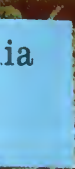


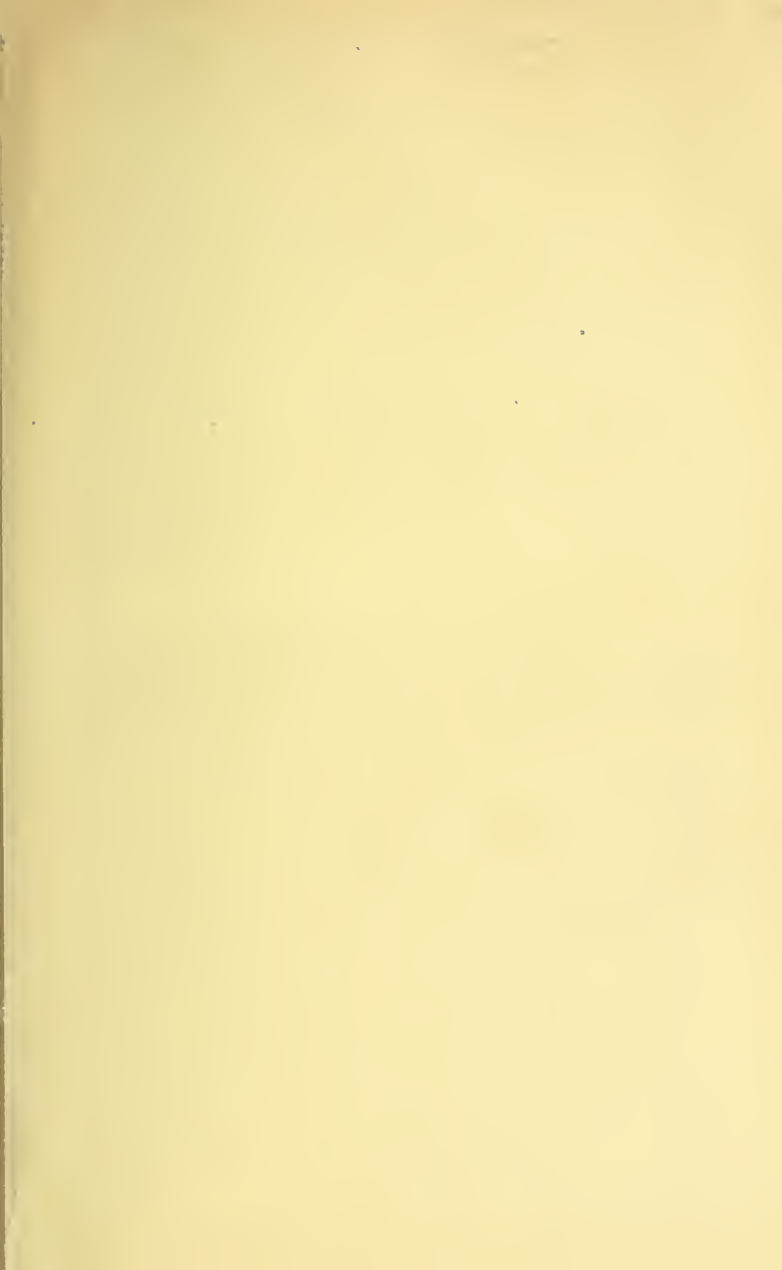
WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST



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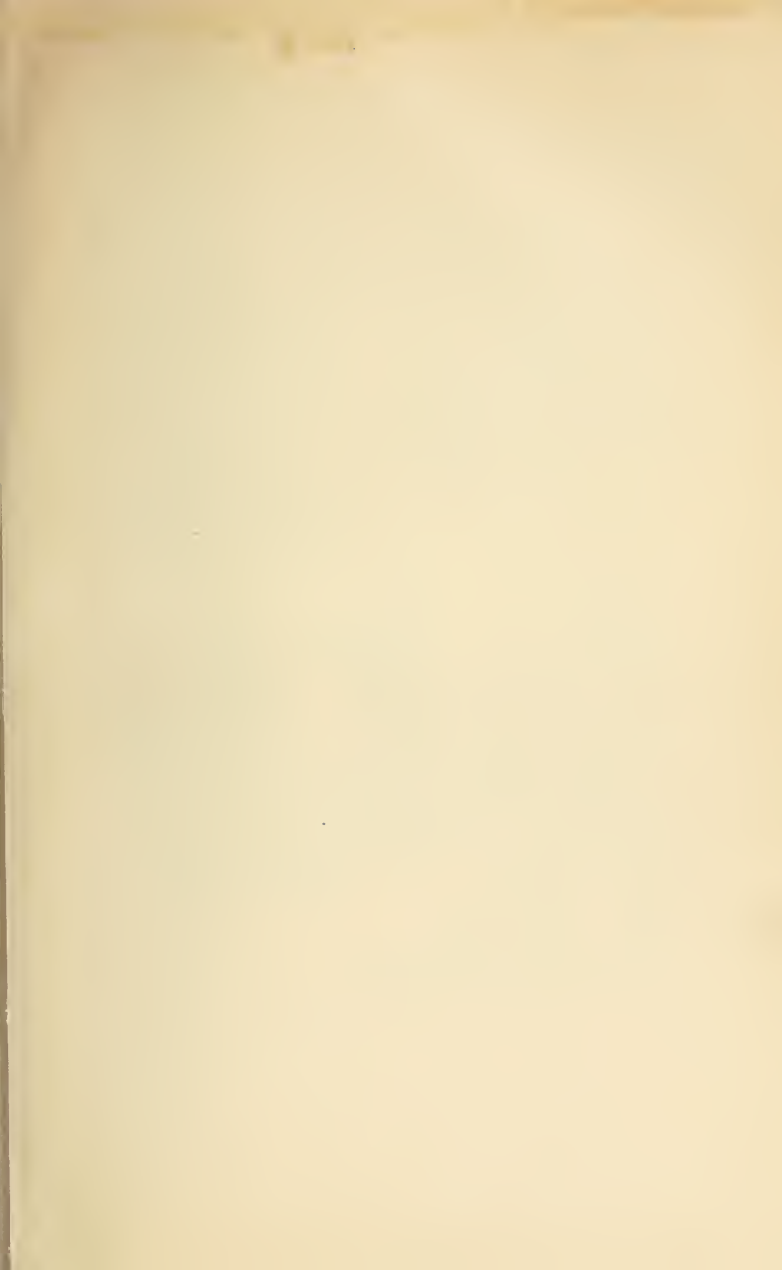


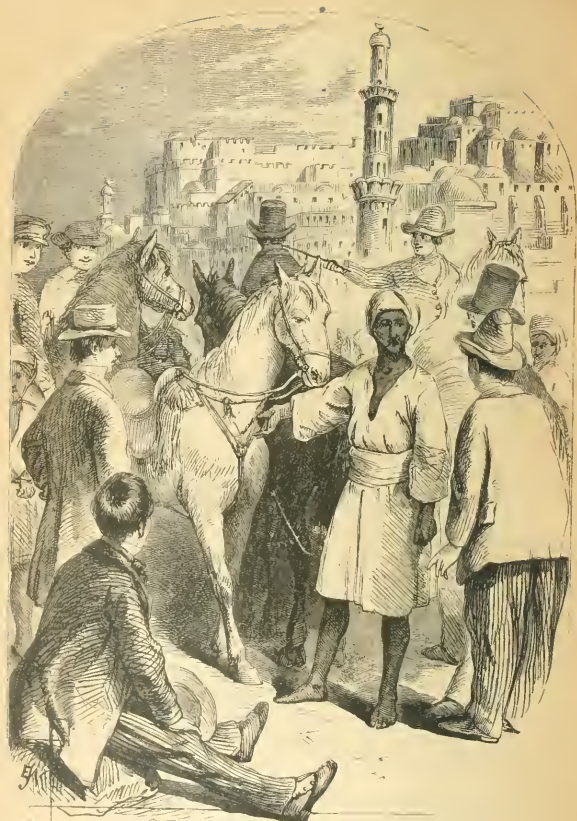


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SELECTING HORSES.



# WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

BY

DANIEL C. EDDY, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE PERCY FAMILY."

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## WALTER IN JERUSALEM

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"Lo, tower'd Jerusalem salutes the eye!  
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;  
'Jerusalem!' a thousand voices cry,  
'All hail, Jerusalem!' Hill, down, and dale  
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, 'Jerusalem, all hail!'"

TASSER

NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.

13 ASTOR PLACE.

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#### NOTE.

THIS volume takes the young travellers into Jerusalem, shows them the city and its environs and holy places, gives them a tour to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and makes them acquainted with the sacred localities in that region. The commendation bestowed upon the first volume of the series leads to the hope that this will be well received.



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# WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

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## ORDER OF THE VOLUMES.

WALTER IN EGYPT.

WALTER IN JERUSALEM.

WALTER IN SAMARIA.

WALTER IN DAMASCUS.

WALTER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

WALTER IN ATHENS.



# WALTER IN JERUSALEM.



## CHAPTER I.

### BOUND TO JOPPA.

THE children of the present age have many sources of pleasure unknown to young people in other days. Books for youth are pouring from the press, in wonderful numbers and variety, and almost every boy and girl may have a little library, well filled with useful and entertaining volumes, which have been prepared for them with thoughtful care. Few children have the opportunity of going to London or Rome, and fewer yet can go to Palestine and Egypt, and the countries in the far-off East. But next to the pleasure of going to those countries is the pleasure of reading the accounts given by those who have gone. The little boy can sit in a warm room, on a winter night, in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, and read the incidents and adventures of some party of travellers who have climbed the pyramids, sailed up the Nile, bathed in the Jor-

dan, wandered through every street in Jericho, Damascus, and Constantinople. The little girl in Richmond, Mobile, or New Orleans, may sit under the veranda of her own house and peruse the story of some other little girl who has wandered over lands which she will never see.

A man or boy, to profit by travelling, must know how to travel. Some one said to the Athenian moralist, Socrates, that a certain person had not profited by his travels. "No wonder," said the philosopher, "for he travelled along with himself!" The satire is very keen and very just, for many travellers are just like Wordsworth's Peter Bell:

" They travel here, they travel there,  
But not the value of a hair  
Is head or heart the better."

So, to read books of travel, and indeed any other books, a man must have tact for reading, and know how to treasure the wealth of a good book. A book may be gone over, and not a single idea obtained; a book of travels may be examined, and not a single new view obtained, though the volume may be full of novelty and variety.

But we are forgetting that we are bound to Joppa. We left the steamer ploughing her way through the waters of the blue Mediterranean, the party locked in slumber, while God's stars looked

down as if to guide those young sleepers amid the perils of the way. Let the young reader look into the state-room of the boys. There lies Harry in the upper berth. His deep, heavy breathing indicates his profound slumber. He has forgotten all about this world, he is lost to all consciousness of the voyage he is taking, and not a dream of the world to which he is going disturbs him. But draw aside the curtain of the lower berth and look at Walter, as pale, and thoughtful even, while asleep, he turns upon his pillow. His moving lips show that he is talking in his sleep. "Look, Harry," he whispers, "there is Jerusalem, that we have come so far to see! Beautiful! Beautiful! Spur up, Harry, and we shall soon be there. O, that gate — beautiful — I know what gate it is — it is the ——"

Bang! Bang!

"What's that?" cried Harry, starting up.

"I'm dreaming," replied Walter.

"Wake up then. What is that gun for?"

"O dear, I don't know; I was having a beautiful dream."

"Hang the dream! we must get up. What was that gun for?"

"A gun? Did you hear one?"

"Yes; two."

"Then we must have got to Joppa."

“ Hark ! ”

“ What ? ”

“ Why, the steamer has stopped ”

“ So she has. Out of bed there ! ”

The boys were soon dressed and on deck. The morning was yet gray, and but few of the passengers were on deck. But there only a quarter of a mile from them was Joppa, looking at that distance very beautiful, — the houses rising one above another, and a fortress crowning the hill-top.

The reader should know that Joppa, in Hebrew Japho, now called Jaffa or Yâfa, is one of the most ancient towns in the world, and is the seaport of Jerusalem from which it is about thirty-five miles distant to the northwest. Its harbor, if the unprotected entrance can be called by that name, is shoal, and in bad weather it is extremely difficult to land, and often the steamer is obliged to run by, without leaving any passengers or freight.

The members of the party were soon all gathered and looking off, with eager interest upon the town.

“ O, how I do want to go ashore with you, ” said Minnie to her father.

“ I propose to have you do so. The steamer will stay here a few hours, and you and your mother can visit the town, and be on board

before the time for the vessel to get under steam again."

"You are very good, father. Now, pray, extend your kindness a little farther, and let me go on with you through Syria."

"No, child, that is settled. Give you an inch, and you will take an ell. There, there! — don't pout."

"I'm not pouting; but I do want to go so much!"

"I know you do; but it is not best that you should."

Mohammed now made his appearance, with a bland smile on his countenance, saluting the party with a grace worthy of a dancing-master.

"Now," he said, "we go ashore. You stand still. When the men come with boats, and want you to go ashore, you say nothing at all. I am Mohammed Achmet, dragoman, and I call a boat and it come."

"All right, Mohammed; cut short your speech and get a boat," said Mr. Percy.

The dragoman selected the best-looking among all the boats that had put off from the shore, and the whole party crowded into it, and were soon at the landing. They were obliged to climb up a ladder, which Mrs. Percy found it quite difficult to do, but Minnie went up as well as Walter or Harry.

“Where shall we go, Mohammed?” asked some one.

“I know,” replied the Arab.

“Perhaps you do,” said Mr. Damrell; “and we want to know too.”

“I take you to hotel, — very good hotel.”

The party followed him to the public inn, which was a very mean kind of a place, in a very narrow street; but on entering they found the house clean and tidy. Here they took breakfast, which was procured with much difficulty, and after a long delay.

“What is this town noted for?” asked Walter as they sat at breakfast.

“For its antiquity,” replied his father.

“How old is it?”

“Said to be the oldest in the world. It is mentioned in the Book of Joshua; and Pliny affirms that it existed before the flood.”

“It is noted for other things besides its antiquity, is it not?”

“O yes. This is the port to which all the cedar and pine for the temple of Solomon was brought, and from this place taken to Jerusalem. This was the port, too, from which Jonah set sail when he went to Tarsus, and on his way met with that remarkable adventure with the whale. Sinon the Tanner, who is mentioned in Scripture, also lived here; and so did Tabitha, whom Christ raised from the dead.”

“Here is an account, which you boys will feel interested in,” said Mr. Butterworth, holding up a book he had in his hand.

“What is it?” asked the two lads at once.

“An affair which occurred here during the Syrian war of Bonaparte, which was one of the few cases in which that distinguished man exhibited wanton cruelty. But here is the book. You may read it, Walter, if you are through breakfast.”

The book was handed to the boy, who read the following details of a most sanguinary transaction:—

“On the fourth of March, 1799,” read Walter, in a clear voice, while all the party listened, “Yâfa was invested by the French under Napoleon. In two days a breach was made by the cannon, and declared practicable. The town was carried by storm, and delivered over to all the horrors of war, which never appeared in a form more frightful. During this scene of slaughter large part of the garrison, consisting chiefly of Albanians, took refuge in some old khans, and called out from the windows that they would lay down their arms provided their lives were spared; but otherwise they would fight to the last extremity. Two officers, Eugene Beauharnais and Crosier, Napoleon’s own aides-de-camp, agreed to the proposal, and brought them out disarmed in two

bodies, — one consisting of two thousand five hundred men, and the other of fifteen hundred. On reaching the headquarters, Napoleon received them with a stern demeanor, and expressed his highest indignation against his aides-de-camp for attempting to encumber him with such a body of prisoners in the famishing condition of his army. The prisoners were made to sit down in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. Despair was already pictured in every face, for the relentless frown of the general, and the gloomy whispers of the officers, could not be mistaken. But no cry was uttered, no semblance of cowardice exhibited. With the calm resignation characteristic of the Moslem spirit and faith they yielded to their fate. Bread and water were served out to them, while a council of war was summoned to deliberate. For two days the terrible question of life or death was debated. Justice, common humanity, were not without their advocates; but savage barbarity, under the name of political necessity, prevailed. The committee to whom the matter was referred *unanimously* reported that they should be put to death, and Napoleon immediately signed the fatal order! On the tenth of March the fearful tragedy was brought to a close. The whole of the prisoners were marched down to the sand-hills on the coast, firmly fettered



and there they were ranged in small squares for execution. The French soldiers were drawn up in front, with a full supply of ammunition. A few minutes were allowed the victims to prepare for death. In the stagnant pools among which they were placed they performed their ablutions according to the rules of their faith, and then uttered a few words of prayer. Taking each other's hands, after having placed them on their hearts and on their lips, they gave and received an eternal adieu. They made a last appeal — not to the humanity of Frenchmen, for that they saw would be useless, but to the capitulation by which their lives had been guaranteed. The only answer they heard was the command for the soldiers to fire. Volley after volley was poured in upon them. For hours together nothing was heard but the rattle of musketry, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying. One young man burst his bonds, threw himself among the horses of the French officers, and, embracing their knees, passionately implored them to spare his life. No wild Bedawy of the desert *could* have resisted such an appeal; yet Frenchmen sternly refused, and he was bayoneted at their feet. An old chief, slightly wounded, had strength enough left to hollow out with his own hands a rude grave in the soft sand; and there, while yet alive, he was in-

tered by his followers — themselves sinking into the arms of death. After the massacre had lasted some time, the horrors that surrounded them shook the hearts of many, especially the younger part. Several broke their bonds, dashed into the sea, and swam to a ridge of rocks beyond the reach of shot. The troops made signs to them of peace; and when they came back, murdered them! Four thousand human beings were thus butchered; but the vengeance of Heaven followed their murderer to the rocks of St. Helena.”

Minnie had frequently interrupted the reading with exclamations of horror, and Harry, who was a great admirer of Napoleon, as boys are apt to be, declared that he did not believe a word of it; but Mr. Butterworth thought that the statement which Walter had read was reliable history.

Dr. Forestall suggested that the work was an English production, and declared his belief that, like all British views of Napoleon, there was considerable coloring here.

They hastened out to the place where this tragedy took place. There was nothing to see, as graceful grain was waving where that deed of blood had been committed.

“Now let us go back,” said Walter as they turned away.

“Is there anything you want to see here in Joppa?” asked his father.

“ O yes, sir.”

“ What is it ? ”

“ The house of Simon the tanner, which Scripture says is by the sea-side.”

“ Do you know where that is, Mohammed ? ” asked Mr. Percy.

“ Tanner — no tanner ; — people buy shoes in Beyroot.”

Mr. Percy explained, and at length the man comprehended, and said he knew the way. He took them to the place, and showed them where the house once stood. It has long since been demolished, and only a part of the wall remains, and that is being carried away piece by piece, by travellers.

“ Out with your hammer, Walter,” said Harry. The boy did so, and was soon batting away at the old wall ; but the owner appeared and put a stop to his work, but not before the lad had secured several good specimens, which he divided round among the party.

“ The tomb of Tabitha is here, I believe,” said Mrs. Percy.

“ I think so,” replied her husband. “ Do you know, Mohammed ? ”

“ Yes. I take you to it.”

They found what purported to be the tomb of the excellent woman, who Mr. Allston supposed to have been the founder of sewing circles. Mr

Percy related to Harry, who did not seem to be at all familiar with Scripture, the story of the resurrection of Dorcas, which the youthful reader will find to be very interesting.\* Dorcas was a good woman, who died, leaving behind her rooms full of garments which she had made for the poor. When Peter visited Joppa, he went to her house, and raised the dead woman to life, not by any power of his own, but by the power of Christ.

“I notice, father,” said Walter, “that you sometimes speak of this good woman as ‘Tabitha,’ and sometimes as ‘Dorcas.’ Why do you do so? — had she two names?”

“No. ‘Dorcas’ was her name in Greek, and ‘Tabitha’ her name in Syriac. The name signifies a gazelle, — an animal which you remember we saw in large numbers on the desert in Egypt.”

“Yes, sir, I remember them. They were beautiful creatures.”

While this conversation about Dorcas was going on, the gentlemen were proposing that they go up to some of the house-tops. The houses in Joppa are built with flat roofs, and a wall rises to the height of about three feet on the outside. The people often sleep and eat on the roofs. Peter, when he had that remarkable vision of his,† in which he saw a sheet filled with beasts and creeping things let down from heaven, was

\* Acts ix. 36-41 .

† Acts x.

on the house-top praying. He probably then lived in the house a wall of which our travellers had seen.

They found a house the inmates of which were willing they should go through, and ascended to the level roof, where a fine view was before them. The Mediterranean Sea was spread out before the town in placid beauty, on the bosom of which the *Cydnus* calmly rode. The heavens were clear and cloudless, and the houses, piled up around them so closely that not a street could be seen, formed a pretty and picturesque scene. They talked about Solomon, whose seaport Joppa was; of Jonah, who took a ship here to flee from the presence of God; of Simon, who once lived here by the sea-shore; of Tabitha, who was raised from the dead; and as they talked they almost imagined themselves to be living away back in the old hoary ages of the past. When they had remained on the house-top about an hour, they came down at the call of Mohammed, who told them dinner was ready.

After they had dined, Mrs. Percy, Minnie, and Mr. Percy repaired to the steamer which was about to start. When on board, Mr. Percy gave his wife and the little girl into the care of an English family, to whom reference has been made, who were to see them safe to Beyroot. Minnie, with childlike affection, clung to her

father's neck, and wept bitterly, partly at the separation from one whom she loved so tenderly, and partly at the disappointment she felt at being denied the privilege of going through Syria with the party. But the farewell words having been spoken, Mr. Percy sprang into the boat which was to take him ashore. He stood by the water-side until the *Cydnus* was far away, and Minnie waved her handkerchief to him as long as she could see him.

We must now leave Minnie to pursue her way to Beyroot, while we return to Walter and Harry. When Mr. Percy reached the hotel, he found the party waiting for him.

"Horses all ready," said Mohammed, as he saw Mr. Percy come in.

"What kind of horses have you got, Mohammed?" asked Mr. Tenant.

"O plenty, plenty, — plenty horses."

"Are they good ones?"

"I am Mohammed Achmet, dragoman, and I would have none but good horses."

"Are they well caparisoned?" asked Dr. Forestall.

"Comparsoned? What do you mean by him?"

"Bridles, saddles, and other horse-gear."

"Yes. You call that comparsoned. They well comparsoned: good Turkish saddles; — English saddles no good."

They went out through the market-place, and on the outside of the town found a lot of horses which the dragoman had provided. At the sight of them, Harry raised a shout.

“Do you call those things horses, Mohammed?” he asked.

“Yes, horses; — good horses.”

“No, they are only the ghosts of horses! What graveyard did you find them in?”

“They do look bad enough, Harry,” said Mr. Tenant; “but perhaps they will prove better than they look.”

The dragoman now told them to select their horses. The party had increased to ten persons, besides the boys. Mr. Bradley, whom we have said joined the company in Egypt, and two others, made up the number.

“I want a strong horse,” said Mr. Bradley, “or I shall break him down.”

“I want a long-legged one, or my feet will touch the ground,” said Mr. Tenant.

“I don’t care what one I get,” said Mr. Percy. “I have not been on horseback for years, and am no judge of horseflesh. Take your pick, gentlemen, and I will take the one that is left.”

In the mean while Walter and Harry, who were good horsemen, had selected their horses, and had done it wisely, as the result proved; for they were

able to keep ahead of the others all through the journey.

“And this is mine!” said Mr. Percy, as he surveyed the only horse left for him. And a sorry-looking creature he was. The bridle, a piece of cord; the saddle, a bunch of rags; and the brute, a poor thing whose hair was almost all off, and whose knees wobbled delightfully as he was started into a trot.

“O father, what a nag you are on!” shouted Walter.

“There never was but one horse like that in this world before,” cried Harry.

“What one was that, you scapegrace of a boy?” called out Mr. Tenant, who was trying to see if his own horse had any life in him.

“Why, the twin of that creature was owned by Sancho Panza, the squire of one Don Quixote.”

“Fall in, fall in, and ride on!” shouted the dragoman, who had made all his arrangements.

A woful company it was that rode out of Joppa that day; and so ludicrous did they all look, that shouts of laughter echoed along the road. But soon Mohammed, who had wisely got the best horse of the lot for himself, struck into a hard trot, and each man had as much as he could do to keep up with him without laughing at his fellows. Some of them did show most miserable horsemanship, but each managed to keep his seat



They rode over the plain of Sharon, through woods headed by the wild cactus, and ornamented with beautiful flowers, by Beth Dagon and Ludd or Lydda, the Lod of the Old Testament, enjoying the afternoon very much, and singing and shouting to each other as one object of interest after another presented itself. At length, after a ride of three hours, they saw a town before them.

“We stop there to-night,” said Mohammed, reigning in his horse.

“What is it?” asked several voices.

“Ramleh. Stop in convent. They always glad to see Achmet.”

Soon they struck into a narrow path, which was all hedged up and overgrown by cactus or prickly-pear. This plant grows to immense size in Syria. Rising out of the poorest soil, it grows to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and bears its rich flowers of white, purple, or scarlet. This path, about half a mile long, was overgrown with this plant; and as the party rode along beneath them, loud were the expressions of admiration.

“O, how I should like to have Minnie see this!” said Walter.

“So should I,” answered Harry. “She thinks so much of her little dwarfed cactus at home, what would she say to these?”

Soon they arrived at the gates of the convent of Latin monks, where they were to spend the night.

The walls of the dreary-looking edifice rose before them, more resembling a prison or a fortress than the abode of peaceful men who had devoted their lives to poverty, retirement, and God, and who find in religious duties the solace and support which they have sought in the world in vain. For what they saw, and how they fared in the convent, we turn to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

## A NIGHT IN A CONVENT.

THERE are many convents in Palestine. They serve as hotels for travellers who do not have tents or do not wish to pitch them for a single night. The monks are generally kind-hearted and innocent, and give strangers all the entertainment they are willing to pay for. At the door of the convent in Ramleh, Mohammed knocked with a heavy stick, pounding until a brother, with downcast eyes and shorn crown, threw it open. There was a moment's commotion, and then the whole party was admitted. The gentlemen dismounted in the large, square, enclosed court, and were soon at work in different ways: some washing in the fountain, some taking care of the horses, and some roaming about the convent to see what they could find, or walking on the roof to see the surrounding country. It was a queer old place they were in, and the boys were very quiet indeed. Even Harry made no noise, but walked about with Waiter, with noiseless tread. The deathlike

silence of the place, the dark sombre architecture of the buildings, the monks flitting about like spirits, the solemn hush of evening, — all produced in the minds of the two boys a more than usual seriousness.

“ Harry! Harry!” exclaimed Walter, as they stood together on one of the walls looking off upon the fields beneath.

“ What say?”

“ How would you like to live here?”

“ Not at all.”

“ But I have heard you speak of convents, and wish you could live in one a part of the time.”

“ I didn’t think it was anything like this. I would not stay here a month for all Palestine.”

“ Nor would I. What do you suppose these monks do?”

“ Study, I presume.”

“ Study! What is the use of study to a man who is in this prison? What can a man want to educate himself for if he is to stay here?”

“ Some want knowledge for its own sake,” said Mr. Dunnallen, who came up at that moment. “ They hoard wisdom as misers do gold. The miser never wants to benefit anybody by his money, but keeps it for his own gratification. So some men study, and acquire knowl

edge, without intending to use it for the benefit of others."

"Is that right?"

"No. If a man has property he should use it for the good of others; and if he has knowledge, he is bound to use that also."

"Will the gentlemen come down to supper?" asked Mohammed, making his appearance on the roof.

"Have the monks got up a good supper so soon?" asked Mr. Damrell, who was near.

"Yes, supper, — plenty, plenty supper."

"Then we will all go down."

On descending from the wall, they were ushered into a long room with painted ceiling, which was gloomy enough for any recluse. The table was very long, and a few other travellers were seated at it. The monks, who wore the thick, coarse dress peculiar to their order, waited on the table. The food was well cooked and finely served up; and the hospitable brothers gave full proof that they knew what good living was, whether they themselves indulged in it or not.

"O, these plates!" whispered Walter to Mr. Tenant, who sat beside him.

"What of them?"

"They are just like some that Grandmother Percy used to have many years ago. These blue figures, — I remember them all."

“Yes, yes; we used to see these same figures and this same ware years ago. The sight of them in this convent brings up peculiar emotions.”

The conversation at the table, which was conducted in suppressed voice, turned upon many interesting topics, — the boys being listeners. Supper over, there was nothing to do but to go to bed. There was nothing to see in the building, and it was too dark to see anything outside; and as the monks furnished them with very short candles, they were obliged to retire at once. And indeed they needed repose, for the ride had been a hard one, and the boys were very weary.

The company were put into small rooms or cells, each containing two single beds. It was thought best that the boys should not occupy the same room, as some fright might occur in the night. So it was arranged that Harry should sleep in the cell with Mr. Butterworth, and Walter was to be the room-mate of Mr. Allston. A monk conducted the two latter together to their apartment. It was a narrow, low-vaulted, illy ventilated room, and the stone floor and bare stone walls gave it a most ghost-like appearance. The beds were narrow, and the whole appearance of the room repulsive.

“Mercy, have we got to sleep here?” cried Walter, as they entered.

“It seems so,” replied his companion.

“I would rather live in a tent than among these ghostly fathers.”

“Well, you will soon be asleep, and dream that you are in Paradise.”

They were bolting the door, when they heard feet in the passage.

Rap, rap, rap!

“Who is there?” asked the Rector.

“Mohammed.”

“What is wanted?”

“The gentlemens had better put out the light.”

“Why?”

“Because the mosquitoes and bugs are very large here, and the light will draw them in.”

“Thank you.”

They were soon in bed, but not to sleep. The putting out of the candle did not keep the mosquitoes away; they came in frightful numbers and mammoth size.

“Oh, dear me!”

“What is the matter, Walter?”

“Oh, this awful bed!”

“Isn't the bed a good one?”

“Good enough, what there is of it; but it is so short that my head is against the headboard, and my feet are hanging out at the bottom.”

“Mine is no better.”

“I tell you, Mr. Allston, I wish you would get these monks up and preach to them.”

“Preach to them? About what?”

“I don’t know what subject; but I was thinking that you could preach an extempore sermon for that text — ‘The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.’”

“Don’t trifle with Scripture, Walter.”

“Is that trifling?”

“It comes too near it. You should cultivate a reverence even for the letter of God’s word.”

“That I try to do; but — Oh dear, dear!”

“What is the matter now?”

“This bed is full of fleas.”

“Of course it is. Didn’t you expect that?”

“No, sir.”

“Well, you will find them plenty enough.”

And they did find them plenty enough, and mosquitoes, too, whose bills seemed longer and sharper than any Walter had ever seen before.

But the lad was weary, and soon the insects were forgotten, and sweet dreams took the place of the annoyances.

It was not light in the morning when Mohammed roused them, and told them the breakfast would soon be ready; and long before the sun was up, the whole party had gathered in the court.



“Now, boys, prepare yourselves for a long, hard, but very interesting ride to-day,” said Mr. Percy.

“All ready for it!” shouted Harry.

“I have a little glossary here, which I wish Walter to take, so that he will know the meaning of some words we shall hear and use.”

“What is a glossary, father?”

“A dictionary which explains antiquated or obscure words.”

“I should like to have it.”

“Here it is.”

Walter took the paper and read aloud, and as the words will be found in this series of books, we give them as Walter read them.

<i>'Ain</i> , Fountain.	<i>Menj</i> , Plain.
<i>Beit</i> , House.	<i>Nahr</i> , River.
<i>Deir</i> , Convent.	<i>Nel'a</i> , Great Fountain.
<i>Jebel</i> , Mountain.	<i>Neby</i> , Prophet.
<i>Jisr</i> , Bridge.	<i>Tell</i> , Mound or Hill.
<i>Khan</i> , Caravansary.	<i>Waddy</i> , Valley and Brook.
<i>Kul'aet</i> , Castle.	<i>Weley</i> , Moslem Shrine.
<i>Mazar</i> , Shrine.	

“Breakfast prepared!” shouted Mohammed.

“We are hungry enough for it,” was the reply.

Breakfast was served in the room where the supper was taken the evening before, and, just as the sun was rising, the party, all mounted, issued from the convent-gates, and galloped into the

road which leads towards Jerusalem. No one who has not taken this journey can tell the feelings which thrill the heart as the traveller approaches Jerusalem. The two boys were wild with joy, this morning, at the idea that they should sleep in the blessed city. They had slept on the trackless ocean, in London, in Cairo, but the prospect of seeing Jerusalem, the place where Christ lived, where David reigned, and of which they had read so often in the Bible, was so inspiring that they hardly knew how to contain themselves.

## CHAPTER III.

## CITY OF THE GREAT KING.

“FORWARD!” shouted Mohammed.

“Forward!” echoed the two boys.

For a mile they rode at a brisk trot, but soon the road became steep and rocky, and it was impossible to go faster than a walk. But they sang and shouted, and made themselves very merry for three hours, when a village appeared to view.

“What is it?” asked both boys at once.

“A mean village called Latrone, and is said to be the town in which the penitent thief lived.”

“Do you suppose this was the town where he lived?” asked Walter.

“No, I suppose not. The monks, however, gave us a very ancient tradition to that effect.”

A little way beyond, they came to Emmaus, the village to which Christ was going when he met the two disciples, after his resurrection.\* The boys were very curious to know what their

\* Luke 24 : 13-35.

older friends thought about the identity of this village, and as they drew up near it, an animating conversation sprang up.

“What do you think, father?” asked Walter.

“That it may be the place.”

“I do not,” remarked Mr. Bradley.

“Now we have two opinions,” cried Harry; “go into a discussion, gentlemen, and Walter and I will act as judges.”

The other gentlemen also wished to know the basis on which their opinions had been formed.

“This town,” said Mr. Percy, “was fixed upon as early as the fourth century by Eusebius and Jerome, and from that day accepted by the Church as the veritable Emmaus. This is also the opinion of Dr. Robinson, who has given much attention to the subject.”

“But,” replied Mr. Bradley, “this town is twenty miles from Jerusalem, and the two disciples could hardly have walked so far that day.”

“Come,” said Mr. Dunnallen, “finish the discussion at some other time.”

On they galloped to Ajalon, where, the young reader will remember, occurred a most notable miracle. On the occasion when Israel was fighting with the Amorites, (an account of which will be found in the Old Testament,\*) Joshua, who led the Hebrews, commanded the moon to stand

\* Josh. x: 12

still over the valley of Ajalon. The two boys talked over that wonderful phenomenon as they rode slowly, side by side, through the village, which consisted of a few mud houses, almost untenable.

About this time it began to rain, — first a thick, misty fog, and then great heavy drops. It is not common to have much rain in Palestine so late in the season as this; and as our travellers were not expecting it, they were soon drenched to the skin. But there was no place to stop for shelter, and they were obliged to keep on. At length they came to a little brook in the valley of Elah, nearly dry, at which some suppose David selected the stones with which he killed Goliath of Gath. The identity of this brook is quite doubtful; but Walter dismounted and gathered five small stones, and brought them away as mementos of his visit.

“Can’t we get some shelter from this pelting rain?” asked Mr. Percy of the dragoman.

“Shelter, yes; — shelter, plenty, plenty,” replied Mohammed.

“But where is it?”

“At Kuryet - el - 'Aineb, in St. Jeremiah’s Church.”

“How far is it?”

“Half hour on.”

In Syria distance is measured by hours, not

miles. The roads are so bad, that, if a man is told that a place is ten miles ahead, he does not know whether it is two hours or a whole day's ride distant.

In half an hour the party came to the town, and found an old church, a relic of the times of the Crusaders, which tradition says was dedicated to Jeremiah the prophet. "The interior is divided into a nave and aisles by six square pillars supporting plain, pointed arches and a groined roof still nearly perfect. There is a clere-story with small windows. At the eastern end are three semicircular apses. The style is very plain and massive, but chaste. One is chiefly struck with the gloominess of the interior, the immense thickness of the walls, the smallness of the lancet windows, and the position of the door stuck in the northern sidewall. The building might have served at any time the double purpose of church and fortress, — a valuable peculiarity in the stormy days when it was built."

The door being open, Mohammed leaped his horse over the steps into the building, and was followed by the whole party. Seldom did a church ever have such a congregation before. But they could not stay long, and were soon obliged to ride out again into the cold rain. They rode on but a little distance before con-

ing to Gibeath, just outside of which were two or three tents, in which the Bedouins were entertaining travellers. On reaching the tents they found one party of travellers just starting off, and at once took their places under the canvases, around a fire in the middle. Several dogs and a half dozen Arabs crowded in with them. They were wet through, and very hungry. A few eggs were put over the fire and boiled, and a hasty repast furnished. It was very welcome, for hard riding and hard rain had given every one a sharp appetite.

The lunch over, the party again set forth. The roads were fearful, and it seemed at times as if the poor horses would tumble down the precipices. There was hardly a place for the jaded beast to put his foot. The steep ascents, the winding zigzag paths, the high precipices, the dangerous passes, and the rude roads, rendered the ride a tedious one; but Walter and Harry bore it better than some of their older friends. If art and science had united to make this road as bad as possible, it could not have been rendered much worse. To add to the difficulty, the horses were shod with a smooth, flat shoe, which completely covered the hoof, well adapted for travelling over sand or stones, but utterly unfit for slippery clay. The rain, in some places where the road was not covered with

rocks, made the way slippery, and the animals went hobbling along almost as badly as on the sharp rocks.

“My horse is giving out,” said Mr Percy, when about two thirds of the way along.

“So is mine,” responded Mr. Dunnallen.

“Mine goes well,” said Mr. Damrell.

“Should think it might,” replied Walter. “You do not weigh half as much as father or Mr. Dunnallen.”

“Is it you or your horse that is giving out, friend Percy?” inquired Mr. Tenant, who was well mounted.

“Both, I think; but the nag is worse off than I am.”

Thus conversing, they rode on, meeting caravans of pilgrims returning from the annual feasts at Jerusalem. With horses, camels, and donkeys they filled the road, and often the way was so narrow that it was quite difficult to get along.

“This is an ugly ride as ever a man took,” said Harry.

Walter was about to reply, when Harry again exclaimed, —

“See, see!”

“See what?”

“Who ’s coming there!”

Walter looked in the direction pointed out, and





CIVILIZED BEINGS.



saw a gentleman and lady in European dress dashing towards them over the rocky road.

“Who are they?” asked Harry.

“I don’t know.”

“Hallo, Mr. Tenant,” cried Walter to the gentleman nearest him, “here comes two civilized beings.”

“How can you tell whether they are civilized or uncivilized?”

“By their dress, — they are Europeans.”

The gentleman and lady were now drawing near, and soon reined up their horses in the way.

“How far have you come?” asked the man.

“From Ramleh to-day.”

“How many hours to Joppa?”

“About ten.”

“Is the road good?”

“No; very bad.”

A mutual understanding now took place. Our party told the man who they were, and he in turn told them he was an Englishman, who, with his wife, were seeing Palestine. Her face was sunny and cheerful through the rain, while his was moody and sour. After getting all the information they could, they drove on, the lady waving her hand in token of farewell.

“Isn’t it good, Walter, to see a lady here in this country?” asked Harry.

“Yes, indeed; and I wish my dear mother was here with us.”

“Not in this rain; do you?”

“O, she would bring sunshine, — certainly to my heart.”

“I wish my mother always brought sunshine to my heart.”

“Don’t she?”

“O dear, no!” Harry drew a deep sigh, and added, “My mother is not like yours. She does not seem to care what I do. She never feels interested in my plans; and when I speak to her and ask any questions, she frets and sends me away. I have often wished my mother was as kind and thoughtful as yours. O, how I should love her.”

Walter was silent. He knew the truth of what Harry said, and did not wish to reply.

The boys had fallen behind some distance, and Mr. Percy suddenly wheeled his horse about, and rode to them, saying, —

“You notice, in reading the Scriptures, that the sacred writers speak of going up to Jerusalem.”

“Yes, sir,” replied both boys.

“You also notice that we have been going up ever since we started from Joppa.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, whichever way you approach Jerusa

lem, you are obliged to 'go up.' This statement will be of interest to you, as hereafter you read the Scripture narratives."

A loud shout from Dr. Forestall, who was in advance of the rest, now attracted attention.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" was the only answer.

Spurring on their horses, they were soon gathered on the brow of a hill from whence they could see the city. It was a glorious sight, and for a while none of them spoke. There before them was the city of God; and as if to make the scene more beautiful, the rain ceased, and the golden sunbeams struggled through the clouds. One of the gentlemen read a few passages of Scripture. Nearly an hour they lingered talking in this dreary road, forgetful of hunger and rain and cold; and then, falling into line, led by Mohammed, they went at a brisk trot to the encampment which was just outside the Joppa Gate. Finding the tents very wet, they concluded to pass the first night in the Latin convent, just within the walls; and to that place they at once repaired. The monks entertained them; and in the morning they went to their encampment, where they abode during their stay in Jerusalem. The first day in Jerusalem is well described by Walter in a letter to his sister at Beyroot: —

“IN TENT AT JERUSALEM,  
May 10, 1861.

“DEAR MINNIE, — It is the evening of the first day that we have lived in tents. We reached Jerusalem last evening, and took lodgings in a convent, because our tents were wet. This morning the weather was beautiful, and we entered camp. As soon as we arrived on the ground, we began to look about us. The tents were beautiful, and the whole scene charming. Assembling in the largest one, we organized a meeting, — Mr. Bradley being chairman, — and made some rules for our comfort during the tour. We decided that we would take our meals as follows:

Breakfast,	at 7 o'clock	A. M.
Dinner,	“ 2 “	P. M.
Supper,	“ 7 “	“

“Our first dinner was a sumptuous one. If you had been here, you would not have boasted any about the dinners you have had at hotels, when travelling at home. The ‘Continental’ and ‘Fifth Avenue’ were outdone. The courses ran thus:

1. Snow-flake soup.
2. Veal cutlets and vegetables.
3. Roast beef and vegetables.
4. Chickens and fixins.
5. Pumpkin, caper sauce, and hot stuff.
6. Dessert. — Oranges. Nuts. Figs. Dates.

This was a very good beginning; only we wanted you and mother here.

“ We have been into the city to-day. We left our encampment quite early in the morning, and very interesting was the day we spent in Jerusalem. But perhaps you would like to know how Jerusalem looks. Well, Minnie, just imagine a city with huge walls and bastions, and domes covering the whole tops of a cluster of mountains, which have been filled up and terraced so as to form one broad, elevated plain, entirely surrounded by deep valleys and ravines, and you have a tolerable idea of the situation of the Holy City. It is elevated above all the surrounding region, the city being 2200 feet above the level of the sea. But beyond the valleys rise the mountains, which seem to guard the city. ‘On the east is the triple-topped Mount of Olives, its terraced sides rising steeply from the Valley of Jehoshaphat. On the south is the so-called Hill of Evil Counsel, overhanging the wild ravine of Hinnom. On the west, the ground ascends by rocky acclivities to the brow of Wady Beit Hanina. On the north is the hill of Scopus, a western projection of the ridge of Olivet.’ Around the city runs a wall, sufficient for the purpose for which it was erected, but entirely unfit to stand a discharge of artillery. The circumference of the walls is but

$1\frac{2,978}{4326}$  feet,  
yards, or about two and a half miles. These walls are preserved by five gates, — the *Joppa* Gate, the *Damascus* Gate, the *St. Stephen's* Gate, the *Dung* Gate, the *Zion* Gate. Besides these gates, which are now in use, are two others that have long been closed, — the Gate of *Flowers*, and the *Golden* Gate. The streets of the city are narrow, mean, and filthy, the houses wretched and uncomely, and the whole appearance of the place is that of barbarous desolation. The present population of the city is about 16,000; of whom 6000 are Jews, 6000 Moslems, 2000 Greeks, and 2000 are made up of other sects.

“The history of Jerusalem runs back farther than I am able to follow it. It existed in the time of Abraham, and Melchisedec was its king. Its original name was Salem, or Solyma; then Heirosolyma; then Jebus, or Jebusi; then, from the time that David set up his throne in Zion, it was known as Jerusalem. It has been in the hands of the Jews, the Romans, and the Turks. It has been sacked and burnt, rebuilt and re-destroyed. These facts I derived from Mr. Dunnallen.

“Such is the city into which we entered by the Joppa Gate, near our camp. The street leading to the gate is lined on both sides by that race of wretched creatures which, unfortunately, has not yet become extinct — *lepers*. Minnie, you never



saw a leper! Some of them were blind; some were livid and purple; some gave evidence of dissolution, — the very flesh decomposing on the bones. They tottered toward us, they stretched out their imploring hands for aid, they uttered their faint, peculiar cry, bringing vividly to us those scenes witnessed long ago, when the unclean and filthy lepers came to Christ for aid. This fearful disease is transmitted from sire to son, for many generations. Often it does not manifest itself for many years, but sooner or later it will come. It was not uncommon to see a woman — faint, loathsome, polluted, so that with one sickening gaze we were obliged to turn away — with a bright and apparently healthy child on her breast. That son, I heard Dr. Forestall say, has in his blood the seed of the leprosy. He may grow up beautiful, but it will smite him at length, and make him as unclean as the mother who reared him.

“The first building within the gates is the tower of *Hippicus*, of which Josephus tells us that ‘it was built by Herod the Great, and named after a friend who had fallen in battle. The form was quadrangular, twenty-five cubits on each side, and built up entirely solid to the height of thirty cubits. Over this solid part was a large cistern, and still higher were chambers for the guards, surmounted by battlements. The

stones in its walls were of enormous magnitude, — twenty cubits long, by ten broad, and five high. Its situation too was commanding; for it stood on a rocky crest which rose from the summit of Zion to a height of fifty cubits.’ Of one of the towers which still stands, the other parts of the fortress being in a crumbling condition, Porter remarks, that ‘the lower part is built of huge bevelled stones, measuring from nine to thirteen feet in length, and some of them more than four feet high; the upper part is modern, and does not differ in appearance or workmanship from the other towers. The height of the antique part above the present level of the fosse is forty feet. It is entirely solid, and recent excavations have shown that for some height above the foundation it is formed of the natural rock hewn into shape, or faced with stones.’ However such a castle might be found incompetent to stand a battery of heavy artillery, planted on the Mount of Olives, or on the heights of Gibeon, it must have been very formidable, father says, in times when the arrow, spear, and battering-ram were used in demolishing cities and destroying armies. A Turkish governor is stationed in this citadel; and a few old guns are planted on the walls, used merely for exhibition, and so dangerous, when fired as salutes, that the gunners told a late traveller that the powder as often

comes out at the wrong end as at the right end.

“ Passing by this tower, we strike into a long, narrow street, with little shops for the sale of all kind of fancy articles, — jewelry, clothing, and other wares, lining the sides. You are liable to be crushed against the buildings whenever you meet a camel, or be trampled under foot when a horseman rides along, so narrow is the passage. On inquiring where you are, you are told that you are in the famous *Via Dolorosa*, the long street through which Christ passed from the judgment-hall of Pilate to the place of execution. The monkish traditions have made almost every step in this street sacred. It begins at the point where once stood the *Scala Santa*, or Holy Staircase, now in Rome, removed to that city by the Emperor Constantine. You remember we saw the pilgrims climbing these stairs when we were in Rome. Down these steps Christ is said to have come after his condemnation; and the pious pilgrim, who now ascends them on his knees, will see about midway a spot, which he is told is the blood of Jesus, which fell from his head as he paused there for a moment for the crowd to clear the way before him. The steps are twenty-eight in number; and such are the multitudes that go up over them on their knees, that the proper authorities are obliged to cover

them with plank, that they be not worn entirely away. From the place where these stairs once stood, *Via Dolorosa* proceeds, and runs in a zig-zag direction through the city. The first object of interest in the street is the 'Church of the Flagellation,' where it is said that Christ was beaten with rods. Still further on is an arch spanning the way, *Ecce Homo*, where it is said that the cowardly Roman governor brought forth the Redeemer, and showed him to the people, saying, 'Behold the man.' Then we reach a place where, as Christ passed along, he leaned against a house for protection, leaving the impression of his shoulder in the wall. There is pointed out another spot, where Christ met his mother, and held with her a tender and last interview. Next we come to the house of Dives; and there are Greek priests who will show you the very stone on which sat Lazarus, covered with sores, begging for bread. Just the place where Christ fainted under the cross comes next, and where it was taken from his shoulders, and laid upon Simon the Cyrenean. Then you will be shown the place where, after he had recovered, he turned on the weeping women of Israel, saying, 'Weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children.' And there too is the house from which St. Veronica came forth, and wiped the gory face of Christ with the handker-

chief which is now preserved at Rome. You may be able to puzzle the devout monk who points out these localities to you, but you cannot convince him that there can be any mistake about any of them. The Church has fixed them, and the pious Greek and the devout Latin asks no questions. His faith takes them on the testimony of the Church. As we walked again and again along *Via Dolorosa*, I felt a superstitious awe creeping over me. The gloomy street, with its arched passages and its prisonlike-looking houses, its crowds of turbaned Turks and long-robed Jews, seemed to me to be a passage to the tomb, and every time I came forth I felt relieved of a pressure as I beheld again the sunlight and the day.

“I returned from this walk, dear sister, very weary, and rested on my little bed while the gentlemen were conversing on what they had seen. Harry enjoyed it very much, but was as weary at night as I was. He is a fine fellow, and improves every day. He will meet you in Beyroot, in a few weeks, much more manly and thoughtful than when we parted from you.

“Father is well, and all the company send their love to you. Mr. Tenant has been homesick ever since you left the party, and says travelling is not half as pleasant as when you were with us.

“ Now see what a long letter I have written to you! Let mother read it, and tell her how happy I shall be when I greet her again.

“ WALTER.”

Just as Walter had signed the letter and sealed it, music broke forth in front of the tent, and on hastening out he found the party assembled singing a song; and sweetly did the strains float over the hills which had once echoed with the music of David's psalms. The lad went out and joined the song, after which he and Harry retired, finding sleep very sweet after the labors of the day. The gentlemen, with Mohammed, took a walk out to some of the hills, and looked upon Jerusalem as it reposed in the darkness of night, its huge outlines gloomy and indistinct.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CALVARY AND THE SEPULCHRE.

“ARE you awake, Walter?” asked Harry on the morning after the incidents related in the last chapter.

“Yes, I believe so.”

“Don’t you know?”

“I hardly know, for I was so weary last night that I don’t feel like getting up to-day. Are the gentlemen up?”

“I think so. You see all the beds in our tent are vacant but those we occupy.”

“Then it is time for us to get up.”

“I suppose it is; but Walter, one thing first.”

“What?”

“Why, I have been thinking about the years, and been wondering how they came to be divided into months and seasons; can you tell me?”

“I have an indistinct idea, but have forgotten. Father told me all about it once.”

“I wish I knew. Ah, here is Mr. Damrell. I’ll ask him.”

“What is it?” asked the person named, who had just appeared at the door of the tent.

“Why, I want to know about the years,” replied Harry.

“I don’t understand what you mean.”

“He wants to know the history of our calendar,” said Walter. “So do I.”

“You have asked the wrong man. Dr. For-estall and Mr. Percy keep all these facts laid up. But I think Romulus divided the year into ten months, or 304 days, somewhere about 733 B. C. Then Numa Pompilius added two months. Then Julius Cæsar, 45 B. C., made the year to consist of 365 days and 6 hours, and ordained that every fourth year should be leap-year. At last Pope Gregory XIII. fixed the calendar as we have it now. A year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 51 seconds, or just the time required for the revolution of the earth around the sun. But come, boys, get up, for we are going to the Holy Sepulchre to-day, and breakfast is ready.”

The boys were not long in getting ready, and soon were seated at the table which was spread under some olive-trees. Hallile served up the food in good style, and all ate with excellent appetite. As soon as they could get ready, they all started into the city, and, pursuing their way through *Via Dolorosa*, soon came to a gateway which led into the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is supposed to stand on the spot where our Lord was crucified. Pushing



the gate open, they descended a few steps, and were in the open area in front of the church. There sitting all around were peddlers — men, women, and children — selling beads, medallions, crosses, ivory and pearl images. These are purchased in large quantities and carried by devout pilgrims into all parts of the world. Walter bought two dozen crosses, several strings of beads, and various ornaments and trinkets, as souvenirs of his visit to the place. Harry declared that he would not spend his money for such articles, but changed his mind so far as to purchase a large pearl medallion, which he intended as a present for Minnie. The church is a tasteless Romanesque edifice, erected on the site of that which was reared at the command of Constantine, commenced in 326, and completed in 335, to commemorate the crucifixion and burial of our Lord. The present structure was commenced in 1048. The crusaders found it in an unfinished state, and carried it on; but it was never completed until the beginning of the present century, having been consecrated with imposing ceremonies in 1810.

Just as they were entering the door, Walter drew back, and taking his father by the arm asked him to tell him what evidence there was that Christ was crucified or buried on this spot. Many a young reader will ask the same question, and want to know what proof there is that our

divine Redeemer, bowing beneath the weight of the cross, came to this place. Perhaps we had better leave the party at the door of the Church of the Sepulchre while we tell the reader something about this matter. As to the present locality of the place where the crucifixion took place, men differ widely. Dr. Robinson presents strong reasons to prove that this is not the place; and Williams in his valuable work gives reasons as strong to show that it is. Other authorities differ materially; and of those who reject this place, scarcely any two agree in fixing upon another. Certain it is, that, as early as the year 326, this site had been selected. The Apostle John, who witnessed the crucifixion, or knew all the facts pertaining to it, lived nearly seventy years afterward, and many others who were present at the tragedy must have carried the knowledge of the place forward nearly a century; so that it seems to me that it would have been impossible for Constantine or his Empress mother to have made any mistake. The knowledge of the exact spot must have been transmitted from the thousands who saw the deed committed to their children and grandchildren; and had the Emperor fixed upon a site a mile or two miles from the place where the event transpired, a thousand voices would have been heard stating the traditions which had been handed down to them. The early Church could hardly

have failed to know all about this great transaction, on which so much was depending. They must often have referred to the place where the Lord was put to death, and the spot must have been as familiar to them as the Garden of Gethsemane, or Mount Zion. It can hardly be supposed that from the death of John to the time of Constantine, the spot where salvation was wrought out for a lost world could have been forgotten. Nor do we know of anything in the Scriptural representation, the topographical argument, and the historical account which may not be reconciled with known or existing facts. Without, however, expressing a definite opinion, where men who have spent so much time in Jerusalem and who have given the subject so much attention differ widely, let us conclude that we are near the mount of martyrdom, and the sepulchre of the Son of Man. Eusebius was born in the year 264, only about one hundred and sixty-four years from the death of the Apostle John, and he adopted the commonly accepted location of the sacred localities without a question or a doubt as to their identity. He was present at the dedication of the Martyrion erected by Constantine, and delivered a discourse, and must have been familiar with all the steps taken by the Emperor and his gifted mother in their investigations.

The traditionary account of the discovery of

the exact spot—for the place where the cross stood, without the deviation of a single inch, is shown—is this. The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, was directed by divine interposition to search for the true cross, the spot where it stood, and the tomb in which the Saviour was buried. Inspired for her mission, she started from Rome, at the age of seventy-nine years, arrived in Palestine, and at once entered upon her work. The pagans had buried the cross, doubtless to prevent it being preserved and worshipped. On the spot where it stood on the great day of Atonement, a temple was erected to Venus. But gathering what facts she could, Helena commenced her search. A Jew, who had treasured all the traditions which were afloat among the people, rendered her much assistance, and at length the three crosses were found buried in one place. The inscription which Pilate put upon the Saviour's head was also discovered near by, but detached from the cross on which the Saviour died. For a time doubt existed as to which was the real cross. At length a test was proposed by Macarius, an Egyptian saint and sage, who had been converted to Christianity. The Empress adopted it. The three crosses were taken to a noble woman, who was lying at the door of death, in Jerusalem. The first was presented to her, and there was no effect. The

second was brought, with a like result; but when the third came, the change was instant and marvellous. She sprang from her couch, with health in every look, and vigor and strength in every movement. There are many traditions as to what became of the real cross. That most commonly received by the Latins is, that one fragment was deposited in the Martyrion, another fragment sent to Rome and deposited in the Church of Santa Croce, and the remainder worked into a statue of the Emperor, which was erected at Constantinople. The Martyrion was destroyed by the Persians, in 614. Modestus, superior of the Convent of Theodosius, erected a new group of buildings on the same spot. These were destroyed in 1010, and in time gave place to the present edifice, which was once nearly destroyed by fire.

Now let us enter the building with the party, Walter and Harry being ahead. Passing the Turkish guard, who lounges near the door, we find ourselves in a crowd of people, who are looking at the Stone of Unction, on which the body of our Saviour was laid when he was anointed for burial. It is covered with marble, to save it from desecration and injury. Close by is a spot, marked in the floor by dark-colored marble, where the mother of Jesus stood while the body was being prepared for the Sepulchre. A

large iron cage, lighted by an ever-burning lamp, covers the spot. We pass into the rotunda, where is the Holy Sepulchre, a little oratory, twenty-eight by eighteen feet, highly ornamented. In the porch of this oratory, called the Chapel of the Angel, is the stone on which the heavenly messenger sat when he had rolled it away from the door of the Sepulchre. It has been broken off piece by piece, until all that remains is a block about eighteen inches square. Through a low, narrow door, we press our way into the tomb, a room about seven feet square, where is the sepulchral couch on which Christ rested three days. The couch, which is raised some two or three feet from the floor, is covered with a marble slab, which the pilgrims kiss with the utmost devotion. "Here," says one, "have I often lingered, solemnized, awe-struck, looking at pilgrim after pilgrim, in endless procession, crawling in on bended knees, bowing lips and forehead and cheeks to the cold marble, bathing it with tears, and sobbing until the very heart seemed breaking,—then dragging himself away, still in the attitude of devotion, until the threshold is again crossed. The vault is said to be hewn in the living rock; but not a vestige of it is now seen. The floor, tomb, walls, all are marble; while the upper part is so blackened by the smoke of lamps and incense, that it is im-

possible to tell what it is composed of." A Catholic clergyman from America, two or three Greeks, a Mohammedan, and one or two of our Protestant travellers, were crowded in. The priest kissed the stone, said his prayers over it, and blessed some beads there. The forty-two golden lamps that hung there shed a wild and glaring light over the whole scene; and they were glad to escape into the open air, out of the polluting smoke and the poisoned atmosphere.

A door behind the Sepulchre opens into a room, which contains the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea and that of Nicodemus. The latter is a hole in the ground, about four feet deep. Mr. Damrell, anxious to see all there was there, hastened in, and, the torch being far behind, he stepped into the tomb and fell headlong. Those who saw him disappear did not know where he was gone to. Fortunately he escaped without serious injury, and, after floundering about awhile, he scrambled out, satisfied with his experience among the tombs. Another passage leads to the Well of Helena, a large subterranean cistern, the water of which Walter drew and drank. There is evidence to suppose that a large baptistery stood near, and the water for baptismal purposes was supplied from this cistern. Passing on a little further, we find a marble let into the pavement, to indicate the spot

where the Saviour appeared to Mary Magdalen in that memorable interview when she supposed him to be the gardener. The Chapel of the Apparition is the next spot in order. This chapel, according to Fabri, stands on the site of the house where the mother of Christ sought shelter after her son was dead. In this house he appeared to her after his resurrection; and the spot where she stood, as his comforting words fell on her ears, is indicated by a piece of marble in the floor. Kept in this chapel is a fragment of the column to which Christ was bound when scourged by order of Pontius Pilate. It is a piece of porphyry, two or three feet long. It stands in a little niche, and is securely covered. In the covering is a hole to admit a stick, which the visitor moves about until he finds the stone. There is not much satisfaction in doing this, for no one can tell what kind of a stone the stick has touched. Pilgrims kiss the stick when it is drawn out, and the Catholic Church grants them a plenary indulgence therefor. Not being Papists, and not wanting an indulgence, the gentlemen did not kiss the stick; but Walter said he would, and gave the priest a shilling for the privilege.

We then pass in succession into the prison where Jesus was confined before his death,—a low, dark, sombre chamber, hewn in the rock,—



and several other chapels and rooms, in each of which some wonderful thing is said to have transpired. There is one spot in the church where the Greeks affirm God found the clay, out of which he made father Adam. The party had with them that day in the church, as has been said, a Roman Catholic priest. He told Walter he was glad to meet him in such a holy place, and interested himself in showing the boys the sacred localities. As he stated one tradition after another, Walter would ask him,—

“Is there no doubt about this statement?”

“None whatever; the Church has settled it.”

When Walter asked him about this clay of which God made Adam, he told him it was probably true; but the Greek Church, not the Latin, was responsible for it, and so he could not decide.

In the Chapel of Invention, in an excavation in the rock, they were told the crosses were found. “An altar and a cross,” says Porter, “now stand on the identical spot where the *True Cross* lay dishonored and unknown for three centuries. This rude chapel is one of special sanctity in the estimation of monks and pilgrims; and many of the latter may be heard to sob and groan as they enter,—and what wonder when their spiritual guides point to the dripping walls and roof to show them how the very rocks still weep in

memory of the events that here occurred? The vault was evidently an old cistern, perhaps connected with the great cistern of Helena."

We now come to Golgotha itself. We ascend a flight of steps to the top of the rock. There the party were told Christ was crucified. The rock is covered with marble, which was laid open, so that they could see the places where the three crosses were set into the rock. They were also asked to view a rent in the rock, which was made by the earthquake. The chapel is hung with golden lamps, and embellished with tinsel and show. Walter afterwards wrote in his journal his feelings as he stood there:—"I gave myself up to the tender emotions of the hour, keeping my cavils and doubts for another time. I could not cavil or find fault there, though I know if Christ should come he would brush all this trumpery away as unceremoniously as he drove the money-changers and dove-sellers out of the Temple. The thought was overwhelming. I was now, perhaps, on the very spot where the Saviour was crucified,—where the Lord of life and glory bore the weight of man's tremendous sins. I have no power to describe my emotions as I stood there looking down upon that stone, while the whole edifice rang with the music of the Greek service, which was then going on, and a hundred censers perfumed the air."

Thus under one roof the superstitious people have grouped all the prominent scenes in the sad tragedy of crucifixion. The church is used a part of the time by the Greeks, and a part of the time by the Latins. There is one Greek festival which may as well be described in this connection, — the miracle of the holy fire. The tradition of the Greek Church asserts that on Easter eve a holy fire descends from heaven, and kindles all the forty-two lamps hanging in the Sepulchre. The Greek patriarch is alone permitted to enter, but, while he is there, the holy fire is seen to run from lamp to lamp, and at that moment the crowd rush forward to light their tapers at the sacred blaze. The young reader can have no description of this scene equal to that furnished by Stanley, (which Mr. Tenant read aloud to the party while they were in the church,) who was himself a witness of the miracle.

“The Chapel of the Sepulchre,” he says, “rises from a dense mass of pilgrims, who sit or stand wedged round it; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass, which goes round the walls of the church itself, a lane is formed by two lines, or rather two circles, of Turkish soldiers stationed to keep order. For the spectacle which is about to take place, nothing can be better suited than the form of the

Rotunda, giving galleries above for the spectators, and an open space below for the pilgrims and their festival. For the first two hours everything is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that two or three pilgrims who have got close to the aperture keep their hands fixed in it with a clench never relaxed. It is about noon that this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks, that, unless they run round the Sepulchre a certain number of times, the fire will not come. Possibly, also, there is some strange reminiscence of the funeral games and races round the tomb of an ancient chief. Accordingly, the night before, and from this time forward for two hours, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leap-frog, round and round the Holy Sepulchre. First, he sees these tangled masses of twenty, thirty, fifty men, starting in a run, catching hold of each other, lifting one of themselves on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps off, and some one else succeeds; some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, one usually preceding the rest as a flugel-man, clapping his hands, to which they respond

in like manner, adding also wild howls, of which the chief burden is, 'This is the tomb of Jesus Christ! God save the Sultan! Jesus Christ has redeemed us!' What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the circle between the troops is continually occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, like the Witches' Sabbath in 'Faust,' wheeling round the Sepulchre. Gradually the frenzy subsides or is checked, the course is cleared, and out of the Greek Church on the east of the Rotunda a long procession, with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, begins to defile round the Sepulchre.

“From this moment the excitement, which has been before confined to the runners and dancers, becomes universal. Hedged in by soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims still remain in their places, all joining, however, in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught from time to time, strangely, almost affectingly mingled, the chants of the procession, the solemn chants of the Church of Basil and Chrysostom, mingled with the yells of savages. Thrice the procession passes round; at the third time the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. One great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The crisis of the

day is now approaching. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of fire, and at this point it is that they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. In a moment the confusion as of a battle and a victory pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the church at the southeast corner. The procession is broken through, the banners stagger and waver. They stagger, and waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers, hither and thither before the tremendous rush. In one small but compact band the Bishop of Petra (who is on this occasion the Bishop of 'the Fire,' the representative of the Patriarch) is hurried to the Chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads. One vacant spot alone is left,—a narrow lane from the aperture on the north side of the chapel to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the fire. On each side of the lane hundreds of bare arms are stretched out, like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest. . . .

“At last the moment comes. A bright flame as of burning wood appears inside the hole,—the light, as every educated Greek knows and ac-

knowledges, kindled by the bishop within, — the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God Himself upon the Holy Tomb. Any distinct feature or incident is lost in the universal whirl of excitement which envelops the church, as slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, through that vast multitude — till at last the whole edifice, from gallery to gallery and through the area below, is one wide blaze of thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the bishop or patriarch is carried out of the chapel in triumph, on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, ‘to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence he is believed to come.’ It is now that the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the lighted tapers into the streets and houses of Jerusalem, through the one entrance to the church, leads at times to the violent pressure which in 1834 cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro, rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire to attest its supposed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates from the moment that the fire is communicated; and perhaps not the least extraordinary part of the spectacle is the rapid and total subsidence of a frenzy so intense, — the contrast

of the furious agitation of the morning with the profound repose of the evening, when the church is once again filled, through the area of the Rotunda, the chapels of Copt and Syrian, the subterranean Church of Helena, the great nave of Constantine's Basilica, the stairs and platform of Calvary itself, with the many chambers above, — every part, except the one chapel of the Latin Church, filled and overlaid by one mass of pilgrims, wrapt in deep sleep and waiting for the midnight service."

It would not be strange if such a scene was often attended by excesses of various kinds ; and we find that scarcely a year passes which does not show some horrible tragedy, in which bodies are crushed, men and women are stabbed, and lives are lost. While the party stood talking about it, Mr. Dunnallen read from a volume in his hands the interesting statement made by Curzon, in his work on the " Monasteries of the Levant," of what he witnessed at the conclusion of the services in 1834. " The guards outside," he says, " frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled, like oxen, with the butt-



ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself, and in the *mêlée* all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage did the fight become, that even the panic-struck and frightened pilgrims appeared at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves.

“For my part, as soon as I perceived the danger, I cried out to my companions to turn back, which they did; but I myself was carried on by the press till I came near the door, where all were fighting for their lives. Here, seeing certain destruction before me, I made every endeavor to get back. An officer of the Pacha's, equally along with myself, was also trying to return; he caught hold of my cloak, and pulled me down on the body of an old man who was breathing out his last sigh. As the officer was pressing me to the ground, we wrestled together among the dying and the dead with the energy of despair. I struggled with this man till I pulled him down, and happily got again upon my legs, — (I afterwards found that he never rose again,) — and scrambling over a pile of corpses, I made my way back into the body of the church. . . . The dead were lying in heaps, even upon the Stone of Unction; and I saw full four hundred wretched people, dead and living, heaped pro-

miscuously one upon another, in some places above five feet high."

It was near night when the party left the church, threaded their way through the narrow *Via Dolorosa*, and sought their camp outside the gates.

"Wonderful day this has been to me," said Walter to Mr. Tenant, who sat at his side in one of the tents.

"Wonderful to us all, Walter, for we have been on the most holy and sacred spot of ground on earth."

"O, how I would like to have lived here when Christ lived, that I might have seen him. Do you suppose he looked like other men?"

"I presume he did. He came into this world to take upon himself our nature, and of course he looked like the rest of mankind, though there seems to be an impression that he was a person of wonderful beauty and grace."

"I regret that there is no description of his person, — no statue or picture of him."

"There is a description of him, but its genuineness I am not able to tell you about."

"O, what was it? Can you give it?"

"Yes, you little enthusiast, though the descriptions of the Saviour's beautiful deeds and holy words are far more precious than any description of his person."

“Yes, sir, I know it; but I should be delighted to read a truthful description of our Lord.”

“Well, sometime before we leave these sacred localities, I will try to find the description to which I refer, preserved by some old Jewish authority.”

“Don’t forget it.”

“If I do, you can remind me of it.”

“I certainly shall.”

It is somewhat singular that in the Bible there is no partial or complete description of the person of Christ; and we may suppose that the Redeemer wished to turn our minds from his person to his work.

## CHAPTER V

## MORNING VISIT TO THE TEMPLE.

A FEW days after the party had been encamped in Jerusalem, Mohammed proposed that they make arrangements to go to the Mosque of Omar, that occupies the site of the Temple of Solomon. All were pleased with this proposition, the boys especially so. Harry fairly leaped into the air when he heard Mohammed make the suggestion, and Walter vented his delight in a more quiet way.

“Let us go to-day, Mohammed,” said Mr Percy.

“No, sah!”

“Why not?”

“Can’t, sah!”

“But why can’t we? Please explain.”

“Because I go to the Pacha, and say, ‘I want my gentlemen to go into the Great Mosque,’ and he give me tickets.”

“Well, get the tickets, and we will go to-morrow.”

“No, sah. The Pacha say, ‘Go Sunday morning.’”

“Get the tickets, and we will decide when to use them.”

“But they cost money!”

“Ah! do they? How much?”

“One sovereign for each man.”

“Nothing for the boys?”

“Yes, sah; boys’s men when they go into the Mosque.”

“Why, Mohammed,” said Harry, “it is the most costly show I ever went to.”

“Yes, costly; but I show you everything—everything, — Great Mosque, stone in the air, —everything I show you.”

Mohammed was bent on visiting the Mosque on Sunday morning; and though the party could not see the necessity of going on that day, they yielded, and, on the morning of the next Sabbath, started from their encampment before the day had dawned. They entered the gate, and were soon in front of the entrance. Here let us pause a moment and give the young reader some facts about the Temple. The first edifice was planned by God, the materials gathered by David, and the foundation laid by Solomon, B. C. 1011, on the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, on the summit of Mount Moriah. For seven years the workmen labored upon it, but no sound of the hammer was heard during all that period. “How was that?” asks some little boy. The reason

was, that the building was all framed together, part fitted to part, before being brought here. For four hundred and twenty years the structure stood, the wonder of the world, when it was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. The second Temple was built by Zerubbabel, B. C. 534, on the ruins of the first, but without much of the former glory. Antiochus Epiphanes polluted it, and set up the image of Jupiter Olympus on its grand altar. Judas Maccabæus purified and repaired it; but time and war wasted it again, until the time of Herod the Great, who repaired it with great magnificence. The structure covered the whole top of Mount Moriah, which had been walled up all around so as to give ample space. The structure stood until after the crucifixion, and was at length destroyed by Titus, by a singular coincidence, or rather a striking providence, on the same day of the same month that the first Temple was destroyed by the Chaldeans.

We now enter the enclosure by an obscure doorway, and pass by the fortress of Antonia, the prison of the Temple, where, when the city was besieged by the Romans, and the walls had been breached, the Jews made their final and most heroic defence. If the reader wishes to find an account of the invasion of Jerusalem by Titus, and the destruction of the Temple, he can do so by going to Josephus's history of the Jew-

ish nation, and it will be as interesting to any boy or girl as the battles of more modern times. It was a very different kind of warfare from that pursued by Napoleon and Wellington, as the young student of history will see by reading it. The castle of Antonia must have been a very strong building in its time. It occupies the whole northern side of the Harem, and was erected by the Maccabæan family.

It had rained hard the night before, and water stood in pools upon the marble pavement in the enclosure; yet the party were obliged to wander about with no covering for their feet but their stockings; and, as they splashed into the cold water, they said all sorts of hard things against the Mahomedans, who have the control of the place. The principal objects of interest within the enclosure are: the Mosque of Omar itself; the immense stone (El Sakhrâh), "the sole remnant of the top of the ridge of Moriah, some sixty feet long by forty-five feet wide, and ten or twelve feet high on the lower side, said to have been the foundation for the altar of Solomon's Temple"; El Aksa, probably built by Justinian for a Christian church; the vaults, columns, gateways, and all the usual arrangements of Moslem worship. They descended into the vaults beneath the enclosure, swung themselves down through a broken place in the pavement, by the roots of a

tree, and wandered about among those huge pillars, beneath those immense arches put there by Solomon to sustain the enclosure and the Temple. They walked around upon the walls, looking off upon the charming country, passing in their way the Gate Beautiful, at which once a beggar sat and asked alms of Peter and John. They saw the very stones, of which not one were left upon another, but which have been worked into the edifices which now occupy the area. The scornful Turks looked at them as they passed along, protected from their hatred by the Pasha's order.

The question was asked by Walter, "What has become of the gold and silver, the jewels and holy vessels of the Temple service?"

As both the boys came up to Mr. Percy to hear his answer, that gentleman said, "We know that the Temple abounded in wealth, that the whole structure was a mass of precious metal. The first Temple within and without glittered with gold. Josephus tells us, that 'it had everything that could strike the mind or astonish the sight, for it was covered on every side with plates of gold; so that, when the sun shone upon it, it reflected so strong and dazzling an effulgence, that the eye of the spectator was obliged to turn away, being no more able to sustain its radiance than the splendor of the sun. To strangers who were approaching, it appeared at a distance like



a mountain covered with snow; for where it was not decorated with plates of gold, it was extremely white and glistening. On the top it had sharp-pointed spikes of gold, to prevent any bird from alighting on it and polluting it.' The interior infinitely surpassed the exterior. The Temple of Herod the Great, though without some of the things which constituted the glory of the first Temple, was decorated with untold splendor; and it has often been asked, 'Where is this gold?' It is known that Titus carried back with him to Rome large quantities of gold, but that he took all is not supposed. It is believed by many that there are vaults beneath this Temple where gold and silver in vast quantities are hidden, and that from the subterranean recesses the accumulations of ages will at length be brought forth. When Christianity sets up her banner over the Temple walls," added Mr. Percy, "and Christ is preached from the altar of El-Aksa, then will this wealth be discovered."

The two boys were much interested in a well just within the doors of El-Aksa.

"This well, boys," said Dr. Forestall, "is called 'The Well of the Leaf.'"

"Why is it so called?" asked one.

"The hand-book gives the reason."

"Please read it, — do."

Dr. Forestall read as follows: "On one occasion Mohammed said" —

"Is that our Mohammed?" interrupted Harry.

"No, no. Be silent while I read. — Mohammed said, 'One of my followers will enter Paradise walking, while yet alive.' It so happened that in the days of Omar some of the Faithful came to Jerusalem to pray. One of them went to this well to draw water, but while doing so his bucket fell to the bottom. He went down to get it, and, to his great surprise, found there a door opening into delicious gardens. Having walked through them for a time, he plucked a leaf from one of the trees, stuck it behind his ear, and hastened back to tell his companions. The matter was reported to the governor, who sent his servants with the stranger to see these remarkable subterranean gardens; but no door could be found. Omar was written to, and he at once replied that the prophecy of Mohammed was now literally fulfilled, because a living man had walked into Paradise. To test the matter and settle all doubts, he desired them to examine the *leaf*, and, if it still remained green and fresh, there could be no doubt that it came from Paradise. The leaf of course had preserved its verdure, and the well is still called the 'Well of the Leaf.'"

When the Doctor had finished the reading, both boys exclaimed at once, —

“ I don't believe that ! ”

“ Why not, you young sceptics ? ” asked the Doctor.

“ Because I don't, ” answered Harry.

“ Because it is not reasonable, ” replied Walter.

The party remained in the enclosure a long time. The boys had hundreds of questions to ask. They would question one gentleman as long as he was willing to answer them, and then they would go to another and get from him all they could.

The sun was high in the heavens when they left and went back to their tents.

“ Why, we have not had breakfast yet, ” said Harry, as he saw Hallile setting the table.

“ No ; but I had not thought of it before. ”

“ I have been so interested that I should not have thought of breakfast until night. ”

“ Nor I. It's worth more than breakfast, dinner, and supper, to go where we have been. ”

“ Then you are willing to go without breakfast, ” said Mr. Butterworth, who came up at this moment, and overheard the last remark.

“ That does not follow, Mr. Butterworth. If we could not see what we have seen without being deprived of food, why, let eating go. ”

“ Breakfast ready, gentlemen ! ” cried Hallile,

who was somewhat impatient that the party had stayed away so long.

The following Saturday, Mr. Percy told the boys he would take them to the Jews' Wailing.

"What is that?" asked Harry.

"Don't you know?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will tell you. No Jews are allowed inside the Temple enclosure; but every week they assemble near the old foundation of the building, and mourn over the destruction of the Temple and the desolation of Jerusalem."

"Oh, let us go and see them."

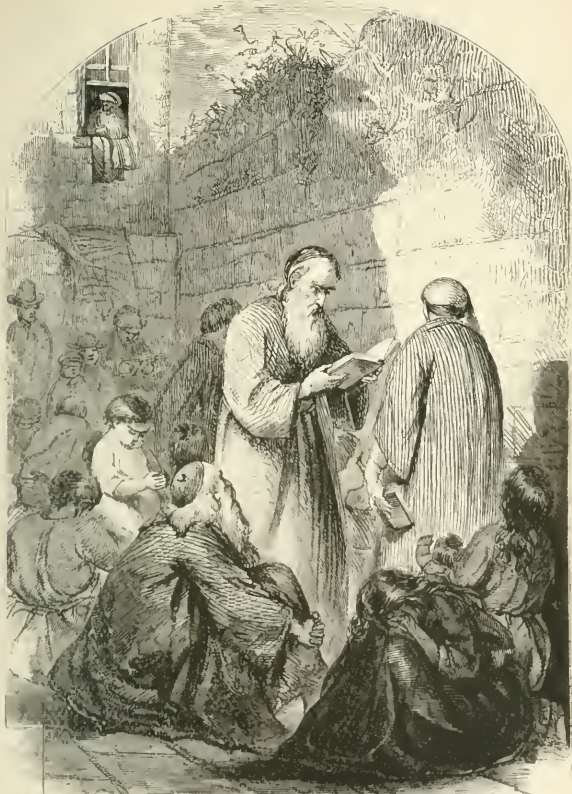
"Put on your things, and we will be off."

The boys were soon ready, and the trio went to the place. They found about one hundred and fifty Jews, men and women, assembled. From the Hebrew Bible they read passages of Scripture, and then bowing their heads, and rocking their bodies, they mourned and wept.

"What chapter are they reading?" asked Walter.

"The ninth of Jeremiah," replied his father.

Walter drew out his English Bible, and finding the place, read with them aloud. Then the Jews went up to the wall and kissed it, and the boys saw that the rough wall had been kissed smooth by Jewish lips.



PLACE OF WAILING. FELTER



“ Shall I go and kiss the wall, pa ? ” asked Walter.

“ If you please, my son.”

“ Oh, don't be so foolish, Walter,” said Harry.

“ I want to do as they do. I sympathize with them, and pity them.”

“ What for ? ”

“ Because they are shut out of the Temple which their fathers loved so much.”

“ I don't pity them at all. Didn't they crucify our Lord ; and don't they deserve to be kept out ? ”

“ Perhaps they do. But I love the Temple, and I will kiss the stone, so that I can tell Minnie I did it.”

“ She will laugh at you.”

Walter went forward and kissed the stones, and the Jews looked at him in surprise.

The Jews' Wailing is a very sad affair. The associations are all mournful and sad. The dirge-like wails of the sons and daughters of Abraham, and the saddened faces and weeping eyes, make the whole scene a most melancholy one. One traveller, describing his emotions there, remarks : “ The impression made on my mind by the scene here witnessed will never be effaced. Men, women, and children, of all ages, from young infants to patriarchs of fourscore and ten, crowded the pavement and pressed their thro-

bing foreheads against the beloved stones. There was no formality of grief here. We waited till the crowd had thinned away and only a dozen remained. These were men of stately mien and imposing countenances. Their long beards flowed down on their breasts, and tears, not few, ran down their cheeks and fell on the pavement. There was one man of noble features that we especially noticed, whose countenance for more than half an hour seemed unmoved by any emotion of earth, saving only that of deep grief, too deep for expression. I approached close to him, but he did not look up at me. He sat on the pavement, his back to a wall of a house or a garden, and his face to the wall that once enclosed the shrine of his ancestors. I looked over his shoulder and saw that he was reading the mournful words of Isaiah; nor did I then wonder that he wept for the mockery that now occupied the place of the solemn services of the daily sacrifice, and the senseless Moslem traditions which, in vain, essayed to cloud the glorious history of the Mountain of the Lord."

When the boys got back to the camp, they had an enthusiastic time in telling the gentlemen what they had seen. The spectacle made quite an impression on the sensitive mind of Walter, who wept freely as he described the long-bearded Jews reading from the Book of Jeremiah, bowing their



heads upon their breasts, rocking their bodies with sorrow, and pressing their tear-covered faces against the stones of their ancient Temple. Harry, who was a boy, as all have observed, of very different turn of mind, ridiculed Walter's sensibility, and declared that he saw nothing in those old dirty Jews to cry about, but much to ridicule and condemn. Mr. Percy talked with them both, and gave them his views on the subject; and in the excitement which soon followed the Wailing Jews were forgotten.

## CHAPTER VI

## A WALK ABOUT ZION.

“WHAT shall we do to-day?” was a question proposed in the encampment, one beautiful morning, as the party sat around the breakfast-table, just as the sun rose.

“You go to bazars,” said Mohammed, who stood by.

“You Arabs are always after the bazars,” replied Mr. Tenant.

“Let us go into the city and buy some Jerusalem canes,” said Harry.

“Jerusalem canes! What are they?” asked Mr. Allston.

“They are made of beautiful olive wood, and have the word ‘Jerusalem’ in Hebrew characters on them.”

“We can get enough of those before we leave; and we must not spend the day in that way; our time is too precious,” remarked Mr. Dunnallen.

“I suggest,” said Dr. Forestall, “that we start as soon as breakfast is over, and walk all

around the city, that we may see it leisurely at all points."

"I have done that already. I went all round on horseback, yesterday morning," cried Walter.

"*Walked* around the city on *horseback*, did you, Walter?" good-naturedly asked the Doctor.

"Well, you know what I mean."

"Yes, I do; and we have all compassed the city on horseback, and now I propose to do it on foot. If we walk, we can see many things which we should never notice were we riding."

The suggestion struck the whole company very favorably, and it was resolved to act upon it. So Abdallah was sent into the city to buy some articles which were needed; Hassan was charged to have a good dinner ready at the usual hour; and Hallile was told to take care of the tents; and the party started forth. They had a hard day's work, and returned to the camp very much fatigued. The account of what was seen is found in the following letter, written after dinner by Mr. Percy to his daughter Minnie.

"JERUSALEM.

"MY DEAR CHILD, — I know how welcome a letter from your father will be to you. I have been writing to your mother, and expected Walter to write to you; but the poor lad is lying down upon the ground in front of the tent fast

asleep. You know that he never would sleep before sundown, unless he was very weary, and you must excuse him. I will try and tell you what we have seen to-day, and you can read it to your mother, and she will explain to you what you do not understand. We proposed this morning to take a walk all around Jerusalem, on the outside of the walls; and we should all have been very happy if your little feet could have pattered along with us. But as you were not here, but safe in Beyroot, you must fancy that you are walking with Harry and Walter, looking over upon the city.

“The most interesting spots are outside of the city. No doubt exists as to their identity; and the hand of Superstition has hung them with no smoking lamps, and surrounded them with no suffocating incense. The Latin and Greek Churches have fixed the spots in the city; God has fixed those outside. Monks and priests have changed the features of Zion, Moriah, and Calvary, but Olivet and Gihon, the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Pool of Siloam, remain as of old.

“So, early this morning we started from our encampment to encompass the city. Each man had a book open in his hand; measuring tape and plummets were provided; and, full of interest, we crossed over into the Valley of Gilon.

The upper pool (called by the Arabs Birket-el-Mammilla) first drew our attention, now dry and waving with grain. Across the Fuller's field, to the spot where Isaiah went forth to meet Ahaz, and where the haughty Rabshakeh delivered his insolent message, we directed our way. Once the famous reservoir on which Jerusalem depended for water, now palm and fig-trees grow in the broken cistern. The pool is at the entrance of the Valley of Hinnom, on the west side of the city. Just below is the lower pool (Birket es Sultan). This is also dry, but in a fine state of preservation. The remains of the Aqueduct of Solomon, by which water was carried into the city, are still seen. Passing along the Valley of Hinnom, we reach the base of the Mount of Offence, associated in our minds with some of the darker scenes in the history of the son and successor of the royal Psalmist. On the top of this hill, Moloch's worship was conducted; and to this day it bears its ancient name, Mount of Corruption and Scandal. Crossing the hill, and winding round the side of it, we reach Aceldama, the 'Field of Blood,' bought with the thirty pieces of silver, the price of our Saviour's betrayal. An immense cave, covered with a vaulted roof, now overgrown with grass and herbs, is the charnel-house; and bodies thrown in are said to be consumed in a very short time.

There are excavations and openings from the sides which admit a few rays of light; and though it is long since this cavern was used as a burial-place, we could distinctly see the loose bones upon the bottom. This was the place bought with the price of Christ,—the Field of Blood,—and here, until within seventy years, the strangers dying in Jerusalem have been buried. As we stood there, we looked down over the abrupt precipices into the Valley of Hinnom. Mount Zion was over against us; Moriah, crowned with the Mosque of Omar, and Olivet, surmounted by the Church of Ascension, at a little distance; and out beyond the whole, a gorgeous panorama rolling out in beauty and magnificence. Clambering down over the rocks, passing the tombs in the hill-side, many of which are now occupied by poor families, we struck upon a little rill in the Tyropœon Valley. We knew it was Siloam's holy stream, fringed with flowers, musical in its ripple, and gentle in its onward flow. We followed it along, and soon stood by the Pool of Siloam, wetting our feet in

— 'Siloah's brook, that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God.'

The pool is a reservoir fifty-four feet long, eighteen wide, and twenty deep. It was formerly arched over; and there are the remains of the pillars which once supported the canopy. Ren-

dered sacred by frequent mention in the Old Testament, and the miracles of the New, we stood beside it, with feelings akin to reverence. The water that supplies the Pool of Siloam comes from the Fountain of the Virgin, by a subterranean passage. Dr. Robinson explored the passage, crawling on his hands and knees, or lying at full length and dragging himself along upon his elbows. This place was probably one of great resort in the time of Christ, the waters being famed for their healing qualities. There is a curious contradiction as to the taste of these waters. Some writers speak of them as *sweet* and pure, others call them *tasteless*, some say they are *brackish* and *saltish*, and Barclay quotes some one as styling them *milk-and-waterish*. Doubtless the waters are different at different times; and all these writers are correct. We found them pure and sweet, happy to coincide with that old Jewish historian, Josephus.

“ We next come to the ‘ Fountain of the Virgin,’ to which we descend by two flights of steps, finding a basin fifteen feet long and seven wide. No one can tell whence the waters come. ‘ They are probably connected,’ says Hackett, ‘ with a system of aqueducts or fountains under the Temple mount, which has not yet been explored.’ The fountain is intermittent, running from two to four hours in the day with great velocity, and very

slowly and quietly the rest of the time. ‘The thought occurred to me one very warm day, while residing on the Mount of Olives,’ says Dr. Barclay, ‘that an attempt to ascertain the true origin of this mysterious streamlet might neither be an unprofitable nor unpleasant way of spending an hour or two. I accordingly commenced my subter-aquatic explorations as stealthily as possible, for fear of raising a mob, crawling about with only a single candle in hand. Having loitered in the pool till the coming down of the waters, I soon found several widely separated places where it gained admittance, besides the opening under the steps, where alone it had formerly been supposed to enter. I then observed a large opening entering the rock-hewn channel, just below the pool, which, though once supplying a tributary quite copious, — if we may judge from its size, — is now dry. Being found too much choked with tessara and rubbish to be penetrated far, I carefully noted its position and bearing, and, on searching for it above, soon identified it on the exterior, where it assumed an upward direction toward the Temple; and entering it through a breach, traversed it for nearly a thousand feet, — sometimes walking erect, at other times bending low, now on hand and knee, and not unfrequently inching my way snake-fashion, until at last I reached a point near the wall



where I heard the donkeys nimbly tripping along over my head; and then the pioneer of our party getting lodged, we were compelled to back out and retrace our way. I was perfectly satisfied, however, on subsequently locating our course above ground with the theodolite, that this subterraneous canal derived its former supply of water, not from Moriah, but from Zion.'

"There are several reasons why this charming water should be called the 'Fountain of the Virgin.' One tradition states that the Virgin Mary was accustomed to resort to this place for the purposes of purification, and hence in time took its name from her. Another tradition, vouched for by Mejr-ed-Din, states that the water was known formerly as the Fountain of the Accused Woman, and it was deemed a test for women accused of adultery. If the person was innocent, she would drink without harm, and wonderful beauty was the result. But if she was guilty, she died, ere the sun set, of a most horrid, loathsome death. When the Virgin Mary was accused of crime, she was brought here, subjected to the ordeal, drank the water harmlessly, and ever after was gifted with a wonderful purity of expression, and secured the reputation among all her countrywomen as a saint.

"The people around have a legend to account

for the intermittent character of the fountain, like this: 'A dragon lives within the fountain. If he is awake, the water does not flow; but when he sleeps and cannot control it, it bubbles up.' As I believe this Fountain of the Virgin to be the ancient Pool of Bethesda, it may be interesting if I quote what Robinson says of it:— 'As we were preparing to measure the basin of the fountain, and explore the passage leading from it, my companion was standing on the lower step near the water, with one foot on the step and another on a loose stone lying in the basin. All at once he perceived the water coming into his shoe; and supposing the stone had rolled, he withdrew his foot to the step, which however was also now covered with water. This instantly excited our curiosity; and we perceived the water rapidly bubbling up from under the lower step. In less than five minutes it had risen in the basin nearly or quite a foot; and we could hear it gurgling off through the interior passage. In ten minutes more it had ceased to flow; and the water in the basin was again reduced to its former level. Meanwhile a woman of Kefr Silwân came to wash at the fountain. She was accustomed to frequent the place every day; and from her we learned that the flowing of the water occurs at irregular intervals: sometimes two or three times a day, and sometimes, in

summer, once in two or three days. She said she had seen the fountain dry, and men and flocks dependent upon it gathered around, and suffering from thirst; when all at once the water would begin to boil up from under the steps, and from the bottom in the interior part, and flow off in a copious stream.'

“Passing down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we wandered among the ancient tombs, among which is that of Zacharias, who was slain between the porch and the altar, in the reign of Joash; the tomb of St. James, over a cave in which tradition says the Apostle took refuge at the time of the crucifixion, making a vow that he would neither eat nor drink until the Redeemer should rise; the tomb of Absalom, which is full within, and battered without by stones cast at it by passing Jews, who never go by it without spitting at it in indignation at Absalom's ingratitude and treachery; the tomb of Jehoshaphat, in which in 1842 a Hebrew manuscript roll was found, containing the Pentateuch; the tombs of the prophets and kings, all of them of great interest to the antiquarian or the biblical student.

“We are now at the foot of the Mount of Olives, close to a square lot of ground enclosed by a high wall. This is the Garden of Gethsemane, the scene of some of the most touching events in the Saviour's history. In the time of

Christ, the Garden of Gethsemane covered the whole base of Olivet; but a lot, about three hundred feet square, has been enclosed, to preserve the trees, and to afford a retreat for devout strangers. Within the wall is a walk around the Garden, which is enclosed with a pale fence. There are eight large palm-trees in the Garden, indicating a great age; and flowers and vines abound. The Latins have the charge of the place, and strangers are admitted for *backshish*. Near by is the 'Grotto of Agony,'—on the stones of which Christ is said to have fallen in his sorrow,—and some other monkish devices; but we did not wish to see them. There was the Garden, the venerable olive-trees, and the hallowed memories of that awful spot! (As another visit was made by the party to Gethsemane, we omit the minute description of it which Mr. Percy wrote to his daughter.) Nowhere in Palestine did I so much wish to be alone, that I might yield myself to the emotions which came rushing upon me.

“Returning to our camp, we passed the famous East Gate, concerning which is a tradition that it will never be opened again, until it is thrown back to welcome a returning Christ,—St. Stephen's Gate, and Damascus Gate, out of which was pouring a tide of human life,—having made the circuit of the city, crowding into

a single day a group of the most sacred objects to be found on the globe.

“And here, dear child, I must stop writing. I have written you a much longer epistle than I intended when I commenced; and as I find the boys are awake, I must go and see to them. I wish you and your mother were here, that you might enjoy this glorious sunset, and the fine view we are having of the city of Jerusalem.

“From your

“FATHER.”

“Walter!” called Mr. Percy.

“What, sir?”

“Come into my tent a moment.”

Walter came in.

“I have written a letter to Minnie. Shall I read it to you?”

“I should be much pleased to hear it.”

“Sit down then, and be quiet.”

Mr. Percy then read the letter which he had written, to the close, and then began to ask questions about what they had seen that day.

“How much, father,” he asked, “are thirty pieces of silver, the price of Christ’s betrayal?”

“Thirty silver *staters*, each one of which was worth about three shillings English money.”

“Let me see how much that was:—three times thirty are ninety,—ninety shillings; twenty shil-

lings make one pound ; twenty is contained in ninety, four times and ten over ; so the price paid must have been about four pounds and ten shillings."

" Yes, my son, that was the price at which your Lord was sold. A slave in Carolina will sell for a thousand dollars, but the Lord of life and glory was traded away for less than twenty-five dollars."

" What a wicked man he must have been, father."

" He was a very wicked man, indeed."

" I think what I have heard to-day will not be lost on me. I learned something at the tomb of Absalom, which I shall never forget."

The noise of horses was now heard.

" Walter ! Walter ! "

" What is up now, Harry ? " said Walter, going to the door of the tent.

" Only come out here and see."

" What do you want ? "

" Mohammed has got two elephants, — camels I mean, — and wants us to ride a little."

" I am ready for that."

" Mohammed now appeared in sight with two camels, — huge, unwieldy creatures, whose long necks and ugly heads seemed anything but beautiful. The boys were full of excitement. Harry soon mounted the camel, which was made to lie

down to take him. Then Walter went into the saddle, and the animal arose. The boys were almost thrown out, and the gentlemen looked on with shouts of laughter. Mohammed then got into the saddle of the other camel, and, with Abdallah on foot, the party started off and had a ride of two or three miles. But when they returned, they declared they never wanted to see a camel again, for they were both dizzy, and said they were "sea-sick." They scrambled down as quickly as they could, and were glad to lie down on the ground to recover themselves. The gentlemen then took a turn at camel riding, but did not much relish the amusement. Mohammed, with a twinkle of his eye, says to them, — "American gentlemen like donkey Arab like camel."

## CHAPTER VII.

## A NIGHT IN JERICHO.

EARLY one morning, before the boys were out of their beds, two Arabs came in and began to take down the tent.

“What are you doing?” cried Harry.

The men made some reply, but in a tongue unknown to them. The boys finding the tent coming down upon them, were glad to get out of it. On emerging they found the other tents all down, breakfast all ready, and Mr. Tenant and his friend Damrell at work upon a large flag.

“What are you about?” asked Harry. “Is the enemy coming? And are you about running away? And what is this flag for?”

The flag was a beautiful American ensign, which the gentlemen had been making, to carry in their tour in Palestine. The work was very creditable, and Walter said it was done almost as well as his mother could have made it. There was not room enough to put on all the stars, so they had thirteen to represent the number of original States. When the flag was set up, it



looked very beautiful indeed, and the whole party gave three hearty cheers. They did not know at that time that the dear old flag had been hauled down from Fort Sumter, and trodden in the dust of many an American city.

“Where are you going to-day?” asked Walter.

“O, don’t you know yet?” said one of the gentlemen.

“No, sir. Do tell me, Mr. Bradley.”

“We are going to Jericho.”

“No. You are funning?”

“No; I am not.”

“Jericho?”

“Yes, we start after breakfast for the Jordan and Dead Sea, and Mohammed says we shall encamp to-night at Jericho.”

“Hurrah for that!”

“You may be in a different mood before night.”

“Why?”

“Because the way is a hard one.”

“I don’t care for that.”

“And Mohammed says we are liable to meet the Bedouins of the desert on the way.”

“That is a different thing. But I think I shall go with you.”

They were soon all ready to start; and an Arab took the American flag, which was then

unfurled to a Syrian sun, and as they passed down the hill, Walter thought he never saw the Stars and Stripes look more grandly. The mulemen with the baggage had gone on before them, and were out of sight ; but the number of the party, all told, was twenty-four mounted men, — a formidable company for desert Bedouins to encounter. First rode ten irregular soldiers, cut-throat Arabs, furnished them as an escort by the Pasha ; then followed the party, now numbering ten persons ; the rear was brought up by the two dragomen and two cooks ; — twenty-four in all. The escort were armed with long spears, which they brandished furiously ; long Turkish rifles slung across the shoulders ; with several large horse-pistols stuck in the girdle, with dirks and knives to match. Dragomen and cooks were also armed ; and each of the travellers made a most amusing display of revolvers. They crossed the Mount of Olives by the road which David took when he fled, with his feet bare and his head covered, weeping as he went, from his son Absalom. The Mount of Olives is a fine mountain, exceedingly graceful in its outlines, rising one hundred and seventy-five Paris feet above the city. A little village is on the top, in the midst of which is the picturesque Church of Ascension, occupying the place from which Christ ascended to heaven after his resurrection. The church is a modern affair,

one erected by Helena having disappeared long ago. There is nothing remarkable in this church but a stone, having, we are told, the impress of the Saviour's foot. A rude, filthy fellow attempted to show the boys how Christ ascended. Putting his foot upon the stone, which has an indentation of almost the form of a foot, he spread his arms in the most ludicrous manner, destroying all solemn, sober feeling that the party might have had.

From this mountain they turned to take their grand view of Jerusalem. It was a glorious view. There, just before them was Mount Moriah, with its cluster of buildings known as the Harem; farther away, Calvary, surmounted by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one hundred feet higher than Moriah; the citadel, with the Turkish flag waving over it, and all the objects of interest were full in view. There they sat on their horses, drinking in that view; and there they might have sat, enraptured, all day long, had not the violent gesticulation and the wild shouts of the dragomen called them away.

On the opposite slope of the Mount of Olives is *Bethany*, famous as the home of Mary, Martha, and their brother Lazarus. It is a very mean village of about thirty houses, built of stone. The house where the two sisters with their brother often entertained the Saviour, is pointed out. Walter and Harry entered it afterward in com-

pany with Mr. Butterworth, in a visit which will be described in another chapter. A goat was 'ying at the door, an Arab was asleep on the step, and a dozen children within deterred them from entering. A deep vault, hewn out of the rock, which is reached by a long staircase, is said to be the tomb in which Lazarus lay before his resurrection. As they rode through, women, children, and dogs ran out after them, some with jars of water, and some uttering the universal, everlasting cry — *backshish*. They put spurs to their horses ("only they had no spurs," says Walter), and left Bethany, the "House of Dates," behind them. The way now becomes wild and desolate. Savage-looking Bedouins are seen peeping out from behind the rocks, or lingering by the roadside, as if ready to pounce upon the traveller if he is not sufficiently protected. "We drove down," says one traveller, "into a bleak glen, at the bottom of which, a mile or so from the village, is the little fountain called 'Ain el-Haud, — perhaps the *En-shemesh* of Josh. xv. 7, — which gives its name to the valley. A Saracenic arch covers the stone trough into which the water flows, and a few ruins around perhaps mark the site of an old *khan*. Down this glen the road winds for an hour or more, and then, leaving it to the right, passes through a broken country of chalky hills till it reaches an extensive, ruined

caravansary, situated on the top of a bleak ridge. Some broken walls and fragments of arches remain standing; but they are scarcely sufficient to afford us shade while we rest a few minutes to draw water from the deep well. This is considered the most dangerous part of the road; and somewhere near it Sir Frederick Henniker was stripped, wounded, and left for dead by the Bedouins in 1820. He was probably thinking of the parable of the Samaritan when the assassin stroke laid him low. I venture to state that no one will advance much beyond this place without at least feeling how admirably fitted the region is for deeds of violence and blood; especially if he gets a sight of some of the half-naked Arabs who are generally found skulking amid the ruins, or perching on the rocks around. On passing the ruin we enter a region still wilder than that we have left behind. Dr. Olin says of it, that 'the mountains seem to have been loosened from their foundations and rent to pieces by some terrible convulsion, and then left to be scathed by the burning rays of the sun.' "

Through such a wild, desolate country they rode until nearly night, when they struck the Plain of Jericho. The Arab escort suddenly paused, and bade the company halt, and called to Harry, who was in advance of the rest, to return. Two or three of them then rode forward

back and forth, up and down the plain, to assure themselves that there were no Bedouins lurking in the grass. When certain of this, they rode briskly across the plain to the Pools of Elisha, a mile or two from Jericho. Lurking round these pools, they saw several of the wild men of the wilderness, who doubtless would have pounced upon the travellers, had they numbered but two or three. They camped that night in the sight of Mount Gilgal, so famous in the history of the Jews. Mr. Percy told his son, who asked many questions, that it was at this place that Joshua put up the twelve stones that the priests had gathered from the bed of the Jordan which they had just crossed; that here the Tabernacle was pitched for the first time in the Holy Land; that here Saul was made king; that here Naaman found the prophet who healed him of his leprosy; and that here some of the most interesting events in Bible history took place. Not a vestige of the city remains; not a stone is left; not a single monument stands.

The city of Jericho was about four hundred yards from their encampment; a little forest between them. At evening, the boys went into the place, and walked through all the streets. Walter said it was the vilest and most degraded village he was ever in. As they entered, a score of fierce, wolfish, howling dogs came at them as



JERICHO.





if they were about to tear them in pieces. The dogs were followed by a score of women, not as fierce, but more brutish; and then by the men, who appeared very civil, and drove off the women and dogs. They went through, met with several funny adventures, and passed out to what is said to be the house of Zaccheus, the little man who climbed up into the tree to see the Saviour as he passed along. It is the best house in the place, and is now occupied by a small Turkish garrison. In the evening, the people, to the number of several hundreds, gathered in the grove or forest, between the town and the encampment, and some of the party ventured in among them. Here were the people, escaped from the filthy, vermin-filled huts, which were left to the dogs and cattle, assembled in this pleasant retreat. All around were fires, at which the women were cooking their rude evening meal. The others were engaged in various ways, — some at rough games, some asleep, some conversing in groups, some weaving, and others employed in some kind of sport. Almost everything that can be conceived of in such a country was going on there, indicating a most brutal state of society indeed. Almost all night the most fearful yelling and screaming was kept up, and the party had good reason to fear that before morning they should have some

trouble. They slept, Harry said, with one eye open that night, with such weapons as they had ready at hand. In the evening, a number of the scantily clad and shameless dancing-girls of the country came to the tents, and offered to dance for a sovereign. Mohammed told Mr. Percy that it was the custom of the country, that travellers usually had the exhibition, and that safety would be insured if they invested the money in that way. But the gentlemen had seen enough of the people of Jericho, and would not suffer them to come into their tents; and Mohammed sent them away, though Harry was very anxious to see their performance. The dancing-girls are very numerous, not only in Palestine, but in Egypt. They are the same odious class all through. As the party sat in the tent, Mr. Dunnallen asked Walter to read the account in which Dr. Smith describes them as "different from all other females. Their faces are never covered. Their dress is of a light rose-color, a delicate yellow, or an equally soft blue. Their foreheads are frequently covered by pieces of Turkish gold coin, suspended in strings, one below another. They are stockingless, but wear red morocco shoes, stiff and hard. They come down to the bank, near where the traveller's boat is moored, and dance with might and main, unsolicited, with a hope of *backshish*.

Their belts are strung with trinkets, such as small silver triangles, or little bells ; and all have metallic castanets in each hand. Stripping off their shoes when the music begins, their hips suddenly rise up, their bodies sway either way, their toes cramp into the sand, or to the floor, — wherever they happen to be, — while their countenances assume an earnestness of expression ; the furor increases, the features become impassioned, the castanets click ; and thus they pass from one degree of excitement to another, till, quite exhausted with the intense action of every muscle in their frames, the exhibition closes, with a round of applause.”

“ Tell them,” said Mr. Allston to Mohammed, “ that we can do without their professional services.”

The travellers had no trouble that night, though they had good reason to expect it. The whole region around the Dead Sea is infested with robbers, who go in small companies, and rush out of their lurking-places upon the unsuspecting traveller who may not be fully armed to resist them.

Long before daylight in the morning the two boys were awake, and began conversing in a low tone together, so as not to awake the gentlemen who were in the same tent. The iron bedsteads on which they lay were so arranged that the boys' heads were near together.

“ I say, Walter.”

“ What, Harry ? ”

“ What’s that ? ”

“ Where ? ”

“ On the table ? ”

“ I don’t see anything.”

“ I do. Look there : it moves.”

“ Yes, I see now.”

The boys watched with breathless interest and curiosity ; and soon they saw some reptile of the lizard species leap from the table and disappear under the tent.

“ Suppose he had found his way to our beds, instead of to the table, Harry.”

“ He would not hurt us.”

“ How do you know ? ”

“ I don’t know ; but I am not afraid of such creatures. They will run if you move.”

“ What boys you are,” remarked Dr. Forestall, turning over.

“ Why, sir ? ” asked one.

“ You talk after going to bed, and you talk before you get up, and between the two we fail to get all the sleep we want.”

“ Oh, Doctor, we did not come to this country to sleep ; and as you told us the other day that boys like us ought not to be heard much when their elders are about, we take our talking out while you are asleep.”

Just now the head of Abdallah was thrust into the tent.

“Gentlemens be up soon, pleased, ’cause go to Jordan to-day; and we start with tents and luggage on the mules.”

“All right, Abdallah. We will do anything to help you.”

Soon the whole party were out of the tents, which were soon struck and packed upon mules; and nothing remained of the encampment but the smouldering fires, the scattered straw, and the party getting a hasty breakfast, preparatory to starting for the banks of the Jordan.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## DOWN BY THE JORDAN.

THE River Jordan is hallowed by a thousand tender and solemn associations. No Sabbath-school scholar has failed to be impressed with a desire to look upon waters so intimately connected with sacred subjects. And when the two boys found that they were mounted, and on their way to El-Meshra, the bathing-place of the Christian pilgrims, they were wild with delight.

The reported dangers of this locality led Mohammed to employ a guard from the Turkish garrison at Jericho; and the gayly-dressed Turkish soldiers rode ahead in a body, their lances at rest, and their long scarfs flowing in the wind. Then followed Abdallah, with his mules loaded with luggage, and his mulemen all armed to the teeth. Then rode Mohammed, on his fine Arab steed; and the party, in high spirits, brought up the rear. They walked their horses away from Jericho, and there was a little time for conversation.

“Do you remember, boys,” asked Mr. Percy, “what the Jordan is famous for?”

“Fish and aquatic birds, I suppose,” quickly replied Harry, who knew but very little about sacred places.

“Oh, Harry!” said Walter.

“Perhaps you can tell me, my son.”

“Yes, sir. I have read all that is in the Bible about this river, and much that has been written elsewhere.”

“Perhaps you can enlighten Harry a little.”

“Does he want to hear?”

“Yes,” replied Harry, “though I am somewhat taken up with those Turkish soldiers.”

“It is no use for me to talk with you, unless you are willing to hear.”

“Yes, Walter,” said Mr. Percy, “you had better tell Harry what you can about the Jordan. He will be more interested in it when he sees it. Fall in together, boys, and I will drive ahead with Mr. Allston.”

“Well, Walt, finish the story quick,” said Harry, “as I want to drive ahead and have a race with Mohammed.”

“This river, Harry, is mentioned several times in history. When the Hebrews had wandered many years in the wilderness, they came to the Jordan with their mighty hosts.”

“How did they get across?”

“You will find the account in the Old Testament.\* They had no boats nor bridges, and knew not how to get across. At that season of the year the waters were very deep, and the current was very rapid, but God told them to go over. And when the priests took up the Ark” —

“What was the Ark?”

“A wooden box, which contained a pot of the manna which the Israelites gathered in the wilderness, the Tables of the Law, the Ten Commandments, engraved on stone, and Aaron’s rod that budded. It was a very sacred thing to the people. On the top of it was the Mercy-seat, and over it the cherubim. I would advise you to read about it in the Bible.”

“Where is it now?”

“It was lost in the destruction of the Temple. But father says he thinks it will be found.”

“I hope it will before we leave Jerusalem.”

“What a boy!”

“Well, go on about the Jordan.”

“When the feet of the priests touched the water, the waves divided, and the whole nation went through on dry ground.”

“Do you believe that?”

“Yes; because God’s Holy Word says so.”

“Did the waters go back again?”

“Yes; but before they did so, Joshua, who

\* Joshua iii. 1-17.



led the Israelites, told twelve men, one from each tribe, to take each a stone and set it up in the channel as a memorial."

"Are they there now?"

"I don't know."

"I shall feel much more interested in the river than if you had not told me this."

"I can tell you something else."

"What?"

"There lived in Damascus a man named Naaman, and he was a leper."

"Oh, I know; like those filthy people we saw just outside the Joppa Gate."

"Yes; he was a leper. The king of Syria, Benbadad, sent him to the king of Israel, to be cured; and the king sent him to the prophet Elisha. The prophet told him to dip himself seven times in the Jordan. He thought Elisha did not pay enough attention to so great a man, and was angry; he also thought he might as well wash in Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus; so he went away in a rage. But a servant remonstrated with him, and he went and bathed in the Jordan, and" —

"Was he cured?"

"His flesh came again like the flesh of a little child."

"That was singular!"

"It was a miracle!"

“Is there anything else about this river?”

“Yes: in this river John the Baptist was accustomed to baptize his converts; and here Jesus, our Saviour, came to him and was baptized.”

“It is a notable river, certainly.”

The whole cavalcade had now started into a brisk trot. The Turks were leaping their horses forward; and Abdallah, unable to keep up with his heavy-laden mules, had turned them out on one side. Shouts and songs now rang out on the air, and the whole party were much excited. The Arabs executed many feats of horsemanship; and Mr. Tenant, in an endeavor to outstrip them, broke his bridle, and came near pitching to the ground.

They were soon on the banks of the sacred Jordan. The river, where it is supposed the Hebrews crossed, and where also Christ was baptized, was about one hundred and fifty feet wide, the channel very deep, and the current very rapid. The bank was covered with the oleander and the tamarisk; and it was not long before the whole company were bathing in the turbid waters. The boys dashed into the deepest of the waters; but Mr. Percy called them out, and told them to keep nearer the shore. They enjoyed the bath very much. Harry declared it worth a ride from Jerusalem. When they had

put on their clothing, they all sat down on the bank; and Mohammed took out a cold chicken or two and some bread, and they had a slight repast. While eating, they indulged in pleasant conversation.

“I should like to be here at Easter,” said Mr Allston.

“Why?” asked Harry.

“Because, then, crowds of pilgrims come to bathe.”

“What for?”

“As a religious rite.”

“I have here in this book,” said Mr. Bradley, “Lynch’s account of the annual bathing of the pilgrims.”

“Was he here at Easter?” asked Walter.

“Yes. Would you like to hear what he says?”

“O yes, sir, very much.”

Mr. Bradley then read the following passage to Walter. The whole party listened with much pleasure and interest. “At five o’clock, just at the dawn of day, the last party made its appearance, coming over the crest of a high ridge, in one tortuous, eager throng. In all the wild haste of a disorderly rout, Copts and Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, from Africa, and from far-distant America, on they came; men, women,

and children, of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume,—talking, screaming, shouting, in almost every known language under the sun. Mounted as variously as those who had preceded them, many of the women and children were suspended in baskets or confined in cages, and, with their eyes strained towards the river, heedless of all intervening obstacles, they hurried eagerly forward, and dismounting in haste, and disrobing with precipitation, rushed down the bank and threw themselves into the stream. They seemed to be absorbed by one impulsive feeling, and perfectly regardless of the observations of others. Each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times below the surface, in honor of the Trinity, and then filled a bottle, or some other utensil, from the river. The bathing-dress of many of the pilgrims was a white gown with a black cross upon it. Most of them, as soon as they dressed, cut branches either of the *agnus castus*, or willow, and, dipping them in the consecrated stream, bore them away as memorials of their visit. In an hour they began to disappear; and in less than three hours the trodden surface of the lately crowded bank reflected no human shadow. The pageant disappeared as rapidly as it had approached, and left to us once more the silence and the solitude of the wilderness. It was like a dream. An

immense crowd of human beings, said to be eight thousand, but I thought not so many, had passed and repassed before our tents, and left not a vestige behind."

"Mr. Bradley, does your author say anything about this being the place where Christ was baptized?" asked Walter.

"Yes, my boy."

"Will you please read that."

"If these gentlemen wish to listen."

"O yes; read on," said they all.

And this is what he read:—"For a long time after, I sat upon the bank, my mind oppressed with awe, as I mused upon the great and wondrous events which had here occurred. Perhaps directly before me, for this is near Jericho, 'the waters stood and rose up upon an heap,' and the multitudinous host of the Israelites passed over; and in the bed of the stream, a few yards distant, may be the twelve stones, marking 'the place where the feet of the priests which bare the Ark of the Covenant stood.'

"Tradition, sustained by the geographical features of the country, makes this also the scene of the baptism of the Redeemer. The mind of man, trammelled by sin, cannot soar in contemplation of so sublime an event. On that wondrous day, when the Deity, veiled in flesh, descended the bank, all nature, hushed in awe,

looked on, — and the impetuous river, in grateful homage, must have stayed its course, and gently laved the body of its Lord. Over against this was, no doubt, the Bethabara of the New Testament, whither the Saviour retired when the Jews sought to take him at the Feast of the Dedication. The interpretation of *Bethabara* is, ‘a place of passage over.’ Our Lord repaired to Bethabara, where John was baptizing; and as the ford probably derived its name from the passage of the Israelites with the Ark of the Covenant, the inference is not unreasonable that this spot has been doubly hallowed.”

“Come, gentlemen, time go fast, — you no think,” said Mohammed.

“We are ready,” replied Mr. Dunnallen, who had already mounted his horse.

“You must stop a few minutes longer,” said Harry.

“What for?” asked some one.

“I must cut some canes here, to carry home.”

“Well thought of,” replied Mr. Tenant.  
“We must have some canes, gentlemen.”

So they all searched about, and finding some switches that would answer the purpose, cut them, and each man marking those he had cut, gave them to Mohammed, who tied them in a bundle and put them on the back of one of the mules.

“Forward!” cried Mr. Tenant; and on they rode.

“Forward!” cried the boys, as they touched their horses with the willow wisps they had gathered, and away they went towards the Dead Sea as fast as their horses could carry them, while their Turkish escort, well paid for their useless services, went scampering back to their vile quarters, just outside of Jericho.

Before leaving Jerusalem, Mohammed had provided some little tin cans for Jordan water, and each man carried in his pocket a vessel of water that he had secured while bathing.\* The

\* Prime, in his “Tent Life,” mentions a circumstance in connection with this water, which Walter has observed. The former says:—“Just here I may mention a circumstance in connection with the water of the River Jordan. I sent about a quart of it to America. When bottled in Jerusalem, it was of the clayey, milky color of the river. When opened in America, it was clear and perfectly transparent, while it had a strong sulphurous smell that was fully equal to the strongest sulphur-spring I have ever seen. I have been unable to find any analysis of the Jordan water; and I mention this fact to call the attention of those interested to this evidence of a contribution to the Dead Sea, which I have never before seen mentioned. The effect being the same in two bottles, one of which I shipped from Smyrna and the other from Leghorn, I have no idea that it was produced by extraneous causes.” The water which Walter took to America with him, though of a clayey color when taken from the river, after standing two years, is very transparent, and, what is singular, there is no sediment.

design was to preserve this water as a *souvenir* of the visit; and Walter has kept it to this day. In a little cabinet in his study at Cambridge, in the old mansion, it remains, with minerals and pressed leaves, and many remembrances of his Eastern tour.



## CHAPTER IX.

## A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

A RIDE of about an hour brings the traveller from the ford of the Jordan to the Dead Sea ; and our party was soon there. The Dead Sea, as the young reader may like to know, is forty miles long, and from five to nine miles in width. The impression it made upon the mind of Walter can hardly be described. He seemed to be oppressed to melancholy, amounting almost to sadness, as he reined in his horse and looked off upon the cheerless waste of water.

“ Beautiful pond of water this, Walter,” said Mr. Tenant, riding up.

“ Yes, sir ; but it makes me sad to look upon it.”

“ Why so ? ”

“ I don't know ; — the sea is sadly beautiful.”

“ Very true, Walter,” said Dr. Forestall, who had already dismounted. “ The sight of these waters, undisturbed by a single ripple, over which no birds take their passage, on which no sail can

be seen, and on the banks of which no shrub grows, and where not a human being besides ourselves can be seen for miles, is a sad sight."

"Perhaps," remarked Mr. Dunnallen, "the recollection that where this sea now is, once were several beautiful cities, on a plain decked with flocks and herds, has something to do with this melancholy feeling."

"How long ago were the Cities of the Plain destroyed?" asked Walter of Dr. Forestall.

"About three thousand seven hundred and sixty years ago."

"Is this lake level with the sea?"

"O no; far below the sea."

"How much below?"

"I think this sea is nine hundred and eighty-four feet below the sea of Tiberias, and one thousand three hundred feet below the Mediterranean."

"Whew!"

"Well, come, if you are going to take a bath," cried out Mr. Allston.

"I'm ready," was the response of Harry.

Several of the party decided to take the salt bath. And while they were preparing to go in, Mr. Damrell sat down upon a stone and said, "Now, for the benefit of you, bathers, let me read to you an experience of one who went in here."

“Read away,” was the answer. “But you will not frighten us from taking the bath.”

So Mr. Damrell read the remarks of a late traveller. — “If there were words to express an agony that no one has experienced, I would use them here. I cannot conceive worse torture than that plunge caused me. Every inch of my skin smarted and stung as if a thousand nettles had been whipped over it. My face was as if dipped in boiling oil, and the skin under my hair and beard was absolute fire; my eyes were balls of anguish, and my nostrils hot as the nostrils of Lucifer. I howled with pain; but I suspended when I heard my friend’s voice. He had swallowed some of the water, and coughed it up into his nose and the tubes under his eyes. The effect was, to overcome all pain elsewhere while that torture endured. It came near being a serious matter with him; and, as it was, his voice suffered for a week, his eyes and nose were inflamed as if with a severe cold, and the pain continued severe for several days. Recovering our feet with difficulty, we stood, pictures of despair, not able to open our eyes, and increasing the pain by every attempt we made to rub them with our wet hands or arms.”

“That is a gross exaggeration,” cried Harry, who was already in the sea. “It is beautiful!”

“Let me try it,” said Walter, plunging in.

Soon a half dozen bathers were floundering about in the water, very much amused at what they experienced. The first step they took in the sea made them cry out with the peculiarity of the sensation. The density of the water is such that they could hardly get under it. Dr. Forestall, who was somewhat portly, acted like a huge cork on the surface, and tossed about in a very queer way; and Mr. Tenant, being very tall, as he wriggled and twisted to get himself under water, reminded Harry, so the boy said, of the Nahant sea-serpent, — when he tried to get his head down, his feet would come up. The gentlemen were glad to get out; but the boys declared that it was most delightful bathing, and that there was nothing disagreeable about it. They were soon out, and prepared for another start; but Mohammed said the horses must rest a little while; so they sat down on the shore and had a pleasant talk.

“I should like to know,” said Walter, “something about the composition of this Dead-Sea water.”

“Various analyses have been given by different chemists,” replied his father.

“Who, pa?”

“Names that you know nothing of, and would not remember, — Lavoisier, Klaproth, Gmelin.”

“Oh, stop, sir! I’ll not try to remember those

names, but some time you must give me an analysis of this water."

"At some time I will do so." \*

"There is another subject I want to talk about."

"What is that?"

"Lot's wife."

"O, I don't know anything about Lot's wife. You must go to Dr. Forestall, who knows almost everything, or to Dr. Allston, who would be especially interested in that subject."

"Dr. Forestall, tell me."

"Mr. Butterworth will."

"What is it, my boy, that you want to know?" kindly asked the gentleman addressed.

"About Lot's wife."

"Well, what about her?"

"Why, you know, the Bible says, Lot's wife,

\* Dr. Robinson gives several of these analyses, among which are those of *Dr. Marcet*, London, 1807, *Gay Lussac*, Paris, 1818, and *Dr. Apjohn*, Dublin, 1839.

	Dr. Marcet.	Gay Lussac.	Dr. Apjohn
Specific gravity at boiling point, } distilled water being 1000. }	1.211.	1.228.	1.153.
Chloride of Calcium . . . . .	3.920	3.980	2.438
Chloride of Magnesium . . . . .	10.246	15.310	7.370
Chloride of Sodium . . . . .	10.360	6.950	7.839
Chloride of Manganese . . . . .			5
Chloride of Potassium . . . . .			0.852
Sulphate of Zinc . . . . .	0.054		0.075
Bromide of Magnesium . . . . .			0.201
Water . . . . .	75.420	73.760	81.220
	<hr/> 100.000	<hr/> 100.000	<hr/> 100.000

as she was fleeing from the doomed city where she lived, looked back, and was turned into a pillar of salt."

"Yes."

"Now, do you suppose it was real salt?"

"I can tell you only what the Bible says."

"Has anybody, in any age, ever seen that pillar of salt?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"That is harder to tell; but the pillar is often referred to by the ancient writers."

"What ones, Mr. Butterworth?"

"Clement and Irenæus both mention the pillar."

"Does Josephus, the Jewish historian, say anything about it?"

"Yes; he says that 'Lot's wife, continually turning back to view the city, as she went from it, and being too nicely inquisitive as to what would become of it, although God had forbidden her to do so, was changed into a pillar of salt; for I have seen it, and it remains unto this day.'"

"Ah, ha!"

"He says *he* has seen it."

"What year were those cities destroyed — did you say?"

"About one thousand nine hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era."

“When did Josephus write?”

“Josephus was born in A. D. 37, and died about A. D. 100. His Jews’ History was published about the seventy-fifth of the Christian era.”

“Is he to be relied on when he says he saw this pillar?”

“He is to be relied on when he says that he saw *a* pillar of salt, if not *the* pillar.”

“Oh, I wish there was somebody living now who had seen it!”

“There is.”

“Who, who?”

“Lieutenant Lynch, of the Dead-Sea Expedition, says he saw it.”

“Did he? Then we will see it too.”

“No; it is not near where we are; but if we should go where Josephus probably saw his pillar, we should find the same one.”

“What does the traveller you mentioned say about it? Does he describe it?”

“Yes, Walter, he does. It has been supposed that the pillar referred to by Clement, Irenæus, and Josephus, was apocryphal, or had wholly disappeared. But the Arabs who accompanied Lynch on his expedition told him that such a pillar of salt was in existence; and he determined to find it, if possible, at the same time supposing the whole story was an Arab fabrication.

But in his search he was at length successful, and I will tell you what he says, if you want to hear it."

"Most certainly I do."

"'Soon, to our astonishment,' he says, 'we saw on the eastern side of Usdum, one third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud encrusted with salt, and, a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop, or buttress, connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with *débris* of a light stone-color. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains.'"

"Oh, I wish we could go and see it!"

"What do you want to see, Walter?" asked Mr. Tenant, coming up at this moment.



“The pillar of salt.”

“Well, look at me: I am a pillar of salt; for since I came out of the sea, the saline matter has been forming all over me. I believe I am crusting up.”

“Go away, you naughty man!”

“I want to go away as soon as Mohammed gets the horses, for I want to get to some water where I can wash off the salt.”

“But, Mr. Butterworth, look here.”

“Well, my boy, what is it now?”

“That pillar could not have been *the* pillar into which Lot’s wife was turned.”

“Why not?”

“Because it was forty feet high. Lot’s wife could not have been so tall as that.”

“Very good reason, Walter; but the pillar might have been of the ordinary height of the human form, and the salt substance might have gathered upon it.”

“Is that likely?”

“No; for the operations of time would have been likely to have dissolved the pillar, instead of increasing its size.”

“Do you know what the sea is called?”

“What do you mean? ‘Dead Sea,’ of course.”

“No; what the Arabs call it?”

“Mohammed can tell; ask him.”

“I say, Mohammed Achmet!”

“What, Master Walter, sah?”

“What do your people call this Dead Sea?”

“What you mean?”

“What name do the Arabs give this sea?”

“Oh, I understand. This sea we call ‘*Birket Lût.*’”

“What does that mean, Mr. Butterworth?”

“Pool of Lot.”

At this point Harry spoke.

“Mr. Butterworth, let me get a word in.”

“Put it in, if you wish.”

“As for me, I don’t care anything about the name of the sea, or Lot’s wife; but I have a question I would like to ask.”

“What is it?”

“What are apples of Sodom?”

“I have never seen any.”

“Nor I; but one day I had been training hard at home, and mother told me I was gathering the apples of Sodom.”

“I don’t know, Harry; but here is Mr. Dunalen; he may know.”

“The apple of Sodom,” replied the gentleman referred to, “is the *asher*,—a fruit which is very pleasant to the eye, but very bitter to the taste, and, when ripe, is filled with dust. It is as large as a small apple, and grows on a bush resembling the hawthorn.”

“Apples of Sodom,” said Mohammed, who was listening; “I get you some to-morrow.”

“Where can you get them?”

“Oh, I get them. Apples of Sodom, — plenty, plenty.”

The servants now brought the horses, and the party mounted. Each one had his can of Dead-Sea water, and the boys had filled their pockets with small stones which they found on the shore. These stones were bituminous, almost as black as Lehigh coal, and very hard.

The dragoons started on, and the horsemen struck into a rapid trot, — the sun, which was now getting high in the heavens, pouring down his scalding beams. On they rode, away from the deep, dark, Dead Sea.

## CHAPTER X

## MAR SABA.

THE party, at quick trot, struck off across the country towards Jerusalem, the sun pouring down upon them terrifically. The country over which they rode was sterile and barren, over desolate hills, and through broken valleys. Wild gorges, looking as if they had been formed by earthquakes, or riven out by lightning, were passed.

There were few incidents. However, in the forenoon, a party of wild Bedouins of the desert came riding down upon them. For a time there was fear of an encounter. The Arabs had their long guns slung across their shoulders, and their spears ready for use. They came up to the mounted guard, which Mohammed had been careful to take with him, and demanded who the travellers were, and, on being told, were very angry that they had taken armed soldiers with them. The wretches told the dragoman that they had come down to rob, and would have done so but for the numbers,—a statement our travellers did not doubt. They were wild-look-

ing men, who would have little mercy on a defenceless stranger.

“Walter, are you afraid?” asked Harry

“Not exactly afraid, but I don't like the looks of those creatures.”

“Nor I.”

“Father don't seem afraid.”

“No; he would not show it if he was. But I observed that he and all the gentlemen unloosed their revolvers a few minutes ago, so as to have them ready for use.”

“Yes, I noticed it.”

“And don't you see how those soldiers keep between us and the Bedouins?”

“Yes.”

Walter and Harry then rode up close to Mr. Dunnallen, and whispered, “Is there any danger?”

“No, my boy.”

“I was afraid there might be.”

“No. The Bedouins are great cowards; we are as numerous as they; we have been careful to let them see that we are well armed; and Mohammed says there is no danger.”

And none there proved to be; for the Bedouins, after cursing the armed guards and the whole company, rode off, and were soon out of sight.

About noon there began to be a call for water; and it was found that Mohammed had left his

stock of fresh water at the Dead Sea. This was very bad, and soon proved distressful. The little that each one had taken was soon gone, and then came a piteous call for more.

“Hajji Mohammed!” called Dr. Forestall.

“What, sah?”

“Is there any water in our way?”

“Yes, sah, plenty of water, — water plenty.”

“How far ahead?”

“Quarter hour, — half hour, — an hour and a half.”

“Hum!”

On the party rode, until an hour past noon, when Mr. Butterworth called out, —

“Mohammed, how soon shall we come to water?”

“Quarter hour, — half hour, — an hour and a half.”

“Father, I must have some water!” said Walter to Mr. Percy.

“If I knew how to get you some, you should have it. Mohammed, when shall we come to water?”

“Soon, — quite soon.”

“How soon? We are all suffering.”

“Quarter hour, — half hour, — an hour and a half.”

On they rode, but no water appeared. The thirst became intolerable. The effects of the

Dead Sea bath began to be experienced, and every one was panting for drink.

“Oh, I could drink Dead-Sea water now,” said Harry, looking at the little can which contained what he had preserved.

“No, that would only make your thirst worse,” replied Mr. Allston.

“Mohammed,” said Mr. Bradley, “if you don’t tell us just where water is to be found, we shall scold you.”

“Yes, sah; water plenty, — water plenty, — in quarter hour, — half hour, — hour and” —

“Oh, nonsense! that is what you have said these two hours.”

Mohammed made no reply, but put his horse into a gallop, and Mr. Bradley could not keep up with him. About the middle of the afternoon they came to a sort of chasm in the earth, and, on looking down, saw water.

“Water, gentlemen,” said Mohammed.

“How shall we get it? It is down ten feet below the surface,” said one.

The whole party dismounted, and gathered round the edge of the excavation. There was water, to be sure, but what kind? On the top was moss and slime, and one or two dead owls were floating in the green, slimy liquid.

“Water! Is this water?” asked Mr. Darnell, looking down.

Mohammed had made a bucket of a tin can, and lowered it down. The putrid stuff was drawn up, and the whole party drank.

“I never tasted anything better,” said Walter.

“It is sweeter to my taste than any Joehituate, or Croton, or Schuylkil, I ever tasted,” replied Harry.

The gentlemen were much of that opinion; for thirst had made them so insensible to the impurities of the water, that it seemed very sweet.

Again mounted, they set forth, and in an hour arrived at a curious-looking structure, known as the Convent of Mar Saba, where they were to stop for the night. This convent was founded by St. Sabas, in the year 483; and the present structure is one of the most curious and remarkable in the world. It is partly natural, being hewn in the cliffs, and partly artificial, chambers having been built out, and projecting over the valley below. Imagine a deep ravine, with a high ledge of rocks, or series of bluffs, rising precipitously from it, and these rocks excavated, pillared, chambered, and fortified, so that it seems as if the very precipice itself was one vast edifice, and you have some conception of this convent. It is wildly picturesque, and is a study for the curious traveller. The young reader will find this scrap of history of St. Sabas



and his convent worth reading:—"St. Sabas, the founder of the convent, is said to have been born in the year A. D. 439. He was a man of extraordinary sanctity; and assuredly no stronger proof could be given of the high veneration in which he was held than the fact, if fact it be, that he drew thousands of followers after him to this dreary region. Some writers affirm that as many as 14,000 swarmed in this glen and its neighborhood during the saint's life. Sabas was a native of Cappadocia, but at a very early age he devoted himself to conventual life, and went to Palestine. After visiting many parts of the country in search of a home, he withdrew to this spot about the year 483, and began to form a religious community. He soon afterwards founded the convent, which still bears his name. He subsequently received from the Patriarch of Jerusalem the appointment of archimandrite, or abbot of all the anchorites of Palestine. In the controversy raised about the Monophysite heresy, which so troubled the Church during the early part of the sixth century, he took a leading part; and on one occasion, with a little army of monks, he marched to Jerusalem, drove the emissaries of the heretical Patriarch of Antioch from the city, though accompanied by Imperial troops, and pronounced anathemas against him, and all those of his communion, in the presence of the

magistrate and officers sent by the Emperor. The fame of the ardent piety and indefatigable zeal of Sabas was only surpassed by that of his miracles, many of which are recorded by his admirer and biographer, Cyril. Among the most useful of them was the creation of a fountain for the use of his followers, which may still be seen in a narrow cave in the bottom of the glen below the convent walls. The venerable saint died peacefully in his favorite retreat, in A. D. 532, at the advanced age of ninety-four years. The subsequent history of the convent is, like that of most of this land, stained with blood. It was plundered by the Persians in the seventh century, and forty-four of the monks murdered. It passed through all the vicissitudes of the other Holy Places during the fierce struggles between the Crescent and the Cross; and the wild Bedouins still hover round its walls, ready to pounce, at any unguarded moment, upon its hoarded treasures."

A peculiarity of this convent is, that no woman is ever admitted within the walls. This Mr. Percy told the two boys, as the party rode up to the gate.

"Suppose a party get here at night, and a lady is of the number, what will they do with her?" asked Walter.

"If they have tents, she remains outside; or,

if that is dangerous, they let her sleep on the summit of that tower you see yonder," pointing to a pinnacle, two stories high, the top of which is reached by a door twenty feet from the ground.

"Did any lady ever stay up there all night?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"Many have done it; and, among the rest, Harriet Martineau and Madame Pfeiffer, — two women of whom you have read."

"How came this St. Sabas to come here?"

"Because of its lonely, isolated position, I suppose."

"Did he build this immense structure himself?"

"No; much of it has been built since his death. The story is, that when the saint came here, he found one of the crevices in the rock which he supposed would make an admirable place for a recluse to live in poverty, retirement, and with God. But, on climbing to it, he found a fierce lion to be a prior occupant. The saint told him his purpose; and the king of beasts, appreciating his pious wish, left the premises, and for years brought the hermit his food by day, and at night slept at his door as a faithful sentinel. Several ages have added to this place, so that now it is so extensive that no stranger could find his way through it."

The party, on arriving at the main gate, had a parley with the good fathers within, and, on telling who they were and what they wanted, were admitted. These monks are very desirous to have travellers come, as they expect to be paid handsomely for their services. The gentlemen were taken into a very large reception-room, around which were several divans, on which they threw themselves without much ceremony. They had been resting but a moment, when a monk came in, bearing a large number of tiny glasses of liquor.

“What is it, father?” asked Walter.

“Raki,” answered Mohammed.

“What is that?”

“Something good.”

Mr Percy explained that Raki was an intoxicating liquor.

“Of course, then,” said Walter, “I shall not drink it, but will take some ice-water.”

“Of course I shall drink it,” said Harry.

“No, Harry,” replied Mr. Percy, “you must not drink it; and as to Walter’s ice-water, I do not know where that is coming from.”

“Oh, I remember, father; they don’t have ice here, do they?”

Having refreshed themselves, the party took a walk about the convent. The church or chapel is on the very point of the rocks, and is a dim,

dreary, old place; and Harry said it made him shiver to go into it. The hour of the evening service came while they were there, and the chanting monks made the whole Vale of Kidron echo with their weird, melancholy music.

After service, the monks took them to a cell where were several hundred skulls of saints who were put to death in the sixth and seventh centuries.

“Why do they keep these things, Mr. Tenant?” asked Harry.

“As a memorial of the persecution.”

“Why don’t they build some other kind of a memorial?”

“Because this best accords with the melancholy style of life these men live.”

“It is strange! What taste they must have!”

“There are many strange things in the Catholic Church. The vaults of one of the churches in Rome, about which Walter will tell you, are filled with the skeletons and bones of the monks of that house and order who have died. For a time after death, the dead body of the brother is left in his natural robes, and at the expiration of a certain period the bones are scraped, cleaned, and the fragments put up in fantastic order in the vaults.”

“What a horrid custom! I should not want

to live long near these bones. I should be afraid of them."

"Dead bones and bare skulls would not hurt you much."

Retiring from this cell, they went out and, standing on the battlements, looked over into the Valley of Kedron. The valley is about four hundred feet deep, and six hundred feet across from height to height; and the whole has been very appropriately styled a "city of caverns."

It was nearly dark when the monks signified to them that it was time to retire to rest.

"Go to bed now!" exclaimed Harry, in surprise.

"No, not yet," pleaded Walter.

"We must comply with the rules of the house, boys," said Mr. Damrell, who was famous for going to bed early and getting up early in the morning.

Instead of sending them to different cells, which all dreaded very much, they were allowed to stretch themselves upon the divans around the spacious parlor. However, before they did so, a sumptuous dinner was provided, in which several kinds of strong drinks were put upon the table, among which was the *raki*, or *arakee*,—showing that, if the monks live very abstemious themselves, they do not compel their guests to live so. The two boys noticed that the superiors of this convent

looked like men who had not denied themselves of eating or drinking. They were fat, portly, rotund, and seemed like men who lived well and easy.

About midnight, Mr. Tenant came and laid his hands on the shoulders of the sleeping boys, and said to them, —

“Boys!”

“Who is it?”

“Me.”

“What is the matter, Mr. Tenant?”

“Nothing; but I am going out to look at this singular edifice by moonlight. I have hired a monk to let me out and to go with me; and if you wish to go, you may.”

“Oh, we do, most certainly!”

“Well, get ready, quickly and quietly. The monk will not take the whole party, so we must not disturb them. In case they awake, they will all desire to go, and that would spoil the adventure.”

They were soon ready, and, joining Mr. Tenant at the door, followed the monk down the winding staircases, over rough rocks, through a little gate, until they stood in the Kidron below, where they could look up and see the wonderful edifice, clinging to the rocks. Man never built such an assemblage of curious chambers before as this convent presents. It is “gloriously

picturesque and singularly wild, especially when we view it in the pale moonlight, when the projecting cliffs and towers are tinged with the silver light, while the intervening spaces and the deep chasm below are shrouded in gloom."

The trio remained an hour in the valley, getting different views of the structure; and then quietly went back to their friends, whom they found in peaceful slumber. The boys were soon buried deep in delicious sleep, of which they stood much in need.



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE morning dawned, but before the sun had risen above the hills, the party were mounted and away for the city of the Saviour's birth. The way was a wild and rugged one, and the day came in hot and breathless, as they rode along the banks of the Kidron, and across the dreary plateaus, marking everywhere something to remind them of the days when Christ lived here, and when the ancient Jews flourished in their glory in all the land. Their horses were fresh, and the spirits of every one were high; and in three hours, a cry from Mohammed, who was in advance, announced that Bethlehem was in sight.

The whole party drew nigh, and came to a sudden halt, gazing upon the place, which was seen in the distance. There they sat upon their horses, until Dr. Forestall broke forth in that beautiful hymn,

“When marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky.”

A quarter of an hour brought them to the

town, around which shepherds were watching their flocks. The day was calm, and a holy stillness seemed to pervade. Nature was in delightful repose, and it was reality or imagination that made every man feel peculiar emotions of quiet awe and pleasure.

“Have you never noticed,” said Walter to Mr. Tenant, “that on Sunday, when you are walking in the country, everything seems different from other days, — a quiet and serenity reigning all around, and the very birds seeming to be more musical and subdued in their notes, and the grain in the fields to have a Sabbath harmony in the rustling stalks?”

“Yes, I have often observed that.”

“Well, sir, so I feel here. It seems like Sunday in the country.”

“Very true. We have approached no town where such quiet seemed to reign.”

Walter told Dr. Forestall and Mr. Dunnallen, who were riding together, how he felt, and they agreed with him in feeling. Mr. Butterworth, riding up, and overhearing the conversation, said, “It has often been remarked by travellers that this Sabbath quiet seems to reign around Bethlehem. It strikes almost everybody in the same way.”

“I wish we could hear one stanza of that song,” said Walter.

“What song?” asked Harry.

“Why, the song that angels sang.”

“Mercy! I should be afraid to hear angels sing.”

“I don’t know why you should. Those shepherds on the plains, when Christ was born, were not afraid.”

“Well, Walter, it seems that if we are to be welcomed by angels’ songs, they are mostly ragged and filthy angels.”

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t you see that troop of bareheaded, bare-foot girls coming out to meet us?”

“Yes.”

“They are the angels that come to welcome us.”

“Don’t talk so.”

“Why not? Is it wicked?”

“Perhaps not wicked, but I don’t like to hear you.”

“Do you know the meaning of the word *Bethlehem*, boys?” asked Mr. Allston, riding up.

“No, sir,” said they both.

“It means ‘House of Bread.’”

“House of Bread!”

“Yes, boys; and you know that the place is rendered memorable for several things besides the advent of Christ.”

“ Please tell us what they are.”

“ You read in the Scriptures that Jacob buried his beloved wife Rachel in the way to Ephratah, which is Bethlehem.”

“ What does ‘ Ephratah ’ mean ? ”

“ It is another name of the town, and signified ‘ Fruitful Place.’ ”

“ Shall we see Rachel’s tomb ? ”

“ No ; that is gone.”

“ What else occurred here ? ”

“ You remember reading the beautiful story of Ruth ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ This is the town where Boaz lived, to whom Ruth came.”

“ Has not this been called ‘ The City of David ’ ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Why is it so called ? ”

“ Because here lived David’s father.”

“ Jesse ? ”

“ Yes ; and to these hills Samuel came, and anointed David king.”

They had now reached the door of the convent, and, on dismounting, were met by monks, who took them in, furnished them with lemonade and bread, and then showed them the sacred places.

The first place to which they went was the

“Grotto of the Nativity,” which for seventeen centuries has been recognized as the cave in which Christ was born. It is beneath the Church of the Nativity, — a splendid structure erected by the Empress Helena, in the year three hundred and twenty-eight, and is said to be the oldest Church ever erected to mark the sacred spots. The Grotto is a vault hewn in the rock, or probably a natural excavation, thirty-eight feet long and twelve feet wide, which is reached by a long, crooked passage. The party—Walter and Harry, with the others—crowded through the narrow entrance, and a slab of marble in the floor told them the exact spot where monkish tradition says the Virgin Mary gave birth to the Son of God. Over the slab, in the centre of which is a star, hang sixteen silver lamps, which cast a dim, mellow light through the place. The good monks, who took them about from place to place, were far too particular for the sceptical boys. They pointed to a marble trough, which they called the manger, wherein Christ was laid; another place was that where he was arrayed in the habiliments of humanity, — the swaddling bands.

“How long,” asked Walter of Mr. Damrell, “has this cave been regarded as the veritable one of Christ’s birth?”

“For one thousand seven hundred years.”

“Is it probable that this is the real place?”

“I think there is no good proof why it is not, though some eminent men scout the idea as chimerical.”

“What does the learned traveller, Dr. Robinson, say about it?”

“Oh, he is sceptical in relation to all these traditions.”

“Then he don’t believe it?”

“I have here what he says.”

“Please read it to me.”

Mr. Damrell then read, in a low tone of voice: “The Cave of the Nativity, so called, at Bethlehem, has been pointed out as the place where Jesus was born, by a tradition which reaches back at least to the middle of the second century. At that time Justin Martyr speaks distinctly of the Saviour’s birth, as having occurred in a grotto near Bethlehem. In the third century, Origen adduces it as a matter of public notoriety, so that even the heathen regarded it as the birthplace of him whom the Christians adored. Eusebius also mentions it several years before the journey of Helena, and the latter consecrated the spot by erecting over it a church. In this instance, indeed, the language of Scripture is less decisive than in respect to the place of the Ascension; and the Evangelist simply relates that the Virgin brought forth her son and laid him in a manger, ‘because there was no room for them

in the inn.' But the circumstance of the Saviour's having been born in a cave would certainly have not been less remarkable than his having been laid in a manger ; and it is natural to suppose that the sacred writer would not have passed it over in silence. The grotto, moreover, was, and is, at some distance from the town ; and although there may be still occasional instances in Judea where a cavern is occupied as a stable, yet this is not now, and never was, the usual practice, especially in towns and their environs. Taking into account all these circumstances, and also the early and general tendency to invent and propagate legends of a similar character, and the prevailing custom of representing the events of the gospel-history as having taken place in grottos, it would hardly seem consistent with a love of simple historic truth to attach to this tradition any much higher degree of credit than we have shown to belong to the parallel tradition respecting the place of our Lord's Ascension."

"That takes away half my pleasure !"

"It need not ; for other biblical critics, of as much judgment as Robinson, take the other view, and tell us that there can be no doubt of this place. So set it down in your mind, and believe it to be the spot, and you will have all the pleasure in thinking about it that you would if there were no doubt about it."

“Walter,” said Mr. Percy, speaking, “I want you to notice this place more particularly.”

“What place?”

Mr. Percy pointed to the marble slab before mentioned, and told his son to read. Walter held his candle down, and saw an inscription, which read as follows:—“*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*”

“What does that mean?” he asked of his father.

“Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary,” replied Mr. Percy.

“Oh, I wish I knew that this was the veritable cave!”

“I do not know that there is any reason to seriously doubt this place. Christ was born here, or very close by, and it does us no good to perplex ourselves about it.”

• When they had seen enough of the grotto, they went to the study of Jerome; where it was, as Geramb says, “that the illustrious recluse passed a great portion of his life; here it was that he fancied he heard the peals of that awful trump, which shall one day summon all mankind to judgment, incessantly ringing in his ears; here it was that with a stone he struck his body, bowed by the weight of years and austerities, and, with loud cries, besought mercy of the Lord; and here too it was that he produced



those laborious works which have justly earned him the title of the Father of the Church.”

“Whose old portrait is that?” asked Harry.

Some one told him it was the likeness of Jerome himself, whose singular life the young reader is probably not much acquainted with.

When they had seen all the sacred places, they returned to the reception-room, where the superior of the convent met them, and furnished them with much information. The boys laid out all their money in trinkets, which were for sale. The monks had beads, shells, pearl ornaments, and ivory. There were also many young girls and children who came around them, wishing to sell them little crosses and medallions. Walter bought several dozen, and called to the gentlemen, but they did not think it worth while to buy any. Walter brought his to America, and had several pieces manufactured into bracelets and pins, which he gave to his young lady-friends. One, also, he selected for a pin, which he afterward presented to his mother, who wears it to this day.

Early in the afternoon the party galloped to Jerusalem, passing the extensive Pools of Solomon, from which the king, in an aqueduct yet extant, conveyed water to the city. On arriving, they found that Abdallah had arrived, and instead of going to the old camp, near the Joppa

Gate, had pitched the tents on Gihon, in a fig-orchard, from whence they could get a different view of the city from any they had yet taken; and soon they were all rested in the shade in front of the tents.

“A letter for Walter!” said Abdallah, after they had been rested a few minutes.

“Oh, give it to me!” cried the boy.

“Who is it from?” asked Harry.

“I know the handwriting.”

“Whose is it?”

“From dear sister Minnie.”

As question after question was asked, and remark after remark was made, Walter sprang up and ran away from them all, and read the following letter:—

“BEYROOT.

“DEAR BROTHER,—You will want to hear from your little sister; and as Mamma is too tired to write, I will do so,—as Mr. Johnson, the consul, says we can return one to-morrow.

“We had a delightful voyage from Joppa to Beyroot. The steamer went very fast, and the passengers were very civil and obliging. The family with whom we came on were beautiful people, and very kind to us. On our arrival, we got ashore as soon as we could, and went at once to the house of Mr. Essop, the missionary. The family were not expecting us so soon, but

were very glad to see us; and we are having a fine time.

“We found here a whole lot of letters and papers from home, and we have been reading almost ever since we have been here. Oh, Beyroot is a delightful place, and I should like to stay here a whole year. The city is—; but as you will be here so soon, I will not describe it. I think you will be glad to get here and see us; and what a fine time we will have when you come! You can tell me all about Jerusalem and Nazareth and Hebron and Bethlehem, and I will tell you all about what I have seen.

“I hope Harry is well, and is learning something by travelling with you. If I had wings, I would fly this afternoon and alight just before your tent. Perhaps it would be dangerous for me to do that, for my tall, unpoetical friend, Mr. Tenant, might shoot me with his revolver, thinking I was a goose. But as I am only a little girl, and have no wings, I can neither have the pleasure of seeing you, nor run the risk of being shot as a goose; and so must content myself to wait until I see you. Good night, and a kiss.

“MINNIE.”

Walter read his letter through, and then went and read it aloud to all the party, who made various comments upon it, and wished all kind of blessings on the little girl who had written it

## CHAPTER XII.

## A SABBATH WALK TO BETHANY.

IT was a holy Sabbath-day in Palestine. The very trees seemed to rustle their leaves with a subdued sound, and quietness settled on everything. The camp was hushed. One gentleman sat under a sycamore-tree, reading, and another lay in the door of one of the tents, asleep. Harry was watching a mule that was lashing its sides to keep away the hungry flies, and Walter sat within, writing. The day was moving to its close.

Soon Mr. Butterworth drew aside the curtain of his tent and came out, with his heavy cane in his hand, and looking as if he was about to take a walk.

“Where are you going?” asked Harry.

“Out for a walk.”

“May I go?”

“If you please.”

Walter, overhearing the conversation, came to the door of his tent, and, as he saw Mr. Butterworth and Harry ready to start, asked, —

“Can I go too?”

“Yes; come along.”

The lad ran in, quickly put away his papers and portfolio, and in a few minutes was ready for a start. As they left the camp, the gentleman told them he was going out to Bethany, over the same road which Christ often travelled when he went there to see the young man, Lazarus, whom he raised from the dead, and his two sisters, Mary and Martha. They went down the hill-side, and crossing the Valley of Jehoshaphat, were soon at the Garden of Gethsemane.

“We will not go in now,” said Mr. Butterworth; “for the day is far spent, and we shall have only time enough for our walk.”

The boys went to the gate of the Garden, and, as they looked in, took off their hats and stood gazing with reverence upon the trees, that, for anything we can tell, may have stood here ever since the days of Christ.

Leaving the Garden, they walked slowly up the side of the Mount of Olives.

“Along this way,” said the gentleman, “David went when he fled from his unnatural son, Absalom.”

“Tell us about it, will you?” asked Harry, who was not familiar with the Bible.

“Perhaps Walter will read to you the account. Have you your Bible, Walter?”

“Yes, sir.”

“ Then we will walk very slowly, and you may read.”

“ Where shall I find the place, sir ? ”

“ Turn to the fifteenth chapter of the second book of Samuel.”

“ I have it, sir.”

“ Then read on. Come near, so that you can hear. Absalom wished to reign instead of his father, so he corrupted the minds of the people, and David was obliged to flee.”

Walter read the account: how the royal minstrel went out of the city, not knowing whether he should ever return; how he went up the ascent of the Mount of Olives, weeping as he went, his feet bare and torn with stones, and his head covered, while all his loyal people looked on him with pity and commiseration.

“ Oh, I should like to have seen the king that day,” said Harry.

“ I would rather have seen him when he came back and entered Jerusalem again.”

“ Did he come back ? ”

“ Yes and reigned many years. Absalom was slain. You know we saw his tomb, all battered with stones, the other day ? ”

“ Yes, yes; I remember.”

Thus, in conversation with each other about David and about Christ, they went on until they reached the top of the Mount of Olives, where they sat down to rest.

“Oh, how beautiful this view is! I would like to live here always,” said Walter.

“It is a very beautiful view,” replied Harry; “but I should not want to stay here long.”

“No,” said Mr. Butterworth. “You would soon tire of even this beautiful view; and I think if we should leave Walter here with the priests of the Church of Ascension, he would soon want to get back to America.”

“Perhaps I should. But the sacred associations of this place would keep me here a long time.”

“Well, let us go on now.”

They started, and went over the hill, and walked slowly down the slope on the other side until they reached the village of Bethany.

“Here is where the good man and his two pious sisters resided, of whom you have read.”

“What good man? David?” asked Harry.

“No: Lazarus, who was raised from the dead.”

“I remember something about it. Tell me the story, Walter.”

“There was a man living in Bethany, when Christ was on earth,” said Walter, “who had two sisters. Jesus was acquainted with this family, and often came out here to see them. But Lazarus, the man, died, and left his two sisters in tears. Jesus came out to sympathize with them, and, after he had wept with them awhile, went to the grave and called Lazarus; and

the dead man awoke and came out of his grave."

"Oh!"

"His sisters were very grateful to Christ for this great act of his power."

"I should think they would have been."

"They, doubtless, loved him more than ever."

"Shall we see anything connected with that family?"

"I don't know. Shall we, Mr. Butterworth?"

"Yes: we shall see the house where they are said to have lived, and the tomb in which tradition says the friend of Jesus was laid."

They entered Bethany, and walked along the streets. The women and young girls came out with little cups of water, which they offered to the travellers, expecting *backshish* in return. With some difficulty they found the house which was said to be the one in which Lazarus and his two sisters resided.

"Do you suppose it is?" asked Walter, as they entered and stood in the filthy apartment.

"No," was the answer. "I think it more than doubtful."

"Then, why do these people wish to impose on strangers by such a story?"

"Why, you know that such a family lived here; and people who come here ask for such a



house; and the inhabitants only pander to the tastes of those who seek the identical abode."

"Is this house ancient enough for that?"

"It appears to be."

"Yes," said Harry. "I should think it was built before the flood."

"Not so long ago as that; but it is very ancient, and, for aught I know, the very house. But I see no proof of it."

"Is the town called 'Bethany' now? Almost all these places go by different names now from what they bore in the time of Christ."

"The inhabitants call the place 'El-Azirîzeh,' or 'House of Lazarus.'"

The people of the house could tell them nothing. They pointed to the walls and jabbered, but could not make themselves understood; and, giving them a little piece of money, the travellers departed, glad to get out of the impure air and the unventilated room. They were glad to breathe the pure air again after getting out.

They then went and looked at the outside of the house said to be that in which Simon the leper lived, but did not go in. Walter told Harry the story of Simon the leper, and by the time he had finished it they had got to the tomb. This is a deep vault, excavated in a rock. They went down a narrow staircase, with a candle lighting the way; but when they

reached the bottom, there was nothing to be seen, and they were glad to get up again.

“What about the authenticity of this?” asked Walter.

“This is much more likely to have been the tomb of Lazarus,” answered Mr. Butterworth, “than the house we saw up there to have been the house of Mary and Martha. This tomb is more likely to have been in existence than that house is. Besides, it is more likely that the tomb from which Lazarus rose would become a famous, well-known, and well-remembered spot, than that the house in which his sisters lived would. So I see no reason for doubting that this was the real tomb. But, boys,” he added, “we must be getting back to the camp. I do not want to be far away after dark.”

“Nor I,” said Harry.

“I don’t think that anything would harm us,” responded Walter.

“Probably not. But it is safer for us, who are strangers and hardly know the way home, to be returning before the night comes on.”

“Home! home! He says *home*, Walter.”

“I noticed it.”

“Well, boys, we have been in tent so long that it begins to seem like home; and the camp is our home for the present.”

Mr. Butterworth then led the children out

of the village, telling them of Him who once walked the streets, but who, having died for our sins, rose from the dead, and ascended into glory.

“We are not going back the way we came, — are we?” asked Walter.

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because we wish to get as much variety in our afternoon walk as possible.”

They walked on until they reached the summit of Olivet, and wound around it in the way which Christ took when he rode on, in triumph. As they came round the south shoulder of Olivet, and had the same view to which we have before alluded, they all paused.

“Here Christ wept,” said Mr. Butterworth. “He was riding in lowly triumph; and as he saw yonder city, now in ruins, he wept. Let us sit down on this rock and read the Scripture narrative.”

Mr. Butterworth took a little Bible out of his pocket, and read the account given by one of the evangelists; and the boys both listened with much interest, not losing a single word.

“I have here,” said Walter, as the gentleman closed his Bible, “Mr. Stanley’s description of this event.”

“Who is Mr. Stanley?” asked Harry.

“ He is — is — well I don’t know, — only that he has written a work on Palestine, which I have read with great pleasure. Who was he, Mr. Butterworth ? ”

“ He was,” answered the gentleman, “ educated at Oxford, became one of the canons of Canterbury, became a chaplain to Prince Albert, and is a very popular man in England. He is the author of several works of note. But what does he say, Walter, in the passage to which you refer ? ”

Walter read : — “ Two vast streams of people met that day. The one poured out from the city ; and as they came through the gardens, whose clusters of palm-trees rose on the south-eastern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches, as was their wont at the Feast of Tabernacles, and moved upward towards Bethany, with loud 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. In going toward Jerusalem, the road soon loses sight of Bethany. It is now a rough, but still broad and well-defined mountain-track, winding over loose rock and stones, and here and there deeply excavated : a steep declivity below on the left, the sloping shoulder of Olivet above it on the right ; fig-trees below and above, grow-

ing out of the rocky soil. Along the road the multitudes threw down the branches which they cut as they went along, or spread out a rude matting formed of the palm-branches they had already cut as they came out. The larger portion — those perhaps who 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. Half of the vast mass, turning round, preceded; the other half followed. Gradually the long procession swept round the little valley that furrows the hill, and over the ridge on its western side, where first begins the descent of the Mount of Olives towards Jerusalem. At this point, the first view is caught of the southwestern 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 walls, — but which was 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,’ that the

shout of triumph burst forth from the multitude, 'Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!' 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 dome of the Mosque El-Aksa rises like a ghost from the earth before the traveller stands on the ledge, so then 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 Kidron, here seen in its greatest depths 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.’ ”

“ Very fine, indeed, Walter.”

“ Which,—the reading or the extract?” asked Harry, with a smile spreading over his face.

“ Both; the extract is fine, the description rich, and Walter read it in admirable style.”

“ Thank you, sir,” said the boy, pleased, but not made vain, by the compliment. Indeed, Walter knew that he was a good reader, for he stood at the head of his class in school, and had often been praised by Mr. Falkner, his teacher, for his proficiency in this branch. Harry was the best declaimer of the two. He could speak on the school platform better than Walter; but the latter was the reader. He had not quite force and energy enough for declamation, but his taste in reading was very correct, and his superiority in this particular was unquestioned.

They then hurried down the hill, and reached the tents just as Abdallah had mounted his horse to ride out in search for them, the party having become somewhat alarmed at their protracted absence. It was one of the pleasantest walks Walter had while in Palestine.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SAD GETHSEMANE.

IF there is one place on earth unutterably sacred, that place is the Garden of Gethsemane. There is a question as to where Christ was crucified. We are not sure that the spot fixed by tradition is the identical place; and if it is, men have covered the spot with buildings, so that it is hard for one to have unflinching faith there. But with Gethsemane there is no doubt. There, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, on the bank of Kidron, it is found. No towering crucifix is erected there; no garnished church rises there. The old olive-trees, nearly or quite as old as the Christian era, — the hallowed grief and the tender emotions, are all there; and the soul bows itself in reverence where Christ once bowed in the bloody sweat which preceded his last agony. To this spot the whole party directed their steps, one day near the close of their visit to Jerusalem, that they might spend an hour in the quietude and silence of that solemn retreat. They left their camp and went down into the Valley of



Jehoshaphat, across the brook Kidron, to the Garden.

This garden, as has been said in another place, is a square enclosure, surrounded by a high wall. Probably in the times of our Saviour the whole base of the Mount of Olives was a garden, but to save a part of it from desecration, this spot is enclosed. Here it is most probable that Christ came; and as the stranger from a distant land kneels here, he may suppose he is on the very spot where the blessed Redeemer had that awful pressure of soul which induced him to pray that the cup might pass from him, if it could be.

“Pa, how large is this enclosure?” Walter asked, as they paused on the outside of it.

“I don’t know, my son. You can measure the length and breadth very easily.”

“I have left my measuring-tape in the tent.”

“Then you must guess at it.”

“How much do you guess?”

“I should judge that the enclosure was about three hundred feet square.”

This was what Mr. Percy wrote in his letter to Minnie several days before.

“And was this the garden to which Christ came?”

“The garden was all about here. This was a part of it, and this was enclosed to keep the trees from being carried off piece by piece.”

“Come, let us go in,” said some one, advancing.

Rap, rap, rap! on the gate.

No answer.

Rap, rap, rap! again.

No reply.

Walter put his eye down to a crack in the gate, and looked.

“What do you see, Walter?” asked one.

“A man.”

“What is he doing?”

“Walking about, with folded hands and solemn air.”

“How is he dressed, — as an Arab?”

“No: as a monk.”

Rap, rap, rap!

No answer.

Thus several times they knocked at the door before the monk who had charge of the Garden was ready to come and open the gate. The reader, doubtless, knows that the Latins have possession of the Garden, and one of their number is on hand at all times, to admit strangers and to receive the *buckshish*. The Greek Church have selected another spot as the site of the Last Agony, but many persons think that neither is the correct site. The most valid argument against this is, that it is very near the thoroughfare, and so close to the city that Christ would

be likely to select a place of greater retirement.

When the old man opened the gate, he mumbled something which no one could understand. Mr. Percy addressed him first in French, but of that language he knew nothing. One of the party then tried Latin, and the monk became quite sociable and communicative. When asked if he could tell where the event for which the Garden is noted occurred, he shook his head with a scornful smile.

Leaving him, the company walked around the Garden in the well-kept paths. They found eight venerable olive-trees, which looked as if they had been standing many hundreds of years. The Garden also has shrubs and flowers, which have been planted to make the place look as the monks supposed it looked when Christ was alive.

“Do you think,” asked Walter, “that the Garden of Gethsemane was laid out like a modern garden when Christ came to it?”

“No,” replied Dr. Forestall.

“How do you suppose it was?”

“I presume the whole base of the mountain was covered with olive-trees, forming groves in which the people could enjoy themselves. Or if it was not a place of resort, it was a forest, where one could come and pray without being disturbed

This whole region is a garden in itself, and a little care would make the wild-flowers spring up all around."

"I think we ought to love such a place as this."

"Why?"

"Because Christ suffered so much here."

"That is not a good reason. If Christ wished us to love this spot, he would have marked it with some peculiar feature that would have made us sure of its identity."

"Perhaps he would."

"Then I think that which in the whole scene of Gethsemane he would have us love, think of, and imitate, was the one great trait of character he exhibited here in such perfection."

"What was that, sir?"

"Submission,—submission to the divine will."

"Yes, I remember what he said."

"And you should try to submit to the will of God, whatever that will may be. If affliction should be your lot, Gethsemane should teach you to say, 'Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.'"

"I hope, when I am brought into affliction, that I shall have that spirit."

"Now, Mr. Butterworth, let us read the account of the visit of Christ to this place."

Walter turned to the account as it is given by

Mark and Luke, — how Christ, after he had instituted the Supper, and a hymn had been sung, went out into the Mount of Olives; and when he came to Gethsemane, he bid his disciples tarry until he should return. Taking three of them, — Peter, James, and John, — he went a little farther, and there told them his soul was sorrowful even unto death. Then he bid them stay and watch. Instead of watching, they slept. He went deeper into the foliage of the Garden, and fell down on the ground, and sweat as it were great drops of blood. Then he went back to the three men, and found them asleep.

“What wretches!” exclaimed Harry.

“No, Harry,” said Mr. Percy. “They were good men, but they were weary, and did not know the depth of anguish which Christ was suffering.”

“But how could they have slept when they knew there was so much danger?”

“Perhaps they did not see the peril. And if they did, their weariness might have caused them to sleep. Christ excused them.”

“Did he?”

“Yes. He said, ‘the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.’”

“What did he mean by that?”

“That they had good purposes, and a heart to wake, but were overcome by fatigue.”

“But about this bloody sweat, father?” asked Walter.

“What about it?”

“Was it real blood that he sweat, or only the resemblance?”

“We will talk about that by and by. We now propose that some one shall offer prayer, and we will talk afterward.”

One of the gentlemen then prayed, while all the rest reverently bowed their knees, and several seemed overcome with emotion. For some time they sat, each absorbed with his own reflections, — *thinking*.

At length Walter repeated the question which he had already asked about the bloody sweat. “Do you think Christ really sweat drops of blood, or only seemed to?”

“The question you ask, my son, is somewhat difficult to answer. I think, however, that Christ really sweat drops of blood.”

“I never heard of such a case.”

“There have been cases.”

“When and where?”

“Bloody sweats, though not common are not unknown. An eminent medical man says that ‘cases sometimes happen in which, through mental pressure, the pores may be so dilated that the blood may come from them, so that there may be a bloody sweat.’ Cases are on record, among good men, of this kind.”

“ Was it fear that caused this suffering, which must have been so intense ? ”

“ No.”

“ It was not guilt ? ”

“ No. It was the mental agony he endured on account of the sins of men.”

“ How untold must have been his agony ! ”

“ He alone who bore it knows how deep and awful it was.”

“ Come, let us go,” said Mr. Tenant.

They arose and went to the gate, where they met the monk again, who had a little bunch of flowers for each of them. He expected *backshish*, of course, and Mr. Dunnallen gave him a sum of money sufficient to cover the whole party, at which he was most profuse in his thanks.

He then wanted to show them some other places.

“ What places ? ” asked Mr. Percy.

“ I will show you the place where Judas betrayed the Saviour.”

“ The very place ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ What else ? ”

“ The place where Peter, James, and John fell asleep.”

“ Ah ! ”

“ Yes, the very place.”

“ How do you know it is ? ”

“Why, the marks of their bodies are left in the solid stone.”

“Hum!”

“What does he say?” asked Harry, — for this conversation had taken place in Latin.

“He says that he will show us just the spot where Judas Iscariot stood when he betrayed Christ; also the very spot on which the disciples fell asleep.”

“We don’t want to see them,” said Mr. Tennant.

“O yes, we do,” said Walter.

“Yes, yes, yes!” cried Harry.

“No,” said several of the gentlemen. “We have been *here*, and do not wish to go to any fictitious places.” So they decided to return at once to the tents. Leaving the Garden, they crossed the brook Kidron.

“This is the famous Kidron,” said Walter.

“What is it famous for?” asked Harry.

“It is famous as having been the stream into which were cast the ashes of the accursed things used in idolatry, — accounts of which you will find in the books of Chronicles and Kings. It is also famous for being here so near the city of Jerusalem, as the Thames is famous for running through London.”

“And Christ often crossed it?”

“Yes.”



“What is it named from?”

“It is called Kidron, or Cedron, from *Kedar* ”

“What does that mean?”

“Black.”

“But I see nothing black about it.”

“Yet if you should walk the whole length of it, you would find that it is a very gloomy stream.”

“Yet not gloomy enough to take such a name.”

“Some things are called black that are not very gloomy.”

“What?”

“Why, the Black Mountains of the Appalachian group are called black, because of a dark growth of fir-balsam growing on them; yet they are very brilliant and beautiful. The Black Sea is a very fine sheet of water, and derives its name from the fact that the Turks, when they first became acquainted with it, saw it covered with a tempest, which, dark and frowning, swept its waters.”

“I think that every place which Christ trod must be bright and beautiful; and this Kidron, so connected with his name and history, seems to me a sacred stream.”

“What long stories you make with these boys,” said Mr. Allston, coming up.

“*That* boy!” said Harry, pointing to Walter.

“He is the one who wants to know everything.”

“I think you are somewhat inquisitive.”

“Oh, not at all, Mr. Allston. I wish I did ask more questions.”

“Why?”

“Then I should know more. Walter finds out everything. He knows as much as old Falkner already.”

“It is wise in you both to find out as much as you can, and we are all glad to instruct you. Sometimes you thrust your questions in when you should only be silent; but as we wish you to learn as much as you can, we are willing you should be as inquisitive as you wish.”

“I came abroad,” said Walter, “to find out as much as I could; and I don’t want to go home and know nothing of the countries through which we have passed. I am crowding my head with facts and figures, history and Scripture, and when I get home, I shall arrange and classify my knowledge, and put it to some good use.”

The company had now left the brook Kidron behind, and were ascending the hill towards Jerusalem, just as the sun was going down. The whole sky seemed flooded with splendor; the walls and turrets of the city were gorgeously lighted up; and Jerusalem seemed, as of old, the glory of the earth. The boys felt the inspira-

tion , and the gentlemen of the party confessed to a magnificence of sky and earth such as they had never seen before. But ere they arrived at the camp, the golden splendor had faded away, and the black, heavy night had descended on the scene.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A TALK IN THE TENT-DOOR.

ON the evening of the last day they were in Jerusalem they were sitting in the front of their tents, when Harry and Walter, accompanied by Mohammed, were seen coming up the hill, each having a large bundle.

“What have you got, boys?” asked Mr. Percy.

“You know,” said Walter, “that you gave me some money this morning to do with it just as we pleased.”

“Yes.”

“Well, we have used it up.”

“What have you bought?”

“A full suit of Arab clothes for each of us.”

“What are you going to do with them?”

“Take them to America, as illustrations of what we saw.”

“What have you got?”

“We will open the bundles.”

“No; they are tied up so nicely, that you had better not unpack them.”

“ Well, we have a *Kūbrān* each, a *Gumbāz*, *Sherwāl*, a *Zūnnār*, a —— ”

“ Oh, stop, stop! I don't know what you mean by these hard names.”

“ They are the common articles of clothing that the Arabs wear. *Kūbrān* is the jacket ; *Gumbāz* is the long loose gown ; *Sherwāl* is the long loose trousers ; *Zūnnār* is the silk girdle. I have learned all the names, and have got a full suit.” \*

\* Rev. Dr. Thompson gives the following names of the articles of dress, with their definitions. They will enable the reader to understand some words he may meet in this book, or in other works of travel.

*Kūmīs*, inner shirt, of cotton, linen, or silk. Those of the Bedouins are long, loose, and made of strong cotton cloth ; — the most important item in their wardrobe.

*Libās*, inner drawers, of cotton cloth.

*Shintiān*, drawers, very full.

*Sherwāl*, very large, loose pantaloons.

*Dikky*, a cord, or sash, with which the pantaloons are gathered and tied round the waist.

*Suderīyeh*, an inner waistcoat, without sleeves, buttoned up to the neck.

*Mintiān*, an inner jacket, worn over the *suderīyeh*, overlapping in front ; has pockets for purse, handkerchief, &c.

*Gumbāz*, or *Kūftān*, long, open gown, of cotton or silk, overlapping in front, girded tightly above the loins by the *zūnnār*.

*Zūnnār*, girdle of leather, camels' hair, cotton, silk, or woollen shawls.

*Sūl'a*, an outer jacket worn over the *gūmbāz*.

“Well; go and put it in with the baggage, where it will be safe.”

*Kūbrān*, a stout, heavy jacket, with open sleeves, fastened on at the shoulder by buttons.

*Jibbeh*, *Jūkh*, *Benīsh*, a long, loose robe or mantle, with short sleeves, very full; used in full dress.

'*Aba*, '*Abaiyeh*, *Meshleh*, a strong, coarse cloak, of various forms and materials. The '*abaiyeh* is often short and richly ornamented with gold and silver thread inwoven with the cloth. The most common are made of black sackcloth, of goats' or camels' hair, very large, so that the owner wraps himself in it to sleep.

*Būrnūs*, long, loose cloak of white wool, with a hood to cover the head. It is sometimes called *mūgrabin*, from the Algerin Arabs.

For the *head* there is: first, the

'*Arūkīyeh*, or *Takīyeh*, a cotton cap, fitting closely to the head, whether shaven or not. If the head is shaved, a soft felt cap is often worn under the *takīyeh*.

*Tarbush*, or *Fez*, a thick, red, felt cap. The best come from Algiers.

*Turban*, a shawl of wool, silk, or cotton, wound round the *tarbush*. The Turks now wear nothing but the *fez*, and many Arabs nothing but the *tarbush*, with its long tassel. Others have a small colored handkerchief (*mandeel*) tied round the *tarbush*. The Bedouins have a heavier article, woven with golden tissue, thrown over the *tarbush*, and confined there by a twisted rope of goats' or camels' hair, called '*Akal*. This is a picturesque and very distinctive article in the costume of a genuine Arab of the Desert.

For the *feet* there is: first,

*Jerabāt*, or *Kālsāt*, socks or stockings of every variety.

*Kāshīn*, inner slippers, of soft leather, yellow or black.

Walter and Harry went and put their bundles with the baggage, and told Abdallah to take good care of them, so that their Arabic costumes would not be lost or injured. They then went and sat down with their older friends before the tents, to enjoy the cool of the day.

“There is one thing which has surprised me, and disappointed me,” said Walter to his father.

“What is it?”

“This land was described as a land flowing with milk and honey. This, I suppose, would express great fertility; but I do not see the evidence of such fertility.”

“True, my son; but you must remember that this whole land now lies under the curse of God. It has run out by neglect and inattention. I think there is not a section that would not literally be what the promise made it, if it was only cultivated.”

“Do you think so?”

“Yes; do you not see that it must have been a very fruitful land, for the hills are terraced to their tops? Perhaps you may not know it, but Gibbon has thrown out an infidel joke about the sterility of Palestine.”

*Sūrmajeh*, shoes, commonly of red morocco.

*Bābūje*, a kind of half-slipper, answering in part to the ancient sandal, which is not now used.

*Jezmeh*, boots, of red morocco, very stout and clumsy.

“What was his object?”

“To throw discredit on the Holy Scriptures.”

“What does he say?”

“He says that Palestine is scarcely superior to Wales, either in fertility or extent.”

“Is not that true?”

“Yes, in one sense. But he should have stated the reason for this sterility. There is no reason to suppose that Palestine was not once a most lovely and fertile region. Mr. Jewett says that there ‘is no fair reason for pronouncing the land naturally unproductive; that, under a good government, it would again literally *flow with milk and honey*; that the plains, the valleys, and the upland slopes, would yield corn for man, and pasturage for innumerable flocks and herds.’”

“His opinion coincides with that of Shaw, who declares that ‘the Holy Land, were it as well inhabited and cultivated as formerly, would still be as fruitful. The soil is rich. The barrenness of which some complain proceeds from the indolence of the inhabitants; otherwise the land is a good land, and capable of affording supplies of corn and oil as liberally as in the time of Solomon.’”

“Did you ever study Malte Brun, Walter?” asked Mr. Allston.

“No, sir. Why?”



“ I remember that he says of Galilee, the region lying north of us, that it ‘ would be a paradise were it inhabited by an industrious people, under an enlightened government. No land could be less dependent on foreign importation ; it bore within itself everything that could be necessary for the subsistence and comfort of a simple, agricultural people. The climate was healthy, the seasons regular ; the former rains, which fell about October, after the vintage, prepared the ground for the seed ; the latter, which prevailed during March and the beginning of April, made it grow rapidly. Directly the rains ceased, the grain ripened with still greater rapidity, and was gathered in before the end of May. The summer months were dry and very hot, but the nights cool and refreshed by copious dews. In September the vintage was gathered. Grain of all kinds — wheat, barley, millet, zea, and other sorts — grew in abundance ; the wheat commonly yielded thirty for one. Besides the vine and the olive, the almond, the date, figs of many kinds, the orange, the pomegranate, and many other fruit-trees, flourished in the greatest luxuriance. Great quantity of honey was collected. The balm-tree, which produced the opobalsam, a great object of trade, was probably introduced from Arabia in the time of Solomon. It flourished about Jericho and in Gilead.’ ”

“ I was reading what Robinson says about the Plain of Jericho, yesterday,” said Mr. Butterworth, “ and he remarks that ‘ it is certainly one of the richest in the world ; enjoying all the rains like the hill-country, and susceptible, besides, of unlimited irrigation from copious fountains. Water is everywhere abundant ; the climate propitious ; the nature of the soil fertility itself ; nothing, in short, is wanting but the hand of man to till the ground.’ ”

“ That is the common opinion of men who have given attention to the subject. You see, Walter, that even these rocks can be cultivated, for they are easily crushed to powder, and rendered fit for seed.”

“ Doubtless it is so ; but I did not consider, when I first spoke, how much land deteriorates by neglect.”

“ What do you think of the Jews ? ” asked Harry of some one.

“ A peculiar people,” answered Dr. Forestall.

“ So they seem to me.”

“ Their whole history is peculiar. Their sojourn in Egypt, their flight into the wilderness, their conquest of this land, their wars with the Philistines, their captivity in Babylon, their rejection of the Messiah, their subsequent dispersion, — all make them a very interesting people.”

“ They have been much persecuted, have they

. 9 ”

“Yes, they have.”

“Walter told me, the other day, all about the decree made by Ahasuerus for the slaughter of Jews, at the instigation of the wicked Haman, and how he was foiled by Mordecai, who sat at the king’s gate.”

“Yes ; decrees have often been made for their extermination, and bitter persecutions have often raged against them. I have read that ‘at the coronation of Richard I., of England, orders had been given that none of the Jewish race should approach his palace. Ignorant of the order, some of the leading men went to the spot with presents for the king. A riot ensued. A rumor spread that the king had sanctioned a massacre of the Jews throughout his dominions. The imaginary order was put into operation. From city to city the blood-news went. The most deplorable scene of all took place at York. There the Jews shut themselves up in a tower, and were besieged by the populace. Finding no means of escape, they resolved to fall by their own hands. Each head of a family took a razor, with which he slew first his wife and children, then his domestics, and finally himself. Either in this fearful manner, or by the hands of the populace, every Jew in York perished. Still later, seven hundred were slain in London, because a Jew had demanded exorbitant interest. In 1274, every Jew who

lent money on usury was compelled to wear a plate upon his breast signifying that he was a usurer, or to quit the realm. In 1277, two hundred and sixty-seven Jews were hanged and quartered, on a charge of clipping the coin. The same year, upon a pretence that a Christian child had been crucified at Norwich, fifty Jews were hanged, and every synagogue destroyed. In 1287, all the Jews in England were apprehended in one day, their goods and chattels confiscated to the king, and they, to the number of 15,660, banished the realm. They remained banished 364 years. England is in this matter a fair sample of other countries. In 1394 they were driven out of France; in 1492, were banished from Spain; against them the Inquisition was first established. Recent times have seen the grossest cruelties enacted against them in the face of all reason and justice. The old prejudice still, to some extent, influences the public mind; though no fire or sword are employed, they are still under the ban of the law, until comparatively lately they were rendered incapable of the privileges of citizenship, and even now are denied some of its advantages.' ”

“ Well, I have heard about the Wandering Jew. What does that mean? ”

“ Oh, there is a legend that a Jew was born a few years before Christ, became, like Christ, a

carpenter, and made the cross; and as Christ bore it away to Calvary, he came to this man's house and entreated permission to rest there, but was rudely refused. The soldiers, also, asked that he might rest, but the man still refused. And Christ, turning on him, told him that he should never rest; and from that time until now he has been wandering over the world, seeking rest and finding none. The legend has different forms, and has been worked up into poetry and prose by various fancy writers."

"How old is the tradition?"

"Six or seven centuries."

"Has anybody professed to have seen him?"

"Yes; and centuries ago there were men who pretended to be him."

"What was his name?"

"Different names have been given him. By some he is called Cartaphilus, and by others he has been named Ahasuerus."

"You don't believe that there ever was such a character?"

"No. The age in which the legend originated has given birth to many others as foolish and absurd."

"Are there any who believe the story now?"

"The number must be very few, if any still live. We are in an age of light and informa-

tion, and those old legends are all being swept away."

"I am glad they are."

"This story of the Wandering Jew has been very prevalent in some ages. The Jew has always been feared, hated, and detested. When we hear of a Jew, we are apt to suppose he is an extortioner, or wicked man."

"Are there not some good Jews?"

"O yes; many. Some of the most noted men of the world belong to that outcast race. The Rothschild family — those rich bankers that you have heard so much about — are Jews."

"Were they born in Palestine?"

"No. The founder of the family, Mayer Anselm, was born at Frankfort on the Maine in 1743. They are German Jews; and Baron Nathan Lionel is now a member of the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli, though born in England, is of Jewish origin. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of his birth, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Such men are beyond persecution."

"No; on one occasion, the great Daniel O'Connell wished to sting Disraeli to the heart, and he said: 'For aught I know, the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross.'"

"What did Disraeli say?"

“ The taunt led to a challenge between Disraeli and a son of O’Connell ; but the duel was not fought.”

“ What makes the Jews such money-lenders ? ”

“ Are they ? ”

“ Yes. You know the proverb ‘ Rich as a Jew ’ ? ”

“ Yes ; but they have not all been money-lenders. Felix Mendelssohn, the musical composer, was a Jew ; Bendemann, the artist, was a Jew ; and so with many others. But the world has looked hard upon them.

“ We often give the Jews a worse character than they deserve. Marlow makes the Jew say of himself : —

“ As for myself, I walk abroad a-nights,  
 And kill sick people groaning under walls ;  
 Sometimes I go about and poison wells :  
 And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,  
 I am content to lose some of my crowns,  
 That I may, walking in my gallery,  
 See ’em go pinion’d along by my door.  
 Being young, I studied physie, and began  
 First to practise upon the Italian :  
 There I enrich’d the priests with burials,  
 And always kept the sexton’s arms in use  
 With digging graves, and ringing dead men’s knells.  
 And after that I was an engineer,  
 And in the wars ’twixt France and Germany,  
 Under pretence of serving Charles V.,  
 Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.

Then after that I was an usurer,  
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,  
And tricks belonging unto brokery,  
I filled the jail with bankrupts in a year ;  
And with young orphans planted hospitals ;  
And every moon made some or other mad ;—  
And one would sometimes hang himself for grief,  
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll,  
How I with interest had tormented him.”

“ Oh, dear me ! I should not want to be a Jew. Should you, Walter ? ”

“ No,” said the lad addressed, with a shudder.

“ But let us turn the subject of conversation.”

“ To what ? ”

“ To anything entertaining. I would like to know why the people of this land are so degraded. They were once a great and illustrious people ; and as they have a rich country, why do not all the Jews throughout the world come here and buy up this land, and redeem it from the rule of the Arabs, and set up a new Jewish government ? ”

“ There are many objections to that. The Jews themselves are not united in reference to such a measure. The Turkish government would not, probably, consent to such an arrangement ; and, surrounded and filled as the whole country is with wandering bands of Bedouins, it would be an undertaking as vast as that which was before the ancient Hebrews



who came out of Egypt. It would be a rash undertaking, to which there would be innumerable obstacles as soon as the incipient steps should be taken."

"Do not many persons believe that the Jews will at some time return?"

"O yes."

"Does not the Bible predict such an event?"

"I think not. It seems to me to be inconsistent with the nature of Christ's kingdom to suppose that one race will have a certain section of country, and live there, and be more highly favored than another section. When Christ came, he abolished the distinctions between the Jews and Gentiles, swept away the partition walls, and made them one in himself. That is my view. But here is Dr. Forestall, who thinks right the reverse. He believes that the Bible does teach the restoration of the Jews, and argues that side of the question quite ably. You must talk with him at some convenient time, and get his views."

"I must do so; for I have become much interested in this outcast race, of which we see so much, and which is suffering so much."

"Have you made any purchases in Jerusalem, Harry?" asked Mr. Percy, turning the conversation.

"Yes, sir."

"What are they, if you please?"

“Several things, for presents to my friends at home.”

“Let me see them?” asked Walter.

“Yes, if Hallile will unpack a bag which he did up for me yesterday.”

“Yes, I gets your bags,” said the trusty, obliging servant, to whom it seemed a pleasure to do any service for the party.

“Oh, what are they?” Walter asked, as Harry opened the package which Hallile brought.

“This is a case of writing-materials,” said Harry, taking up a neat box.

He took out the inkstand, which was a small metal case; the reeds which are used for pens, the paper-folder, and all the parts of a scribe’s writing-utensils.

“Who are they for?”

“Old Falkner.”

“What?”

“Just what I say, Walter.”

“I thought you did not like him.”

“Well, I don’t; I mean I didn’t when I went to school; but I have heard you say so much about him in his favor, that I begin to think better of him. So this inkstand and these writing-materials go to him.”

“That is right, Harry. I am glad you begin to appreciate our excellent teacher. He has done much for us boys.”

“Very true.”

“What else did you buy when you went shopping with Hallile? Empty out your toys.”

“Toys! You had better look out.”

“What is in that bundle?”

“Shoes.”

“What did you buy them for?”

“To carry home. See them.”

Harry unravelled a beautiful pair of Turkish slippers, handsomely worked with beads, which he said were nice enough for the Sultanness.

“For whom?” asked Walter.

“For the Sultanness!”

Walter laughed.

“What are you laughing at?”

“Who is the Sultanness?”

“Why, the Sultan’s wife, of course.”

“She is called the Sultana.”

“Either is right, Harry,” remarked one of the gentlemen.

“All the same to me. These shoes are good enough for anybody.”

“Who will you give them to?”

“My mother.”

“That is right. You could not carry home a more beautiful present to her. But she will never wear them.”

“I don’t care for that.”

“What else have you got? What is in that little roll?”

Harry untied the package, and out fell a whole lot of curious paste jewelry.

“A full set, I have,” he said.

“Trumpery!” said Walter.

“Perhaps it is; but I was bound to have something to carry home. See, here is the necklace; and this chain; and here are the anklets and bracelets. The rest of the articles I know nothing about.”

“Who do you suppose will want this stuff?”

“I don’t know who will want them; but I know who I shall give them to.”

“Who?”

“Rose, — Rose Thornton.”

Mr. Dunnallen here began to talk with the boys about the habit of wearing jewelry, and especially the customs which prevail in regard to it among the Arabs, in which account they were much interested. Some statements made induced Harry to think better of his purpose of giving this jewelry to Rose Thornton, a young lady friend to whom reference has been made before. After the remarks of Mr. Dunnallen, he came to the sensible conclusion that he would take home to her some pleasant token which would be more appropriate, and more pleasing to the maiden than this worthless paste and glitter for which he had paid several dollars.

“There is something else?” said Walter.

“ Yes ; the most valuable of all.”

“ What is it ? ”

“ A present for the old man.”

“ What old man ? ”

“ Father, of course.”

“ O, don't call your father by any such names. It is wrong, decidedly.”

“ I know it, but can't help it. The words will slip out.”

“ It is improper and rude, and you must not talk so any — ”

“ Oh, do stop ! You are a preacher.”

“ I shall preach to you if you call your father ‘ Old Man.’ ”

“ Here is the present for him.”

Harry took off several thicknesses of matting, and several sheets of paper, and some wool, and showed an *argeleh*.

The young reader would, perhaps, like to know what an *argeleh* is. We will tell him. It is a glass vessel with an arrangement for smoking. The vessel, which is formed like a jar, is set upon the floor, filled with water, and the smoke is drawn through it, by means of a long flexible tube. The Turk can sit on the floor, or lounge on his divan, while the *argeleh* sets at a distance. Sometimes this tube is fifteen feet long, and often the whole apparatus is elegant and costly. The various pipes of the Turks will be described more fully in a subsequent volume.

“That is an elegant thing,” said Mr. Allston. “What did it cost you?”

“Guess.”

“Five dollars.”

“Guess again.”

“Seven dollars.”

“Guess again.”

“Ten dollars.”

“Not right yet. Try again.”

“Twelve dollars.”

“Right, at last.”

“Well, Harry, I think you are extravagant. Your father will wish you had saved your money.”

“I know him better than you do, Mr. Allston. He will jump up six feet when he sees this, and will show it to every stranger who comes into the house, for a year to come.”

“I agree with Harry,” said Mr. Percy. “His father will value an article of this kind far more than Walter gave for it. His taste leads him in that direction; and I think the boy, in all his purchases, has made very good selections, except in the case of the jewelry. He has often said he would not buy any such articles, and had better have held to his original resolve. Now, put them up, Harry,” he added; “you want your time now.”

With Hallile’s assistance, Harry put all the

articles back into the bag, and soon the group was gathered again, and interesting conversation going on as before.

"I will tell you what I have been thinking about, Mr. Tenant," said Walter.

"What, my boy?"

"That I would like to die here, looking off upon Jerusalem."

"What! now?"

"O no, not now, but when my time comes."

"I don't want to die at all," said Harry; "and if I must die, I would rather be at home."

"So should I, Harry," said the gentleman.

"But," urged Walter, "it would be easy to die here, looking off upon the city where Christ lived."

"It is not hard dying anywhere, if the soul is prepared."

"I have always feared death," said Harry.

"There is not much pain in dying, if we may credit competent witnesses."

"Who?" asked both boys at once.

"Some who in dying have given us their ideas in language that is convincing."

"Who?"

"Why, Collingwood, for one. When he was dying on the ocean, Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. 'No, Thomas,' he replied, 'I am now in a

state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.' ”

“ What others ? ”

“ ‘ If I had strength enough to hold a pen,’ said William Hunter, ‘ I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.’ ”

“ Yes,” said Walter, “ I remember many who died in triumph, but they were eminent Christians, and religion lifted them above bodily sufferings.”

“ That may be; but the pain of dying is not great. Louis XIV. said, ‘ I thought that dying had been more difficult ’; and Lady Glenorchy said, ‘ It is the easiest thing imaginable to die, if this be dying.’ ”

“ We are wandering from the subject,” said Harry. “ I want to know why Walter would rather die here than at home ? ”

“ Because we are so near the place where Christ lived and died, and it would seem easier to go to Heaven from here than from America.”

“ I think America is as near to Heaven as this miserable country.”

“ So do I; but it does not seem so sacred.”

“ It does to me. It is your romantic notion that give you your ideas of sacredness. I see nothing sacred.”



“Harry is right, Walter,” said Mr. Tenant; “and if you should be in a dying condition, you would not think about the city on which you are now gazing; but you would want your mother, and be glad to be in your little room at Cambridge.”

“Yes, I think I should.”

“I know you would. Why, don’t you remember those beautiful lines that you cut from a paper the other day, and read to us?”

“Yes, I do; and they correct me, — don’t they?”

“They certainly do. Have you preserved them?”

“Yes, sir; and have committed them to memory.”

“Repeat them, — will you?”

“Yes, Walter, repeat them,” said Mr. Allston. “I should like to hear them again.”

Walter then repeated the following beautiful lines, which are very appropriate to the conversation just held: —

“Not from Jerusalem alone  
 To Heaven the path ascends;  
 As near, as sure, as straight the way  
 That leads to the celestial day  
 From farthest realms extends:  
 Frigid or torrid zone.

“What matters how or when we start?  
 One is the crown to all;

One is the hard but glorious race,  
 Whatever be our starting-place ;  
 Rings round the earth the call  
 That says, Arise, depart !

“ From the balm-breathing, sun-loved isles  
 Of the bright Southern sea,  
 From the dead North’s cloud-shadowed **pole,**  
 We gather to one gladsome goal —  
 One common home in Thee,  
 City of sun and smiles !

“ The cold rough billow hinders none,  
 Nor helps the calm, fair main ;  
 The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,  
 The verdure of Tahitian gloom,  
 The sands of Misraim’s plain,  
 Or peaks of Lebanon.

“ As from the green lands of the vine,  
 So from the snow-wastes pale  
 We find the ever open road  
 To the dear city of our God :  
 From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,  
 Or terraced Palestine.

“ Not from swift Jordan’s sacred stream  
 Alone we mount above ;  
 Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone,  
 Rivers unsainted and unknown —  
 From each the home of love  
 Beckons with heavenly gleam.

“ Not from gray Olivet alone  
 We see the gates of life ;

From Molven's heath or Jungfrau's snow  
We welcome the descending glow  
Of pearl and chrysolite,  
And the unsetting sun.

"Not from Jerusalem alone  
The Church ascends to God ;  
Strangers of every tongue and clime,  
Pilgrims of every land and time,  
Throng the well-trodden road  
That leads up to the throne."

"Very beautiful!" said Mr. Allston.

"I think so," answered Mr. Butterworth.  
"When Walter read those lines the other day, I  
thought them very fine, and they have been  
sounding in my ears ever since."

The company broke up into little parties.  
Mr. Percy took the two boys and went down  
into the valley, and let them walk along beneath  
the walls, in the heavy, sombre shadows.

"Is there no danger?" asked Harry.

"Of what?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Of robbers."

"No; not so near the city as this. We will  
not go out of the reach of assistance."

But they did go away down into the bed of the  
Kidron. The pale moon was shining, and the  
city walls loomed up grandly, and they had a very  
fine night-view of the castle and the prominent  
buildings in the city. As their tents were out-

side, they were in no hurry to return. The gates are closed at an early hour in the evening, and those strangers who are quartered in the city are obliged to be inside in good season. If they are found outside after the gates are closed, they are put to considerable trouble to enter, and sometimes are obliged to stay out all night. On the return of the trio, they saw, as they passed the Jaffa Gate, an English traveller who was lodging in the Convent, but who had been away during the day, trying to get in. He was alone, and could not make the guards understand one word he said. He scolded, coaxed, and threatened, but all to no purpose; and Mr. Percy, seeing that he was likely to get into trouble, went up and invited him to go to the tents and spend the night with the party on Gihon. The man thanked him and accepted the invitation, and soon they were at the tents.

“I bring a guest,” said Mr. Percy, as he drew aside the curtains of the larger tent.

“Your guest is welcome,” said Mr. Butterworth.

Mr. Percy then introduced the stranger, who proved to be an English nobleman, who had been travelling in Syria for several months. He seemed to be a genial, kind-hearted man, and gave the party much information relative to the northward route they proposed to take on the morrow.

It was late when the boys went to bed, and they were soon asleep. In the night an adventure occurred, which deprived them of some of their accustomed and much-needed repose. A little after midnight, Walter felt a hand laid on his face, and heard Harry speak, —

“Walter! Walter!”

“What say?”

“There is mischief going on,” repeated the boy, in a whisper.

“What kind of mischief?” asked Walter, now wide awake.

“Somebody is out here, stealing our baggage.”

“How do you know?”

“I can tell by the sound.”

“I don’t hear anything.”

“Don’t?”

“No.”

“Hark! Listen!”

“I don’t hear anything.”

“Hark! There it is again.”

“Yes, I hear.”

“What is it?”

“I don’t know.”

“What shall we do?”

“Perhaps we had better let the gentlemen know about it.”

“No; we may be mistaken, and then they will laugh at us.”

“More like they will scold us for waking them.”

“Let us get up and see.”

“Yes.”

So up they got and drew on their clothes very silently, and then, without awaking their older friends, crept out under the canvas. They could see nothing for a while; but it was not long before they discovered a man at work on the luggage, which had been packed up for an early start. Abdallah and the other servants were off at some distance asleep under some large trees, and the boys saw that the robber was no one employed by the party.

They deliberated a moment how to act, and then, boy-like, set up a great shout, and ran toward the intruder. The man dropped the plunder he had packed up, and fled. The whole camp was aroused. The gentlemen came out to see what the matter was, and would hardly believe that the boys were not up to a little fun until they saw the work which the robber had done, and caught sight of his retreating form as he fled down the hill. Abdallah and Hallile started in pursuit; but the man had the start of them so much that they were unable to overtake him, and came back quite out of breath.

By this time Hajji Mohammed had arrived, and when he knew what had happened, assumed

a great deal of indignation, and called his servants to an account.

“ Abdallah, come here ! ”

“ What you want ? ”

“ I take gentlemen through Syria, and I say to them, ‘ I keep everything safe, ’ and I take you to keep it safe. ”

“ Safe, safe. Yes, I’m safe, and all my things safe, ” muttered Abdallah, as he went away.

“ Hassan, ” said Mohammed, “ why you no keep things safe ? ”

“ I cook ; I no take care of things, — no business. ”

Thus, one after another got out of the scrape, and Mr. Percy charged Mohammed to have a better watch kept in future.

Then they all went back to their beds again ; but the boys were so thoroughly awake that they could not sleep, and long were their eyes wide open, and their fancies in full play.

Walter, especially, was very wakeful. His mind was running upon the country which he was visiting, and the strange people who once inhabited it, and the vicissitudes which drove them from their homes, and made them wanderers and fugitives on the earth. Once or twice he was on the point of awaking some one of the party to ask some question which was running in his mind, but, knowing that this

would be improper, he refrained. At length he, too, fell asleep, and all was still and silent, save the heavy breathing of the weary men, and the night-music of the insects as they chirped upon the ground. And there we leave them, resting for the journey of the morrow.

But before we take leave of our young readers, some of them may have a few questions to ask us about the city of Jerusalem, just outside of whose walls we have been encamped for so many days. So we will listen to the questions and answer them, while Harry and Walter are asleep, gathering strength for the severe journey which they will take as soon as the sun is up.

“It was in the month of May that Walter and Harry were in Jerusalem, — was it not?” asks one.

Yes.

“Well, what was the temperature? Was it any hotter or colder than it would be in Cambridge?”

The boys found it about the same, or but little hotter, than in Philadelphia in the same month. They can tell by Walter’s record: —

May 8,	{	9 o'clock, A. M.,	—74°
	{	7 “ P. M.,	80°
“ 9,	{	5 “ A. M.,	70°
	{	5 “ P. M.,	80°



May 10,	}	7 o'clock,	A. M.,	-60°
		1	"	P. M., 72°
		8	"	" 54°
" 11,	}	2	P. M.,	60°
		10	"	" 50°
" 16,	}	10	A. M.,	61°
		5	"	P. M., 64°
" 19,	}	10	A. M.,	64°
		3	"	P. M., 70°

So the young reader will see that the boys had as comfortable weather to travel as they would have had to play marbles or ball at home. In some seasons, however, it is much hotter at this time in the year.

" Well, tell me what money Walter and Harry used? Did they have bank-notes, or silver and gold?" asks another.

They had gold napoleons, the twenty-franc pieces of France, and these they exchanged and took the Turkish coin of the country.

" What is that?"

It is a very miserable currency, indeed, and very perplexing to the traveller. Its value is not fixed, and gold and silver Turkish coin are taken at different valuation in different places. The names of these coins are as follows: —

*Gold.*

Lira,	.	.	.	.	(about) \$4.32
Half Lira,	.	.	.	.	2.16
Ghâzeh,	.	.	.	.	.88
Half Ghâzeh,	.	.	.	.	.44

*Silver.*

Mejideh, . . . . .	\$0.88
Half Mejidah, . . . . .	.44
Quarter Mejidah, . . . . .	.22

*Base Metal.*

Beshlik, . . . . .	.20
Half Beshlik, . . . . .	.10
Ghërsh, . . . . .	.4
Kãmäry, . . . . .	.2

This is the approximate value of these coins as Walter figured them up with the assistance of Mohammed. In a "hand-book" which the lad consulted, he found this comment on Turkish money, which is very just:—"To no coin in the world," says the writer of the article, "can the appellation of '*filthy* lucre' be more aptly applied than to that of Turkey. And filthy as it is, there is not half enough of it to supply the wants of the country. The consequence is, that the gold and silver of nearly every nation in Europe is now current in Syria. The Turkish piastre, worth about 2*d.* sterling, is the standard by which all others are valued. There is no permanent fixed value, however, for any coin; and even in different localities coins have different nominal values. This is perplexing to the traveller, and still more so to the merchant and banker; but it must be endured till the government becomes rich enough and enterprising

enough to strike a sufficient coinage of its own. The coins most commonly met with are the following; and the values attached to them in piastres (Arab. *ghrûsh*, sin. *ghÿrsh*) and paras (Arab. *misâreh*, sin. *misariyeh*) may serve as a general guide, though they will not apply accurately in every place. The best and most convenient coin for Syria is the sovereign or napoleon in gold, and the Spanish dollar or five-franc piece in silver. They are well known, and pass freely everywhere. Turkish gold and silver are equally good, of course, if they can be had. The *ghâzeh* is an old coin, and generally light in weight. It must be remembered, however, that in villages it is often difficult to get a gold piece changed; the traveller should thus be supplied with a sufficient stock of piastres and other small coins for the purchase of necessaries and for *bakhshish*. The *kâmâry* (plural, *kâmariât*) is a black, greasy, wretched-looking piece of base metal, somewhat broader and thinner than an English sixpence. It is a most useful coin, however, as it constitutes the 'change' of the country, is of small value, (one penny sterling,) and 'goes far' in the way of presents. It should be remembered that Turkish coins of every kind have a nominal value much higher than their intrinsic value, and do not, therefore, pass in other countries."

“I don’t understand all that,” says some little boy, “but I can get my father to explain it; but I would like to ask a question.”

Well, what is it?

“If I was away off there in Jerusalem, where Walter was, could I hear from my friends at home? I should not want to go if I could not get letters from my own country.”

You could get letters, my little friend. Letters reach Jerusalem in about thirty days from America. Should you ever go there, you could leave directions with your friends to direct your letters to the care of the American consul, or, what is better, to some banker.

“Are there bankers in those Eastern cities?”

O yes; certainly. And these banks have correspondence and business relations with the great banking-houses in London, Paris, and New York. If you will ask your father, he will explain to you the whole process of getting money for Eastern banks by means of a letter of credit secured before the traveller leaves this country.

“I think they would cheat me. I don’t see how Walter got along so well as he did. I should be afraid to go anywhere for fear my money would be stolen, and I should have some unfair trick played upon me,” says some young reader.

Certainly you would be obliged to be very

careful of your money, or you would be cheated. Walter and Harry were saved much imposition from the fact that they were with a large party of intelligent gentlemen. They lodged in their tents most of the time, and did not come in contact with monks, hotel-keepers, and cicerones.

“What are cicerones?”

They are guides who show the strangers about and assist them in making their purchases. They have an understanding with the shopkeepers, who charge the uninformed stranger one third more than an article is worth, and slip a large percentage into the pocket of the cicerone who brings the customer. In that way a traveller who does not know the real value of many of the articles he wishes to purchase is wronged by one whom he has hired to protect him.

“But the monks are not dishonest, are they?”

Whatever the monks do they do for pay, and they have a hundred ways of taxing the stranger, though Harry and Walter had a very pleasant experience with them. But what was said some years ago of the convents in Jerusalem is very true now. “In former days,” says a traveller, “strangers were wont to lodge at the convents, and a few try them still. Here little comfort need be expected. The cells are generally about as abundantly stocked as the study of an entomologist. The attendance, too, is sorry enough, and the

reception anything but flattering, unless one goes to them with a lordly train, such as gives fair prospect of a golden return."

"And you said the hotel-keepers were dishonest?"

Yes; they join with other classes in picking the pockets of the stranger.

"Picking his pockets?"

Not literally. But they have so many ways of taxing him, that it becomes downright robbery; and unless a man is acquainted with their vile methods of extortion, he will be awfully cheated.\*

\* "I shall here add a hint or two in reference to Syrian hotels in general, and some Jerusalem ones in particular, in the hope that it may save travellers at least from disappointment, and possibly lead to reform. The proprietors have not a good name for strict honesty or honorable conduct towards their guests: not that they are extravagant in their charges, for the rate is reasonable enough; nor that they are not respectful in their address and obliging in their service, for they are so almost to a fault; but they have got a sad habit of *sponging* the traveller in other respects. They form conspiracies with dragomans, muleteers, curiosity-venders, silk-merchants, and even with cicerones, to levy a tax of from ten to fifty per cent. on every farthing that passes out of the traveller's pocket. It may be all very well to charge a *rent* to those who are permitted to encumber the courts and lobbies of the hotel with their wares, and to bore guests by an exhibition of their trinkets on the staircases and at the table, but it is nothing short

“ Was Walter cheated much ? ”

No, — for the reasons I have mentioned ; and, in consequence of being a remarkably intelligent lad, he escaped many extortions that were suffered by some older travellers. Some men are sufferers from the time they set their feet on European soil until they return to their homes. But a shrewd, intelligent person will escape many of these annoyances. The shameless creatures who prey upon the public seem to know instinctively whom to fleece, and they often do it most effectually ; and if you ever go to Syria you must be quick-witted and wide-awake as Walter was, or your journey will be made expensive by extortion.

“ I do hope to go there at some future time. I have read all about Walter’s tour in Europe, and I have heard about his exploits in Egypt, and have become interested in what he has said — and I hope to prevail on my father to take me over the same route at some time when he can afford it, and has the time.”

We now leave the reader, hoping he will follow the boys in their northward journey, and

of gross and shameful fraud to extort a large percentage from those who, at the special request of the traveller, bring articles to his own apartment for inspection.” — *Murray’s Hand-Book*

see what befell them in the country of the Samaritans, and the beautiful regions of Galilee.

When we began this side-conversation with our little friends, Walter and Harry were asleep in the tent. They will soon be awake, for the cock is crowing outside the camp, and a brightening glow is in the East, and we have the mysterious consciousness that the day will soon dawn.

**THE END.**













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