israel. Hither came rebellious Absalom under pretext of performing a vow and from here sent spies through all the tribes of Israel saying, "As soon as ye hear the sound of the trumpet, then ye shall say, Absalom reigneth in Hebron." Later it was fortified by Rehoboam and was re-peopled at the end of the Captivity. It belonged for a time to the Edomites, was recaptured by Judas Maccabeus, became later a town of Idumea, and finally was destroyed by the Romans. Today its population is chiefly Arabic and Moslem. Only a few Jews dare to live among these fanatics, who so often give vent to their feelings

in riots, outbreaks, and killings. Hebronites seem to resent outsiders poking around their town. In subsequent visits to Hebron, I have seen them stone tourists' automobiles, harass sight-seers by begging persistently for "Baksheesh" and generally make nuisances of themselves.

Quite by accident I seem to have an antidote for their cantankerous ways. On a later visit the children were being unusually bothersome, chattering like a swarm of magpies, and hindering my progress in taking some good exterior "shots" of the mosque, when quite unconsciously I let out a "SH . . . U . . . U . . . U . . . S . . . S . . . SH!" The extreme silence which followed my explosion caused me to look up and around me to see some of these awful, dirty children cowering, some of them slinking away with backward looks, and some of them absolutely respectful. I have no idea whatsoever what this noise on my part conveyed to them but it had its effect. Now when I go to Hebron I have quite a peaceful time with the pestering children since I know that I have a remedy which has never failed me in an emergency here.

This particular day children lined the stone road walls; women clothed all in black with the exception of white head cloths, wearing "mandeels" (face veils) either of figured or heavy black cloth, sauntered through the streets or stood gossiping in groups. It seemed to me unusual that all the town was out to welcome us. I needn't have disturbed myself for none of this was in our honor at all! It developed that this was the day scheduled for the return of pilgrims from Mecca. These stay-at-homes were lined up or standing in groups waiting to greet the survivors of the "Haj." The pilgrimage to Mecca is a long, arduous one even in the twentieth century. Formerly in the days of the Turks and even later during the regime of King Hussein many pilgrims never survived the rigors of the long trip nor returned alive to their loved ones; however, under King Ibn Saud the dangers of the pilgrimages

have been lessened, the hardships and privations become less severe.

We went on into Hebron. Leaving the car and by walking but a short distance, we came to the Haram el Khalil. The Mosque is built over the Cave of Machpelah where an old shepherd lies, who pitched his tent here more than four thousand years ago, a pilgrim in a land where he was known as "the friend"—El Khalil. It ranks among the holiest of Islam's mosques. But Jew and Christian regard the tomb as holy and dear.

With some of the town's children who had trooped persistently through the narrow streets at my heels, I had my picture taken on the steps to the southern entrance to the huge building. The Mosque is strong and fortified-looking like the walls about Jerusalem. Just inside the entrance non-Moslems are permitted to approach just seven steps unless they receive special permission before leaving the Holy City. Pious Jews, since Jews revere the cave as the burial place of the patriarchs and their wives, are permitted to go inside and up the seven steps on Fridays only. Here at this time in the cracks of the large building stones they can insert written petitions to Jehovah or mourn as they have done for about five hundred years or imprint kisses on the ancient stones. It reminds one of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. The Mosque at Hebron is perhaps one place in Palestine which Moslem, Jew, and Christian regard with equal affection.

VII

Sarah died in Hebron and Abraham had no grave in which to bury her, yet he felt that she should rest in the soil that was to be Israel's. And so he went to the Canaanites, who recognized him as a prince among them, and asked to buy "the cave of Machpelah" and the field in which it was situated from Ephron. After a delightful bit of Eastern bar-

gaining, the seller pretending to care nothing for the price but skillfully indicating what he should expect—its worth being four hundred shekels of silver—Abraham paid and possessed the coveted plot of ground. “And after this, Abraham buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre.” When he passed on, he was buried in the cave beside Sarah his wife. In time there were laid in the family vault Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. Cenotaphs directly over these graves can be seen inside the Mosque, but there is no entrance to the sealed cave itself.

VIII

I stopped within the town to look into a dark interior because the wares upon display before an open door beckoned to me to “Look.” I was glad that I had because almost immediately a few verses from the Book of Jeremiah came alive:

“Arise, and go down to the potter’s house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words.”

“Then I went down to the potter’s house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels.

“And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it.

“Behold, as the clay is in the potter’s hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel.”—JEREMIAH 18: 2-4, 6.

Upon a swiftly revolving wheel which he turned deftly with a foot treadle, the potter plumped another lump of soft, wet clay; under the manipulations of his supple fingers this Hebron potter brought forth for my delight graceful jugs, useful lamps, long-necked water bottles, and a “potter’s earthen bottle.” Occasionally a delicate shape “was marred in the hand of the potter so he made it again another vessel.” All sooner or later found themselves carried wet from this dark interior out into the glaring hot sun where “Sol” dried

them thoroughly for market. I purchased a reproduction of an "Abraham" lamp for the huge sum of two cents. It holds a few drops of oil and with a cotton wick gives forth a very feeble flicker of light. Reliable persons assured me later that in humble homes lamps like these are still in use to ward off the "evil eye" at night but before the first World War lamps like these were used in many Palestine homes where the inhabitants did not retire immediately upon nightfall.

Not far from the potter's are the ancient bazaars which date from the days of the Crusaders in Palestine. They are easily recognizable as Crusader remains because they are built on the plan of the cross. Here we saw men preparing hides for market. There is little to tempt visitors in Hebron's bazaars; the spices perhaps send forth the most tantalizing aromas and make one's thoughts begin to dream of even farther away lands in the East than this one.

There is an industry, which is peculiarly Hebron, and which every visitor to Hebron ought to visit. Far more fascinating than a visit to the Mosque is a visit to the glass factory, which turns out the most exquisite, fragile finger bowls, saucers, dainty pitchers, glass rings for bracelets, beads, a varied assortment of bottles—all in a rare shade of blue.

This industry is a hold-over from the Phoenician glass-blower period which flourished on the seaboard. Two Hebron families now hold the secret for making this rare glass which is in demand the world over by Moslems. One sometimes wonders while travelling the Holy Land where all the blue "evil eye" beads could possibly come from which adorn the necks of donkeys and camels, radiator caps of automobiles, and even the caps of infants. The answer is Hebron, from these two small factories which make beads in all sizes ranging from very tiny ones to great large ones almost the size of a half dollar. They may be in the form of a camel's eyes, a cock's eyes, or the hand of Fatima.

IX

Through a silent countryside of beautiful and extensive vineyards we walked along a stony footpath toward Mamre to visit the venerable oak tree, the traditional site of where Abraham entertained three angel visitants. A mile away, it was a long warm tramp as the sun rose steadily higher in this radiant spring sky. Occasionally a flock of fat-tailed sheep and a few silky black goats quietly passed us, urged along by a strong, patient voice who gave us no other notice than a brief "Assallam" (Peace). Joyous, singing birds circling above us, lightly resting for brief moments on bushes and trees and then swiftly winging off again, carried us along on wings of thrilling music. Hovering over buttercups, poppies, and anemones, the droning of bees seemed praise as if it struck a sincere hymnal chord in all this solitude and peace. I seemed to "breathe the breath of beauty more than air."

At last we came to an entrance, an opening in the stone fence that had lined the right side of the road for some distance. The open gate invited us to come through and try the deserted lane leading to the venerable oak standing lonely and remote on the slight hill beyond.

We came up to the oak at Mamre detached from the cypress trees which keep vigil here and from the hospice buildings which hover over the historic scene by a high, square wire fence. And, as I rested beneath the old tree's frail leafy shadows, I opened the Bible and read a chapter of Genesis.

"And he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day;

"And he lift up his eyes and looked, and, lo, three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground.

“ And said, My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant:

“ Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree:

“ And I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; and after that ye shall pass on: for therefore are ye come to your servant. And they said, So do, as thou hast said.”

—GENESIS 18: 1-5.

With memories revived, I wondered if the angelic visit might not have happened on such a perfect day as this one—when the whole earth seemed full of His glory. Surely it must have been amid such peace as this that Abraham entertained his guests and was later rewarded for his hospitality and faith with a promise of an heir. With my imagination free to roam at will in “the heat of the day” and the peace of this ancient countryside, I seemed to see Abraham in the door of his black goat-haired tent sighting his visitors in the distance, stretching forth his hand, and then bowing himself low in Oriental greeting, and saying, “Assallam aleitkum” (Peace be with thee), as they approached the tent from the rear. I could see him offering his guests food in the spacious men’s quarters of the tent. It had been hastily prepared by Sarāh and her maids. It seemed as if I could hear Sarah’s laugh as she hovered near-by in the women’s quarters and overheard the astounding news “thy wife shall have a son.” Then I saw Abraham standing forth to bid the visitors good-bye, and Sarah standing a discreet distance behind her husband in the shelter of the tent. I saw Abraham start forth from the tent door to “bring them on the way” toward Sodom.

I thought on this man who went out from his own comfortable surroundings into a country which he had never seen, following an inward moving, a voice, which urged, “Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy

father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." A divine urge awakened in him; listening and following it without question for the unknown future nor regret for the comfort of the known past, Abraham went out to seek what he was pleased to call "the land of promise." It became for him not only a pioneering into a new world of ideas, experiences, and friends, but a venturing into a wider spiritual realm. He came into Canaan and there he lived the remainder of his natural life. Never much of a material success nor conspicuous for his worldly possessions beyond his flocks and herds, the only earthly land he possessed at his death was a field and a cave that he had bought for a burial plot. He had come to "the land of promise," he had lived here, he died here; and not in any obvious way did he come to possess the land. But he came in time to have a far surer and more valuable possession than lands or houses or silver. He possessed "a conviction of things not seen." Throughout his repeated tests and trials he did not hesitate for lack of faith in God, because he was fully confident that what Jehovah promised He was able to perform and when tried his faith supported him.

Leaving Ur, Abraham did not need to know where his path led, he did not have to see the end before the beginning, because "by faith" he knew that beside him and around him was God. He sought a "promised land" and he took up a sure abode first in a land of the Spirit, bounded by truth, righteousness, honor, and faith, the chief city of which is invisible and eternal, and "hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." Abraham won a spiritual victory and God's approval while yet he sojourned a pilgrim and a stranger in Canaan "as in a foreign country."

X

From the oak at Mamre, we crossed country and by walking a considerable distance came at last to the main highway

between Jerusalem and Hebron. Almost simultaneously with our appearance a great commotion began, such shouting, such wailing! The pilgrims from Mecca were returning and the people were still here waiting to welcome them. It startled me back from the twentieth century B. C. to the twentieth century A. D. I was no longer visiting Abraham and his blessed wife Sarah.

The Hebronites could not contain themselves in their excitement. The pilgrims kissed the unfortunate ones, the stay-at-homes, many of whom would never in their lifetime have sufficient money to make the coveted journey to their Holy City. The pilgrims were venerable old men, patriarchs in the town, holy men now; they wore a bit of green to prove that they had been to Mecca, were now the privileged ones in the community. There seemed no notes of envy in that shouting, crying mob. They were simply expressing uncontrolled joy over the fact that some of their number had lived to see the day of which they all had dreamed practically all their lives, when the fulfillment of a life ambition, the pilgrimage to Mecca, was "fait accompli."

I, too, had had a dream fulfilled. But I am a product of a different civilization since I come from a world of controlled emotions. In contrast to the Hebronites my fulfilled dream to walk hand-in-hand with the patriarch along his highways and to see the countryside in which Abraham had lived "as a dweller in tents" while patiently, faithfully, and obediently he looked forward to and prepared to live in the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," made me very quiet, very humble, wholly at peace with the world. "Faith is rewarded according to faith" hummed the wheels of the motor car over and over as we rolled faster and faster back toward Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XI

I speed by automobile from Jerusalem's golden wall via the Plain of Rephaim, Rachel's Tomb, Well of the Magi, and Shepherds' Field to Bethlehem. As in the time of Boaz and David the people are still farmers and shepherds. Bethlehem women have a distinctive costume. Crowds jostle at sheep market on Saturday morning; markets and houses are no different in 2000 years. Religion is still the inhabitants' chief interest. The story of the first Christmas unfolds itself against the historic background of the Church of the Nativity. I watch a "stranger star" above Bethlehem at midnight. I ride a bus to the Shepherds' Village.

"How far is it to Bethlehem?

Not very far.

Shall we find the stable-room

Lit by a star?

Can we see the little child,

Is he within?

If we lift the wooden latch

May we go in?

—FRANCES CHESTERTON.

THE road from Jerusalem's golden wall beneath a blue sky is like any other road covered with a fine dust of limestone; stone walls lie on either side and beyond them are orchards of gnarled olive trees. There is nothing to mark this as any different from any other road in the whole of Palestine, yet there is ONE thing. IT IS THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM!

Few rides in the world can compete in memories and associations with these five miles of uphill and downhill between

the two mountain cities. They begin to crowd in almost immediately as one comes into the open country.

By this route Abraham with his son Isaac must have come from Hebron and from it caught glimpses of Mount Moriah. Two centuries later Jacob made a mournful halt to bury his best-loved wife Rachel alongside this road.

A little domed white building marks Rachel's grave. Because it sets me dreaming, maybe it will make you dream, too. Beauty and love! Jacob loved Rachel who the Bible says "was beautiful and well-favored." He served for her twice seven years "and they seemed unto him but a few days" because of the love he had for her. In time she bore him Joseph and then later along this Bethlehem Road she gave birth to Benjamin; but she died in childbirth. Here along this highway which was in time to become the "Road of Mothers," Jacob in his great grief set up a pillar to mark her grave. His pillar of stones has long since gone, crumbled away by time, but because the memory of the love which inspired the token has never passed away a little Moslem domed building has taken its place. Three thousand years have come and gone since Jacob loved Rachel but love is sacred to all peoples. Today Moslems, Jews, and Christians still pause at Rachel's Tomb and remember with longing "the love he had to her."

Not far from here I have enjoyed tarrying at a well; it is such a pleasant place. There is a stone basin beside the well so that shepherds and cameleers can pour out water for their thirsty beasts. This is called the Well of the Magi.

Stopping, I have remembered that Mary came by here once on her way to be enrolled in her ancestral town and while there to give birth to the world's illustrious son. Tradition says she rested by the well and drank of its sweet waters while travelling by donkey the last long five miles between Bethlehem and Jerusalem, the end of a tiresome three-day

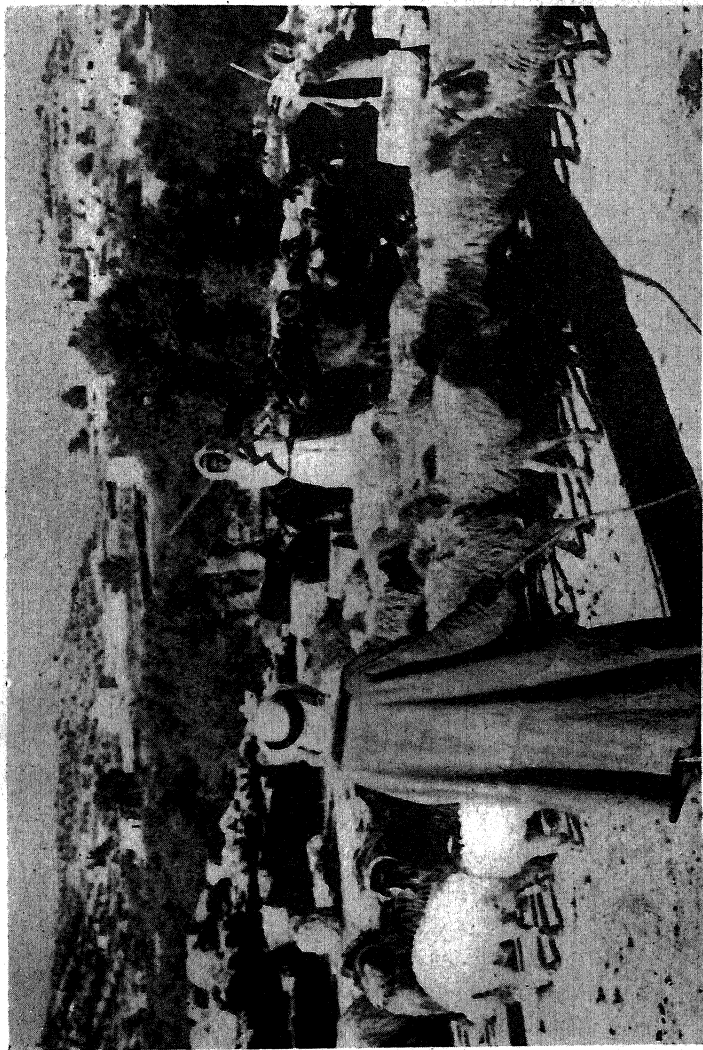
journey from Galilee. I've remembered, too, that it was along this same road that the Kings of the East came riding. Tradition tells us again that on their way they lost their guiding star and, coming to this well, halted on the night when they were seeking him "that is born King of the Jews." Stopping to slake their thirst, they found it again shining in the clear water.

To the left of the highway, the earth falls away suddenly and every available inch of the slopes is terraced and planted; here the olive, fig, and pomegranate thrive and in the open valley below, far below, wheat and barley ripple in the sunlight. In one of the fields Boaz reaped and Ruth gleaned. Far off lies the Dead Sea with a slight greyish haze rising from its waters. In the late afternoon the western sun lights up a long distant line of pink in the east; these are the hills of Moab beyond Jordan which had been the girlhood home of Ruth.

In one of these sunlit fields to the left, shepherds watched their flocks by night nineteen hundred years ago. Here when the heavenly glory suddenly shone around, they heard the sweet concord of holy voices as the first Christmas carol came floating through the skies:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Shepherding does not change much in Palestine where wild beasts may descend still upon unprotected sheep and suddenly destroy them. The Palestine shepherd lives night and day with his animals. He establishes a degree of intimacy with them which is touching to observe. He leads his flocks and they, having complete confidence in him who is not an hireling, follow. He calls them all by their names and they, knowing his voice and hearing his only, heed. He protects the sheep from thieves and preying animals who would devour



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

To visit Shepherds' Field near Bethlehem is to be carried back swiftly through the centuries to the first Christmas eve, or to the days of young David when he tended and defended his father's sheep in Judea.

them at night by sleeping in the opening of the often make-shift sheepfold and they, sensing his watchfulness, fear "no evil." He provides pasture and water even in the wilderness and the presence of enemies and they, casting all their anxiety upon him, are fed. There is a singular communion between the shepherd and his sheep which, after one has visited Palestine and observed it, makes the symbol of the Good Shepherd peculiarly apt and the Twenty-third Psalm strangely moving.

For those who have travelled extensively in Palestine to go out with the guardians of the sheep and keep vigil under the stars is to be carried back through the centuries to the first Christmas Eve. The scene of the night-watch is now exactly as it was when Jesus was born in Bethlehem.

It is no uncommon sight to see on the horizon a Bethlehemite lad, having gentle eyes and manner, clad similarly to David in an "abba" and wearing on his head a white "kuffiyeh" held in place by the black "agal," carrying a long crook, and leading a straggling flock of fat-tailed sheep. It is like being carried back swiftly to the days of the young David when he tended and defended his father Jesse's sheep on the hillsides of Judea.

But on ahead there is Bethlehem, crowning two hills. Slender cypress trees rise above her flat roofs; white buildings shine among olive trees; terraces of olive, fig, and pomegranate fall away into the distance, because every available inch is striped with terraces. Her white flat-roofed houses of dressed stone cluster on the hillside; they almost seem to crouch on the very edge of the road as if to look well on tourists bound for the holy site—the only truly Christian community in the Holy Land today. But above them all rise the bell-towers of convents, orphanages, and monasteries. There is always a bell softly chiming in Bethlehem!

I shall always remember the town as small and unspoilt,

as neat and substantial, in pleasing contrast to the ordinary fellaheen villages of mud-huts.

“This is humble Bethlehem
In the Judean wild;
And this is lowly Bethlehem
Wherein a mother smiled;
Yea, this is happy Bethlehem
That knew the Little Child.”

Until 1938 no noise, no mental conflicts had engaged the people for many years, because only a handful of Moslems lived among the ten thousand Christian Arabs in amity. Not until 1938 when all communities in the Holy Land were stirred again as they had not been since Turkish days by political and religious animosity, only then was this peaceful district disturbed. What had contributed largely to those years of quiet and well-being? Nothing more than the mechanical and artistic skill, business ability, and thrifty industry of the people of Bethlehem.

As in the time of Boaz and later of David, the people are farmers and shepherds, but many today are occupied as well with the manufacture and sale of souvenirs. Their tiny shops line the narrow streets, mere winding alleys, and they offer their lovely hand-wrought products of olivewood and mother-of-pearl: New Testaments, rosaries, crucifixes, dainty beads, and medallions, and trinkets made from the bituminous shale of the desert. This is the chief industry today.

Waking Bethlehem, jarring itself to activity shortly after sun-up on a Saturday for sheep-market is a custom as old as Christian Bethlehem itself.

Through winding alleys of cobblestone-step streets, past cube-like houses of substantial native limestone, revealing very little of what goes on within, and up a broad, romantic flight of steps, the serene matrons go to market to select

oranges, cucumbers, fresh, dewy-cool grape leaves, squash, juicy red-ripe tomatoes. The women from surrounding villages and from gardens near the town sell their fruits and vegetables which they bring here in baskets on their heads. In season huge piles of grains are offered for sale "heaped up and running over." Bethlehem has always stood for fertility; its very name means "House of Bread." Here at market children play games, running in and out among the sheep and camels being bartered by their owners.

The problems of Bethlehem haven't changed much in two thousand years. These people are neighbors today as Mary had neighbors in Bethlehem. Crowds jostle at market as they did at the enrollment time of Caesar Augustus. What to eat and the current price of foodstuffs still concern the Christian wives of Bethlehem. But more than all else, these Christian women speak to one of homes, real homes with normal, happy, family ties, of home as the center of the affections, of love in humble homes such as Mary's must have been.

The dress of a Bethlehem woman is unique and in this land of memories is a memory of the Crusades. The married women wear a high headdress covered with a flowing white veil which is pinned neatly under the chin, and which falls down the back and over the shoulders gracefully. Under the veil is a tall, pointed red cap like a small tower which has the woman's dowry gold sewn row upon row upon the front. From it hangs the "zneckb," a chain which holds ten coins and a central pendant. The coins represent the bride's dowry. After seeing the headdress of the Bethlehem costume never again does one wonder WHY the woman of the parable was so anxious to find the "lost coin"; and "what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she loses one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she finds it" has a deeper significance. In Jewish days, they told me in the Holy Land, ten pieces of silver were sewn on

the headdress of a married woman. Was this the custom to which Jesus referred? To lose a coin was a reflection on a woman's carefulness, evidence to her neighbors of her negligence, disrespect for her husband, and the occasion for arousing superstitious fears.

The dresses of present-day Bethlehemites are of the heaviest spun silk or wool, depending upon the wealth of the wearer; the bodices are embroidered heavily and brilliantly; while over these are velveteen jackets. The unmarried woman's headdress is different. Before marriage the virgins of Bethlehem wear a double circle of coins encircling their faces, surmounted by a white veil. If the sun's rays catch the glitter of the precious metal, the reflection suggests a halo. Possibly this is the origin of the golden circles surrounding the heads of subjects in early religious art.

Marvel of marvels in this land which is so rapidly changing with the introduction and adoption of many twentieth-century ideas and ways, religion is still the chief interest of the inhabitants of Bethlehem.

All through the day the white-veiled women come to pray within the shadows and stillness of the Church of the Nativity. It is the very core of town life from early morning when the bells peal out a welcome to the returning sun until they chime a benediction as the shadows of the evening hours gather.

The worshippers look like nuns as singly or in groups they tread with courtly grace across the spacious courtyard of the church and disappear through its low doorway. However, they are ordinary Bethlehem women wearing the conspicuous spotless headdress flowing down about their ample skirted gowns. Their faces have a tranquil look from inner peace; they have a rarer beauty shining from a source within.

On Christmas Eve these white-veiled women sing at evening-song, as did the angels once, who sang of "peace, good will to

men"; these Christians sing instead of Jesus, born of Bethlehem.

II

All mountain paths and winding streets lead to the market square in front of the Church of the Nativity. Here stand burdened donkeys. Here come the camels from over the mountain trails. Here ends the motor road. In this land where antiquity and modernity meet sometimes so incongruously, it is still something of a shock to find here in the market square an electric street lamp—an electric star—burning during the evening. And so today "in thy streets shineth" a quite efficient light.

In the center of Bethlehem stands the oldest existing church of Christendom, used now in common by three Eastern denominations: Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, but revered by all Christians. Authorities do not doubt that the church stands on the site where the Radiant Child was born and the place of the first Christmas.

The building resembles a huge, feudal, fortified castle set within an immense courtyard. It has at times been used as a fortress to protect the residents from massacre. The present church is substantially the one built by Justinian in 527 A. D., but churches and monasteries have been added to the main structure through the centuries. Others repaired the church. St. Jerome visited it, even made it his home while he was engaged in preparing for the world the Vulgate version. We of the twentieth century seldom realize the enormity of his task and the hardships he underwent while engaged in his monumental work of translating the Scripture into Latin from Hebrew manuscripts until we visit the small, dark, windowless, underground room like a cold, damp cell in which he toiled fourteen years.

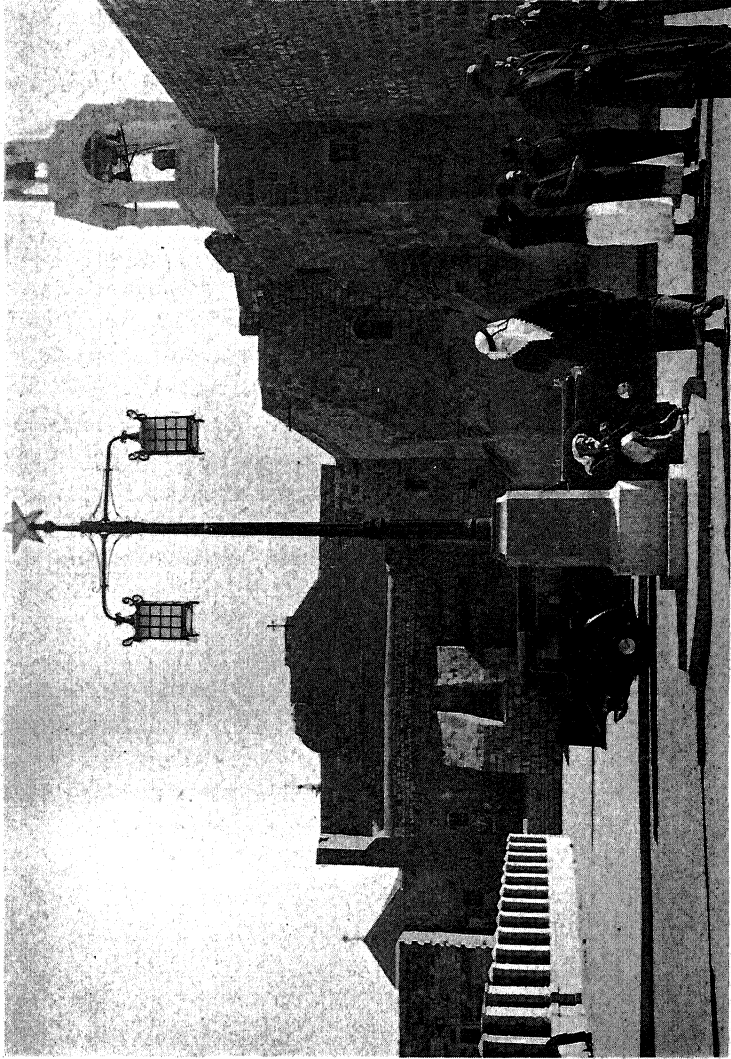
The front and main entrance to the imposing, massive

church is a miniature doorway, but four feet high, called by some reverent pilgrims "The Door of Humility." High and wide originally, gradually it has been filled in as worshippers there demanded protection from unsympathetic religious fanatics who threatened their peace and their very lives. No danger now that more than one person can enter this low, narrow doorway at a time; nor that armed persons can ride in on camels; nor that anyone can step in erect surveying at a glance immediately the situation within the Church of the Nativity.

Each time I have visited Bethlehem's church, I have hesitated a moment to glance down at the old doorsill, to see the two grooves which pairs of pilgrim feet before mine have worn down deep through passing centuries; then, I have been forced to stoop to enter into the best-loved church in Christendom. It has always taken me some moments after straightening up before my eyes accustomed themselves to the dullness of the light and before the beauty of great dignity impressed itself upon me.

This is no ornate church with dark and burdened altars but an austere basilica of almost studied simplicity. I've stepped forward then between two double rows of pinkish limestone Corinthian pillars, which some do say were brought from the ruins of Herod's Temple in Jerusalem to adorn this temple. Above the supporting columns is the old wooden roof, the gift of Edward IV and Philip of Burgundy in the fifteenth century. About the walls are scattered and often faded patches of gold and colored Byzantine mosaics. They contrast strikingly with the white plaster which has filled in portions where the beautiful mosaics, which once elaborately covered the walls, have fallen off with passing time.

By lifting a trap door in the present flooring in the nave of the Church of the Nativity, I have looked down upon a magnificent mosaic carpet—the remains of the flooring placed in



Photographed by C. Reed, Jerusalem

The Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem stands on the site where Jesus was born and laid in a manger "because there was no room for them in the inn." The oldest Christian church is the very core of village life; religion is still the chief interest of the inhabitants. All mountain paths and village streets lead to the market square in front of the church. An electric street lamp — an electric star — burns here at night.

the original church by Constantine. It was only rediscovered in 1934 during some repairs at the church.

“Why isn’t it all uncovered for the world to gaze upon, to walk upon?” someone is asking. Because, my friend, all the masses, all the baptisms, all the weddings, all the funerals of Bethlehem take place within this church. It would be hardly wisdom to subject these rare mosaics which are more like faded rectangles of rich old carpets, which any museum would be proud to number among its treasures, to the wear and tear of everyday demands. Necessary to replace the flooring, only a few squares have been left to show to visitors.

I shall never forget an afternoon service, a special service, in this darkened church. I saw altar boys with censers, a priest upholding a tall, gold cross, the venerable Armenian Bishop in gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments followed by other church dignitaries as in solemn procession they advanced in the church. I heard the reverent tones of the ancient liturgy. Like shadows there the people stood in stillness as the service began, their forms but dim upon the elevated transept beyond the nave. And then . . . the light shone through . . . rays of shining sunlight broke through the lofty windows over their bent heads to fall in blessing on the high altar. Solemnity and peace. The peace of which Christ Jesus spoke pervaded this house of prayer.

From either side of the elevated transept are circular staircases which lead down into the Chapel of the Nativity. Beneath the high altar is the cave which tradition claims as the site where Jesus was born. Before I have descended that flight of steps to the underground portions of this church, before I have descended a dark staircase slippery with the drippings from many pilgrim candles, I have stopped to remind myself of the first Christmas. Reading a few passages of Scripture, I’ve found the whole story unfolding itself against the background of this old shrine.

III

Hurrying on from the Well of the Magi with thoughts of the necessity for shelter and rest for this night, Mary and Joseph must have glimpsed such a scene as other travellers through the years have: of Bethlehem sitting upon her hills which are higher than the hills upon which Jerusalem is built, sitting there as a promise of a haven for weary humanity. The town holds that promise today for weary, seeking individuals doubting the promise of the birth, and many have been restored to faith by visits here. But during the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Caesar Augustus, it was the end of a long journey for two wayworn travellers and Bethlehem was crowded with pilgrims summoned to the city of their ancestors for the census ordered by the Emperor.

They must have sought shelter in one of the old cave dwellings, part masonry, part cave, a human abode built against the side of a hill. Many of these humble dwellings dot the landscape of Bethlehem today. The grotto in the Church of the Nativity, this grotto which the Christian heart has associated with the nativity for more than eighteen hundred years, was such a place as that originally. These dwellings are one-room houses, built over caves which are level with the road; the room slightly above being for the family. The cave part is used as a stable for the animals at night. There is in most of these a stone trough or manger cut directly from rock. To this the animals are tied; from here the animals are fed.

Mary and Joseph did not use the stable of an inn, nor such an awful place as Western imagination has conjured in connection with the blessed event. In ancient days a khan was an open place built around a central courtyard. Under the colonnades were the travellers' rooms. At these caravansaries the animals were never stabled in our Western sense of the word "stabled." They were only gathered together into the

open enclosure. I saw some of these khans not far from the "Street called Straight" in Damascus, no longer caravansaries but storehouses. The prevailing Western idea that the Holy Family found refuge in the stable of a caravansary is unthinkable to anyone who knows the Near East, the simple but abundant hospitality of its peoples. Instead Mary and Joseph were welcomed by such humble folk as lived in a home, part cave and part masonry, part stable and part human abode, such as one still finds in Bethlehem today. The animals provided precious heat on cold nights in December in the Holy Land. So, it was here in such a place as this that:

"The days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

"And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE 2: 6, 7.

Joseph, the simple carpenter, stood near-by, awakened from his sleep, awed by the wonder; and he pondered slowly on what the morn might mean to them. Moving over to the manger upon which lay the baby cradled in the hay, Joseph "called his name Jesus."

I have watched Christian pilgrims as they have come to these steps which lead down into the grotto. Unseeing, they passed by the antique symmetry of carved columns and arches in this old shrine of Justinian. Their eager hearts were not stirred by fine pillars, by gold lamps, by gorgeous trappings, by burning incense, by religious quarrels among sects; instead their feet pressed onward toward one precious spot. Their feet pressed on to a dimlit shrine, a tiny chapel, to find a star, which Catholic fathers have placed in the flagstones of the floor of the crypt lest some hurrying pilgrims along life's busy way forget that here Jesus was born. These sought a star symbolic of that child, himself a shining star. Their yearning eyes would lovingly caress, their lips would homage

pay "the time-dulled silver star, sunk deep within the pavement, footfall-worn." They read these reverent pilgrims who had come from near and far:

"Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est."
Here of the Virgin Mary, Christ was born.

I have seen lifted faces, tear-stained, wan, and brown glow then into a worship that is rapturing. Despite the mummery which obliterates for casual, pleasure-seeking visitors all sense of the Infinite, these rapturous ones had felt a thrill of something more divine than they had glimpsed before. Although their mortal feet touched the floor of the rock-hewn chamber, although their mortal eyes beheld the spot, their spirits had taken flight; and with an almost immortal sight they passed on to the place of the manger. In vision where the Wise Men stood of yore around a baby cradled in the hay, the pilgrims stood in very ecstasy of adoration.

While in the Chapel of the Nativity, beneath the high altar of the church, is the site of the place of the manger, this one here is of marble instead of being cut from the natural rock of the cave. The original crib is resting in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome having been taken there in the eighth century. It was my privilege in 1937 to be in Santa Maria Maggiore when visiting dignitaries of the Catholic church were shown the precious manger of the child. And so, just happening there, I saw the relic of that bygone day.

But returning to the Gospel's story, the scene is shifted. Outside the gloom of the rude cave-home, the night was aglow with brightness on the first Christmas Eve; all was still.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

And in the peace and solitude of these Judean hills the first strains of the solo of the "angel of the Lord" came floating on the air:

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—LUKE 2: 8-11, 13, 14.

A hushed, fearful silence greeted the strains of the angel's song. Those without the cave in Shepherds' Field gathered nearer together as sweetly flowed on the clear night air the voices of the angelic host. They inquired of one another:

"Hark! what mean those angel voices sweetly sounding through the skies?"

It was the first carol and the first cradle hymn.

There was a lingering echo to the celestial song of praise. Within those listening and adoring shepherds' hearts there must have echoed such a song as this:

"Sing on, sweet angels, though your song
Floats down to scenes of sorrow;
Ye tell of peace, goodwill to men
Be this the strain we borrow."

—DIX.

So, when the angels were gone away, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing, which the Lord hath made known unto us, a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And they

hastened to Bethlehem, to the cave-home now covered by the Church of the Nativity, and they found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe.

The Y. M. C. A. lays claim to a cave in Shepherds' Field which easily might have been the one where resting shepherds first saw "the glory of the Lord." Each year on Christmas Eve the Y. M. C. A. members, their friends, and neighbors in Bethlehem come to the cave. A lamb is roasted in the old-time manner, round loaves of Syrian bread such as are relished by the natives are baked, and a common meal is shared. It has always been the custom for keepers of the flocks to congregate at night to partake in common of their simple food. The Y preserves this custom in Shepherds' Field. There is an address, and then the Christmas Scripture is read in Arabic, Hebrew, and English so that everyone may hear the "glad tidings of great joy, which are for all people." Finally, all together, Bethlehem's residents, Y members, and their friends climb up the mountain slope to the town, even as the shepherds twenty centuries ago climbed up the terraced height to see a mother, a carpenter, and a sleeping baby in a manger.

IV

Only a trip to the Holy Land reveals WHY the Gospel makes so much of a mere star. Have you ever thought of clear stars as silver eyes? I am sure that you would in the Holy Land, because all such lovely thoughts come to anyone who has time to linger in her out-of-doors and let the spirit take possession. Stars mean a great deal to Near Easterners. It is not unusual for a Syrian to travel by the direction of the stars or in giving travel directions to advise the inquirer "to take a certain star in his hand."

One evening a Londoner now living in Jerusalem offered to drive me to the Shepherds' Village. I had always wanted to see Bethlehem underneath a canopy of stars. I stood by a low

wall not far from the market place and looked up into the night sky.

“ Like silver lamps in a distant shrine
The stars are sparkling bright.”

Bethlehem had a hushed, waiting stillness. I continued to whisper to myself:

“ The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night.”

No one can make a successful tour of the Holy Land without all the lovely hymns and poetry from one's childhood. I have found that these are the angels which keep one's thought above the sordid things of life in Palestine.

We lingered around Bethlehem. We were the only persons astir in the peaceful, serene countryside. So silently it came to me standing there in the clear, midnight air with a “stranger star” high in the heavens above me that:

“ Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there,
The clear light of heaven streams out to the world,
And the angels of God are crowding the air,
And heaven and earth,
Through the spotless birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.”

—DIX.

But to go back to the Christmas story—far in the East, Wise Men had seen a star and they came through Syria seeking him “that is born King of the Jews.” The star went before them for a time until at long last they lost it. But coming to the well on the road to Bethlehem, they found it again reflected in the shining water. Again it went before them until finally it came and remained over where the young child was.

The Magi, history does not tell us how many, brought with them gifts, representative of their country and expressive of their country's homage to a new-found king, gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. They passed afar and if any came after them, no one has told us.

But what of the gifts that these Wise Men bore? The Church has said that the gold is symbolic of his royalty, the myrrh of his humanity, and in the incense is the emblem of his divinity. And what became of these gifts that the Magi bore? No one can say what happened to them, but of this we know very well: all that Christ hath he will give away.

V

I think of a thrilling morning pilgrimage that I made to the birthplace of my Saviour.

I saw American-made motor busses leave Jaffa Gate regularly every fifteen minutes for Bethlehem. Upon inquiry I learned a round-trip ticket cost two piastres (ten cents). The eagerness on the faces of the natives as they approached the busses and piled in one on top of another crowded around with bundles and even a tiny lamb and a few chickens told me that here was an experience that would prove illuminating. IT DID!

Gingerly, I sat down in the front seat, which later I realized was a precarious position on a bus whose front door was never closed. We started, but without any warning, with such a lurch that I wondered if my head were still attached to my body. We flew down the Bethlehem Road. No matter how many flocks we met or men astride donkeys we proceeded straight ahead to the business at hand with the horn screeching. If Satan had been after us, I am sure we could have gone no faster.

A friendly Arab in a bright costume sat beside me. Between us we talked a sign language all our own of nods, of

smiles, violent shakes of the head, and lofty waves of his right arm as frequently he leaned far over me to point out the open window to sights I must not miss.

I was amazed when the driver seemed to know just where to drop his passengers, one by one, without any sign from them. Each time we stopped with the same fierce jamming of the brakes; the bus screamed in its fury at the sudden interruption of its service, and we sat and shook like puppets, that is, those of us fortunate enough to be left in our seats. It is peculiar how Arab bus drivers never slow up to stop. Instead they stop at full speed.

Each time we resumed our journey with the same jerks. The engine always coughed, its fumes were oily. And I realized that the unseen inhabitants of my friendly seat companion had come over to visit me when my flesh began to tingle.

Many times since 1935 I have made round-trip pilgrimages to Bethlehem, via the native Arab busses. I have chosen that means of transportation when I have been in danger of building up around these holy places like Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth, and all the rest a wall so high that I forget that other human beings like myself are living there. I have met in my travels some people who have forgotten this and so the Holy Land was quite without beauty for them.

CHAPTER XII

Crossing the Kidron, continuing up and around the shoulder of Olivet, I come into Bethany where I visit a Moslem school. I follow the road to Jericho as it winds down through fierce gorges and hills which roll dull and brown into distance. Modern Jericho has sycamores suited to the purposes of a Zaccheus and palms reminiscent of when it was called "a city of palm trees." Ancient, excavated Jericho sheds light on the biblical account of the Israelites' invasion of Canaan, the city's capture, and explains how the walls fell down flat. With memories of Joshua awakened, I go on to the scene of where he led Israel across Jordan in 1400 B. C. I ponder on the river's unique position among the rivers of the world, hallowed because of its association with men such as Elijah, Elisha, John the Baptist, and Jesus. I have a view of the Mount of Temptation from the Dead Sea.

I DECIDED to run down to Jericho, following the road which the man took who fell among thieves and was beaten and bruised. I set out from Jerusalem by car in the early morning. We passed Damascus Gate, crossed the Brook Kidron marked by only a bare trickle of water, and on through a crowd of whining, importuning, sightless beggars and loiterers always at Virgin's Tomb, and continued up and around the shoulder of the Mount of Olives past the Moslem and Jewish burying grounds to little Bethany with its memories of "little holy, loving home." Here we stopped while the hillsides, the square, flat-roofed houses of tan stone, the flowers in the fields, the one shimmering olive tree with a flock of resting sheep beneath its protecting branches, a luminous blue sky, and some crumbling ruins spoke of rememberable things.

The home of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus is gone, but the brown village houses with matrons in the doorways revealed that friendship and hospitality are still not unknown in Bethany. The perfume of the alabaster box of ointment poured upon the feet of Jesus was not lost upon the air of Bethany, because its fragrant memory lingers in the joyful flowers on the rocky slopes. The laughing, happy, begging village children are symbolic of the abundant life of which Jesus reminded Lazarus in his tomb.

Wandering through Bethany, I found my curiosity aroused by a building ahead of me. I didn't know what it housed but there was a terrific buzz issuing from it. I stooped from the embankment to look through a high, grilled window. I could hardly believe my eyes and ears that school was in session. Scrambling and sliding down the embankment, I came around to the entrance. I stood rooted in the doorway watching about one hundred boys at narrow tables and backless benches busily and excitedly engaged in reciting aloud their lessons in the Koran. Entering the narrow, long, dark room, it became so quiet I could have heard a pin drop. It was quite the reverse to the method employed in reception of visitors in American schools where study means absolute quiet and the visitor's claims upon a teacher's attention are a signal for disorder among the pupils.

Fashion means little in this part of the world and so these young Mohammeds, Mousas, and Jacobs were dressed as their ancestors were centuries ago. On top of thin, light trousers they wore long, striped robes fastened sometimes at the waist with a bright-colored sash like a scarf. Most of them had small, flower-pot, red hats and a few of the more fortunate a pair of sandals on their brown, bare feet.

I was keenly interested in this school at Bethany. Since 1920 there has been a dual system of education, Arabic and Hebrew, developed along a racial and linguistic basis, in

Palestine. In 1936 there were three hundred and fifty government schools with an attendance of thirty-six thousand pupils; nine-tenths of the village schools are Moslem. This was one at Bethany.

Jewish children are educated in non-Government schools which are controlled by Jewish authorities with some money grants from the Government. Agricultural education for men is cared for by three agricultural schools supported by Jewish agencies; the technical school is Jewish controlled. The lack of schools for Arabs along agricultural and technical lines is deplorable. Most of the education which a Moslem receives has very little relation to everyday life, present or future world affairs. One searches in vain for any syllabus on agricultural or scientific courses, anything which would be valuable to the Arab, give him an occupation other than government clerking (a field already overcrowded) to stabilize him for citizenship or to accept responsibility for community life.

Therein has lain much of the reason for unrest in this Arab world. Nomad by nature he is not being taught to be useful nor cooperative; formerly as a tribesman the policy was to acknowledge only the strongest sheik and loyalty among the various tribes was guaranteed by force or purchased as was shown in the first World War when Lawrence endeavored to unite Arab tribesmen. For too many centuries the Arab has believed that whatever happens to him is "the will of Allah," that disastrous events in his world cannot be averted or prevented. Yet he sees measures being adopted to do just that in the world around him, in political affairs, in the Zionist colony beside his own field where modern agricultural methods are practised. Without proper education to cope with his pressing problems, he is powerless to act. Yet Palestine is slowly feeling the influence of the West in education. The American University at Beirut and the American Friends' School at Ramallah are seeing to that.

II

Not far from Bethany, the road begins to drop in great windings into a deep, disconsolate valley, among ragged, wrinkled hills. The landscape becomes more and more arid, starved and stricken, honeycombed with yawning black caves, which would be excellent places of refuge for robbers, dire places of destruction for unwary travellers like the man in Jesus' parable.

I saw shepherd lads with their flocks upon the haggard hillsides, rugged Bedouin watching scores of lop-eared, black-haired goats, an Arab come running out from the Good Samaritan Inn, a ruin today, long strings of mangy camels shilly-shallying along the side of the road or disappearing over the horizon.

Past a gloomy gorge we sped, a gorge five hundred feet deep, through which a stream of water sings as it rushes on its way between its prison walls which are an ancient aqueduct. The Judean Wilderness on the way to the suffocatingly hot Dead Sea region is a symbol of violence, desolation, and forsakenness. It affords very few flowers, almost no green at any time. Across the gorge I saw the Monastery of St. George, clinging precariously on the face of this dreary precipice. But miracle of miracles! I remember seeing amid such apparent barrenness a scraggly palm tree near the monastery, living there incongruously on a rocky ledge a precarious existence, eked out by what water the monks could illy spare its thirsty roots; the only bit of living green in all the vast, lonesome waste of silent, brownstone hills. It is a monument to Hope which springs eternal in the human breast.

As we emerged from a narrow valley and came into the furrowed grey and yellow ridges and peaks of the Judean Wilderness, the wild country into which Jesus retired for forty days, another of those grand panoramas unfolded which

are known only to Palestine. Scenes of almost breath-taking beauty coupled with history made poignant through hallowed religious memories. It was a sweeping view from the snowy summit of Mount Hermon in northern Syria past the buried cities of the Decapolis to the immense Jordan Plain with its silver ribbon winding through a jungle-green valley of palms and balsams and gliding noiselessly on into the steaming blue-grey waters of the Dead Sea. While the mighty purple backdrop for this scene of splendor was those towering mountains of Gilead and Moab marching down to Edom.

It had been cool but windy when I left Jerusalem; it was hot and the air was filled with a fine dust at Jericho. There is such contrast between the "city set upon a hill" two thousand five hundred and fifty feet above sea level and this Jordan Valley sunk in a trench almost thirteen hundred feet below sea level and only about twenty-three miles between them.

The modern Jericho has many fertile, flourishing gardens. It was here that the sycamore tree (*Ficus sycamorus*) was pointed out to me first. It is prized throughout the East for its dense shade as shelter on a hot day. Obviously it was suited to the needs of the meditating Nathanael, who was marked by Jesus whose heart went out to him. Growing by the roadside with an almost joyous abandon of twisting branches, possessing a grotesque and curious attractiveness as it sprawls hither and yon, it eminently suited the purposes of Zaccheus, the tax-collector, as a place to catch the Master's eye. There are many date-palms (*Phoenix dactylifera*) which reminded me they once grew so abundantly here that Jericho was called "a city of palm trees." They are beautiful proud trees having a tall, straight trunk ending in a crown of emerald-green plumes which droop ever so slightly at the ends, and which in a light breeze seem to whisper a low soft song of beauty. There are no words to describe the deliciousness of the Jericho banana. Oranges encouraged to grow

here by irrigation have a good flavor if not the tremendous size of the Jaffa variety.

From here I went over to investigate the now excavated ruins of ancient Jericho, the city near-by Jordan which was utterly destroyed in 1400 B. C. at the time when the children of Israel entered the Promised Land. This historical incident recorded in the Bible is only one but perhaps the greatest invasion of a conquering horde from over Jordan that this small land of Palestine has ever known. Under Joshua the Hebrews approached the city after having crossed the river absolutely unopposed by artificial defenses. Perhaps the inhabitants of Jericho felt that the city's strategic position on a slight elevation and considerable distance from the river's bank was sufficient protection for them and, too, that the Jordan provided sufficient natural barrier to give them ample warning of impending siege.

For thousands of years the campaigns of Joshua have been among the great military romances of history. The campaigns are now clear from recent events in Palestine which supply interesting comment upon them. It was one of the biggest thrills of my first trip to Palestine to go to ancient Jericho for a day and have all my doubts concerning its walls, its gateway, and the intense conflagration put to rout.

I entered the excavated ruins through the only gateway that has ever been found to the city. The archaeologists have been considerate enough to leave the stone hinge upon which the massive gate revolved in its proper place, just where it was in Joshua's day. Then I tramped through the ruins, fire-scarred masses of brick, charred bits of timber, house walls knee-high in places until I came at length to all that is left of the historic wall which faces north. During a subsequent visit no one was permitted to view the remains of the old wall. Instead after wandering for some time through the city's almost rabbit-warrens of streets, I visited Jericho's necropolis

with its many funerary chambers, where unbroken pots and scarabs terminating with three of the reign of Amenhotep III (1413-1377 B. C.) were found to assist in verifying dates.

There was one memorable incident which occurred during this latter visit. As I stood on the height of the ruins surveying the countryside, I spoke to my companions who had come down from Jerusalem with me to look into the distance and see the hundreds of black goat-hair tents pitched on the Jericho Plain. I reminded them that Joshua and the children of Israel encamped on the Jericho Plain as they waited for word from Jehovah to take the city. Encamped there, they must have looked to the frightened inhabitants gathered within the massive city walls for protection just as these Bedouin looked this day to us. In ancient times when conditions were fairly peaceful the whole population did not live within the compact, walled city which was inadequate for comfortable accommodation of its entire population, but they dwelt, the largest part of them, on the surrounding plain in tents as we could see these people living. It was a picture from the past, a picture from the Bible days of Joshua, for all of us to carry away in memory.

The question naturally arises why there was a collapse of such a massive wall as encircled Jericho, "two massive parallel walls of brick erected on somewhat insecure foundations of uneven stone and rising probably to thirty or forty feet. Over the space between the walls cross-beams of timber had been laid, and upon such timber had been built ordinary dwelling houses such as Rahab occupied when 'she dwelt upon the wall.'" One explanation is a miracle. A second is an earthquake because they are frequent in the Jordan Valley. It makes an event no less miraculous to me when God appears in natural phenomena and in ordinary events and processes in human experience more than once as well as in the unusual phenomena beyond my comprehension and explanation. The

modern and scientific explanations of "miracles" within the Bible only tend to increase my assurance that "every common bush is afire with God."

Excavations here have shown that some extraordinary catastrophe overwhelmed the city about 1400 B. C. The explanation is that the wall collapsed down the slope of the hill upon which the city was built, dragging with it the inner wall. There is very little doubt that an earthquake aided Joshua in bringing the children of Israel into Jericho.

Far more interesting to me than the confirmation of the collapse of the walls "flat" as the Bible records were the results of exhausting examinations within the walls. The archaeologists began to dig among the ruins, sifting the debris, sorting, checking everything of consequence, and tabulating their findings. They picked up preserved specimens of wheat, barley, onions, lentils, dates, all of which had been carbonized by the intense heat of the fire set up by Joshua's followers. They found lumps of dough which housewives in their fright had run off and forgotten when destruction befell the city. Inside storerooms they found pottery vessels neatly arranged in rows; a few had been crushed in their positions but investigation showed that at one time they had contained something of a fluid nature; others were still intact after thirty-four hundred years. Joshua's men did not plunder the foodstuffs! Bits of broken sherds, carbonized remnants of timber and food, even fragments of human bones can be picked up by visitors to old Jericho, who want a memento from this city over whose fate many Bible students have speculated and wondered. There is one thing that no one has been able to find among the ruins. It is any piece of metal! The Bible records:

"The silver, and the gold, and the vessels of brass and of iron, they put into the treasury of the house of the Lord."

—JOSHUA 6: 24.

Not one piece of metal has ever been found by recent visitors nor by the more careful, investigating archaeologists among the ruins of Jericho, which lay hidden, unknown, and unmolested for centuries under the exterior of a hill which to casual observers and tourists was merely another hill between the wilderness and Jordan.

The new light on Jericho and the exploits of Joshua is so recent and astounding that scholars are having to reconstruct a good deal concerning what they thought was true in Bible history. Dr. Garstang argues, excavation of this site has established the date of the Exodus from Egypt as approximately 1447 B. C., the name of the princess who fondled the baby Moses as Queen Hatshepsut, the name of the famous Pharaoh of the Oppression as Thotmes III, the name of the actual Pharaoh of the Exodus as Amenhotep II, and Amenhotep III as the Egyptian ruler at the time when Jericho was destroyed since his scarabs were the last Egyptian monarch's to be found there, and, finally, the date when Joshua entered the Promised Land with the Hebrews as 1400 B. C.

III

I went on to visit Jordan now that memories of Joshua had been awakened. I stood on the Allenby Bridge, which is the only large bridge along the length of this body of water dividing nomad from husbandman, East from West. I gazed north toward Mount Hermon standing a snow-capped sentinel in the far distance. A British Bobby stood near-by. Because that day I had no visaed passport into Trans-Jordan, he wanted to make sure that I did not leave Palestine to try the inviting road east off into a green valley which leads into the land of Gilead. Not that day; it must wait for another time.

Rushing muddy along through banks of mud, what could have stopped those waters long enough for the Israelites to

have crossed over the river dry-shod?. Someone was beside me, telling me a story, and I was listening.

“Yes, north there about sixteen miles at East Damieh, just about where Joshua led the Hebrews across, there is a crumbling cliff that slides at intervals into this river and dams it up. It happened only a few years ago in the earthquakes of 1927. The waters of Jordan were dammed for twenty-four hours so that many people crossed and re-crossed dry-shod. It must have been an earthquake which aided Israel’s leader in landing his forces on the western bank. Doesn’t the Psalmist say as much when he commemorates the event? Don’t you remember that he sang:

“ ‘The Jordan was driven back.
The mountains skipped like rams,
The little hills like lambs.
What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleest?
Thou Jordan, that thou turnest back?
Ye mountains, that ye skip like rams;
Ye little hills, like lambs?
Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord,
At the presence of the God of Jacob,
Who turned the rock into a pool of water?’ ”

—PSALM 114: 3-8.

(American Standard Version)

It is no myth that Joshua crossed over Jordan on dry land.” His voice trailed off.

I stood thinking again of the earthquake which facilitated the momentous crossing; what an outstanding event it was in the lives of these desert wanderers, what a remarkable proof of the omnipresence and omniscience of Israel’s God. An earthquake made possible their entrance into the Promised Land toward which under the able leadership of Moses they had labored for forty years. It was as great a crisis in their affairs in 1400 B. C. as the crossing of the Red Sea had been

earlier in 1440 B. C.; in both instances the Hebrews gave all the credit to God. "Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" they sang.

I turned and looked south; I saw dense heavy foliage lining both sides of the Jordan, foliage covered with brown mud as though it had recently been sprayed, stumps of trees, and tangled bush. The river was high because it was April and the winter rains were just over. I gazed at this fresh river rushing and tumbling along to its final destination, the Dead Sea. Daily, hourly, minute by minute for hundreds of years the Jordan has desperately forced fresh water into the sea as though endeavoring to sweeten and purify its brine. Many in ages past have thought it was a useless sacrifice. Sometimes a defeat is a blessing in disguise. Here is a perfect example in Palestine. Hourly the Jordan has poured in valuable minerals which in the years to come will yield her untold billions.

In Jerusalem I had heard how during our time the Jordan River is becoming of vast importance as an economic factor in the life of the peoples of the Near East. Annually, it deposits in the Salt Sea tons of minerals which are being harnessed by scientific enterprise. The Palestine Potash, Ltd., operates a concession at the Dead Sea to obtain potash, sulphur, bromides, and other salts. It comes as a surprise to many to discover that Palestine ranks among the chief bromide-producing countries of the world and that these natural resources brought down by the Jordan to be deposited in the Dead Sea are one of its chief exports and sources of revenue. Farther north at the junction of the boundaries of Palestine, Trans-Jordan, and Syria at the confluence of the Jordan and Yarmuk rivers, the waters have been dammed and diverted and at this point are the hydro-electric works. These works produce power for domestic and industrial requirements in the cities, towns, and villages of the Near East.

The steel pylons towering above Nazareth's well, the electric star street lamp in the market square at Bethlehem, the flood-lights playing at night upon the Wall of Jerusalem, the twinkle, twinkle of lights in far-off Jericho as seen from Olivet all testify that finally through scientific enterprise the Jordan is now becoming an economic factor in the lives of many people.

Turbulent, narrow, winding are only a few of the words which describe this river's course from Banias in northern Syria to the Salt Sea in southern Palestine. It is really the only river of the Holy Land because of the peculiar contour of the country which makes long rivers and navigable ones impossible. Yet to anyone who has seen the mighty Mississippi or the beautiful Ohio or the historic Hudson this is a mere rivulet. What few streams like the Kishon or the Kidron are to be found are absolutely dry in summertime with the exception of this one which finds its source among the snow-filled cranies of the Anti-Lebanons.

The Jordan Valley is not now populous as you and I are apt to think in terms of that word. Usually a river means great and large cities along its banks, thriving trade centers, the focus of traffic for a wide area. Instead this river has flowed through a section which for a long time has been called a wilderness, has been looked upon as something to be feared and people have lived inland away from its banks. Has it merited the stern, forbidding name—Wilderness?

From early spring to late autumn the heat in this valley is almost intolerable. The temperature is often during these months—May, June, July, August, and even September—ranging from 104 to 118 degrees. It is small wonder that vegetation hereabouts is parched unless in sections where constantly watered and in many places there is nothing growing a few feet back from the bank. Right along the river

where the vegetation grows in tropical abundance the birds from all the valley haunt the banks and sing their happy melodies. During the days of the "judges" in Israel and even as late as Jeremiah's time the wild animals roamed in the jungle along the Jordan in freedom. When the Israelites took over Canaan and settled further inland along the central ridge of mountains which divides the present Palestine into two sections, they drove out the wild beasts which they found there in order to make the settled part of the country more habitable. For a place of refuge the beasts came down into this Jordan Valley. While no lions are found here today nevertheless natives still report wild boar, leopard, and wolf and warn that they are still something for the tourist to conjure with while travelling by foot. When I was in Jerusalem in the spring of '35, they were still telling of the two young men who had gone down into the Judean Wilderness, lost their way, and fell afoul the wild beasts.

Frequently desert hordes from east of Jordan, the Arabs, used to make raids and cross the water boundary. They have continued to do this down to comparatively modern times. No ancient cities seemed able to resist these raiding bands. So altogether with the intense heat of the valley in summer, the danger of hungry, wild beasts, and the perils of marauding desert hordes led the Hebrews and even later inhabitants during the Christian era to believe that it was much safer to build and settle further inland.

In all the years since it first appeared in historical narrative, the Jordan has been defenseless. It is true that there were a few cities along the river's route: Bethshean (Beisân) was one city between Lake Galilee and the Dead Sea. The region around there was famous for corn, dates, balsam, and flax. Jericho was another city which was built upon the fertile plain some distance inland. This was the city which Joshua knew, and which fell so easily to his invading forces in 1400

B. C. The modern Jericho is a struggling, little scraggly village set today in a beautiful setting of palm and banana groves. Not so very long ago along the banks of Jordan north of Jericho men uncovered mounds which consisted of dried bricks. It was thought at the time that these must be remains of ancient cities. Some archaeologists declared that they were the remains of brick fields since the clay from the valley region has been discovered excellent material for moulding. They were settlements once.

The extreme heat, the wild beasts, the dangers of invasion by desert tribes have been some hindrance to settlement and conquest of the Judean Wilderness, which is no Wilderness of Delight such as Omar painted of Paradise. It is only now in some places where extensive modern irrigation methods have been applied that the region is showing promise. Already winter homes for the wealthier of Jerusalem's families and the Jewish colony at the Dead Sea prove that in time with further dissemination of scientific knowledge many unpleasant aspects of the wilderness will be overcome.

IV

Why, I asked myself here, among all the rivers of the world does this river of the Holy Land, the Jordan, hold such a unique position in the heart and memory of mankind? Hundreds of other streams are more picturesque, far more useful, and certainly more mighty in size. It bears no resemblance in majesty or beauty to the great rivers of Europe or America. Other rivers have awakened a richer, fuller poetry among the peoples through whom they have passed; yet wherever civilization has penetrated the name of the Jordan is known. It is important chiefly for its place in religious history. In this respect it surpasses the Mississippi, the Rhine, the Danube, and even the Nile. Perhaps the latter is the Jordan's only competitor because it, too, has captured and enraptured the

imaginations of men. It has drawn to its valley one after another of the great races of the world, compelled there by the mystery and the annual miracle which has impressed itself not only upon the thought of ancient man but modern man as well. But the Nile never gave the world a living religion. For most of us it is as part of ancient history alone that the Nile is interesting. We travel to visit its "Valley of the Kings" and "Valley of the Dead." But dividing east and west Palestine, there is another valley, called by the Arabs the Ghôr, through which flows the Jordan and pilgrims still come in large numbers from the far corners of the earth to bathe in its waters made holy for them by religious associations.

They come quite humbly to this thin almost thread of a stream which through the medium of religion has become for them a symbol of the separation of matter and Spirit. The Jordan is a sacred river for three living religions: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. In this one respect it surpasses in interest any other river in the world. It is quite true that until the present day its chief importance has been historic since at its shores was marked the termination of forty years of wandering by the children of Israel from the banks of the Nile and the beginning of their history as an independent nation in Canaan. Here began some hundreds of years later the blending of the Old and New Covenants; here dawned a new era for civilization with the birth of Christianity, because it was by Jordan's banks when John baptized Jesus that we might say: "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

The Jordan has been associated with many of the great figures in Hebrew and Christian history. Abraham knew the name of this river as "Jordan" from the time when he first migrated into Canaan from Ur of the Chaldees. It derived this name which means "descender" or "downcomer" from its own peculiar character. It just hustles along, muddy be-

tween banks of mud, careless of beauty, careless of everything, even life, intent only upon its own work which for all the ages has been that of a separator, border, or barrier. Peoples have felt this influence. Moses dreaded the separation this river would cause among the tribes, some of whom were to be left east of it in the land of Gilead. Throughout the centuries the Jordan has drawn a strong distinction between nomad and husbandman, between East and West. Always the people living west of Jordan have trod their land with the consciousness of a higher destiny than those living east of Jordan. It has exerted a powerful moral effect upon nationalistic consciousness.

Elijah, the fiery prophet of Jehovah, mysteriously emerged from east of the river, from the land of Gilead, to go north into the Kingdom of Israel to preach repentance and righteousness to the faithless and idolatrous. Later, he withdrew to this same low-lying wilderness region as he was directed. Here he was fed by the ravens and watered by the Brook Cherith as he waited patiently for his fatal announcement of drought and famine to fulfill itself in the land of Israel.

At the end of this adventurous career, with his successor, Elijah came down from the heights of Palestine around this lonely wilderness.

“Tarry here, I pray thee; the Lord hath sent me to Bethel . . . to Jericho . . . to Jordan,” said Elijah.

At each place, at Bethel, at Jericho, and again at Jordan, Elisha answered, “As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.”

And so these two trudged down through piles of dead rock, twisted by ancient volcanic disturbances, possibly in burning sunlight down and down and down, steadily downward from the high, cool Judean hills into the hot, dry, parched wilderness about Jordan. Always ahead of them was the view of the blue and violet mountains of Moab in which lay some-

where Moses' sepulchre. Did Elijah wonder whether God was to lay him to rest beside his noble forerunner? "In front was no promised land visible . . . nothing but that high skyline eastward under the empty heaven. Behind was no nation waiting to press into the future . . . nothing but a single follower who persisted to the end," writes George Adam Smith in "Historical Geography of the Holy Land."

Two lonely people in an unpeopled wilderness, by the deserted bank of the Jordan, the end came. The river which had drawn back at a nation's feet parted as Elijah smote the waters with his mantle, which was the symbol of a prophet, and "they two went over on dry ground." Possibly feeling the approach of the great moment of his life, Elijah turned and with the tender feeling of a father for a loved son who is to carry on a lofty heritage, he said, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken from thee."

They talked, the Bible says. I wondered of what wondrous things they talked that day by Jordan. I felt sure of one thing that if this grand, romantic character had been familiar with the Book of Job he would have echoed Job's own words as from his own deep experience he persuaded his gentler follower of the necessity for absolute reliance upon God and of the presence of God in the consciousness of the faithful to guide, to comfort, and to strengthen. In proof of the moral support in his crusade and the strength to push radical reforms he himself had enjoyed as a prophet of Israel's God, it seemed he would have echoed: "His candle shined upon my head, and by his light I walked through darkness."

"And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."—II KINGS 2: 11.

And so as suddenly as Elijah passed away to God from whom

he had as suddenly come, it was Elisha whom he acknowledged as his heir and to whom he left his spirit.

Elisha smote the waters a second time on his return from "the other side of Jordan." He was the first to utilize this river for sacramental purposes. Now I remembered that he said to Naaman, the Syrian general and leper, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come to thee again, and thou shalt be clean." I looked this day at the muddy river twisting and swirling along; I thought of the crystal clear stream called the River Abana that I had watched sliding glistening along its bed near Damascus. I sympathized with Naaman's hesitancy.

Perhaps these two events in Israel's history determined John the Baptist's choice of a site for the beginning of his ministry in 26 A. D. In fact, I rather like to think it was the haunting memories of Elijah and Elisha which came to John and would come to the crowds which followed him here which decided his choice. Here by Jordan at Bethabara, he had two requisites: solitude and plenty of water. Here where Elisha had bade Naaman to bathe his leprosy away, John called upon the multitudes to come, wash, and be cleansed from unrighteousness, because by the act they signified their intention to repent—"change their attitude" toward righteousness and sin. Here where Elijah had bequeathed his spirit, the spirit of God, upon his successor, John was to meet his. But this time it was no Elisha who came. It was in John's own words:

"One stronger than I am, one whose shoes I am not fit to stoop down and untie. I have baptized you in water, but he will baptize you in the holy Spirit."—MARK 1: 7-8. (Goodspeed)

After his baptism by John, Jesus withdrew not far from Jordan into the stark hills of the barren Judean Wilderness.

V

Mount Quarantania was within my line of vision when I finally turned my back on Jordan and the Dead Sea and set my face toward Jerusalem late that afternoon. I had been sitting for a long time by the sea. I had watched tiny waves curl in. The near water was pale blue, the distant dark blue. On the pebbly beach a lot of driftwood was lying. Not a boat was visible. In all the time I had not seen a bird.

Mount Quarantania or the Mountain of Temptation is situated back of the sea in a turmoil of rocks, amid the beauty of extreme desolation and desertion on the very edge of the ghostly Judean Wilderness. Here during the forty days following the baptism by Jordan, Satan is said to have shown Jesus "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." The wilderness exerts a peculiar magic at all hours but the strange fascination of this world increases as afternoon wanes and the evening light gradually comes over it.

CHAPTER XIII

I drop in great windings into a region of wrinkled hills and emerge from the Judean Wilderness at the Jordan. An inviting green road leads me into Gilead. I ford the Jabbok as did Jacob. I look in vain for footprints of Jesus at Jerash (Gerasa), best preserved example of a Roman "city-plan." I spend the night at Amman (Rabbath Ammon), capital of Trans-Jordan and center of the Arab camel-raising world. I have a window full of ruins! I wake to think of kings and crowns.

NO longer contented to read what other people saw when they "looked over Jordan," I determined on another trip to the Bible lands to visit the country known since Bible days as "over Jordan," talk with its people, see how they live, and make the history of the ancient land come alive amid its pastoral setting. Each time my travel plans were discussed, I talked mostly of Trans-Jordan; each time someone asked my itinerary, I found myself answering, "I am going 'over Jordan.'"

The morning I set out from Jerusalem, we were quite a party: Jacob from the Holy City to guide us, Charlie from Kafr et Tûr on Olivet to handle the big car, and four women: a thin one, which was Miss Craig, a plump one, Miss Stanley, a middle-sized one, Miss Beach, and myself with my whole eighty-nine pounds the smallest of them all but possessed of the biggest curiosity.

The road to Jericho wound down through the bleak, almost terrifying Judean Wilderness, through fierce gorges and hills which roll dull and brown and stark far into distance.

The nearer we drew to the Jordan, the more languid be-

came the air and we gladly slipped from our heavy coats which we had needed earlier in the mountain-city of Jerusalem. We did not intend to visit Jericho of Joshua's day, nor Jericho of Herod's time and Cleopatra's fame, but we must pass through the banana groves and gardens on the outskirts of present-day Jericho and on through the straggling village to the strains of Oriental music from a phonograph in one of the street cafés.

Palestine ends and Trans-Jordan begins at the bridge over the Jordan known as "Allenby Bridge." While the car, the driver, and our dragoman were going through customs formalities, we walked onto this iron-clad, army bridge. We saw the dull green of tangled thickets, ragged clumps of reeds and grasses, the sombre, silent flow of yellow muddy water. Some natives were bathing not far from the shelter of the bank. Their clothes were bright and colorful in the searching sunlight. Was it some scene such as this when John baptized with water here?

The inviting road beyond the immediate sterile waste of the Dead Sea into the foothills of Gilead ran up into a green and lovely valley, because the spring rains had spread a thin bloom of green over the plain, veiling the stony ground with a fair array of flowers. There was plenty to see along here . . . great flocks of storks, scattered herds of bleating, breeding camels, many with their long-legged young grazing on the short grass, black lines of Bedouin tents spread out north and south, young goats leaping stiff-legged amid the tangle of tent ropes, sombrely-clad Moslem women busy with tasks unhampered by heavy silver bracelets, necklaces, or babies swinging on their backs, tall, graceful men accustomed to the vast spaces of this world and possessing a peculiar dignity and charm. We stopped but once and then for Jacob to gather us some fruit called "Sodom apples," so apparently good and luscious. We were each given one large, apple-like green

fruit indigenous to this region. Imagine our surprise to find that each of our luscious-looking apples was only inflated skin!

Beautiful to look upon, inviting to pluck, but when gathered and opened are hollow inside, containing nothing.

In only a short time we made the transition from modernity to the days of the Old Testament in both mind and spirit. We seemed now to be moving not through Trans-Jordan which was under British control although it had Abdullah, son of the late King Hussein, as its virtual king, but to be moving through Gilead of the days of Moses.

A lovely, flowery wadi with luxuriant vegetation paralleled our motor road which was ascending rapidly this broad valley into high and treeless hills. This is Wadi Nimrim. A murmuring, limpid, clear brook winds down through fertilizing and making this land rejoice; a twinkling watercourse under a curtain of glistening green foliage and glowing pink oleanders—"the willows of the brook" which contrasted with the natural setting of sun-baked rock. The smell of the rushing stream came fresh to our nostrils. Eagles circled on wide, straight wings, their heads and tails now in shadow, now dazzling bright in the sun as they veered lazily, mightily, circling farther and farther into the distance of the Gilead mountains. A lithe, swift, sure-footed fox picked his way from the mountain fastnesses, stood silent as a sentinel at the edge of the road with his one foot lifted, nose keen to scent, ears alert to sound, eyes sharp, and then quickly he sped across the motor road to disappear into the protecting underbrush hard by the Wadi Nimrim.

On farther in Gilead on sheltered slopes soaked in sunshine were shelves of wheat and barley; ridges were covered with some forests; valleys held orchards of pomegranates, fig trees, apricot, and silver-grey olive. We came upon an orchard of pomegranate trees in their natural habitat. I was reminded of this verse from the Song of Solomon:

“ I went down into the garden of nuts,
 To see the green plants of the valley,
 To see whether the vine budded,
 And the pomegranates were in flower.”

—SONG OF SOLOMON 6: 11.

(American Standard Version)

This flowering shrub-like tree has bright red or white blossoms and a globular fruit. Cultivated everywhere in the Bible lands, it is indigenous to Gilead. Valued by the ancients, its juice was mingled with wine as a beverage; admired for its beauty, it was reproduced on the hem of the High Priest's robe and sculptured round the capitals of the pillars in Solomon's Temple; prized today both for its fruit and its flowers, the latter are regarded superstitiously as a power against the “evil eye.”

This is a place for cattle, too. We understood now since we had “crossed over Jordan” why Reuben and Gad asked for this country saying, “The land is a land for cattle and thy servants have cattle.” George Adam Smith writes in *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*: “Flocks and pastures have ever been the wealth and charm and temptation of eastern Palestine.”

Until one enters Trans-Jordan one rarely sees the genuine Bedouin. Here the tribes circulate from grazing ground to grazing ground, perpetuating the earliest customs of the children of Israel. So long as they can find pasturage for the goats and enough food to keep the camels alive, they are happy. They pitch their tents where fancy strikes them, amongst the rocks of the countryside sometimes, because the goats can always find enough to appease their hunger. The Bedouin and their goats are closely bound together. They live almost exclusively from these animals; with many they are their pride and wealth; they drink their milk, eat their flesh; from their hair they weave the black cloth of their

tents; the surplus they exchange for necessities such as salt, matches, cotton cloth.

The goatherd plays a prominent part in Bedouin life. He plays on his reed from morn to night. His pipe is made from the tall reed or cane abounding on Jordan's banks, the "reed shaken by the wind" of Matthew 11, verse 7. In time the goats learn his strange symphony by heart and with his playing he appears to have an unusual control over every member of the herd.

The whole tribe works . . . men, women, babies, adolescents, dogs, sheep, goats, camels . . . every single living creature has a function to perform in this scheme. The scenes in Trans-Jordan are pages from the Old Testament; they are the days of the patriarchs come to life. Someone has remarked that Abraham and Lot would be quite at home in any of these "tents of Kedar." I quite believe it. Numbers and Deuteronomy, those usually dull Bible books for most people, take on a live significance after a journey here. The people of Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy were nomads, tent-dwellers, masters of flocks and herds, whose herds went wandering from pasture to pasture, just as nowadays in Trans-Jordan.

The gentle art of hospitality is as vigorous as it was in the patriarchal days and it is never refused to wayfarers.

The Bedouin cannot read nor write but their memories are better than those of the literate because they cannot reduce to writing the things they have to remember. Either they must store things up in their heads or else they must be forgotten. Hearing them recite for hours some old tribal legend is to know how the early stories of Genesis were circulated and preserved until committed to writing by various Bible historians. The patriarchs would be at home around any camp-fires in Trans-Jordan today, accustomed as they were to flocks and herds as an occupation, hospitality as a virtue, and story-

telling as an effective method of teaching the younger generation tribal lore. With Western civilization encroaching upon the Bible lands, it is problematical just how long these vestiges of Bible days will continue in the future as they have done in the past.

Story-telling, as every visitor who stays any length of time in the Holy Land knows, is an instinct. As the sun sets, story-tellers among the Bedouin take up the thread of a legend the beginnings of which may be traced back thousands of years. But for the brief visitor to the Bible lands, Arabs may tell short stories much like this one. "What did Allah say when he had finished making a camel? He couldn't say anything; he just looked at the camel, and laughed, and laughed."

In spite of the ridiculous appearance of this beast which is supposed to have made even Allah laugh, the hunch-backed ship of the desert always seems to me quite satisfied with himself. He has a look of supreme contempt for men, especially when he drops that pendulous lip, wrinkles that nose, and nonchalantly continues to chew his cud.

Story-telling among the Bedouin is of a primitive nature, full of repetitions, possessing a simplicity. Jacob is a city-dweller, an Arab, yet he enjoys this pastime, too. Usually he likes to relate stories in the evening after dinner as we wait somewhere in Galilean hills or at the amphitheatre at Amman for the moon to come up or for those lustrous eyes of the night to be turned on in sparkling beauty. Sometimes as we hear the tinkle of the lead camel's bell in the distance, he tells me this story again.

"Why does the camel despise his master?" After an impressive pause during which I am supposed to be occupied with such an astounding situation, he shakes his head over this intolerable, shocking, irritating circumstance as a beast disgusted with his master, Jacob continues: "Because man only knows ninety-nine names for Allah, but the one hun-

dredth name, the beautiful name, the wonderful name for Allah was revealed only to the camel. Consequently, he scorns the whole race of men.”

II

There was one discordant note in this Old Testament scene that day. Its incongruity startled us all back for a time into the twentieth century. A motor bus, filled with Arabs, lunging along this newly surfaced macadam road, passed us on its way to Amman. You can imagine with what mingled feelings we watched this modern caravan of natives speed into the distance through the mountains of Gilead. It is only recently that travel here has not been confined to horseback riding, donkeys, or camels. We were assured that motor bus travel is popular and that it has become a successfully operated service between Jerusalem and Amman.

One of the surprises on the voyage to Palestine was to see the large cargo of American-made busses which we carried as imports to the land of the camel caravan.

I must confess that as much as I am accustomed to modern conveniences and enjoy the comfort of them in my own country, I did not mourn not having the opportunity to see any airplanes winging from Jordan to Amman, where the Royal Air Force maintains an aerodrome. Airplanes are the modern “chariots of fire” for passengers who like Elijah take off for the country “across Jordan.”

If I were a barker at the midway, instead of a Bible lecturer and traveller, I'd begin right away to holler: “Hurry, HURRY, HU . . . RR . . . RY, if you want to see the land of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles before the twentieth century obliterates all traces of their occupation of the land.”

Presently we came to a bright little brook whose cool, clear water made a pretty murmur as it curved and gleamed

through the wild gorge and gushed and plunged along to disappear into other parts of the mountains of Gilead. We were in the deep, grand valley of the Wadi Zerka, or the Brook Jabbok, the boundary between Ammon and Gilead in Old Testament times. Yonder where the slopes were shaggy with oak trees was fought a memorable battle. There the army of Absalom went out to meet the army of his father David. There young Absalom rode upon his mule which "went under the thick boughs of a great oak and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between heaven and earth." It is with pathos one remembers the story here.

Down in this sunlit valley, where the smooth meadows spread fair and green, the River Jabbok dashes merrily through thickets of pink oleanders that border it in spring. We drew nearer. We must cross this swift, singing current of silvery water but there is no bridge. Neither was there any bridge when Jacob "rose up that night, and took his two wives, and his two womenservants, and his eleven sons, and passed over the ford Jabbok."

The ford was not deep; the spring rains had been over about a month. Our motor car slipped easily into the famous little river. The wheels scattered the waters into showers which glittered in the sunshine. "Can it be that this is the brook beside which a man once met God?" we asked of one another.

Beyond midstream, almost to the other side, I asked Charlie to stop the motor. We opened the car doors and looked down to watch the current swirling merrily along over stones and pebbles. We reached down for handfuls of stones; the water was fresh and cool. With the car standing in the riverbed, and here in the same ravine where occurred the story told in Genesis, Chapter 32, I read aloud this glorious narrative.

It is good for man to be alone with nature and himself, to be in places where man is little and evidence of God is great.

So Jacob separated himself that night from his worldly possessions and his family, got alone with God out here where the "earth is full of His riches." He met God face to face in the grip of his spiritual testing when he realized he could not live without goodness and there was no lasting satisfaction nor reward from selfishness, greed, sin, and evil. He strove not with a human enemy but was seized by the spirit of Truth, who tarried with him until through his new enlarged consciousness of Spirit and of spiritual power, Jacob was helped on toward righteousness, peace, and purity. With his new understanding of right and wrong, he prevailed in this struggle between the things of Spirit and the things of materiality and came off with a new name "Israel" and a new sense of being. No wonder Jacob called the spot "Peniel" because his changed life attests the reality of his experience and here indeed he saw the face of God.

We were sure that we, too, met God face to face at the River Jabbok under the same sky which had sheltered Jacob because we saw Him in the flowers, the wild mountain crags; we heard Him speak in the murmuring stream and the singing willow trees; we saw Him move in the lightness of the winging birds and the fleetness of the fox; we felt His touch in the soft breeze.

Night was gone, the dark shadows of Jacob's agony lay behind him. No wonder when the sun rose gloriously in the Wadi Jabbok on him the next morning that he was ready to go forward to meet Esau his brother coming with four hundred men. It was a dawn flushed with the gold of a new hope. The unexpected gentleness and friendliness of Esau in the morning encounter inspired Jacob to say to him whom he had earlier wronged: "I have seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God, and thou wast pleased with me." And as Jacob perceived the face of God even in the face of human kindness, I believe we perceived the same in the faces of one

another. And so we said as Esau said, "Let us take our journey, and let us go."

Ravines, abrupt descents, a series of sharp hairpin bends, an almost total absence of inhabitants and no villages now characterized the remainder of our journey. We attained one height only to be challenged by another. We missed the macadam and concrete roads. We passed through scores of road-builders who looked fierce, wild, and daring.

We women, who seemed now to be in a civilization of men only, put up the car windows in self-defense. We suddenly felt that our pale faces, uncovered to the gaze of men not accustomed to such boldness, our keen interest in everything, our fearlessness in venturing into this inaccessible world without male relatives were not understandable to men, who are still thinking, living, and conducting themselves as in the Bible days. I had never felt so far away from home in all my life as that morning. In fact, I had never been so far away from home. I silenced my fears long enough to remember that once upon a time in Israel's history this country through which we were travelling had been considered the dwelling place for Jehovah and that from those feeble beginnings of religious truth Israel had come to see and proclaim: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." With my Bible to guide me in this strange new experience, it occurred to me that God had never moved out of the mountains of Gilead but was still here ever watchful. I soon discovered as we passed through these hordes who were engaged in making safe roads along mountain ridges barely wide enough for our car that their "Saidas" and "Assallams" were reassuring. We lowered our windows and called back "Saida" and "Assallam" to them.

From one lofty point I glimpsed a zigzag road, our road to Jerash. Following it, soon there were columns on the horizon. They rise like a dream. Here was ancient Gerasa of

Jesus' day, one of the famed cities of the Decapolis, waiting, deserted since 786 A. D. Passing the Triumphal Arch with its three gates and lofty Corinthian columns, we reached the verge of an oasis with well-watered gardens. We passed through a Circassian village and over a tiny bridge. Bridges I had crossed before in my travels but never any quite like this. It seemed a spiritual boundary separating the living from the dead; isolating sordid village life from the glories of ancient Greece and Rome.

In May Jerash was a scene of loveliness. There were white columns massed against a cobalt sky. The silence of desertion was eloquent. Yet it impressed us all as a place in which to linger, to meditate. Unanimously, we decided to delay exploration of this "towering wreck of Time," this model Roman city-plan, until we had had our lunch.

The hotel in Jerusalem had packed each of us a delicious lunch basket containing fresh ham, roast chicken, three hard-boiled eggs, crusty bread, appetizing cucumber pickles, a wizened apple, a huge orange, and included bottles of clear, pure water. I had brought along an alcohol stove to boil water for tea. In looking about for a sheltered place to protect the slender flame, I found an alcove which had once sheltered a statue of a deity in the Temple of Zeus. So among the "high places" our tea was brewed. After a motor journey of ninety miles, it seemed that warm day a drink fit for the gods. We lingered over lunch, absorbing the refined beauty of a deserted city. It was quiet with the exaggerated stillness of desertion. We murmured of its long and varied history; we marvelled at its magnificence even now in its departed glory.

III

From the Forum, the market place, which corresponds to David Street in Jerusalem, the Agora of ancient Athens, or

the "Street called Straight" in Damascus, we set out upon Gerasa's main street. This exclusive shopping center is called today "The Street of Columns" because stately groups of tall pillars line this thoroughfare which is paved with huge blocks of paving stone. Seventy-five of the original five hundred and twenty have withstood the ravages of time, earthquake, and plunder. I noticed that there was a high protected sidewalk for the safety of pedestrians. The traffic at night must have been heavy because the blocks of paving stone are worn in ruts as they are at Pompeii. Our streets in the Western world grow quiet and deserted at night, are thronged with people and vehicles during the day. In this metropolis on the trade routes between Damascus, Arabia, India, Egypt, and the Mediterranean during the Roman period, owners of noisy carts were fined in the daytime for disturbing the peaceful slumbers of her inhabitants who spent their days in rest after a night of gayety.

In thought we mingled with traders, petty officials, soldiers, and with the esteemed citizens of Gerasa, who were not always Greek by birth but choice; for many of them their mother-tongue was that of Peter, James, and John, but who through adoption had accepted Grecian ways and names. The lure of Greece had captured them. They were Hellenized and they gloried in their cultural progress. Is there a lesson at present-day Jerash? If so, it would seem to be that material things, the very things in which most men lay their highest hopes, pass away. One of the splendid cities of the Decapolis, a federation of ten Greek cities east of the Jordan, it is now a dead city, almost forgotten except by a very few who study Roman "city-plans" of which this is the best preserved example, by those who travel just to see the beauty of arches, pillars, porticoes, domes, and noble edifices in the ancient world, and by some few who wonder if Jesus ever came this way and wandered through these streets. Broken col-



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

Gerasa (Jerash) was one of the splendid cities of the Decapolis, a federation of ten Greek cities east of Jordan. Deserted since 786 A.D., it is now a dead city, almost forgotten, except by a very few who study Roman "city-plans" of which this is the best preserved example in the ancient world. "The Street of Columns" was the exclusive shopping center in Jesus' day.

urns, remains of temples, empty streets are all that are left of cultural, corrupt, and pleasure-loving Gerasa; its government, religion, and business are long since gone.

We stopped for a moment at the Public Baths, a huge place resembling a palace with a marble dome. When the luxury-loving Geraseans inhabited this place it was supplied with both cold and hot running water.

There were theatres, too, as we could see from their dominant places on the hillsides. This was the little Athens of the ancient world. In the now deserted seats beautiful women and distinguished-appearing men took their places in the reserved seats. They watched with interest the comedies of Aristophanes, the tragedies of Aeschylus, and the newer "hits" from Alexandria.

We needed no one to point the way to the Temple of Artemis, whose remains stand high on a massive platform on the hill to the left of the main street. Each morning in the first and second centuries worshipful pilgrims climbed the steep steps of the Propylaea, a superb gateway which leads to the Temple. Here coppersmiths, sandal-makers, brokers, in fact all the citizens of Jerash gave their offerings to the Grecian gods. The majestic flight of steps must have been a spiritual preparation for approach to the "high place." Not so long after this magnificent temple to a pagan god was built, this city made the transition from paganism to Christianity. The Church of St. Theodore was dedicated in 494 A. D. Its interior is a jumbled mass today of fallen columns. The Cathedral not far distant was completed in 375 A. D.

After we made this discovery that Christianity had found a foothold here in this pagan stronghold, we four women set to speculating on whether or no Jesus ever really came to Gerasa when he went "over Jordan." Most pilgrims would like to find his footprints here, would like to imagine that when Jesus "came through the midst of the coasts of Decapo-

lis" he entered this stately Greek city, listened to opinions in the Forum, talked with the people, and saw something good in each of them. It seems so likely Jesus once walked through the "Street of Columns" to the Forum since he would scarcely have avoided the city during his Perea ministry that we were disappointed when we looked in vain among the ruins for a carving of the face of Jesus or something to show he had visited here. We found no more here to remind us of its brief acceptance of his gospel beyond the church and the cathedral than a marble fragment in the Museum upon which is carved a square cross with the circle (eternity) bearing in its four corners the symbolic Greek letters, Alpha and Omega, and IC-XC. On an early Christian mosaic floor now preserved in the Museum can be seen one of the square crosses used by the early Byzantine church and one of the Latin crosses with its longer upright. These are the only witnesses today of Christianity at Jerash.

In recalling the hours we spent here, it seems to me that they were among the most hushed, most eloquent of my travels that year. With the vista of pavements, public baths, ruins of temples, theatres, elegant fountains, the Forum, and the houses spread before me in the dry golden sunshine, I seemed to hear the sobs, jokes, bargainings, commands, laughter, prattle of happy children, grumblings of the aged, the groaning of slaves, oratory of the actors in the theatres, the dim rumble of chariot wheels on the paving stones, and to smell the fragrance of the perfumes of Araby. Were they hushed hours because I had no actual companions here beside these three women, a guide, and a driver, and only these hushed voices breathed through the silence? Jerash is not like Pompeii with its scores and scores of tourists, making casual, meant-to-be-funny remarks. Yet human interest is not lacking here. Were they eloquent hours because these hundreds of columns, small and gigantic, spoke of the longings of the

inhabitants of this once famous, cultural center? The columns reveal a civic pride, a cultural ambition. It seems civilization has not changed her ambitions yet. Yes, Jerash speaks an eloquent story of the futility of wealth, culture, and corruption as men's sole aims; Jerash has a story for mankind to hear.

IV

From here to Amman, I don't remember that we talked a great deal among ourselves. I do remember that I stole "forty winks" along an uninteresting stretch of road. I awoke refreshed and ready to explore the sights of Amman, Philadelphia in Jesus' day, Rabbath Ammon of David's time. We came swiftly into the present capital of Trans-Jordan and the place of the official residence of King Abdullah.

This second son of King Hussein of the Hejaz had been since 1921 maintaining a sort of independence as the head of an Arab state set up within the Palestine Mandate yet separate from Palestine. He administered the government with the assistance of a "council of advisors" and a legislative assembly of elected deputies and together they worked under the direction of the British High Commissioner for Palestine. His land is larger than Palestine, largely desert, but well-watered. Most of his people are nomadic Arabs and all but some twenty thousand of the three hundred thousand are Moslem. In 1946, Abdullah became king.

V

As we motored through the main street of Amman we found it to be a strange admixture of East and West because modern motor cars alongside oxcarts and Bedouin caravans of asses and camels vie with the picturesque natives for a place in a street which is not paved. With its very great activity, it seemed to me to be a lively, busy shopping center. Shopping is always an adventure in an Eastern city in any age. Amman

is still on the trade route of India, Arabia, Jerusalem, and Baghdad. Perfumes, silks, rare rugs, silver bangles, lovely gems. Surely all of them would be awaiting us here.

After registering in at the modern three-story Hotel Philadelphia, I hustled with my companions to the bazaar. I searched up one side and down the other and into narrow byways with their stalls of vegetables and fruits. I peeked into dimly lighted stalls; I gestured, but in vain I searched for something smacking of "Trans-Jordan" to buy to show off later in America. The bazaar of this present-day Arab metropolis at close range is no attraction to tourists. It offers much to an Arab sheik because there on display in the open air with its dust and flies are all the savory delicacies which tempt his appetite—even a stuffed sheep's head with glaring eyes and bared teeth. This is the town where camel-ships stock up with desert delights.

I saw one "Ad" for the Singer Sewing Machine high up on a building. I saw more cucumbers than I would have believed were grown in one year in the world. I guessed that the prophet Isaiah was thinking of Trans-Jordan and especially Amman when he talked of "a garden of cucumbers." I saw plenty of Japanese stuffs, cheap cotton goods, and brass camel bells.

Finally, our purchases consisted of a few postcards, a half dozen oranges, and a bottle of cologne made in Syria. This latter we bought at a corner drugstore to ward off fleas and disagreeable odors which seemed a trifle overwhelming since Amman was taken over by the cameleers who had brought their herds in for next morning's market. Amman is the center of the camel raising world; the city was noisy with the grunting of the disgruntled animals. The presence of sheep and camels recalled Ezekiel's prophecy: "And I will make Rabbath a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching place for flocks." But about that drugstore . . . a returned

Arab son had seen in America drugstores specializing in everything from drugs to cookstoves. So here on the very edge of the desert he has set up his emporium to cater to the catholic tastes of the natives. By the way, the cologne "Flowers of Araby," made in Syria, was the most lasting perfume I have ever bought.

I returned to our hotel, disappointed in what the bazaar had to offer and ready now to investigate the attractions of the Hotel Philadelphia. The proprietor in excellent English informed me that the hotel was not named after the American city but that Philadelphia had been the name of the Arabian metropolis when it was a commercial center of the Decapolis in the first century. The city was then so called after and in honor of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

We sat down in a chilly, tiled-floor lounge with its chairs all neatly arranged round the walls of the room. We thought to write postcards to America or to play a game of cards as we waited for dinner at eight to be announced. We needed a light. And there was light . . . from a single hanging electric bulb!

From a near-by room we heard a familiar sound, the whirr of a dial telephone. Then we heard the voice of Dr. Nelson Glueck from Cincinnati, Ohio, then the Director of The American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem as he talked with his wife. Private telephone booths have not yet been installed in Trans-Jordan. His explanation later at dinner that he had just talked with Mrs. Glueck and was going up to Jerusalem to spend a few days was quite unnecessary because his voice which was pitched for a none-too-clear telephonic connection had penetrated to the farthest corners of this hotel. Dr. Glueck had just come up from Akabah, where he had been excavating some remarkable evidence on early Hebrew history, and the origins of Solomon's wealth. Even Arabian sheiks are becoming accustomed to sliding from

the hairy humps of their camels and dialing telephone numbers. Electric lights and the telephone, twin marvels of the twentieth century, have arrived in the heart of the Arab world.

And dinner? We questioned among ourselves whether the many successive courses of Arabian food would ever cease, because this hotel on the edge of the desert is nothing less than generous in quantity and variety.

Some readers are probably speculating on our bedrooms. We were amazed at their cleanliness and their good, comfortable furnishings. The tall wardrobe would have hidden me in an emergency. There were twin beds; even hot and cold running water. Our clean, white beds were tempting. It wasn't long after nine o'clock that all the beds had occupants.

The night was clear; the moon was high; the air was crisp as nights always are in this part of the world. I turned off the electric light and stepped to open the lattice of my window. I stood entranced. I HAD A WINDOW FULL OF RUINS! In the night's beauty lay the amphitheatre of ancient Philadelphia. It is a splendidly preserved Graeco-Roman theatre built into the rocky hillside. Dramas were presented here before audiences of four thousand people in the third century before Christ. I looked along these lofty tiers of seats. In the clear starlight I thought I saw shadowy figures sitting there; I thought I heard light whispers and the ripple of clapping hands. I couldn't catch the flash of wit, I couldn't hear the tragic words which stirred them to applause. I wondered is it a comedy of Plautus, or Terence, or Aristophanes or Menander? or is it a tragedy of Seneca? What is this night's attraction? I shall never know. The play at Philadelphia was ended. There were gay times in this ancient city when this theatre was filled with people.

The lights outside twinkled, one above another on the hill-

side; above them were the stars; on the hilltop burned a solitary light in the home of the son of Emir Abdullah. All was silence. I lay me down to sleep and dream.

At intervals I heard the dogs salute the stars in chorus. Far, far away a leader lifted a howling, wailing, shrieking note and then the mysterious unrest that torments the bosom of Oriental dogdom broke loose in a hundred answering voices, which swelled into a yapping, howling discord. Sudden silences cut into the tumult until some mystery which alone stirs the canine heart burst out again into a dissonance. As dawn approached, the donkeys raised their long lament; cocks crew; and then with the burst of the sun I heard men disputing and the thousand meaningless shouts and cries of an awakening foreign city. The Arab world arose to work. I was in a strange land and very far from home.

I awoke to think of kings and crowns because this happened to be Coronation Day, May 12th, throughout the British Empire. At the Citadel I was reminded that once King David of Israel came here when Rabbath Ammon, royal city of the Ammonites, was ready to acknowledge defeat at the hand of David's general Joab. At the moment of victory which was to extend Israel's boundaries considerably, David was far away in his mountain-capital city of Jerusalem enjoying the illicit love at Bathsheba. During one of the attacks upon the Ammonites, Bathsheba's husband Uriah, who was a victim of foul play, surrendered his own life while serving his trusted sovereign's interests. When notified of victory, David with additional troops came hurrying down through the Judean Wilderness, across Jordan, and up against Rabbath Ammon in answer to Joab's request for reinforcements. Taking the city in his own name, David had placed upon his head the crown of the king of Ammon which, by the way, weighed "a talent of gold [about twelve pounds] with the precious stones."

It was with these reminders of David's early acquisition of this city and the whole territory of the Ammonites as a part of his far-flung empire and of that crown which he had had placed upon his head that I left Amman for Jerusalem. I wanted to be in the Holy City that evening for the celebration in honor of the coronation of another monarch, King George VI of England.

CHAPTER XIV

I look back upon Jerusalem from the Nablus Road. Every little hill north to Samaria carries the ghost of a Bible city: Gibeah, Nob, Ramah, Mizpah, Beeroth, Bethel, and Shiloh. I rest at Jacob's Well, go to Shechem, climb the hill of Samaria, and walk its deserted streets with thoughts of Ahab, Jezebel, Elijah, and Herod.

THE road to Samaria led around the city; through Mammillah Road, it descended from the mountains upon which Jerusalem is built down past the Damascus Gate and along the Old Wall to the Quarry, Herod's Gate, and then up another hill onto the well-surfaced Nablus Road. It was from the hill at the beginning of the north road, just at the top before it dips down into the Kidron Valley, close by the Mount of Olives, that I looked back upon the Holy City. I saw a walled city of domes and towers, sleeping in the sunshine, full of earthly dreams and disappointments, and possessing yet the beauty of a "high place." Previously I had looked down upon the Old City from the Mount of Olives both by moonlight and when the early morning sun lights up the Dome of the Rock, but I felt on this day, as I still do today, that Jerusalem could not be more beautiful than when seen from the Nablus Road. As I looked back I was reminded of that passage from the Psalms beginning "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem." One does not readily forget Jerusalem.

II

The highway northward twisted and turned through land that was hilly and rugged but gay with spring flowers; now up and now down it led into the country of the tribe of

Benjamin. Almost every little hill carried on its crest a little village, usually a ghost of a Bible city. Just out of Jerusalem's new suburbs, it seemed, I looked across to Nebi Samwîl's one white tower against the sky, the loftiest "watch" in Judea.

Some three miles out of Jerusalem, we passed a bare hill towering up high, but once Gibeah, where Israel's first king, Saul, with fine judgment built a strong fortress and made his home and royal residence. We sped past Nob, the home of the priests and whither David fled for refuge. A few minutes beyond, the road bent sharply to the right and I saw a white track leading away over a green sea and another crossing this grassy plain leading into an opposite direction. The first was the road over which Paul was led by night to the seacoast at Caesarea and the other was the old Roman road leading north to Damascus over which Paul travelled on his mission of persecution.

Another mile or so farther we passed Ramah, Samuel's birthplace and burial-place. It is a small village resting on the horizon. When I had read that Samuel went on circuit judging Israel from Ramah, to Bethel, to Mizpah, and back again, I had thought of a long journey. As a matter of fact, he was never more than fifteen miles from his home.

Now high and charming on its hilltop loomed Mizpah where Samuel called Israel and offered sacrifice before Jehovah, and where he chose Saul as the first king of Israel. Here for the first time "God save the King" rang through their ranks. We left Mizpah behind us.

Eight miles from Jerusalem we began to climb a little hill and came into ancient Beeroth, now El-Birch, one of the earliest towns that Joshua entered. We had come this far in perhaps fifteen minutes; this short distance was considered in New Testament times a day's journey from Jerusalem—several hours' walk or donkey ride. The ruins of an old khan, and a plentiful fountain spoke of its suitability as a stopping-

place for pilgrims bound north. Caravans getting a late start from the Holy City after a festival usually reached Beeroth the first day. It was while camping here that Joseph and Mary discovered the child Jesus was not among the company of Passover pilgrims bound for Nazareth. From here for the last time I looked back on Jerusalem. Her distant domes were a blur.

Leaving Beeroth, we came into the stoniest section I had yet seen in Palestine. Nothing strikes the eye but rocks, huge and tangled masses of rock, scattered everywhere with an occasional daisy, red anemone, or blade of green grass pushing up among them, wherever they can find a foothold among the stones. Bethel, three miles off the road, tempted me. It brought up the name of youthful Jacob who here while on his way to Haran tarried overnight, slept under the stars, using a stone for a pillow. Except for a stone there is little room for a man's head anywhere. "And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

Here Jacob prayed, but that is not all that happened. At Bethel the Ark once rested, Samuel held court, Elisha taught, Jeroboam set up his golden calf and rival altar to the Temple, and hither came Amos from Tekoa denouncing the northern kingdom's paganism and idolatry. A miserable hamlet of half-ruined stone huts on a terraced hill, stone walls enclosing fields of scattered loose stones—this is modern Beitin on the site of ancient Bethel or "House of God."

North of Bethel the country changed. The road dipped into green valleys and climbed hills terraced with rock fences which held enough ground to grow olive trees and vines. On a rough slope Shiloh greeted us. The Arab village of Seilun sits calmly over remarkable Bible history. After the conquest of Canaan by Joshua, the twelve tribes met together in confer-

ence at Shiloh. Here where the Ark was kept for four centuries, Eli, the High Priest, lived and ministered. It was at the sanctuary at Shiloh that Hannah in remarkable faith prayed and later sang her song of thanksgiving; because her prayer was answered, she later brought her son Samuel and committing him to the charge of Eli to be trained for prophethood, dedicated her child solely to Jehovah. Near-by where the Ark of Covenant had been kept within the Tabernacle, aged Eli waited all that fateful day for the sacred Ark that had gone down to battle. After his death and the loss of the Ark, the Tabernacle was removed to Nob. After that Shiloh seems to have been forgotten and disappears from history.

The sixteen miles from Shiloh to Shechem repeated with increasing frequency views of valley, ravine, and mountain-top. Climbing onto another hill we came out all of a sudden on top of the world. The road went running out onto the warm, green, and fertile Plain of El Mukhnah, cuddled by the terraced mountains of Samaria rich with olive orchards and vineyards. We pressed forward to two rounded hills—Ebal and Gerizim—separated by a white track and came to some trees on the right side of the road shading a half-finished church standing over Jacob's Well.

Along this road one summer day came Jesus on his way to Galilee. He reached this spot where several old roads met and sat down beside the well to rest while John, James, Andrew, Peter, Philip, and Bartholomew went to the neighboring village of Sychar to buy food.

Today, as in Bible days, a well is a good resting-place on a journey. I found this place quiet and pleasant. Even the beggars outside the high wall were somewhat subdued by its silence. They begged, yes, but not blatantly. I stepped through a door into the court and followed a priest down a few steps into a chapel surrounding the well. He held a dripping candle over it that I might see that it still contained

water. Then winding up a little dripping bucket, he offered me a cooling drink from the same well which Jacob dug when he was at Shechem and where Jesus talked in symbols of living water.

Outside in the sunshine, I sat down and my New Testament opened itself to the fourth chapter of John. There are points in this narrative which when I read it on the spot coincided remarkably with the scenery. The Arab village of 'Askar, the location of ancient Sychar, lay in plain view across the eastern valley on the stony eastern slope of Mount Ebal. Sitting beside the well, weary from walking the long, tiring road over the hills from Judea, Jesus could have watched his disciples all the way to the village and could have seen the woman with the water-pot on her head as she passed them on her way to the sacred well.

As he waited and thirsted, the Samaritan woman drew nearer and coming up, Jesus spoke to her.

“Give me to drink.”

Simply and gently, Jesus began his conversation on spiritual verities; step by step, he led her on into a discussion of God. The unknown, unfriendly, and unhappy woman of a hated race revealed to him then her eagerness to know God and her perplexity over how to find Him. Discussing the competing claims of Gerizim and Jerusalem, she said, “Our fathers worshipped in this mountain,” indicating towering Gerizim; “the Jews say in Jerusalem,” pointing south, “is the place where men ought to worship.” The steep flanks of naked Gerizim rose a few hundred feet across the road from where I was sitting. With words that have been a spring of living water to weary, seeking individuals ever since, Jesus answered her, “Neither—for God is Spirit.” He was trying to tell her: “not a tribal God, not a Jewish God, not a Samaritan God;” he might be telling us: “not a British God, not a German God, nor an American God—but a universal God. God is

Spirit, and His worship cannot be confined to any building whether it be the Temple in Jerusalem or the sanctuary on Gerizim, but they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

When the woman of Samaria at the well pointed to Gerizim, saying, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain," she was true to tradition. Gerizim has been their holy mountain as Moriah has been for the Jew. Here they think Abraham would have offered Isaac, here they are sure is Jacob's Bethel, and here they read Joshua pledged the Israelites to Jehovah.

Annually on the mountain which loomed before me the celebration of the Passover as set forth in the Pentateuch is observed by a remnant of Samaritans dwelling on the outskirts of Nablus. These people believe themselves the descendants of the Exodus, but in truth they have little Hebrew blood in their veins.

The Samaritans have had a long and variety history. After the capture of the northern kingdom in 722 B. C. by Sargon II only a remnant was left behind when all the chief inhabitants, some thirty thousand Israelites, were carried off into captivity. Subject-peoples from ten races were imported by the Assyrians and planted in the ruined and evacuated cities of Samaria in place of the exiled Israelites. Idolatry, strange customs, traditions, and religious rites of the East were introduced by the colonists and mingled with Jewish tenets. The result was an offensive religion to the Jews. Meantime these strangers intermarried not only among themselves but with the remaining Israelites. The result in the following centuries from the amalgamation of all these races was a new nationality—a race of Samaritans.

With the return of Judean exiles to Jerusalem at the time when Samaritan aid in rebuilding the city was refused because of what Ezra and Nehemiah considered their apostasy

from true religion, a bitter, hostile attitude arose between them. The antipathy which was rooted in difference in race as well as religion became deeper between Jew and Samaritan.

When the Samaritan women questioned Jesus, "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" she revealed the prejudice existing between the two peoples yet in New Testament times. But to the woman of a race that his countrymen hated, Jesus revealed one of his greatest truths. Knowing the enmity between Jew and Samaritan, he preferred as a rule to make his journey between Galilee and Jerusalem east of Jordan. Thus on all but a few occasions he avoided this unfriendly territory. He built his parable of the good Samaritan around one of that despised race who succored the wounded and stricken traveller. It was a Samaritan, one of the ten lepers, Jesus healed, who returned to give thanks. Yet withal his example of "Love thy enemies" and his breaking down of artificial barriers of race and religion which divide man from man, the prejudice which began in reality as far back as when Solomon's kingdom was divided between Jeroboam and Rehoboam, intensified during the Exile and Return, is evident today among this dwindling tribe generally regarded as a peculiar people who are contending for Gerizim against the world.

III

We followed the narrow, deep pass separating the two famous mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, to where ancient Shechem (Balata) lay huddled against Nablus in a well-watered valley. This hollow between the two mountains forms an almost perfect amphitheatre. Here the tribes of Israel may have gathered while the priests chanted the curses of the Law from Ebal and blessings from Gerizim. The cliffs were sounding boards and sent out the loud voices to all parts

of the Vale of Shechem. It was easy to imagine the scene. The Ark of Israel was placed in this valley, guarded by the priests. The tribes with their elders and judges were on this side and that of the Ark, half of them ranged on Mount Gerizim responding joyously to the promised blessings, the other half stood on Mount Ebal re-echoing threatened curses, while loud "Amens" uttered by the whole congregation resounded from hill to hill. But this day there was no Ark and the children of Israel are scattered. Instead Arabs worked in fields and orchards. The ancient pasture-land of Jacob yields an abundant harvest of wheat and barley, a good supply of beans and lentils, and a wealth of wild flowers on every uncultivated patch of ground. Black goats were climbing Gerizim, browsing on the scanty and prickly pasture that springs up among rocks and stones. Gerizim's lower flanks were terraced for extensive olive orchards.

Shechem has had a lengthy and interesting history. It is the first town in Palestine to be mentioned in connection with the Hebrews. When Abraham left Haran with Sarah, his wife, and Lot, his brother's son, it was their first halting-place after they had passed over Jordan and entered Canaan. Before leaving it to go on to Bethel, Abraham erected his first altar to Jehovah under an oak tree where it is said "the Lord appeared unto him." So Shechem is the first place at which the Hebrews worshipped in the Promised Land.

To this same neighborhood where his grandfather had pitched his tent, Jacob was attracted. Here he dwelt for a time with Leah and Rachel, and their handmaidens and menservants and womenservants; his wealth like that of the Bedouin sheik today consisted of "flocks and herds and camels."

After Israel's sojourn in Egypt and wanderings through Sinai, Joseph's bones which they had carried with them some forty years were finally laid to rest in that "parcel of ground"

which had been purchased by Jacob from the children of Hamor. The white dome of the little mosque at Joseph's Tomb on the side of Ebal can be seen from the well dug by his father.

At Shechem, ten of the tribes renounced the house of David and transferred their allegiance to Jeroboam. From that time on its history has been blended with that of the Samaritans.

IV

Six miles beyond Nablus, we turned off the main road to climb the great hill of Samaria itself. It was noon. We decided to delay visiting the excavated historic stronghold until after lunch. We opened our picnic basket in an orchard of olive trees whose scarred old trunks bore up their delicate foliage with the ground beneath them covered with a gay carpet. These may have been young trees but they looked old. The trunks as usual were knotted and gnarled or twisted into fantastic shapes. In some were great hollows in the center of the trunks and these were filled with stones to give the necessary stability. Twisted, weather-beaten trees leaning on stone supports are strongly reminiscent of age and dignity.

Fortified with lunch, a brief siesta under an olive tree, and a quick rehearsal of the major events in the history of Samaria, we drove on along a wretched, zigzag road to the squalid village of Sebastieh where we left the car.

V

Until this day I had seen this immense and lofty hill only from the main highway, as it rises some five hundred feet above the plain. The situation of Samaria is very beautiful indeed in a quiet and peaceful way. In the center of a fertile basin rises this rounded, terraced hill, which before the days of gunpowder must have been almost impregnable. Difficult to be taken by assault, it has been starved out more than once.

Upon the summit stood the luxurious capital which Isaiah called "the crown of pride" of the northern Hebrew kingdom, the "flower of his glorious beauty, which is on the head of the fat valley." Even now the circle of surrounding valleys is "fat" with olive orchards and hillsides covered with vines and wild flowers, and from the western gate is a charming view of hills and dales to the Mediterranean Sea where a golden strip of sand marks the site of a later capital, Caesarea. Doubtless, Jezebel often looked out from Ahab's palace with a wave of homesickness for the Great Sea whose waves beat upon the coast of her native Phoenicia.

This stronghold has been oftener under the grip of heathen masters and heathen faiths than any other city in Palestine. Its important history began about 875 B. C. when Omri became the original purchaser of the site for a strategically-placed capital city for two talents of silver or about thirty-nine hundred dollars. Under the Roman level it is quite possible to see remnants of masonry dating from the time when Omri built extensively on this Acropolis. Nowhere in Palestine have remains of Israelitish masonry been found comparable to that in Samaria—beautiful, long, squared stones, walls occasionally ten feet thick, residences built in conformity to the native rock-contours which were filled up to give each room a level floor. Omri knew where to build and loved wide prospects—the glory of Samaria was the view over the Samaritan highlands to the sea—but it was Ahab who made the city a metropolis with a sophisticated population.

Omri's son, Ahab, was one Israelite king who loved beautiful things. It was he who beautified Samaria with a lovely "ivory house" for his infamous queen. The thorough excavation which this site has undergone has revealed remnants of these ivories which were used effectively in ninth-century B. C. interior decoration. The famous ivories that I saw in the Palestine Museum in Jerusalem were found by Crowfoot in

1933 near the recovered site of Ahab's palace above Omri's palace on the Acropolis and give tangible proof of their reality. Most Bible students in reading of the "houses of ivory" have thought it was a figure of speech referring perhaps to the dazzling whiteness of the masonry or perhaps to whole palaces and their furnishings of ivory. But that Ahab's palace was decorated with panels of ivory let into the wainscoting of the walls as friezes and that the furniture was decorated with delicately carved ivory pieces, sometimes overlaid with gold leaf, set into the framework like Damascus furniture is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, is not an exaggeration. Although Samaria was destroyed in 722 B. C. after a three-year siege by the Assyrians, by good fortune some ivories escaped destruction and are sufficiently well preserved to reveal their beauty.

At what the guide called "Jezebel's Tower," a magnificent ruin of a round tower, I began to think of the princess from Sidon who became the wife of Ahab. Jezebel was the most colorful as well as the most unscrupulous queen who reigned in Samaria. She encouraged its society to acquire a taste for jewels, earrings, ivory inlays, lovely furniture, perfumes, fine needlework, and wine, while at the same time among these sophisticates she cleverly conducted a campaign for the gods of Phoenicia. Not content with a shrine built in honor of Baal at Samaria, she wanted to see Baal supreme in Israel. Baal-worship swept like a flood over Samaria and in time the foreign cult had transformed the Kingdom of Israel into everything that was vile and impious.

Elijah was the first of the Hebrew prophets who came into the northern kingdom to denounce Ahab's apostasy, to condemn Israel's frivolity, waste, and exploitation, and to argue for the purity of the Hebrew faith. This champion of Jehovah-worship was followed by Elisha who brought to an end the Omri-Ahab dynasty by sending a deputy to anoint Jehu as the future king. It was against this background of wealth

and splendor begun during Ahab's reign and encouraged by later monarchs—ivory houses, palaces of hewn stone, ivory couches, wine, and revelry—that Amos saw in sharp contrast the conditions of the poor, who were trampled, set aside, and exploited on all sides by the rich. During the reign of Jeroboam II, the nation reached its peak of prosperity, but Amos denounced its ease and luxury, argued for social righteousness, attacked its paganism and idolatry, and called for a return to true worship. It was Amos' sermon on "justice" that led Hosea some years later to begin preaching in Israel, calling upon them to "return unto God, for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them."

The Assyrian restoration of Samaria has been unearthed over the remains of Jeroboam's city. Remains of a Greek city were found over that. Then came the city which Herod the Great built and which Jesus must have looked upon when he used the route through Samaria from Jerusalem to Galilee. These impressive ruins are still above ground for all to walk among.

Samaria's Bible history ends with Herod, who built here a temple to Augustus Caesar on the site of an early temple to Baal. He not only fortified it but erected upon the Acropolis a palace, a race course, and a magnificent "Street of Columns."

I took the colonnaded street, which was the main thoroughfare to the west, until I reached the ancient city gate flanked by two round towers high above the sudden drop of the mountain to the green, flat plain below. At this gate the lepers lay at the time when Ben-hadad, the Syrian, besieged the town so long that famine stalked its streets and women ate their children. From here they crept down into the enemy's camp, found it empty, and returned again to tell the good news that Ben-hadad's army had fled.

These columns are the most prominent objects today at Sa-

maria. Some as I have indicated are still standing in their original positions along the road. Many are built into walls and houses of the Arab village of Sebastieh. A multitude lie where they fell, broken, weathered, and half-covered with earth among carved sarcophagi and heavy foundations of long-vanished buildings.

Samaria today is a heap of broken stones, fallen pillars, and crumbled masonry. The present village is built at the east end of the hill on rubbish and of rubbish. The city of Omri and Herod, for all its beautiful situation and surrounding fertility, has fallen from ruin to ruin, has become a desolate ruin, even as it was foretold by the prophet Micah.

“I will make Samaria as a heap of the field, and as places for planting vineyards; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will uncover the foundations thereof.”

—MICAH 1: 6 (American Standard Version).

CHAPTER XV

Galilee's mountains, valleys, great plain, springs, and her sea combine to help me realize why this region was "the place He loved so much to be." I have lunch on Esdraelon in view of Gilboa, Little Hermon, and Tabor, come into the noisy world of Nazareth to find a well, a hilltop, and a carpenter shop. At Cana, the beggars remind me of the mobs who crowded Jesus at the wedding feast; the "lilies of the field" growing on the Horns of Hattin recall the Sermon on the Mount; my first glimpse of Galilee reveals it as blue and beautiful as my dreams. I go to Tabgha, watch fishermen, eat "Peter's fish," and experience a storm on Galilee. I stay with the nuns on the Mount of Beatitudes, meet some Bedouin children who take me home to a goat-hair tent. At Capernaum I see the excavated ruins of an old synagogue, the site of Peter's house and read parables by the sea. The Plain of Gennesaret is like a vast green garden. Magdala is only a wretched village.

GALILEE is a word which awakens in the mind of every Christian the most sacred and tender memories. At the sound of the word memory kindles as does the earth in spring until past days rise again for visioning. It calls up the family and the early home of Jesus and the scenes of the large part of his three years' active ministry. One remembers Nazareth, the City of the Carpenter; Cana, the site of the first miracle after Jesus' baptism by John; Capernaum, "his own city"; Tiberias, which still remains from the days of Herod Antipas whom Jesus called "that fox"; and finally, the quiet lake upon which the Master sailed, by which he taught, and "did many mighty works."

Anyone who has been to the Holy Land, to Galilee, adds

more visions. Immediately he sees a sweet mother holding in her arms a swaddled infant as she stands in the doorway of a square, flat-roofed building of gleaming white stone; a carpenter shop such as Jesus knew; three camels trekking slowly along the highway as did those earlier three who bore the Wise Men from the East. He thinks again of dim bazaars and highways where folk go sandal-shod or barefoot; of graceful Nazareth daughters with their slim-necked water jars; of another Joseph leading a donkey who bears another Mary and her child. He dreams of domes and towers glistening underneath the Syrian sun; of lovely flowers, yea, "the lilies of the field" in splendid crimson, nodding in the soft sweet breeze; of olive trees which silver in the gathering darkness hour by hour; of a tiny bay with water lapping gently 'gainst a shore where on the slopes a multitude in vision sit among red, blue, yellow, and white wild flowers unsurpassably lovely; of a village well and rendezvous. He seems to hear again the rippling laughter in a humble home; the sound of tumbling bells on camels and sheep; a lilting desert melody older than time played by a minstrel Bedouin-boy.

Since a child, Galilee had loomed very large in my imagination. Now, when I was actually on my way there, questions filled my thought and kept me silent the nearer we drew to the border. Would the centuries roll backward like a scroll and would Jesus walk again in Galilee? Would its natural beauty, its mountains, valleys, great plain, copious springs, and the sea help one to realize why this was the place he loved so much to be? Would there be anything left to remind one of when he dwelt here and its paths knew his feet and the woods echoed to his voice? I would soon know.

II

From Dothan which was one of the ancient strongholds of Samaria, I approached the mouth of the pass which leads

directly onto the Plain of Esdraelon. The little village which guards it is Jenin, which never in all its history has been a fortress because it was strong only in water. We hesitated at Jenin, a frontier town separating Samaria from Galilee during New Testament times. It impresses one as not only a boundary between two provinces but as marking the end of an old order and the beginning of a new. Hitherto travelling in Palestine I had been concerned chiefly as I journeyed with memories of bloody battles, faithful heroes, and thunderous prophets, stories from the Old Testament. From now on I would pass rapidly from the beginnings of Israel to the beginnings of Christianity as found in the stories of the New Testament. Here at Jenin tradition places the healing of the ten lepers of whom only one returned to give thanks to Jesus. From now on, the farther I travelled into Galilee the more I would be concerned with the teachings and mighty works of a new kind of prophet, "a son of peace," who was "anointed to preach good tidings unto the meek . . . sent to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord . . . to comfort all that mourn," and who said: "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you . . ." Already the countryside looked greener, the gardens more fruitful, and there were little springs to make glad the land; it was in contrast to the harsh, stern world of Judea to which I had become accustomed. Definitely, I could feel the beginnings of the new order. Coming now into the locale of the New Testament, I could begin to feel the charm and the picturesqueness of Galilee taking possession of me.

The road ran on through a lovely, gently sloping valley stretching like a smooth, green sea. Jezreel was to the east and right of me, Megiddo to the west and left of me. Almost immediately upon passing little Jenin there rise simultane-

ously views ahead of Mount Gilboa and to the west that long wooded range of Carmel.

I had persuaded a doctor and his wife whom I had met first en route to Egypt and later again in Jerusalem, and who had no plans for the Holy Land, to go to Galilee with me for a few days. There was room enough for us all, including Mark the chauffeur and Sabri the guide, in the touring car I had hired.

Where this day flocks were grazing on the goodly pastureland, Sabri ordered Mark to stop the car and he began drawing forth lunch boxes. The doctor, his wife, and I alighted and sought some stones in a flowery field not too far from the motor road. It was a perfect picnic spot. Opening our lunch consisting of Syrian loaves split to hold broiled mutton, quarters of ripe tomatoes, and cubes of onions, and gingerly sampling a Nablus delicacy concocted from wheat flour, goat's milk cheese, honey syrup, and almonds, we attempted to satisfy the inner man. After honest efforts to appear satisfied with Syrian delicacies, Sabri drew forth another package which held ham sandwiches for these fussy Americans and to top it all—luscious Jaffa oranges.

Seated on the Plain of Esdraelon, we were enjoying our lunch in view of Gilboa's range with once-royal Jezreel near-by. Beyond Gilboa rose Little Hermon and nestling there at her base was tiny Shunem. It is an unattractive mud-hut village surrounded by hedges of prickly pear, yet Shunem holds a charm for Bible students from its association with the history of Elisha. From its position it was easy to imagine the ride of the Shunammite woman across the plain glowing under a summer sun which had stricken her son with sunstroke in the harvest field. The path from Carmel to the Prophet's home "over Jordan" lies through Shunem. At last I understood how natural it would be for this place to be a halting-place at night for a pedestrian; and how the little

chamber built by a gracious, hospitable hostess and furnished by her with a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick was a welcome resting-place for this man of God as he passed by. And farther north the rounded top of Mount Tabor peeked from behind the shoulder of Little Hermon. Beyond, bare of trees, steep and uninviting rose the Mount of Precipitation, so-called because of the tradition that it was to the edge of this cliff that his infuriated townsmen brought Jesus to cast him down. Toward the west and to the left we saw the whole width of the great plain, Nazareth with its white towers and domes, and then Carmel running its long ridge for twelve miles down the south of the Esdraelon Plain to the mountains of Samaria. Cities may be laid in ruins but mountains stand fast forever. I had never appreciated the truth in that statement until this day when at a mere glance at mountains rising from this plain—nothing to call a “city” anywhere in sight—at a mere sweep of mountains, I could hastily review more than fifteen hundred years of Israel’s history.

The Plain of Esdraelon cuts in two Palestine’s central ridge of mountains, the backbone of the country. Always it has been a sort of land bridge over which the invading armies had to march in endless wars between the Euphrates and the Nile. Throughout history it has been renowned for the many battles fought upon its soil; it has become a classic battleground. It has been rendered so by virtue of its five entrances upon an arena peculiarly fitted for fighting. These entrances led to the empires either of the Euphrates or Nile valleys, to the continents of Asia or Africa. The Pharaohs of Egypt, the Hittites, Israelites, Philistines, Assyrians, Syrians, Romans, Crusaders, Saracens, Turks, and finally in our day the British have fought their battles here. That portion of the battlefield of Syria which is called the Plain of Megiddo has been adopted as the setting for the allegorical and final battle of

mankind, waged between the powers of good and evil, as the Armageddon of the Book of Revelation. But it has also been the land bridge for those who did the business of the world because numberless caravans from Tyre and Sidon to Capernaum, from Gilead to Joppa, from Egypt to Assyria, from Jerusalem to Damascus passed across Esdraelon.

Famed as battleground, famed as bridge between two continents, it is famous, too, as the richest valley of all Palestine. The fertile plain is watered by the River Kishon which winter floods turn into a torrent, and which overflows all the surrounding country. The Vale of Jezreel as the eastern end of the plain is called has been cultivated since the time of Abraham and quite possibly, scholars now tell us, long before his migration into Canaan in 2000 B. C. In subsequent visits, I have been struck by the large tracts of fertile plain which have been bought up by Jewish colonists. The landscape is not dotted with a farmhouse here or a farmhouse there but with groups of dwellings where Jewish farmers live mostly a communal life. The Bedouin tents which for centuries have been scattered across it are now crowded together in an ever-decreasing number under the shadow of Carmel. Across Esdraelon by motor car to Haifa I have been struck by this land, touched by a new era, coming to birth, as Jewish colonists are working fervently to establish themselves in what they are pleased to call "the homeland."

It was while sitting here that I felt vividly again the presence of the prophet Elijah. On the skyline was the hill that held Naboth's vineyard, coveted by greedy Ahab. And that ridge of Carmel was a reminder of the contest of fire and water between the priests of Baal and the Prophet from Gilead, which resulted in the vindication of Jehovah's omnipotence.

From Gilboa and this plain, Gideon drove the invading Midianites toward Jordan. To Gilboa Saul led his army.

Then disguised, he left his army and hurried at midnight to the hills farther north, near Little Hermon, to consult the witch of Endor only to return before daybreak more heavy in heart, more thoroughly frightened, and more weary of body than before. The next day he saw his armies scattered and his three sons killed. Realizing the future held nothing for him but torture at the hands of the Philistines, Saul died by his own hand there on the heights. Gazing at the rugged ridges, I heard myself repeating David's lament over the death of Saul and his beloved friend Jonathan.

"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away."—II SAMUEL 1: 21.

Mount Tabor was a commanding sight as it rises isolated from the lower Galilean hills, striking in appearance because of its domelike form and its thickly wooded slopes. Its summit forms a plateau and it was there Deborah and Barak rallied their forces before they dashed down the precipitous sides to overwhelm the forces of Sisera gathered on the plain. The Crusaders fought here and they left a church of which today only the ruins remain. Saladin captured Tabor. In its shadow Napoleon drew up his invading French army against the Turks. There is an excellent motor road to the summit, a steep, serpentine road—nineteen hairpin curves—which leads to a beautiful new Franciscan church. It is the view from here which makes a visit to Tabor memorable—the whole range of Palestine, from Judea to Hermon, and from Gilead to the Mediterranean.

III

Past the steep ridge of the Mount of Precipitation we came into the noisy world of Nazareth, hemmed in by hills on all sides, "enclosed by mountains like a flower is by leaves,"

with little moist green valleys running into it on both sides and in front of the town which is spread loosely over a considerable area. I should call Nazareth a pretty town, remembering it as I saw it that first time. It lay serenely in the sun, clinging halfway up the hill-slopes as if it had not the courage to complete the climb. It was a glistening town of white walls, red roofs, iron balconies, towers and crosses, and gardens, encircled by fertile hills green with fresh grass embroidered with opening spring blossoms.

The holy places of Nazareth are as diverse and numerous as the sects represented here. There is the Church of the Annunciation over the alleged site of Mary's house, and the Church of St. Joseph, built over the supposed site of the house of the Holy Family. But these are all uncertain memorials and as usual in the Holy Land are inclosed in chapels lit by lamps and encircled by ceremonial. These shut-in shrines at Nazareth have been less significant for me than what I found in the open, among the streets, and on the surrounding hillsides.

I wanted to see three things: the village well, now called Virgin's Fountain, the hilltop behind the town to which Jesus must have come often, and a carpenter shop.

The fountain is still here and there is little doubt that from time immemorial the women of Nazareth have come to it because it is the only well in the town. From sunrise until long after sunset the maidens and mothers of this Christian Galilean town still come with great slim-necked earthen pitchers or more frequently today with emptied gasoline tins poised upon their shapely heads to fetch water. Even so must the mother of Jesus have come daily to this fountain—in the brightness of dawn or the shadows of twilight, perhaps many a time with a little fellow trudging behind her, or clasping her hand or the fold of her bright-colored garment, or when the boy was very young carrying him on her shoulder with his

sturdy little legs wound around her neck as the women carry their children today. Here at the village rendezvous while she waited to draw water, Mary heard the village gossip as many women before and since her day in Nazareth.

No spot is more sacred to the Christian heart than the hill behind Nazareth. For nearly thirty years Jesus lived within sight of it. He must have come here often as a boy to lie in the tall grasses, to fill his hands with lovely wild flowers, crimson anemones and purple cyclamen, scarlet pimpernel, golden daisies, such as were all about this April dawn when I climbed the hill. It was so easy after that to understand Jesus' love for the flowers, the grass, and the birds because it must have been here that it came home to him first that God cared for all of them. He must have come often as a youth at the end of a long day's work in a carpenter shop to rest while enjoying the coolness of the evening breeze, and to "find the blessing of wide and tranquil thought" while looking upon the far-flung landscape which evoked and kept alive memories of his people's experience with God.

And what a view! It is one we can be sure has not altered greatly since Jesus walked this hill. Anyone with the time and inclination to walk here will look for long hours with quickening thoughts of one who spent his childhood and youth here. Cypress trees stood like pointed pencils against Christian hospitals and orphanages; round olive trees reminded me that always oil has been the wealth of Palestine; and everywhere were hedges of cactus brilliant with red and yellow blossoms. Northward I saw the snowy mantle of Hermon from which "the dew . . . cometh down upon the mountains of Zion." Following eastward the view took in Sepphoris, now a ruin, but plainly discernible, deserving as well as any town in Palestine to be called "a city set on a hill," and the long bulwarks of the mountains of Gilead, and the Jordan Valley. A cluster of low mountains, huddled to-

gether like frightened sheep between Jordan and the plain, were: Tabor, Little Hermon with tiny Nain a speck of white at its base, and Gilboa. The whole sweep of Esdraelon lay beneath my eyes. Carmel's range was in plain view across the plain and my eyes travelled southward over it far down among the brown hills of Samaria, dim in the haze that began to gather shortly after sun-up. Westward Carmel throws its green promontory out into the Mediterranean and over it I saw the sheen of the blue sea and northward again the curved tawny beach at Acre. I had never in all my travels seen anything as breath-takingly beautiful. My eyes swept the panorama of beauty so rich in historical suggestions and I thought never again would I find its parallel. I was startled from my reveries as I saw a caravan emerge from across the plain. Glancing about I seemed to see among all this natural beauty of the Master's world, as if for the first time, white roads stretching endlessly in all directions. As of old their message was:

“ . . . One and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away! ”

It was a familiar sight to Jesus from his hillcrest at Palestine's crossroad, Nazareth, to see merchants and pilgrims in their caravans moving back and forth across the plain; they emerged northward from the mountains of Samaria or headed southward toward Jerusalem; they swung over the pass at Megiddo from the Plain of Sharon, or crept up from the Jordan Valley; and they came down over the hills from Damascus. Jesus must have watched with eager eyes from here the caravans weaving in and out and dreamt of the lands they came from and the goals they sought. It was easy now to understand Jesus' inspiration for many of the parables. The

“open road” figures in much of his teaching. Someone is always going somewhere. The prodigal son goes to a far country; a traveller falls among thieves; friends on a journey arrive unexpectedly and require hospitality; a nobleman journeys widely and returns home again.

Slowly I began to retrace my steps to the Austrian Hospice for breakfast. My glance kept singling out the road over the hills from Nazareth to the lake, the one Jesus used to follow to go to Capernaum, which is lost finally from view as it is swallowed by hills. In a few hours our car would be swinging out of Nazareth bound for “his own city,” over the same highway. Deeply stirred this morning of which I am telling you by a new consciousness of companionship with Jesus, I found myself repeating:

“Up the road to Galilee, Master,
It is good to be
Walking as of old with Thee.”

Nazareth has a “Main Street,” which is broad in that portion which lies in the valley, but it narrows as it reaches the hills where it divides into several streets. These climb in different directions to more distant heights. Bordering the main street are the many small shops without doors or windows where native artisans ply their primitive trades. A coppersmith sat near-by his door beating out rough copper plates and pans; shoemakers and cobblers were busy with sandals; others sharpening knives, sickles, and plowshares. In some men were making crude knives, long bladed shears, brass camel and sheep bells. Men loitered in these streets of Nazareth as they do throughout the Near East in rickety wooden booths that serve as coffee houses, drinking coffee and smoking “hubble-bubble” pipes which they rent from the proprietors. Modern Nazarenes are dressed much as Jesus must have been



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

Nazareth has a "Main Street" with many small shops without doors and windows where native artisans ply their primitive trades. A coppersmith sits near-by his door beating out rough copper plates and pans. Modern Nazarenes wear the "kuffiyeh" (turban), easy garments, sandals of leather, and occasionally an Occidental coat is added to the costume.

with a turban covering the long hair, wearing a beard, flowing easy garments, and sandals of leather or wood on the feet. If an Occidental coat has been adopted, quite often it is seen thrown across the shoulders and the sleeves dangle empty.

I wanted very much to see a carpenter shop but I hesitated asking lest there be no workshop in Nazareth like the carpenter Joseph's where he taught Jesus an honest trade. It was on a side street of the bazaar that I found a shop where a carpenter was making plows which have not changed their shape in ages. It was easy for any passer-by to pause and watch this workman at his task in a small room more like a dark, rectangular cave. The simple tools used by this present-day carpenter are quite the same as those used by Joseph and the boy Jesus when he learned and plied the carpenter's trade: a hammer, a chisel, a saw, and a plane. He worked seated some of the time, holding the wood down with his bared feet when he used the band saw. Much of the work is the manufacture of implements for use in tilling the soil as it was in Jesus' day: handles for hoes, crude plows, and yokes for oxen. The methods of making plows and yokes remain as in the first century. In Arab-owned fields the one-handled plow is seen scratching a thin line through the rocky soil in contrast to the modern tractors drawing a dozen plowshares used by farmers in prosperous Zionist colonies near-by. Watching the fellah with the goad in one hand and one hand on the plow, it was easy for me to understand why Jesus used the singular when he said, "having put his hand to the plow."

Our days in Nazareth were ended. It was time to leave our haven of peace, this pleasant hospice which had given us the moment of silence needed by every visitor to Palestine. Out from a flower-lined driveway of scarlet tulips, purple gladioli, blue iris, orange crowfoot, past orchards of olive trees, hedges of cactus, fields of barley and wheat, we sped. The wheels

of the motor car repeated the words: Up the road to Galilee. Up the road to Galilee.

IV

When Jesus left Nazareth, the home of his youth, to begin his public ministry, he chose to center it largely around an inland lake, which names this whole region—Galilee. He was drawn time and again as if by some irresistible impulse and attraction to the blue lake, from the first time that he saw it as he came over the hills from Nazareth until he appeared to those nearest and dearest to him following the resurrection. Galilee held the happiest, the most precious hours of his life. One has only to read the Gospels to realize how large a place in his heart this region claimed. From its shores as they mended their nets, Jesus called his first disciples. From a near-by hill he gave to mankind the Magna Charta of the Kingdom of Heaven in the Sermon on the Mount. By its shores he performed many miracles of healing and spoke his parables. Jesus spent his time along its open roads, out under its blue sky, amid the sights and sounds of these Galilean highlands, drawing from the common life about him for the illustrations and images of his teaching. The Teacher made his home its principal city, Capernaum, and from there radiated his evangelistic journeys. He spent many a day here while people followed him pointing to a reaper gathering the grain and angered by the tares, or to a sower in a near-by field sowing broadcast the seed, or to a net that fishermen were throwing into the waters. At night, wearied by the crowds that thronged him, he retired to the seclusion of its near-by hills for meditation and prayer which was so vital in the great experiences of his life. Some of the landmarks have long since vanished, but the hills, lights, sun, moon, stars, wind, rain, and eager hearts are the same here year after year. These are the things that Jesus looked upon and loved in Galilee.

V

Jesus approached the Sea of Galilee by way of the "Via Maris." The road wound its way through fertile green valleys, gently sloping hills, and tumbled rocks into Cana, just as it does today. It was here that the first miracle of his ministry occurred—the turning of the water into wine at the marriage feast to which he, his mother, brothers, and sisters were invited. Pilgrims stop at Cana now to taste the water flowing from a spring where tradition says the water was drawn to be turned into wine nineteen hundred years ago.

Christians come to Cana to be reminded of Jesus and his mighty works and they go away annoyed by the dirty, almost naked, sore-eyed, scabby-handed beggars who attack tourists, offering them postcards and souvenirs—beads, earthen jars, and bits of lace. The little village is completely spoiled for many Christians by these howling wretches screaming, "Baksheesh" and pulling at one's clothing. And yet, it was mobs like this that pestered and crowded Jesus; these were the ones he wanted to preach to. These were the ones he fed. It was their blindness and lameness that he took away; their leprous sores he healed; their anxiety about the morrow and its need he relieved. Wretched people like these living at Cana today had been his care. I have met people who felt contaminated by the mob at Cana and who were relieved when their motor cars left the little town far behind. I have felt that in their religious experience they have left behind them these words of Jesus; perhaps they have never heard them in their hearts as Jesus meant them to be heard by his followers.

"When I was hungry, you gave me food, when I was thirsty you gave me something to drink, when I was a stranger, you invited me to your homes, when I had no clothes, you gave me clothes, when I was sick, you looked after me, when I was in

prison, you came to see me. I tell you, in so far as you did it to one of the humblest of these brothers of mine, you did it to me."—MATTHEW 25: 35, 36, 40 (The New Testament, An American Translation, Goodspeed).

From Cana the road bent, and it bends now, around and past the village where a miracle occurred. Then it plunged and it plunges now into the hills which were once the volcanic zone of the Jordan Valley. A grand panorama unfolded, just as it does now to the traveller in Galilee, as the road across the Plain of Hattin is followed.

On the left of the roadway is an elongated hill, whose shape resembles a saddle; the rising at each end suggests horns; hence they give it its name—Horns of Hattin. It is more familiarly known as the Mountain of the Beatitudes.

On that far-off day in spring when Jesus chose to go up on one of these summits and from there speak to an assembled multitude, the sides of the slopes lay under a blanket of wild flowers. They covered the slopes this April day growing in all their beauty and riot of color as when Jesus saw and loved them. There were purple cyclamen, pheasant's eye, blue iris, pink flax, red anemones, and countless other yellow, blue, and pale blue flowers whose names I did not know. Jesus was conscious of his surroundings, sensitive to the lessons which they might teach simple folk who followed him from "Galilee, Decapolis, Jerusalem, Judea, and beyond Jordan." In the Sermon on the Mount, he drew from the "lilies of the field," which in spring are nowhere lovelier than in Galilee, the lesson of God's beneficence.

VI

About eight minutes in a motor car from the Horns of Hattin comes the first glimpse of the sea. "One . . . two . . . three . . . seven, eight," counted Sabri slowly and all at

once there lying before me was the Lake of Galilee, as blue and beautiful as my dreams. The country through which we had been travelling lately was a spring symphony of green and gold checkerboard, rich in fertility, with fields of grain, grass, thyme, and flower-carpeted fields stretching out over these two broad moors. The brown limestone land whose rocks give the aspect of bands of gold fell to a line of cliffs overlooking the sweet, cool, blue lake. A rocky gorge, broken by dykes of basalt, strewn with lava and pumice stone separated the moors and it held our road from over the hills of Galilee to the sea. The whole was a luscious mosaic of green fields, brown earth, golden rocks, blue water magically reflecting the heavens, with the white head of Hermon shining in the sunlight.

Jesus that first time saw a strip of bright blue, as blue as any Mediterranean sky, perhaps a fleet of sails where now I saw only one or two faintly ruffling the surface of the placid water. He saw a woods filled with walnut, olive, sycamore, and sumac trees where now there were no trees; veritable bowers of flowers and gardens where this day there were only marshes except for one or two places along the western shore, at Tabgha, at Tell Hum, and along the Plain of Gennesaret. Jesus sighted that first time nine or ten prosperous, populous cities and towns of consequence. We saw but one of these, Tiberias, within whose limits there is no record Jesus ever tarried and very little likelihood that he ever walked. Beautiful and exquisite as the first glimpse of this little, pear-shaped body of water must have been in his day, I felt it was still so in spite of apparent barrenness and the lack of the physical presence of the "Stranger of Galilee," as I looked long at it. It is quite impossible to see it and not feel in spirit the presence of this man who brought peace to its shores. Peace, his peace, still dwells by its dreamy shores and quiet waters. I began to think of Jesus then

“Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands or feet,
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest field,
When He walked in Galilee.”

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

From this point where the lake is seen first, the road doubles back and forth down through the hills, steadily downward, through some sterile, bare country, through heat until at the very end it emerges upon palms, greenness, and cool, blue sea.

Mountains rise all about the Sea of Galilee. On the western shore in April, May, and June they are green mountains; on the eastern shore they are dreary, brown precipices of the desert; on the north there is that magnificent ridge of Hermon covered always with snow even in the extreme heat of mid-summer. A little inland lake, only twelve or fourteen miles long and seven across at the broadest point, set in a sub-tropical climate since it lies seven hundred feet below sea level, and yet her mountains rear their heads in a temperate climate where even snow is not unknown.

Parts of its shore are covered with white sea shells and these contrive in the brilliant Syrian sun to give it a sparkling look. There seems to be no sand to speak of and only a few places where large basalt rocks are to be found. One can reach down and gather easily handful after handful of exquisite, tiny, pointed shells. Arab children run along the motor road from Tiberias to Tell Hum offering to tourists for a piastre (five cents) strands of almost perfectly matched shells which they have gathered from Galilee's shore. Some strands are white, others have been dyed purple, yellow, pink, and green.

There are two delightful places to stay overnight when one is at Galilee. One is the lovely hostel at Ain Tabgha, near



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

The Sea of Galilee, looking north from Tabgha towards Capernaum with its white buildings, red roofs, and grove of green trees, is as blue and beautiful as one's dreams. Tabgha means "seven springs." Warm springs of water run into the Lake and the fish come and lie in the warm water. This is the only place around Galilee's shores where men wade in to fish, still throwing the hand-net and using the drag-net as in the Bible days.

the site of the ancient Bethsaida, on the very shore of Galilee. Here jolly Father Tapper, who was in charge of the hostel and the missionary work among the Arabs, used to welcome guests. The other is the Italian Hospice run by the Franciscan nuns on the Mountain of the Beatitudes, overlooking the beauty and peace of Galilee and Capernaum. They are of all the lovely places in the world in which to rest, meditate, and feel again the joy of living, the two most charming and to me the most romantic.

Off the beaten track of tourists, Tabgha is a place of transcendent beauty. It is set within a grove of banana, pomegranate, orange, and fig trees. Its seaside path, musical with the cool sound of running water, is sheltered by huge eucalyptus trees which form a woods following along the lakeside. Its gardens overflow with palm trees, flowering geraniums, and purple bougainvillea which flings itself over the red-roofed white buildings. Turtles sleep by the edge of pools, little snakes writhe through the silvery water, unmolested birds trill their songs of joy. While revelling in the glory of this sanctuary, it is possible to dream of the luxuriant beauty of the western shore as Jesus knew it. In the hospice's garden Father Tapper's soft voice broke the idyllic spell only momentarily as he offered a refreshing cup of steaming tea.

Tabgha means "seven springs." Warm springs of water run into the lake and the fish come here and lie in the warm water. This is the only place around the shores of Galilee where men wade in to fish. They may still be seen in the early morning throwing the hand-net, which is like a parachute with tiny weights around the circumference. As they throw, the net opens out, then, as it sinks, the weights fall together at the bottom and enclose the fish in the area covered by the net. It may have been here that Jesus, standing above the water on the lakeside, saw from the shore a sudden shoal of fish and instructed his disciples "to cast your net on the

right side of the boat and ye shall find." From his vantage point a sudden shoal of fish was visible to him while not visible to the fishermen. This account is all the more impressive to one who has visited Galilee.

I ate fish one noon at lunch. When I inquired what kind it was, I was answered, "It is St. Peter's fish." Further questions brought forth the information that this was the fish to which Jesus referred when, in controversy about the Temple tax, he said:

"Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee."—MATTHEW 17: 27.

The musht is a curious large-mouthed variety of fish, peculiar to Galilee.

Anyone visiting Galilee can watch Arab fishermen catching musht in the same manner that Peter, Andrew, and John caught it for the Master—with a drag-net. Having caught the fish, they find a protected spot along the lake, make a fire of coals, cook it, and serve it on a loaf. To have this experience is for any Christian to be reminded of a joyful morning meal partaken of by Jesus and his disciples by the shores of the Galilean Sea immediately following the resurrection.

Late one afternoon during another visit to Galilee some friends and I took a fishing boat from Tabgha to spend an hour on the sea. As we left the shore the sea was calm, more like a piece of exquisite blue glass. With the shore receding and to the accompaniment of the creaking oars and the light splash of water, I read aloud to my companions gospel stories of Jesus and his mighty works done hereabouts while a native son pointed out historic locations of these events which were within our line of vision. In the bosom of the lake, it suddenly became tumultuous. Our guide broke into the reverie

of the quiet hour by suggesting that we must return to the shore lest these choppy waves bring us disaster.

Storms on Galilee are not unknown. Coming without a word of warning, they are terrifying occurrences for the natives, many of whom have perished in its waters. The winds from the north sweep the inland body of water, stirring it to its very depths; the waves may break as high as thirty feet. But as suddenly as these storms arise as suddenly do they subside, leaving sometimes in their wake an appalling toll of human life.

As our boat, a heavy, clumsy affair, similar to the type used by the disciples in the first century, turned in the now turbulent sea, we heard a distant shout. Looking in the direction from whence it had come, we saw two heads bobbing above the water's surface. Putting back out to see what was wanted and drawing near to them, one of two Jewish boys shouted that they were exhausted from their unsuccessful struggles to regain shore because of the undertow. Would we take them to safety, lest they perish, they beseechingly inquired. The request had a strangely reminiscent note of an earlier occasion when the disciples sought Jesus on this storm-tossed lake and said, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

"Gladly," we replied, shifting our positions to accommodate our fellow men.

"La" (No), shouted the Arab boatman. "They are JEWS!" And he ordered the boat to shore. We had not reckoned with Arab-Jewish animosity.

As we turned about, I saw one boy's head disappear in the shifting, lifting water. His face was void of hope and color as it sank out of sight.

Expostulations, relayed through the guide, acting as interpreter between American and Arab, availed nothing. Heedlessly, this man superintended the return to shore.

In this moment of extremity, anxious for our fellow men

who were being left behind, I said to my companions, "Let us pray."

There was a moment of quiet and calm among us Christians, who sat huddled in a heaving boat in an atmosphere of mingled physical fear, race and religious hatred. We felt the sudden lurch as the boatman checked his course in the angry waves and we finally came alongside the boys, one holding the other up. Without a word they were helped into our tossing, heavy boat by the Arabs. One youth was placed upon the floor utterly spent from his efforts in the treacherous sea. Somehow it seemed as if this moment was the "silence of eternity, interpreted by love."

I picked up the Bible, turned to the Gospel of Mark, Chapter 4, verses 35-41, and read aloud the record of the stilling of another tempest, physical, mental, and moral, in the first century when in a correct understanding of the situation involved, the Master is reported to have said, "Peace, be still." By his own calm and command, by his own assurance that "all is well with thee," and by speaking aloud to the troubled, anxious hearts, the disciples' fear was calmed and the sea became peaceful. Absorbed as we all became in Mark's account of the incident, the re-reading of the gospel story did the same for all of us.

Upon regaining the bathing-place at Tabgha, the angry sea had become as calm again as a piece of dark blue glass. On the lake all was peace. The sun had disappeared behind dark purple hills. Night's silences stole round us, fraught with memories of Christ "walking upon the water."

"Shallom" (Peace), bid the Jews as they scrambled from the boat. They waded in to shore. We heard their feet crunch over the beach and they disappeared into misty shadows.

"Assallam" (Peace), answered the Moslem Arabs with no seeming hesitancy.

“Good-bye,” echoed four Christian women.

In the space of an evening hour, we had witnessed a tempest which was physical, racial, and religious on Galilee. Fear, hatred, and intolerance had been dispelled by the miracle of prayer. I have wondered since: is it any less a miracle because Christ appears or is manifested in ordinary events and processes more than once? I remember Christ Jesus said, “I go away, and come again to you.” Somehow this experience has not detracted from Jesus’ mighty works nor belittled his power, but it has been a sign of Immanuel, that is, “God with us,” ever-present and repeating itself in every generation.

And let me add as a sort of postscript that during the remainder of my stay in the Holy Land that year I never again had any occasion to observe instances of racial or religious animosity among its peoples. I travelled freely through the country, I crossed “over Jordan,” I visited the black “tents of Kedar,” I went to the Wailing Wall; it became for me that year a truly Holy Land.

VII

From one of the high, covered balconies at the Italian Hospice on the Mountain of the Beatitudes I have watched sun-up on Galilee. Stealing out from my little white bedroom onto the veranda, I have waited for that moment when the first faint shafts of light quiver behind the barren precipices of Gadara’s eastern hills, when the sky suddenly becomes a cloth of many colors, when pinkish lights burst into a flame of golden glory, and when the sea which has been lying cool and grey in the morning light swiftly turns blue and warm.

But if sun-up is an experience of delight, then indeed how full of mystery is the night on Galilee—its sky, its stars, its moon, its foliage, its placid sea, as though planned to lull tired bodies and wearied hearts to peaceful sleep. The day has its

turmoil and strife but night on Galilee has its ebb of silence and rest.

The shadowy, sheltered Italian Hospice was quite still. There was no sound anywhere. Even the thin, cool leaves of the eucalyptus trees were not stirring and the birds were silent. The sunlight that filtered between the tree-trunks drew a curving pattern of light on the flower beds. Where Galilee wound its zigzag course, the ripples were touched to sparkling jewels, but the music of the trickling water was swallowed up in the vast tranquillity, the heat, and the distance. Far down below red-roofed Capernaum drowsed among her eucalyptus trees.

Along the road came the evening procession. It moved against a dreamlike background of the Trans-Jordania mountains, slashed with great gorges now filling with purpling shadows as the sun sank farther behind the western hills, against a tawny sky, and a lake turning from rose to amethyst, then smoky blue, then grey. Their work in ripe wheat fields ended, these fellaheen strode back now to lighted campfires in an open field where the tents of a Bedouin tribe had squatted. The children scuffed along among their elders. A file of camels moved slowly, laden with swaying tools. A small fellah, lazily leading his flock of sheep, went along playing a little tune on a reed pipe. One of the German friars at Capernaum came up across the cleared fields. He was on his way to conduct vespers for the nuns who live at the hospice.

A slight breeze sprang up. The night was dropping darkly over the mountains of Gilead. The breeze was sweeping up in strong, cool gusts. The road lay deserted. The sunlight became tarnished, then vanished altogether. The garden became a murky chasm as the pale light from the half-open shutters came out in luminous bands.

Waiting in the garden, I saw night settle down swiftly, as

it does in all warm places, smothering the sunset and the brief dusk into warm tropical blackness, coming quietly and peacefully. Stars pricked out, one by one; lights came on down at Capernaum and in the distant city of Tiberias; pinpricks of brightness in the enveloping darkness. Human voices—harsh, hoarse, and guttural—rose and fell. Somewhere a radio broke out into an Arabic love song, drowning the silken swish of palm fronds and the whispers of tall trees. The clang of ambling camel and sheep bells grew more distant and hesitant.

The darkness of trees which stretched their branches over the fragrant garden seemed to dwarf everything but the white building that rose behind them. As the evening wore on the mountains across the lake seemed to be beginning another day. There was a faint sheen and then a huge tawny moon lifted herself above the eastern mountains. Rising higher and higher she turned a pure gold and sent a golden pathway across Galilee. It seemed like a rich fine carpet for royal tread. Here and there she found a chink in the foliage and laid a coin of light on the ground. On the lake was peace. The zing of insects whirred in the air. The birds grew restless and began to rustle in the shaggy bushes in which they had sought shelter for this night. Suddenly frightened they swept like phantoms across the garden; eerie cries drifted back on the breeze. Night had come again to Galilee.

I sat here awed and enchanted by the magic of the night. I felt so near to the Master that if, in this recurring miracle of night on Galilee, he had come from out the moonlight and the misty shadows, it would not have seemed surprising nor alarming. Looking beyond the moonlit waters to the mountains of Gilead, which in the nighttime looks like a terrifying barrier, I began to think upon that wild, lonely, eerie country of the Gergesenes and of Jesus' visit there one night.

After a busy day he was seeking rest and solitude. He

left the thickly populated western shore of the lake and sailed toward a gorge which is due east of Tiberias. On their way a storm arose which greatly alarmed the disciples, causing them to appeal to their Master. Jesus rose from the stern of the boat where he had fallen asleep in sheer weariness and said, "Peace, be still." Suddenly both the waters and the disciples' fears were hushed. When they landed, night had fallen. The disciples, calmed somewhat after their terrifying experience with the tempest on Galilee, followed Jesus up the gorge through darkness. They heard a scream, the wild clanking of a chain, and saw a man come leaping through the blackness to hurl himself at his feet. Jesus met this hideous figure, virtually naked, dirty, scarred, and bloody from recent gashes, with the same calm he had shown scarcely an hour earlier. But this time he healed a demoniac.

Again the end of this story is full of peace. "They . . . behold him, that was possessed with devils sitting, clothed and in his right mind."

Jesus crossed the lake to spend the night in peace but he spent it instead with a madman named Legion in a place of tombs where ghosts were believed to dwell and wild beasts to lurk. The Gergesene restored to sanity wanted to join Jesus' company. It was but a natural expression of his gratitude, but Jesus told him to go home and give his friends the story of what God had done. The man went his way, says Mark, and went to ten cities, telling them the marvelous news.

VIII

I walked down from the Italian Hospice across a cleared wheat field to the lakeside and spent a morning with Bedouin children. We all sat in a bower of oleander bushes whose dark green leaves and bright pink blossoms contrasted sharply with black basalt rock, wisps of yellow straw, and silvery

water lapping near-by our bare feet. One of the boys piped on a shepherd's flute while I tapped on some typewriter keys.

The East met the West. For hours in this bower we charmed one another with our smiles. Later I trudged with them to their home—a black goat-hair tent pitched between the wheat fields ripe for harvest in May and a patch of cucumber vines. To judge from the size of the pan of cucumbers within the tent it had been the field of vines punctuated with yellow blossoms which had been the deciding factor in the selection of this home-site. As Abraham welcomed his guests at the tent-door in 2000 B. C. so did the humble Galilean father welcome me as he said, "Assallam aleitkum" (Peace be with thee), and then he passed the common cup of bitter coffee.

These are simple people who live on Galilee today. One of the thrills of late afternoon was to turn the dial of our radio for a program of fine Arabic music and then stop the motor of our car on the hillsides of Galilee. As the strains of the rugged, passionate love songs floated through the air, the Bedouin would appear from behind rocks, tumble off donkeys, speed through the fields to crowd about the car. And the wonder of it all . . . the desert music, the Arabic songs they all love, seeming to come from nowhere. There would be a momentary look of incredulity, then a smile would spread over the bronzed faces, and finally there would come the moment when they would all burst into clapping and swaying with the strains of the Oriental music. The invention of the West, a Philco radio, we saw capture the hearts of the children of the East, the children of the desert, the Bedouin.

At home in America, while re-reading the Gospels, I have remembered this and it has struck me that the Galileans must have come to Jesus in exactly the same unconventional manner when "the report of him went out everywhere into all the region of Galilee round about." And they gathered round

the Master as incredulous and astonished as these folk, who were hearing a radio for the first time, when he first told them "the good news," healed their sick, reformed their sinners, and raised their dead. And, "pressing upon him and hearing the word of God," they accepted the "glad tidings of great joy" with the same smiling, bronzed faces and eager hearts as these present-day Galileans who were captivated by the music picked up out of the air.

IX

Staying either at Tabgha or on the Mount of Beatitudes, visitors to Galilee are fortunate to be in the vicinity of the chief events of Jesus' ministry. I was impressed here, as I had not been at home by my study of maps and reading of the Gospels, by the close proximity of these towns and villages where he tarried and by how often from either the lakeside or from some elevation he could survey the scenes of his labors.

It is only twenty miles from Nazareth to Capernaum. I have taken a boat at Tabgha and been at Capernaum's deserted landing-place in less than an hour. I have motored along the shore from Tabgha, passed the new little Church of the Loaves and Fishes at Bethsaida, sheltering those rare mosaics of an early Christian church commemorating where the feeding of five thousand took place, and on to Capernaum in less than ten minutes. I have walked down from the Mount of Beatitudes across the cleared fields, picking my way among the weeds and a lively crop of thistles, thorns, and briars, and been at the entrance to the garden at Tell Hum (Capernaum) within an hour. The distance between these towns Jesus knew is almost negligible.

It was along the shores of Galilee that Jesus carried on the larger part of his healing ministry, but it was at Capernaum that he performed his mightiest works. In a real sense he

made it "his own city." There is no place in all Palestine more closely associated with Jesus than Capernaum.

Here he healed the centurion's servant, the nobleman's son, the paralytic boy who was let down through the roof, Peter's wife's mother, and the man with the withered hand. Another time he healed a dumb demoniac, two blind men; again, a woman with a hemorrhage. Finally, he raised Jairus' daughter from the dead. Here Jesus was the happiest of his whole life because here he was loved, appreciated, and thronged as he never had been in Nazareth where he had to face the hostility of people with whom he had grown up.

Once it was a busy thriving town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. Tourists from Mesopotamia and Egypt, Bedouin from the desert, Jews from all the world, the Roman garrison, the fish markets, the lively and constant traffic between cities on different sides of the lake, and the synagogue made it the focus of life and energy along the Sea of Galilee. It was an opulent, cosmopolitan, noisy city with all the social problems of a city—wealth over poverty, prostitution, distinctions between social classes, arrogant luxury. Capernaum now has vanished, all except the ruins of the synagogue. Desolate and deserted, one cannot but remember Jesus' words, "And thou, Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted to heaven? Thou shalt be cast down to hell."

Today the main object of interest at the identified site of ancient Capernaum is the ruins of an old synagogue; possibly the one, scholars tell us, in which Jesus was accustomed to teach and preach and where he healed the man with the withered hand. The Franciscan Fathers are gradually recovering the stones from out the earth where they were buried by an earthquake and reverently restoring them to place. The edifice must have been imposing in its day, judging from the splendor of the white carved stones and the sculpture. Carved on much of the stonework are not only the familiar Jewish

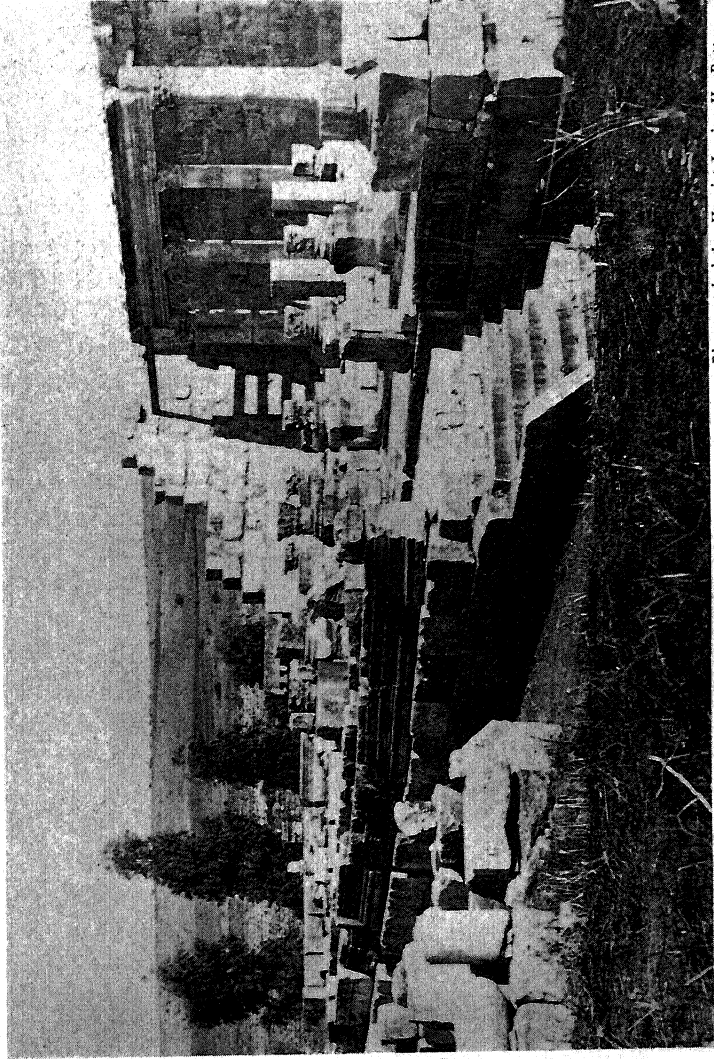
emblems like the vine and the six-pointed star of David made of two intersecting triangles, and the five-pointed star of Solomon, the olives, and the seven-branched candlestick, but also pagan and Roman carving, emblems like the eagle. Today, visitors see four columns upholding a broken architrave, a paved court in which some grass grows, a doorway, and stone steps leading up to it, and the usual chaos of broken and fallen stones.

In the Gospel of Luke we are told that a synagogue at Capernaum was built and presented to the city by the Roman centurion whose servant Jesus healed. The elders recommended Jesus' mercy by saying of their benefactor, "He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue." Some believe, however, that this building dates from the second or third centuries.

When I have been here in April and May I have entered the ruins through a beautiful and lovely garden of petunias. The Franciscans, who so lovingly tend and guard the remains of "his own city," have left the ruins untouched except to restore and clean them. There is no garish church to mar the simplicity and natural beauty. I have felt so poignantly the presence of the Master as I have wandered among the ruins of this white temple. It has been easy to believe that these stones which formed the chair on which the preacher sat to preach are the actual stones on which Jesus sat; to believe that the stones in the paved court felt the imprint of his feet; to believe that the walls heard the soft, sweet music of his voice as he asked those watching whether he would heal on the sabbath day that they might accuse him:

"What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out?"

"How much then is a man better than a sheep?"—MATTHEW 12: 11, 12.



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

All that remains of once proud Capernaum is the ruins of its old synagogue facing the Sea of Galilee. Some believe it to be the one presented to the city by the Roman centurion and where Jesus taught and healed in the first century.

Sitting among the fallen stones, I've known that Jesus when he was here looked across blue waters to the same parched hills opposite. There are no harsh noises to disturb the peace. There is only the sweet melody made by the playing of the wind among trees, distant calls that echo here and there, the tumble of a sheep bell, the breaking of wave after wave against the shore, the flutter of a disturbed bird, and the swelling song of a thousand feathered choristers. Its trees in spring are green and beautiful. Fragrance fills the air. Little green lizards lazily lie in the sun and bask. The sky overhead is brilliant blue.

One thinks of Peter, too, in Capernaum. And the other thing they show visitors here is the alleged site of his house where, Mark tells us, Jesus often stayed. Here Jesus healed Peter's wife's mother. Here the boy was let down through the roof. Nothing remains of it today.

Sitting down on a near-by bench, I have imagined that it was built as many Eastern houses are, one story high, probably four sides round a tiny courtyard, with an outside stairway from the roadway to the flat roof. No doubt a temporary roofing was put across to cover the courtyard and make another room. The relatives of the paralytic boy removed this temporary roof and let the young man down on a rope into the midst of those gathered about Jesus.

It occurred to me during my first visit that many had preceded me in enjoying the hospitality of the fisherman's home, celebrities like Jesus, James, and John. Somehow I was struck by the kindliness of Peter as never before a visit here. I recalled how he had his bachelor-brother, Andrew, live with them, and opened his home to his mother-in-law, and eagerly welcomed the Master and all the people who followed him thronging the street and the doorway. I recalled how he used to take his wife on his missionary tours. That being the case, she was no millstone about the neck of this enthusiastic,

impulsive man; she never mocked his zeal or pointed out his inconsistencies. Peter entertained frequently and she must have encouraged him to bring his friends home any time. Peter loved this wife and he loved his mother-in-law. How do I know? Because he is the only New Testament writer who touches with such adornment the subject of marriage and the duties of husband toward wife and vice versa. He makes tender and beautiful the position of woman as "the weaker vessel" to whom honor is due. As for his mother-in-law, when she was sick, Jesus healed her and then she rose up and ministered to all of them.

There are many houses in America that hold like groups: a man and his wife, the wife's folks, and the husband's people. Many of them are as congenial Christian family groups as this Jewish-Christian home was in the first century. Somehow Peter seemed such a kindly, warm-hearted, affectionate family-man when I met him here in Capernaum, when I stopped by his house across the street from the synagogue.

I should like to share with you modern Capernaum's lakeside as I saw it in the peace of the noonday hour in contrast to the hustle and business of the busy quayside in Jesus' time.

The quay is built of black basalt rock. Some of the huge stones with marks on them made by grappling irons and chains and anchors of ships are relics of the quayside stones of ancient Capernaum. Matthew had his office on the quay or possibly along the road that ran along the sea-front. On this beach or quayside Matthew heard "Follow me." Beginning in Galilee the invitation has been heard in every land and not a day has passed since but that somewhere some "pilgrim on earth" has thrilled at the sound of it and has answered, "I follow."

The foreground is covered with sand and tiny, delicately pointed sea shells with here and there patches of green sturdily pushing up tender new shoots. There is a mimosa tree and

separating the ruins of Capernaum from the quayside are eucalyptus trees. In the distance toward the south is a lovely hillside thrusting itself up from a small, horseshoe-shaped bay. This one forms a perfect amphitheatre where hundreds of people could sit on the shore and plainly hear anyone who spoke to them from a boat. Many times from a little ship floating in this bay or one similar to it, the great Teacher taught the multitudes on the shore. Seeing this bay at Capernaum explained:

“He began to teach by the sea side: and there was gathered unto him a great multitude, so that he entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the multitude was by the sea on the land.”

—MARK 4: 1.

The yellowish-green cast of the hillside in April comes from green grass blending with millions of yellow flowers which had delighted my eyes as I came over the hills from Bethsaida. The noonday heat blazing down upon Galilee made the sea lose its brilliance and sparkle and a bluish haze seemed to be suspended above the water. There wasn't a sail in sight. Silence reigned supreme. I sat quietly and waited. Then in the brief sabbath of an hour I read aloud Matthew's record of the “Parables by the Sea.” Closing the New Testament, I thought to myself that Jesus believed his message indestructible and history as it unfolds is his vindication because what he said one day by the seaside to a few is still pondered by the world.

X

Between Capernaum and Magdala is the Plain of Genesaret, stretching like a vast green garden for three miles along Galilee. Renowned through the ages for its fertility, Josephus praised it in none too glowing terms when he said: “Its soil is so fruitful that all sorts of trees can be grown upon it, walnuts and palms, fig trees and olives. It not only nour-

ishes different sorts of fruits of opposite climes but maintains a constant supply of them throughout the entire year." Its fruits were barred from the Jerusalem markets on feast days lest the pilgrims come to the Holy City to enjoy Gennesaret's fruits rather than to worship Jehovah. Anyone driving along the "Way of the Sea" knows immediately when he has reached this paradise of Galilee because the grass is greener, the flowers more abundant, the foliage heavier, the palms and other trees more luxuriant. Gennesaret has "a lovely floral carpet in summer and a thicket of thorns in winter."

Up from the right-hand side of the roadway which lies along this plain are slopes of green; southward is Herodian Tiberias surrounded by hills; while across the blue sea are the bleak hills of Gadara, marching down to Moab and the Dead Sea.

Rising behind Magdala are the bare cliffs of Wadi Hamam or the "Valley of Doves," honeycombed with caves. Myriads of doves used to make their homes in these rocks in the days when Magdala had a unique local industry—the sale of doves as a substitute for a lamb for the Temple sacrifice. In fact, hundreds still live here, but they are not the only ones to frequent these cliffs. The raven, eagle, and vulture have their nests here and can be seen soaring above the valley. The caves of Wadi Hamam have played their part since prehistoric times. Far up the narrow ravine closed in by walls of sheer rock, in one of the large caverns a skull was found which has been since called the "Galilee Man." It represents a time forty thousand years B. C. The skull is now on view in the Palestine Museum in Jerusalem. In later times inhabitants took refuge in the caves in time of war; when Herod the Great was king, outlaws and bandits made them their hiding places from which to go forth to plunder near-by villages and people; hermits lived in them; today they are made inaccessible to man by the strong wire netting stretched across their openings.

Magdala, now called El Mejdal, once a place of some importance, is a wretched village of hovels of mud and stone and black Bedouin tents, but beautiful of situation. It commands a view over the Plain of Gennesaret, the Sea of Galilee, and as far north as Hermon. Its name is always associated by Christians with that of Mary Magdalene, who was among the women ministering unto Jesus of their substance, healed by him of "seven devils," who followed him to the Cross, and saw Christ first in the garden after the resurrection.

XI

The things that are beautiful in Galilee are enduring and indestructible, so that man's foolishness and perversity can never annihilate them. The things that are beautiful near the Sea of Galilee are these: the sun and the moon and the stars, the grainfields and the trees, the lake, the hills, the simple people eager for sympathy and understanding, gospel stories, and an acute awareness of the "Man of Galilee." This land, which neither ignorance nor ecclesiastical greed can alter in outline, hallowed by sacred memories of him to whom "all life was beauty," is the true pilgrim's Galilee. The beauty which Jesus found here invites the Christian and rewards his stay if, coming here and searching his heart, he truly sings:

"O Galilee! sweet Galilee!
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
O Galilee! blue Galilee!
Come, sing thy song again to me."

CHAPTER XVI

Travelling along the oldest road in the world to Damascus, I have a last view of Galilee, glimpses of the Jordan, am stopped for contraband at Rosh Pinna, and come within sight of the Mount of Transfiguration (Hermon). I travel the last five miles remembering Paul's conversion to Christianity. I wander in the "Street called Straight" and the bazaars, see the scene of Paul's escape from his enemies, enjoy the garden-court in a princely Syrian house, poke around an old khan, and linger at the Grand Mosque, formerly a pagan temple, then a Christian church, and now a Moslem holy place. I go back to read again an almost forgotten Greek inscription on a stone lintel.

IT was time for me to leave Galilee for Syria. The road which I was to travel is probably the oldest in the world, having been in continuous use ever since the dawn of civilization. It was the most important highway of five in Palestine during Jesus' lifetime, but long before that it furnished the main connection between Mesopotamia and Egypt. By the time Israel settled permanently in the Promised Land there were already accustomed routes of travel. Isaiah says: "There shall be a highway . . . like as there was for Israel in the day when he came up out of the land of Egypt." While in another place he refers to "the highway out of Egypt to Assyria." It was this old and famous road which I was to travel.

It must have had a name in the early days, but the only biblical writer who actually calls it by name is this same Isaiah who, when trying to make his message heard by an unresponsive people, said: "Afflict her by way of the sea, be-

yond Jordan, in Galilee." It was called "Via Maris" or "Way of the Sea" by the Romans, because it touched and followed for a few miles along the beautiful Sea of Galilee.

The road began at Joppa where the highway to Egypt entered Palestine and ran through the Plain of Sharon through Antipatris to Pirathon. Here it separated into three branch roads. The first ran north along the east side of Carmel. The second ran through a pass northeast of Megiddo and northward past Nazareth to Magdala. The third was used when the Plain of Esdraelon was too wet to cross in winter. It ran from Pirathon over the Plain of Dothan to Engannim, thence through the Valley of Jezreel to join near Mount Tabor. The main road continued north from Magdala-on-the-Sea to Damascus to meet the great East road direct to Mesopotamia. It was by this latter route that I was to proceed to Syria.

Motoring up from the lake into the Mount of Hattin, the car swung onto this main highway north which is still in use today and is still known by its ancient name "Way of the Sea." Beginning at Magdala as it did in the Bible days, it runs along the Plain of Gennesaret and follows up a gorge to Chorazin situated some distance back from the sea. Along here I looked back for my last view of this lake country with its rolling hills and deep valleys. My eyes sweeping the circuit of the lake saw a cobalt-blue, harp-shaped expanse whose emerald bays and long sweep of terraced slopes were gay with spangled wild flowers and shrubs. The sails of several little ships dotting the lucent water gave a sense of movement and variety to an otherwise quiet scene. The stark east hill-country of the Gadarenes was softened into a pink blur by the heat-haze of noonday. The buildings at Capernaum and Tiberias on the water's edge gleamed white in the brilliant sunshine. A few Bedouin tents made black patches in a meadow of scarlet, yellow, and purple wild flowers.

I turned regretfully away from this scene of bewitching

beauty to behold as we drove along many glimpses of the Jordan, lying sparkling in the sunlight like a silver ribbon on the surface of the dull brown earth to where it enters Galilee near Bethsaida Julias. It winds its way two hundred miles from its source in the Anti-Lebanons down through the waters of Merom and Galilee to end finally in the Dead Sea. Glorious are the views of this turbulent river which drops from a height of seventeen hundred feet above sea level to about thirteen hundred feet below sea level and forms a natural gorge. But no less glorious in the springtime are the wares of beauty on display. Yellow, pink, white, red, and blue flowers, whole fields of them, which spread into the distance as far as eye can see on the green highlands of northern Galilee. Always to the north of us, as a guide, there rose against the blue sky the great white crown of the king of Syria, Mount Hermon, rising out of the brown plains.

The "Way of the Sea" keeps west of Jordan until it reaches the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters where it changes its course northeastward to cross finally into Syria to end at Damascus. We stopped briefly at Rosh Pinna where the Palestine customs officials went through their formalities.

I remember that once as I came hurrying down from Syria anxious to reach the cool hospice on the Mount of Beatitudes at an early hour in the day being held up unduly long while the Jewish officials unloaded my car searching for contraband.

It all happened because of an Oriental rug which I declared upon their questioning. Its weight aroused their suspicions. Upon weighing the bundled Farhan, all neatly sewn into burlap, the men, after much head-wagging, gesticulating, and delay, asked what made the bundle weigh so heavily. I declared I didn't know. Snip, snip, and all the sewing was undone, the rug unrolled, and there lay the cause of its unusual weight. I had completely forgotten some old camel bells which I had discovered one night in the dim bazaars of Da-

mascus, and which to save trouble and bundles I had had wrapped in here. Perhaps this discovery of the cause of the excess weight saved me a little money because these customs men at Rosh Pinna insisted that I pay duty to carry my contraband rug through Palestine, even though I was en route to a steamer bound for America. I do know that it didn't save my temper because my exasperation knew no bounds when I saw this five by seven rug completely unrolled, discovered there was no cord to re-tie it, and no string nor strong needle with which to sew it back into its burlap case for easy carrying. There it lay, just a heap of rug, on the scales at Rosh Pinna. After paying four dollars duty the officials lost interest in my dilemma and retired to their darkened, bare offices for a smoke. It must have taken me an hour to repack and for Charlie to secure the luggage again on the rear of the car before we could proceed on our way to Galilee.

From the Customs House the road north goes on to El Kuneitra, the Syrian Customs Station, which is charmingly set in a grove of eucalyptus trees. Its chief claim to charm or a few moments of a traveller's time beyond passport formalities is the beautiful vista which it offers of Jordan as it flows down from Hermon through banks of tangled bush and flowering pink and white oleanders. Kuneitra is pleasant as a stopping-place for lunch. It is cool under the spreading trees, usually quiet and restful. A gaunt, hungry, homeless dog haunts the place and with jealous eyes and snapping movements indicates he begrudges every morsel of food that does not find its way into his yawning jaws. One day a wrinkled peasant woman squatted near-by backed against the largest tree, her gaily-colored, hand-woven basket beside her. She looked neither to the right nor left, she asked for nothing, but we knew she was aware of the white bread, the legs of fried chicken, and the hard-boiled eggs in our lunch baskets. We left a half dozen eggs on the rickety lunch table as we moved

away toward the car. Looking back as we drove off, we noticed the eggs had disappeared, probably into her basket.

II

Motoring along, the romance of this old road came back to haunt me. Over it ancient India sent her products that in time reached Venice, trains of camels leisurely passed along it sometimes to be sold in droves, sometimes carrying on their backs grain from the fertile Hauran. Along it sped the rumbling chariots from Assyria or Rome when they were world-dominant powers. I could imagine the constant procession through all the centuries: soldiers with their spear points glinting in the sun from the great nations whose glory and power have waned, caravans of merchants and traders carrying silks and spices from the East or cedarwood and sandals from the West, tourists from all the corners of the civilized world—East and West—with endless variety in their dress, manners, race, and language, princes in gay palanquins from the far-off romantic East, and even some of the immortal figures of the parables of Jesus.

III

We came within full sight of that great mountain range of Anti-Lebanon, lifting its shoulders against the blue sky and crowned by the lofty, snow-capped peak of Mount Hermon whose white dome had been visible to me from every section of both eastern and western Palestine. So beautiful is it in its majesty that Hebrew poetry is full of phrases depicting its charm. From the Sea of Galilee it is seemingly almost within reach and Jesus must have looked upon it in all its various aspects—in sunshine and moonlight, clear and sharp against the blue of a winter sky or shimmering through the heat haze of late summer. During the latter part of his ministry he brought his disciples to dwell for some time under the very

shadow of this mountain; to stand by the gushing fountain of the Jordan that springs from its base; and one night to climb its slopes to behold the glory of their transfigured Lord. Near-by sanctuaries in this mountain, where Pan was worshipped in a grotto, and where in a gleaming white temple a fellow-being, Augustus Caesar, was worshipped as God, Jesus called forth that ringing confession of his Messiahship from Peter. Exhibiting more than usual spiritual discernment Peter declared: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Here in a locale where two distasteful systems of religion were carrying on side by side, the forces of nature and the incarnation of political power, Jesus purposed founding his Church on that understanding of the Christ which lay behind Peter's confession at Caesarea Philippi.

Never after seeing Mount Hermon with its extreme elevation, its snowfields, its miles and miles of desolation, and feeling its loneliness is it possible for anyone to doubt that this is the "high mountain apart" into which Jesus led three of his disciples and where being transfigured before them they heard, "This is my Son, my Beloved, listen to him."

"The tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus" could refer to none other than this mountain. King Og the giant, who "ruled in Mount Hermon, and in Salecah, and in all Bashan," could from this natural watch-tower overlook his vast dominions. I turned from contemplation of this "eternal tent of snow" to overlook this fertile Plain of Bashan fading into the great desert on the east.

This is known as the Hauran today. It is the granary of Syria. From Hermon to the River Yarmuk a large part of its rich volcanic soil is tilled for wheat, while the rest is covered by thick herbage to which the Bedouin swarm with their flocks and herds. This "land of the giants" has always been a cattle country as well as a granary. The "strong bulls of Bashan," its "fat kine," its "rams," and its "fatlings" figure

largely in the Old Testament narratives. Today there were a few black tents of the Bedouin already here.

IV

Soon the silvery Pharpar came out to meet me. This narrow stream reminded me of Naaman, the Syrian general, who was healed from leprosy by the prophet Elisha to whom his attention was directed by a Jewish captive maid. He had asked the Prophet who urged him to wash in Jordan, "Are not the Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" Scarcely in the wildest flights of the imagination a river even in the springtime. Pharpar is a swiftly flowing mountain stream which pierces this barren desert scorched by a hot sun surrounding Damascus.

V

Some five miles outside the city along the "Way of the Sea," in view of the orchards of Damascus, the majesty of Hermon, and the bare ridge of the Anti-Lebanons occurred the most important event which has ever taken place in Damascus and one of the most important in the history of mankind. It is the conversion of a Jewish rabbi, Saul, who became the greatest of Christian missionaries, and who still by his correspondence treasured by the Church within the New Testament inspires and directs the thought of Christendom. The phenomenal occurrence is reported three times in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles and is several times alluded to by Paul himself in letters. It occurred hereabouts a few years after the crucifixion of Jesus and a few weeks after the martyrdom of Stephen, possibly 34 or 35 A. D. Paul had come about one hundred and seventy miles among some exquisite scenery alive with memories of Naaman the leper, and back two thousand years to Abraham's old steward Eliezer of Damascus. For six days he had ridden alone with no one but

servants to talk with; no doubt they were days and nights in which he thought of that martyr whose face was "as the face of an angel." He had proceeded up the road from Jerusalem after witnessing the death of Stephen, who was the first Christian martyr. He was, according to the Book of the Acts, "still breathing murderous threats against the Lord's disciples"; but I believe he was troubled with secret misgivings, haunting doubts: "Could Stephen have been right?" "Didn't the prophet Isaiah write of a suffering servant, 'who hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted'?" "Are the rabbis and my teacher Gamaliel wrong?"

When reaching the hilltop overlooking Damascus, the crisis came. Suddenly from the heavens flashed a blinding glory, "brighter than the sun, around me and my fellow-travellers." And in the midst of the glory he saw the Christ—whom never again did he lose sight of in all his lifetime. And then he heard a voice speak to him in Hebrew—"Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?"—a voice which never again in all his lifetime did he cease hearing. "Who are you, sir?" "I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting." And then there were no more doubts, nor questionings, then or ever; Saul gave himself in absolute surrender to the vision of the Christ on the road to Damascus and all his life reiterated: "Have I not seen Jesus Christ, our Lord?"

Occupied with this momentous vision which was to change the course of his whole life, he went on into the city. He was blind from his experience and they led him by the hand. Paul's memories in later years of this old city must have been beautiful indeed because it dawned upon him here first what faith in Christ meant and it brought a deep peace and beauty into his life which he later coveted for all men. I do not think he regretted having missed the scenery. He was not like Jesus, who was a lover of nature, who spoke of lilies

how they grow, of fields white for harvest, and of the birds of the air. Paul was never in the mood for scenery.

He would have missed completely the beauty in the approach to Damascus which looks today like a diamond set in a dark green of fruitful gardens, in contrast to the barren desert surrounding this oasis. Gardens and orchards extend for several miles around the city and these are refreshed by streams of water from Anti-Lebanon. Once the great commercial center of the world and the place from which caravans started on their journeys East or West, today it is the capital of the new independent Republic of Syria. It reminded me that long ago Isaiah said, "The head of Syria is Damascus." It is a large, flat city of domes lying on an enormous plain with sand stretching to the east and khaki-colored hills and mountains rising to the west. Mosques dot the landscape; clearly in early morning I have heard the calls of the muezzins from these slender minarets which stab the sky. It is shaded by fruit and forest trees—the poplar, cypress, palm, walnut, lemon, orange, apricot, fig tree, and pomegranate, lending a rich variety of color, laden with fruits, and filling the air with sweet fragrance. In early spring it is a bower of apricot blossoms. The Abana River of the Old Testament, now called the River Barada, rushes along its narrow bed on the plain and invades the very center of the city. The sound of fresh water in what otherwise would be a parched and arid country was sufficient to make Damascus seem a paradise on earth to the ancients. Seeing the city and its gardens from Salihiyeh, Mohammed is reported to have turned away and exclaimed: "Man can have but one paradise; mine is fixed above."

Saul went directly to the house of Judas in the Street called Straight and there Ananias, a follower of Jesus, came and healed him. The house of Ananias and the house of Judas where the light of Christianity finally dawned on Paul are

still shown, but a little Mosque, a holy place, covers the latter site. "The street which is called Straight" still bears that name. It is nearly a quarter of a mile long and like many streets in Damascus is covered with an arched corrugated iron roof through whose holes, made by French bullets, the sun pierces like a shaft from a giant searchlight.

VI

Damascus is essentially an Arab city, despite improvements inaugurated by the West in buildings, roads, and travel comforts. The streets with the few exceptions where tramcars run and dodging motor vehicles add to the general confusion of a large walking population are narrow, crooked, and form a labyrinth which makes a guide almost indispensable.

Some travellers are lured by the reasonable prices and excellent quality to explore more than once the numerous bazaars displaying in little shops precious carpets and fine-woven prayer rugs, Damask silks, silver-shot textiles, pearl inlay furniture, copper vessels, and silver-jewelled trinkets.

Instead of these things it is the life of Damascus, odorous and many-colored, swirling about me in the shadows of the bazaars that has lured me again and again. I have watched fascinated as a camel train loaded with Hauran wheat swung by; as tall, long-necked camels ridden by swaying Arabs swathed in red, white, and green padded along; as shepherds with their flocks moved strangely because they seemed to be stepping out of the Bible; or as a boy came down the street balancing a tray of flat loaves on his head. There was always the empty-eyed blind man feeling his way along the high dinghy walls; an Arab mother trailing her long gown through the dusty streets with her little one riding atop her shoulder. There were Syrians in baggy, long-seated bloomers sitting on curbs gossiping among themselves as they soaked up sun. A few stood yawning, some staring, others fingering a Moslem's

chief toy—a string of beads. These listened to sensuous Arabic music issuing from a cheap phonograph. I have come upon dark bundles of rags lying inside doorways or on ledges and watched them stir and stretch out lean, brown arms. Venerable men with patriarchal beards, attired in white head cloths tied with roped camel cords, striped gowns, crude sandals, moved out from the shadows of these tunnel-like streets. Bare-legged water-carriers in rags with patched goatskins shuffled along. Professional letter-writers still sat on sidewalks near crowded corners not too far from modern street cars. The itinerant barbers were always busy setting up their tonsorial parlors whenever and wherever a customer was willing. Not the least among these attractions have been the frisky donkeys who hesitated occasionally as they clattered over the rough pavements to bray a loud flirtatious greeting.

The lemonade vendor jangled his brass drinking cups and tempted hot, thirsty customers with reminders that his lemonade was the best in the world, ice-cold and packed in the snows of Lebanon. Stocks of grape leaves were tended by veiled Moslem women. Flirting donkeys, grunting, grumbling camels, shrill cries of vendors, pitiful whines of beggars, bursts of weird Oriental music, tinkling of street-car bells, and the honks of French motor horns are the strange symphony of sounds which has provided music for this Eastern extravaganza, which is the same as when "The Arabian Nights" was first written down. It has been the tide of humanity that toils and slithers through these alley-like streets, the shrill babble, the barter and bustle, the never-ending pattern of color which is the commonplace East about its daily business that has drawn me.

VII

Paul had another experience while he was in the city. He remained here after the restoration of his sight for some time

and went to the synagogues and preached "Christ as the son of God." His right-about-face in attitude somewhat confounded those who hitherto had known him as a persecutor of the followers of Jesus. So plans were made by his enemies to destroy him but discovering the plot his friends one night helped him to escape from Damascus by means of a basket let down over the city wall. Most of the old walls have disappeared and new ones have been built. Considering the changes which Damascus has undergone, one must rely on tradition. While the place in the wall where this occurred is pointed out to visitors and may not be satisfactory in its extremely modernized condition, there can be little doubt about the general locality.

VIII

Walking tortuous lanes with high, bare, white walls on each side with an occasional ordinary-looking doorway, no stranger to Damascus would ever guess that behind such external plainness are luxurious residences, sometimes fairy palaces; that behind such closed doors are hidden visions of lovely courtyards where water splashes on marble fountains, where myrtle and jasmine spread themselves in joyous abandon, and where oranges and lemons gleam through their screen of shiny, green leaves. If one would see an elegant, typical residence of a princely Syrian family, then he should visit the Azm Palace. It was built in the eighteenth century by the last governor of Damascus. It has now been turned into a sort of museum by the French authorities.

The entrance is large enough to admit one person at a time. It opens into a passage which leads into the principal court of the house. The first time I stood in the passageway, I looked through and beyond to an indescribably lovely courtyard, where fountains splashed under the spreading orange and lemon trees, where rich greenery of pepper trees was mirrored

in silvered pools, and where brilliant bougainvillea tumbled over trellis-work. I stepped through into this superb fountain-court, which is surrounded by the Selamlık (men's quarters) and the Haremlik (women's and children's quarters). Of the latter there were three over which in this enormous Eastern house eunuchs watched. The sun at noon shone brightly down into this garden-court which is canopied only by the clear blue sky and turned the nearest pool into a pool of quicksilver. There was a faint smell of flowers. It seemed so strangely hushed. It seemed a place for whispering, but this day only the rippling of the fountains and the brush of leaves whispered their longings to the brilliant sky. I hesitated, remembering that once upon a time this place had resounded with the cries, reproaches, and laughter of concubines and children. I hesitated for more than a moment as if I were intruding on a privileged privacy. The feeling stayed with me. So it was some time after I stepped across the marble-paved court before I noticed how elaborately laid down the pavement was upon which I was walking.

The house is handsome but hardly luxuriously comfortable from my Western point of view. The chief apartments of this three-hundred-roomed palace open on to the courtyard. There are no doors to the rooms, not even to the sleeping rooms, but open doorways perhaps were closed in their time by lovely curtains only. These rooms hold beautifully carved chests and screens, low divans, choice ceramics, rare rugs, and textiles. But it was the marble-trimmed Turkish baths which were the revelation to me. Interesting, to put it mildly!

Tucked away in other of Damascus' narrow streets are the old khans in which traders and caravan men once lodged. Here at last was something in this oldest city of the world in which there had been little or no change in two thousand years. They are still lovely buildings with Moorish arches, fountains in the center, and galleries from which the guest

chambers are reached; handsome buildings even with dust settled over everything and lively odors rising everywhere. Today these fine old buildings are either not used at all or are used as storehouses by wealthy merchants. It was such an one I visited. It seemed a khan of incredible age. I had little doubt of the truth of what Jacob told me here: that if a farmer who had lived in a village outside Damascus at the beginning of the first century were to be resurrected and brought here he would not observe any change in it. Donkeys and camels were still stalled here as in the beginning of the Christian era, bags of grain appeared to have been lying here ever since it was first opened, and very old rugs and worn burlap hung over bins and galleries. It was from such a place as this that Joseph led Mary that night because "there was no room for them in the inn."

Against the wall I saw an old chest from which dangled the tassels of an antique saddle-bag. I walked over to inspect it more closely. Looking within I was amazed to see it held a huddled, sleeping porter. Probably after he had crawled inside to escape attention in this busy warehouse, the tired fellow had thrown the saddle-bag over himself and it had fallen over the edge of the chest to hang with an air of almost studied carelessness. He was oblivious to all the confusion, hustle, and bustle swirling about him. Certainly no one seemed to miss him in this crowded place and it didn't seem likely that they would look for him in this hiding place. I turned away, leaving him quite contented with his lodging in the stable of a caravansary. Seeing this, I agreed with Jacob that a resurrected visitor from the first century would not feel out of place or puzzled in this khan.

IX

From the moment that its white domes and piercing minarets have burst upon me, approaching it either from Galilee

or Beirut, Damascus has seemed magical and entrancing. The spell is never broken.

I have threaded my way first through the streets to the Grand Mosque with its three arresting minarets and heard far above my head the melancholy, long-drawn, high-pitched chant of the muezzin as he calls the faithful to devotions:

“Allah akbar! Allah akbar! God is great . . . !
There is no God but God and Mohammed is his prophet!
Come to prayer!”

These plaintive notes float over the city at the five hours of prayer, seem suspended for a moment before they quaver finally into silence.

The Mosque of the Omayyades or the Grand Mosque is a place to which all visitors come once and to which all lovers of monuments of beauty come twice and thrice. Originally here stood the “House of Rimmon,” the Sun-god, where Naaman in his newly-awakened faith in the power of the God of Israel deposited two mule-loads of earth which he had brought with him from Palestine. A Roman temple later was erected on the site already considered sacred. John the Baptist’s preaching was done in Damascus here where the armies of King Aretus went to war against Herod. It is therefore not surprising that the first Christian church in Damascus, a Byzantine basilica, was dedicated to John the Baptist and built upon this site. For a time during the seventh century Christians and Moslems worshipped here together under the same roof. Then in the eighth century, it was demanded by the Moslems and this building was transformed into a mosque by the fifth of the Omayyade khalifs. Retaining the pointed arches and the ground-plan of the three-aisled basilica, the whole was enriched with costly mosaics of gold, precious stones and glass, and the floor was paved with marbles of many colors. It became a show place, a gorgeous edifice,

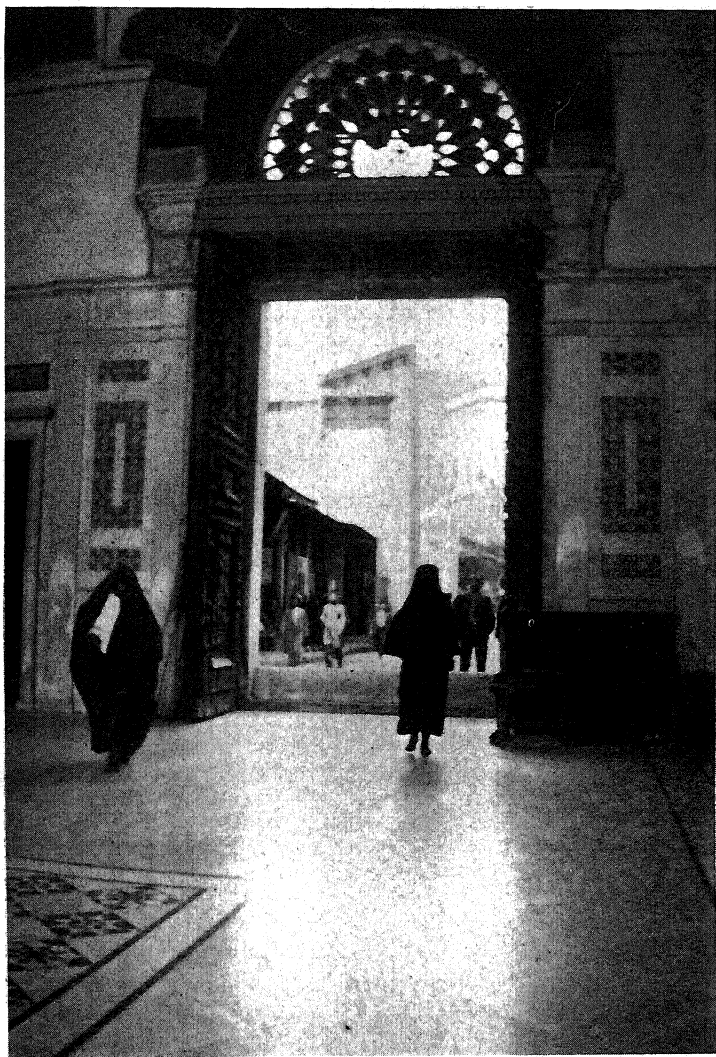
one of the most sumptuous of the Eastern mosques, rivalling the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem. Today it retains its extreme simplicity in line and possesses only a sombre grandeur all because its magnificence was almost wholly destroyed by fire in 1069, ravaged by Tamerlane in 1400, and again damaged by fire in 1893. But I am quite sure that it is its glorious marble columns and flooring and its few remaining choice mosaics which bring lovers of beauty again and again to its portals. They are worth a visit!

The rich mosaics, dating from the eighth century, decorate now only the entrance and the cloister wall along one side of the courtyard. Originally they ran around the whole vast enclosure. For centuries they lay buried beneath whitewash from which only in the twentieth century are they being resurrected gradually. M. Eustace de Lorey, eminent Syrian archaeologist, believes that some of these scenes represent cafés along the Abana River. Seeing them, it isn't hard for one who has been travelling through Syria to believe that truly these are episodes from real life executed with an amazing delicacy. The mosaics were constructed mainly of glass cubes. The art has fallen into decay and been lost. One of my treasures is a tiny cube of green glass which had loosened and dropped from the high wall. I picked it up in the courtyard and slipped it into my pocket during my first visit to Damascus.

The west entrance to the court of the Grand Mosque is through the Moslem book bazaar where the dwindling tribes of booksellers, only about a half dozen, hold together. From the decrepit buildings rises a most impressive architectural feature. It is the Arch of Triumph. All that remains of it today are its ruins, mainly a ruined top of a Roman arch, broken, but still proud, lofty, indomitable; three Corinthian capitals support a richly carved architrave and a portion of the battered arch.

Lingering just inside this west gate to the fourth holiest place for Islam holds a strange fascination for me. Somehow I have never tired of standing on the mellowed marble floor which time has seemed to caress and looking out through double doors mounted in bronze to the ceaseless activity in the bookseller's bazaar and beyond to the battered fragment of the Graeco-Roman period, the Triumphal Arch. How close the past and the present do seem in the Near East! I have loved to linger here as veiled Moslem women slipped silently from the thronged, noisy bazaar-world into the entrance to the hushed courtyard. If for an instant they lifted their veils to reveal an olive-tinted cheek, a pair of languid brown eyes, and a hint of a smile, I have felt that sense of peace and happiness which makes the whole world kin. I have never felt derision in my heart as some entering worshipper decorously slipped from his dusty sandals, leaving them at the gateway safe for his return. It has always reminded me as it does the faithful Moslem of this command: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." I've loved to hear the splashing at the fountain in the marble courtyard while devotees washed their heads and feet in anticipation of prayer within that marble-columned sanctuary, whose floor is covered with bright-colored Oriental rugs, and where files of men are seen bowing, kneeling, and stretching out their arms toward Mecca.

What is the strange fascination which makes a romantic visitor love to linger in these spaces? Perhaps it is the air of peace and tranquillity which completely envelops him here. Somehow the sense of quiet is very real in mosques; there is always an intense and feeling gravity in their genial atmosphere. Perhaps it is the very simplicity of Moslem worship. Perhaps it is the sense of leisure which is so lost in my Occidental world. Perhaps the beauty and splendor of extreme simplicity draw many a modern pilgrim. I only know that I



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

Once a Christian church this building has been converted into a Moslem mosque. The Mosque of the Omayyades or the Grand Mosque in Damascus, Syria, is the fourth holiest place for Islam. Through the opened bronze doors may be seen the bookseller's bazaar and beyond it a battered fragment of the Graeco-Roman period, the Triumphal Arch.

hope to go again in my lifetime to linger in these harmonious spaces.

On the other side of the court, not far away, is the resting-place of Saladin. Over the entrance is an inscription in Arabic: "O God, accept this soul and open to him the gate of heaven that last victory for which he hoped." This was the man before whom the Crusaders in the twelfth century had to retreat and leave Syria to Moslems from whom they had tried vainly to wrest it. Yet today he is remembered as "Saladin the Merciful." Moslems recall even now his mercy to defeated enemies, his chivalrous act of never failing to recognize and acknowledge any act of bravery, even among his foes.

The cool quiet of the tree-shaded courtyard which holds the small building sheltering the sarcophagus of this illustrious man is in contrast to the busy street outside. The high-pitched voice of a woman, the cry of an infant, the twittering of birds, the song of a fountain, the brush of leaves touched by a light breeze are the boundary between the two worlds, the living and the dead.

X

Before leaving Damascus, I have always returned to the Grand Mosque. I mentioned that it retains traces of having been a Christian church. On the great bronze door is a casting of the cup of the Holy Communion, but it is not that which draws me. I have borrowed a ladder, crawled up on the roof of one of the buildings constructed against the older portions of the original edifice, and searched out a stone lintel carved with leaves and flowers and an inscription in Greek. I have read:

"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

Unknown to all but a few Moslems worshipping in the mosque below, forgotten by all but a few Christian visitors who find it difficult to read this eloquent stone has endured and waited bravely since 395 A. D.

CHAPTER XVII

Leaving Damascus I drive via the River Barada (Abana) to Baalbek, City of the Sun. Few ruins at first sight create such impressions of beauty, majesty, and human skill as this accumulation of masonry representing four architectural ages. I wander among enormous blocks piled up by the Romans and through courts succeeding one another in vastness and stand beside the six stupendous columns remaining from the Great Temple. I am awed by the gigantic foundation stones, perhaps the work of Phoenician stone-cutters. I have a lovely view from the quadrangle.

BAALBEK was the first city of massive ruins that I ever visited. Leaving Damascus, going west via the River Barada (Abana) to Chtaura, and then north, I came upon it looming in pagan grandeur on the Plain of the Beka'a between the Lebanons and the Anti-Lebanons. It seemed to me at the time to contain the most imposing, majestic structures that men had ever raised. First sights make strong impressions. Even now Baalbek ranks in my memory with the Pyramids, and with the Athenian Acropolis, and with the "Street of Columns" at Jerash.

Some travellers believe that the Athenian Acropolis cannot be surpassed for beauty and interest. I wonder if perhaps it is because it combines a distinct type, so vast a volume of history, so great a pageant of immortal memories for the average individual? Baalbek is less known to most travellers than either the Pyramids or the Acropolis at Athens. Perhaps this accounts for the reason that it holds less thrill and invitation in prospect. I prophesy for many who will go to Baalbek a distinct pleasure among these beautiful Hellenic ruins and

when at home again a frequent turning in memory to this very ancient Syrian Acropolis mounted on a plain toward the sky, an impressive silent watchman. Happy the traveller whose lot it shall be to see Baalbek in her present declining glory!

Perhaps the first view is the moment when six gigantic pillars come suddenly into sight. They are perched upon stupendous foundations. These are the crowning feature of Baalbek. Wonder at their size, wonder that they have stood the ravages of time so long simply fill the spectator and leave him speechless. One never wearies of looking at these six columns. At any distance, from any side, or in any light they are the same majestic, awe-inspiring objects, almost a dream well-dreamt under a dying sunset.

II

Baalbek is a rambling town, three and a half thousand feet above the sea, nestling in the green grove which enfolds it and the ruins. Its few hundred modest houses are patched out often with marble and granite columns and temple stones. It seems an appropriately simple environment for the site of so ancient a religious cult. There is a little stream which twists here and there and everywhere, past millstones and orchards, and which irrigates the valley. The trudging, silent peasant folk do not disturb the utter silence here. It is only at the Hotel Palmyra with the waiting, fawning tradesmen that the modern world seems near and the ancient far off. However, no one could nurse an annoyance long in the silent lanes of Baalbek, or when one stands beneath six towering columns, or among the vast aggregation of fallen stone temples.

Courts, underground passages, and altars, according to archaeologists, show successive alterations of Roman, Byzantine, Crusader, and Moslem civilizations. The combined height of that vast wall and the stately columns which appear



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson.

Baalbek looms in pagan grandeur on the Plain of the Beka'a between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon mountain like "a giant's fairy tale in stone." The first view of the Syrian Acropolis is the moment when six gigantic pillars remaining from the peristyle of the stupendous Great Temple come suddenly into view. At any distance, from any side, or in any light they are the same majestic objects.

to taper near their tops makes the average visitor to Baalbek dizzy with their height. The capitals which these bear and the richly sculptured entablatures that hold them together as six giant brothers arm-in-arm are so high that the decorations richly but boldly carved upon them seem fine and delicate. So massive are the carefully chiselled figures that it is easy to hide oneself in their curves and convolutions.

Is it hard to believe me when I say that "here size has found supreme expression"? If devotion could be measured by dimensions then the worshippers of Jupiter who built this temple must have considered themselves and been so considered by their contemporaries as first in piety among the sons of men. Here are to be found some of the most massive stones ever hewn by human hands.

The greatest of them number only four. One of the four still lies in the quarry half a mile or so from the town, just as it was prepared for removal. The monolith is among the largest stones ever quarried in any part of the world. It weighs forty tons. It lies in its bed as if reluctantly dropped by departing workers. This one remains attached yet to the native rock. It is the wonder of architects, scholars, and men from everywhere. Because of its attachment to the rock, it is called by the Arabs: "stone of the pregnant woman." Just think of its size: sixty-eight feet long, seventeen feet wide, fourteen feet high! Can you imagine moving a stone like that out of the mountains and up and down hills for almost a mile without the aid of steam, electricity, or any kind of machinery? That is the type of work that the Romans were able to do eighteen hundred years ago! Three of its giant comrades are in place at the Acropolis and they alone make one layer of the gigantic wall.

Some question if these cyclopean blocks of stone aren't the works of Phoenician stone-cutters such as Hiram's men of Tyre, who are mentioned in the Book of Kings as helping Solo-

mon's workmen to fashion "great stones" for the foundation of the Temple at Jerusalem. Finding them already here it may well be that the Romans used them in constructing this later pagan temple.

Let me further describe these colossal stones which were quarried near Baalbek. They say that from each of them could be built a stone house thirty feet high and sixty feet square with solid walls a foot thick. Imagine lifting these colossal stones onto a stone structure about twenty-three feet above the ground. They are so well joined that one can hardly drive a razor blade between any two of them. Someone has said that this place is "a giant's fairy tale in stone." It is quite true that no one can describe adequately the vastness, the size, the beauty of these ruins which suffered through centuries from earthquake, fires, wars, and vandalism.

III

Now for a bit about Baalbek's history. It was known in the days of the Phoenicians; even Solomon's name is coupled with this ancient place. The Arabs believe that Solomon first built these cyclopean walls. In ancient days the whole country surrounding Baalbek and Palmyra was given over to Baal-worship. Strabo, Pliny, and Josephus mention Baalbek under its Greek name, Heliopolis. During the time of Jesus it was a great city; and in the second and third centuries Baalbek was a Roman colony. When Roman civilization was at its height and its emperors were building great cities in all parts of the far-flung Empire, in Asia Minor and in northern Africa, temples were put up here in honor of Jupiter which had within them smaller temples to Venus and Bacchus. The Romans worshipped Baal, the Sun-god, as one of the greatest deities, but they had other gods without number. The Great Temple was dedicated to Jupiter, identified with Baal and the Sun, but with him were associated Venus and Mercury under

whose triple protection this ancient city was placed by the Romans.

Constantine, a late Roman Emperor, favored Christianity. So he caused to be erected here a Christian basilica. For a brief time then the great pagan temple was converted into a Christian church. The Greeks and the Romans had come and gone when the Arab occupation began in the Middle Ages. Baalbek finally fell under Moslem control in 636 A. D. Under them this Acropolis was changed into a fortified stronghold. Pagan shrine, Christian church, Moslem fortress . . . shattered shells of all these still mingle on the present site.

IV

The Acropolis of Baalbek consists of two temples near together. One is vast and high, the Great Temple, but of it only six columns of the peristyle remain. The other is smaller and lower, known as the Temple of Bacchus. The pillars surrounding the Temple of Bacchus still support the ceiling. Here one finds busts of Venus, Irene, Minerva, Mars, Diana, Victory, Bacchus, and Ceres, still wonderfully preserved. The carvings on the doorway consist of beautiful conventional designs: garlands of flowers, sheaves of wheat, bacchantes, and dryads. It is marvelous that these should have borne the passage of time and the ravages of men so long. Parts of the pillars, friezes, capitals, and walls of the greater temple have fallen into the hollow between the two. It makes a magnificent but cluttered boulevard. All this is here for visitors to wander through humbly and to reverently observe what superhuman tasks have been undertaken by men to lift themselves to the divine.

I have picked my way amid a profusion of gigantic shafts, stupendous pediments, vast cornices, mammoth friezes that baffle imagination. It seems as if these structures were beyond human effort. Only by superhuman effort can imagination

struggle with the problem of how men must have worked years to cut these stones, planned to make each one fit to its neighbor, carved these figures, and then how a dauntless army of workers must have mounted dizzying scaffolds and swung them into place. So colossal are these ruins that the mind gives up the task of solving riddles of how these structures came to be. Standing on the Acropolis, I have wondered with what emotions the ancients viewed this spectacle when they rested finally from all their labors and surveyed the vastest columned structure Rome ever erected.

From end to end it was more than a thousand feet long. It consisted of a stately staircase entrance which led into the Propylaea now gone, a hexagonal vestibule or court having a number of alcoves with fan-shaped roofs supported by red granite columns and its center open to the sky, a Great Court which is the largest of all ancient courts of sacrifice in existence, and a staircase which led to the enclosed temple which we know as the Great Temple. Each section was more magnificent than the other. Think what it must have looked like as the worshipper mounted the stairway, walked slowly through the forecourt to Jupiter's shrine; as he passed from wonder to wonder think how he must have been bowed in awe before the majesty of a deity who could inspire such a monument!

The Great Court, sixty-five yards wide, built high above the plain, was the largest section of the edifice. Its Altar of Sacrifice was in the center. It was lined about with alcoves and shrines containing statues of deities. Today with the patient work of archaeologists, remains of its mosaic floors can be seen, but all else is a glorious ruin. Towering above this Court of Sacrifice from its massive foundations, raised above this level and reached by a flight of steps, was the crowning shrine to Jupiter or the Temple of the Sun. It is truthful and not a gross exaggeration to say that this is the most august,

compelling home that man has ever raised to his God—two hundred and eighty feet long by one hundred fifty feet wide.

Originally surrounded by fifty-four enormous columns, each consisting of three carefully carved cylinders, one placed upon another and carefully dowelled together with copper, only six remain today. In the Middle Ages Arabs blasted the bases to extract what copper they could. The stone giants stood shoulder to shoulder about the greatest of the Roman deities. They proclaimed the glory of the Roman Empire as far as eye could see them. This vast temple was Rome's emblem; only Rome could have built it.

The temple was situated in no metropolis, it adorned no city, it added no lustre to an imperial center, it stood not where the caravans of nations brought their wares. It was in a remote province, beside a remote spring, where armies encamped only briefly occasionally and where merchants seldom spent more than a night. It was off the beaten track of man just as it is today. Consequently it has been overlooked and often underestimated among the ancient treasures of our world.

“Only Rome had the power and the might and the self-assurance to build such a temple,” says a writer. These ruins testify to an almost superhuman task—immensity of size blended with perfect proportion, the whole clothed in elegance and splendor of carving and design.

The first time I stood awed and enthralled amid these ruins. I shall again. Each time as I have stood on the Acropolis I have stopped to think on these things. This was the very last of the great pagan temples. The ages were moving along when this temple was completed. Babylon, Egypt, Phoenicia, and Rome culminated in Baalbek. Here sacrifices were offered to gods who could not hear, but the time was not far distant when humanity was coming to the realization that temples are in human hearts and not confined to stone.

V

I want to end on this note, something that I want you to remember to look for if you should ever visit this Acropolis which rivals Athens in its glory. There is a very lovely view from the quadrangle as you look through the ruins toward the west with the six columns of the peristyle of the Great Temple in the foreground. I promise you that this will be something to treasure in your heart long after your bargains in the bazaars of Damascus have been lost or forgotten. Look westward through those stately sentinels toward the green plain to the snow-crowned summits of the Lebanons in the distance. A deep, deep blue sky, an indescribable transparency of the air, the brilliant orange tints of these ruins in the sunlight will combine with the gleaming snow in the distance beyond a feathery green to form a picture to be kept among the choicest treasures of memory.

CHAPTER XVIII

I sail the Palestine Riviera between sunrise and sunset. Anchored off Jaffa (Joppa) I look over onto the Promised Land. I sail on to Tel Aviv, coast along to Caesarea where Paul lived two years, and come ashore at Haifa. Sunset from Mount Carmel with memories of David and Elijah.

ONCE when I was returning to the Holy Land after an absence of two years, the desire to see the Palestine coast from the Mediterranean prompted me to vary the usual itinerary. Instead of landing at Alexandria and proceeding to Judea over the old land route or debarking at Jaffa's port and motoring up to Jerusalem, I planned to sail the Palestine Riviera between sunrise and sunset. I knew Palestine from any land approach because on an earlier visit I had spent days, even weeks, exploring it, but this would be my first opportunity to see it from the "Great Sea" or the "Hinder Sea."

Our steamer approached Jaffa on a May morning early enough to enjoy the most splendid sunrise. The evening before in the Captain's quarters that gentleman had recommended it, saying, "Jaffa at sunrise is worth getting up for—early!"

There were only two of us passengers up in time, myself and a Jew who was seeing the Promised Land for the first time. When we came out on deck nothing but grey sea was in sight. I stood beside him at the rail searching out a sight of land.

The sky was still dark but clear. As we stood together watching for the first movements of dawn, we saw the sky

gradually turn a light blue with long streaks of yellow and pink. Land was still far off, but I called his attention to two lines of hazy grey rising up, it seemed, out of the water which rippled in wavelets caught by the light which by now was climbing into the east. The first line was the sandy beach that edges the rich Plain of Sharon and the second was the wall of smoky grey which marks the central Judean ridge or the highlands of Palestine, outlined and illuminated now by the rising sun. It was exactly 5:45 A. M. As we sailed nearer, these lines increased in size until the first turned to khaki sand from which a city standing on a bluff washed by the sea, a city built on rocks with its closely-built, white-walled houses coming down to the cliff edge, came into full view. Coming nearer still we could see the shipping in the harbor and above and behind Jaffa make out minarets and steeples in one of the world's oldest towns.

For some distance south of Jaffa we saw sand and grass and then to the south as far as we could see, for miles and miles, were drifting sands pointing down to Gaza on the Philistine coast. To the north, almost like a continuation of Jaffa, I pointed out to him another city extraordinary among the cities of the world, a completely Jewish metropolis, Tel Aviv. Caravans of camels, which we picked out with field glasses, padded along its sandy beach or through shallow water carrying in wooden panniers "Sif-Sif," seashore sand for building purposes. They added a splash of color to an almost colorless sand. They were the only sign of life at Tel Aviv at this early morning hour.

I pointed back of the crowded streets of the seaport to the far-famed orange groves of Jaffa and the gently rolling Plain of Sharon where every spring still bloom the "rose of Sharon" (*Narcissus tazetta*) and the "lilies of the field" (*Anemone coronaria*), and blue iris, and daisies, filling the air with their fragrance. I tried to tell him of this transformed para-

dise of green and gold, as I had seen it, and as he would see it this very morning going by motor car up to the Holy City; of a land lush with trees, sweet with the scent of orange blossoms and narcissus, and golden with oranges, lemons, and grapefruits—now Palestine's chief export; of trees standing in never-ending groves as far as eye can see; of how at picking time pretty Arab girls in fantastic-colored gowns flash in and out among the trees, but in Jewish-owned orchards Jewish maidens wear shorts. Off at the eastern horizon I pointed out the dim foothills of Judea, the Shephelah, the beginning of that great little country which is so varied in its scenery, so strange in its language, so heterogeneous in its population, so contradictory in its religious and spiritual aspects. The sun now outlined and illuminated that persistent range of blue hills, a mountain wall holding Shechem, Shiloh, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Hebron in its bosom. But of these five cities only the sign of one appeared on the horizon this morning to locate it. Toward the north rise two bold, round hills to break the skyline. These are Ebal and Gerizim and between them in the valley I knew lies the ancient village of Shechem.

How much of what I pointed out to my Jewish friend he saw, how much of what I said he heard, I do not know. My companion breathed deeply, sighed, and then was strangely silent as he gazed long over at the Promised Land from the deck of the ocean liner. His burning eyes epitomized for me all Israel's frustrated hopes since 586 B. C. for a land of peace for the Jews of the world.

Our ship was by now riding at anchor in the harbor of Jaffa, the port for the Holy City, forty-one miles away. There is really not any harbor and large ocean-going vessels have to stand off the coast in the rock-strewn roadsteads. A breakwater has been built recently giving some protection to small vessels. Passengers bound for there have to go ashore

in small boats called tenders which sometimes roll perilously as they thread their way carefully among the dangerous reefs of jagged, cruel rock. This bay at Jaffa is almost always rough; sometimes impossible for landing. I now had some idea of the port Joppa during the time when Jonah sought a ship to take him to Tarshish (Spain) on his flight "from the presence of the Lord." He had no difficulty locating a ship at Joppa, but a storm arose making the harbor with its reef of rocks parallel to the shore an extremely hazardous place. I could understand the superstitious sailors' act, who, becoming fearful, finally in desperation cast Jonah overboard during the storm to be swallowed by a "great fish."

The small craft were already making their way out to where we lay surrounded in the open sea by warships like giant grey birds poised for flight. In one of the small boats drawing near to us, sculled by skilled Arab boatmen, I recognized a strange-looking, gangling figure clad in a checkered race-track suit with a red necktie and tarboosh, who was standing up searching out a face among the passengers now assembled at the rail.

"Hello, hello! How are you, Mustapha Houpta?" I called down over the side as I recognized this man I had met several years before in Jerusalem.

"Miss Patterson? Letter, letter from your dragoman," he called back. He waved a square white envelope in the air for me to see.

"Quais," I shouted. "I've good news for you, too, Mustapha Houpta, some passengers who want to go to the Holy City today!"

My Jewish friend and I went below then to greet the people from ashore coming aboard. Mustapha treated me as a special kind of friend and handed me my letter from my dragoman who was to meet me in Beirut the next morning. That read, Mustapha and I sat down to bargain a little on

what these people must pay for a day's tour to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Haifa.

"You will take them to the Temple Area, the Wailing Wall, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and to have a good lunch in Jerusalem? at a good hotel, mind you! You promise me to hustle them to Bethlehem before you start on the north road through Samaria to Haifa?"

"Inshallah" (Please God), "I take good care of your friends," swore Mustapha.

"All right . . . ten pounds altogether for a good motor car, guidance, fees for sight-seeing, and a very good lunch. I'll tell them."

I went away and left him sitting in a corner of the reception room. I came through several times again and each time he rose hopefully from his secluded seat.

"Are they ready? Is the price all right?" he'd ask if I came near his corner.

I thought it would be just as well to let Mustapha cool his heels for a time because I had learnt on previous excursions into the Near East a little of the art of bargaining. At last I brought forth my five tourists. In bidding them good-bye, again I reminded Mustapha of his bargain and them of what they might expect to see during a day's tour of the Holy Land. Since I was not going ashore, I waved them off as I saw them set out across a mile or so of blue water for the shore where goods, armies, peasants, tourists, and pilgrims have landed for hundreds of years.

II

Seeing Jaffa from the boat brought memories of hours when I tarried there, having come down from the Holy City to visit it. Jerusalem to Jaffa makes an interesting little journey either by motor or train. I remembered from my last visit that besides the story of Jonah there are other au-

thenticated facts which make Jaffa interesting and with these I occupied myself while the ship lay anchored in the harbor.

At one time it was owned by the Phoenicians; previous to that by the Philistines, and earlier for almost one thousand years under Egyptian suzerainty. But only once in the history of Israel's occupation of the land did it belong to them and that was during the time of the Maccabees.

Biblical references to Joppa would lead one to believe that once it was a thriving busy seaport, even though in the Old Testament there is no specific mention of an actual port of Joppa, only to "the sea of Joppa." Its exports were wheat, olive oil, balm from Gilead, Oriental wares, slaves, and outlaws. Far exceeding its exports were its imports: beautiful fabrics such as cloth of scarlet and purple, gold, silver, iron, tin, lead, and brass. When Solomon built the Temple in Jerusalem the timber made from the "cedar trees out of Lebanon" used in its construction was landed here. The logs were dragged down the mountains by Hiram's workmen, thrown into the sea at Tyre or Sidon, made into rafts, and floated to Joppa, and carried up to Jerusalem by camels and men. Again, later during the lifetime of Ezra "cedar trees from Lebanon" were brought here via the sea.

Peter visited Joppa and during his stay lodged with Simon the tanner. While on the roof of his house, waiting for his dinner, the Apostle had a remarkable vision which was to exercise a mighty influence upon his own preaching and upon Christian missions.

The location of Simon's house has been changed from time to time by the authorities who moved it the last time nearer to the Customs House so that it would be more accessible to tourists. The present house is a rocky structure with stone steps outside which lead to a roof and second story. When I climbed to the roof-top, I had had about the same view as Peter. In front of me was the blue Mediterranean stretching

west. North I saw the curving shore of sand and green slopes reaching toward lovely Athlit and Mount Carmel. On some such roof as this one Peter had that wonderful dream in which he beheld all the beasts of the earth let down from heaven that he might eat them. He refused, saying, "I have never eaten of anything that is common or unclean." And then came a voice, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

These words led to preaching the gospel to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews, bringing about the conversion of Cornelius whom Peter travelled twenty-three miles up the coast to Caesarea to visit, and later to preaching the "good news" to all the world.

Within a few miles of Joppa, on a hill overlooking the sea, and the city, lived Dorcas, the organizer of the first Women's Missionary Society. She was famed for the garments she made for the poor and at her funeral the people gathered round to show specimens of her handiwork. The Apostle was sojourning near-by at Lydda and, hurrying over from there, Peter raised her from the dead.

One of the main caravan roads in Bible days between Egypt and Phoenicia came through Joppa where the regular Egyptian highway entered Palestine. It ran through the Plain of Sharon to Caesarea and continuing north rounded the eastern end of Carmel. Then it followed the Bay of Acre, went on past Tyre and Sidon, and ended at Beirut. It was and still is one hundred and sixty miles of seaboard loveliness.

This route is never silent, for phantom figures pass in endless procession. A caravan from long before Abraham's time comes down slowly from Carmel. The hosts of Thotmes III march from Joppa carrying Egypt's dominance as far east as the Euphrates. The Assyrians, Sargon, Sennacherib, and Tiglath-Pileser (Pul), pass this way. There is an almost endless caravan of merchant princes, couriers between empires,

fugitives, and slaves. While even now modern motor cars swing out of Jaffa into Tel Aviv and north along a comparatively good road lined by one after another of well-cultivated, well-cared-for Jewish colonies. This wide road along the coast to Haifa, was in constant use by trucks and busses during the war. The road runs along pleasantly through fruit orchards which laden the spring air with an intoxicating, sweet fragrance. Swarms of bees know the preciousness of the nectar of orange blossoms and convert it into the famous "Orange Blossom Honey" which is on every table catering to visitors in the Holy Land.

For miles and miles along the wider part of the Plain of Sharon fruit orchards include apple and peach trees. There are extensive vineyards around one of the oldest Jewish settlements. The country gradually becomes more rugged as the plain narrows and the mountains edge their way to the sea. Beyond Caesarea, Tantura, Athlit which was a Crusader stronghold, to the rocky base of Carmel are melon patches, fields of grain, gardens of tomatoes and beans, and some shade trees. All the while the motorist has glimpses beyond orange-tinted sand of the deep blue Mediterranean, of the sea lashing itself to foam in many places along this inhospitable coast-line, of white-flecked waves.

III

Later that morning we sailed from Jaffa and stopped for an hour at Tel Aviv, the Jewish port, before sailing north.

It was a hot day; the air was very quiet. It was a good day to stretch out comfortably in a deck chair and enjoy a panorama of loveliness, of fruitfulness and peace, as for hours it slowly spread itself out before me. From my chair I could see right over onto the land of Palestine.

There was no break in the long line of foam where land and sea met; all along this coast was disturbance where blue

sea met a fine gold fringe of sand. Back of the golden band I could see the Maritime Plain varying in width from eight to thirty miles. It was a chocolate brown land clothed with grass and orchards and millions of flowers, broken by gullies that led up to high cliffs. The whole was flanked by majestic mountains, the Lebanons, the wooded Carmel range, and the barer Judean ridge.

We sailed past the remains of Caesarea where Herod built such a magnificent Roman city and constructed a very wonderful artificial harbor by building a huge mole, a vast crescent of stupendous stones. He transformed a wretched coast village into a splendid city which became the headquarters of the Roman Government in Palestine. The only visible feature of present-day Caesarea is the medieval Citadel which stands upon the base of the broad natural reef south of the harbor; here I watched the sea break into foam against the rocks.

According to New Testament narrative, Paul visited this bit of Gentile soil when he came by ship to Syria from Ephesus. When he was removed from Jerusalem after his arrest, he languished in a dungeon at Caesarea for two years. It must have been a weary time of waiting even though Philip and his friends here could visit him, and Timothy and Luke and others came to stay near him.

What did he do during all that time? Since we have no record of letters written by him to friends and churches during those two years, maybe he reminisced to Luke who was keeping a diary of his travels with Paul, some day to be completed as the Acts of the Apostles.

While sketching Paul's contacts with Felix, Festus, and Herod Agrippa II, Luke gives four glimpses of Paul during the time that he was in prison.

Five days after his arrival he was brought into the courtroom of the Castle before Felix on the judgment seat. Ana-

nias the High Priest was among Paul's accusers, the Pharisees and Sadducees. With them was Tertullus, a Jewish lawyer and orator, who was to conduct the prosecution of the Apostle. Tertullus opened the case with a eulogy of the judge and then proceeded to prove that Paul stirred up factions among all Jews throughout the world and had tried to profane the Temple. Whatever Paul might have to say for himself, there had been riots in many places where he had been and the Roman Government did not like riots any time or any place.

But Felix wanted to hear what Paul had to say. The prisoner arose and gaining the attention of the court replied with a statement of his innocence and of his beliefs: in "everything that is taught in the Law or written in the prophets, and the same hope in God that they themselves hold, that there is to be a resurrection of the upright and the wicked."

Felix decided to defer his decision; he had a legal right to do this. It was the easiest way to act. Or was it that he felt the honesty of this man standing before him pleading his case? At any rate, Felix ordered "the officer to keep Paul in custody, but to allow him some freedom, and not to prevent his friends from visiting him." So Paul went back to his dungeon in the prison.

Seeking distraction during a dull evening, hoping also that Paul might give him a little money to release him, Paul was again summoned before Felix and his young and beautiful bride Drusilla, a Jewess. Felix asked him to tell concerning the faith of Jesus Christ for which Paul was in prison. Certainly not curiosity about this new "Way" prompted the request because the Governor was already informed on this religion and Drusilla must have heard already about Jesus of Nazareth because she was a daughter of King Herod, who persecuted the Church and killed James. Her morals were no worse than her contemporaries' at Court. She was now at

Caesarea because Felix had seduced her from her husband and married her. Neither was a respectable person from Paul's point of view; perhaps that accounts for his remarks that evening to these two.

Before his audience, Paul reasoned for uprightness, self-control, and the coming judgment. What Drusilla felt we do not know. But stirrings of conscience bothered Felix, told him of bitter things he would rather forget—lust, greed, treachery, blood, murdered men, and dishonored women in his past life—things he would be called upon to answer for on the Judgment Day if what Paul said were true. Not yet ready to repent, Felix shouted: "You may go—I will find time later to send for you!"

Some other day! A more convenient time! How many like Felix wait for another day to be upright, to practise self-control and to seek God, put off the Day of the Lord. A few months later, Felix went in disgrace to Rome, and years later Drusilla and her son by Felix perished in the eruption of Vesuvius.

When Festus arrived in Palestine from Rome and visited Jerusalem, the local authorities vigorously demanded that Paul should be brought back to Jerusalem. They intended to seize Paul and kill him along the way. Palestine is eminently suited for an ambush. Festus suggested that reliable persons should come to Caesarea and make any charges which they had against Paul. And so after two years of waiting Paul came up for trial again before this new governor Festus in the Judgment Hall of the Castle.

The Jews came, but the proceedings were inconclusive. Festus asked Paul whether he was willing to be tried in Jerusalem. Paul refused. Although the trial would be before the Governor, Jerusalem involved danger and an atmosphere of prejudice. Grown weary of delays, despairing of justice by Festus who might be tempted to sacrifice him to Jewish senti-

ment in the interests of self and peace, Paul accordingly appealed to Caesar. He demanded as his rights, the proud privilege of every Roman citizen, that his case should be heard by the Emperor's own tribunal. At Rome he would have a chance at a fair trial; in Jerusalem the risk of assassination would be too great; and, in any case, we know he eagerly desired to go to Rome.

So the great case was ended for the present; his appeal to Caesar had deprived Festus of competence to hear the case. The Jews returned to Jerusalem out-manoeuvred. I wonder if Paul spent much time in the following days thinking just how differently from what he had planned was to be his witness for the Lord in Rome?

While waiting for his removal to Rome, Paul was again summoned to the Castle. Herod Agrippa II, who had some personal authority in connection with the Temple, came with his sister Berenice to pay his respects to the Governor. Festus spoke of Paul to Agrippa, who was not disinterested in this prisoner. Agrippa was a Jew, the last of the Herods, and the destiny of his house had been indissolubly linked with this Jesus whom Paul preached. His great-grandfather Herod the Great had slaughtered the children at Bethlehem in an effort to destroy the newly-born "King of the Jews"; his uncle Herod Antipas was the man who sent John the Baptist to death and Jesus to Pilate; his father Herod Agrippa I slew James, one of the Twelve, and persecuted the Church in Jerusalem. Festus in permitting Agrippa to hear Paul hoped to learn from him a little more of what was at stake in order that he might give a fuller account to the Emperor.

Courteously, Paul addressed the King, simply recited the facts of his life, solemnly narrated his oft-told story of his conversion and the transforming power of the Christ in his personal life, and fervently declared his mission.

In the midst of his impassioned, eloquent speech of defense;

Festus, impatient of the foolish talk about a crucified Jew risen from the dead, interrupted, "You are raving, Paul! Your great learning is driving you mad!"

"I am not raving, your Excellency Festus," said Paul. "I am telling the sober truth. The king knows about this, and I can speak to him with freedom. I do not believe that he missed any of this, for it did not happen in a corner! King Agrippa, do you believe the prophets? I know that you do!"

"You are in a hurry to persuade me and make a Christian of me!" Agrippa said to Paul.

As a follower of Jesus Christ, Paul had come to know happiness, peace, and hope in his own life. In all sincerity and from the depths of a loving heart, he made this touching reply: "In a hurry or not, I would to God that not only you, but all who hear me today, might be what I am—except for these chains."

After that reply one understands how these men, Festus and Agrippa, felt as they left the room; and why Agrippa, profoundly moved, said, "He might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed to the Emperor."

So Paul went back to his prison to prepare for his voyage to Rome; and Festus went back to his desk to prepare his report for the Emperor, the favorable tenor of which must have had a very great deal to do with Paul's acquittal in his first trial before Nero.

The hot afternoon sun beat down upon Caesarea, silent now except for the boom of the Mediterranean pounding against her ancient pillars and remains of sea wall, deserted except for a few monks living at the Greek monastery and a tiny community of swarthy natives living here in flat-roofed dwellings. Sailing by this once-noble city, planned and built by Herod the Great, and occupied many hundreds of years later by the Crusaders, I opened my copy of *The New Testament, An American Translation*, by Dr. Edgar Good-

speed and fell to reading from chapters twenty-four to twenty-six in the Book of the Acts of those far-off days when Caesarea, which extended along the Mediterranean for more than a mile, stood in all her pagan glory upon that now desolate shore.

IV

Following along the coast, I drank deep of the loveliness of the Palestine Riviera in spring. All at once I was attracted by the headland of Carmel, green and beautiful, jutting out into the sea, with a clump of buildings at its top—a rectangle, a dome, a tower, and a cross. Suddenly we rounded the promontory, and as the ship came in toward Haifa, I got a view of a picturesque, busy harbor and of a city of square white balconied buildings with red-tile roofs hemmed in on the south by Carmel but rising undaunted on that steep, green mountainside and gleaming in the glow of the sun in the western sky. Haifa has blue water and yellow sand on her doorstep and behind her at her back door is this splendid, long-backed hill stretching to the southeast for twelve miles—the hill that always has been called Mount Carmel.

The vessel tied up within the long breakwater that sheltered other large steamers loading and unloading cargoes. At the bottom of the gangplank was the new concrete dock, piled high with boxes, crates, and barrels, and ashuffle with men, some in red tarbooshes. Tourist contractors, local guides, and chauffeurs, and a few ragged porters, the usual complement, were there to greet the cruise-ship. These were the ridiculously small figures I had seen watching us from shore as we made our way into port.

After seeing the new activity along the Palestine coast at the ports of Jaffa, Tel Aviv, and now at Haifa, I realized Isaiah's prophecy was being fulfilled at last: "Thy gates also shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor

night; that men may bring unto thee the wealth of the nations.”

For a few minutes hustle and activity prevailed as baggage was unloaded. Then formalities over, a pass from port authorities to spend a few hours ashore during the ship's call tucked away in my handbag, I set out to explore the city of white buildings, the homes of Moslems, Catholics, and Jews, which lay beyond the dock.

Haifa is neither Christian nor Moslem. It is thoroughly Jewish. Everything is Jewish: factories for cement, olive oil, and soap, even the flour mills. The business district of shops, office buildings, and hotels is all modern and Jewish. And up the hill slope are more Jewish living quarters with cool comfortable houses and apartments, good schools, homes for orphans and aged, and an amphitheatre for concerts.

This thriving, boom town held no more fascination for me and evoked no more memories than it had some two years earlier when I visited it. But the mountain which has always been called Carmel, standing like a piece of old-time, and the ghosts of biblical men who have made the place immortal and haunt her slopes once again strongly drew me.

V

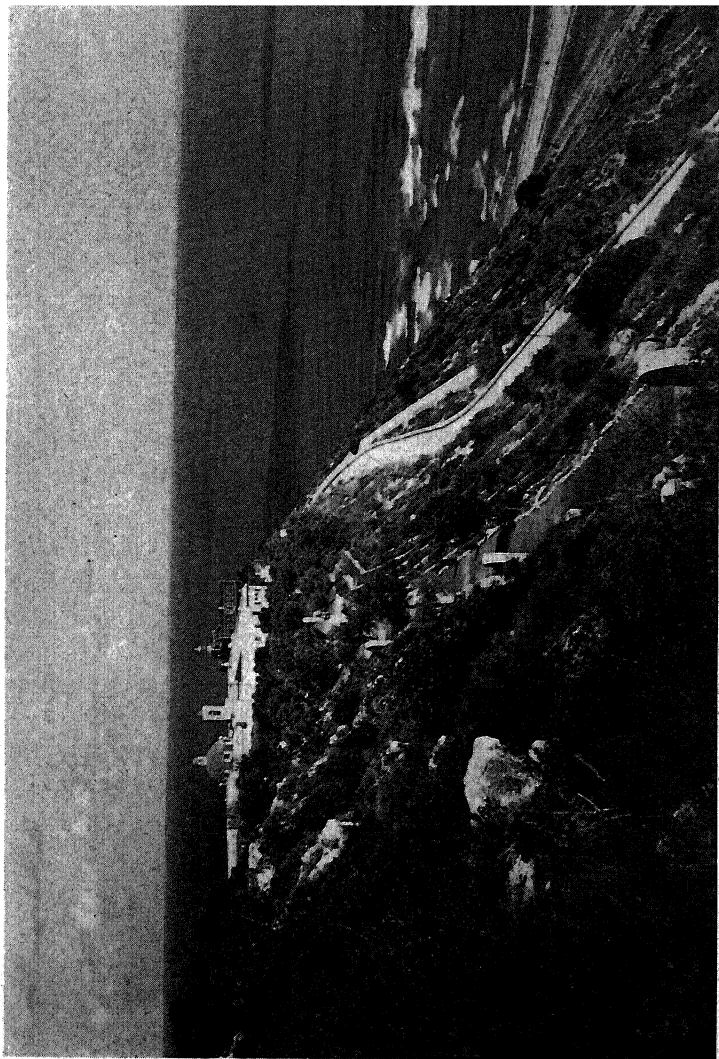
“The excellency of Carmel” was used by Solomon as a figure for beauty and Isaiah used the same phrase to indicate the lavish blessings and gifts of the Lord. The Psalmist must have had Carmel in mind when he sang, “Thou waterest the ridges thereof . . . thou makest it soft with showers.” It is the first of Palestine's hills to get moisture and rain, which accounts for its year-round verdure.

The mountain is richly wooded with dwarf oaks, pines, carobs, pomegranates, some olive and fruit trees, thickets of acacia, scented myrtles, and almond trees which are visions of pink glory in February, and bright with blossoming shrubs.

Sage, rosemary, lavender, wild thyme, and a profusion of other fragrant herbs perfume the air. Wild flowers cover it like a carpet. Among the many varieties are scarlet, blue, and white anemones, purple cyclamen, hyacinths, daisies, blue and scarlet pimpernel, purple bougainvillea. While rambler roses and honeysuckle fling themselves along walls and over trellises and pour forth their sweetness into a scent-laden world. Its lovely groves are bird-haunted. The silvery cadences of larks, twittering of sparrows, and cooing of doves join with hosts of other birds in filling the air with song. For hundreds of years it has been considered as a sacred place, as "the mount of God," possibly because of the favorableness of its situation, its luxuriant vegetation, its abundant fertility.

For centuries its caves and thick undergrowth have hidden hunted men like Elijah and Elisha, acted as places of retreat for holy men, prophets, and philosophers. Christian hermits at one time occupied natural caverns on its western side. From these hermits of Mount Carmel sprang the monastic order of the Carmelites in 1156 A. D., which was confirmed by Pope Honorius III in 1224. Under the protection of the Crusaders, a monastery was built on the northwest summit, but its history has been one of attack, plunder, and massacre. With undaunted courage the Carmelite order have reoccupied the site when permitted and rebuilt the monastery. The present buildings date from 1882. The roof of one is surmounted by a lighthouse which attracts attention from land or sea. Sailors watch for the signal from the Stella Maris (Star of the Sea) lighthouse as earlier in history men watched for Athena Nike or as today they watch for Notre Dame at Marseilles, France.

All the way up the steep motor road I had views of the Mediterranean to my right, then to my left, then straight ahead of me. Halfway up we passed the new Jewish settlement surrounded by masses of rich green and calling itself



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

The headland of Carmel, green and beautiful, juts out into the Mediterranean. The Stella Maris (Star of the Sea) lighthouse, nightly sweeping the Sea with its beam, is among this group of gray, angular monastic buildings perched high above the busy port of Haifa.

“The Beauty of Carmel” (Hadar Hacarmel). But I kept watching for a group of grey, angular buildings standing out against the sky, for the most beautifully situated monastery in the Holy Land, which is perched high above the Bay of Haifa on the summit of Carmel.

On the way up, I was trying to remember what had happened here. David once came up this same hill with robbery and murder in his heart. He had fled here from the wrath of his father-in-law, King Saul. He met the servants of the shepherd Nabal, who took his request for provisions to their master. Nabal refused it. Later he met shrewd, practical, and beautiful Abigail when she saw to it that David's anger at Nabal's churlishness was appeased with a gift brought by herself of two hundred loaves, bottles of wine, five sheep, flour, raisins, and figs. Upon Nabal's sudden demise some ten days after his wife had apprised him of the delicacy of the situation in which he had precipitated himself and his fortunes, David married Abigail.

The miracle of Elijah in which Jehovah consumed the sacrifice upon the altar and thereby vindicated the omnipotence of Israel's God before four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal in the presence of King Ahab, the children of Israel, and four hundred prophets of the groves, has invested this mount with interest for Jew, Christian, and Moslem. On the summit stood the altar of Jehovah which Jezebel had cast down. From morning till noon, and from noon till the time of the evening sacrifice, the cries of “O Baal, hear us,” rang out and echoed in vain. When the sun was sinking in the west, Elijah's sacrifice was consumed by fire from heaven. The last act of the tragedy occurred not on Carmel but on the plain below when Elijah brought the defeated prophets down the steep hillside to the torrent of the River Kishon and slew them there.

Elijah returned to the “high place” on the mountain, but

he ordered his servant to go up still higher and look out toward the sea. He went up to the top and looked over the Mediterranean, but he saw no cloud. Elijah said, "Go again," seven times. After the seventh time his servant returned and said, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand."

To this day it is a sure sign of coming rain. And soon the heavens were "black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." King Ahab rode across the Plain of Esdraelon straight to Jezreel; and Elijah "girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel."

According to the Bible Elisha dwelt on Carmel in a cave. I remembered that the Prophet was here when the Shunamite woman came to summon him and tell him of the death of her son from sunstroke. He left his retreat to return with her and his servant to Shunem where he raised the woman's boy from the dead.

The car drew up in the yard before the Convent of Elijah and its adjacent guest-house for travellers. I walked past the priests' gardens filled with passion flowers and into the ornate church dedicated to Beatissima Virgo Maria. Ascending one flight of stairs and looking directly toward the high altar, I saw an enthroned figure of the Virgin and the Child with two angels at the base. Overdressed and perhaps gaudy is this statue but the Virgin's look is so gentle and the Child on her knee is so sweet and appealing that the longer I looked, the less was I aware of those elements. I visited the monks' library, the refectory, and the grotto beneath the high altar where, tradition claims, Elijah lived. Lamps light the dank cave and illuminate an interesting wood-carving of the Prophet. Here by celibacy, masses, and vowed to silence, the Carmelites with white mantles over brown habits tend the miracle-working statue of Mary and the Babe and do honor to the prophet Elias.

I came out into the monastery grounds as the sun was setting. I wandered over to the terrace. Stretching before me on all sides was another Holy Land panorama of unforgettable loveliness. On the whole vault of the sunset-kissed sky there was not a cloud the size of a man's hand. I looked over the broad expanse of water to the west, turning now from a lovely blue slowly into a burnished bronze. I saw a variety of ships congregated there; my own vessel which was to bear me away that night to Beirut was among them. The old and new town of Haifa with docks, warehouses, Jewish shops, modern residences, and business houses belonging to Jews and also the crooked streets and flat-roofed hovels of the Arab workers' quarters was at my feet. Smoke curled from some of the chimneys. The street lamps began to wink on, one by one. The convent is so high that the strident cries of Haifa never invade its solitude. Only the echoes of church bells drift this far.

From the northwest crest, I could see the whole stretch of the Syrian and Palestine coasts from the shores of Sidon and the lighthouse of Tyre down past the ruins of Athlit, today a mute reminder of the days of chivalry, to Caesarea. Across the bay, I saw a colony of silver turrets in the midst of palm trees. Oil storage tanks. Near there the pipe line of the Iraq Petroleum Company brings its flow of liquid gold across six hundred and eighteen miles of desert and valley from Mesopotamia and feeds a fleet of tankers crowding the harbor. Still farther along, beyond the bay, north to where the smooth golden sand with its fringe of palm trees pointing toward the sea sweeps in a dazzling arc was Acre. Straight in front of me loomed the snow-capped head of Hermon bathed in the sunset light. Back of Acre's violet-shadowed beach I saw where the Kishon winds through orchards and wheat fields—a green cloud darkened now into sombre hues; turning to the other side and looking farther inland toward

Esdraelon, mounts Gilboa and Little Hermon. The dusk had filled these hallowed hills with blue. Shadows lay now upon fields. There was dew upon grass and flower. The soft winds from the sea blew cool and sweet with odors of orange blossoms and honeysuckle over the headland of Carmel, green the year round with carobs, oaks, and pine trees. God, it seemed, had laid a sweet calm for this brief hour over Carmel, over the stage upon which Elijah once played an immortal rôle.

In the swiftly coming night, I stood thinking. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." The Psalmist had seen the sky as I was seeing it now.

The sun dropped down a burning ball behind the Mediterranean. Out from under the western horizon I saw the sun send up one last shaft of fire, setting the heavens ablaze with splendor and then fading, leave at last a luminous sky where a moon would soon appear. And the glorious dome that roofs all Palestine gradually became studded with lights.

Day had moved on. I was ready now to go down from Mount Carmel. Down and around we rolled as the road curved abruptly into the town. Once I looked back through the car's rear window at the solitary light keeping vigil on the terrace near the friars' gardens; ahead I saw many lights—Haifa. The color of the buildings glowed through the darkness. Along the streets and the flowered, tree-lined paths we passed a few people hurrying home to family gatherings. Someone laughed in the night. A late truck lumbered by on the macadam road laden with boxes. We came onto the water-front. I saw the big ship which had brought me in today blazing with lights. Long before I reached the gang-plank I met smartly-attired passengers and heard their excited chatter. They were still milling everywhere about the dock.

Although not long until sailing hour, cargo from a dock

piled up with a clutter of boxes, crates, and barrels was being swung into open hatches or carried into the hold on the backs of shabby Arab longshoremen. A few officers in uniform patrolled the terminal.

As I came up the gangplank, I noticed that behind our vessel at the dock lay a troop transport. French Colonials bound for Syria. Later as I sat huddled in a deck chair sharing a bag of juicy, ripe loquats and experiences with a friend who had spent the day seeing the Holy Land with Mustapha Houpta, I heard a bugle—then, long blasts of a whistle from a ship impatient to be off. The Algerian band struck up stirring martial music, and out from the pier glided a large grey ship. The next time I heard that crack military band I was at a tea-party in Damascus' Public Garden where the members of the Parliament of Syria were entertaining the Parliament of Lebanon.

It was close to midnight when our ship's winches ceased their creaking and screeching. Three long, shrill blasts from the S. S. Excambion's whistle brought us passengers to the rail. I watched the gangplank poised in mid-air. I heard voices on the bridge. Then we slowly slid out of Haifa Bay in the wake of the troop ship toward Beirut.

Out at sea the stars so wonderful that night ended suddenly against blackness. A huge silver moon had risen above the Mediterranean. I watched out for the lighthouse in the monastery grounds on Mount Carmel, useful now to an ever-increasing line of ships that seek Haifa's new harbor. Again and again I saw it sweep across the sea with its beam. I thought, as I left the deck to go to bed early to be ready for debarking next morning, *Stella Maris*, which is to say, *Star of the Sea*, is indeed the right name for that saintly haven.

CHAPTER XIX

I approach Beirut from overland and by sea and find the city equally fascinating. I set out north along the coast road for Dog River to inspect the inscriptions carved on the face of the cliff by conquerors who, at one time or another, have fought their way through this historic pass, beginning with Raamses II to General Giraud of France. I follow the Phoenician coast south to Tyre and Sidon.

IN looking back over my two arrivals in Beirut, it is a question which was the more exciting. The year I followed the Palestine Riviera, I sailed into the well-protected Bay of St. George, round which rises the lovely white city of Beirut, early in the morning when brilliant sunshine lights up the whole sea front. When I saw it the first time, I arrived in the capital of the Lebanese Republic in the late afternoon after a thrilling seventy mile drive up and down the Anti-Lebanon and the Lebanon mountains along the macadam French military road from Damascus. Both offer remarkable vistas of beauty.

By either approach, I was struck by the rare contrast of sun and snow here. By sea the sun highlights the snow-covered ridge of the Lebanon range which changes into lovely shades of deep rose, purple, and brown as it slopes down to the city of white houses, blue shutters, red-tile roofs, green gardens, splashes of purple bougainvillea; and a deep blue bay. Overland, mounting from the Plain of the Beka'a with its kaleidoscope of greens, golds, and purples to the slopes of the cool Lebanons, I had brief views of glistening snow patches spot-lighted by the brilliant sun, and, mounting higher to the summit, I crossed snowfields still spread out blinding white

in April sunshine. My eyes grew tired of the dazzling spectacle.

From the sea I looked upon a bustling scene because Beirut is the largest, busiest port of the Syrian coast. A babel of tongues fell upon my ears. Many small craft with fantastically dressed occupants danced upon the waves, surrounding our vessel which was anchored out in the bay where legend says St. George slew the dragon. Scores of jabbering porters wearing the red fez and baggy Turkish trousers scampered up and down the swaying, swinging ladder in search of business. They shouted their deep gutturals in my ears as if excess of sound would render their tongues more intelligible. Over my head cranes swung out, over, and dropped cargo and trunks into the unsteady, untrustworthy small boats swarming in the water. Sounds of building drifted out to me from the shore.

But on the other hand, going to Beirut, leaving behind the minarets and far-famed gardens of Damascus and following the river road which offers peculiarly beautiful views, I saw the foaming Barada rushing through a stony channel, leaping over rocks to become a snow-white sheet of water, and then being hidden again by the luxuriant growth of shrubbery. With turns in the road sometimes I saw a shadow of a bridge, or overhanging trees and crowding bushes at the water's edge and near-by Moslems in coffee houses who sat with nargilehs smoking and dreaming to the murmur of water and birds singing in rich foliage. I looked ahead toward the ridge of the Anti-Lebanons. And that conquered, I saw and climbed the pink Lebanon sparkling with patches of snow, and searched out on the slopes some lonely, solemn cedars. They are the dignified last survivors of the trees which furnished "cedar trees without number" to David for his palace and the same which Hiram of Tyre sent from Lebanon by way of Mediterranean Joppa to Jerusalem to become pillars,

roofs, and doors in the great Temple of Solomon. For three thousand years the groves of Lebanon have been despoiled until the upper ranges are quite denuded. Finally from the military road, I had a panorama of the outstretched capital city of Beirut with the sea pounding in against the eastern barrier.

Beirut appears a large town. Like most Eastern cities it is a mixture of camels and cars, Syrians, Turks, and Armenians, veiled women, and Europeans, Cook's and American Express travel offices, excellent modernistic hotels like Hotel St. George, and movie houses. Despite "sux" and minarets much of its life and traffic today are European due largely to its having been a French colonial center.

If Paul went by sea all the way to Tarsus, then he passed in sight of Beirut and saw it rising from the water's edge to the ridge of the cape as I have when I followed the Riviera. If he went by land in following the coast road, he passed through Beirut as I did when on my way north from here to Dog River.

II

Beirut is the ancient Berytus of the Greeks and Romans. It may even be older than that and have been founded by the Phoenicians. The first historical mention is by Strabo in 140 B. C. when it was destroyed. The Romans rebuilt it and colonized it afterwards. The elder Agrippa favored it and adorned it with splendid theatres and an amphitheatre where games and spectacles of every kind including gladiatorial shows could be enjoyed. In the middle of the third century a celebrated Roman law school was founded here. And from then until it was destroyed by earthquake in 551 A. D., it was a seat of learning.

Once again Beirut is important in education. It has many fine schools with Christian aims. Conspicuous is the Ameri-

can University which draws the youth from forty-five countries. Her graduates are important factors in the new life in the Near East. This one school has a student body of fifteen hundred, a faculty of two hundred and eighty teachers, and an endowment of almost five million dollars. Eastern governments like Iraq, Sudan, Trans-Jordan send at their own expense students to the Departments of Health, Education, Science, and Arts to train for public service. A renaissance has been sweeping over the Near East since World War I.

III

Early one morning I set out in an automobile from Beirut for Dog River. We followed the windings of the bay northward, along what was once the Phoenician coast, up along a highway that is one of the oldest in the world. The beautiful macadam road was lined with eucalyptus trees which gave coolness and shade. It was a lovely ride past substantial stone houses and green gardens, through miles and miles of wide belts of banana trees, tobacco and sugar-cane plantations, fig, olive, orange, apricot, and mulberry orchards. The abundance of the latter made me realize that Lebanon is one vast mulberry orchard. Remarking upon it, I was told that raw silk used to be one of her chief exports. I saw many two-wheeled carts, many herds of cows, baggy Syrian trousers, the fez, and veiled Moslem women in black. Before we left Beirut, we stopped in the "Suk" and bought fresh strawberries, ripe cherries, and some oranges. Never have I eaten sweeter, more delicious berries than those grown in Lebanon. After ten miles of driving we reached Dog River, Nahr el Kelb, or Licus Flumen as it was called by the Romans.

Why it is called Dog River puzzles many a visitor who comes here. One picturesque story has it that during the age of fables a monster wolf or dog which was chained by a demon at the river mouth could be heard barking and sav-

agely growling from here as far off as Cyprus when whipped into a fury by violent storms that swept the coast.

Before climbing the road up the gorge to see the carved inscriptions, the calling cards left by conquerors using this pass from Raamses II to General Giraud of France in 1920, I stopped to watch a pastoral scene. Anyone who approaches pastoral scenes in Palestine or Syria with imagination and familiarity with the Bible can easily see enacted verses from Scripture.

A shepherd this day had brought his flock to rest under the large bridge connecting both sides of the gorge. Fertile Lebanon is the Land of the Shepherds and raising sheep here is profitable. In winter they graze farther up among the hills; during spring and summer the sheep graze close to the sea. We had met this morning many groups of shepherds leading flocks. But here the sheep lay quietly in the shade under the bridge on what very early in the year is part of the river bed; not three feet away Dog River flowed swiftly into the sea. Near-by stood the shepherd and his dog roamed on the fringes of the flock. For the first time I understood the full meaning of the Psalmist when he cried:

“I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.”—PSALM 4: 8.

Dog River enters the Mediterranean between rugged, steep, and lofty precipices; the scenery is romantic and impressive. The mountains extend out to the sea so that north of this point is only a narrow rocky passage along the shore.

I began the short, stiff climb up the road of the gorge through a pass which has been used from time immemorial by the aggressors from East and West as the in-gate and out-gate to and from Damascus. It is paved with treacherous, jagged rocks that kept turning under my feet. I felt as if I were treading in the steps of all those conquerors who have at

one time or another fought their way along this military highway.

I came to a remarkable series of conquerors' inscriptions cut into the solid rock of the cliff. I counted some twelve or more rock-cut inscriptions and figures on tablets on the cliff face but some say there are altogether twenty of them. As I remember them from climbing up the ancient road, beginning at the bridge, they follow one another in this order. There is a French inscription to the expedition of 1860 under Napoleon III, which is imposed on an Egyptian cartouche dedicated to the god Ptah. Then comes a British inscription relating to Lord Allenby's conquest in 1918. Next is an Assyrian one with the figure of a king with his right hand raised. It is followed by two more tablets, one the defaced figure perhaps of Shalmaneser III, who invaded the West four times and campaigned against Egypt, and the other figure is an unidentified Assyrian. Further along are a Latin and a Greek inscription.

Higher still is a defaced figure of Tiglath-Pileser (Pul) who once swept over Syria, northern Israel, Edom, and Moab in a deluge of death and reduced Judah and Jerusalem to vassalage. One has only to read First Chronicles, Second Kings, and the Book of Isaiah to realize how great a menace the Assyrians were to the Hebrews. But, in addition to biblical accounts, Tiglath-Pileser himself left some interesting, vigorous, full descriptions of his destruction of Damascus. There is an Egyptian frieze of Raamses II sacrificing to Ra, the Sun-god. Beyond is a figure of Sennacherib, the "Wolf on the Fold," who was forced to return to Nineveh either because of plague or rebellion, leaving Jerusalem unharmed in 701 B. C. at the time that the prophet Isaiah was comforting his terror-stricken people and when Hezekiah's conduit was completed.

This same tablet has a low relief of Esarhaddon with some clear-cut cuneiform writing across the body. He is the mon-

arch who succeeded Sennacherib in Assyria. He is mentioned but twice in the Old Testament. Esarhaddon conquered Sidon and, remembering that, it recalled Isaiah's lament over Tyre and Sidon in Isaiah, Chapter 23. This same man succeeded in an enterprise which had baffled both Sargon and Sennacherib when he led his army into Egypt and reduced that country to an Assyrian province. It is likely that he used this pass then.

Next is a figure of Raamses II and this time in adoration of Ammon, the god of Thebes. He is the Pharaoh who many scholars, accepting the late date for the Exodus, agree was the Pharaoh of the Oppression. Near this there is another Assyrian inscription referring to the exploits of Esarhaddon, who is represented on the rock. An Arabic inscription near the bridge refers to Selim, the Ottoman Sultan, who conquered Syria early in the sixteenth century.

Dog River is a marvelous place to take time to remember the monarchs who walk across the Bible's printed page as it unfolds a record of the Hebrews as they came in contact with various world powers. Sadly, I thought how these lords of the ancient world have disappeared and the wilderness and successive dynasties have swallowed up all their work. There is nothing left of their glory except a few inscriptions here and there and the recovered wrecks of a few of their buildings and some of them are but heaps of fragments. But here at Dog River the great warriors from the past to the present are remembered briefly.

IV

"How would you like to go to Tyre and Sidon with us in the morning?" some friends asked me at dinner in Beirut. I welcomed this opportunity not only to see more of the Syrian Riviera but to tour this Phoenician coast because of its association with Jesus' healing ministry among the Gentiles.

It was about nine o'clock when we left the city and headed south, not knowing what adventures lay before us. For the next few hours we were to travel over good roads and bad, over stretches of road still in the making, simply beds of crushed rock, and when there was no road at all along the hard yellow sand of the Mediterranean shore.

We passed by countless yawning black caves conspicuous on the soft white limestone cliffs of the Lebanon range. Some of these have been used as dwellings by prehistoric man. They are large, dry, roomy affairs, capable of housing comfortably many people. Some have been shelters and hiding places for fugitives like David, who fled to one from Saul's jealous wrath, or like Lot, who dwelt in one in great fear with his two daughters. Some have been used as tombs, and the rock-hewn vaults from Graeco-Roman times have long since been ransacked for any treasures they might contain.

Along the way we saw two Syrian women, heavily veiled, sitting in the road wildly gesticulating and screaming. They had been struck by a passing motor car whose driver had fled the scene. Badly scared, slightly shaken, but no injuries beyond hurt feelings, they finally got up and walked off. Along a particularly bad stretch we watched native women walking barefoot on jagged rock and carrying baskets of crushed stone on their heads to be used in the construction of this new road between Beirut and Haifa. We watched in amazement these women doing such hard work. They were aided by men whose only jobs seemed to be to lift the heavy baskets to the women's heads or tumble the stones out again into the new roadbed.

After an hour or so we reached the green gardens on the outskirts of modern Saida, the descendant of ancient Sidon. Once the oldest and most important Phoenician town, known since 2800 B. C., the fate predicted by Jeremiah has come to pass and today it is reduced to a minor place of some twelve

thousand inhabitants. We drove through the long main street of shops, stopped to buy some fruit, but we came away with the impression that business is slow in modern Sidon, has deserted it for the more thriving market of Beirut.

We wandered along the sea front. Gone are the north and south harbors filled with ships from all parts of the world. In their place this day lay moored a few fishing smacks. Hundreds of nets were spread out like sheets to dry in the sunshine. The simple fishermen in Sidon are not navigators after the manner of those famous mariners who sailed completely around Africa in 600 B. C., who sailed the Western ocean, penetrated in their ships as far as the Baltic in quest of tin and steel, and brought gold and copper from Ophir. It was hard for me to realize that its merchants and also those of Tyre had ever been princes and navigators who were responsible for the safe transference of Persian fleets to Greece and earlier manned the Egyptian fleets in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and provided Solomon with a navy.

The reef in the harbor was plainly visible. Legend says this is the dragon that was about to devour Andromeda when Perseus appeared and allowed it to see the head of Medusa, whereupon it was turned to stone, and there it lies today with its head toward Sidon. It doesn't require much imagination to see the shape. Also in the harbor with the bridge by which it once was joined to the land is the crumbling sea castle of the Crusaders.

There had been no storm lately along this shore and so we were not able to gather from the beach any murex shells from which the famous purple dye was made. However, in the quaint bazaar we did see burlap awnings dyed in the traditional Phoenician purple.

We stopped to watch two men in Turkish style, baggy-at-the-seat pants. They were sawing lumber into planks. "Gopher wood for boats?" we asked among ourselves, re-

membering that Sidonian wood-cutters at King Solomon's request hewed for him cedars from Lebanon.

Once Sidon which gave gods to the Phoenicians and through them to Greece and Italy was a center of adulterous religious practices, but the city of Jezebel, daughter of Eth-baal, King of the Sidonians, is fallen and the altars of Baal have not smoked in hundreds of years.

V

Down the road to Tyre, we passed by reputed Zarephath of Bible days where Elijah sojourned with the hospitable widow whose meal in her barrel "wasted not" and where he repaid her hospitality by restoring her son. Somewhere hereabouts Joshua's men chased their enemies, "hocked their horses and burnt their chariots."

Looking directly ahead into the face of the deep blue sea whose white waves broke onto the yellow sandy beach and to low-lying sand dunes rising toward richly green orchards and hills, we came farther into "the coast of Tyre and Sidon." Once Jesus walked this coast and hallowed it for us and for all time when somewhere here he healed the daughter of the Syro-Phoenician woman. Here in his Lord's steps came Paul on his way from Ephesus to martyrdom at Rome. After tarrying seven days, he knelt on the beach in prayer with a little group of sorrowing Christians from the young church at Tyre. They knew they would never see his face again and they had come to say a last good-bye.

The sea grew striped with color. The purplish streaks in the surf were reminders of how near we were to Tyre. The thing we most wanted to see was the remains of the great mole or bridge of stones which Alexander the Great made centuries before the Christian era and by means of which he was finally able to conquer the island-city.

Ancient Tyre was built partly on the mainland and partly

on an island in the sea three quarters of a mile from the shore. Withdrawing to their rocky haven the Tyrians successfully defied Nebuchadnezzar for thirteen years. But Alexander by one of the most famous engineering feats in history succeeded in building a causeway of stones and cement from the mainland to the isle. After seven months of siege, Tyre fell. As the price of her resistance, Alexander slew eight thousand of her inhabitants, crucified two thousand more upon the shore, and sold thirty thousand into slavery. In more peaceful days the bridge became a broad, rocky road and on either side men built houses and shops much as I have seen shops on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. It was so when Jesus withdrew into these parts and later when Paul saw it from his ship as he sailed into the harbor. The sea-road still exists but the washing of the sands has made it solid land and Tyre is no longer an island but a peninsula.

If Sidon is a sad sight to anyone acquainted with her history, how much more so is Tyre. Beyond the moles and harbor the ruins of Tyre above water are few indeed. The sea has claimed the splendid palaces built by her merchants who ruled the sea trade of their time. I watched where the Mediterranean waves broke with unceasing regularity over an aggregation of giant grey and red granite pillars brought from Egypt and washed carved masonry which adorned this once proud capital city of Phoenicia. Many columns have been carried away by villagers to patch their hovels; surely the sea around Tyre has been a quarry for towns from Beirut to Acre.

The city has literally fallen in the sea and the sea front of the modern fishing town is actually a place for the making and drying of nets today! One becomes silent with astonishment at such a fulfillment of prophecy as Tyre presents.

From here the road south climbs high above the sea, over the "Ladder of Tyre," and finds its winding way into Haifa sprawling at the foot of Carmel. It follows the trail beaten

by Assyrians, Hittites, Egyptians, a thousand years and more before the Romans and Crusaders passed this way. This is no silent road. For today modern motor cars, even if antiquated, whizz along through the streets of Tyre and Sidon and replace to a large extent the picturesque camel caravan of the Canaanites.

A bus labelled "Beirut-Haifa" thundered by filled with turbaned Arabs going to the Syrian seaport. It reminded us we were due in Beirut at one o'clock for luncheon. Following in the train of the modern motor caravan, we turned our backs on Tyre languishing beside the sea it once ruled.

CHAPTER XX

The approach to Greece has always been by water and so I still find it as I debark for a day here. It is a short motor trip from sun-baked Piraeus to "violet-wreathed" Athens. I am touched by the city's modern comforts and thrill to the splendor of her ancient monuments: the Acropolis, Temple of Theseum, Theatre of Dionysus, the Tower of Winds, and the Areopagus. "Miracles of grace in stone" from the Golden Age lure me first to the Acropolis. I sit on Mars Hill where Paul preached and wonder what is still in Athens that he looked upon when he came as a tourist. Sailing from Piraeus at sunset, I enjoy a charming last view of the Acropolis towering above the city and of hills softly turning purple.

FROM the glamour of Alexandria with its admixture of East and West to the dusty, sun-baked port of ancient and modern Athens, Piraeus, is a voyage between two worlds. Yet two nights and a day at sea are sufficient to achieve it. Our "Export" steamer came into the Roman breakwater leisurely, early, not long after daybreak.

Very disappointing was the morning haze which veiled the Athenian hills, the gleaming columns of the Parthenon, the very things I had risen early to enjoy while crossing Phaleron Bay and entering the great sea walls of Hadrian. Happy was the experience of one familiar face upon the wharf. Gabriel, like his noble forerunner, bore good news, cheering smiles, and a promise that the haze would by and by yield to the Grecian sun and reveal the dazzling purity of the Acropolis.

Our progress had been slow through the Mediterranean medley of craft of every type, size, and age. There were fishermen who might have supplied the dainties for the dis-

criminating tables of Pericles and Alcibiades; there were nondescript craft of half the shipyards of Europe. Athens is linked with all the isles of Greece from Patmos to Candia. There were far-flung ocean liners like ours, from many lands; there was a kaleidoscope of small craft. This makes up the daily spectacle of Piraeus, gateway to modern Athens. Coming alongside the wharf there was presented yet another spectacle, a Near Eastern picture, a turmoil of clamorous activity, and even the "souvenir sellers" were there.

II

I had come to Greece for the first time to spend a day, to see her temples, her ancient theatres, to look upon her two mountains—Lycabettus and Hymettus—haunt of the bees and the Muses. If I had stayed longer, I might have learned then that every Greek is obsessed with modern politics; as it was my guide was chiefly interested in gaining sympathizers for the Elgin marbles, which are resting in the British Museum. I might have learned of her industries such as the manufacture of cigarettes from Grecian grown tobacco; as it was I visited the Near East Foundation and purchased hand-woven linen, pieces of bright pottery, and small dolls dressed like "evzones." I might have learned of the excellent wines and the delicious native foods; as it was I never got further than the thousand and one delights on the hors d'oeuvres cart at the Grand Bretagne Hotel at noon. I might have become familiar with the rich variety of her life; as it was I made the acquaintance of a peculiar, overwhelming abundance of Athens' animal life, the fleas, whose stinging remarks reminded me that this fair city has a great deal more than human life teeming in its streets.

The modern comforts of Athens touched all of us from the cruise-ship and made us aware of them: good hotels, excellently prepared foods well-served; taxis to whirl us quickly

where we wanted to go, airplanes whirred overhead from African and Asiatic routes, and an excellent motor road from Piraeus to Athens.

But side by side with this Westernized comfort and the thrills of ancient splendors, I did have glimpses of unspoiled native life. It revealed to me that most Athenians must dwell on housetops! I saw an old woman in her embroidered jacket and her billowing petticoats; a peasant in a pleated skirt, skullcap, and his shoes adorned with red pom-poms. I vaguely heard the clatter of bargaining, which, after Egypt and Palestine, is a trifle dimmed. I heard the "squak" of ducks. I saw proprietors of coffee houses in checkered aprons presiding over tiny uncovered sidewalk tables, but a few were placed under pepper trees or occasionally beneath an awning. I saw donkey-drivers walking through the clean streets selling blossoms which were heaped in panniers upon the donkeys' backs. Spring was in Greece and Spring was reckless with her blossoms!

III

It is impossible to describe Athens in a few paragraphs or in a few pages; to see Athens in a day and get much of anything from the experience was another impossibility according to my friends who had spent long periods of time there. I was attempting the impossible, prepared by history courses in school, by reading, and being possessed of an open mind to seek out its beauties and ready to be impressed. I shall never discourage anyone about the benefits of a mere day in Athens, knowing what that experience meant to me.

The sight of ancient Athens sleeping in all its ruined splendor is one of the most moving sights in the world. Athens with her amazing Acropolis was even more beautiful than my expectations heightened it. The beautiful pillared Temple of Theseum in the valley was lovely and delightful with

its arresting view of the Parthenon on her "high place" clear cut against the azure sky. The fallen Temple of Zeus provided the proper atmosphere for beginning my day of sight-seeing. The Theatre of Dionysus, center of dramatic art where the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes were performed, was thrilling. If only to sit where dignitaries and priests once sat in marble chairs appropriately inscribed or to occupy the double throne once occupied by two of the city's benefactors, or to relax a moment in one of the remaining seats running up to the very foot of the cliff where once thirty thousand spectators saw a drama of Aeschylus, rejoiced over the defeat of the Persians, or grieved with Antigone or for Alcestis, or were excited afresh by Aristophanes, was to thrill to "the play's the thing." The Tower of Winds stands far below the Acropolis. This octagonal building whose eight walls are turned to the eight points of the compass bearing reliefs representing the winds and where on top once stood a huge Triton worked by a pivot indicating where the winds lay was once the weather bureau of ancient Athens. And the Agora, being replaced to its place of importance, reminded me of the bazaar worlds of Jerash, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Cairo, and supplied what human element seemed lacking among all these relics from the past. But the Areopagus, seat of justice, on Mars Hill, poignant with the memory of the apostle Paul, was a surprise. I found it a quieting place on a very busy day as the soft breezes from the sea played upon me while sitting upon the little rough rock in the sun.

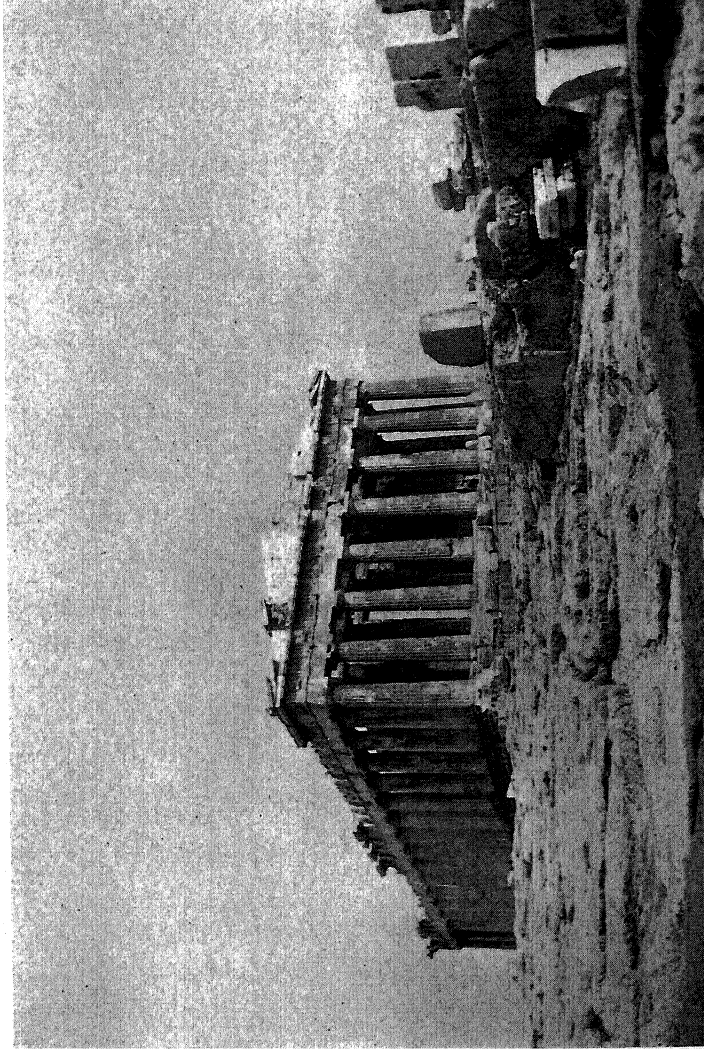
Most travellers, and I was no exception, go immediately to the rock, the Acropolis, the center of art and history, to gaze in admiration and wonder and to review the past written in the dazzling purity of white stone. This is the altar rock of the city. During the administration of Pericles, 449-429 B. C., the Acropolis which formerly had been the abode of

her kings, then a fortress, was turned into a sanctuary for the goddess Athena. It was adorned with beautiful buildings which have never been excelled by any others in perfection of artistic finish and point of perfection. The homes of the kings were transferred from here to Mars Hill.

The Acropolis is really the mother of Athens. Once the city was there, then it clung to the south, now it stretches out to the north, east, and west and is protected no longer by the "queen of hills." During the Age of Pericles it became the home of all the guardian deities of Greece, all of them settled on this hill.

This is the place above all others in Athens which draws travellers with a lure of beauty. I came to the altar rock and mounted the steps of the Propylaea. The ancients were so proud of it that a comedian of the period said of them: "The Athenians are always praising four things, their myrtle berries, their honey, the Propylaea, and their figs." As I passed beyond it, I saw rising before me on rough rock the Parthenon outlined against the blue sky. As I stood in its presence I was conscious that the ascent of the steep steps between the columns of the Propylaea had been a preparation for this moment when I should see that glorious ruin, sitting among ruined marble temples, ruined stairways, and broken columns, but an actuality of beauty. I was very glad that I could not come suddenly upon the Parthenon but that I had to ascend to it.

The temples on the Acropolis looked very different centuries ago when they were as their creators left them. Instead of worn Pentelic marble, weathered by years, yellowed by time, they shone then brilliantly with color and gold since they were all painted and gilded. Still the Parthenon in ruins yet remains the crown of the hill. Here I found the works of Phidias and the glory of his temple for Athena, the most famous Doric temple, despoiled to be sure but still



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson

The Athenian Acropolis is a place where the past has been written in the dazzling purity of white stones. The Parthenon in ruins, gleaming in the sunlight, yet remains the crown of this altar-hill — a miracle of grace in stone.

startlingly beautiful, still impressive in its decadent glory. Earthquakes and wars and plunder have laid low parts of the structure, but still it gleams majestically in the sunlight and in the moonlight.

Within the now empty Parthenon stood the forty-foot statue of Athena, helmeted, standing with her left hand touching her shield and in her right hand a figure of the Winged Victory, a great wooden statue of the goddess, but not one inch of wood was visible. The face and hands were covered originally with plates of ivory; the eyes were precious stones; tresses of gold hair fell from below the gold helmet; forty talents of gold plates covered the statue, ordered made removable by Pericles and executed by Phidias.

Near-by is the Temple of Erechtheus, which is in contrast to the austere Parthenon. This is the great Ionic shrine, dedicated to Athena Polias, guardian of the city. It is not a large temple but a graceful one and its colonnade of the Caryatides is one of the fairest things in Athens. Fourteen chaste and beautiful columns of this building are still standing.

The Acropolis retains its old landscape, situated upon a plain with the same undisturbed hills of Lycabettus and Hymettus, as it was in Paul's day; while at its base on every side lies the still fair city of Athens with its smokeless white houses. Far away over the hills to the northeast beyond Pentelicon, where the marble stones of the Parthenon were quarried, lies Marathon with its mounds of buried heroes who

“Breasted, beat barbarians, stemmed Persia rolling on,
Did the deed, and saved the world.”

Little Lycabettus stands up bold and diffident. Sapphire seas gleam around the shores. A sprinkling of islands still tempt landsmen to be seamen.

Descending from the Acropolis, I saw the rock of the

Areopagus on Mars Hill on the top of which Paul preached to the Athenians. He must have ascended the slight hill by the same rude steps cut in its rocky sides as I did; he must have stood upon the same commanding crag where I stood when he told his listeners: "Men of Athens, I see that you are in every way unusually reverential to the gods. For in passing about and contemplating your sacred objects I came upon an altar on which was inscribed, 'To an Unknown God.'" As he spoke he could easily have glanced toward the Acropolis not far distant, crowded with marble temples, dominated by the colossal bronze statue of Athena, whose spear tip was visible to seamen as far as Sunium.

Sitting on Mars Hill beneath an open sky, in plain sight of the Acropolis with the Parthenon, and looking beyond to mounts Hymettus and Lycabettus, all things which Paul saw, it wasn't hard to imagine Paul wandering lonely through the lovely city, wondering at its glorious sights, its stately buildings, its splendid altars, its multiplicity of statues of gods. To cultured tourists Athens of that day was a dream of beauty just as it is in its decadent glory today. It needs only the merest stretch of the imagination to have chapter seventeen of the Book of the Acts come alive here.

As I sat that afternoon on Mars Hill and read chapter seventeen I tried to imagine the councillors of the Areopagus assembled to hear the Apostle to the Gentiles as he pled for the worship of the one true, eternal, righteous God and for His Son, Jesus Christ. The thought came to me that in my own time as well as in the Athens of the first century there are many who seem to get along very well without Him except in vague, occasional moments. In my own time as well as in the Athens of the first century there are many people who have substituted for true worship other gods, idols of success, wealth, beauty, social position, intellectuality, "things carved out by man's art and thought." False gods with their special

celebrations and festivals offering a succession of great occasions for pilgrims to their shrines stirred Paul to speak in Athens of the first century; then men set up their idols, graven images of stone on the Acropolis; today men set them up in their hearts.

Just what did Paul see here in the year 50 A. D.? The city had fallen from its ancient splendor. Marathon and Thermopylae were remote incidents to him even if he knew about them. I don't suppose he had ever read Homer, Thucydides, or even Herodotus. At least some of us have that much in common with the Apostle because few of us know these authors' works today. As he walked beside the Long Walls dating from classical time and saw the Acropolis rising from the plain, did he hear words which someone had repeated to him, maybe it was Peter, when he had been at the Church Council meeting in Jerusalem: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"? I like to think that Peter told Paul of what Jesus had said presaging a world-wide mission for the gospel and of his vision at Joppa which had influenced his preaching at the time that Jewish leaders were trying to lay burdens upon those accepting the faith. I like to think that thereafter when Paul entered a new city to preach the gospel that those words were ringing in his ears.

When Paul entered Athens he came as a tourist, too. I had never until that moment on Mars Hill thought of the Apostle wandering about the city's streets as might any casual tourist from Rome, Alexandria, London, or New York and then later dwelling as casual tourists do on the one thing that impresses them most among a foreign people. What impressed the tourist Paul in the first century was the multiplicity of altars and especially that one altar to "An Unknown God." It had impressed other travellers, among them Apollonius, whose biography had been written by Philostratus. He wrote: "Altars are set up in honor even of unknown gods."

Altars such as these were a commonplace in the ancient world. Paul's beginning of his speech had just the right local touch. Everyone within reach of his voice knew to what he referred; they even knew the origin of that altar on the Acropolis. His hearers were familiar with the story of the plague which visited Athens in the sixth century before Christ and how, after sacrifices had been made to every known god and still the plague continued, the services of a Cretan prophet were requested. He drove a flock of black and white sheep to the Areopagus and allowed them to stray where they liked only waiting until they rested of their own free will. Then and there the sheep were sacrificed to the god, of whom until then the Athenians had been oblivious. According to legend the plague ceased upon the sacrifice to this unknown god who had been placated. Then it became the custom ever after in Athens and even elsewhere in the pagan world to erect altars to unknown gods in order not to overlook any who might become angry because of non-recognition. Archaeologists have unearthed stone altars, not at Athens but at Pergamum and on the Palatine Hill near Rome, bearing the inscription: "To the Unknown Gods," or a similar dedication.

After such an arresting beginning, Paul began to build up his arguments:

"What you are worshipping in ignorance—that I am making known unto you.

"The God who made the world and all the things that are in it, he who is Lord of heaven and earth, does not dwell in temples made by hands, nor is he served by human hands, as if he needed anything. For he gives to all life and breath and all things. And he made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, having marked out the appointed times and the boundaries of their abodes, that they might seek for God, if they could feel after him and find him, though, indeed, he is not far from each one of us. For in him we live and move and

are; as some of your own poets have said, 'For we are also his offspring.' Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think that deity is like gold or silver or stone, a thing carved by man's art and thought. The times of ignorance God overlooked, but now he commands all men everywhere to change, since he has set a day in which he will soon judge the world in justice by the man whom he has appointed, and of whom he has given evidence to all men by raising him from the dead."

—BOOK OF THE ACTS 17: 23-31.

(The Riverside New Testament)

Apparently his speech was a failure because the Greeks would listen no more after he proclaimed the resurrection of Jesus and the coming day of judgment. He converted two persons only, Dionysius and Damaris. Tradition says nothing whatsoever about Damaris, but of the other, Dionysius, it records that he became the first Bishop of Athens, went to Rome and stayed with Paul until his martyrdom, then went to preach the gospel in France, and finally suffered martyrdom on the hill of martyrs, Montmartre, in Paris under the extreme persecutions of the Emperor Domitian. Tradition affirms that is how St. Dionysius or St. Denis, as he is sometimes called, became the patron saint of France.

IV

As I sat upon Mars Hill, there came a strong urge to know just what is now in Athens that Paul actually saw. I am sure that he saw the Acropolis with its splendid Propylaea and the gleaming Parthenon. He was never to know that that sanctuary for a pagan god upon which he could easily have gazed as he talked of the "Unknown God" would become in time a Christian church, devoted to the worship of the one God and His Son, Jesus Christ, of whose resurrection the Athenians were not willing to hear that day he spoke. He saw the Temple of Erechtheus and the Temple of Athena Nike, the "Wingless Victory," a perfect and fascinating little Ionic

structure. He saw Asklepieion whose ruins are still cut in the side of the Acropolis. He saw the lovely Theatre of Dionysus. He saw the Theseum, the most perfectly preserved Greek temple in the world. Surely, he saw the Tower of Winds, perhaps he even stopped to observe the current weather report. He must have been attracted to the circular Monument of Lysikrates. Interesting to the Bible student is the fact that Athens contains more buildings that Paul must have seen than any site in Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, or Macedonia.

V

Down a glorious motor road with pleasant cottages and bungalows I sped back to the boat, scheduled to sail promptly at five o'clock, cargo or no cargo! I had spent the day, only a day in Greece; I was the merest tourist. But I carried away a lovely, unique memory of "miracles of grace in stone" and a firm resolve to come back again the next year.

The boat was setting forth westward for the Bay of Naples. We were out in Phaleron Bay, everyone was at the rail waiting and watching as probably those Athenians waited and watched so long ago for one more glimpse of the Acropolis. As Gabriel had prophesied earlier that day, the haze lifted and there upon her sacred haven, outlined against a clear blue sky, was Athens' monument, the Parthenon. I carried away as my particular treasure memories of this temple towering above the city, of a silver sea, and of hills under a sunset sky turning softly purple.

CHAPTER XXI

Describes my voyage from the Bay of Phaleron to the Bay of Naples. I travel to the resurrected Pompeii at the foot of Mount Vesuvius to look for traces of the gospel there, go on to exquisite Amalfi and think of Andrew, and drive to Sorrento over a fine road offering ever-changing views of indescribable scenery.

THAT night I sailed around the "mulberry leaf" as the Grecian peninsula was called by the ancients. Enveloped in woolly steamer rugs I lay in my chair on the boat deck, relaxing after the exigencies of the day at Athens, recalling many things which at the time had not seemed important, watching a luminous sky where earlier a moon had appeared, and gazing far off to sea where the stars ended suddenly in blackness. All at once I was startled from my reveries by a sudden change in the wind which until then had been blowing light and cool over my face. Now it seemed ruthless and chilling as it swept over me. There was a sudden lurch of the steamer as it began to roll in waters that were running swiftly now. "It's good-bye to Greece," someone called out.

I remembered having read somewhere that sailors in Paul's day feared these waters south of the Grecian peninsula. It hadn't made much of an impression upon me then as I read. Now I began trying to recall what it had been. It began to come back the more I felt that stinging, biting wind against my face, the more I struggled to keep the woolen robe about me, the more I felt the uneasiness of the large liner. It concerned ancient Corinth and the Isthmus of Corinth, four miles of clay which linked the Peloponnesus to Attica. As early as the fifth century B. C., the commerce from the Orient to the

West across here made Corinth a flourishing city and the Gulf of Corinth became an important focus of traffic. As late as Paul's day Corinth was still a great metropolis because of its strategic position at the isthmus and because of that it afforded many commercial opportunities to Jews who had been banished from Rome by Claudius. The utility of the isthmus was long recognized. Before the present canal was constructed, ships sailing between the two seas, Aegean and Ionium (Adriatic), were forced to make a detour of two hundred miles around the Morea with its dangerous and feared Cape Malea. It was customary even in the fifth century B. C. for ships' cargoes to be transferred from East to West by means of this Isthmus of Corinth rather than sail with their cargoes of raw materials, foodstuffs, Grecian metalwork, woven goods, and pottery around the peninsula which was usually stormy, swept as it was, and still is, by treacherous winds. Cargoes in boats too heavy to be moved across on a roller-like structure were transferred into smaller craft, taken across the four miles, and reloaded at the opposite end into trustworthy sea-going vessels. In either case the treacherous sea at Cape Malea which we were now experiencing was avoided. The results were a saving in delays in schedules due to storms, a speeding up of deliveries, and a guarding against disasters.

"It is getting too rough and windy to be comfortable. Let's go below," someone urged.

No wonder this stretch of waterway was avoided by ancient sailors, I thought. The reason for the Corinthian Canal was obvious now; the reasons for Corinth becoming such a metropolis, one of the most flourishing of Greek trading cities, was obvious, too. The reason for Paul's trepidation in preaching to Corinthians was understandable. There he had a cosmopolitan population drawn by commercial opportunities, an aristocracy of wealth not birth nor background, given to vice,

corruption, wickedness. Yet at Corinth Paul "determined to know nothing . . . save Jesus Christ, and him crucified," and laying aside his futile philosophical preaching such as he had attempted at Athens, won many converts. Among them were grafters, drunkards, prostitutes, as well as people of decent life like Priscilla and Aquila.

I was rather glad that I hadn't gone directly to my cabin after dinner; perhaps then I should have missed this glimpse into the world of Paul's day.

"Don't forget Stromboli. We pass the obscure island which would be lost in the sea if it weren't for its sensational pyrotechnic display tomorrow, sometime around midnight. It's an unforgettable show when the crater erupts and streams of fire roll down the mountainside into the sea at night. Many a ship has charted its course through the Straits of Messina by its light," I heard the voice explaining to newcomers into this Mediterranean world.

"And it's Naples the following morning for sunrise. You must not miss the world's most beautiful harbor," I heard the voice continue.

I sighed as I remembered that those who see it for the first time, even though familiar with it from pictures, are little prepared for the exceptional beauty of its bays, its many tiny islands of which Capri and Ischia are sphinxes crouching on the water, guarding against the unknown dangers of the deep; of a sapphire sky matched by the famous blue of the sea, of green slopes, lovely villas, white rocks, and of that stately sentinel Vesuvius which even now holds up a smoking torch.

II

Italy was in sight. We were slowly making our way into the port of Naples. I had been up more than an hour, hoping for glimpses of Capri's rugged precipices which alternate with green gardens ablaze with flowers and her luxurious hotels

and villas which contrast with the simple dwellings of her fisherfolk, straining for glimpses of this coast which always in spring is a continuous succession of magnificent scenery and a gay profusion of flowers. There was Vesuvius in the distance. Of all this Paul did not see the smoke of Vesuvius as his boat sailed across the Gulf to Puteoli. His ship passed Naples, passed harmless Mount Vesuvius whose slopes were thickly covered with vines and in its shadow Pompeii and Herculaneum were laughing away the last twenty years of their lives. But for the clouds of grey smoke which dominated the scene and reminded me of the catastrophe twelve years after Paul's martyrdom, it might have been the year 59 when he saw from the deck of the *Castor* and *Pollux* this land putting on its mantle of green and spring flowers.

It must have been as truly beautiful in 59 A. D. as it was this morning.

Not even the ominous presence of grey battleships in its waters, magnificent in grace of line, sinister in their suggestions of potential destructiveness, could spoil the morning's beauty for me.

Strangely, I have never been disappointed in my arrivals in the Bay of Naples, which holds within its curving arms a thriving city. I've thought how well the Greeks named the city when they called it Parthenope, meaning a siren. From Homer's time to ours this enchanting region has captivated the hearts of men. For me its fascination has been these: a sea like a variegated marble pavement, sunny skies, haunting Neapolitan songs, antiquated streets over twenty-four hundred years old, Christian churches built over pagan temples, wonderful museums housing magnificent treasures, but best of all a gay, light-hearted people who are extremely temperamental and quick-witted but not lazy any more. The lofty background for this was Mount Vesuvius with its silent plumes of smoke clearly cut on the horizon.

III

By day Vesuvius' ceaseless waves of smoke, at night its torch of fire proclaim it as a champion of destruction. The excavation of its two victims, Herculaneum and Pompeii, reveals remnants of one of the most memorable and tragic convulsions of the earth's surface, the eruption of the mighty volcano in 79 A. D.

In February of 63 A. D. an earthquake destroyed a large portion of Pompeii, which was a fashionable resort for pleasure-loving Roman nobles. They owned villas here which they used as winter residences. Its industrial and year-round population was employed in wine-making. After the fearful shaking, which was their first warning that all was not well in the region of Vesuvius, Pompeians, satisfied that calamity was past, tried to rebuild the city in Roman architecture, modified somewhat by Greek influences. Of the hundreds of Pompeians who fled then many returned to live. Paul was at this time in Rome and probably engaged in writing parts of the letter which we know as First Timothy when the earthquake broke the little city of twenty-five thousand people into pieces.

In 79 A. D., only twelve years after the martyrdom of Paul at Rome, this mountain usually covered with fertile fields and vineyards began to smoke, erupted, and covered the whole region with a fine, fiery, red-hot rain of pumice stones and fine brown dust. Pompeii was not buried in a flow of lava. Excavation has shown that instead it was covered with enormous masses of volcanic pumice stones, cinders (dust from the pumice stone) . . . literally drowned in dust and ashes! This was settled by the rain which followed the catastrophe and by the heavy weight which became in time a hard, stony blanket, a blanket about twenty-five feet in depth.

On the fatal afternoon of August 23rd, the amphitheatre was filled with spectators who were watching a gladiatorial

show. Probably upon the first warnings the audience fled into the open country, and many of them were saved. The perfect deluge of destruction came at exactly two o'clock in the morning as the hourglass found at Pompeii testifies. Terrible sounds came from the depths of the mountain. Its mighty fury was spent first on Herculaneum. There must have been many persons in Pompeii who believed until late in the evening that this city would escape. However, with the ample warning issued by Vesuvius, men rushed from the Forum, from the Amphitheatre, women snatched their children and ran for their lives; the greater portion of the inhabitants fled the city. But some were sick, some were lame, some blind. Some stayed to help. Some rushed back in the dreadful darkness that prevailed to conduct others to safety. Two thousand perished, suffocated by the sulphurous fumes, unable to get farther through the rain of red-hot ashes. Everything within the houses is as it was when the catastrophe occurred, just as the inhabitants rushed off and left it: the bread in the oven baking, meat and fowl partially cooked and left by a fleeing cook, a dining table set for dinner. Although many fled none had been prepared for the emergency that Pompeii might be literally wiped out between two o'clock in the afternoon and two o'clock in the morning. The volcanic matter that buried the city and suffocated the people who did not heed the early warnings and who were overcome in the very act of escape preserved the very forms in death of the escaping men and women. Their bodies were practically moulded into the mixture of ashes and cinders which later combined to form plaster casts to preserve their attitudes and costumes. The petrified remains in the little Museum at Pompeii are pathetic, a dog biting itself in agony, a man in death throes. How many have wished, seeing these things, that in the excavations at Pompeii some early New Testament manuscript, say a copy of one of Paul's letters or a Gospel,

would be discovered. So far excavators have not found a single reference to Paul, to Peter, to the gospel, or Christianity here nor among the valuable papyri found at Herculaneum.

Does this mean that neither of these fashionable centers was affected by the gospel? In 59 A. D. when Pompeii was at the peak of its glory, Paul sailed past Naples Bay, saw Vesuvius harmless, green-covered with vineyards, saw Pompeii and Herculaneum nestling at its base, and sailed on to Puteoli, the last lap in his journey to Rome to appeal to Nero. After teaching, strengthening the Christian brethren in their faith and establishing the Church, Paul suffered martyrdom at Rome along with Peter. It was 67 A. D.

Vespasian was declared emperor in 69 A. D. The next year his son Titus captured and destroyed Jerusalem amid frightful massacres of pious and fanatical Jews. The beautiful Temple, which had been erected by Herod, was utterly destroyed. Today on the Forum at Rome stands one colossal monument containing a pictorial record of the Holy City's complete destruction. The Arch of Titus commemorates pictorially the siege in the Near East which was a complete victory for the Romans. Titus Vespasian, hero and conqueror, was probably the Roman ruler when the tragedy of Pompeii occurred. Had no Pompeian heard "the good news" from the lips of Peter, or Paul, or one of their disciples in all that time, or from some of the Jewish-Christians fleeing Jerusalem? Tradition says that Felix's wife Drusilla and her son Felix perished in the eruption of Vesuvius. She might have told, if it had occurred to her, of the time at Caesarea when the prisoner Paul appeared before her as a youthful bride and her husband as Procurator of Judea, and of how Paul in telling them concerning the faith of Jesus Christ reasoned with them about uprightness, self-control, and the coming judgment.

But if no one saved in a metal box any copies of New

Testament books older than any known to us or treasured any word about this startling new movement and its leaders, nonetheless Pompeii and Herculaneum are wonderful experiences for a Christian. Their houses and streets give one the feeling of the world of Peter and Paul, and an idea of ancient domestic life and the development of the private house in the Italy known to the early Christians. They would have been "at home" in any of these houses in Pompeii.

They were not constructed of marble or stone but of bricks. Every house seems to have had an airy spacious court, an "atrium," which was surrounded on all four sides by porticoes. In the center of this large court was a marble basin, known as the "impluvium," used as a receptacle for collecting rain water which fell off the penthouse roof which sloped toward the middle court. From this wide courtyard the adjoining living rooms received their only light and air. Guests were entertained in living rooms under the porticoes or in the early Pompeian houses at the far end facing the entrance in what was the family meeting-place, like our drawing room. Of all the houses excavated and reconstructed perhaps the House of the Vetii is the most famous. This may be admired in all its original aspects. It is certainly one of the most beautiful houses of the latest period of Pompeii. Interesting because its beautiful frescoes have been left in their original places and the lovely gardens restored. In its garden laid out in landscape style its fountain is unique. A tiny spray of water comes from the bills of two exquisitely formed little ducks held in the arms of tiny boys. Of interest to many is the villa's commodius kitchen with its bronze utensils still collected around the fireplace.

The dwellings of the wealthy residents of Pompeii were extremely beautiful, some excelling in the wealth of their mural decoration or their gardens. It is rather difficult to imagine anything more beautiful and durable in mural decoration

than that which embellished their walls. They were of stucco, hard and smooth as marble, tastefully colored. Upon these tinted surfaces were painted charming frescoes which have outlasted in many cases more than eighteen centuries of burial. Some illustrate Greek mythology, a few are landscapes portraying the scenery of the Naples coast.

Great care is being taken by archaeologists to preserve the upper stories of houses with their pillared openings and balconies. Those villas whose upper portions were made chiefly of wood were set on fire and consumed by the live ashes showered on the city. These demolished portions are being reconstructed to their original aspect. A definite idea of ancient architecture and house-planning in the first century can be gathered by even the initiate.

The chief buildings to be seen here from the time of Paul are: the Amphitheatre which seated twenty thousand persons and which was filled on the fateful day, the Forum which was the center of public life in any Roman city, and the Temple of Jupiter which was the place of worship for the Capitoline divinities, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. There is the Temple of Apollo which was built as far back as the Samnite period (325-295 B. C.). This is surrounded by a portico of forty-eight columns between which statues of the gods were placed. This rises in the center of the sacred enclosure on the west of the Forum. The solemn and imposing dark mass of Vesuvius, its crater enveloped in vapor, dominates the scene. Too, there is the Temple of Isis whose worship imported from Egypt was common in Pompeii of the first century. A number of skeletons were found within the private sanctuary of this shrine. Some unhappy people dared to invade the sanctity of the hallowed area hoping that Isis would spread a mantle of protection over them and here, praying, they stifled in the atmosphere and died.

From the Temple of Isis, the Strada Stabiana leads to the

Via dell'Abbondanza, meaning the "Street of Abundance." This newly discovered street led through an unknown commercial quarter of the city. Now rows of taverns, shops, factories, and homes are coming to light. The wall paintings with that incomparable "Pompeian red" are as fresh and colorful here as the day in which they were laid on. There are some important buildings on this street, such as the Stabian Baths and the College for the Youth; the latter being where the juveniles learned to handle arms and engage in sports.

Perhaps what is of primary interest along here to the average visitor is the reconstruction of everyday domestic life in 79 A. D. This Roman city, recovered from its ashes, reveals the life and reality of nearly two thousand years ago. Jerash (Gerasa) in Trans-Jordan, seldom visited by tourists, is another city of a somewhat later date whose ruins reveal a Roman city-plan. But the fate which befell it while catastrophic to its fame and glory at the time was not the tragic fate of Pompeii. Along here are the oil-presses which supplied a very necessary article of diet. One can visit the bakeshop with its brick oven in which excavators found carbonized loaves of bread. The wine shops can be seen still retaining their frames for the wine jars and bearing still the marks of name, quality, and year of vintage. They give an idea of the industry of those remote times.

On some buildings are found advertisements for all sorts of things. Americans are apt to think that we are the only ones who deface landscapes and buildings with "ads." The Pompeians used this device effectively and by its use even urged the election of certain men to public office. As youngsters often do in some sections of American cities today, one bygone day some Roman youngster scratched his Greek alphabet upon the side of a Pompeian house where it can be still seen. There are even advertisements for local theatrical amusements and attractions, all of which reveals to us that

Pompeians were a pleasure-loving people, perhaps of a type of entertainment which might not appeal to us today.

The ancient stepping-stones are here, the very ones by which Roman ladies crossed from one side of the narrow streets to the other in going from shop to shop. At the water trough on Via dell'Abbondanza, where many Pompeians must have quenched their thirst and that of their horses with the silvery stream of pure water flowing from a pipe, visitors to Pompeii stop to taste the still flowing fresh water. The outside plumbing system in use in the first century never fails to be a source of wonderment.

There are to be seen in these cluttered narrow streets the deep ruts made by the chariot wheels. A sense of the past haunted me with the spirits of the pleasure-loving Pompeians. Standing on the elevated sidewalk, outside a shop, the unseen but real citizens of Pompeii actually come alive. Once again there are dashing, pleasure-bent, gay young Lotharios speeding by, thrilling some young Roman matrons and causing consternation among other less admiring and adventurous individuals who narrowly escape the heavy chariot wheels and thundering hoofs.

It is at the amusement center, which I have mentioned briefly, with the Great Theatre, capable of seating five thousand devotees of the tragedy, or at the Odeon, capable of seating fifteen hundred fans of the comic mimes, that the civic-minded but gay Pompeians come to life again.

The first time I visited the Great Theatre as a member of a large touring party. In the group was a garrulous professor from one of America's large institutions of learning, a student of the Greek and Elizabethan dramas, who wanted to display for us less educated travellers his Knowledge. He almost broke the spell of Pompeii. Some places need silence in approach and this Great Theatre is such a place.

There is a deeply worn doorsill into which every visitor

may place his feet today, just as every pilgrim may place his feet into two grooves worn by pairs of feet through passing centuries at the entrance to the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. It weaves a magic spell and time stands still again. As I stepped upon the doorsill of the theatre, it gave me a feeling of oneness with all latecomers at a Roman tragedy in the early centuries.

There is a long, narrow stage and behind it is the colonnaded open square where the spectators took shelter or engaged in "between the acts" conversation. In its heyday, the theatre presented a gay appearance with its marble decorations. In the "cavea" sat the audience ready for the play. The five tiers of seats were occupied by the chairs of the nobility; the second twenty tiers accommodated the middle classes who brought their own soft cushions; while the third section held the ordinary people. High above all sat the women, separated from the men. Each woman was allotted just one foot and three and a half inches of space. This was an open air tragic theatre on pleasant days; but on days when the sun shone too strongly for comfort, it boasted an awning.

The garrulous professor was silenced by the official guide. His low, soft, carrying voice allowed us to hear his facts but at the same time to muse in the balmy air of a typical Italian day underneath such a sky as must have canopied the Pompeians as they sat in these tiers of seats. Shadowy figures in togas slipped quietly into the empty spaces around us. A light wind swept across the theatre, bringing with it echoes of whispers to mingle with ours. We seemed to be waiting for the play to continue. Was it a tragedy of Seneca's which we had interrupted? Alas, the play at Pompeii was ended by the rising of the Columbian professor, who called to his sisters whom he was giving a European holiday.

Pompeii reveals the Roman city of the world of Paul. Too, it teaches that human nature and everyday life have not

greatly changed in nineteen hundred years. It is not hard as one walks up and down the silenced streets, still paved with their original polygonal Vesuvian flagstones, to believe that all the population has just gone off for a holiday and will return at any moment.

I sailed out of Naples Bay once at nighttime . . . into a blue darkness that was pierced with stars. I looked up at the loom of Vesuvius and saw the long ascending line of lights which marked the funicular railway on the mountainside. My dreams were of another city than Naples, of a city that was smothered in a few hours almost two thousand years ago and whose resurrection today is little short of a miracle.

IV

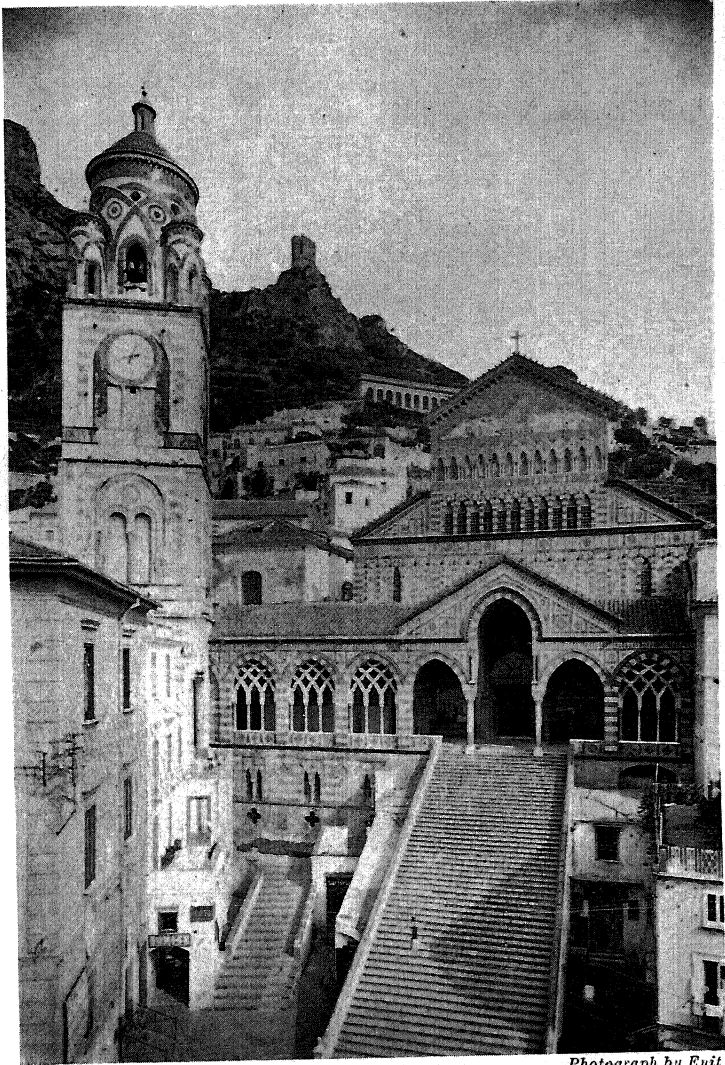
From dreamy Pompeii the road toward Amalfi is one of the finest in the world. It winds through an enchanting scenery of green valleys, past vine-clad terraces on high hills, and into pretty towns of clustered white houses with red roofs. In spring beside it countless orange and lemon trees hang golden globes against a clear blue sky. Sometimes the road runs along the sea; sometimes almost upon a shelf of sheer rock below which the sparkling blue Mediterranean spreads itself like a filigree of silver foam. On through colorful villages which are riots of flowers and greenery, bathed in sunshine; villages like Salerno, Maiori, Minori, and tiny Ravello whose beauty and peace inspired Wagner for the scenery in the magic garden of Klingsor. Below high bluffs upon which appear the forms of ruined castles. The smooth road runs down to the blue sea at Amalfi; it arrives finally after emerging from a tunnel at Amalfi's famous hostel, the Hotel Cappuccini, a rambling, white building situated on the wild, rocky, but verdant cliffs above the peaceful harbor, where mountain meets sea.

The frowning cliffs, forming a striking background, rise per-

pendicularly behind the village, almost sheer from the roadway. On dizzying heights are hundreds of small dwellings which are perched picturesquely tier upon tier almost as if a hurricane had blown them there. High on the side of the mountain, reached only by a tiny lift or by a winding, tiring staircase, is what was once the quiet convent of the Capuchins. The convent with its dreamy cloisters, arcades, and terraced walks has been converted into a hostel offering rest and refreshment after a morning's drive.

Gazing down the Salernian coast from an arcade at the convent, the peace broken only by the hum of bees, it seems incredible that only eight hundred years ago Amalfi was a commercial city which vied with Genoa and Pisa, made laws to govern the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to the Golden Horn, and owned colonies in Africa and Asia. Many of the villagers today in what once was the oldest maritime republic are engaged in fishing. Their nets are spread upon the shore when not in use and their boats pulled up near-by out of the water. If they are not fishermen, they are engaged in the profitable manufacture of spaghetti and macaroni. Like the dripping nets that, too, once used to be hung out on racks beside the motor road to dry but this picturesque, if not sanitary custom, has been discontinued since the years of Fascisti rule in Italy.

From the broad windows, from the arcades, I had glimpses of blue skies, white clouds, dizzy green heights, and winding roads playing peek-a-boo on mountain slopes. It was no surprise to discover that there are many inviting walks and motor, donkey, or boat excursions for the curious. I particularly remember one short walk through its clean, narrow, sometimes arched, steep streets which ended in a wide-open, paved square before the beautiful Cathedral of St. Andrew. I was quite unprepared for the beauty of the Cathedral façade, or the pull of those dozens of steps leading to its entrance.



Photograph by Euit

The Cathedral dedicated to St. Andrew at Amalfi. The brightly colored glaze tiles covering the ancient campanile and the more recent cathedral harmonize with the scenery. The city of the once famous Amalfi merchants rises tier upon tier below wild and rocky cliffs upon which appear the forms of ruined castles.

Earlier beside Galilee, seeing fishing boats setting out in the early morning I had dreamed of quiet Andrew, the first to follow Jesus; now I began to muse again as I stood before the church which is reputed to hold the relics of the Apostle, whose body translated in 1208 from Istanbul lies in the crypt of Amalfi's Cathedral. I had visited the lake beside which he was born and where he spent the early years of his life until his call by the Teacher; I had travelled up and down the same roads where he had walked beside Jesus and listened meantime to his wisdom; now I had come to his final resting-place I could not order remembrance out of my mind. It seemed so very right to remember him here.

Most people neglect Andrew or else know him as the relative of a greater man, Simon Peter. He could have made too much of that relationship but he never did. He never did any famous things like jumping into the sea, or cutting off ears, or converting three thousand people in one day by a brilliant sermon. It was his brother who could do such things. I would say that skillful introductions were his chief claim to greatness. During his career he made three distinctive introductions.

I began to think of his moral courage. He dared to speak to his brother, a bigger man in the world's eyes than himself, and to say with assurance and conviction: "We have found the Messiah." He dared to announce his religious convictions to his own brother, whose home he shared. He had no hesitancy about discussing religious subjects with his relative nor had he any idea that someone outside the family would have more influence with his brother than a member of the home circle. It is to Andrew's eternal glory that he shared his news and discovery first with Peter and confined his missionary efforts to his immediate family. His moral courage made him successful.

The second introduction took place on the green hills of

Galilee. Multitudes had been listening spellbound to the Teacher. Evening had fallen and the question of feeding this crowd arose. Two hundred pennyworth of bread was not sufficient to provide for this vast company. Again, Andrew came forward in his beautiful rôle of an "introducer." He said, "There is a lad here, who hath five barley loaves and two fishes, but what is this among so many?"

There was some incredulity, but some hope in Andrew's question. Perhaps Jesus could see some possibility in these scanty provisions.

"Bring them hither to me," answered Jesus.

Again I began thinking as I had on the day when I stood at the site of the feeding of the five thousand in Palestine of how Andrew's face must have lighted with joy as he thrust that lad forward to meet the Master. Another introduction, skillfully handled; it provided the vehicle for another miracle, the feeding of the multitude.

But this was at the end. At the very close of Jesus' earthly career, almost within the shadow of the Cross, some Greeks came to Philip and asked to meet the Galilean. Philip didn't know what to do and he appealed to Andrew. No hesitancy this time because Andrew was sure that the Master would like to meet them.

All this man, whose bones now lie in the crypt at the Cathedral, asked of life were opportunities to present strangers to Jesus Christ. He had no cravings for prominence among the Twelve, yet today his name is immortal. Descending the steps of the Cathedral, I seemed to hear Andrew saying:

"Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God and love Thee so."

—ROSSETTI.

V

Situated peacefully betwixt green pines and blue sea, Sorrento is only a short drive from Amalfi. It is always the same along the sea-route toward Naples. There are grim, neglected pirates' caves and peaceful little harbors. The motor car has crowded gaily painted carts and festive-looking be-ribboned donkeys to the very edge of the highway. Down a steep hill and with a final flourish and rush the car has come to a sudden stop in the square at Sorrento. The question for me has always been the same: What to do now I am here? Yawning shops with their heaps of embroidered linen, gay striped silk scarves, and tarsia boxes, and beckoning shopkeepers who stand on sidewalks compete for favor with hotels whose pleasantly situated balconies out over the Mediterranean offer soul-satisfying views of ragged coastline and precious moments of relaxation at tea-tables.

CHAPTER XXII

I follow in Paul's steps along the Via Appia from Puteoli to Rome. I look up the Apostle's "hired house," locate Prisca's house on the Aventine Hill, and go to the Mamertine Prison. I relive the last days of Peter and Paul in the Eternal City, descend into the catacombs, and return to their churches built over their tombs. I visit places in Rome associated with the apostles and their disciples. My journeys end beneath the wooden cross in the Colosseum.

I DEBARKED at Naples and when the business of customs and passport was over, I was on my way to follow in the steps of Paul. My steamer did not go to Pozzuoli (Puteoli), which is a few miles west of Naples. Travellers bound for there to relive Paul's last journey along the Appian Way to Rome must hire a car. It is only a short drive.

The day before, I had taken my New Testament and turned to the last chapter of the Book of the Acts—always a favorite of mine—and read again Luke's account of the historic incident in Christianity's chain which occurred in this locale in the first century. Influenced by my reading and the train of thoughts it had called up, I was carried back into the world with which the Apostle to the Gentiles was familiar. Thus, having turned back the pages of time, it was not hard to believe that he was accompanying me over the same road by which he had travelled earlier. And this sense of companionship with Paul made me acutely aware of things which he saw and which remain in our day to remind us of him.

Puteoli was founded by the Greeks but later captured by the Romans. In the first century it was the most important commercial city of the vast Empire. Its harbor was the focus

of traffic with Egypt and the East. Spices and perfumes from the Nile, copper and gold from Tarshish, slaves, weapons, and other commodities in popular demand landed here. There were lovely villas on the bay then, but they were homes of profligacy and lust. Paul must have had pointed out to him the luxurious home of the Emperor Tiberius. Perhaps someone whispered that this was the region where Nero, the emperor to whom Paul had appealed for hearing, had committed an unnatural crime by attempting to drown his own mother. Had he read the "Aeneid" and did Paul recognize the scenery of which the poet sang?

The present harbor at Pozzuoli is a reflection of that harbor which was called Puteoli in the first century into which Alexandrian grain ships cast their anchors. Certain portions of it date from Roman times; six feet below the water are the massive rings to which the Roman galleys were tied. Travelers in search of Paul still come here to see these famous harbor ruins. Still ships come through the narrow mouth to unload their cargoes on the very quay where long ago the Apostle, who wrote, "I must see Rome," came ashore.

Into such a fine harbor the sailors, men, women, and children, were cheering the entrance of the first Alexandrian grain ship of the season. It was the *Castor and Pollux*. She sailed in proudly with her topsails set, which was only the privilege of Alexandrian grain ships since all others were required to lower the topsails when they approached this ancient port. It was true that she was carrying the bread of life for Italy, but truer in a deeper sense the Bread of Life for the world, because Paul and his companions were passengers on this ship. They had been picked up at Malta where three months earlier they had been shipwrecked.

There were Christians waiting to meet him as he came ashore for the first time in Italy. There must have been already a Christian community here. These devoted individ-

uals invited him to tarry with them seven days. In the meantime, they sent word to Rome, "Paul has arrived" and, no doubt, full directions as to when he would leave Puteoli and when the brethren might expect him along the "Queen of Roads." Scholars believe now that the church in Italy was well-organized by 59 A. D. Probably Peter's presence in Rome is the only explanation for it. Christians were standing on the quay, scanning the faces of all who came ashore, eager to grasp him by the hand who had written to them: "I long to see you." They longed to see him, too.

After seven days he took the crossroad from Puteoli, which was called the Via Campana, to Capua where it joins the Appian Way. The travellers then set out for Rome along the most crowded, most famous of the world's highways, but by no means a new road in Paul's day. The Via Appia had been built by Appius Claudius in 300 B. C. They came to Formiae where Julius the centurion must have rested his charges briefly. Modern Formia, a regular station-stop on the Naples-Rome railway, is the same as ancient Formiae.

Proceeding on to Terracina they now had the choice of continuing along the highway which is laid taut as a string for sixty-five miles or of taking a mule-drawn barge along the canal which traversed the Pontine marshes. Lately under Fascist regime this swampland has been reclaimed for the first time and is producing good crops, food for Italians. We do not know which of these alternatives they chose, whether they journeyed along the highway or tried the barges on the canal, because the Book of the Acts is silent here. We are told that they finally arrived at Appii Forum, which was situated at the north end of the canal. Here they found a motley population of mule drivers, tavern keepers, and drunken bargemen. Here, forty-six miles from Rome, Paul met the first of the Christian brethren come out from the city to meet him and escort him to the Capital.

Some he must have known personally; others only from hearsay. It was pleasant to meet them all. Can't you imagine the scene? Think how glad you would have been to meet with friends had you been in his place! I like to think that among these faces were two very dear ones—Priscilla's and Aquila's. How their faces must have lighted with joy when they saw their old friend and counsellor of Corinthian and Ephesian days again! How these three must have laughed aloud in sheer delight at reunion!

Marching beside him as if he were a conqueror and not a captive, the children of the early Church told him news of the community at Rome. His tiredness must have vanished, his chains grown lighter as he listened. Other travellers must have marked the one travel-worn, stained figure as he marched sturdily along surrounded by a happy throng. I wonder if any called out curiously, "Who is the man?" If so, surely Julius who respected his prisoner answered, "He is Paul, citizen of Tarsus in Cilicia, who has appealed to Caesar."

It was like an earlier occasion in the year 57 B. C. when Cicero, the Roman orator, returned along this very road from banishment. His friends, like Paul's, came out to meet him and they gave him such an enthusiastic and warm demonstration of affection as even Paul was experiencing from his friends scarcely one hundred years later.

They drew nearer to the city of Rome. At the place called "Three Taverns," ten miles farther along the Via Appia, another band of Christians was standing ready to greet him. I like to think that this group were the older people and the children and the young mothers, who could not walk forty-six miles to Appii Forum. When Paul saw them, he was moved by this unlooked-for kindness and expression of their love and "he thanked God and took courage."

Instead of entering Rome as a defeated missionary of the gospel, a defeated Roman captive in chains, he was to enter

the Eternal City as a conqueror of human fears. No wonder with such a Christian welcome awaiting him after all the years of struggles and peril that Paul felt this meeting on the Appian Way was his reward.

Paul and his companions made their way toward the city. As they walked among the wonderful array of tombs of great men who had reigned and died, which lined either side of the Appian Way for miles, they were moving also along the fashionable boulevard for the Romans. Patrician families built their sepulchral monuments beside their gayest thoroughfare. No burials were permitted within Roman cities. The idea of death did not seem to lessen the mad search for pleasure among these people. Tombs, circuses, and villas of the wealthy were found side by side along the "Queen of Roads." These structures were of various forms, some round, some square, some pyramidal; built of brick, stone, and blocks of peperino; decorated with slabs of marble and filled within with art treasures.

Among numberless monuments of splendor which bordered the Appian Way for twenty miles outside Rome itself in the first century was the tomb of Cecilia Metella. She was the wife of Publicus Crassus the great triumvir and conqueror of Spartacus. Her monument was imposing in Paul's day; it is still the best preserved and handsomest of all those along the classic highway. Most of the tombs are now but heaps of ruins—all that is left of a once proud civilization, but an almost forgotten era with the average person. Hawthorne wrote of these Romans and their creations: "Ambitious of everlasting remembrance as they were, the slumberers might as well have gone quietly to rest each under his little green hillock in a graveyard, without a headstone to mark the spot."

They might give the impression of desolation if Nature had not mantled and clothed many of them as well as the Roman Campagna with flowers and vines and soft green grass, so that

the ruins behind protecting walls are relieved somewhat of their grimness and the countryside of its barrenness. "Umbrella trees" in endless procession lead the way into or out of Rome.

The most interesting places along the Appian Way are the catacombs where the Christian Church spent its childhood after apostolic times. These underground cemeteries bear the names of early saints: St. Calixtus, St. Domitilla, and St. Sebastian. It was with relief that I found them not dismal nor depressing places. Quite the contrary they interested me because of their revelation of the customs, life, and religion of a remote but important period in Christianity. To a discerning Christian, they bear evidence of the early brethren; their hopes, their prayers, their sublime faith are all reflected here. But perhaps far greater than all these is the Easter message of gladness and eternal hope which fairly breathes through these underground burial places. The catacombs are not so much concerned with death as "finis" as with resurrection and eternal life. I was impressed as I saw inscriptions on the walls like these in Greek or Latin: "Peace," "in peace and in Christ," "may God give thee life."

Pliny records that he recalled hearing singing coming from out the earth, from out of the catacombs on the Appian Way. Which songs did Pliny hear: Elisabeth's song, Mary's "Magnificat," Simeon's "Nunc Dimittis," or the cradle hymn sung at the Nativity? These were the paeans of praise which first century Christians sang with joyous voices. He caught the joyousness of voice of those who sang these first Christian hymns and perhaps he felt the gladness and singleness of heart of those who praised their Lord.

From the shoulder of the Alban Hills Paul got his first sight of Rome. He had seen many fine cities—Jerusalem, Antioch, Corinth, and Athens—but none like this, so glorious and beautiful. His friends must have stopped long enough to

point out the Capitol, the palace, temples, arches, and the vast Circus Maximus. Modern Rome is splendid but it cannot be compared with the magnificent Rome of the Caesars as Paul saw it. So strong, so massive was the Rome of Nero that many parts have defied the changes of time and the ravages of men and war.

Weary, they approached the Porta Capena whose green stones dripped perpetually with water from a leaking aqueduct which ran above it. They made their way into the city. Through the crowds they passed, pressed upon by market wagons and carriages. They went immediately to the barracks located on the Caelian Hill just inside the city wall. Therefore, that first night in Rome Paul did not pass within the heart of the great city. Thus began two long years of imprisonment for the Apostle.

It would seem as if Julius had spoken well to the authorities in behalf of Paul, because instead of languishing in a dungeon, he was allowed to live in a house of his own choosing on the site of the present sixteenth-century reconstruction by Borgognone of San Paolino alla Regola, which was called "Schola Pauli." Here he could also live as he pleased. That Paul's house was here in the Via degli Stregari, a poor lane of the Rione Regola, one can read in a document of the archives of the Hospital of S. Spirito of 1245. Living here quietly in furnished lodgings with his guards continually at his side, Paul "received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him."

We know no more of the Apostle, beyond tradition, because at this point Luke's diary suddenly fails. Paul had reached Rome; he knew the gospel would go wherever the power of Rome was felt in the ancient world. His purpose to see Rome was accomplished.

I came to Porta San Sebastiano, one of the gates in the Aurelian Wall through which present-day travellers along the Appian Way enter Rome. I stepped out of the automobile into the road. A little white sign with neat black letters and an arrow pointing south caught my eye and reminded me: Via Appia Antica.

I looked toward Puteoli and reflected on the events that marked this military road apart from all others. It was along it that the Christian brethren welcomed Paul with joy; where the Apostle marked another milestone in his Christian experience when he thanked God and took courage. Years later in its vicinity the early community sang those songs of cheer which were the Church's first hymns. Bordering it and spreading for miles in every direction are the catacombs which were the cradle of Christianity in post-apostolic times and where in them is hidden every symbol of our present Church.

I thought to myself: Via Appia, or Via Appia Antica, or "Queen of Roads," call it what you will, but, in truth, it is the Road of Christians.

II

Paul's "hired house" in the Via degli Stregari, pointed out today as where he took up his abode under military supervision, must have been a busy place. His days were occupied with visitors and writing letters to congregations since even now "the care of all the churches" still lay on Paul. Soon after his arrival he invited some of the chief Jews to meet him but that was an unsatisfactory interview. The Roman Christians were his most frequent visitors.

Luke, the beloved physician, was with him, and Aristarchus, both of whom had travelled with Paul from Caesarea. Tychicus, his old companion in travel, who was to be bearer of a letter, Colossians, to the churches of Asia, arrived. Young Timothy, his "beloved son in the faith," dearest and closest

of them all, associated with Paul even in the writing of his letters, was there, too. John Mark had made his peace with the Apostle and was with him. Mark had been the cause of the unhappy separation between Paul and Barnabas because he had deserted them on the first missionary journey. Now in Rome, he was helping Paul and it is interesting to see how much the Apostle cared for him. When he visited Paul, did he ever tell him during these Roman days about the Upper Room in his mother Mary's house in Jerusalem where Jesus ate the Last Supper with his disciples and where the Church used to meet in the days of its beginnings? Did he ever bring his manuscript of the Gospel of Mark over to the house in Via degli Stregari and read Peter's memoirs of Jesus which he was at last committing to writing so they would not perish at Peter's death? Many a time Mark had translated the aged Galilean's story of Jesus' ministry to Roman audiences because Peter spoke only Aramaic. How eagerly Paul must have listened!

Visitors often came from far-off congregations bringing Paul affectionate messages, sometimes comforts for his prison life. And by them Paul sometimes sent back greetings and sometimes important letters.

One day his old friend Epaphroditus arrived from Philippi. All the old friends, Lydia and the rest, sent their love and also a present. Paul was touched because he loved the people in the church at Philippi better than any other. Then Epaphroditus fell sick in Rome. During his convalescence, Paul wrote a letter to the Philippians which his friend should take with him when he was well enough to return. It is the most beautiful, tender, and joyous of all his letters, the one which revealed to the Philippians and to weary, despondent Christians all over the world since the happiness which religion gives in the midst of troubles. From a man, who in a moment of dejection wrote: "I long to depart and be with Christ, for that

is far, far better, and yet your needs make it necessary for me to stay here," came a message in which the predominant tone is one of hope and joy. Telling of the inner gladness welling up in his own heart, he wrote:

"I rejoice in the Lord." "Fulfill ye my joy."

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice."

—PHILIPPIANS 1: 18; 2: 2; 4: 4.

Among the many visitors at the "hired house" came a runaway slave, named Onesimus, one day. He had run away from his Christian master Philemon of Colossae. He was a hunted criminal. If caught, he could be branded and even killed. How did he happen to come to Paul? Perhaps he remembered Paul as a visitor in the old days at his master's house because Philemon and his wife Apphia were Paul's converts, close friends of the kind that Paul felt he could offer himself for a visit without an invitation.

Paul's heart warmed to the slave and there grew up a close friendship between the two. Onesimus became a Christian. Paul would have kept the young man but his sense of morality would not permit such action. Onesimus must go back to his master and his master be persuaded to forgive him was the decision.

So he sent Onesimus back with a note, the Letter to Philemon, the only letter about a purely personal matter which has survived. Fortunately, Philemon kept the impromptu note in which he is asked to receive Onesimus, now his brother in Christ, as he would receive Paul himself, and if Onesimus is in Philemon's debt for something he may have stolen, Paul will undertake to be personally responsible. Thus having prepared the way for reconciliation between the slave and his master, Paul then asked Philemon to prepare to entertain the writer himself as he hoped to be released soon to revisit Asia. Maybe afterwards Philemon gave this personal

letter to the Colossian church to preserve with Paul's other letters.

But before Onesimus started for Colossae there had arrived in Rome another Colossian, a worker in the neighboring churches of Laodicea and Hierapolis. His name was Ephras. Difficulties had arisen in this church community all on account of a travelling preacher who had come preaching a Christianity all mixed up with notions about the worship of angels, the necessity of asceticism, and other errors.

Paul could not visit Colossae and instruct the Christians in person, but he could dictate a letter to Timothy and send it to them by one of his helpers who was also to conduct Onesimus back to Philemon. So the two men left Rome—Tychicus to present the Letter to the Colossians to that church in Asia Minor, and Onesimus to face his master whom he had wronged.

It is fascinating to imagine the comings and goings of the many people at the "hired house" of Paul's. No place carries such a heavy weight of memories.

III

When Paul came to Rome, Prisca and Aquila had already removed themselves from Ephesus where he had left them engaged in Christian work and he found them now here together with "the church that was in their house." I have always been interested in Priscilla as she is sometimes called; first, probably because of Paul's habit of mentioning her name before that of her husband's when he sent them greetings. It was such a departure from Oriental custom that somehow it has given me the idea that Paul had unusual regard for this wife's ability as a teacher and co-pastor in the infant Church. Then later in making a study of "career" women in the Bible, I came to feel that I knew this woman very well, that she was indeed my friend. It was no wonder then that upon settling

myself comfortably for a stay in Rome I set out one afternoon for the Aventine Hill to locate the original site of the house belonging to this Christian couple.

The church which covers the site is not spectacular, is not of itself sufficient to draw the average tourist to its doors; but to those who would be reminded of a very dear, human couple and of the contribution in example which the remarkable Prisca left for the present-day wife, home-maker, and business woman it holds a great attraction. After visiting the Church of St. Prisca, I came out and lingered in the little piazza directly in front of it. The church had been dark and chilly and the warmth of the bright sunshine in this green space invited me to tarry for a while.

Earlier that day at lunch we had been discussing: Can a woman continue in business and still maintain a happy home? This afternoon had seemed an excellent time to visit the home-site of a woman who succeeded in doing so! Partner to her husband in a business which was carried on within the home, she had begun to work to supplement the family income when they moved to Corinth after Claudius banished Jews from Rome. It was at Corinth that Paul met the couple, converted them to Christianity, and then lived and worked with them at tent-making for a time.

This New Testament woman was daily occupied in manual labor but she did not let it keep her from devoting herself to religious work any more than Paul allowed himself to be kept from "preaching the good news" because he had to earn a livelihood. No business duties crowded out Priscilla's active participation in the church life of believers. In perhaps the busiest period of her life she undertook the religious education of a young man called Apollos. That her religious instruction was not hampered by her preoccupation with other matters is proven by the fact that in time great successes came to Apollos, who at one period almost rivalled Paul in popular

favor. The Bible records that Apollos "taught accurately the things concerning Jesus." These are tributes to his teacher Priscilla.

But my friends had insisted as I told them all this: "If she was a business woman and church worker was she also a good home-maker?" I felt this busy Roman matron of more than ordinary ability had been a prudent wife such as the Book of Proverbs hails as "from Jehovah."

From her story as it is revealed in the New Testament, I have felt the religious atmosphere of the home she made was satisfactory to Paul and conducive to his successful evangelistic efforts. Somehow it has seemed to me a home in which all the members were trying to imitate the Christ. When I have read the phrase: "the church that is in their house," it has fascinated me, revealing that Priscilla, a mere wife, was religious priestess in her own home and maintained a household distinguished for its religious fervor and example. To the end she remained an alert member in the colony of believers. Prisca and Aquila are always mentioned together in the Bible; a husband and a wife, together in business, together in the church, together in the home—not even a business career for the woman could separate them. It seemed to me sitting in the piazza before the site of Prisca's house in Rome that she had found something that many of us women have not found. She took the Christ into her life, into every avenue of her human endeavor; surrendering herself to the Christ, she found a perfect balance in her everyday affairs and all things possible because of her belief.

IV

Tradition supports the view that Paul was released and set out on further missionary activity in the West, as far as the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar). During that time he is supposed to have written a letter to Timothy in Ephesus and one

to Titus in Crete, the substance of which we have preserved in the books of First Timothy and Titus. In 64 A. D., following the Fire, he was arrested and brought back to Rome to await trial not in a "hired house" this time but in prison. While as a hated Christian confined to the Mamertine Prison, he wrote a second letter to his beloved Timothy.

It was a lonely Rome this time. His friends Aquila and Priscilla had fled to Ephesus. Demas, a Gentile Christian, whose faith could not stand the strain of sharing the Apostle's afflictions, forsook him. Men from Asia Minor when they came to Rome no longer called upon him. "They have all turned away from me," he wrote. Only Onesiphorus from Ephesus inquired for him, found him, and "was not ashamed," but he died before Paul's time came. Only Luke remained with him. Nothing is heard of his preaching nor enjoying visits with friends. Shut within prison walls he had no prospect but death. "The time has come for my departure," but looking back over the years from the time on the road to Damascus until now he could say: "I have had a part in the great contest, I have run my race, I have preserved the faith."

Lonely, there was only one person, one friend above all others, that he wanted near him. The childless old man who loved Timothy as a son wrote: "Timothy, I long day and night to see you. My life is already being poured out. Do your best to come to me soon—before winter."

Whether he ever got the cloak and the parchments, whether Timothy ever reached Rome in time, we do not know. The end was very close.

Church tradition that Peter and Paul were confined in the tragic, notorious Mamertine Prison near the Arch of Severus for nine months and were released to be led to death in 67 A. D. is not unlikely. Peter was martyred in Nero's Circus while Paul, because he was a Roman citizen, was led outside

the walls to be beheaded by the sword. The road along which he was taken was the Via Ostiensis, the road to the busy port of Ostia. Beside the Gate of St. Paul by which this road enters Rome today, stands the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. It was standing here when Paul was led to his death. It was the last monument of Rome on which he set eyes as he passed to his execution on the Via Ostia.

Taken from his dungeon, he was led out along this road which in his day was lined with tombs. They came to a place called *Aquae Silviae* at "the third milestone." Here Paul was ordered to prepare for death. Tradition says that as his head struck the earth it bounced three times and at every meeting with the earth gushed forth a spring of sweet water. The place where Paul was beheaded became known as *Tre Fontane* or *Three Fountains*.

The Abbey of *Three Fountains* stands today on the site of his execution, a group of three churches close together in a garden, approached by a grove of eucalyptus trees. No other site has ever challenged the accuracy of this tradition. There are signs all about, cautioning "*Silentio*." There is no need for them. *Abbey of Three Fountains* is one of the quietest places in Rome. In the little Church of St. Paul are three altars. Beneath each is one of the springs. The day I came here, I could hear water bubbling and gurgling beneath the marble. The *Salvian* springs were, of course, in existence long before the Apostle's death.

Dying on the same day, the bodies of the two apostles were lovingly guarded by members of the Roman church. For a time after frustrating attempts to steal them, the bodies occupied a niche in the tomb in the "*House of Hermes*" now thirty feet down in the earth under the Church of St. Sebastian on the *Via Appia*. If one has time to visit only one of the catacombs, then St. Sebastian's is by far the most interesting, being the most historical and the only one which the me-

dieval pilgrims visited. I'll tell you of my visit here but the experience is about the same in any one of the catacombs outside the city that you visit.

We descended a flight of steps leading into a pit of darkness. We walked through long, cold corridors, smelling of wet, dead air, whose pitch-blackness was partially relieved by the very dim electric lights long distances apart. We advanced in single file, passing meanwhile the bones of many of the saints within the church at Rome lying in dust, and we came at the end of the tunnel to a cavern. We looked down into a building which Peter and Paul may have visited and known, and to which their bodies were removed for safety before their churches were built.

This house belonged to M. Clodius Hermes, saluted by Paul in Romans, Chapter 16, verse 14. Recent excavations revealed an inscription which related that Hermes at the age of seventy-five years emancipated all his slaves, possibly as a result of his conversion from paganism to Christianity. The house was built in 40 A. D. and its ornamentation was first pagan and then Christian, which is said to indicate its occupant's sudden change of religion.

When Constantine gave peace to Christianity, proclaiming it a state religion, Paul's headless body was lying in a Roman tomb on the Via Ostia. Enclosing the Apostle's body in a metal case and placing upon it a gold cross, as he had upon the body of Peter, he then built a church above the grave. This was the first church of St. Paul's-without-the-Wall. The building was enlarged and rebuilt in the years which followed. In 1823 the historic magnificent basilica was destroyed by fire—all except the tomb itself. The present St. Paul's stands on the ancient Via Ostiensis, about two miles from Rome, constructed in the design of the ancient basilica. "This church has the peace of great dignity, the majesty of perfect proportions and its ancestors are the palaces of the Caesars and the

law-courts of the Empire," writes Morton in "In the Steps of St. Paul."

V

It is an impressive moment for a visitor to the Eternal City when he comes for the first time to the parapet on the summit of the Pincian Hill and sees spread before him an unobstructed view of the western part of the city.

The slope down from the parapet once held the gardens of Lucullus. At its foot is the Piazza del Popolo, a beautiful, great square admired both for its size and its symmetry. From its center rises one of the eleven obelisks brought from Egypt to Rome as memorials of her conquest of the land of the Pharaohs in 30 B. C. and erected first at Rome in the Circus Maximus. Far ahead in the distance the long, low Janiculum Hill looms to the left of the outline of the great Michelangelo dome of St. Peter's and the spreading papal gardens and the palaces which form its background. This is a view which has inspired many a poet with its loveliness.

I cannot describe St. Peter's. I was awed and thrilled by its splendor when first I stepped into the church. I gazed on the "Pietà" of Michelangelo with wonder as the artist's conception of the sorrow of the Virgin and her certainty of resurrection dawned slowly upon me. I admired the richness of its marbles and the succession of its monuments and works of art which alone are sufficient to form the envied glory of this city. I was amazed by its stateliness and the immensity of the building which assumed grander proportions as I returned again and again to be lost in contemplation of its size. But no words of mine can adequately describe my emotions nor the thoughts awakened when in the presence of so many marvels I attended Pontifical High Mass here on an Easter Sunday morning.

I had come shortly before from Galilee where the first

proclamation of the Kingdom and the beginnings of the Christian religion were made and from where the gospel of Christ has radiated to all the world.

I crossed vast Piazza San Pietro, remembering that this was the historical site of Nero's Circus where many Christians, accused and convicted of having burnt Rome, suffered martyrdom, and where Peter was crucified. I mounted the broad steps and entered the stupendous Basilica of St. Peter which rears its mighty dome above the bones of a Galilean fisherman.

He had been among the Twelve at Caesarea Philippi and in a moment of extreme exaltation and spiritual discernment there perceived the Christ, the true Messiah. In the dim light of dawn, when after his three denials the Master looked upon Peter, he had understood finally who the Christ was. Weeping bitterly, he was purged of elements of weakness which had at times prevented this Simon from always being Peter, the rock. Courage took the place of fear and upon Peter Christ could safely build his Church. After Jesus' ascension, he became the unquestioned leader of the early disciple group and the first messenger through whom the Christian religion was proclaimed in Jerusalem. Then followed those dark days when the new faith in the Christ aroused hatred and when the Caesars, opponents of Christianity, burned, crucified, and persecuted its followers. But the Christian religion withstood the Roman scourges, emerged triumphant from its years in the catacombs, and the transforming power of the Christ became the hope of the world, and the Cross the central symbol of history. Not far from where the Galilean interpreter of Christ with his Kingdom of Love and his Cross was crucified, and over his tomb stands St. Peter's, a monument that Rome and the world was finally won to Christ's Way of Life. A witness that Peter walked to the spiritual conquest of the world, taking with him a message that he heard preached in a

far-off province of the Roman Empire by an unknown rabbi and vindicated Christ Jesus' proclamation:

“Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”—MATTHEW 16: 18.

VI

It is impossible to identify with certainty the many sacred sites associated with Paul, Peter, or their disciples in Rome. They saw the buildings which became the churches of St. Pudenziana, St. Clement, and St. Prisca, and their disciples saw as well the tombs of the two apostles, and the Catacomb of St. Sebastian as well as St. Calixtus. All these places which can be seen today have been handed down from first-century Christians through all the disasters and adventures of the early Church. Visitors must remember that the great fire of 64 A. D. and the many attacks on the city in subsequent centuries obliterated many landmarks familiar to them. Yet withal Rome has maintained unbroken contact with the apostolic age. Happily, there are to be found here today, thanks to the unceasing activity of the archaeologists, some first century remains of the New Testament Rome which are of interest to Bible students, some buildings even which echoed to the voices of Peter and Paul. There is here a satisfying and undeniable continuity with the Rome of the early Church and it is that which makes every Christian pilgrim echo Paul's words: “I must see Rome” and every Christian pilgrimage end here.

The wide expanse of the Forum is littered with ancient remains, perhaps more here than anywhere else: three columns of the original Temple of Castor and Pollux, traces of the Basilica Julia, the Capitol, the Rostra where all Rome's orators spoke, the Senate House or Curia, and the Sacra Via. Two dozen of the stately columns which once lined the most

celebrated street of ancient Rome adorn the nave of St. Paul's-without-the-Wall.

Up the slope of the Sacred Way the stately Arch of Titus though not erected during the time of Peter and Paul was a familiar spectacle to the early Church. This relic of imperial Rome commemorates the downfall of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. in an elaborate relief of Roman soldiers carrying aloft in triumphal procession the golden seven-branched candlestick, the golden table of shew-bread, and the silver trumpets which had been looted from the Temple in Jerusalem. The Arch of Titus is a testimony to Jesus' prophecy that "thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground." Jesus' words are a literal description of the methods used by the Roman armies during the most terrible siege in history.

Many temples which testify to us the tremendous forces of superstition surrounding the Christian movement in Rome can still be identified: the Temple of Jupiter Stator, of Jupiter Capitolinus, Temple of Vesta and the house of the Vestal Virgins. Traces of the Temple of Cybele, of Isis, and of the Temple of Serapis testify to foreign deities imported from Egypt and the Orient as rivals with Christianity for the allegiance of first-century Rome. There is the Pantheon with its marvelously preserved façade and colonnaded portico displaying an inscription which Paul must have read many times if he had the freedom of the city during his first imprisonment, as some suggest. The inscription reads:

"Marcus Agrippa son of Lucius, built this temple in his third consulship (27 A. D.)."

This is the best known, best preserved ancient monument of Rome. It has never ceased to be venerated since its transformation into a Christian church. Its name, Pantheon,

meaning a temple of "all the gods," points to the toleration that marked the imperial policy when all forms of worship were permitted, providing only that all worshippers acknowledged the divinity of the emperors and paid them divine honors living or dead.

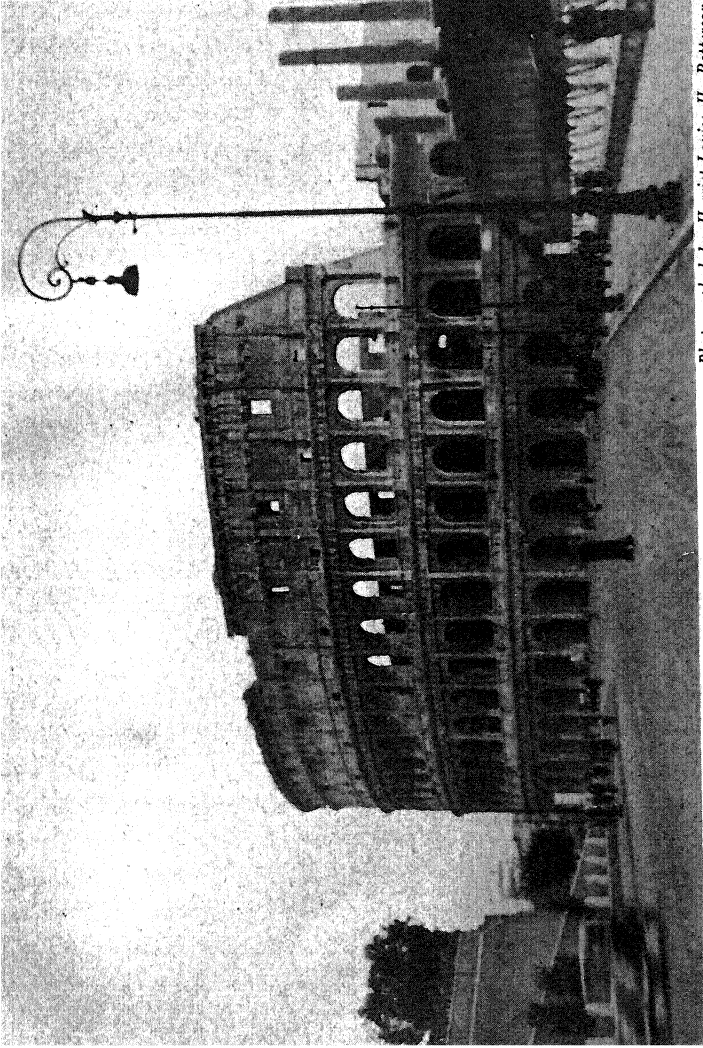
VII

The Colosseum, which is correctly called the Flavian amphitheatre, was not built when Peter and Paul were living in Rome. The massive structure which was of such astounding proportions that even in ruins it is impressive was not completed until 81 A. D., some fourteen years after the deaths of the two apostles. For all that Rome's majestic ruin speaks eloquently just the same to Christians because they remember that the martyrs of the early Church met here

". . . the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane."

The ruins of the Colosseum attract its quota of thoughtful pilgrims who ponder on these things: the immense toil that raised this barbaric structure which is nineteen hundred feet in circumference, two hundred and seventy-three feet long, one hundred and twenty feet wide, and honeycombed underneath with dens for wild animals and rooms for gladiators; what type of civilization it was that reared this pile of stone to satisfy the thirst of eighty thousand spectators for amusement, blood, and slaughter, dull to cruelty and pain; how brave the men and women were who were the martyrs of the Church and gave their lives for the glory of the Christ "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Byron in "Childe Harold" calls it "that long explored but still exhaustless mine of contemplation." A truly fit description of the mountain-like building of bold design,



Photographed by Harriet-Louise H. Peiterson

The Colosseum as seen from Via dell' Impero was not built when Peter and Paul were living in Rome. It was completed in 81 A.D. some fourteen years after the apostles' deaths. For all that this majestic ruin speaks eloquently to Christians, because they remember that for almost 400 years the martyrs of the early Church met here " . . . the tyrant's brandished steel
The lion's gory mane."

the solidity of whose construction is not effaced by time. Time cannot efface the grandeur of conception, the majesty, the beauty behind such a monument; only man does that with man's inhumanity to man.

Visitors must see the Colosseum at different hours of the day or night to learn its power to impress, to know its varying moods. Under a blaze of noonday sun its unyielding form looms stark and bare and cruel; it seems a very house of desolation, of grief. At the close of the day, at twilight, its arches grow less harsh, the underground dens and rooms less grim, and the empty seats less yawningly vacant. While under the gentler light of the moon and stars the Colosseum is shrouded in mystery and then imagination is substituted for sight.

I came here late one evening and walked down the slope into the Colosseum. I saw several other visitors tiptoeing about the arena, gazing into shadows, whispering to one another. As I walked across the place, I paused before the cross which commemorates those who suffered martyrdom here and then went on to sit down among the empty seats.

The great full moon like a great pearl, set in the deep azure of the Italian skies, had a transforming influence. Light and dark were sharply defined. The walls of silver were bordered by chasms of darkness. The moonbeams shone through the arches like torches to fall across seats which were peopled with the shadowy forms of Emperor, lictors, Vestal Virgins, Roman citizens, and on across that broad arena where out of darkness, from very vaults of gloom, emerged gladiators and martyrs. Light breezes blew through these broken arches and in a moment of time and thought were changed to voices which became the shouts and cries of a vast audience, the sighs, moans, and groans of a host of vanquished. Sitting here in the moonlight with the ghostly figures of the Christian martyrs led by venerable St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, crowd-

ing me and hearing the mere whispers of their voices stilling the more strident cries of frenzied mobs, I brought out the Bible. I read from the Book of Hebrews, Chapter 10, verses 32-36:

“You must remember . . . when after you had received the light you had to go through a great struggle with persecution, sometimes being exposed as a public spectacle to insults and violence, . . . actually showing yourselves ready to share the lot of those in that condition. For you showed sympathy with those who were in prison, and you put up with it cheerfully when your property was taken from you, for you knew that you had in yourselves a greater possession that was lasting. You must not lose your courage, for it will be . . . rewarded, but you will need endurance if you are to carry out God’s will and receive the blessing he has promised” (The New Testament, An American Translation, Goodspeed).

This was written to these shadowy figures who in the moonlight crowded round me, to these who shed their blood in this arena under Domitian and Trajan, to these who never lived to see the day when Rome was captured by that gospel for which they gave their human lives.

Later, saints within the church at Rome, cherishing the memory of two great Christian leaders—Peter and Paul—who had suffered martyrdom and of these many who had perished in the Colosseum for professing to be “Christians” remembered “how they ended their lives” and urged others to “imitate their faith.” Remembering both the martyrs’ deaths and their sublime faith which in the end led them to victorious Living, the Christian leaders in Rome dared to counsel other persecuted Christians in Asia Minor thus:-

“Throw all your anxiety upon him, for he cares for you. Be calm and watchful. Your opponent the devil is prowling about like a roaring lion, wanting to devour you. Resist him and be strong in the faith, for you know that your brotherhood all over

the world is having the same experience of suffering. And God, the giver of all mercy, who through your union with Christ has called you to his eternal glory, after you have suffered a little while will himself make you perfect, steadfast, and strong." —I PETER 5: 7-10 (The New Testament, An American Translation, Goodspeed).

For almost four hundred years the martyrs of the Church met here, beginning with St. Ignatius who tradition says was the little child whom Jesus set in the midst of his disciples and ending with St. Telemachus who, dying, implored the mob: "In the name of Christ, forbear." They loved and suffered enough to finally change the mind of Rome. Never again after St. Telemachus implored them in the name of Christ to cease did gladiatorial fights take place in the Colosseum. Perfect love wins its victory in what to the world looks like its defeat. The power of the Cross!

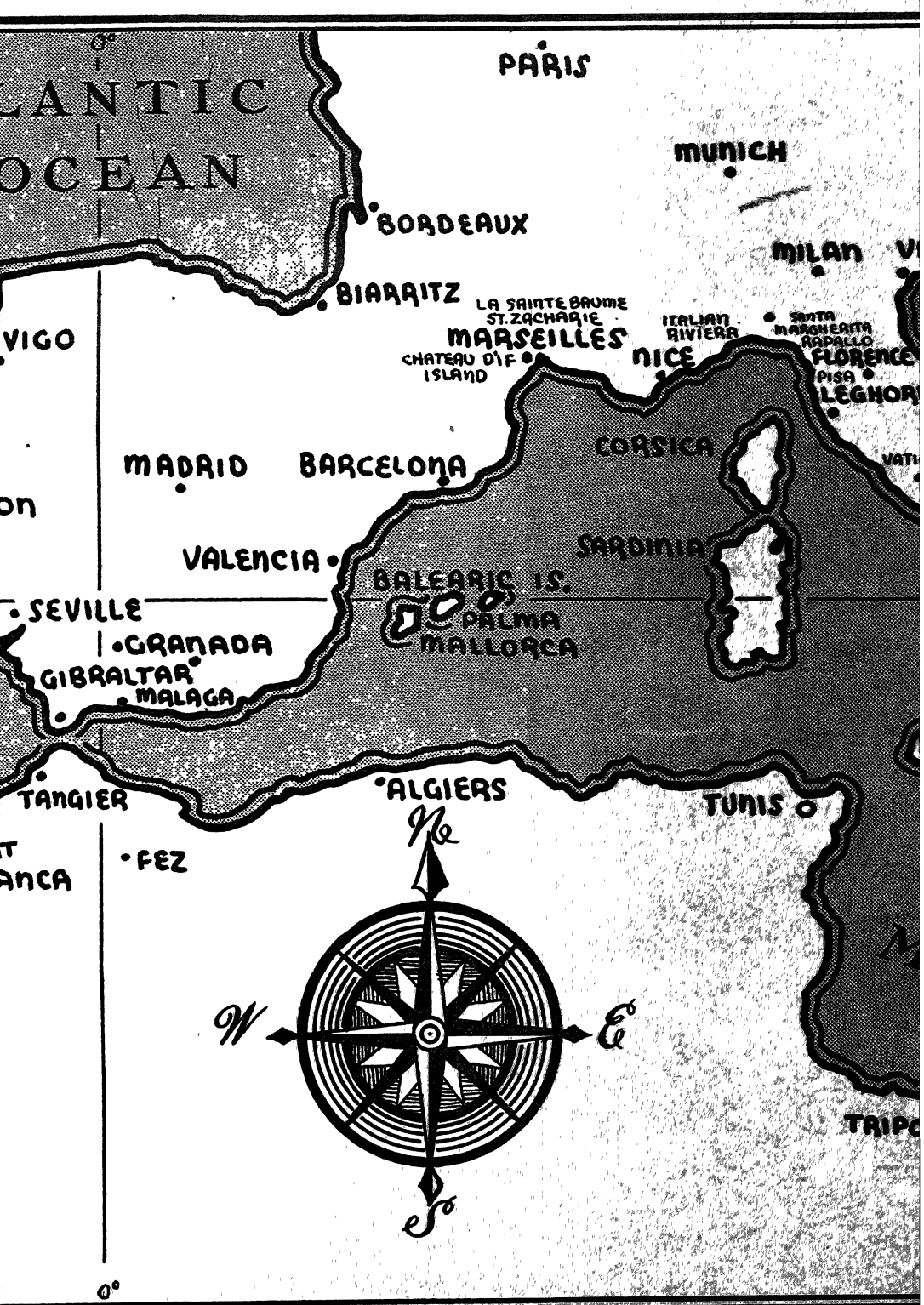
I came down and stood again beneath the huge wooden cross which Premier Mussolini had restored in this place where thousands perished rather than deny the Christ and his Kingdom of Love. With a light I made out the Latin inscription:

"In the spirit of this Cross lie the hopes of all the world."

I was happy to have ended my journeyings at Rome. In the meantime, I had tarried in Gethsemane where Jesus prayed: "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me"; I had seen the Upper Room in Jerusalem where he "took the cup, and gave thanks"; I had visited Calvary where upon the Cross he cried with a loud voice: "Father, forgive them," and where the shadow of God's kingdom of Love fell upon the earth; and at last my journeyings were complete at the Colosseum where the followers of Christ Jesus answered his question "Are ye able to drink of this cup?" with "We are able."

It came to me that the Cross is not a fact of nineteen hundred years ago, but a symbol of the spirit of sacrifice that must possess all who would loyally follow right and truth to the end. As of old, truth's central sign is a symbol of a spirit to be lived daily, the eternal symbol of an instrument of power able to make men change their way of looking at life, winning a response from within the heart of every man, woman, and child.

My travels had not been in vain if I returned from them with these words graven on my heart: "In the spirit of the Cross . . ."



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