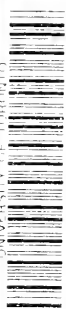


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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**THROUGH SYRIA
AND PALESTINE.**

**A TRIP
BY CANADIAN MISSIONARIES.**

REV. ALLAN MOORE.

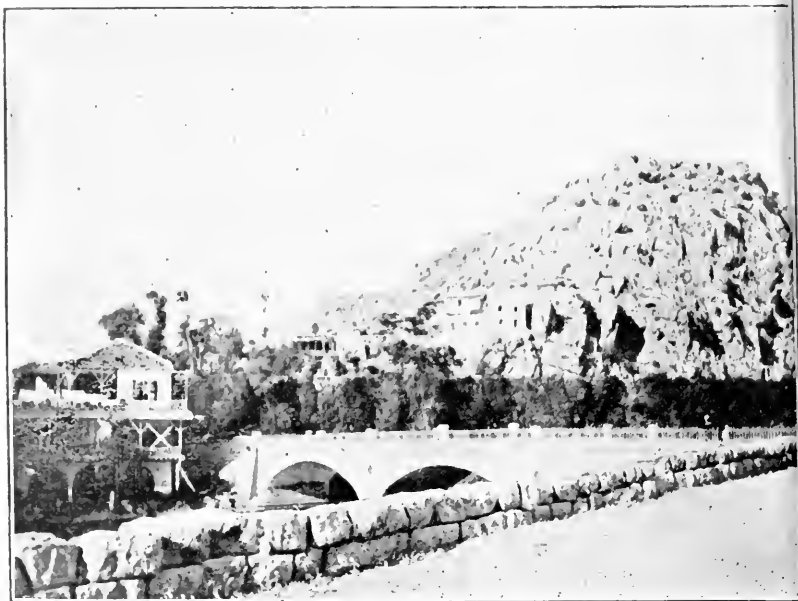


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Dog River.

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REV. ALLAN MOORE.



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Preface.

WHEN it was proposed that we should visit the Holy Land, we had but one desire, and that was, that the trip would prove a blessing physically, mentally and spiritually to ourselves, and also that from these personal benefits others, not favoured with a like privilege, might partake.

Personally, our expectations were fully realized, and wishing that others may share in the gathered fruit, we resorted to the use of the pen the result of which is this little volume.

It lays no claim to literary accomplishment or scientific research, or "A Book on Palestine," but is simply the notes of a few days travel by tired missionaries, on the hills and in the dales of the land of Beulah.

A. M.



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Through Syria and Palestine.

CHAPTER I.

ON Wednesday, June the 6th at 10-0 p.m., with salams from the native brethern and sisters and farewells from the missionaries, Miss Clarke, Miss Sinclair, Mrs. Moor and myself left Assiout, Egypt, en-route for Syria and Palestine.

Three weeks previously none of us had the least thought of taking such a trip. All unexpected the way opened for us, and we felt it was our Heavenly Father's will that we should take our much needed rest in the land where our Lord was born, lived and died.

Before starting, special prayer was made that blessing would attend every step of the way and that an increase of mental, physical, and spiritual strength would be the result. Prayer was also made that we would have no difficulties or unpleasantness in travelling; native porters not being the most pleasant and agreeable of folk. In both respects our prayers were answered.

We spent one day and night in Cairo and at 7 a.m.

Friday, left for Port Said, and by 12-30 were on board the "Equator," a French boat which was to convey us to Beyrout.

On Board Ship.

All who travel will readily understand that the first few hours on board a large passenger ship is bustle and stir. It is one of those times when everyone is for himself. There were the usual piles of trunks, bags, and valises; the finding of cabins, and then tucking away of personal belongings in the most convenient place. On the "Equator" was no exception to the general rule.

The ship belonging to a French company, it was only natural to find French stewards and stewardesses, most of whom spoke no Arabic and very little English, so that our desires were expressed by nods of the head and motions of the hand: the officials and ship hands, however, were very kind and obliging.

At Beyrout.

Early on Saturday morning, the day after embarking, we sighted the outline of the Syrian coast, and after an hour and a-half came in sight of St. George's Bay on which the town of Beyrout is situated. The morning was clear and beautiful, with the exception of a few overhanging clouds, which made the atmosphere somewhat sultry. As we entered the bay in front of the town, the latter presented a beautiful appearance. It is not unlike other towns on the Mediterranean Sea, for instance, Algiers, Genoa and Naples. The lofty hills looking down on the bay, form a semi-amphitheatre, on the right of which stands the business portion of the town.

This part is not so pleasing to the eye as that on the left and in the middle, the houses being crowded and not built with good taste. On the opposite it is

quite different. Here many green trees and much shrubbery cover the face of the hill, and in this green background are set, like jewels in velvet, the artistically built and painted houses, all having red tile roofs. These houses are principally residences and generally built in rows, though each one is separated conveniently from the others, and these rows rise in terraces the one above the other until they reach the top of the hill.

As our boat slowly entered the bay we saw at a distance, between us and the town, about one hundred small boats, each manned by two or three restless Syrian boatmen. They were drawn up in line across a small corner of the bay, like an army of cavalry waiting the order to charge.

Just the moment our ship dropped anchor, this line broke up, and these five score *fulks*, as the natives call them, darted towards us like a pack of hungry wolves. The oars were made to fly, the water dashed hither and thither, and the almost unintelligible babble of voices as they drew near was indeed amusing. But more ludicrous was the sight and sound as they swarmed against the side of the large ship, each one trying to get nearest to the steps by which the passengers were to descend. The boatmen in the rear, ran or jumped over the boats which were in front. Climbing over the top of each other, the stronger pushed the weaker aside as they swarmed up the ropes, chains and steps of the big ship.

Once on deck they ran everywhere. "Want a hotel, Sir, good hotel!" "Want Cooks, Sir!" "Want German hotel, French hotel?" One man dashed through the crowd and holding a card before our eyes said, "Want Victoria Hotel, Sir!" "Oh yes, that is the one we want! Come along and take our luggage." In a few minutes all of us were packed into one of the small boats and making our way to the shore. Among the passengers was a young Syrian school teacher returning from

Egypt to her home. She spoke English well, and came with us in the small boat to the shore. Her presence was indeed helpful, for though we could pass anywhere in Egypt and make ourselves understood, it was different in Syria, though the people of both countries use the Arabic language, the pronunciation and many expressions not being the same.

A Trip to Dog River.

Not wishing to spend more time in Beyrout than necessary, after dinner we took carriage and drove out to see the most important natural sight near the town. It is called "Dog River," and is seven miles and a half along the coast line. A small stream flowing down from the mountain, Sannier, eight thousand five hundred and fifty feet above sea level, here empties into the Mediterranean. Our route out lay along the shore, with the sea on the left and a large range of hills to the right. At this season of the year, these hills were not so beautiful as might be expected, but in spring time they are clad with grain, grass and flowers. The rocks which appear above the soil, in many instances, have not the symmetry of a nicely laid quarry. The strata, instead of lying horizontally, stand on edge, thrown up into that position long ages ago by some mighty upheavel of the earth's crust. In other places they are thrown together in large disorderly piles, and on the whole are limestone. Up the sides of these hills, even to the very top, are the dwellings of the tillers of the soil.

The heavy rains of long years have washed much of the earth from the rocks, but to prevent this, the gardeners and farmers adopt an ingenious scheme. They build walls of small stones, two, six or eight feet high. The spaces behind these they fill with soil in which they sow their seed or plant their vines. These tiers of stones and earth form terraces, reaching to the top

of the hills. Each terrace makes a field on which the crop is grown. Were it not for this device they could grow but little, as the earth would be too thin; besides, in rainy seasons, the water would wash away much if not all of the labourer's toil. The soil is light and sandy, but produces rich and abundant crops of vegetables and grains.

At the River.

After an hours drive over a hard macadamized road we turned a sharp angle and came in sight of the river. A short distance up the stream is the railway bridge, beyond this another for general traffic, beautifully built of limestone, at the end of which are a few houses and nice pleasure gardens. Stopping the carriage, the driver pointed to certain ancient designs and inscriptions in the mountain rock. There are nine in all, three of which are Egyptian and six Assyrian. The first of the former is dedicated to Phthah, the god of Memphis; the second, to Ra the sun god, while the third, records certain expeditions of Rameses II. The Assyrian tablets bear the name of Assur Risisi, who reigned 1150 B.C.; of Tiglath Pleser, Shalmaneser and Sannacherib, 702 B.C. There was also found a broken text of the great Babalonian King, Neberchardnezzar, of Daniel's time.

We left the carriage and proceeded up the river until we came to a third small bridge. At the further end of this bridge was a most beautiful, natural sight, at least it seemed so to us. The hills on both sides of the river are very high and steep. About forty feet up the side of one range is a small channel made for the water to run from a spring further inland. Just at the end of the small bridge the rock was too steep to form a water path, and to obviate this, a number, perhaps a dozen or more, arches were erected on the top, of which was the aqueduct. Much of the water running

in this aqueduct soaked through and fell direct to the ground or trickled down the rocks, on which grew a variety of mosses, ferns, grasses, and water lilies. The sun shining through the constant falling water on these green plants made a charming sight, the most pleasant near the place.

The river is a small stream of clear, cold mountain water, having for its bed in this place yellowish white stones and pebbles, ranging in size from a small pebble to a goose egg. These have, through time, been washed down from their original place in the hills and deposited here by the high flow of water.

On our return to the city the carriage stopped at an angle in the road and the coachman pointed to the "dog" from which the river derives its name. Tradition informs us that ages ago, the dog was hewn by the gods from the rock in the mountain's side. On the approach of an enemy it would bark to give an alarm. Possibly from the peculiar shape of the rock, the winds, when in certain quarters, would make a growling sound, hence the superstitious legend. Eventually the dog was thrown into the sea, whether by human or natural power is not known. We do not ask you to believe the tradition about the barking, but here sure enough lies the dog in about six feet of water. It is a large stone, perhaps fifteen feet in length, truly dog shaped, with head, legs, tail, etc., covered with moss it lies in the salty sea, and in all probability will never bark again.

Sunday morning we attended the Presbyterian church. The services were in English, and the majority of the congregation, American Missionaries. Observing the number of Preachers, Professors, Doctors, Nurses, Teachers and other helpers, we thought how great must be their influence in this country. And truly they and their predecessors have done much to better, not only Beyrout, but all Syria. There is scarcely a

village of any importance where there is not a church, meeting-house or school under their control. In the city they have a fine set of buildings, including a medical college founded in 1866. It has departments in Arabic Literature, Mathematics, Natural Science, Modern languages, Commerce, Moral Science, Biblical Archaeology and Literature, Medical Surgery and Pharmacy. Students from all sects study here—numbering sometimes eight hundred. They have also a printing press from which issues much wholesome literature.

Besides the above, there are the British Syrian schools for the blind and cripples. The Church of Scotland has a Jewish Mission School, and the French Catholics an orphanage, day and boarding schools, and a college. There were Italian schools, but the latter have been closed since the outbreak of the Italian-Turkish war, when all Italians were ordered to leave Syria. The Germans have a school and a neat hospital.

The City.

Beyrout was founded by the early Phœnicians and is of great antiquity. It is mentioned on tablets as early as the 15th century, B.C. The Roman Emperor Augustus made it a colony, and coins remain with the inscriptions "*Colonia Felix Berytus.*" In after years it changed hands often. It was held by the Saracens, then by the Turks, then again by the Crusaders. Later on it fell into the hands of the French, and in 1849, was bombarded by the English and given back to the Turks.

There are no great historical sights to be seen. At present an interesting object lies in the harbour. Just above the water line may be seen the decks of two Turkish war vessels which an Italian cruiser shelled and sank last February. At the time of the sinking the city was in great excitement and two hundred of

those who ran down to the wharf were killed by stray shells.

En Route to Ainzahalta.

Tuesday at 11 a.m., we took the train for this place, beautifully situated high up the Lebanon Mountains. The railway line running from Beyrout to Damascus, winds like a serpent up through the mountains. At El Hadeth a third rail is introduced into the line. This three rail arrangement comprises the "rack and pinion," or "rack rail" system, so often used in mountain railways. First we were skirting the base of a large hill, then slowly crawling up its side, next turning suddenly through a great gorge, again out on to a small plain covered with fruit trees and grain, once more we were ascending through a tunnel and emerging out on the top of a precipice, etc. It was exceedingly slow travelling, and one would think that the train in its upward climb turned to every point of the compass. At times we found ourselves gripping the seat to keep from sliding forward. Occasionally the line ran parallel with the old "Digilence" carriage road built fifty years ago by the French when they were masters of the land. The old stations are still seen and it is said that the affairs of the road were so well managed that the horse carriages made as good time as the modern train.

In our winding course we passed through many large vineyards. Unfortunately this season there were few grapes. When the vines were in full bloom they were stripped by a terrific hail storm. This was distressing, as fruit and the silk worm form the staple support of the country.

Many of the inhabitants are in fairly good circumstances, and all over the hill sides and valleys are seen new stone semi European houses. The owners of many of these, after migrating to America and accumulating

some means have returned to their own land to spend the remainder of their days: their sons and daughters in turn following their example go Westward. In some cases two thirds of a village are known to have migrated, the majority never to return, having found good homes in the lands of their adoption. Students of prophecy see in this extraordinary migration the hand of Providence slowly depopulating the ancient land of promise for the return of the Jews. If this be so, and we have no reason to doubt it, then we have before our eyes remarkable guiding of the hand of God; transplanting in the Western world and else where a people, who, with their ancestors, have inherited these lands for years. Transplanting without loss or hurt to the people themselves, and slowly but surely bringing back, after years of scourging and hardship, the chosen race, and according to His promise, planting them on the hills and in the valleys of which He swore to Abraham long years ago.

Arriving at our station we took carriage for the hotel which is about seven miles to the south. It was a very beautiful and interesting drive; around hills and up the sides of mountains, through rocky dales over the most crooked road we ever saw. Take two small s's, with them form two large S'S, and you have a fairly good idea of the crookedness of the way. The hills on the whole were apparently bare, but in the valleys, especially if watered by a mountain stream, every thing was fresh with life and beauty. About 7-30 we arrived at the hotel which is situated on an elevation a little above the small village Ain Zahalta. Large mountains are on the back and south, while the front looks westward over the village and valley away across to an opposite range of hills.

The Silk Worm.

Around Beyrout and among the mountains we saw

in the fields and gardens, what appeared at first to be groves of stunted fig trees, but what were in reality mulberry trees with the branches cut off. These stumps were from four to eight feet in height and covered with green leaves. This is the method by which food is provided for the Silk Worm.

For those unacquainted with this little interesting creature of nature a short account of its history and ways will not be amiss. We begin with the small eggs, which are laid by the female silk moth. These tiny eggs are collected by the cultivators and placed in earthen trays in a dry warm room. In due course appears the small *larva* or worm. The leaves of the mulberry tree are now collected and cut into fine pieces and placed in the trays upon which the worm at once begins to feed. After a few days it becomes quite strong and starts to make a fine silk thread around itself.

As soon as this is noticed by the attendant he places small branches of trees over the trays. Up these small twigs the little spinner climbs, and having selected a suitable spot begins to make a little house for itself out of the fine silken thread which it spins. The length of the thread when finished is about three hundred yards, but is so wonderfully wound around the worm and gummed with a sticky substance that it forms a hard shell with rounded ends, about one and one quarter inches in length and half an inch thick. In this little house it lives until strong enough to come out.

It is now much changed from what it was when we last saw it as a worm. It has four wings, six legs and two *antennae*, or small feelers. When this little moth wishes to emerge from its enclosure there is no door, but it emits a fluid from its mouth against the end of the cocoon, as the shell is called. This fluid softens the silk and sticky substance rendering it compara-

tively easy for the imperfectly grown moth to make a hole out of which it soon crawls. Having emerged into daylight it soon acquires strength, and after a few days, if properly cared for, begins to lay the eggs of which we spoke: and having done this it yields up its little life and is no more.

At one time silk was so plentiful in Syria that the common people made it into sheets and ordinary underclothing. Now mills are in operation and the people carry their supply of cocoons to them and receive a fairly good price for the same. It forms the principle occupation of most of the people of Lebanon.

CHAPTER II.

On the Mountain Peak.

HAVING rested a few days and being informed that snow was on the mountains, we decided to ascend and if possible reach it. Taking our breakfast with us we left about 6-o a.m. Thursday, and climbed until seven, when we halted for refreshments. After following the sheep path for another hour and making slow progress towards the top, we decided to climb direct and save time and perhaps trouble. One of the party having pushed on ahead found a bank of snow, the news of which inspired the tired ones to follow on.

After snow-balling each other we climbed to the summit, from which we obtained a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Below us eastward lay a fine valley of rich soil. It was from six to ten miles in width, and stretched away to the north some thirty or forty miles. Judging from its appearance, it is a rich and fertile plain, being watered by the small river Litany, which flows through the valley.

In patriarchal days, the name of this valley was Leotes, in the time of David and Solomon, valley of Mizph, in the time of the prophets, Valley of Lebanon; but from the time of Christ until the present, Valley of

Syria. On the other side of this beautiful plain, is another range of hills called Anti Lebanon. Directly opposite, where we stood, they appeared about as high as those in the West, but further South there rises, at the end of the valley, the ancient mount Hermon. It is nine thousand one hundred and sixty-six feet high and its summit in June was covered with snow and ice. This mountain is but thrice mentioned in the Scriptures, Deut. iii. 9-10, iv. 48. Psalms cxxxiii. 3, and is accepted by many as the scene of the transfiguration.

The People of Syria.

The inhabitants of these mountains are divided into two classes—Druses and Christians; the latter being greatly in the majority. The Druses, all told, number about seventy thousand, more than two thirds of whom are in the Hauran district, South West of Damascus: The remainder are scattered throughout the Lebanon mountains. The History of their origin is obscure, there being several conflicting accounts. According to their own tradition, their forefathers were Arab tribes from Yemen who migrated to Mesopotamia, thence to the neighbourhood of Aleppo, from whence they came South. Another tradition connects them with the Chinese, and a third to the Chuthites with whom, after the second captivity of Israel, Esarhaddon, King of Syria, repopled the wasted strongholds of Samaria. A fourth theory is that Constantine IVth transplanted this warlike people from Persia to the Holy Land. Perhaps the safer view is to allow that the combination of Chuthites, Persians, and Arabs form that strange being—the modern Druse.

The Religion of the Druse.

May be compared with Mohammedanism, especially in its hatred to the Christian. Until the year 1029 A.D. they had no regular system of religion; but about that

time, Hakim, an Egyptian calif, claiming to be the representative of God, departed from the Moslem faith and was driven from Egypt. He fled to Syria where he found a footing for the new faith. Hanze, a Persian mystic and disciple of Hakim, introduced into the new religion all the elements of attraction and strength which it now possesses. The Druses venerate him as the founder of their faith, of which the following are its chief principles. (1.) Veracity (to each other only.) (2.) Mutual protection and resistance. No oath bound society could compare with them in this respect. (3.) Renunciation of all other religion. (4.) Separation from all who are in error. (5.) Recognition of the unity of God. (6.) Resignation to His will. (7.) Obedience to the commands of God. They believe that a certain number of souls were in the beginning created and will always exist, that those now living have lived and those dying will re-live in another human being. To them prayer is useless, as it only interferes with the plans of the Creator. The resurrection will be brought about by a great war between the Christians and Mohomedans, in which the Druses will take a prominent part. They are divided into two classes; those initiated into the mysteries and the uninitiated. The former wear no silk, gold, lace or embroidered garments; use no wines, spirits, tobacco, or other luxuries; but think it no sin to lie if occasion requires. All their worship is strictly secret as well as their text books of religion. They are a brave, handsome and industrious people, and are said to have many natural characteristics in common with the Scotch Highlanders. Except in the villages many of their houses are little better than an ordinary stable.

The Christian portion of Syria has its Orthodox Greek Church, which is Protestant; the United Greek and the United Syrian Churches which are Catholic; also the Maronite—a Catholic Church. The latter are very

numerous in the country through which we passed. They were at one time independent of the Western Church and probably derived their name from their first Patriarch Moro, or from a monk named Maro. In the 12th century, they submitted to the power of the Pope, and in the 14th, formed an alliance by which they became one with the Church of Rome.

Resting.

As a place of rest we found the Lebanon hills excellent. The weather was mild and dry, and even at noon-time not too hot. The bellowing of the cows, the braying of the donkeys and mules, the bleating of the sheep and goats, the tinkling of the bells on the animals, all seemed welcome on the stillness of the evening. One can rest—rest always, day and night, and when well enough to go abroad will find dales and valleys, with rushing streams of clear cold mountain water, groves of pines with the gentle breeze rustling through the branches, and caves and overhanging rocks. In these places, with book or pen in hand, one can sit with such composure as benefits the tired nerves more than the best of medicines. If not careful he will find himself so taken up with the surroundings as to forget all about the outside world. Many American and European Missionaries come here every year, but all agree that it can never take the place of an occasional visit to one's own native land.

We found the Syrians an exceptionally kind people, enlightened and civil. Previous to our visit among them we supposed them to be somewhat Turkish in character and spirit, but were agreeably surprised to find everywhere civility, if not chivalry. Never once were we accosted with unkindness nor unbecomingness. A stranger is safe anywhere and any hour of the day. We can say nothing but good of the inhabitants of those beautiful mountains.

Astride the Mules.

Having had more than two weeks rest, Wednesday, June 19th at 7 a.m. found our things packed ready for further travel. Gladly would we have remained another week, but as some of our party wished to return to Egypt sooner than the others, and desiring to see the Holy land, we gladly acquiesced with their desire.

Arrangements had been made for a carriage to convey us to the station, but as it did not come we set about to secure donkeys or mules, and having found them were soon on their backs and away. It was the most interesting ride any of us had ever taken. The drivers did not pretend to keep to the carriage road, but led us down steep hill sides, through creeks, then again we would wind around the side of a still steeper hill. At times, on one side, would be overhanging rocks a hundred feet above our heads, and on the opposite side a ravine so deep as to make the head swim on looking into it. But there was no danger; these donkeys are astonishingly sure footed, and seldom fall or stumble. They have the firmness of the goat on these rough paths, and the donkey boys were kind and attentive. At one time they would be holding the ladies from falling, then they would be leading the donkey to a surer path for the sake of the rider, all the time singing catches of songs and hymns in their native tongue.

This is a singular trait in Eastern people and especially true of those in these mountains. One of the company would strike up a song and sing a few strains until his breath failed, when a second would catch, without a break, just where the first left off and carry on the song. Then again three or four would chime in together. It sounded beautifully as it echoed on the clear mountain air. Even in the dead of night a lone donkey man or muleteer will break forth at the top of his voice into a spirited song, or one of those strange

Syrian hymn tunes and make the hills resound with his stentorian notes. It breaks the weariness of the lonely traveller and makes the journey seem shorter.

For over an hour we travelled up among the clouds as they drifted over the hill tops. There were many vineyards, and in one or two we saw the old fashioned wine-press. There was the large place into which the juice ran. "I have trodden the wine-press alone," flashed into our minds and with it sorrow to know that He did tread it alone and forsaken; yet, oh, how glad to realize that it was because He loved us and that it was not in vain.

En Route to Baalbek.

It took four hours on the donkeys to reach Ain Sarfa Station, which is the highest spot on the Mountain Railway. We paid our donkey boys, ate a lunch and secured our tickets. When in this last act, we were informed that the train did not go all the way through that night, and that we must remain at Rayak, a junction on the east side of Lebanon Valley. As soon as the train left the station the line began to descend, and down, down we went, whirling around hills, over ravines, through tunnels, at a break-neck speed. As one gazes out of the carriage window down a hundred feet below, he unconsciously grips the seat as the train rocks to and fro. Still all seemed safe, for there are few accidents on this line; but it certainly tries the nerves of the weak.

As we descended, Mount Hermon with its snowy cap was seen to our right and the valley of Lebanon in front. At 6-30 p. m., we were on the plain. It was covered with green and golden crops of wheat and other grains; here and there, nestling on the river's bank, was a small village, surrounded with green foliage. Behind were the Lebanon Mountains and before us the Anti Lebanon. The sight was charming, especially

at that hour when the golden sun was slowly sinking behind the snow crowned mountains in the rear. A golden tint was upon all the earth, the tops of the tall poplars were conspicuous above the lower green foliage; the bright leaves of the silver-maple fluttered in the fading sun, while the long shadows of the tall hills stretched far away across the plain. As the sun went down we entered the station and very soon were enjoying a well-prepared Syrian meal. The waiter was a young man from Nazareth, and meeting for the first time one from the village in which Jesus lived, our hearts were drawn out to him.

Baalbek.

Friday morning early we were speeding northwards to the ruins of what was in some respects the most remarkable temple ever built by man—one of the ancient Seven Wonders of the world.

Baalbek, "*town, or city of Baal,*" as the term signifies, is the name of a very old Phœnician town, situated at the North end of the Valley of Lebanon. It was the central place of the worshippers of Baal living in or near that place. Nothing reliable of its ancient history is known. It came into prominence in the time of the Romans, who renamed it "*Heliopolis, City of Sun,*" and constructed its wonderful temples, the ruins of which are an amazement to travellers. When in its prime it must have been the glory of the country. Four temples were built a little west of the present town. The first three were joined, the fourth standing a little to the South. We entered by an iron gate on the east and ascended wide stone steps leading to the portico.

This latter is a large place, one hundred and fifty feet long by thirty six wide. On the ends of this pro-pyleum were two pavilions each thirty six feet long by thirty one wide, ornamented by Corinthian pilasters.

Each pavilion was entered by three doors separated by square pillars. Between these two pavilions and facing the front were twelve columns of red granite. The back of the portico was adorned by twelve niches for statues. These niches are now defaced by time. Three doors led from this place into the great hexagonal court which comprises the first temple. Each of the six angles of this court measures a little over thirty feet, the whole amounting to two hundred and twelve in circumference. It had in its six angles, six halls or rooms which probably served as the abode of the priests. These rooms were adorned on their partition walls by two rows of niches one above the other, surmounted by pedestals and richly sculptured cornices.

Passing through a doorway in the west we entered the Great Court, or second temple, in which stood the great altar of burnt offering. "Its east, north and south were, as in the case of the front court, enclosed by a double colonnade, the inner range of which was formed into recesses alternately semi-circular and rectangular." These recesses were partly covered by semi-circular arches, the ceilings of which were handsomely carved in shell work. It is evident that in many places the decoration was never finished, as several blocks of stone remain in a half carved condition.

This great court measures about four hundred feet in length and three hundred and seventy five in breadth. On an elevated platform in the middle of the court still stands the remains of a Christian Church, erected in the time of Constantine, and built entirely of stones from the ruins of the ancient temple. Beneath this church was found an altar of primitive type, designed for the sacrifice of burnt offering to Baal. On the north and south of this stood two great water basins with water courses hewn in the floor. At these fountains

the worshippers performed their ablutions. They are built of stone adorned at intervals with reliefs representing sea-lions, bulls, strings of flowers, etc. On both sides of this court were chambers, in the front and at one end of which were rows of large pillars many of which being red granite. These are now nearly all fallen and scattered over the floor of the court.

The third temple, that of the sun, or "Temple of Jupiter," is in a more ruinous condition than any of the other buildings. The *cella* itself has completely disappeared, some for the building of the church and some for the Arab fortifications of after years. The handsome Peristyle of fifty four columns, seventeen on each side and ten at each end can still be traced; many of the bases of these mighty pillars still remain, but only six of fifty four pillars are now standing. These are ninety feet in height, from the bottom of the bases to the top of the capping. The shafts themselves are sixty five feet long and six feet in diameter, in three portions of about twenty one feet each, fastened together by lead cramps. On the top of these great columns rest huge blocks of stone beautifully decorated in Corinthian style. How this mass of rock was elevated to such a height and so nicely placed has never been explained to modern man.

One of these great blocks would weigh fully fifty tons and are so neatly joined that a sheet of paper could not be inserted in the joints. That which remains of the ruins of this marvellous work of man gives one an idea of what the building was like originally. The stones in the foundation of this part of the building are the largest hewn stones in the world. Some twenty feet above the level of the ground, three of these are in position in the wall. Each one measures sixty four feet long, fourteen feet high and twelve

feet thick. In the quarry a mile south of the temple, is one immense rock, the largest ever hewn by man. It is seventy feet long and fourteen feet square, and computed to weigh one thousand five hundred tons. It is calculated by Dr. Sauley, that the united efforts of forty thousand men would be required to put this miniature mountain in motion. How these large stones were brought from their original bed and elevated to such positions may, perhaps, never be known. But there they stand a spectacle of amazement to all.

The temple of Bacchus stands on a level lower than the Sun Temple. "There is nothing finer in all Syria than this magnificent and well preserved ruin. It was surrounded, except on the east, by a colonade, with an arched roof, carved with geometrical designs and busts. Nineteen out of the forty six columns with which it was formerly adorned remain; they are each sixty five feet high, including bases and capitals, and six feet three inches in diameter. The capitals and entablatures of columns, and the friezes around them, are exquisitely executed. The most beautiful part of this temple is its portal. The door posts are monoliths i.e. one piece of stone, most richly ornamented with foliage and *genii*. The lintel is three stones, on the underside of which is a beautifully carved eagle.

The body of the temple is one hundred and seventy feet long and everywhere rich with ornamentation. Two of the party ascended by the spiral staircase to the top, from which we had a fine view of the entire ruins and the surrounding country.

There was one place on the right hand side of the door where the chiselling was as fine as the work of a fret-saw. We were all struck with the grandeur and minuteness of this once famous house of Baal, and little wondered at the readiness of the children of Israel to revert to Baal worship when once the power of the true religion left them. The ancients believed

these temples were built by demons, and some few modern travellers have expressed the idea that its designers and builders were supernaturally assisted.

A traveller has expressed himself in the following terms: "There are many things to wonder at and admire in Baalbek. One never wearies of gazing upon those graceful ruins, beautiful from every aspect and in every light; but it is not on 'holy ground' that we are standing, and with the influences upon us which the ruins of Palestine have created, we forget the might of the Phœnician strength, the poetry of Grecian architecture, the pomp of Roman power, and to think that all this skill and grace and beauty was defiled by voluptuous and soul-destroying sin. I climbed a wall and sat upon a richly-sculptured parapet, watching the sunset. To the left was Hermon, to the right Lebanon, and at my feet the whole vast area of ruins. It was an hour full of suggestion, and one could not fail to trace how the word of the Lord was being fulfilled; how the false systems were lying in the dust and darkness, while His own prophetic proclamation was gaining daily new force and power: 'I am the light of the World.'"



The White Synagogue.

CHAPTER III.

En Route to Damascus.

IT was 4-30 p.m. when we left Baalbek on our way back to Rayak. Nothing of interest occurred along the route, and in an hour's time we were off the train again and making preparations for Damascus. The sun was already setting behind the Lebanon hills as the train pulled out of the station eastward. As long as daylight lasted the natural scenery along the way up through the mountains was delightful: Green trees and shrubbery, flowers and wild roses were in abundance; ferns of every description and dozens of other wild plants abounded. We followed for some distance the course of a fresh water stream rolling and tumbling down over the rocks in its haste to join the river at the bottom. As darkness settled down, the moon rose above the peaks of the stately mountains shedding its silvery light over the landscape below. We climbed and climbed by crooks and turns, up, still up, now by the block and pinion system, now without it, until we reached the highest point, eight thousand feet above sea level. Here we began to descend, but with a more even decline than on the opposite range. As our train glided along we overtook another of those fresh mountain streams and followed its course nearly all the

way to Damascus. It was the beautiful Abana, or "Golden River," as some call it, the very life of the "Eye of the East."

It was 9-30 p.m. when we arrived at a small station outside of the city. Wondering at the prolonged delay of the train we peeped out of the window and saw a number of men busily at work at the upper end of our carriage. Some of them were Railway officials, but what they were doing we could not for the moment tell. Presently it flashed on our minds that they were disinfecting the carriages. Cholera had broken out at Apello, a hundred miles or so further north, and fearing lest some of the deadly germs might be conveyed by passengers, etc. southwards, the government was taking this precaution to prevent it entering the city. One man had a machine like a potato sprinkler, strapped on his back, attached to which was a long tube with a spray nozzle. The carriages were European, a separate door opening into each compartment, a box shaped place having but two seats holding five persons each.

Before we fully realized what was taking place our door was thrown open from the outside, and the man with the lantern and sprinkler appeared before it. There was a lively scramble for safety. "*Idrub! idrub!*" (strike! strike!) said the official to the man carrying the machine. And strike he did—not the occupants of the carriage, but the handle of the box on his back, causing the horrid smelling fluid to fly all over. Those less fortunate in gaining vantage ground, came in for the full benefit of the charge. However, it did not penetrate far, the smell soon passed off, and nothing remained but the remembrance of the amusing incident. Fifteen minutes more and the train pulled up at Damascus station, and ten minutes after we were settled in our rooms for the night.

Next morning we walked down the street called

"Straight," and visited the supposed house of Ananias. The street is one long broad straight roofed lane, full of small shops on either side. None question its identity, though it is somewhat changed since the day conscience stricken Saul of Tarsus was led by the hand through it to the house of Judas. The street at that time doubtless presented the same activity as to-day—men on business, boys on errands, people shopping, a ceaseless clamour of voices from sunset until dark.

We next visited the

Great Mosque.

Famous for its historical interests. This is a great building, one thousand two hundred feet long by one thousand wide, standing on the site which has from early times been the central shrine of religious worship and devotion of the Damascenes. Here in the days of Naaman, the Syrian leper, stood the famous "House of Rimmon," to which he himself alluded: II. Kings v: 18. So magnificent was this temple, and so richly adorned with costly decorations, that Ahaz, King of Judah, when he visited Damascus, familiar though he was with all the glories of Solomon's temple, was nevertheless so struck with wonder and admiration at the altar in this temple, that he caused one like it to be made for the temple of Jehovah in Jerusalem, II. Kings xvi: 10-13. Early in the Christian era, this building having fallen into ruins, was completely destroyed, and on its site was built a splendid Roman temple, dedicated to Jupiter. Considerable remains of this temple may be seen in the present Mosque. On Constantine embracing Christianity, this temple which had been sacred to Jupiter, became sacred to Jesus, and was dedicated to John the Baptist. This ancient church is now wholly in possession of the Moslems, who have made it one of the finest Mosques in Syria.

About the 4th century a famous inscription was

chiseled over the south door of the church. There it still stands as if in defiance of the Crescent that has usurped the place of the cross, and as prophetic of the day when Jesus shall reign over the hearts of the Damascenes:—

“Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is a kingdom of all ages, and Thy dominion lasts throughout all generations.” It is very strange that the fanaticism of the Moslems should allow such an inscription to remain upon the door of their consecrated Mosque, which sounds so much like a protestation against their usurpation of the place.

The City.

The history of Damascus is lost in antiquity. Coming from Southern Mesopotamia, the cradle of our race, across the Syrian desert, the great grand children of Noah settled on the banks of the Abana. It was a city when Abraham came from the East. Here he found the “Eliezer of Damascus;” (Gen. xv: 2.) and in the little town of Bizah, near by, the great Patriarch once lived. It is over and over again mentioned in the Scriptures. David had a “garrison” there and the city presented a stern opposition to the rule of Solomon. It after occupied an important place in Jewish history as seen from the following scriptures. II. Kings xiv.; 28, xvi.; 9-10. Isa. vii.; 8. Amos i.; 3-5. For its beauty it has inherited the name of “A Diamond set in Pearls.” When one ascends the hill to the north of the city a beautiful view is obtained. In the centre are clustered the fine white stone buildings with the towering minarets, domes of the Mosques and mansions of the wealthy; while stretching out on every side are the fine gardens and pleasure grounds.

The city has always borne a reputation for its activity in commerce, trade, and every branch of industry. Its silk looms have for ages been famous for their production. Its fame for the manufacture of the finest

linen is still preserved in the "damask" table cloth and curtains, etc. Its swords were of so pre-eminent a quality that the "Damascus blades" were household words among the nations of antiquity. Its exquisitely beautiful and intricate furniture of cedar-wood, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and tortoise-shell, were eagerly sought after, even in the day of David Solomon and Ahab; and the skill of its artisans in all sorts of metal work, gold, silver, brass, copper, and wrought iron is from time immemorial.

Of the one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, nearly one hundred and twenty thousand are Moslems, seven thousand are Jews, and the remainder, with the exception of a few Druse families, are Christians, and each have their own quarter in the town.

On Sunday we worshiped at the Irish Presbyterian church, when we heard a plain sermon to an English speaking congregation. The minister was a north of Ireland man, and does a good work among the natives in this out of the way mission field.

There is

One Sad Stain

on the Modern History of Damascus, and that occurred in 1860, when more than six thousand innocent Christians were put to death and property to the value of two million pounds was destroyed. This sad event is graphically described by Bishop Newman in the following lines.

"The cause was deeply seated and inveterate, the occasion small and trifling. Several Mohomedan and Christian boys were at play on the street, and the former evincing the spirit of persecution, drew the figure of a cross upon the sand, and then attempted to compel the latter to trample upon it; but equally and strongly attached to the religion of their fathers, they resisted and a scuffle followed. Learning the cause of

the trouble, the parents of the Christian boys caused the Mohommedan boys to be arrested and brought before the city judge.

"It was the torch applied to the magazine. Indignant and infuriated, the Moslem parents collected their friends who proceeded to the Christian quarter, and commenced the terrible assault. The fathers, husbands, and sons of Christian families were absent from their residences, absorbed in the business of their several callings. The attack was made in mid-afternoon, and in an hour the whole Moslem population was engaged in the work of death and destruction. Their religious hatred had long been suppressed, but their pent-up fury now burst forth like the sudden and violent eruption of a volcano.

"The *toesin* was sounded and the followers of the Crescent hastened to exterminate the followers of the Cross. Entering their homes, Christian wives, mothers, and daughters were surprised by their violence and murders, while their husbands, fathers and sons were slain in the streets by hundreds while hastening to rescue their loved ones. Escaping through windows and leaping from the roofs of their dwellings, the Christian women sought refuge in their churches and monasteries; but forgetful of the reverence due to the sacred sanctuaries, the Moslems applied the torch, consuming the defenceless and helpless refugees within them. The flames continued to spread until a third of the city, and by far the most excellent portion, had been reduced to ashes. When the house of a Christian joined that of a Moslem, it was torn down rather than fired, lest the ungovernable flames might consume what had not been doomed to destruction. In a covered alley not far from Straight Street, three hundred women, the accomplished wives and daughters of merchant princes took refuge; but their merciless persecutors, adding death to insult—sabred them on the spot.

“Wild Bedouins, who had chanced to be in the city, despatched couriers to their companions, who, mounted on their fleet horses, came as on the wings of the wind to abuse and murder the helpless. Day after day the work of murder and conflagration went on. Magnificent Cathedrals, stately Monasteries, and splendid private residences were reduced to heaps and shapeless ruins. Everywhere were to be seen broken fountains, shattered vases, fragments of Mosaic pavements, tessellated marble walls and arabesque ceilings with costly furniture strewn about in utter confusion. Even the small stone house, which tradition had consecrated as the home of the good Ananias, suffered from the torch of persecution. The fine residences of the American Missionaries were consumed and their large and valuable library scattered among the debris of their homes.

“In addition to the slain, five hundred of the fair sisters and daughters of those who survived the massacre were carried off to the mountains to be wives of the wild Bedouins. Thousands of Christian families became fugitives, their homes, fortunes, and hopes forever ruined. The Christian quarter was broken up and the Church consumed. The authorities of the city and soldiers joined with the violent mob.

“There was one human Mohommedan who attempted to stay the massacre, and whose home afforded shelter for the defenceless. Abdul Rader with three hundred Algerian soldiers, who had followed their chief into exile, stood as a wall of brass against the fanaticism and fury of the murderers. At the head of his little band he drove the mob from places which they had attacked. They surrounded his house where hundreds had taken refuge. “Wretches!” he exclaimed, as he rode out with sword in hand to meet them, “is this the way you honour the prophet? May his curse be upon you! Shame upon you! You will yet live to

repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your Mosques into Churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men the order to fire!" Not a man dare raise his voice against this once champion of Islam. The appearance of English and French Men of War at Beyrout and the landing of French troops, soon put a stop to one of the greatest massacres of modern times."

A short time sufficed us to see all worth seeing in the place. The Bazaars, to one coming from Cairo, have little attraction.

From Damascus to the Sea of Galilee.

The South bound train left at 6 a.m., Monday morning. Passing out of the city we crossed a level tract of land and soon came to the river Parphar. Naaman was justly proud of Parphar, and Abana, when he compared them with the dirty Jordan. Abana is a beautiful river—the real life of Damascus. Both rise high up the Lebanon mountains and are joined by smaller streams in their downward course until they reach the level on which the city is situated. Following their course eastward they branch out into smaller streams, ultimately being swallowed up in the great Syrian desert.

For hours we travelled over a wide tract of land, having on the right, Mount Hermon, and on the left, the vast desert lying between Syria and Mesopotamia, passing en route small villages and Bedouin camps. It is the ancient land of Bashan and Decapolis. At 2 p.m., we arrived at Daara where we ate lunch. From here our course turned direct westward towards the land of Palestine. As we were on the great Eastern plain it was necessary to again climb the great range of Mountains east of the Jordan. Once

more it was winding and turning through tunnels, over bridges, along hill sides, through deep ravines; but the scenery was interesting and the hours soon passed away. About 3-30. p.m., the conductor of the train informed us that in another half-hour we would be at Samah, a small station on the south side of the Lake of Galilee. Lake of Galilee! Sea of Tiberias! Andrew and Peter washing their nets! Jesus walking on the water, stilling its storm tossed waves! Great draught of fishes! etc., etc. What a world of thought associated with this place flashed through our minds. We could scarcely wait until the train stopped, ere we alighted on "Holy Land"—the land of promise to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the land dearest of all to the lover of Sacred Scripture and follower of Him whose groans and sighs were heard on her mountains, whose tears fell like dew on the green grass and whose blood stained her soil.

CHAPTER IV.

The Sea of Galilee.

FROM the Station we proceeded to the little steam launch which was to convey us to Tiberias.

What inexpressible sensations filled our souls as we passed over the silvery bosom of those waters. No spot thus far on our journey had such attraction, and certainly none found such a warm place in our affections. An hour and a half sailing in the little boat brought us to Tiberias, a small town on the western side of the lake. As we approach the town, Miss Clarke drew our attention to two men washing their nets. "Look," said she, "there is Peter and Andrew."

After the evening meal we took a stroll on the shore. What a privilege to sit on those large rocks, with the water playing at our feet, and look out over the waves of Galilee. We could have sat there all night and meditated on Him who made the places around these shores the scenes of the greater part of His public ministry. Many a time His loving and sympathetic eye gazed in thoughtfulness on the same scene that lay before us. Those troubled waters heard His voice and were still. His weary feet had often walked about these very shores.

Oh, sacred hour to us who had often read of these places and sang of these waters and to Him who

walked thereon, but never dreamed it would be our privilege to behold them with our natural eyes.

“And when I read the thrilling lore
Of Him who walked upon the sea,
I long, oh, how I long, once more
To follow Him in Galilee.

Oh, Galilee! Sweet Galilee!
Where Jesus loved so much to be:
Oh, Galilee! blue Galilee!
Come sing thy song again to me.”

The Sea is pear shaped, about twelve miles in length and six wide. Along the east shore is a high range of mountains. The western shore is likewise mountaineous, but more broken and irregular than those on the east. Its waters are clear and fresh with the strong current of the Jordan in the centre, which enters at the extreme North and leaves at the South.

Capernaum.

Tuesday morning we arose early, as we wished to visit this ancient town and must needs be back before noon, as often about mid-day there arises a tempest on the sea similar to the one which overtook the disciples by night. A good breakfast was prepared and put into a basket and we set off northwards in a small row boat. It took two hours rowing to bring us to the desired haven, where stood, or rather lay in heaps, the ruins of Capernaum.

Capernaum of Christ's time does not exist; nothing but debris marks its site. It has been brought down, if not “to hell,” surely to ruins. There is but one house near the place in which lives the caretaker of an ancient Jewish Synagogue, which is also in ruins. It is, or was, called the “White Synagogue” being built of white stone, and is considered the one erected by the Roman centurion, (Luke vii. 4-5.) and one of the most sacred spots on earth. In this building our Lord delivered the discourse on the bread of life. (John vi.)

We found these ruins very interesting. The building was about seventy five feet long by fifty six wide, divided in the centre by a row of stone pillars, meant to separate the women from the men. On each side of the men's part was an elevated platform on which the elders and grammarians sat, and at the end, another raised platform for him who "stood up to read." A holy hush fell upon us as we stood among the ruins—we were indeed treading on holy ground. We knelt on the platform where doubtless our Saviour had often stood, and had a season of prayer.

Within these walls, now in ruins, His voice was often heard. "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger," said Jesus, as He taught here. Perhaps pointing to the Manna pot hewn in one of the blocks of stone, still visible, he said, "Our fathers did eat Manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat."

A Step Backwards.

Let us sit on one of the steps of this Synagogue and in imagination, go back some two thousand years.

From our position we can see nearly all the places of Christ's Miracles around the lake. The early home of Jesus, was in Nazareth, a town fifteen miles south west of here. On His becoming of age His teaching so enraged His fellow citizens that they attempted to take His life; after which He came to live in Capernaum.

Walking down the shore over there He "saw two brethren, Simon called Peter and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea. 'Follow Me,' said Jesus, and they straightway followed Him." A little further He found two more, "James, and John his brother, with their father mending their nets. And He called them . . . and they followed him." Why look! in the Synagogue by which we are sitting is a man with "the spirit of an unclean devil." Listen to his

unearthly cries! He is shouting at Jesus. "Let us alone; what have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us?" "Hold your peace," says Jesus, and the man is made well, and all in the Synagogue are amazed.

Jesus leaves with Peter, Andrew, James and John. Ah! The mother-in-law of Peter is sick with a fever and they have told him of her. He enters, takes her by the hand and she is at once well and prepares their evening meal. The sun is set behind yon western mountains and the people tired and weary, return from their fields, when they hear of these wonderful works of Jesus. They forget their weariness and bring all the sick and possessed to the door of Peter's home and Jesus heals them all.

Do you see that high mountain in the direction of Nazareth? That is the Mount of Beatitudes, where Jesus preached that beautiful sermon. On a plain a little down the mountain's side is the place where He fed the five thousand with the five loaves and two fishes. On the shore between us and the mountain is a small tract of land—"The land of Gennesareth," where Peter landed the great draught of fishes. There also Jesus spake the parables of "The Sower, The Tares, the Mustard Seed, The Leaven, The Candle, The Treasure, The Pearl, and The Net." There also He healed the woman of her "Issue of blood."

Away to the East side of the Lake is a hill close to the edge of the water. Down this the herd of swine ran and cast themselves into the sea. Behind us are the ruins of Bethsaida, which along with Capernaum Jesus said would be "brought down to hell."

As we were leaving the ruins we were in the act of taking a snap of the place, when the caretaker rushed up to prevent us. While he was vociferating, the camera clicked, and unknown to the zealous caretaker, we secured a fine picture of the forbidden ground. It

seems the Bishop of the Catholic Church had prohibited photos being taken of the place; but it was too late, we could not undo the work of the Camera.

Returning to the little boat we rowed down the western shore past "the Well of James" and landed at the mouth of a little creek flowing through the land of Gennesareth. Here two of the party put on bathing suits and had a delightful swim in the clear, blue water. A little further south we passed the village where lived Mary Magdalene.

It was 2 p.m. when we climbed into the three-seated carriage which was to convey us to Nazareth. We were previously informed there was no carriage going that way. Believing it was not in Divine order for us to remain longer in Tiberias, we knelt in prayer and asked our Heavenly Father to find us a conveyance, and inside of ten minutes, the servant rapped on our door saying a carriage man was waiting downstairs to see us. We agreed with him to take us all the way to Jerusalem, two days hard driving. His price was less than we thought possible to obtain.

I might mention another instance of answered prayer while in Tiberias. A man in Damascus told us it was impossible to find good accommodation in Tiberias less than ten francs per day. The hotel keeper, he said, was a very tight German. There was no other place for us and we felt that the price was more than dependent Missionaries could pay. Kneeling in prayer we asked God to undertake, and when we asked for our bill, without one hint from us, he reduced the cost by one quarter. Being asked why he did this, his reply was, "I know you are good people and trying to do a good work, and I desire to make it a little less for you."

A few personal words about this great Salvation, a warm shake of the hand and we parted with the kind German.

The carriage driver was a Moslem, but kind and obliging. The carriage was after the American democrat style with a canvas canopy, and drawn by three horses. It was the first ride of its kind we had had for years, and it seemed nice to once more mount behind horses in a four-wheeler.

From Tiberias to Nazareth.

The road from Tiberias led westward, winding snake fashion up a long slope of hills, back of the town. Though it took a full half-hour to reach the top we did not regret, as it afforded a beautiful view of the lake and its surrounding mountains. At no place had we such feelings as at the Sea of Galilee. With a deep sense of lonesomeness, we stood up in the carriage to catch a last glimpse of the beautiful waters. As we write, a mental vision of her peaceful bosom and lovely shores rise before us, and within, a longing to be there once more. But other important and interesting places were just ahead, the road suddenly declined to the west and the lake disappeared.

On the tops of these Galileean hills we found harvesters busily mowing the golden grain. No self-binders, or reapers, or even the antique cradle was there; they cut the grain in handfuls by the old hook-sickle, and in some cases pulled it up by the bare hands without cutting. There were reapers, gatherers and gleaners; the work of the latter, was to glean the stray heads from the stubble, like Ruth in the field of Boaz.

On the right rose the two horns of Mount Hattin, the modern name for the Mount of Beatitudes, up which Jesus went, "and when He was sat His disciples came unto Him." Close beside the road on the mountain slope is a heap of stones where He fed the hungry five thousand. One thousand and ninety six years after that peaceful feeding of the multitude, and

the utterance of, "Blessed are the peace-makers," a strange event occurred on this same plain.

It was the war which decided between the Moslems and Christians which of them should rule Palestine. King Guy of Tusignau, with Reynald of Chatillon, the Grand-Master of the Knight Templars, with the Bishop of Lydda bearing the Holy Cross, had collected a great army of Crusaders in hopes of dealing a final blow to the tyranny of Mohammedanism. This mighty army of noble Knights were met by Saladin, an Arab Chief, at the head of a small army of Moslems. They met on July the 3rd, 1187, and fought one of the most determined and bloody battles of the middle ages. King Guy was taken prisoner, Chatillon put to death, and the entire Christian army slain, or taken prisoners. Since that day the Crescent floats over the land of the Cross.

Cana of Galilee.

About two hours before Sun-down, we entered the small village of Kifr-Kenna, the Cana where Jesus turned the water into wine. Stepping down from the carriage we were soon surrounded by women and children, carrying baskets of lace and needle-work of which they wished us to buy. The people all appeared to be poor and needy. We stopped at the Latin Monastery, which is built on the supposed site of the house where the miracle was performed. In the Greek church we were shown two great earthen jars said to be the very ones used on the memorable occasion. Just outside the village is the well from which doubtless was drawn the water that was made wine.

Nazareth.

The sun had already gone down when we reached the Hill tops that surrounded the town of Mary and Joseph. It lies nestled in a pretty valley completely

surrounded by beautiful hills. A winding course brought us down to the town, the streets of which were filled with people hastening to their homes after the long days toil. At a great spring in the centre of the town many women and girls were filling their water-pots, and others were carrying them on their heads to their several dwellings. To this well Jesus, when He was a boy, had often come with His mother to fill her jar with water, and possibly played with other boys just as we saw them play that evening.

We stayed two nights and one day in Nazareth, and were shown the reputed place, where the angel announced to Mary that she should be the mother of our Lord. Over this cave in the natural rock stands the Latin Church of the Annunciation. One may see also the "Kitchen of the Virgin," the workshop of Joseph and the table where Christ dined with his disciples just after the resurrection. None of these places are certain and one may be forgiven if he doubts the stories and legends of the Priests and Monks. They will show also the hill from which the towns-people sought to throw Jesus. He possibly never visited the town again after this unwarranted attempt upon His life, though He may have often seen it in the distance on His journeys to and from Jerusalem. We visited a very ancient synagogue in which Jesus may have taught, when the people were so offended with Him.

If the town, in the days of Christ was as clean and pretty as to-day, He needed not to be ashamed of it. Of all the towns of Palestine it is the cleanest. The Christian inhabitants are celebrated for their kindness and courtesy, and appear both in dress and habits superior to those of other towns. The women, i.e., the better class, are noted for their beauty, vyeing in this respect with those of Bethlehem.

CHAPTER V.

From Nazareth to Jenin.

THURSDAY at 5 a.m. we were on our way southwards to Jerusalem, 'the holy city.' The morning was beautifully clear and cool and the horses well rested, so we started in good spirits. The road led westward out of the town, then turned to the south and ascended a slope of the hill, giving us a splendid farewell view of the place where our Saviour lived for thirty years. Gradually we climbed to the summit, then took a winding course down the opposite side, losing sight, perhaps for ever, of Nazareth, but not leaving behind any of reverential feelings which began to flood our souls on entering the holy land.

The plain of Esdraelon.

At the foot of the mountains, our road lay across this large open plain, by far the most important of the inland plains—called also Valley of Megiddo. Its average height above the Mediterranean is about two hundred and fifty feet, and shaped like an irregular triangle, some twenty miles on each side. It is bounded on the north by the hills of Galilee, on the east by the mountains of Gilboa, and the hill of Moreh, on the south and west by the hills of Samaria and Mount Carmel. On the northeast, an arm of the valley extends between the hills surrounding Nazareth and the hill of Moreh.

Further south between Moreh and Gilboa another runs eastward into the Jordan valley. This is really the valley of Jezreel and the town from which it took its name stands at the foot of Mount Gilboa.

The soil of the plain is exceedingly rich and productive of excellent crops. The fields of wheat were fairly good, but it was evident that not more than half of the strength of the soil was obtained. When seed time comes, the farmer simply roots over about two or three inches of the earth with the wooden plough, used thousands of years ago. By this method of cultivation the weeds are not killed, but soon grow and choke out what might be a good reward for the poor man's toil. Much of the land lies idle, overgrown with weeds. The Government exact such a heavy tax for farm produce, that the people cannot work the land with profit.

The Railway running from Haifa on the sea coast to Samah and on to Damascus, runs East and West through this place, which in ancient times was the great battle field of Scripture. Here army met army in deadly conflict, and the brave soldiers from the hills of Israel and Juda fought the warlike Assyrians time and again. Could these surrounding hills but speak, they would draw word pictures of armies going forth at daybreak, full of hope, trimmed and trained in all the ancient arts of war, banners flying in the breeze, bugles blowing, and war shouts rending the air. Also of these same armies at sunset crushed and broken, the greater part lying on the blood-soaked battlefield, the remainder fleeing to the Mountains—all lost.

On entering the valley, Mt. Tabor on the left, presented an almost perfectly rounded summit—a large dome rising out of the plain. It is not mentioned in scripture previous to the time of the Judges. Down its slopes marched Barak with ten thousand before whom "The Lord discomfited Sisera and all his chariots, and all his hosts, with the edge of the sword."

A little to the South on the same plain, at the base of another large hill is the village of Nain, a very small collection of houses indeed. Here Jesus, on His way to Jerusalem, performed one of His gracious acts.

“And when He drew near to the gate of the city, behold there was carried out one that was dead, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her He said, “Weep not.” And He came and touched the bier . . . and said “Young man, I say unto thee, arise.” And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak, and He delivered him to his mother. (Luke vii. 12-15.)

Jenin.

After two and a half hours drive we reached the above village, situated on the South extremity of the plain. Before us lay a wall of hills which seemed impossible to pass. The people of this lonely place were wild and fierce in appearance, and we were thankful that we were not compelled to remain over night among them.

Jenin is the ancient En-gannim of Josh. xix. 21, allotted to Issachar in the dividing of the land among the tribes. It and its suburb was afterwards given as the portion of the Levites. (Chap. ii. 9.) Some say that it was here Jesus, on one of His visits to Jerusalem, healed the ten lepers.

Let us, in imagination, turn back over the road we have travelled, but somewhat eastward to the western point of Mount Gilboa. On our right is the village of *Bait Kad*, the ancient shearing house of II. Kings x. 12. On this ground over which we are now walking, Jehu met the Princes of Judah and slew them. Further East is the Gilboa, of Scripture, but as we will see these places again soon, let us pass on to the small village of Zerim.

Mounting the crest of the hill, we stand on the ruins of an old tower—"The Watch-Tower of Jezreel." From this point we command a fine view of the whole country. We have already seen the triumphant march of the army of Barak, and heard the lofty strain of Deborah's song as she and the daughters of Jerusalem, voice in sublime notes of sacred Hebrew song, the conquest and victories of Israel's sons. Let us now turn our eyes towards the sunrise in the direction of the Jordan.

About midway between our point of observation and the Jordan, is the real Mount Gilboa, and out of its base rises a stream of pure, fresh water—the Well of Herod. But what is that on the hill above the spring? It is an army of thirty two thousand strong, in full battle equipment, led by a coarse mountainer, the son of Joah, a farmer of Abi-Ezrite. A few days previously this young man tore down the altars of Baal, and cut down her groves, for "the Spirit of the Lord was upon him." Hark! He is talking seriously and fearlessly to his soldiers. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead."

As the echo of his words die on the evening air, there is a great stir in the camp. Twenty two thousand depart to their tents and homes, leaving a remainder of but ten thousand. Again the voice of Gideon is heard, but this time it is the order to march. They are coming down the hillside to the spring. "Halt!" comes the prompt command, and the remnant of the army suddenly stop at the refreshing waters. Weary and thirsty from marching over the hot mountains, the greater portion hurriedly fling down their war implements and are soon on their faces quenching their thirst. But look again! Some are not so reckless, they hold their swords and spears in one hand, and with the other dip up the water and drink. Ah, the brave general is again testing his soldiers. The Lord had said to him: "The people are yet too many; bring them down to

the water, and I will try them for thee there;" and he finds when the test is made that only three hundred remain. Nine thousand seven hundred turn to their homes, while Gideon and the brave remnant move on and encamp for the night.

Leaving them for the present, we espy down in the valley hundreds upon hundreds of tents, covering the plain before us. It is the hosts of the Midianites and Amalekites, and children of the East gathered together and pitched in the valley of Jezreel, ready on the morrow to invade and plunder the country. They too are weary from marching, and as night falls, the great host is soon overcome by slumber.

Meanwhile Gideon lies down to rest, but soon rises again, for the Lord had said unto him, "Arise, go down into the camp for I will give it into thy hand." While stealing his way on the outside of the camp, he overhears a man relating a dream to his companion, the interpretation of which assures Gideon of victory.

Returning to his own camp he says, "Arise, ye, for the Lord hath given into your hand the camp of Midian." Dividing his company into three detachments, he gives each man a pitcher with a torch therein, and instructs them to follow his example. Coming to the camp they break the pitchers and cry "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Confusion spreads among the Midianites, and every man's sword is against his neighbour until they all but annihilate their own army.

King Saul.

Close upon two hundred years roll by and we look again. At the foot of the hill on which we stand is another spring—the "Fountain of Jezreel," and another army is encamped ready for battle on the morrow. Time has made great improvement in the training of soldiers and in their equipment. It has the appearance

of a royal army—glittering shields and spears, banners flying, and they march in perfect order. Their leader is not an uncouth man of the hills, but a trim and polished General, though of sad countenance. He is head and shoulders taller than his fellows and accompanied by an armour bearer. It is Saul, the first King of Israel. What a troubled look rests upon his face: he is nervous and starts at the least sound—fearful, dreadfully fearful of the consequences of the morrow's battle. The Lords of the Philistines, a people from the west coast have come up in thousands to the ancient battle ground to try their strength with Israel.

Darkness settles in the camp, but Saul cannot rest, for he is troubled in mind and conscience. As night passes he arises and dresses in disguise, and with two others start across the plain to Endor, a little village at the foot of yonder Mountain. The king, because of his sins, no longer receives help from Jehovah or His servants, and on the eve of this great battle is anxious to know of the result: so troubled and dejected—God forsaken, he silently and unobserved, resorts to the "Witch of Endor." And he said, "Divine unto me, and bring up whomsoever I shall name unto thee" . . . And the woman see-eth Samuel and cried with a loud voice.

"The unhappy King is informed that God will not help, and that the Army of Israel will be destroyed, and he and his sons meet death on the battle field." Broken and crushed in spirit, his great form falls on the floor. Assisted by those around, he at length arises, eats some food and returns to his camp.

The morning breaks bright and clear and anon every one is astir. Fine soldiers these men of Israel, but doomed to failure because of the sins of the King. No seer is near to speak comfort and good speed to his troubling soul. The harp of David is gone and the spirit, once soothed by its sweet strains, is restless with

remorse. The battle is soon joined and soon over. In deadly conflict they unite, but as the Lord is not with Israel, before night falls they are fleeing from the face of the Philistines and fall down slain in Gilboa. Jonathan, son of the King and bosom friend of David, falls, also his two brothers. Saul himself flees up yonder slope in hopes of escape, but the arrows of the archer hit him hard, and, fearing the torment of his pursuers, meets an ignominious death by falling upon his own sword. The Philistines find his body and nail it on the walls of a small village east of the valley.

One hundred and sixty years pass and great changes are evident everywhere. Kings have ruled and passed away, but we, in imagination, still stand on the watch tower of Jezreel. Do you see that little village a short distance to the south? That is Shunam, and a great woman lives there, a Shunamite heathen. Observe to the west that high mountain. It stands on the sea. "The great Sea." It is Mount Carmel, the home of Elisha, the prophet of God: and on his missions he often passes through this valley halting at yon house for rest and refreshments. This great woman, observing the man of God in his journeys, saith unto her husband, "lo, I pray thee, this is a holy man of God who passeth by us continually, let us make a little chamber on the wall, . . . and set for him there a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick." They make the room, and the prophet in his travels humbly acquiesces with her request. In the field just behind the house, her son was overcome by a sunstroke, and westward is the road over which the mother passes to bring the man of God who restores him to life.

It is difficult to tear away from this scenery. So many and important events transpired in this vicinity, that we would fain remain and see them all.

Hither came Elijah before Ahab "to the entrance of Jezreel." He comes from Mount Carmel, where he

prayed until the cloud arose and the heavens became black. Naaman, the Syrian leper, with his camel load of presents to the King of Israel, likewise passed this way, when he sought healing at the direction of the little Jewish captive maid. Leaving the house of Elijah, on Mount Carmel, he passed close beside us on his way to dip in Jordan, and then recrossed it with gladdened heart to offer to the prophet of God a token of thankfulness. Down through this plain came the horses "and chariots and a great host" from the King of Assyria, on their mission to take Elijah who was then staying at Dothan.

Ere we leave the summit of this hill, we recall another important historical event in connection with the Kings of Israel. David, the man after God's own heart, is long since gone to his reward. Solomon, the wise, with all his glory is passed away. The kingdom over which they ruled has become two, viz., "the Kingdom of Judah" on the South, comprising but two of the twelve tribes, Judah and Benjamin, with Jerusalem as the capital; and the "Kingdom of Israel" comprising the remaining ten tribes possessing the country around us, with Samaria as its capital, and Jezreel as a summer resort for the King. The King of Israel is Ahab, a very wicked man, one who "caused the children of Israel to sin grievously." In his summer house close beside us, lives a woman even worse than himself. Her name is Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal, King of the Zidonians. She is wife of Ahab. This heathenish princess took vengeance on the prophets of God and killed all except a few who escaped her treachery.

Adjoining the palace of Ahab is a fine garden owned by "Naboth, the Jezreelite." Ahab covets this vineyard and offers to buy it from its owner, who refuses to sell, because it is his father's inheritance—a good reason for not wishing to part with it even to oblige a king. Ahab retires to his room greatly disappointed, and

flings himself upon his bed, refuses to eat. Seeing him thus cast down, his wife says, "Why is thy spirit sad, that thou eatest no bread?" Being informed of the reason, she replied in disgust, "Dost thou now govern Israel? Arise, and eat bread and let thy heart be merry; I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite." By her treachery poor Naboth is slain and the garden given to the king.

For these and kindred sins the anger of the Lord is kindled, and Elijah is sent to the king, saying, "I will bring unto thee evil and cut off thy posterity. Concerning thy wife, the dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel."

We come now to the fulfilment of these stern predictions. Elijah has been caught away to heaven by a whirlwind. Ahab is dead and his son reigns two years, falls through the lattice and dies. His brother, Joram, takes the throne and now reigns. Jezebel the wicked, still lives: Elisha is now prophet in the place of Elijah. King Joram has just had a battle with Hazael, King of Syria, and is "in Jezreel to be healed." Ahaziah, King of Judah, hearing of his misfortune comes down to visit him. While all this is going on, Elisha sends a brother prophet to Ramoth-Gilead with instructions to anoint Jehu, son of the good Jehoshaphat, to be King over Israel. When his fellow officers are apprised of the new appointment, "they hasten to set Jehu on the seat and blow the trumpet," saying "Jehu is King." Zealous to fulfil his commission with all speed, the newly appointed King leaps into his chariot and drives towards Jezreel.

Do you see that cloud of dust yonder? That is Jehu, and he drives with the fury of a madman. A watchman on the tower calls, "I see a company." A horseman dashes out and gallops to meet the on coming King; but he does not return and another is sent. There is great commotion in the King of Israel's

house—servants running hither and thither. A clatter of horses hoofs comes from the royal stables, and presently out dashes a chariot from the King's palace. There is excitement everywhere as the nervous King hastens to meet Jehu.

Presently they meet, a few words pass and Ahab's chariot turns quickly, and with lightning speed, dashes back again to the palace. But fleet as are his war horses, fleetier still is an arrow from Jehu's bow, which pierces the heart of the terrified Monarch. Ahaziah, King of Judah, hearing of the assassination, flees "by the way of the garden house," but falls a victim of the sword. Wicked Jezebel, thinking to overawe Jehu, "paints her eyes, and dies her head, and looks out of the window, and saith, "Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?" "Who is with me?—who?" cries the young King. Two or three eunuchs show their faces, and he says, "Throw her down," to be trodden under foot by the horses. In the evening, when they wish to bury her, nothing is to be found but her skull, hands and feet; dogs having eaten the rest of her body.

CHAPTER VI.

From Jenin to Nabalus.

IT being time for the horses to feed, the carriage drew up under some trees by the road side just out of the village. While engaged in a pleasant repast, two women came shouting and scolding behind us. At the same time a man ran out from a foot-path among the bushes, snatched the whip from our carriage and started back towards the village. Our driver had returned to a shop, and his fourteen year old son, was too frightened to do anything. Expostulating a little with the man, we persuaded him to give up the whip, and off he started to find the driver. Trouble was surely brewing. Vengeance was in that screaming and determination on that man's face. And the cause? When we entered the town a lad stopped us, demanding a *bishlick* as road tax for the carriage. The driver having paid it thought no more of the matter; but the boy was not the proper person to collect the money, and the man, the rightful owner and his wife thinking the money was not paid, followed us in hot pursuit. The wife sat on a stone by our carriage, and despite entreaties, warnings, etc., ceased not to scold and shout until the driver returned and restored order.

We spent an hour and a half there, and then began to climb the long steep steps until we were high above the

level of the plain behind us. For miles nothing of importance met our notice, save the abundance of olive plantations in the valleys and on the hill sides.

About an hour after leaving Jenin, we descended from the high elevation and crossed a narrow valley through which flows a small stream. This ultimately becomes the river Mifzer, emptying itself into the Mediterranean Sea at ancient Cæsarea, the town to which Philip went preaching the glad tidings of the gospel. To our right on the southern side of the little plain was the village of

El Dothan.

The Dothan of Scripture. In this village and on those surrounding hills occurred events of thrilling interest to lovers of the Bible. We will go back, in imagination, one thousand seven hundred and eighty years before Christ.

Far to the South is the town of Hebron, and near it a great man lives. He is a Patriarch with a large family, and much wealth. Twelve sons and two daughters grace his household, his riches consist largely of sheep, goats, cattle, etc. These, his sons watch on the hills, and in the valleys of Canaan. Rain having failed, the pastures south are not so good as usual, so these shepherds gradually move northwards, in hope of finding better pasture.

This Patriarch has a son whom he loves better than all the others. He is a good lad, and this possibly is the cause of the favouritism. This boy remains at home with his father, while the others feed the flocks. And Jacob, for that is the aged man's name, says unto Joseph his son, "Do not thy brethren feed the flocks in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them.

. . . . And he sendeth him from the valley of Hebron, and he cometh to Shechem. And a man findeth him, and lo, he is wandering in the field, and

the man asketh him, saying, 'what seeketh thou?' and he saith, 'My brethren, I am seeking, declare to me, I pray thee, where they are feeding.' And the man saith, 'They have journeyed from this, for I heard them saying, 'Let us go to Dothan.'"

On these hills then, three thousand seven hundred and eighty years ago, Reuben, Simon, Levi, Judah, etc., sons of Jacob, grandson of Abraham, fed their flocks. It is a long time ago, but customs on these hills have not changed, for there before our eyes is a shepherd feeding his flock. See the long thick woollen cloak hanging loosely over his shoulders. One would think its weight would greatly tire the wearer. And why does he wear such a heavy garment this hot day? Why this is what he sleeps in at night, for he seldom shelters in a house. His home is the open fields, the sky the roof over his head, his food is carried in that bag hanging at his side, and he drinks from, and washes himself at the many springs in the hills. In his right hand is a staff, same as in days gone by. All along the way from the Mountains of Lebanon, such men and flocks were to be seen.

Just east of the Jordan, as we were coming from Darat to the Sea of Galilee, I noticed from the carriage window an interesting occurrence. Our train was descending along the side of one of those steep hills, when we passed a shepherd with his flock—half were sheep, and half were goats. As the train snorted and rumbled past; the goats all took fright, and fled down the hill; but the sheep, every one of them, huddled in closely to the shepherd, and moved not until we were past.

We thought of the Great Shepherd, and His words, "My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me." In the rumble and roar of the train, the goats heard not the voice of their master—saw nothing but danger and destruction, but the sheep heard the voice of the shep-

herd, and remained quiet and secure. And may we not take a lesson from this? Does it not show that the fearful, fretful professors of religion—the ones alarmed at every real and imaginary danger, are in reality not sheep at all, but wild goats?

But return to Dothan. Yonder is a young man coming over the crest of the hill. What a strange yet fascinating dress—a coat of many colours! Why, it is Joseph seeking his brethren. “And they saw him afar off . . . and they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and slay him, and cast him into a pit . . . and say some wild beast hath devoured him. . . . And Reuben heard and said unto them, ‘Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit, that is in the wilderness. And it came to pass when Joseph was come unto them . . . they took him and cast him into a pit.’” This pit was one of the many artificial wells made to receive water in the rainy season. In summer months it is dry. Many of these wells are to be found in the Holy Land, and especially in and around Jerusalem.

Joseph is Sold.

But do you notice that where we stand is a well beaten Camel path, crossing our road? This is the great trade route from the East—the land of the Chaldeans and from Nineveh leading down to Egypt. It is one of the most important highways of the ancient world. Traders in precious stones, spices, etc., carried their goods into the lands of the Pharaohs and sold to the rich Egyptians. Why, here comes one of those bands now! What a long string of heavily laden camels! “And the children of Jacob sit down to eat bread, and they lift up their eyes, and lo, a company of Ishmaelites, coming from Gilead and their camels, bearing spices, and balm, and myrrh, going to take them down to Egypt. And Judah saith, “Come, and

we will sell him to the Ishmaelites. . . And the Midianite merchants pass by, and they bring up Joseph from the well and sell him for twenty Silverings, and they take Joseph into Egypt." Poor Joseph! As he travels southward with the caravan, he passes just a little to the west of his home and loved ones. His eyes scan those hills in hope of seeing some one coming to his rescue. But all in vain! He would fain break away from his captors, but impossible; so with tear-stained cheeks he passes on, disappearing for twenty long years. But it all works for his and his parent's good. Strange and marvellous are the ways of Providence!

In the days of Elisha, one thousand years after this last named event, another incident took place at Dothan. The Syrian King failing in every attempt at a surprise attack on the army of Israel, and being informed that the prophet of God is the cause of his plans becoming known, "Sends thither horses, and chariots, and a great host: and they come by night and compass the city." On seeing them, the servant of Elisha fears greatly, but in answer to prayer his eyes are opened, and behold the mountain is full of horses and chariots of fire. The Syrian soldiers are smitten with blindness and led by the prophet into Samaria, the capital city, where they are hospitably entertained, and return to their own land a wiser people.

Samaria.

Continuing our journey, we came in sight of ancient Samaria. For the last two hours we had been travelling in Samaria of our Lord's time.

Lack of time and other reasons, prevented us from a close observance of the place. Next to Jerusalem, this city was once the most important city in Palestine. It came into prominence in the reign of Omri third,

King of Israel, nine hundred and three years before Christ. "From Shechem, the original seat of the Empire, Jeroboam removed to the enchanting heights of Tirzah, a magnificent mountain projecting from the table land of Ebal, six miles north of the former place.

Solomon had praised its beauty, in his immortal Song: "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah," and for forty years it was the seat of royalty. Ambitious for an imperial city near Jerusalem, Baasha, the successor of Jeroboam, abandoned Tirzah for Ramah. Overtaken by misfortune, he was compelled to return to the mountains of Ephraim. More successful, however, than his predecessor, after a reign of six years, Omir finally exchanged Ramah for the wealth and beauty of Samaria.

The city was located on one of the most imposing, and picturesque hills of Palestine. Situated in a basin like plain, six miles in diameter.—The hill rises in an oval shape to the height of three hundred feet. Connected with the mountain on the east by rolling land, it has the appearance of a noble promontory. The side of the mountain is broken by a broad, irregular terrace, while the top forms a long level plateau. The valleys on the north and south of the mountain converge on the west, and forms the valley of Nablous, which extends to the sea.

Nothing evinces the refinement and elegance of Omir's taste more than the selection of this as the site of the royal city, but under the degenerating influences of Mohomedanism, the beautiful in nature, and the grand in art sinks into insignificance.

No important event occurred in connection with Samaria for seven hundred years after the Kings of Israel, till the reign of the Roman Emperor Augustus, who bestowed it as a gift upon Herod the Great, by whom it was renamed Sabasta after the Emperor's wife. He

enlarged and beautified it until it rivaled Baalbek and Palmyra in the magnificence of its Architecture.

On the summit of the hill, Herod erected a temple in honour of his patron, and enclosed its base with a colonnade, consisting of two ranges of columns fifty feet apart, and extending three thousand feet in length. Such was Samaria in Apostolic days, when Philip, together with Peter and John, preached the kingdom of Heaven to the Samaritans and encountered Simon Magus, the sorcerer.

It was to this place that Elisha led the Syrian soldiers, whom the Lord had smitten with blindness. The following year, Ben-Hadad, King of Syria, gathered all his hosts and went up and besieged Samaria, until an ass's head was sold for twenty pieces of silver. At the pool on the side of the mountain, they washed the royal chariot of Ahab, when the dogs licked up his blood, "according to the word of the Lord." Here, Jehu, with subtilty, slew the seventy sons of Ahab and destroyed the images and brake down the house of Baal.

Perhaps the most important event of all its history, was when it fell into the hands of the Syrians, 800 B.C. The ten tribes, constituting the kingdom of Israel, were at that time carried into captivity to the north-east, and placed in Halah and Hoban by the river Logan, and in the cities of the Medes. Never more do we with certainty hear of them. They doubtless still exist, and according to the promises of Jehovah, will return and inherit the land of their fathers. The sacred historian devotes a half hundred verses, attributing their downfall and captivity to the notorious sins of her kings and people.

Shechem.

It was well on in the afternoon when we passed the hill on which stood ancient Samaria. Our pace

had now become much slower as the horses were tired from their long day's journey. Just before sunset, we turned to the left and entered a narrow valley. Green grass and grain, trees and shrubs, rosebushes and brambles, flowers and ferns abounded everywhere. It was a treat to the eyes after two days travel through a comparatively barren country. From Damascus southwards, we had seen no such verdure as here. A beautiful refreshing stream flows down the valley—hence so much vegetation. Just before us rose the town of Nablous—the Shechem of Bible times, the Neapolis, of the Romans. This is one of the oldest known towns, vyeing even with Damascus. As early as Gen. xii; 6, it is mentioned, and was afterwards constituted one of the cities of refuge.

As the carriage drew up to the hotel, a crowd of young men and boys soon gathered around to secure a peep at the new comers. This town is reputed for its aversion to Christianity, twenty two of its twenty three thousand inhabitants are Moslems. The hotel keeper, not expecting visitors, was soon rushing about hither and thither, and ere long had things fairly comfortably arranged for us. It was just sunset, and we were invited to the house top to see a glorious view—the red Sun sitting behind the ancient hills of Samaria. A few moments gaze in wonder at Mt. Ebal on the right, and Gerizim on the left, and we were off to see the

Samaritan Synagogue.

The only one in the world. A guide led the way along narrow streets, covered alleys, dark passages, followed by a croud of saucy, impudent boys. This unpleasantness, however, was soon over and we were admitted to the synagogue—a dingy room not more than twenty feet square:—such it appeared to us in the dim candle light. Here we were shown the oldest Samaritan M.S.S. in existence, reputed to be three thousand five hundred

years old. It is neatly written on vellum, rolled and encased in tin.

The Samaritans of Nablous—a mere remnant of one hundred and eighty persons—are the only ones in existence. They still keep up the yearly sacrifice on Mt. Gerizim and other forms of worship, but as a people are doomed to extinction. The Samaritan, like the Jew, has his distinctive facial cast—sallow complexion, sandy hair and beard, rather tall and slender, with fine, though not beautiful features. They are known as importunate beggars, the High Priest himself being the greatest offender. They make gain from travellers, but are by no means the exception, as Palestine abounds in beggars.

It is said that for historical interest and natural scenery, Nablous is second to no town in Palestine. Embowered in olive groves, gardens and orchards, and watered by eighty springs, the place enjoys a situation, which for beauty and advantages, is far above the many other towns of interest. Jerusalem, indeed, surpasses all others in historical interest, and others may be more beautiful, but none unite the two like Nablous.

Let us now turn away from modern Shechem to the Shechem of Bible times. We will take our imaginary stand on Mount Gerizim, the Mount of Blessing, and turn our eyes to the Sun rising—towards the land of the Chaldeans and Haran. What is that cloud rising from the ground at the foot of yonder hill? Why, that is dust made by some travellers coming in our direction—two men, a woman on a donkey, servants and an ass laden with goods. As they draw near they show signs of weariness, for the day has been long and the sun severe. But they are not from among the people around us, they are strangers. It is Abraham, Sarah his wife, and Lot with their possessions. From the far east have they come,—“from beyond the flood,” having at the command of God turned their backs on their

kindred and country for a land afterwards to be shown him. A short stay here and they pass on South into Egypt.

Joshua's Charge.

One hundred and eighty two years pass and another company appear before Shechem. It is larger than the previous one—abundance of cattle, sheep, servants etc. It is Jacob on his return journey from Padan-Aram. He is bargaining with the fathers of Shechem for a piece of ground, and having settled the price he builds an altar and worships God. We close our eyes on the disgraceful scene of the next few days and wait another important event. It is three hundred and twelve years after Jacob appeared before the town. He has long since gone to his fathers, and his posterity has increased far into the thousands. Their three hundred and more years of hard Egyptian bondage has ended. Moses who led them from the land of slavery died, and was buried by the hand of God on Mt. Nebo. Joshua, the fearless and true, now commands the hosts of Israel, and has led them victoriously through the swelling Jordan; with them he has conquered the greater part of Canaan; he himself is now bowed with age and feels his time to depart is at hand. He is gathering the "Elders of Israel, and their heads, and Judges, with the officers" and all the tribes of Israel to Shechem to give them his farewell charge and to warn them against the idolatry of the land. Just twenty four years previous to this gathering, there was a similar assemblage of the people, but part then stood on Mt. Gerizim, and part on Mt. Ebal, while Joshua "read all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law. This was done according to the "word of Moses" which he spake to them before his death.

This latter gathering is the most important that ever

took place at Shechem. Behold, how reverently the "heads" of the people "present themselves before God." What profound silence falls upon the great gathering. The tall, though somewhat stooped, form of the aged Joshua slowly rises from among the prostrate people. Deliberately his hand is stretched out over their heads. The voice which so often commanded the hosts of Israel in time of war, though weak with age, is to-day clear and distinct, and reaches to the outskirts of the crowd.

"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel. Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, Terah, the father of Abraham, and the father of Nachor: and they served other gods. And I took your father from the other side of the flood, and led him throughout all the land of Canaan and multiplied his seed. . . Now therefore, fear the Lord, and serve Him in sincerity and truth: and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt and serve ye Me. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord; choose you this day whom ye will serve, . . . but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord. And the people answered and said, 'God forbid that we should forsake the Lord and serve other gods.' . . . So Joshua made a covenant with the people, . . . and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem."

Early, Friday, we mounted our carriage and passed eastward through the town, and after a half hours drive stopped again. Dismounting, we descended from the main road to

Jacob's Well.

When the herdsmen of Jacob disputed with those of Abimelech about the place of watering their flocks, the former gave orders to his servants to move on and dig another well. And this is the spot, and we stand

by the very well—wonderful! At the remembrance of a greater than Jacob, we removed our hats for His presence hallowed this place. “Jesus, therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well.”

Hither came the woman of Samaria, and on this stone which forms the mouth of the well, sat our blessed Lord weary and hungry. Just yonder is Sychar, the little village where lived the woman. At least one happy mortal with a heart full of blessing walked, or perhaps ran, up that path to tell others of the Christ. Oh, blessed and merciful Jesus! Blessed and soul inspiring words that He uttered! And is it superstition to say blessed and sacred spot.

Right thankful were we to be there, would fain have lingered and sat by the well. Why, we all but found ourselves looking around for Jesus, but He was not there; He was gone! The Priest of the Greek Church kindly let down a bucket and we all drank from the refreshing water of “Jacob’s well.” No better water in all the land. He lowered a lighted candle also to show us its great depth, which is seventy five feet, and seven feet wide. The mouth of the well is formed of one massive stone with a circular opening. The length of the stone is three feet nine inches, breadth two feet seven inches, thickness one foot six inches. It stands thirteen inches above the pavement, of limestone, and the diameter of the aperture is seventeen and one half inches.

Time would not admit of a lengthy stay at this place, as a long road lay between us and *El Kudos*, (*The Holy*), as the Arabs call Jerusalem. Nothing of interest occurred until shortly after breakfast, when an incident happened, which at the first appeared exciting if not dangerous. We were proceeding at a good pace along a fairly smooth road, when we saw coming towards us a pair of fine black horses attached to a carriage, and running at full speed. The driver had

lost control of the horses, and the next minute was thrown out on the hard stones. The place where we were likely to meet was narrow, it appeared evident that a smash was in store. Every seat in our carriage was soon emptied and the occupants seeking a place of safety. But just as the approaching team came to a turn in front of us, they left the road and ran down through the fields and came to a standstill. No lives were lost and no bones broken.

Shiloh.

About eleven o'clock we passed ancient Shiloh. Here "the whole congregation assembled . . . and set up the tabernacle," Josh. xviii; 1. From Joshua until David, this was the place of the visible house of God. Here also, Joshua cast lots in the dividing of the land among the several tribes of Israel.

Thirty years after, when the tribe of Benjamin was all but exterminated by the other tribes over the affair of the Levite (Judges xx.) it was in the vineyard close to Shiloh, that the remaining five hundred hid. "And they commanded the children of Benjamin, saying, 'go and lie in wait . . . and see, . . . and, behold if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance, then come ye out of the vineyard, and catch you every man his wife from the daughters of Shiloh, and go to the land of Benjamin."

Here Hannah prayed in the bitterness of her soul, when she obtained the promise of the young child, Samuel. In the tabernacle, the same Samual ministered before the Lord. From the gate of the city went the Ark of God, surrounded by the hosts of Israel, to give battle to the hords of Philistines, and over yon hills came the runner, bearing the sad news of the terrible defeat to Eli, who, upon hearing mention of the Ark of God, fell backwards off his seat and broke his neck.

At noon we halted under the shade of some trees

beside a running stream, and took our lunch. Where the water falls from a rock on the side of the road, the women come to do their washing. They bring no modern washing, tub and wash-board, or soap, but a large club. After soaking the clothes in the water they are placed on a rock, and pounded and repounded with this large stick until pronounced clean, when they are wrung and placed on the head, and carried away to the home.

In sight of Jerusalem.

The afternoon's drive was through the same mountainous country as before described. At 4-30 p.m., we ascended a small hill, and again stopped to feed the horses. Our position here was high and commanding, and on casting our eyes southwards, lo! just ten miles before us, appeared the domes, minarets, and walls of Jerusalem. A feeling of delightful reverence swept over us and we removed our hats, for it was the city of the Great King. Within her temple the glory overshadowed the mercy seat. Within those walls kings ruled and died; the prophet, priest and scribe filled his respected office and passed away. Above all, there the Prince of Peace was condemned to death.

On the hill crest from which we gazed, many a devoted Jew, on his annual journey up to the feast of the Passover, had bowed and kissed the ground in holy veneration. Over this road came the youthful Jesus with His father and mother. Ancient tradition says that this very village where we rested, is the place where His parents first missed Him on their return journey from the Pascal Feast.

An hour and a half brought us to the city, and five minutes more, to the hotel where we found everything comfortable and satisfactory.

CHAPTER VII.

To the Mount of Olives.

IT was our first Sunday in Jerusalem. For morning worship we attended a bright English service in the Christian Alliance Church. In the afternoon, accompanied by two American Missionaries, we took a Sabbath day's journey to Mount Olivet. On our way we entered "the Church of Perpetual Prayer," where nun's may always be seen in the attitude of devotion. Passing down the road along the north of the city wall, we came to the old "Sheep Gate," and Solomon's Quarries on the right, and a little further on the left, the Mount of Mounts,—Calvary.

- It is a small hill some three hundred yards from the present city wall, and just opposite to the spot where stood the Judgment Hall of Pilate. Permission was not allowed to ascend to the spot where the World's Redeemer died. The place is now owned by Moslems, who have enclosed it with a high stone wall. When Modern Surveyors declared this to be the most probable, if not the only possible site of Calvary, Christians were perhaps too jubilant.

Mr. Moody, when in Jerusalem, held a large meeting there. Later on, the International Sunday School Convention, likewise had a great mass meeting, and talked loudly of buying the spot, but the stealthy Mohammedans secured it before them. However, the hill remains intact, and one can obtain a beautiful

view from all sides. A clear form of a skull is visible on the very face of the hill, and below is Jeremiah's Grotto, the ancient Jewish place of stoning.

Turning the corner of the city wall, we descended into the valley of Kedron, and just before reaching the brook itself, passed the reputed stoning place of Stephen. Crossing the bridge over the brook, then dry, a few steps brought us to the

Garden of Gethsemane.

Whatever may be said about the identification of numerous places in and around Jerusalem, this, if not the real spot, must, according to the Scripture account, be in the near vicinity of our Lord's great agony. Tradition of the Fourth Century, makes this the exact spot. But were there no tradition, one searching for the garden, would surely fix upon this, as the most likely place. Indeed there cannot well be any other.

It lies on the lower slope of Olivet, just at the end of the Modern, and doubtless, also the original bridge across the "Brook" leading up the Mount, "where Jesus went forth with His disciples over the brook Kedron, where there was a garden, into the which He entered, and His disciples." (John xviii. 1.)

The Garden contains one third of an acre, enclosed by a high stone wall, and entered on the east by a small gateway, not more than four feet high, by three wide. We cautiously stooped down and reverently passed through and looked around; but were disappointed, for before us was a well kept garden surrounded by a high iron railing.

In the enclosure are eight olive trees, well over one thousand years old. Some claim them to be the very trees that covered the head of sorrows; but cannot be, as Titus' beseiging army left not one tree standing for miles around Jerusalem, when he made his desperate seige. These might, however, have sprung from the roots of those which were there in our Lord's time.

Oblivious of present surroundings, and the modern appearance, we, in a measure, entered into the scenes of two thousand years ago. We recalled the account as given in the Gospels, and saw, in imagination, all the transactions of that awful night. The Master, with burdened expression, leading the handful of disciples down yonder slope from the city gate across the small brook, and entering the garden.

Leaving all of them, but three behind, He proceeded with heavy steps, followed by Peter, James and John to yonder spot, under the spreading bough of an olive tree, where they are commanded to "tarry and watch," while His own pure soul was "sore amazed and very heavy." The prostrate form upon the cold damp soil, the broken sobs and heavy groans on the still night air, the bloody sweat, the strengthening angel, the sleeping disciples: All this was easily seen as we sat in the quiet of the lonely garden.

And then this stillness broken by the rabble's voice, the loneliness of the place, lighted by the betrayer's torch, the innocent cheek, yet flushed from the agonizing prayer, and possibly stained by the bloody sweat, receiving the dastardly kiss: the drawn sword of Peter, the bleeding ear of the servant, and the sympathetic healing touch of Jesus, even in such an hour, the fleeing disciples, the march up the slope, of the blood-thirsty crowd, with Jesus in the centre, His hands tied behind Him. All this swiftly ran through our minds.

"Over there in Jerusalem, His body was crucified; but here was the scene of the crucifixion of His soul. There the letter of the law was executed, but here the awful weight of its spirit, was borne. There He drank the dregs of sorrow, but here the 'full cup' was wrung out to Him. Here the enemy, who had departed for a season, returned with all the powers of hell to overthrow the 'Son of Man. Here His 'own familiar friend' betrayed Him. Here the Captain of our Salvation, was made perfect through suffering, and from this place,

broken hearted, as He was, with the cross before Him, and a heavier cross upon Him, He rose up from the garden and went forth to die. 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' "

We plucked a sprig or two from a plant, picked up a few scattered leaves as a memorial, and left the scene of our Saviour's great agony, to ascend the path leading to the summit of Olivet. Passing through the enclosure of the Russian quarters, we entered the chapel, where service was in progress. Unlike the great church in the city, the "Sisters" here lead the singing, and such sweet voices! All was quiet and reverential, save for the occasional sound of the officiating priest, and the grand volume of song from the female choir. Here was harmony, beautiful, and melody sweet; far sweeter than the male singers in the Russian church in Jerusalem. It brought tears from the eyes of some of the listeners.

We did not understand their language, so quietly withdrew to a secluded spot at the rear of the chapel, just on the eastern brow of the mount. Here sheltered from the chilling winds, and under the spreading branches of some pine trees, we sat down and read the account of the Ascension, after which we all knelt in prayer. Oh, how sweet and good it was to be there! The sorrow of Gethsemane gave place to floods of joy, and presently tears were freely flowing, and exclamations of joy and thanksgiving were heard from nearly all. Ah! we felt the presence of our beloved Lord, and unconsciously gazed up into the heavens, but the natural eye saw nothing save the calm placid sky. He was visible to the eye of faith only.

Thrice happy from our "Sabbath day's journey" we returned to Jerusalem, not feeling the least qualm of conscience. If under the rigid law, the Jew was allowed to walk thus far, surely under the gospel the Christian may be allowed the same privilege.

To Bethlehem.

The place of Christ's birth, lies due south of Jerusalem, about six miles; it was therefore necessary for us to go by carriage. The road led down the western side of the hill of Zion, and over the bridge, spanning the Valley of Hinnom, then up another hill on the opposite side, and on to the "Valley of Giants." Here David had more than one successful encounter with the "Lord's of the Philistines," and here he heard the sound of the going in the tops of the "mulberry trees" and bestirred himself to battle. (II. Sam. v. 17—25.)

This also marked the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin. A little further on we came to the "Well of the Magi," where tradition says the wise men from the east, dispirited and weary, from their fruitless search for the King of the Jews, came, and stooping down to obtain a drink, saw clearly reflected in the water below, the same Star of the East. Hastily looking upwards, "Lo, the Star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child lay."

Following their footsteps we came to the summit of the hill, from which Jerusalem was clearly visible from behind and Bethlehem in front. A little further on was

Rachel's Tomb.

A square stone structure twenty five feet square with a dome. This spot is honoured by Jew, Christian, and Moslem alike, and little doubt exists concerning it being the true place of the burial of Jacob's second wife. They had journeyed from Bethel on their way to Hebron and had "but a little way to come to Ephratah" when she gave birth to her second son. "And it came to pass, as her soul was departing, for she died, that she called his name Ben-oui, but his father called him Benjamin. And Rachel died, and was buried on

the way to Ephratah, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day.

On the slopes of the hill country to our right, was a large flourishing village with numerous well built edifices embowered in a forest of Olive groves. It is the ancient Giloh, home of Ahithophel, (II. Sam. xv: 12.) "A very vivid cromatic light is thrown upon the story of Ahithophel and David, and we can more readily understand and appreciate the overwhelming surprise and grief of the tender hearted Monarch, when his life-long friend turned traitor to him. For Bethlehem and Giloh being thus, as it were, sister villages or towns, the flocks belonging to each place would ramble on the same hill, and the shepherd boys who tended them would be companions and playmates from childhood."

Fifteen minutes after leaving Rachel's tomb, we passed the "Well of David" (where the "three mighty men" risked their lives in securing a drink for their beloved leader from the waters of his own native town, II. Sam. xxiii: 14-17.) on the outskirts of

Bethlehem

we entered the narrow, winding streets of the birth place of Boaz, David and our Lord.

The town has about two thousand houses with a habitation of some eight thousand, all of whom are Christians. From the time of the Moslem conquest, until 1843, there had always been a small number of Moslem inhabitants, but because of the continual strife, Abraham Pasha, after an uprising, destroyed their quarter and compelled the small following of Islam to migrate to other towns. Since that date not a Mohammedan or Jew is allowed to live within the town. The Bethlehemites have always been celebrated for their fierce turbulence, inclined, like David, to be "Men of war" from their youth. Combined with this strong spirit

of war, is their ruddy beauty—the two leading features in their ancestor David. The women of Bethlehem are said to be the fairest and best looking of Palestine.

Leaving the carriage we walked to the

Church of the Nativity.

A huge collection of buildings on the eastern extremity of the town. This is the oldest Christian Church in existence, dating back to the fourth century. It was originally built by Constantine, and except for repairing and beautifying, remains the same church to-day.

Crossing the large open pavement in front of the Church, we entered through a doorway into a dark porch. The original handsome entrance has been almost entirely blocked up, in order to guard the church against the sudden attack of an enemy or a mob; and the present doorway has thus purposely been made small and inconvenient. We passed through the porch, which is only a fragment of what it was originally, and entered the fine and interesting old nave, which is flanked on either side by a double row of aisles. The columns and Corinthian capitals of nave and aisles are those originally erected by Constantine; and though considered architecturally, as rather debased in character, are still wonderfully striking and noble.

While gazing around this wonderful old sanctuary, a young monk stepped up and in good clear English, asked if we desired to see the church. Being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Follow me," and led us through a small door-way on the right of the altar, down some stone steps into a dimly lighted underground cave, thirty three by eleven feet, over and around which the church is built. At the foot of the stairs on the right, were sixteen silver hanging lamps burning, under which was an altar, and beneath this on the floor, a large silver star, over which was written in Latin "*Hæc Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.*" Turning to

the southwest and stepping down to a lower level we entered the "Grotto of the Manger" where our Lord was laid after His birth. The natural rock is clearly visible, although the whole place has been converted into a small chapel.

We have no disposition to doubt of this being the birth-place of the infant Jesus—"The Star of Bethlehem." St. Jerome who was born in the year 331 A.D., one year after the erection of the Church, and who spent the greater part of his life here, says there were old inhabitants of Bethlehem living in his day, who well remembered the old Inn upon the site of which the church was built. Here then we stood upon "holy ground;" and even though this manger, which is cut in the solid rock, may not be the identical one in which the "Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes" was laid, it doubtless was one of the many used in the Inn such as then existed.

In this small cave or chapel stands a Turkish soldier fully armed—a strange anomaly surely, but necessary withal, even in the house of God. So bigotted are the two churches, the Greek and the Latin, the members of which worship here, that upon the least provocation they would fly into a conflict of blows. Our guide, the young monk, informed us that it was not a good time to see all the underground "sacred places," as the priests and monks were about to pass through on their usual afternoon round of worship, but if we would wait a few minutes, and follow him, we would have a most favourable opportunity, as he himself would be free to accompany us. Ascending the opposite stairs from which we descended, he bade us be seated until the procession would be ready. We had not long to wait, and what followed was, to some of our party, amusing. The young man brought each of us a wax candle and a small book of prayers in Latin, and told us to follow.

Not knowing what was before us, we obeyed, and followed in the rear of about thirty monks, headed by

a full robed priest, and again descended into the chapel of the Manger. With burning candle in one hand and prayer book in the other, in imitation of the priest, we all knelt and did our best to follow with the prayers and chants.

After five minutes, all the monks arose, and we followed through a narrow underground passage and knelt before another altar, that of "The Magi." After five minutes more, we marched to the altar in the chapel of St. Joseph and knelt there. By this time it became very amusing to two of our party as they watched the serious demeanour of the other two in trying to keep pace with the monks, and at the same time, displaying great ignorance in the management of the candle and prayer-book, and in trying to keep out of the way.

The last cave in the march, was that in which St. Jerome spent the greater part of his life. Here he fasted, prayed, dreamed and studied; here he gathered around him those small communities of devote Christians, the beginning of Conventional life in Palestine. From here also he sent numberless treatises, tracts, letters, etc., to enlighten and comfort the followers of the Cross.

From this cave we ascended to the top of the building, seeing, as we passed, the rooms and studys of the monks, all of which, though plain almost to barrenness, were scrupulously clean and tidy. From the house top we saw the fields in which the shepherds were feeding their flocks, when the heavenly choir sang the advent of the Messiah. After this, we were conducted to the dining-room and offered biscuits and wine. The latter we declined, also an invitation to remain and celebrate Mass on the morrow.

Bethlehem has few "sights" apart from the church of the Nativity and its beautiful locality, but we were all well pleased with the time spent there, and will ever remember it with pleasure.



Ancient Jericho.

CHAPTER VIII.

To Jericho.

ON Thursday the 4th of July, we started for the Jordan valley, a distance of fifteen miles east of Jerusalem. Our carriage passed along the outside of the northern wall of the city with Mount Calvary on our left. At the north-east corner of the city we turned to the right, and descended into the valley of Kedron, across the bed of the brook by the same name, passed the garden of Gethsemane, and ascended the opposite side of the slope, which is the western side of the Mount of Olives. Below us, on the right, lay the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, and a little to the south, the small village of Siloam. Here the road passes through the Jewish cemetery.

Looking back from the corner where the road turns eastward around the side of the mount, we obtained a most beautiful view of the city. The bright eastern sun, had already risen over the far away Mountains of Moab, and was shedding an effulgence of light over the whole country, the city lying like a map spread out before us. At this point, nearly the entire walls of the city were clearly seen; the southern corner especially stood out prominently. Two gateways pierce the wall facing the mountain on the East, one further north, known as St. Stephen's gate, through which people were coming and going. The other, about midway along the wall, known as the Golden Gate, has

been closed for many years. It was filled up so that the Harem, as the Moslems call the temple enclosure, might be kept secluded. They say that when this gate is again opened their power ends, and then the end of the world. Through the Golden Gate, Jesus made His triumphant entry into the Holy City, while the accompanying multitude cried "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

Just inside the wall, and opposite the closed gateway, is the Mosque of Omar, with its lofty Dome rising conspicuously in the morning light. A little to the left of this, is the Mosque of Elaksa. To the north is the Turkish barracks, standing on the very site of the Castle of Antonia; while away to the west is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, south west of which is David's Tower and Mount Zion, and then the Armenian Convent of St. James. All this is inside the walls, while just outside to the south is the House of Caiphas and the Tomb of David. Then away to the north, also outside the walls, is the newer Jerusalem, the Russian Colony, while eastward from these is the fine building, the Hospice, Notre Dame de France, and further on, Mount Calvary.

The driver was anxious to proceed, so we had to turn away from the beautiful view and pursue our journey. The modern Slaughter House stands down the hill-side to the right, around which a number of vultures were hovering. A little further, a small collection of houses and huts, a distant view of the Jordan valley, and then Bethany hove in sight. Wishing to call here on our return, we did not stop on our outward journey. Just past the village of Lazarus, we made a steep descent by zizzags, until we halted at the "Apostle's Fountain," a name given a fine spring of fresh water. Christians gave this place the above name, because Jesus and His disciples must often have halted here on their journeys to and from Jericho. This is also thought by

many to be "The Waters of El Shemsh," one of the boundry marks between Benjamin and Judah. (Josh. xv. 7.) A little further on the road, is a large stone, worn smooth by constant rubbing. It is "The Stone of the Father of Backs," which to rub against, gives relief from "backaches." Mohammedans say that Abraham carried it from Hebron to this place. None of our party had lumbago, so we did not "rub."

Our next stop was at

The Inn of the Good Samaritan

which is the most likely spot where the man who "fell among thieves" on his way to Jericho was cared for. This road is still notorious for thieves and robbers. Two days previous to our passing that way, a man was killed and robbed of two hundred French pounds. However, we were not molested; whether we looked dangerous, or too poor, we cannot say.

Just before we came to the Inn, we were struck with the red colour of a portion of the hill called by the Arabs, "The Ascent of Blood," and is certainly "the going up of Adummim" of Josh. xviii. 17.

East of the Inn, about a half hour's drive, a well made road branches off on the right. It was made by the Turkish Government and leads to the Moslem's "Tomb of Moses," which they hold in great reverence. Having little faith that the body of Moses was there, we declined going that way.

The next item of interest, were some remains of an old aqueduct, built in the time of the Romans, for the purpose of carrying water from the hills down to the Jericho of that time. On the left of these remains of ancient Roman history, is what some call the "Valley of Achor" of Joshua xv. 7.; at the bottom of which flows the Brook Cherith. This valley, which is very deep and narrow, runs east and west with precipitous cliffs on either side, especially on the north.

The stream at the bottom flows the year through, and along its rough banks grow abundance of shrubs, grass, and wild flowers. In a large cave half way up the opposite side from where we stood, is the Monastery of St. George, a large building apparently hanging to the face of the cliff. In this cave, tradition says, Elijah was fed by the ravens, when he fled from wicked King Ahab. "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan," (I. Kings xvii. 3.) It made a safe hiding place for the weary prophet.

After a few minutes drive from here, the whole Jordan valley and northern end of the Dead Sea, burst into view, and across on the opposite side the barren Mountains of Moab, with Nebo a little to the south. The descent into the valley was so steep, that we all left the carriage and walked. At the foot of this great range of hills, and just at the entrance of the valley, lies the ruins of Roman Jericho.

It was 11 a.m. when we reached the hotel of modern Jericho—a small village of some two thousand or more souls, mostly descendants from natives of Egypt, who were colonized here by Abraham Pasha, in the eighteenth century. It was early for lunch, so we drove on through rich fruit gardens, to the site of ancient Jericho. Nothing marks the spot now but great heaps of stones, mud made bricks and rubbish.

On the Walls of Jericho.

We descended from the carriage and scrambled up this pile of ruins, and stood on the material which composed the houses, walls, etc., of the Jericho of Joshua's stirring days. Wonderful! While standing, we go back, in imagination, as at Jezreel, in order to obtain a vivid picture of some of the scenes which transpired around this ancient city.

Behind us, to the west, is the great range of hills of

Jordan. Immediately in front, and stretching away to the south, even to the blue waters of the Dead Sea, is a large plain, with scanty bunches of shubbery here and there. At the far side of this plain is the river Jordan, its banks lined with trees and bushes, behind which are the Mountains of Moab.

Israel of Old.

But look! Do you notice at the foot of those Mountains, near the river's bank, innumerable small tents, and thousands upon thousands of human beings. There is a great commotion among them! some are forming up into line, as for marching; they have the appearance of soldiers, and carry weapons of war. Others are packing tents and belongings, while others are running hither and thither. What does it all mean? Do you see that small group of men with their peculiar long robes and mitres on their heads? On their shoulders rest two poles which support a large box richly decorated. They are making their way to the head of the fast forming procession, and stop just before the rolling waters of Jordan.

But who is that man of such decidedly soldierly appearance, advancing along the line of formation? Why that is Joshua! the successor of Moses and now General in Chief; and these hundreds of thousands are the children of Israel, descendants of the twelve sons of Jacob. Forty years previously, they left Egypt, crossed the Red sea, and have spent the greater part of the intervening time in the great wilderness to the south. To-day they are preparing to cross the Jordan to the conquest of Canaan.

Their chief is selecting a man from every tribe and having them proceed to the front. At a given signal, the priests first, the forty thousand soldiers next, and last of all the great host move forward. Just as the feet of the priests touch the swollen waters, something

wonderful occurs. The river is miraculously cut in twain, and the rushing flood from the north piles up as a wall, while those southward flow on to the sea, leaving a dry bed. The priests remain motionless, and those selected twelve quickly enter the bed of the river, and each lifting a stone on to his shoulder ascend this side of the bank. Simultaneously the great crowd follow, and cease not until all are "clean passed over."

These twelve men take twelve other stones, and put them in the very bed of the river. When this is finished, the mysteriously bound waters are let loose, and rush down with a roar of a cataract and hasten away to the salty sea. The great host, meanwhile, march on and halt at Gilgal, two miles in front of us, and put those twelve stones just beside yonder tree for a memorial unto the Lord. How the people of Jericho tremble! They line the walls of the city, and gaze on the scene in wonder and dread.

For a few days the children of Israel are busy performing the rite of circumcision, and keeping the feast of the passover, etc. When all this is finished, early in the morning, they form themselves into marching order. What does it mean? Are they going to attack the city?

Priests with the ark first, soldiers next, and people in general in the rear. But they do not come near the city, they are marching around it. What a strange procedure! All the city gates are closed and yonder is a scarlet cord in the window of the inn of Rahab. The second, fourth, fifth and sixth days, a similar march is made around the city; but on the seventh, the camp of Israel is early astir, and from morning until noon they march around the city. Not a word is heard nor a war-note from the bugle; five, six, seven times they march around. "Halt!" and the commanding voice of Joshua comes floating on the evening breeze. "Right wheel!" is the second command, and each face is turned towards the city. See!

the priests are preparing to blow with their trumpets. As the shrill blast rends the air a tremendous shout arises from the great host. There is a shaking and cracking in the great walls under our feet, and amidst a mighty crash of falling houses, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and dying "the walls fall flat."

We arise from our imaginary vision and find ourselves standing on the top of the ruins. The reader will easily recall the rest; the wedge of gold, the Babylonish garment, Achan, etc. "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho;" (Josh. vi. 26.) Despite the words, five hundred years afterwards a man was found who dared to rebuild the city, and who fulfilled the prediction by inheriting the curse. (I. Kings xvi. 34.)

The ruins are interesting, as they give some idea of the nature of the buildings, and size of the town. Excavations have clearly discovered private dwellings made of mud bricks and stones, with the walls, fire-places easily discernable. Also small portions of the original foundation of its walls have been unearthed. The latter formerly enclosed the fine spring close at hand, the only one in the neighbourhood. Its present name is *Ain Sultan*, but formerly was "Elisha's Fountain;" for, "He said, bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be found hence any more death, or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha, which he spake." (II. Kings ii. 19—22.)

Just behind the old ruins is the supposed mountain where Jesus was tempted after His forty days fast in the wilderness. It was a lonely and dreary place. Dwellings of Monks and Hermits now mark the spot. Close beside this is the mountain pass, through which

Joshua marched on his way to take Ai and the other inland cities of ancient Philistina. From a strategical point, it was absolutely necessary that Jericho should be over-thrown, lest it become a menace in the rear of the army of Israel. A few miles to the north are two prominent mountain peaks, named the "Raven's Nest" and the "Wolf's Peak." It was here that Gideon slew the two Princes of the Midianites, (Judges vii. 25.)

After lunch we drove over the almost trackless plain to

The Dead Sea,

a distance of ten miles. At this season of the year, the plain was bare, but in the spring it is covered with a variety of beautiful flowers, except close to the sea where the ground is too salty to produce vegetation.

It was 3 p.m. when we reached the briny waters. Along the shore, close to the edge of the water, was a white streak of salt. Like collections were visible in many depressed places on the lowland. And here we are at the lowest known spot on the earth's surface; being 1292 feet below the Mediterranean Sea, 3786 below Jerusalem, and 4012 below the summit of the Mount of Olives.

In consequence of their surface depth, the waters of this great lake—forty-seven miles long, with an average of about five miles in breadth, have no possible outlet anywhere; and the level is maintained by the enormous amount of evaporation, which goes on in the dry hot air of this low stratum of the atmosphere. This constant evaporation causes an equally constant precipitation of the various salts contained in the muddy deposits brought down by the Jordan and other streams, which flow into the Dead Sea, (especially on the east side); and hence the sea becomes year by year more saline in its character, and more densely impregnated with mineral substances. This accounts for the peculiar characteristics which the Dead Sea notoriously possesses

—its heavy specific gravity, its acrid taste and its incapacity for supporting marine life.

Along the north shore are numerous "salt pans," where the salt is made to crystallise on sticks.

Though sadly lonely and desolate, the Dead Sea and its surroundings have a very distinct beauty and charm of their own; and whether seen amid the grand and awful accompaniment of one of those terrific thunderstorms, which periodically break over it from the mountain regions of Moab or of Judea, or in the calm serene atmosphere of a cloudless sky; whether the surface of the lake is lashed to fury, or lies smooth and placid as a sheet of glass;—in whatever phase of humour the powers of nature may happen to be at the time of the traveller's visit, the impression of that visit upon the mind and memory must forever remain indelible. The vision of the Dead Sea is something alone and incomparable, and earth has nothing elsewhere exactly like it.

Scientists agree that the vast valley of Jordan, as far north as Mount Hermon and south to the Red Sea, was once one large lake covering many of the present hills and stretching an unbroken sheet of water for two hundred miles. Certain upheavels to the south divided it from the Red Sea, and the constant evaporation has reduced it to its present small dimensions. Under present circumstances it will in the far future become a vast pit of dry salt.

On the shore stood a small hut into which we entered and slipped into bathing clothes. Swimming in the waters of the Dead Sea is both laughable and lamentable, pleasant and otherwise. Pleasant, because of the warmth and buoyance of its waters—warm almost to blood heat, and so buoyant as makes it impossible to sink. Laughable, because when one tries to swim he finds his feet flying out of the water, and himself floating full length on the surface. Lamentable, because if care is not taken some of the desperately briny water is sure to enter the

eyes causing intense pain, and where the skin is broken it gives the sensation of a dozen pin points entering the flesh. Aware of these peculiarities we took precaution and experienced nothing but the pleasant and laughable. Remounting the carriage we turned northward towards the Jordan, which here empties into the sea. We passed on the left a large Greek Monastery, and in an hour and a half were at the

River Jordan.

After seeing the beautiful scenery of the Syrian mountains, the Jordan valley does not appear to advantage; and were it not for its historical importance, would be of little interest to the traveller. One can readily understand Naaman turning away in disgust from its muddy waters. In some places, however, the overhanging oleanders and various other trees and bushes give it a beautiful appearance.

There is no suitable place for bathing, although thousands do bathe here year after year. At Easter time pilgrims come from Jerusalem and assemble in multitudes on the river's bank and at a given signal, rich and poor, young and old, without much regard for propriety, plunge into the flowing waters. This custom is very ancient, dating back to the 6th century; but the place of bathing is not the real site of Christ's baptism, nor yet of the crossing by Joshua; both these places being further up.

Despite the steep banks and muddy waters, and swift current, we could not forego a dip into the historical stream. Once in, the water was fine after the biting sensation of the first bath.

On our way back to the hotel we passed through the spot where Achan and his family were stoned to death. The executioners were at no loss for suitable stones to put the miserable offender out of the way. Close beside this is the spot identified as ancient

Gilgal.

Where Joshua placed the twelve stones taken from the river, and where the rite of circumcision was renewed, and the first Passover held in Canaan, when the Manna ceased, and they ate of the old corn of the land. Between this spot and Jericho, Joshua met the "Captain of the Host of the Lord," and the camp of Israel remained here during the early part of the conquest of the Promised Land.

In the after history of Israel, Gilgal was conspicuous, as the place of the great and solemn assemblies of Samuel's and Saul's time. It was here that the latter was found "hid among the stuff" when the former sought to anoint him king, David returning from exile on the death of his son, Absalom, was met at Gilgal by the tribe of Judah, who had assembled to welcome their King, and give him a safe conduct over the Jordan.

We left Jericho at 4 a.m., on Friday, and arrived at Bethany about 10-30. This village of Lazarus, Mary, and Martha is beautifully situated, lying well up the south east side of the Mount of Olives, and surrounded by plantations of fig trees, grape vines, and cornfields. What the place was in our Lord's time is difficult to say; but to-day, it is a dirty Moslem village, famous only for its beggars. The tomb of Lazarus is a deep underground cave descended by twenty-eight steps. Near the bottom is the natural rock in which is the supposed tomb, now a Moslem shrine. We saw also the supposed house of Mary and Martha, but few believe in its identity.

The Triumphant Entry.

Twenty minutes after leaving Bethany, we came to the spot marking one of the great events in the life of our Lord. There can be no doubt that this is the

road of the Entry of Christ, not only because it is, and must always have been, the usual approach for horse-men and for large caravans, such as then were concerned, but because this is the only one of the three approaches [to Jerusalem] which meets the requirements of the narrative which follows.

“Two vast streams of people meet on that day. The one poured out from the city, and as they came through the gardens, whose clusters of palms rose on the southern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches, as was their want at the Feast of Tabernacles, and moved upwards towards Bethany, with shouts of welcome. From Bethany streamed forth the crowds who had assembled there on the previous night, and who came testifying to the great event at the Sepulchre of Lazarus. The road soon loses sight of Bethany.

It is now a rough, but still broad and well-defined mountain track, winding over rocks and loose stones; a steep declivity below on the left; the sloping shoulder of Olivet above on the right; fig trees below and above, here and there growing out of the rocky soil.

Along the road the multitudes threw down the boughs severed from the olive trees through which they were forcing their way, or spread out a rude matting, formed of the palm-branches, which they had already cut as they came out. The larger portion—those, perhaps, who had escorted Him from Bethany—unwrapped their loose cloaks from their shoulders, and stretched them along the rough path to form a momentary carpet, as He approached. The two streams met midway. Half of the vast mass, turning round, preceded; the other half followed. Bethany is hardly left in the rear before the long procession must have swept up and over the ridge, where first begins the descent of Mount of Olives towards Jerusalem.

At this point the first view is caught of the south-

eastern corner of the city. The Temple and the more northern portions are hid by the slope of Olivet on the right, what is seen is only Mount Zion, now for the most part a rough field, crowned with the Mosque of David and the angle of the western hills, but then covered with houses to its base, surmounted by the Castle of Herod, on the supposed site of the Palace of David, from which that portion of Jerusalem emphatically "The City of David," derived its name.

It was at this precise point "as He drew near," at the descent of the Mount of Olives—may it not have been from the sight—thus opening upon them?—that the Hymn of Triumph, the earliest hymn of Christian devotion, burst from the multitude, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the kingdom that cometh of our Father David. Hosanna . . . peace . . . glory in the highest." There was a pause as the shout rang through the long defile; and, as the Pharisees who stood by in the crowd complained. He pointed to the "stones" which strewn beneath their feet, would immediately cry out, "if these were to hold their peace."

"Again the procession advanced. The road descends a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city is again withdrawn behind the intervening ridge of Olivet. A few moments, and the path mounts again; it climbs a rugged ascent, it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view.

As now the great dome of the Mosque of El-Aksa rises like a ghost from the earth, before the traveller stands on the ledge, so there must have risen the Temple tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Musulman Sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple Courts; as now the gray town on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city, with its background

—long since vanished away—of gardens, and suburbs, on the western plateau behind.

Immediately below was the valley of the Kedron, here, seen in its greatest depth as it joins the Valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem, seen only on its eastern side—its situation as of a city rising out of a deep abyss. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road, this rocky ledge, was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and He, when He beheld the city, wept over it. Nowhere else on the Mount of Olives is there a view like this.

“After this scene, which with the one exception of the conversation at the Well of Jacob, stands alone in the Gospel history for the vividness and precision of its localisation, it is hardly worth while to dwell on the spots elsewhere pointed out by tradition, or probability on the rest of the mountain. They belong, for the most part, to ‘Holy Places’ of later pilgrimage, not to the authentic illustrations of the Sacred History.”

CHAPTER IX.

Jerusalem.

ROUGHLY speaking, Jerusalem stands two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, on the spurs of two hills surrounded and divided by two valleys, once deep, but now partly filled with rubbish. It is thirty one miles east from the Mediterranean Sea, and fifteen west of the Dead Sea. In modern times, some three hundred rock levels have been laid down over the whole area of the city, assisting us to understand the exact form of the hills. The dividing valley, which runs north and south, had two shallow branches within the city. The eastern hill was, originally, a rounded top crowned with the "threshing floor of Ornan," and the rock and under cave a sacred site from time immemorial. It sloped steeply to the west and gradually to the east, while to the south, it ran out tongue-shaped, dividing between the great central valley and the valley of Kedron on the east.

The western hill, known of old as "Zion," is higher than the eastern one by one hundred feet, but originally, presented similar characteristics, having a steep valley on either side and sloping southwards tongue-shaped. Either hill was, therefore, a strong natural fortress, the only weakness of the place for purposes of defence, lay in its insufficient supply of water. With

the exception of two opening valleys the city is surrounded by large hills, with the most important of all, Mount of Olives, on the east.

Thus beautifully situated, the sacred writers were wont to praise it in the following language: "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: whither the tribes go up. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about His people. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. I prefer Jerusalem above my chief joy. O my love," said Solomon, "thou art comely as Jerusalem. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King. Walk about Zion, and go about her: tell the towers thereof, Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined."

Often as we gazed on its grey stone walls, once a creamy white, with the exquisitely beautiful temple of Solomon rising from Mount Moriah and the Tower of David from Mount Zion, we thought that the above language was not too flighty nor in the least exaggerated, especially so in the days when the wealth and wisdom of Solomon were devoted to its beautification

Its History.

Jerusalem is generally supposed to owe its origin to Melchizedek, who was king of Salem, (Gen. xiv. 18.) and who possibly founded it about two thousand and twenty three years before Christ—five hundred years after the flood. A century after its foundation it was captured by the Jebusites—a people then inhabiting Canaan, and who constructed crude walls, and erected a citadel on Mount Zion. By them it was given the name of Jebus and a king ruled over them.

When the all conquering Joshua invaded the land its king was slain and the city taken, after which it was jointly inhabited by the people of Israel and the

Jebusites. Thus it remained until the time of David, when it was captured by him, and "the lame and the blind, who were hateful to David's soul, were hurled into the water fall," i.e., the precipice. (II. Sam. v. 8.) This refers to the strong hold of Zion only, which was afterwards called the "City of David."

The eastern hill still remained in the hands of the Jebusites, the summit of which was used by Ornan as a threshing floor. "Then the Angel of the Lord commanded Gad to say to David, that David should go up, and set up an altar in the threshing floor of Ornan, the Jebusite. And David went up . . . and spake in the name of the Lord . . . and . . . Ornan bowed himself to David with his face to the ground. Then said David . . . Grant me this place of the threshing floor that I may build an altar unto the Lord. And Ornan said unto David, Take it to thee . . . lo, I give the oxen also for burnt offerings, and the threshing instruments for wood, and the wheat for meat offering; I give it all. And David said, Nay! . . . I will not take that which is thine for the Lord nor for burnt offering without cost. So David gave to Ornan for the place, six hundred shekels of gold by weight."

From henceforth this famous hill top, on which it is thought Abraham offered up Isaac, became to the children of Israel the hallowed spot of sacrifice.

During the reign of David the city was greatly changed and improved by way of walls, fortifications, palaces, towers, etc., and enlarged and strengthened in general. But it remained for his son Solomon to put such touches of beauty and grandeur to those palaces and towers as to make it the wonder and admiration of all. On Mt. Moriah, the old threshing floor, he built the temple, which for architectural beauty and wealth, was the greatest in the world. Of no other city do we know of such an eventful history as that of "the City of the Great King." Of the three thousand years of its history

only five hundred show us Jerusalem an independent city, the capital of a free country, and the centre of a national religion.

We may add to the five hundred years another six hundred, in which the city was in the hands of the Israelites, but it was never wholly free and independent, always a prey to internal factions, and alternately in possession of Egypt, or some other powerful neighbour. Loss of independence, banishment from the city, persecution and exile, have only made the Jew look with more passionate eyes of longing upon the city, which, when it was his own, he could not hold without idolatry, contempt of his own laws, and internal dissensions. Only five hundred years of independent tenure. That period separated by more than two thousand years; yet the passionate love of the Jew for Jerusalem is in no sense diminished.

We can give here, but landmarks of its history from the time of David until its destruction by the Roman Emperor, Titus. The time of its capture by the second King of Israel, was 1046 B.C. It was held by the Israelites until the reign of Jehoiachin, when it surrendered to the powerful Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, its walls destroyed, and most of its edifices torn down. Seventy years it remained in this desolate state—until the time of Nehemiah and Ezra, when by the edict of Cyrus, many of the children of Israel were enabled to return to their own land, and Jerusalem was rebuilt. For five hundred years after this, the city knew not a single generation of peace. Internal factions tore it to pieces; it was in turn in possession of Persia, Macedonia, Assyria, Egypt and Rome. It was never wholly independent; there was never any real independence for Jerusalem after its destruction by Nebuzaradan.

It is a great pity that those who study the history of Jerusalem, generally pass over the period from

Nehemiah to Herod, as of little interest. It is a time of greatest interest, and full of instruction for those who study the development of the fiery Judæan race. There was no more Baal worship, or groves of Asherah; the pagan cult was fast growing obsolete; the gods of Hellas had invaded Syria, and those of Phœnecia were forgotten. Under Antiochus the temple was consecrated to Zeus Olympius; pigs was sacrificed at the altars: the Jewish rites and ceremonies—the observance of the Sabbath, the sacrifices enjoined by the law, the rite of circumcision—were forbidden. Had it not been for one family—the most illustrious rebels on record—the religion of the Jews would have been abandoned, and their nationality lost.

Jerusalem was a second time walled and fortified and the Jews were assured, that the desire of all nations should come and fill the house with His glory; but it was again taken, this time by Pompey, 63, B.C. Twelve thousand were murdered in the temple-courts, and the walls were demolished. Twenty years afterwards, the walls were rebuilt by Antipater, the father of Herod the Great. Under the latter, Jerusalem began to assume the new and magnificent aspect, which it wore in the time of Christ. Herod repaired and beautified the temple, as well as the city. He added so many costly buildings, and so thoroughly altered its appearance, spending immense sums of money, and employing eighteen thousand men for nine years, that he is said to have rebuilt it. The Jews continued to add improvements for many years, so that the whole time spent was "forty and six years." (John ii. 20.)

It was to this city, thus beautified, that the Saviour came. In the courts of her temple, and in her streets, He taught. His accents of mercy were heard within her walls, and there His miracles were performed. Here, His divinity was blasphemed, His name cast out,

His miracles ascribed to Satanic agency, and without one of her gates, was the Lord of Life and Glory crucified. But His own predictions about the destruction of the city were about to be speedily fulfilled.

The Roman Siege.

It was on the eve of the Jewish Passover, and Jerusalem was filled with devout worshippers from all parts of the world, who had come up to celebrate the great yearly event. It was estimated by Roman spies, and confirmed by Josephus, that not less than one million one hundred thousand of all classes were in the city. The Roman army of some fifty thousand strong, lay at Cesarea, commanded by Vespasian. Some time previous to this, Cestus, who was then in command of the Roman army, approached the city, and laid siege with the object of its overthrow, but for some mysterious reason, suddenly withdrew his entire force.

This was the favourable moment for the Christians. When they saw the Roman Standards pitched upon the hill of Scopus, they recognised the sign foretold by their Lord, and at the withdrawal of the Romans, they all retired from the city to Pella, beyond Jordan. Their withdrawal was the extinction of the last element of spiritual life in the city, and the dead form of Judaism, was only fit to be swept from the face of the earth, in the manner which Christ had before predicted.

It was in the year 70, A.D., just one generation after that Passover, at which the Jews had rejected their day of visitation. On the death of Nero, Vespasian was made Emperor, and his son Titus, put in command of the army in Syria, with orders to subdue Jerusalem. He soon appeared before the doomed city to partake in a siege, and carnage, the like of which, was never before witnessed by human eyes. But it was not to be easily taken. Haughtily enthroned upon its mountain

rock, this oriental city, with its girdling *enciente* of walls, towers and bastions, seemed as if built with set purpose to triumph over every device that could be brought by the military science of the west.

Doubtless it was the strongest city in the world, and if adequately provisioned, and defended with due care, was absolutely impregnable to the then known science of war. But internal factions rent the city in twain, and one faction of the Jews murderously fell upon the other, thus rendering the object of the Romans possible, though at a great sacrifice of life.

The whole country for ten miles around, was stripped of every tree for the purpose of making engines of war, and to fill up the great valleys outside the walls, in order that an even way might be made for the powerful battering rams, and great moveable towers. When it became evident to the less confident Jews, that the city must fall, many left its gates by stealth, and made their way to the Roman lines, which encircled the city, thus thinking to escape; but were rudely sent back, minus their hands or ears—a warning to others contemplating like actions. Famine, with all its horrors, now befell the hapless inhabitants, until mothers were known to kill and eat their own off-spring.

When the siege had lasted some fifteen days, orders were given that a circuit, or wall, encircling the city, should be raised with a deep trench on either side, and every one found leaving, or attempting to enter the city, was to be crucified. So great were the numbers thus put to death, that wood could not be found for crosses, nor space to erect them,—so says Josephus. The whole Roman army was engaged in the building of this wall, which, though five miles in length, was completed in three days.

And now began the real horrors. Thousands upon thousands of dead corpses were thrown over the city walls into the valley of Hinnom, upon which swarms of

vultures nightly feasted. Terrible indeed were the prodigies of those dreadful times. A flaming sword hung over the city for days, and a fiery comet for nearly a year pointed from the heavens upon the doomed place. At midnight, a bright light shone in the temple, making it as clear as at noonday. The great and heavy gate of the temple silently opened of itself, before the terrified priests and Jews. A voice from the holy place, was heard, "Let us depart hence."

A man wild and uncouth in appearance, daily walked upon the city walls, crying, "Woe! woe! woe! to Jerusalem." Contending armies were seen fighting in the air, and terrible thunderings and lightnings, with dreadful earthquakes, all combined to add to the already full cup of horrors.

On the seventh of July, the sacrifice ceased for want of victims; the same day the stronghold of Antonia fell into the hands of the besiegers and shortly after, the temple was fired and razed to the ground; Titus leaving but three towers and a part of the western wall, to show how strong a place his army had overthrown.

These last were the real days of carnage and bloodshed. So great was the flow of human blood from Mount Zion and Ophel, that it quenched the fires burning in the valley below.

Josephus says it was up to the bridles of the horses. More than five hundred thousand fell to the sword, besides the thousands who died of starvation. Every one who was known to have borne arms against the Romans, was instantly put to death. Some thousands of the fairest were conveyed to Rome, to grace the Victor's triumph. Seventy five thousand and more were taken into the several Provinces to end their days in slavery.

Tiberius Alexander had a plough drawn over the spot, where a few days before, stood the beautiful

temple of Solomon. Thus closed the days such as were never seen since the world began, days in which the Jewish nation was completely broken, and have never revived to the present.

Post Roman Period.

The after history of Jerusalem is little better than its former. It lay in ruins for about forty seven years, when the Emperor Atius Adrian began to build it anew, and erected a heathen temple, which he dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus. The city was finished in the twentieth year of his reign, and called after its founder Ælia, from the heathen deity who presided over it.

In this state Jerusalem continued inhabited more by Christians and Pagans than by Jews, till the time of the Emperor Constantine, who having made Christianity the religion of the empire, began to improve the city and adorned it with many new edifices and churches, and restored its ancient name.

About thirty years afterwards, Julian, out of hatred of the Christians, whose faith he had abjured, invited the Jews to their city, promising at the same time to restore their temple and nation. He accordingly employed great numbers of workmen to clear the foundations, but balls of fire bursting from the earth soon put a stop to their proceedings.

Jerusalem continued in nearly the same condition till the beginning of the seventh century, when it was taken and plundered by the celebrated Chorooses, King of Persia, by whom many thousands of the Christians were killed or sold as slaves. The Persians, however, did not hold it long, as they were soon afterwards defeated by the Emperor Heraclius, who rescued Jerusalem and restored it to the Christians. A worse calamity was, however, speedily to befall this unhappy city. The

Mohammedan Impostor

arose about this time and the fanatics who adopted his creed, carried their arms and their religion with unprecedented rapidity over the greater part of the east. The Caliph Omar, the third from Mohamed, invested the city, which, after once more suffering the horrors of a protracted siege, surrendered on terms of capitulation, in the year six hundred and thirty seven. It continued under the Caliphs of Bagdad, the eastern head quarters of Mohammedanism, until eight hundred and sixty-eight, when it was taken by Ahmud, a Turkish sovereign of Egypt.

During the space of two hundred and twenty years it was subject to several masters, when in ten hundred and ninety nine it was taken by the Crusaders under Godfrey Bouillon, who was afterwards made King. In eleven hundred and eighty eight, Saladin, the Sultan of the East, captured the city; but it was restored to the Latin Princes one hundred years later by Salid Ismeal, Emir of Damascus. After fifty years it was taken by the Sultan of Egypt, who in turn, was compelled to give it up to the Turkish Sultan, Salim, whose son built the present walls in fifteen hundred and thirty four.

It has during its history suffered a score of sieges and its soil has drunk up more human blood than any city in the world. Its future who can tell? Many look for the restoration of its strength and beauty, while others predict for it little more than it now possesses.

CHAPTER X.

Jerusalem to-day.

THE population of Modern Jerusalem is a little more than sixty thousand, and representing nearly every nationality under the sun. True its present commercial state has not the attraction of many other famous cities, but from its historical interests, Christians, so called, and Jews from all quarters find an attraction in this ancient city, which according to Jewish tradition, is situated in the centre of the world.

Nine thousand of the sixty are at least nominal Christians, twice that number are Moslems, and the remainder Jews. The latter are divided into six sections, according to the country of their birth, whether Spanish, Russian, German, or Arabian, etc. Very many of these Jews are of the poorer class, some of which are sustained by charity. On the whole, they wear a dejected, unhappy, oppressed appearance, which, in all probability, would soon disappear were they once in possession of their own land and city.

Jerusalem of to-day, cannot be termed a typical Oriental city. Inside its walls, its eastern character has been greatly preserved, but in recent years, European influence has been great. Without its walls, a new town has sprung up. The visitor approaching from the south or west, now looks upon the product of modern enterprise, instead of the once invincible fortifications

of the ancient town, within which its children rejoiced and mourned, feasted and fasted, in accord with the countless vicissitudes of a sad history.

To the north, south and west, large Jewish settlements have sprung up, and tiny cottages have everywhere arranged themselves in tortuous alleys, and in many cases, no alleys at all, so hopelessly confused as to make it almost impossible to locate any one of them. This does not, however, apply to the Russian and European portion of the newer Jerusalem at the north of the city.

The main entrance to the town is by Jaffa gate on the west side, and through it pass, at some period of the day, almost all who have been within its walls. From sunrise to sunset, a never-ceasing throng moves slowly and with apparent indifference to and from the great market of the city, many to buy or sell the immediate necessities of life, while some, with more important commissions, attempt to clinch a previously discussed bargain, or make the preliminary steps towards such. Fur-capped and love-locked Jews steal through the crowd with bent shoulders and downcast eyes, betraying their history of oppression; and sallow-faced Armenians press through with no less timidity. The proud swagger of the "Fellah" or peasant of the country, is in striking contrast to his more oppressed neighbours. He is indeed a picturesque figure. A golden silk kerchief wound around a crimson *tarboosh*, becomingly caps, a well-set head and handsome ruddy face. A loose brown homespun cloak hangs gracefully from his well-squared shoulders to the ground, covering an athletic figure. Great tawny sunburnt legs step out from the loose folds of his robe, and tattered and worn leather shoes complete his becoming get-up. Graceful, strong and ragged, he swings along, a picture of healthy manhood, courteously salaaming a passing friend, or stopping to inspect whatever his covetous eyes may light upon.

“Dahrak! Dahrak!!” [your back, your back] lustily yelled, heralds the approach of a batch of donkeys, driven by a scanty clad peasant boy, perched on the hindmost verge of the hindmost donkey. With yells, curses, and continuous application of a huge stick, he drives his stud through the crowd with more speed than ceremony. They are met by a similar lot, and a confusion of people and donkeys fills the street. For a few exciting moments it seems as if nothing short of blood-shed can restore peace. All implicated and all around heartily curse the donkeys—one another, and all ancestors alike, while the fearful whacks on the empty barrels of the poor animals resound in the general mêlée. At last they are extricated, each lot trots off in its own direction to the weird chant of the boy, whose perilous perch has been maintained throughout, and whose sudden burst of anger has as suddenly left him.

Strings of peasant women troop past clad in dark-blue dresses, made principally of dyed cotton or other cheap material, carrying on their heads loads of vegetables or returning empty to their country homes miles away. Russian pilgrims, heavily clothed, unwashed and unclipped, devoutly tramp their way towards the great object of their lives, to pay fervent homage at the tomb of the Lord. Loafers lounge here and there while the white turband *Sheikh*, or *Effendi* sits daintly fingering his string of beads. With a hollow tinkle, tinkle, the belled head and neck of a camel appears through the gateway, followed by another, and another, an apparently endless string; head to tail and heavily laden, they move slowly and silently through the narrow street; for a time all other traffic must cease, to allow these desert ships to get their burdens through safely.

The dark-skinned Algerian, and the mild-eyed Ethiopian, add their share to the endless variety. Black and white clad monks crush through the motly throng; while smiling ebony Sudanese speedily pass by to their

respective duties. Yellow-skinned, wide-eyed, evil looking Mongols, sedately dressed Europeans, veiled women, dervishes and bespangled consular cavasses, sweet-meat and cooling-drink sellers, with shouts in praise of his goods, all mingle in the fantastic scene. And so it continues, ever varying and recurring, until the sinking Sun, and the shrill cry from the minaret, calling the faithful to prayer, proclaim the end of another day, and demand the cessation of work. Quickly the night falls, the streets are empty, and the silence of sleep follows the melting lure of an Oriental day.

Notwithstanding all its squalor, its dirt, its disease, and its misery, Jerusalem is, and ever can be, nothing less than "the City of the Great King," "the joy of all the earth." Undoubtedly disappointing in its first impression to most visitors, Jerusalem yet possesses within itself a certain mystic charm, which distinguishes it from every other city, town, or district in the world, and which causes it to weave an irresistible bond of fascination around the heart and soul of almost every one, who comes within the sphere of its personal influence. Whether it be owing to the sacred and romantic associations of its past, the uniquely characteristic surroundings of its present, the vague and indefinite anticipations, and possibilities of its future, or a mysterious blending of all these combined, there is, beyond all contradiction and dispute, a distinctive impress stamped upon the mind and memory of every visitor to Jerusalem, which neither time nor circumstances can wholly efface.

"Within Thy Walls."

On Monday we walked down from Mr. Hugh's Hotel, which is outside the city walls, and entered by Jaffa Gate. A flood of feeling swept over our souls at the thought of standing inside the walls of this renowned city. To us, who were accustomed to eastern life, the swarthy crowd of mixed nationalities, the din

of the markets, and the peculiar buildings had little attraction. We sought rather for marks of ancient Jerusalem—the Jerusalem of Solomon, Herod's and of Christ's day. The first of these was the

Tower of David.

A strong and conspicuous structure, the upper part of which has often been rebuilt since its first erection. The sloping outer scarp, however, dates from the twelfth or thirteenth century, and some of its foundation in all probability, dates from the time of Christ. Then, as now, a tower existed, and His shadow must often have fallen upon it, as He walked in Zion. Following on down Zion Street, we passed the Armenian Convent, the church of which is said to be built on the spot where James was beheaded by Herod Antipas. (Acts xii. 2.) Further on we came to the Gate of David, or Zion Gate, on the summit of the hill of Zion, which David took, and "dwelt in the fort, and called it the city of David." (II. Sam. v. 9.) Here is the highest point inside the city walls, being two thousand five hundred and forty feet above sea level.

We passed out through this gate and visited the "House of Caiaphas" and the "Tomb of David." Here in the former, we were shown the spot where Peter stood when he denied Christ, and also the exact place where the cock crew—at least so the attendant said. On leaving the "House of Caiaphas" we came to a mass of buildings, known as the tomb of David. A very old tradition, firmly believed by the Moslems, who own all these buildings, places the sepulchres of David and of the Kings of Judah underneath these houses. It is, however, only tradition, and whether true or otherwise, will never be known until excavations are made.

A still more interesting place was the Upper Chamber, where the Lord's last supper was held, and where

many believe the Holy Ghost descended on the one hundred and twenty. The room itself is a portion of an old church of Medieval times. The stone on which the disciples are supposed to have sat, whilst the Lord washed their feet, and many other curious relics were pointed out to us. If this is really the room where our Saviour and His disciples met it is indeed a holy place, and worthy of our respect. On Maundy Tuesday, the Franciscans wash the feet of pilgrims, in memory of Him, who in that place taught those with Him, how in love they should serve one another.

Leaving here, we re-entered the city wall, and turned to the right, passed the Jewish slaughter house, where meat ceremonially clean according to the Jewish ritual, is killed. Just below this, on the same road, we came to a place where the road was level with the wall inside the city, but outside a drop down of twenty feet to the ground. From here we obtained a fine view of the valley of Hinnom, where it joins that of Jehoshophat, the Mount of Olives, Tombs of the Prophets, Tomb of Absalom, Jewish Cemetery, Virgin's Fountain, Village of Siloam, Mount of Offence, Field of Blood, where Judas hung himself; and further south the Hill of Evil Counsel. Descending a deep decline, we came to Dung Gate, (Neh. iii. 13.) then turned to our left up a pathway over rubbish, seventy feet and more in depth.

It is the old Trypoean Valley that once divided the hill on which stood the temple, from that of Zion. Dr. Robinson in 1840, discovered the celebrated spring of an arch, the southermost of two, which in Herod's time connected the temple with Mount Zion. Entering a narrow paved lane on our right we arrived at the

Jews' Wailing-Place.

“By a strange irony of fortune, the Jews, who formerly so vigorously excluded all Gentiles from the

Temple Area, are now themselves debarred with equal stringency from entering the precincts of the Noble Sanctuary. The utmost that is allowed them is to pray at the outer walls of the sacred enclosure; and here, every Friday afternoon, which is the Preparation of the Sabbath, and every Saturday morning, the Sabbath itself, they congregate in large numbers to wait and lament for the destruction of their temple, and loss of their inheritance.

“The sight is one which can scarcely fail to move, even the most careless and indifferent hearts; for, amidst a certain amount of formalism, and unreality, there is evidently a spirit of fervent devotion displayed by the majority of the congregation. The Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the 79th and 102nd Psalms, chanted in Hebrew, form the chief ground-work of their penitential outpourings, and their sorrowful supplications.”

Against the stones in the wall of their loved and lost city, some pressed their cheeks, some kissed these stones, with apparently passionate grief, while tears streamed down their faces. Into crevices in the wall were thrust pieces of paper upon which prayers had been written in Hebrew. Bibles in hand, the multitude swayed from side to side, even the children joining in the strange exercise, monotonously wailing out their melancholy chants.

For the place that lieth waste,
For the temple that is destroyed,
For the walls that are torn down,
For our glory that is vanished
For the great stones that are burned to dust
Here sit we now lonely and weep.

The place of wailing is about eighty feet long by twenty wide, with a small wall on the west side, and the great wall of the temple enclosure on the east. This eastern wall is composed of great blocks of stone, some fifteen feet long by three and four thick, with rough panelled surface, and smooth drafted edge.

Flowers and creeping vines grow in the crevices of these great stones, which divide the outside world from the sacred enclosure.

A few minutes walk from here, brought us into the street of David, the main one of the town, from which we entered through a large gateway into

The Temple Enclosure,

but so completely had been the fulfilment of the words of Christ, that not one stone of the Temple of Solomon nor of that of Herod the Great, is "left standing one upon another." Every vestige of the actual temple has entirely disappeared. On the dome of the rock which was once the threshing floor of Ornan, and over which stood the temple, now stands the Mosque of Omar—a fine building of its kind.

No one can stand before this magnificent structure, with its coloured tiles and marble glistening in the sunlight, as once the goodly stones of the temple shone before the eyes of the disciples, and not be moved with strong emotion. One's thoughts rush away to the past when Psalmist wrote and patriots sung of the temple's glory. Hither the tribes came up; here shone forth the light of the Shekinah; here was the centre of the poetical and political life of God's people. And then one thinks of the defeats and disasters consequent upon disobedience; how glory after glory vanished, until alien powers desolated and utterly destroyed the holy place. One thinks of devout Jews in every land, oppressed and burdened, turning towards this sacred site, and remembering it with tears as they pray for restoration to their land. Above all, the Christian thinks of the little Child presented in its court by the holy mother; of the Youth, asking and answering questions; the Divine Man, teaching and preaching the things concerning Himself.

Stepping into loose leather shoes—for a Christian dare never enter a Mohammedan Mosque without such, lest

his boots should defile the sacred spot—we entered the great Mosque and stood before the grand old Rock. It is enclosed by an iron railing behind which none may enter upon pain of death. Turning to the left we descended a short flight of stairs, on the east side, into the cave under the rock. Space forbids the numerating of the many legends connected with the history of this cave, such as the indenture in the hard rock made by Mohammed's head, the praying place of Moses, of Abraham, etc.

In the floor of the Mosque on the north side of the rock is a slab, which Moslems say, originally contained nineteen nails; the Devil extracted all but three and a half, when these disappear, time will be no more.

South of the above Mosque on the extreme southern end of the Harem is another Mosque, built on the foundations of a Christian church erected by the Emperor Justinian in 536 A.D. Under this Mosque, though, entered by a narrow stairs east of the building, are the stables of Solomon—an immense underground cavern with a vast succession of pillared and vaulted avenues. The present aspect of the place is not near so old as Solomon's time, but heavy vaulting of the temple of Herod is found near the west end. Ascending the steps and going northwards past the Golden Gate we came to the

Pool of Bethesda.

Descending a narrow flight of rickety stone stairs, we found at the bottom of an ancient church and other ruins, a large pool, with perhaps three feet of water in it. Even to-day one can clearly count the "five porches." The pool itself is an artificial oblong cistern around which ran arched porches or corridors, five in number. Within these arches lay the "great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water." From this stone pavement,

the one infirm "for thirty and six years" at the gracious words of Jesus, took up his bed and walked away sound and whole.

Mounting the same narrow stairs we walked on westward until we came to the Turkish barracks, standing on the site of the Castle of Antonia, in a portion of which was the official residence of the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, where our Lord was condemned to death. The present buildings are of modern construction; but a staircase and gateway—as now—must have been there in the time of our Lord, and as one gazes upon them there at once fixes upon the imagination the scene which took place when St. Paul was brought by the Roman guard to the Chief Captain to be examined by scourging. It was while standing on those steps that He delivered that memorable address recorded in Acts the 23rd chapter.

Leaving here we visited the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, which for cleanliness and order is second to none in Jerusalem. Several feet below the present surface of the street, we were shown most interesting remains of the Roman pavement which formed the "Gabbatha" mentioned in John xix. 13. On some of the stones are still seen the chequered lines cut in the pavement, where the Roman soldiers played their games of dice.

From here we passed through crooked streets to the

Church of the Holy Sepulchre,

which is in reality a combination of more than a dozen churches and shrines of worship—Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, Abyssinians, etc. Personally we saw no reason to believe this to be true the site of our Lord's crucifixion. The origin of its selection as such, rests wholly upon an event which is supposed to have occurred in the time of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine—the time when the Church began to lose sight of the living Christ and sought to worship

a dead one in the relics and "sacred places" of which there was no end.

In her extreme old age, Helena made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Her mind had for long time been exercised about the place of the Crucifixion, that place having been entirely obliterated from recognition. In a dream, so the tale goes, it was revealed to her where the cross upon which Christ met his death, was buried under rubbish. Men digging at her command, found not one cross, but three, and the difficulty at once arose as to the identification of the true one. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, accompanied the Empress to the home of a noble lady who was afflicted with an incurable disease. Acting under an impulse, one cross was brought and laid upon the bed of the sick woman, but without effect; then the second with the same result; but when the third touched the bed, the sick woman was immediately restored to health. This then was the true cross and the spot where it was found must be Calvary. On this site, Constantine built the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which has been rebuilt and enlarged to its present dimensions. Within the walls of this great building one may see all the sites upon which occurred every event in connection with the Crucifixion. Hither come thousands of devote worshippers from all parts of the world to pay homage at her sacred shrine, by prostrating themselves before her altar, kissing the marble stones and crosses, etc.

Crossing the large court we entered the main door, which was guarded by two Turkish soldiers, ready at any moment to prevent the worshippers within from quarreling. The first interesting object after entering, was the *Stone of Unction*, on which it is said the body of Jesus was laid to be anointed for burying. Over-spreading the stone-slab, is a gorgeous canopy, from which hang many wax candles. As pilgrims entered, they reverently knelt and kissed this stone, some laying

thereon trinkets and beads, thinking that by some mysterious process the trinkets might become imbued with virtue. Ten yards from this was the spot on which stood the women as, with bleached faces, they watched the Crucifixion.

Standing in the centre of the great Rotunda, is the Holy Sepulchre itself, seven feet long by six wide, around which is built an exceedingly small chapel. On one side is the Marble Sarcophagus shown as the coffin. With uncovered heads—for we dare not be irreverent, in so revered a place—we entered the small door-way and stood at the tomb. A fat well-dressed priest thought it wise to sprinkle all of us with a little of his "holy water." The stone coffin is worn smooth from the much kissing, and many are the devotional tears shed on this piece of grey marble. The fifteen lamps kept burning belong to the different sects respectively.

Leaving the tomb, we made a succession of visits to the different chapels and altars within the church. There are more than forty of the latter, and one soon tires looking at the never ending sameness in the dimly lighted old church. There is the Chapel of the Angel, Chapel of the Apparition, Chapel of the Foot-Prints of Christ. Prison of Christ: Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment, of St. Helena, of the Invention of the Cross, of the Crowning of Thorns, etc., etc.

Flaring tapers, reeking incense, chanting processions, tawdry pictures, priests in strange robes, incomprehensible mummeries, crossings, bowings, kissing, weeping, are everywhere, till one is distracted and jarred, and feels that this is about the least sacred spot in the Holy Land. Legends, deceptions, vain ceremonies, quarrelsome monks, whom Turkish soldiers must needs ever watch, hide the Saviour and His Sepulchre.

The last important place we visited in Jerusalem was what is known as

Gordon's Tomb

close beside the

"Green Hill far away,
Without the city walls."

It is called after General Gordon, because he was one of the first to select this as being, if not the actual place where our Lord lay previous to the resurrection, one of like construction, and certainly in the near vicinity of the scene of the Crucifixion. The tomb is in a small garden at the foot of Mount Calvary. If the Crucifixion of Christ took place on the summit of this "Green Hill," it was easily witnessed by Jews from the walls of the city, which were less than two hundred yards away, and also by the crowds that doubtless were passing along the main thoroughfare, between the hill and the city wall, "wagging their heads." His form extended on the wooden cross, and in fact, the whole crucifixion scene, was plainly visible from many places, still further off—from the top of the temple, as it then stood, from the roof of almost every house in Jerusalem, and from the summit and slopes of Olivet, and from Mount Scopus.

This hill from time immemorial, until the present day, is called by the Jews, the hill of execution. They hold it to be an accursed spot, and when passing by, spit and throw stones in its direction, uttering at the same time the following imprecation: "Cursed be He that destroyed our nation, by aspiring to be the King thereof."

Turning off the main road, we entered by a gate into the garden. Foot-paths run here and there among its rose-bushes and flowers. The caretaker quietly led us along one of these paths to the tomb. Stooping down we entered and looked around. Uncovering our heads we knelt in prayer, and once more the hot tears burst from our eyes as we thought of Him, whose body lay within the cold damp walls.

Latest investigations prove it to be a rock-cut Jewish family tomb. Its height is about seven and a half feet, fourteen and a half long, and eleven wide; divided into two parts by a low partition, the inner one having three receptacles for human bodies; but only one of these appears to have been actually completed. The other two, one for an adult and one for a child, were never finished. It is not more than a stone throw from the brow of Calvary, or place of the skull, and easily corresponds with the Biblical account. "Now in the place where He was Crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden a new Sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. Then laid they Jesus" (John xix. 41—2.)

The conclusion of one writer on this subject is:—

1. "That the traditional Holy Sepulchre cannot possibly be the true site of the Tomb, as it lies *within* the walls of the ancient city.

2. That the Skull Hill has been proved, almost to a demonstration, to be the true Calvary.

3. That there is no other rock-cut Sepulchre in the immediate vicinity of the Skull Hill, which so satisfactorily answers all the conditions, and that there is therefore a strong probability that this is the true Tomb."

We never tired of Jerusalem. Were it not for the call of duty back to Egypt, gladly would we have remained in its vicinity. Its grey walls, its heterogeneous population, its surrounding hills, and the fact that it was the city over which our Lord wept, the place where He met His death, the city of the Great King, held our affections with irresistible force. We took a few meetings while there, and every effort to do a little for our Lord was attended with blessing.

Jaffa.

A ride of three and a half hours over a fairly good railway, brought us to Jaffa, the Joppa from which

Jonah fled. The sea-port of ancient and modern Palestine, it is a town of considerable importance. From the forests of Lebanon to this port came the great rafts of cedar for the building of Solomon's Temple. In a quarter of the town still devoted to the industry of tanning, stands the "House of Simon the Tanner." And as the conservatism of the Orient is proverbial, it is more than possible, that that same quarter was devoted to the same industry in Peter's days. If the present house does not stand on the site of the original one, it is in the same vicinity.

The port of Jaffa is one of the worst in the world, the truth of which all travellers to Palestine can vouch. As no large vessels approach the wharf, because of the dangerous rocks, we were compelled to take a small row-boat from the shore to our vessel, which stood a mile out to sea. All praise is due to the Jaffa boatmen, for their ability to manage small boats in rough seas. When we embarked, the sea was wild beyond description, but fortunately, no lives were lost, and no bones broken, though some were drenched with sea water, and nearly every one sick to the full.

Conclusion.

Were we disappointed with our visit to the Holy Land? No. True, the country did not appear as a "land flowing with milk and honey," but for this there were at least two reasons. First. It was in summer when we were there. Had our trip been two months earlier, we would have seen a land covered with verdure. Second. The land is under a curse, if not from heaven, surely from the rule of the Turk. People everywhere groan under the heavy taxation, and unjust laws of the Ottoman Government.

And many, very many of the Moslems, as well as the Christians, long for a change of rule. "Oh, that the English would come and bless us as they are blessing

Egypt," is expressed both by the followers of the Crescent and the Cross. Will the land ever regain its former glory? Possessed by the literal seed of Jacob?

"Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes, him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt. And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit thereof. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land, which I gave them, saith the Lord thy God." (Amos ix. 13—15.)









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