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**A JOURNEY TO  
PALESTINE**

*by Rev. B. Carradine*

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# A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE

**BY**

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# CHAPTER 1

*The Departure — The Pullman Palace Car — Southern Rivers And Slavery Songs — Central Depots — Ohio City of Cleveland — Mt. Vernon — The Silver Key — The Hudson.*

For many years I have desired to visit the Holy Land. While I realized the omnipresence of the Savior, and that He was not to be confined to Jerusalem or Mt. Gerizim, and that His gracious presence made all places sacred, yet still the desire remained in the heart to see the earthly city of our God, and to tread the paths, ascend the slopes, and to stand in the places forever made peculiarly and tenderly sacred by the footsteps, and voice, and presence of Jesus, the Son of God. By a combination of providential circumstances the trip was made possible; and so, on Monday evening, June 23, 1890, I found myself bidding farewell to a band of friends who accompanied me to the cars to say God-speed at the beginning of a journey to last four months.

When Paul was “accompanied to the ship” by his friends, he was consigned to wind and wave and many perils; but the writer was left in the midst of all the conveniences and luxuries of a Pullman palace car. Cushioned seats; and mirrors reflecting at every angle; a snowy aproned attendant awaiting orders; and an electric bell to summon him. These were some of the contrasting features that served to humble the writer as he recalled the much suffering apostle. After a little time an inviting supper-table, with spotless cloth and shining silverware, is placed before the traveler, who, in spite of hunger, gives most of his observation to the flying scene outside the car window. Later on a pleasant bed takes the place of the table, and the utter dissimilarity to the Pauline experience is established. Surely, we say, the centuries are different, and the treatment of the preachers is different, and the life of a bloated bondholder is today fairly thrust upon the humble traveler. But, softly, let us not go so fast. “Things,” said the poet, “are not always what they seem.” The bill of fare is anything but a fair bill when the time of settlement comes. As for the bed, curtained as it was, in darkness it proved a stronghold for the mosquitoes that arose at once and claimed the occupant for their own.

Rendered desperate by their attacks, the writer raised the car window, when, in ten minutes, he was reduced to the condition of Pompeii, being covered with ashes and cinders from the Vesuvian locomotive. Let us now touch the electric bell, and bring the aproned servant to our relief. But he heeds not the touch. We ring again and again; but, according to Tennyson's "Mariana," "He cometh not", she said." He never did come. We saw and heard others ring for him; but he never responded. If there is anything in the world a Negro hates, it is a bell. Let the ladies speak awhile to this point. The electric bell in the Pullman is an innocent affair, a child-amuser, and a pretty toy; but for the purpose for which it was constructed, it is an utter failure and an useless appendage. Just a word more about this flying palace, and we leave it. The eggs gave out in Southern Alabama, the tomatoes in North Alabama, the ice was exhausted in Tennessee, and the lemons all departed in Kentucky. "Things are not what they seem," said Longfellow.

The names of our Southern rivers, as I have crossed the streams one by one, bring back to memory a number of what were called "slavery songs." The Tombigbee, the Tennessee, the Kentucky, and the Ohio each recalled one or more of these peculiarly pathetic melodies. A frequently recurring expression in them was "Way down." 'Way down upon such a river;' way down in such a State. Then came the words, "Toiling in the cotton and the cane." There were heartbreaking pictures of separated husbands and wives, and parted parents and children. A child is stolen from its Virginia home; a wife is carried "to Georgia to wear her life away;" a husband languishes in bondage "from the old Kentucky home, far away."

The Tennessee, the Ohio, the Suwanee, and other rivers, through the power of song, were made in their meandering to become frames of pictures of unutterable pathos and beauty. The balls and bayonets of 1861-'65 tore away the living painting, but the frames are still left; and I can never look at their pebbly edges and willow margins without thinking of the pictures which they once encased. As a child — although my father was a slave-owner — my eyes were often moistened under the influence of these songs of slavery. But my eyes were not the only ones that were wet. Tears dripped in many States and lands. And these tears meant revolution and deliverance; for when you see thousands of people grieving over a state of things, that means a coming social or moral upheaval; and

when a nation gets to singing about its troubles, the day of redemption is nigh. When the Marseilles hymn leaped from lip to lip, and, we might say, flowed from eye to eye, a nation awoke from its long slumber and sprang into freedom. I am convinced that Song is one of God's mightiest agencies for the effecting of His purposes, and I feel assured as well, that the songs of slavery, or the Negro melodies did as much, if not more, than speech or book, for the preparing of the people for emancipation.

As I have studied the grand central depots that constitute one of the remarkable features of our large cities, I am more than ever impressed that there is one of the great needs of New Orleans. I know nothing that more impresses a traveler than the focalized travel and business seen at a great central depot. The constant arrival of trains from different quarters of the country, the roar of vehicles, the rush of constantly changing crowds of people, will advertise the city in the most forcible of ways. The Niagara distributed into twenty different channels would hardly be worth visiting; but the Niagara thundering away at one place attracts the nations. Let New Orleans gather up her railroad streamlets and pour them into her corporate lines, in the form of one great Niagara of a central depot. She will never regret it.

Crossing the State of Ohio, diagonally, to Cleveland on its northern edge, we were struck with the fact that we were never a single minute out of the limits of a field of wheat. The forms of Beauty and Prosperity were never out of sight in that wonderful State. It is a nation in itself. The country approximates my conception of English scenery. There are vast expanses of gently undulating table-land. The crops are diversified, and, by their different colors, give a new charm to the landscape. The well-kept fences; the neatly-trimmed hedges, the cosy country homes, buried in orchards, or fronting spacious grassy lawns, and here and there spires or a belfry peeping above a distant line of trees, declaring the presence of town or village — all combined to bring England constantly to mind.

The city of Cleveland, situated beautifully, imposingly and advantageously by that inland sea, Lake Erie, is destined to municipal greatness of the first order. Ten miles away, as we approached over the level fields, we saw a vast cloud hovering over it. It proved to be the smoke of her multitudinous factories.

I am reminded here, that at a point south of Cleveland, several years ago, I deflected from my course on a Northern trip and looked in on Washington City and Mt. Vernon. The day before I started the dentist extracted an aching tooth. In some way I contracted cold in the lacerated spot and went North with the cup of physical woe full to overflowing. In company with twenty or eighty others, I took the steamer that drops down the Potomac every morning from Washington to Mt. Vernon, twenty miles away. Of all the people that ever visited the place, I think that I bore the most appropriate countenance. A pain that looked like the deepest sorrow was written on every lineament of the face. At the landing we lined up the steep hill to the well-known tomb of Washington. One corpulent lady, just ahead of me, said in a loud voice, in the midst of her labored breathing, "Well, here is George at last!" I have smiled often since at this occurrence, but did not then. I knew but one thing, remembered but one word, and that thing and word was, Pain! And I looked at the tomb of the "Father of His Country" with an agonized expression of countenance that was altogether misunderstood by the people around me, and, doubtless, obtained great credit for me in their minds. They thought I was taking the death of Washington very much to heart, or, perhaps, they supposed I might just have heard he was dead!

In making preparation for a distant Journey, after having strapped and marked the baggage, changed greenbacks into circular notes, and armed yourself with a passport, I hear much of the need of carrying along a small silver key. It unlocks no trunk or valise, but opens things of far more delicate character and difficult management. It is said there is no escape from this necessity. The key has to be obtained, carried along, and frequently used. The prince in the Arabian Nights had something of the kind, and closed doors flew open, and what seemed to be blank walls suddenly disappeared at the head of flowery avenues. The shut door and the blank, expressionless wall is one of the great troubles of the traveler. The silver key opens the one, and causes the wall to be full of expression, or, better still, to become a line of beautiful arches through which one passes unchallenged and even welcomed.

I greatly desired to be on the right side of the car as we rushed down the eastern bank of the Hudson River. From this, coveted side you have a view of the river with its ship-sprinkled surface and city-dotted banks,



ravishing to behold. Approaching a certain official with the request that I might be accommodated with a seat commanding this quarter of the landscape, I was made to feel that I stood in the presence of an American sphinx. But suddenly I remembered the silver key, and approaching another railroad employee, I inserted the wonderful little instrument, with the request that my seat might be changed. The transformation was marvellous, the sphinx melted away and left a smiling brother after the flesh. He looked upon me affectionately, he seemed to yearn over me — he changed my seat to the riverside of the car. (I understand that in the far East, that instead of silver, a copper key is used, with like remarkable results.)

So I had the pleasure of coming down from Albany to New York on the eastern bank of the Hudson River. What a panorama of beauty it presents to the fascinated eye! How History, and Fiction, and Legend, and Poetry, and great characters and lovely scenery all come down together to its banks and wave their hands in greeting to the passing traveler.

Westward, some ten or fifteen miles away, tower, like a dark-blue thundercloud in the heavens, the Catskill Mountains. On the very top gleams the palace-like front of a great summer hotel that can be seen twenty miles away.

Still further away to the south is a distant range of mountains, the wavy outline of whose summit makes a perfect representation of a recumbent man. Think of a human figure outlined on the sky for fifteen miles. It looks corpse-like, while the mountains serve as the bier. The face, cold, grey, upturned to the sky, is to me like that of Washington.

Beautiful and palatial homes are sprinkled on both shores; while the towns and cities, descending from heights to water's edge, present, both day and night, a most striking appearance. The river itself is dotted all along its length with shipping and pleasure boats. The question arises in me, can the Rhine be any lovelier?

Yonder, on the right, at Newburgh, where you see the United States flag floating over an ancient-looking building, was Washington's headquarters. Lower down the river, on the western side, nestles West Point, the cradle of our military greatness. Washington himself selected the spot. It is

certainly lovely and commanding. The buildings and grounds are on a plateau half way up the tall bluff that faces the river. Further down still is Stony Point, which, if my historical memory is not at fault, was taken from the British by Gen. Wayne in a night assault. Up those rocky sides our men climbed and swept all before them. Strangely, there comes to my mind a verse, suggested by this incident of war. Let, the young reader stop and memorize this stanza of a famous poet:

*“The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.”*

Near this point Washington flung an iron chain across the river to stop the English fleet. They broke it easily, and called it “the American pumpkin vine.” A little further down, on the eastern bank, we pass in a few yards of the place where Arnold and Major Andre had their midnight interview in regard to the surrender of West Point. How they whispered here in these dark woods together. No one heard them; and yet all the world knows today of that guilty midnight conference of wickedness. The leaves overhead sighed over the treachery; The boughs of the trees wrung and tossed their hands in horror, and flung the dark secret to the waves at their feet, and they, the waves, sped away with the history of the act to an astounded nation. So truly did the night-whisper of Judas and the priests become a mighty voice that has filled the world. They thought no one would ever know of a thing whispered in the night! Here was a double guard or wall — a whisper and the night! They forgot that Jesus said, “There is nothing hid but shall be known.”

## CHAPTER 2

*Danger of Foreign Travel to the Preacher — Sunday In New York — Dr. Lyman Abbot — Salvation Army — Money Question — Death of the Innocents — Riverside Park — Sleepy Hollow — The Grave of Irving — Site of Major Andre's Capture — Sunnyside.*

It is unquestionably a risky thing for a preacher to travel abroad. I allude not to physical peril, for statistics inform us that more people are killed and hurt at home than in traveling.

I was thinking of another kind of danger altogether, the fact of impaired or destroyed usefulness. It has been noticed that in many cases foreign travel has led to the undoing of the preacher. The man beloved of the congregation who goes abroad never comes back. Some one else returns who bears a resemblance to him — but he is not the same. Or if he returns he brings Europe and Asia with him, and from this time on we deal with a foreigner and are kept busy looking at panoramas of the old world. The man's conversation is changed. Everything now reminds him of what happened in Rome or Venice. Every address or sermon is characterized by such expressions as, One evening while standing on the Bridge of Sighs — or, One morning while resting in the shadow of the Pyramids, and so on endlessly.

The preaching becomes changed; the temple of Solomon is in a measure obscured or eclipsed by the Colosseum of Rome; Mt. Calvary disappears and Mount Blanc heaves in sight with its glaciers and avalanches. The Gospel is snowed under or covered with the sands of oriental deserts.

The social life is altered. The blandest of men after crossing the Atlantic become intolerant. Willing, before he crossed the ocean, to listen; after this performance he monopolizes every conversation. A large dinner-party is brought to dead silence, while a question flung along the whole length of the table about some trifling date or name of place, secures the wandering attention of the guests and permits the interrupter to take another — perhaps the ten thousandth — voyage back to the old world where many of his tired listeners devoutly wish he had remained.

The reader begins to see something of the peril alluded to in the opening sentence. Am I not right when I ask his best wishes to go out for me that I may return as I left, an unassuming man and willing to accord to my fellow-creatures perfect liberty of speech, and that in my sermons no Caesar shall take the place of Scriptural characters, and that Calvary, “lovely, mournful Calvary,” shall continue to tower above the Himalayas and hide the Alps, and be seen and felt in its beauty and power in the substance of every conversation, in the heart of every prayer, and in the soul of every sermon until the end of life?

I have reached the city of New York. The Sabbath is better observed in many respects than in New Orleans. There are more outward decencies, although it is far from being what it should. On side streets I saw many store doors open, and from my lofty seat on the elevated railway, as I went to church, I looked in through third and fourth-story windows upon scores and hundreds of operatives hard at work in shirt-making and tailoring establishments. My heart bled for them as I watched their stooping forms and pale faces.

I went over to Brooklyn to hear Dr. Talmage, but learned that he was absent on his summer vacation. What a kind congregation he has! — a trip to the Holy Land, and than a vacation granted upon the top of that.

From the deserted preaching-place of Dr. Talmage I walked down to Plymouth Tabernacle, Dr. Beecher’s famous church. I discovered, to my surprise, that the auditorium was very little larger than my own at the Carondelet Street Church in New Orleans. There were cane seats attached to the end of each pew that let down, would have filled the aisles and increased by several hundred the seating capacity of the building; but they were not in use. The chair wings were all folded neatly against the sides of the pews awaiting the step and voice of another pulpit giant before spreading themselves once more upon the air. The pulpit is made of olive wood brought from Palestine. The organ nearly touches the ceiling. The choir was composed of forty voices.

Dr. Abbott and the assistant, at half-past ten, stepped upon the platform and confronted a four-fifths audience. The assistant pastor prayed the opening prayer in the never-to-be-forgotten theological seminary accent.

He asked the Divine being to awaken the purity and holiness that lay dormant within us all!

Dr. Abbott is a man of about sixty years, slender, medium height, grizzled beard, narrow face and high forehead. His text was from the Revised Version, "In his temple doth every one say glory." He said that Nature was the temple referred to here. The discourse treated of Nature, and was a preparation of the congregation for the summer vacation. Dr. Abbott impresses you agreeably, but not overwhelmingly; he was scholarly, but not eloquent, while his pulpit movements are angular — not to say stiff. He labors also under this disadvantage, that the very memory of his illustrious predecessor fills the building, and as constantly, by swift mental comparisons, dwarfs the present incumbent.

He made a number of capital points. Said there were two ways of approaching Nature; one with the critical, analytical eye, and the other in which the form and life of the Great Father was sought after. When, in summing up this thought, he said that when a man pressed his wife to his heart, that at such a time he never thought of the bivalvular action of the heart or circulation of the blood, I saw that he had his audience.

In the evening I waited on the ministrations of a young Baptist minister. The sermon was mainly an apology for taking a summer vacation; said topic not being without its interest to a Jonah fleeing from pastoral duty, who sat unknown before him. When he defined to the audience the multifarious labors of a preacher, he opened certainly some of their eyes. He mentioned, humorously, a department of labor described by the term Special Requests, well known to every minister. A few days before he had been written to from the West to ship a gentleman a hound by express; and a few days before that came from a distant State a request to please hunt up a stray lunatic on the streets of New York. The writer listened with a wondrous fellow-feeling, and knew that he could tell things of a certain nature on that line that would in no wise lower the interest, but rather deepen the surprise of the hour. The young preacher's power I soon discovered to be his deep love and sympathy for man, his burning earnestness, and the fact that he held up before the people a living Christ.

Monday night I visited one of the two places of worship of the Salvation Army. It was a rough wooden structure, appearing, as they doubtless

intended that it should, like a barracks. A detachment of ten occupied the platform, composed of two women, six men, a boy and a Negro. The orchestra, so to speak, was made up of a piano, bass-drum, two tambourines, and clapping of hands together with the singing of the detachment. The meeting was presided over and led by a sweet-faced, black-eyed young woman who wore a black dress and a dark straw Quaker bonnet, over the top of which and coming down the sides was a broad red ribbon. She was a woman of manifest piety, showed marks of a fair education, and in the conduct of the meeting evinced herself full of resources.

The audience was made up of different classes some being there evidently from curiosity; but under the earnest words of the leader and the martial-like melody of the hymns all were measurably affected. I had little conception until that night of how pleasantly such dissimilar instruments, as a piano, bass-drum and tambourine, could be made to agree.

The church money question I find to be universal. Let no heart-sick pastor at home, wrestling with the problem of church finance, feel that his difficulty is peculiar to himself and his people. In the walls of the wealthy Plymouth Tabernacle I heard Dr. Abbott request his deacons to post themselves at the doors, and, basket in hand, to receive the collection that had been overlooked in the regular order of service. Then I heard one of these same deacons say to another, "That is right; let no one escape." As they spoke thus, it seemed to me that I was listening, as in a dream, to the utterances of Methodist stewards. At the Salvation Army barracks the leader announced a collection, and urged all present to give. Again my foot seemed to press my native heath. Sabbath night the Baptist preacher pressed upon his large audience the necessity of putting certain moneys, in certain envelopes, and so doing through the entire summer; that a great strain and pressure of the financial kind was now being experienced by the church. As he said this I immediately felt at home! Nothing that he could have said, even to the calling of my name, could have made me feel so perfectly at ease, and invested my surroundings with such a delightfully familiar air.

Just now, in this heated spell, disease, like Herod of old, is hewing down the children of the poor classes from three years old and downward. Three

hundred often in a week. One week saw five hundred white ribbons streaming from as many doors. As I sped along the elevated road one evening I saw a mother with her sick baby on the flat roof of a tenement-house in the crowded quarter. There she was, evidently, to give the poor little dying one a breath of fresh, pure air. My heart melted at the sight.

Riverside Park is situated in the north-western part of the city, upon a high bluff overlooking the Hudson river, and commanding a view, up and down, of that animated stream for many miles. The park is treeless, save where the brow of the hill overlooks the river, but it is beautifully swarded. From its center arises the tomb of Gen. Grant. There the dead warrior lies in state, guarded day and night by two policemen. The whole scene — the tomb remote from habitation of the living and the dead, the solitary coffin visible through the iron grating, the distant ships on the river, and the still more distant line of mountains — formed a picture of loneliness striking to the mind, and ineradicable. Certainly it seems that one of the prices of greatness, or even prominence, in this world is loneliness. The higher men rise the lonelier they become, and the solitariness follows even in death. The question arose in my mind, Was this a great man lying before me? Was this life an accomplishment or an accident?

Central Park is a rare stretch of physical loveliness. Two miles and a half long, and a half mile wide, with serpentine roads unfolding like silver ribbons through the trees, and with charming paths leading anywhere, everywhere, and suddenly bringing you into unexpected places of beauty, of cavern, glade, or lake side, you are constantly interested and charmed at every step. They have in the center of the park the obelisk brought thither Rome years ago from Egypt; but to my eye it was as much out of place as the helmet of Richard Coeur de Lion would be on the head of a dry goods clerk.

That which most impressed me was that part of the park which has been trained to look like the forests of nature. Fully two hundred acres is, like a sylvan glade or deep tangled wild-wood. The eye and heart fairly luxuriates on the scene. I thought, as I looked, that when men desire to give us things worth the seeing and worth the having, they have to go to God's works for a model. They obtained Gothic architecture by studying the

splintered summits of the mountains. If they wanted an enduring arch, they fashioned one after the human skull. If they wanted a lighthouse that would withstand all the storms, they took the trunk of a tree for a model. And if they desired to delight the eye with a perfection of physical beauty in our parks, they did it not with avenue and colonnade, but by giving us in confused and yet delightful assemblage of rock, crag, leaping waterfall, glen and dark woods, a perfect representation of the Almighty's works in nature.

Sleepy Hollow, the site of the famous legend of Washington Irving, is located about a mile from Tarrytown, and Tarrytown itself is situated about twenty-five miles above New York, on the Hudson. Sleepy Hollow, opening on the Hudson and running up the hills, is shaped like a curved horn or trumpet. In the broadest part, which is a few hundred yards wide and not far from the river, is the old church and bridge, by which and over which Ichabod Crane dashed in his endeavor to escape from the headless horseman. The church, which is a venerable structure of brick and stone and measures about thirty by forty feet, bears the hoary date of 1699. Just above the church is the dark clump of trees from which suddenly emerged the midnight spectral horseman.

As I looked at the places of which I had read frequently as a boy, it was hard to tell which were more real to me, the author of the legends or the creature of the author's imagination, Irving or Ichabod Crane. Such is the wonderful power of Genius. It makes new worlds, fills them with new people who from that moment become as lifelike as characters of history, indeed, in a sense even more, for the historical personage dies, but the character of fiction cannot be buried — he always seems alive.

There is an old graveyard in Sleepy Hollow that runs from the ancient church up the northern slope of the valley. In the center of this cemetery and commanding a view of the "Hollow" and the Hudson River beyond, is the burial place of Irving. It seems to me for several reasons to be the proper spot for his last resting-place. It is not far from his home, it is in the midst of scenes made classic by his pen, and it is a place of great natural beauty as well. The marble slab at the head of the grave is not over three feet in height, but a large oak and beech blend their protecting shadows over the mound and give grace and character to the spot. I



plucked a couple of daisies from near the grave as a memento of the man whose writings contributed so much delight to me in the days of my boyhood. It occurred to me as I left the place that "Sleepy Hollow" was a good name for a cemetery.

Major Andre was captured on the high road that runs on the crest of the Hudson River hills towards New York city. The arrest took place a mile north of Tarrytown. Since that time the town has not tarried, but gone forward until it surrounds the place of capture. Five or six handsome residences today look down upon the little valley in which over a hundred years ago the unhappy young English officer was halted by the cowboys. Standing by the monument that is erected to their honor on the identical spot of arrest, I could easily recall the scene. The densely shaded road, the sloping descent of the same, the musing fire of the horseman, and the sudden rushing out of the woods upon him of his captors. They are now called and lauded as patriots, but at the time of the capture they doubtless had no higher object than the purse of the stranger. The scene that, followed of the examination of Andre's person appears in bas-relief upon the monument.

I was set to thinking by the guide's explanation of the word Tarrytown. He said that long ago the farmers used to visit the village, and drank so deep and drank so long, and so protracted their stay from home, that the good wives called the place Tarrytown.

O the Tarrytowns in the land!

Three or four miles south of the last named place is Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving. The house is a two-story stone building abounding in old-style gables. You reach it by a road descending from the high road on the hills and leading through a wild and beautiful glen. The house is on a plateau fifty feet above the Hudson, with the wooded hills towering in the rear. The side of the house is turned to the river, but from the gallery, that is touched by the lawn and shaded by a number of old trees, there is a commanding view up and down the Hudson for many miles that could hardly be surpassed for loveliness.

A large Newfoundland dog was walking about under the trees, with occasional meditative stops and glances into the far distance. From his

dignified bearing you could tell that he felt he was well descended, or realized perfectly the honor and attention bestowed by the public upon the house over which he stood as a kind of guard and protector.

A nurse and two handsomely-dressed children in a distant part of the grounds gave a coloring of life to a picture, which otherwise would have been mournful in its loneliness.

As I glanced at the ivy-clad house, drank in the quiet beauty of the place, where smooth sward and lofty trees and hedges and stonewall all harmonized in a pleasing manner; and as I then turned and looked on the sail-besprinkled Rhine of America flowing past, and at the mountains in the far distance, I could understand why Irving wrote, and how he could write.

With the mountains voicing thoughts of eternity, the flowing river speaking of time, the bending forest whispering the secrets of nature, and all the beauties and solemnities of distant landscapes arousing the soul to appreciation and reflection — the mind must have been quickened, the heart must have been made to glow, and the pen was bound to move. It would have been wonderful if he had not written.

## CHAPTER 3

*The Ship's Departure — The Weather — Seasickness— Prominent People On Board — The Man Dr. Talmage Baptized in the Jordan — The Escaped Nun — Service at Sea — Fassnett Rock — Coast of Ireland.*

From time immemorial it seems to have been the custom for an individual, in departing on a long sea voyage, either to burst out into spontaneous poesy, or, next best, to indulge in liberal quotations from the poets about the sea. Byron is most frequently called upon to assist the young navigator in relieving the soul of its pent-up emotions; while the great poet himself, on leaving England, cries out in rhyme:

*“’Tis done! and shiv’ring in the gale,  
The bark unfurls her snowy sail!”*

Can any one tell me what the poets mean by “’tis done”? They all use the expression, and use it often. But whether it heads a sonnet or poem of majestic length, the reader is always left to wonder and guess at the condition hidden back of this most indefinite phrase.

“’Tis done!” I cried last Wednesday evening of July second. But my “’tis done!” was no mystery, but meant that I had paid down sixty dollars for the privilege of sleeping in a box six feet long and something over a foot wide for ten days, while crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

At half-past four of the afternoon above mentioned, the steamer Bothnia, of the Cunard Line, with three hundred passengers in the saloon, fifty in the second cabin, and one hundred in the steerage, swept out to sea. The scene at parting was striking in every respect; the smoking monster moved uneasily at her moorings, as if chafing and anxious to encounter the ocean’s waves. There were final business transactions, the last freight rushed in, the late passenger, the chattering throng, the cries of cabmen, and the shouts of sailors. Above all, there were the farewells; some full of laughter and merriment, while others were tearful, and still others were of such a nature that I felt my own eyes filling through sympathy.

The pier was crowded with friends of the travelers, and spectators of the departure; and as the steamer swung off and away into the midstream of North River, with prow pointing to the bay, the pier became a snow-bank of waving handkerchiefs, answered instantly by a long line of white from the side of the vessel. And so they waved until distance blurred and then blotted them from the sight. Down we dropped into the bay, crowded with shipping; past Governor's Island, with its circular fort; past Jersey Heights, crowded with stately residences; past Forts Hamilton and Lafayette, with their frowning batteries; down and out into the wide sea. Standing at the stern of the vessel, with my Bible resting on the taffrail, I read portions of God's Word, and saw America fade from the view.

Contrary to all expectations, we encountered rough weather the first day out. For two days we had, as the sailors called it, a heavy sea. One wave, dashing up on deck, washed the ladies right and left, while another, under a lurch of the ship, poured a torrent through the port-hole of my stateroom and deluged things generally. A heavy fog off the banks of Newfoundland encircled us — now expanding, and now contracting — as if undecided what to do with us. The fog-whistle sounded dolefully every thirty seconds; the rain dripped, or fell heavily; the smoke drooped out of the great chimney, and hung down like a wet banner, and then would break off in pieces, and be swallowed up and lost sight of in the encircling fog.

In the midst of this Neptune came aboard and swayed his scepter over the great majority of the passengers. This is only another way of saying we were seasick. Think of three hundred people all sick at the stomach at the same time! Happy the man who has a friend to hold his head! But friends are few at such a moment. Each man mourns to himself apart. As the song of "Bingen on the Rhine" says:

*"There was lack of woman's nursing,  
There was dearth of woman's tears."*

The women at such a time as this have all they can do to nurse themselves. On account of the heavy sea, and many crossing the ocean for the first time, not a state-room but had its moaning inmate. I listened to the interjection "Oh!" intoned and accented in diversities of expression most remarkable. It sounded around me like the moans and cries of a battle-plain. Merchant, professor, preacher, clerk, artist, and mechanic were all

on a common level now. Deep called unto deep. Author answered musician, and one another in a way not usual. Clergyman responded to layman in cries of nature that proved the homogeneity of the race. In the midst of it all a lady in the saloon, sitting at the piano, commenced singing "Annie Laurie." Her fine, rich voice filled the cabin, shaming many a prostrate man, touching the hearts of members with thoughts of home, and impressing every listener with the fact that there was one plucky person on the ship whom wind, and wave, and seasickness could not force down.

Was I seasick? you ask. Please don't mention it, but for two days I lay in my berth scarcely able to lift my head in silent misery. "What is seasickness?" I asked the ship surgeon whom I called in, and he told me that it was mainly a brain affection; that the condition and action of the stomach arose from sympathy with the nerve and brain.

Be it so!

In addition to the pain it creates, it intensifies greatly two of the senses. One the sight which takes note of the fact that the state-room, with its iron-plated ceiling, and seven by eight size, is like a burial vault, and that the berth only needs a glass cover to become a coffin. Next, the smelling power becomes acute, critical, discriminating, and analytical. It is well known that ships have a smell; but, being of a complex nature, it has puzzled many. I herewith had the public the analysis, which I worked out while lying sick in my narrow berth:

<b>Bilge water.....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Rats.....</b>	<b>05</b>
<b>Musty, wet carpets.....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>Odor of old oil cloth.....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Dining-room smell.....</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>Kitchen odor.....</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>An Indescribable smell that defied all analysis.....</b>	<b>05</b>
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>100</b>

We have a number of notable people on board. Mrs. Barr, the novelist; Mrs. Lockwood, the superintendent of the Peace Department of the W. C. T. U.; Harry Paulton, the author of something, I forget what; Edith O’Gorman, the escaped nun; the man whom Dr. Talmage baptized in the River Jordan; and an ex-Governor of Wisconsin. In spite of their greatness, they live and move around like the rest of us. It would do the reader’s heart good to see the ex-Governor of the great State of Wisconsin reach across the table with his gubernatorial hand and help himself. The baptismal protege of Dr. Talmage is a queer genius. He told me, in conversation yesterday, that the baptism took place in an accidental way; that he always wanted to go under the River Jordan, and happening to meet Dr. Talmage (whom, I suppose, always wanted to put somebody under the Jordan), the submerging naturally and inevitably took place. The young man has achieved fame at the expense, not of blood or brain, but of a little water. Again and again he was pointed out on the ship, and will be till the end of his life, as the man whom Dr. Talmage baptized in the River Jordan.

The voyage over the Atlantic becomes unspeakably monotonous. The passengers resort to various expedients to kill the time. There were no glittering icebergs and spouting whales to be seen. Evidently they had been engaged by other tourists for the season in other parts of the world. So the passengers helped in various ways to annihilate the eleven days of the sea-trip. Mrs. Lockwood lectured twice; the escaped nun gave a private address to the ladies in regard to the convent life. In the midst of her speech she was rudely interrupted by a Catholic priest, who, thrusting in his head through a window, called the lady speaker a liar.

On one of the evenings the ladies improvised a concert. Most of the gentlemen turned the upper deck-cabin into a regular pool-room, in which the speed of the vessel was made the fluctuating stock. Gambling has certainly taken hold of the nation. Into none of these places did I go; but, stretched in my steamer-chair, read all the day, or studied the ways and phases of the ocean. I was especially interested in the storm-petrel — a little bird with the size and movement of the swallow, that followed us across the ocean. I asked a sailor where they rested when they got tired, and he replied, “On the waves.”

“But may not a fish take them under if they do that?” I asked.  
 “Oh!” replied the sailor, “they takes their chances.”

Next morning I saw them resting on the waves. As their little forms were lifted up and down by the great rolling swell of the Atlantic, I thought what a grand cradle these birds have; and another thought, sweeter and better, was: He that feedeth the sparrow on the land, cares for, feeds, and protects these little birds far out upon the boundless sea. What a sermon those petrels preached to me that day!

On Sabbath morning I attended my first religious service at sea. An Episcopal clergyman officiated. The hymn, “Lead, Kindly Light,” sung very delightfully by a large improvised choir, went with word and strain directly to the heart. A sunset in mid-ocean is hung up as a picture of unfading beauty in my mind. The broad crimson disc was slowly sinking in the travel, when suddenly a line of golden fire ran along the edge of a long purple cloud that just seeped above the horizon.

*“Beyond the sunset’s radiant glow,  
 there is a brighter world, I know.”*

In spite of the changing colors of the sea, of occasional sails, and a few schools of porpoises, the days were long and the trip tedious. So when, on the morning of the tenth day, we sighted Fassnett Rock, the heart fairly leaped with joy. Fassnett Rock is fifty yards in diameter, conical in shape, and surmounted by a lighthouse. It was on this rock that the City of Rome struck a few weeks ago. Nevertheless, that same rock was to me like a lump of sugar broken off from the bed of Continental European sweetness, and placed there at the south end of Ireland to sweeten the waters there, and give a saccharine dash to the thoughts and emotions of land-sick men and women.

From this point we ran up the eastern coast of Ireland toward Liverpool, at a distance of three to six miles from the shore. Most agreeably was I disappointed in regard to the appearance of Erin. The island held me with an ever-changing, but never-failing charm. For miles I beheld such a scene as this old, rocky shores, with precipitous or sloping hills coming down to the water’s edge; a long line of white surf foaming along the shore and leaping up high in other places, as if to scale the rocks; flocks of white-winged seas gulls wheeling about with restless cries; yonder a ruined

monastery, and farther still, and perched on a high cliff, the ruin of an old castle. Further up the coast the hills, covered with green, came with gentler and more beautiful slopes to the sea-margin. I could see through a glass that every square yard of their surface was under cultivation. A number of the hill-sides, from a variety of crops, and through the division of the fields into regular squares, had the appearance of a great natural checker-board. But whether at foot of cliff, or base of hilly field, the white surf beat all along the strand. One line in the “Exile of Erin” well describes it;

*“In dreams I revisit thy sun-beaten shore.”*

Many thoughts arose as I gazed upon this down trodden country; and, by and by, among the thoughts came welling up the recollection of three Irish songs; beautiful and pathetic are they all. Two especially lingered with me — the “Exile of Erin” and “The Irish Emigrant’s Lament.”

On Sabbath morning, at nine o’ clock, our ship, after eleven days on the trip, made fast at the docks in Liverpool; and in a little while after my foot pressed the shore of the Old World.



## CHAPTER 4

*Arrival at Liverpool — The Sabbath — English Scenery — Gretna Green — “Maxwellton” — Ayr — The Birthplace of Robert Burns — “Bonnie Doon.”*

On Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, of July 13, I found myself whirling along the streets of Liverpool from the steamer, bound for a distant hotel. It was delightful to see the houses standing steady after watching the swaying masts and pitching prow of the vessel so long. It was refreshing to see people walk straight, and not in zigzag courses and sudden fetchings up, and equally sudden bearings off to leeward.

The streets were filled with people going to church, and the most delightful sight was frequently seen of the family group wending their way to the house of God. As my cabman drove rapidly along toward my distant hotel, suddenly, as we came near a church, a policeman signaled the driver, and made him walk his horse noiselessly by. I thought of New Orleans, where, between parrots and organs, brass-bands, fire-men's processions, and rattling cars, the minister at times cannot possibly be heard. One preacher in our city was much annoyed by a rooster that crowed vociferously and pertinaciously near his pulpit window just after he would take his text and begin his sermon. The preacher earnestly entreated the lady owner to have the chanticleer removed, or silenced in some way. Her reply was that a man was a poor preacher who could not preach louder than a rooster could crow. O New Orleans! Thou Babel of multifarious noises on the Sabbath-day, draw near with a few of thy sister cities, and sit at the feet of Liverpool, and take the first lesson in reverences — viz., silence when the Gospel is being proclaimed. This English custom looks like a ray of the millennial dawn.

In the afternoon, hearing the sound of music in the large stone square in front of the hotel, and learning that it was a detachment of the Salvation Army, I went over and found about twenty holding service, with a considerable crowd about them. The men were in full uniform, the women were arrayed in quiet-looking Quaker bonnets and dresses. The instruments of music were those of a regular brass band. The collection

was taken up in a tambourine. I shall always have a higher regard for the latter-named instrument from this time: in a sense it is redeemed. After several stirring hymns, and three or four burning exhortations delivered by the men, the detachment moved off to another part of the city. As they departed, with the flag flying and the band playing a sweet and soul stirring hymn, I noticed as the strains died away in the distance that the faces of the dispersing men around me showed thoughtfulness and seriousness.

In the evening I walked over to attend service in a Wesleyan chapel in a neighboring street. I listened here to a plain-looking preacher preach a plain sermon to a plain-looking congregation in a plain-looking church. The minister in the midst of his sermon indulged in antiquated and indifferent witticisms; the people responded at once with a half-suppressed laugh. I could not muster up even a smile, but thought of the time when Wesley used to hold forth the word of God among these people, and when, instead of laughing, they wept and were cut to the heart. One-fifth of the congregation remained to the Lord's Supper, and after this some twenty or thirty of the membership took the small church organ and held an evangelistic meeting where five streets came together. This, I understand, they do every evening of the week.

The hour here for evening service in the churches is half-past six. At this time the sun is several hours high. Returning to the hotel from these double services I was attracted by the sound of singing above the rush of a great throng and roar of wheels on the street. On investigation I discovered that it proceeded from a blind man and his family, accompanied by his accordion, and assisted by his friends stationed in the crowd. The voices were all remarkably fine. He would sing from the place where he sat, and his friends would respond from a distance of ten yards. The airs were all gospel hymns and melodies. The name of Jesus was prominent throughout. The effect was most gracious. Hundreds stood for an hour and listened. As I turned away I said in my heart: "Notwithstanding, every way Christ is preached, and I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

I left Liverpool on Monday. No travel for me on the Lord's Day, except upon the high seas. I was glad to leave. A man whose celebrity consists in his having amassed great wealth fails to interest me, a city whose fame is

in its massive brick structures and swollen commercial size exerts no charm over me. But the literary man and the historic city bind me to them with hooks of steel. I feel their drawing and holding power. So I was glad to leave the endless stone streets and countless acres of brick houses of Liverpool. The scenery that greeted my pleased eye as the train sped up the western coast of England was just what I had expected. There were the meadows starred with daisies, cowslips, and butter-cups; there were the well-cultivated fields, the neatly trimmed hedges, the distant town or hamlet, with the church belfry or spire just appearing above the encircling trees. I saw several old churches with graveyards by their side, situated as just mentioned, that would have perfectly met the description in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." I noticed that few of the fields were more than four acres in size.

As we ran up through Cumberland and Westmoreland toward Scotland the fields became larger, the grain in a large measure disappeared, and the hills were covered with flocks.

The Solway River is a small stream to divide two peoples as widely different as the Scotch and English, and yet it is there for all that. The rivers in Caledonia, as is known, are small; we would hardly dignify them by such appellations in America. But though inferior in size, they lack nothing in beauty. The favorite poet of Scotland has written in rapturous terms of the Nith, the Doon, and the Ayr. I have seen them, and after seeing them I felt in my heart that he had not used a single extravagant term.

Gretna Green, just across the border, engrossed me for awhile. It looked quiet and innocent enough with its hamlet-like collection of houses. But what exciting scenes, what pale faces and beating hearts, what tearing of hair and fallings into swoons, what rushing of carriages and galloping of horses like mad, what wonderful episodes, it has seen. O, Gretna Green, how much joy and misery you have brought upon this world. And O, Gretna Green, just a word — did you get your last name on account of the character of the people that came within your gates to be married?

About twenty-five miles northwest of the border there is a little town called Maxwellton. It is now properly a suburb of Dumfries. I learned its

name as I passed while admiring the graceful and beautiful sloping hills in that direction.

At the same time a Scottish gentleman sitting near me informed me that braes in Scotch meant hills. Like a flash I put the two together, and saw that I was looking on the place where Annie Laurie lived, or, nearer still, that the site of the song was before —

*“Maxwellton braes are bonnie.”*

The next day, in another part of Scotland, I was told by a Scotch laborer that daisies are called gowan. So here was additional light thrown on the same sweet song —

*“Like the dew on the gowan lying.”*

From Dumfries to Ayr, which is fifty miles northwest, the whole land is filled with tokens and memories of Robert Burns. He reigns in the west as Scott does in the east of Scotland. In Dumfries he spent the last few years of his life and here he died. In the town of Ayr, or rather near it, he was born, and spent the first twenty years of his life. In Mauchline, midway between the two, he was married, and at Kilmarnock, near by, he published his first book of poems, that won him immediate fame.

I became so interested through various things told me of his private life that I detected from the straight line of my route, and ran down to Ayr. This town is on the western coast of Scotland, in a direct line with the Island of Arran. It looks out in its quaintness upon the Frith of Clyde, while the river Ayr rushes foaming through its center, and plunges with its swift current into the sea.

At nine o'clock in the evening I arrived; at half-past nine I was eating my dinner by a large window that looked toward the Frith of Clyde, and noticed that the daylight was still brightly shining. This peculiarity of the Northern day has struck me ever since I have been in high latitudes. There is almost no end to the day. I said to the waiter at my side, “What time does it get dark here?” “About half-past ten,” he replied. Then he continued, “Nearly everybody goes to bed here at eight o'clock, and it is lonesome. The town looks like it is dead, sir.”

I remembered as he spoke that a lady in New Orleans had lately asked me if there was not a place on the globe where the sun rose and set at the same moment. Verily, I thought, I am coming to the place! And if things go on after this fashion as I travel farther North, I may yet take the last beam of the setting sun and the first ray of the rising orb and tie them in a bow-knot over the hour of midnight.

Next morning as I was leaving the hotel on my sight-seeing excursion I saw my first Scotchman in his knee-pants. I could not but ruminate, as I looked at the sturdy calves of the man, of the part that pants play in the civilization of the world — or, to put it more correctly, how civilization affects the length of the pants. There are some savages that hide themselves behind a little paint. Others, occupying a higher grade, have a waist appendage, or apron of cloth or leather. Then as we near the nineteenth century the pants unroll and drop to the knee. Today the curtain is down to the foot-lights. The tendency of civilization is to lengthen the pantaloons.

Taking a cab I drove first to the birth-place of Robert Burns, about two miles east of the town. On my way I saw my first turf roof. At once I thought, what a capital idea for everybody. Let all who love the beautiful have a turf roof, and cultivate flowers all over the top of the house. Think of it, all ye who never did and never will sleep upon a bed of roses, think of sleeping under a bed of roses. I was also struck with the solidity and safety of the roof.

In a little while after we reached the boyhood home of the poet. Most of my readers are familiar with the low stone cottage, about twenty-five feet long and twelve or fourteen high. It also possesses the turf roof, and at the time of the poet's birth had but two apartments. I stood in the room where the child of genius was born. It is about ten feet square, the walls being of rough stone, the floor paved with like material, in pieces of irregular size, picked up doubtless in the fields; and the chimney, with a wide flaring mouth projecting far into the room, like the mud chimney of the Negro cabin. In the corner of the room, in a niche six feet long, five feet high, and four feet deep, answering for a bed, Robert Burns first saw the light. Everything showed the poverty of the family.

How little did the mother think that day, as she heard the first cry of her babe, that the time would come that the poor, dimly-lighted room would become the cynosure of millions of eyes, and that thirty thousand persons annually would visit it, and stand meditating upon its rough stone floor, because of the child born to her on that morning.

A number of interesting relics are shown in the building — the poet's table, candlestick, and several old letters. In the monument erected near by I was shown a Bible he had given "Highland Mary." His first love was "Highland Mary," but he married "Bonnie Jean." So the world wags, "Few men wed their Highland Marys." In the poet's case death intervened, as is touchingly shown in his poem, "To Mary in Heaven."

Near by on the banks of the Doon is the Auld Alloway Kirk, where Tam O' Shanter saw the witches dancing amid the tombstones. I visited the ruined church and crumbling tombstones. A garrulous old Scotchman showed me around the graveyard, and with a harsh, cracked voice, and full of Scotch brogue, repeated copious passages to me from Tam O' Shanter, until I was glad to escape. I walked alone down the road where Tam fled for his life, and stood on the old bridge where the witches caught hold of his horse's tail. But I thought little of O'Shanter. My meditations and admiration were taken up by the "Bonnie Doon" which the old stone bridge spans; by the lovely landscape around, and by thoughts of him whose pen, like a magician's wand, has glorified this land, and centered the eyes of the reading world upon it.

*"Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?"*

It is as true now as then. The Bonnie Doon is a stream twenty yards in width, beautifully clear, with banks covered with grass to the water's edge and overhung with trees. It flows with most charming windings through scenery equal to the best in England. The meadows, fields, hedges, avenues of trees, hamlets, and old churches are all here, and strung together by the silver ribbon of the Bonnie Doon. I could not resist it, but climbed over a hedge and jumped down a steep place, and from the banks of the river gathered a handful of daisies, buttercups, and bluebells to bear away as a memento of the stream.

The visitor is reminded that from Ayr Edward Bruce made his disastrous campaign into Ireland. He is also shown the place where Wallace set fire to the barns in which the English soldiers lay in a drunken sleep, this being done in retaliation for a massacre they had recently perpetrated upon a noble band of Scotch nobility. "The Twa Brigs of Ayr," with other interesting points, are also shown the tourist.

As I sped away northward at noon on the train, and noticed a party of men in knee-breeches playing golf in the fields, and as I marked growing on the banks the beautiful red and purple heather, I knew that I was in Scotland. Walter Scott used to get heart-sick for a sight of the heather in his protracted absences from the land he loved so well. I thought of him the instant my eyes rested upon the modest shrub.

## CHAPTER 5

*Glasgow — The Necropolis — Loch Lomond — On the Top of Ben Lomond — The Guide's Conversation — The Pony and Guide Lunch together on the Edge of a Precipice — Inversnaid — A Visit to the Cave of Rob Roy.*

In Glasgow there is little to arrest the progress of the traveler. These things may be said of it, that it is the great ship-building city of Great Britain: It has a chimney almost as high as Washington's Monument, and it possesses an ancient cathedral built in the twelfth century. To me the most striking sight in Glasgow is the Necropolis. On a lofty, conical-shaped hill the cemetery of the city has been located. The tombstones cover the hillsides, tier upon tier, and rank upon rank, like a white-robed army. The hill fairly bristles and glistens with marble slabs and monuments to the very summit, and upon the apex of the eminence towers high above all the monument of John Knox. When, at a distance, you look at the marble-clothed hill, it seems to the hasty glance a part of the city; but a second look reveals it to be the city of the dead. It is I striking and solemnly impressive sight. I toiled up the spiral ascent to the top, and sat down to rest and think under the shadow of the monument of Knox. Next to a church, give me a cemetery in which to read, and meditate, and pray.

In Glasgow and the town of Ayr, I saw for the first time of my life barefooted white women on the streets; and I saw numbers, of them. Verily I can see a new light on that sweet couplet:

*“Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave Old Scotia's shore?”*

Another spectacle that impressed me more agreeably in the two cities mentioned above, was the way that women carry their babies. The mother wraps, her shawl about herself and child in such a way as to make a nest for the little one in front. The shawl is not pinned, but in some ingenious way it is passed in and under itself so as to be self-confined, while it holds the babe securely. The strain is, transferred thus from the arm to the back, and the woman walks erect as an arrow. Moreover, the folding of the wrap



has, to my eye, all the lines of grace, while the baby, snug and comfortable, looks out serene and smiling on the world.

The Indian mother straps her child on her back, and goes bent forward along the road. The present matron of America hangs her child on one arm, and goes around inclining to one side, like the leaning Tower of Pisa, or like a bow when tightly strung. The Scottish mother is ahead of the females of ancient and modern America.

From Glasgow it is twenty miles by rail to Loch Lomond. We passed the historic ruins of Dumbarton Castle on the way. As we drew near the queen of Scotland's lakes, happening to glance from my car window, I saw looming up before me, high in the heavens, a purple mass of beauty and majesty in the form of Ben Lomond. I recognized the mountain instantly from pictures I had seen.

An hundred tourists, myself among them, took a steamer at the southern end of the lake. Now, although the boat had abundance of seats, and we were all on deck, and there was nothing to keep everybody from seeing, behold! as soon as the steamer started, every living soul stood on their feet, and kept there as long as I was with them. Drawn by the beauty of the scenery, hungry to see all, "they would not down." The lake is twenty-five miles long, with a varying width of from one to five miles. A dozen wood-crowned islands dot, or rather gem, the southern part of the loch. The green-clad hills slope in graceful lines to the shore for the first three or four miles; then suddenly the mountains, in towering majesty, surround it, clothed in robes of royal purple, and with clouds resting on their heads as crowns.

At Rowardennan, halfway up the lake, I left the great body of tourists, and disembarked at the foot of Ben Lomond, in order to ascend to the summit. It takes two to three hours to ascend, and one and a half to descend. Procuring a guide and pony, I sallied forth and up. And up it was. A dozen times I thought I saw the top, and as often another, and bolder and higher swell of the mountain greeted me. The path runs zigzag all the way to overcome the steepness. Halfway up a covey of grouse flew from the heather at our feet, and went skimming down the mountainside. A few sheep scattered about were hard to be distinguished at first sight from boulders of limestone, which cling here to the face of the mountain in great

profusion. The sheep seemed surprised to see us, and, after a swift, startled look, scampered off amid the rocks.

As we toiled upward the guide and I entered into conversation. He informed me that his wages was ten shillings a week. Think of it! — two dollars and a half a week, in which he is required frequently to climb to the top of Ben Lomond.

“Have you a family?” I asked.

“Yes; a wife and six children.”

Again the song comes up:

*“Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,” etc.*

I then begged him to ride, and let me walk some; but he wouldn't hear to it. After a little he told me that a few days before he had piloted a lady and gentleman up, and that the gentleman rode and the lady walked all the way.

“What!” I exclaimed, and then added, “They must have been husband and wife!”

The guide was not certain.

“Was the man from America?”

He thought he was.

“What excuse did he offer for riding, and allowing the lady to walk and climb a distance of five miles?”

“He said he wanted to keep his feet dry!”

Here I collapsed. I fell into a fit of musing about that precious man, with those blessed feet of his, that lasted a mile. I finally emerged from a brown study with the conclusion that he was already dry through and through. Heart dry, soul dry, the whole life and man dead and barren and dry.

The sensation of steadily rising higher and higher is peculiar. As you notice that the horizon is expanding, that the houses beneath you are getting smaller, and the clouds nearer, there is a combination of thrills that pass through the heart that leave a vivid and everlasting memory. Finally

we reached the top — guide, pony, and myself. What a view! Some one says you can see half of Scotland from this peak. The summit is about twenty-five feet square, and level almost as a table. On the northern side the mountain falls away in a sharp, precipitous descent to the valleys beneath you. The pony walked to the edge of this side and began cropping the grass. (I was not on him then!) The guide sat on the same little plot of grass, and began eating his lunch of bread and cheese, with his legs dangling over the precipice, while he meditatively looked towards the North Pole.

It looked like he and the pony got up that special tableau to startle the traveler.

I shall carry through eternity with me the memory of the glorious view I obtained at noon, of July 16, from the summit of majestic Ben Lomond. Beneath me, and miles away, lay Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and four other lakes gleaming like burnished silver in the sunlight. Stirling and Edinburgh, fifty miles away, that can easily be seen from this point, were hidden by a falling rain that walled in the eastern view. Southward I could see thirty miles, and no farther, because of a veil of low-hanging clouds. But west and north mountains upon mountains, peak beyond peak, in wild and yet harmonious array, stretched away in the distance, filling the soul with awe and reverence. Great altars of God they seemed to be, with the mist of a perpetual cloud-like incense drifting about their sides, or hovering over their heads. I removed my hat and worshiped God in their company.

While lingering upon the fascinating spot, suddenly four English youths made their appearance, panting from their long, steep ascent. They were from Lancastershire, and viewing Scotland on foot. They remained only a few minutes, evidently coming up merely to say they had been there. Taking the southern side of the mountain — which, although steep as the roof of a house, yet is less sharp in decline than the others — taking this side, and utterly ignoring the winding path, they went slipping, sliding and bounding down, followed by a large black dog barking after them in high glee. It looked like they would reach the bottom in fifteen minutes; but evidently they met with difficulties, for on reaching the foot of the mountain, one hour and a half afterward, I discovered that they had just arrived. I sat down with the ruddy-cheeked boy-travelers to dinner in the

pretty flower-surrounded hotel at the base of Ben Lomond. The dinner was composed of salmon trout, roast beef and gooseberry pie. My! how those Lancastershire boys did eat. It did me good to watch them. They were a little embarrassed and amused at their own appetites, as I gathered from unmistakable Masonic signals that passed between them.

In the afternoon I took another passing steamer and pursued my journey to the head of the lake. I remained over night at Inversnaid, where I landed in order to visit the cave of Rob Roy. Many of my readers will remember Walter Scott's description of this cave in one, and, I believe, two of his works. It derives an added interest from the fact that Robert Bruce lived in concealment in it after his defeat at Dalree. The cave is on the eastern bank of Loch Lomond, one mile above Inversnaid. On leaving the hotel you plunge into the woods at once. The right, or eastern bank of the lake at this point is exceedingly lofty, and in places precipitous. A wild-looking forest covers the sides. Looking up through the boughs of the trees you can see the tall cliffs hundreds of feet above you, crowned with huge masses of gray stone. At some period in the past the cliff above shook its head and shoulders, and sent down great showers of these limestone boulders all along the side surface down to the very water's edge. The path to the cave, one hundred feet above the level of the lake in some places, and hundreds of feet below the cliffs, winds through the forest, in and around these great rocks, through dense thickets, over musical little waterfalls, and by banks lovely with the tints of myriads of wild flowers. I gathered a handful of these crimson, yellow, purple and white sylvan beauties that charmed my eye that evening, and that must have gladdened the vision of Bruce and his few noble followers when they trod this self-same path to the cave. At last I reached it where the rocks were in wildest confusion, and where the mountains towered highest on the opposite side. Descending fully thirty feet amid the boulders, you turn to the left, walking on a narrow ledge around the jutting shoulder of a great gray mass of granite, and so come to the mouth of the cave. Truly it was a safe place. Fifty or sixty feet above the water, hidden among the rocks, overshadowed and screened by the trees, it would have taken the sharpest of eyes to have found the place. I discovered it by the help of a guide! There is an upper cave, and fifteen feet lower another one, somewhat larger, which I explored, or rather examined, with lucifer matches. It is now not over ten feet square; but was

evidently once roomier. Memory was busy in recalling the noble life and achievements of the fugitive king, who had once slept on the cold rocks at my feet. The reader will readily understand why this cave impressed me more than the palatial abodes of royalty today, and how the arch of this gloomy cavern spoke more powerfully to my soul than the parapet of castle and the lofty vaulting of cathedral. Quickly and willingly I bared my head here at the very memory of a great man, which thing I have never felt inclined to do to a merely rich man.

That evening, at the Inversnaid Hotel, I sat down with thirty ladies and gentlemen to a dinner consisting of eight courses. I had little appetite, and no sympathy with the social tomfoolery that was going on in connection with the dining-table. My thoughts were at the cave with the Bruce. I studied their faces, and again thought of him. I noticed their devotion to the bill of fare, and the abundance before them, and thought of the royal fugitive hungry in his cave. I saw that they knew how to eat! I remembered that Bruce knew how to live, and to achieve. I pushed the contrast one step further: The world, I said to myself, has never heard of these wine-drinking human figures before me; but all the nations have heard the thrilling story of Robert Bruce, the man who arose from the cave on the shore of Loch Lomond to be king of Scotland, and the conqueror of the armies of England.

The hour of midnight finds me writing. The waves of the beautiful Loch Lomond break in twenty yards of my window. As I look out I can see the forms of Ben Voirlich, Ben Venue, Ben Crois, and other mountains, lifting themselves up in purple grandeur to meet and commune with the stars. Both stars and mountains are reflected in the Lomond mirror. A few miles away are the sites of the thrilling events so graphically narrated in Scott's "Lady of the Lake," while Wordsworth's poem of the "Highland Girl" was born by the side of the Inversnaid waterfall, whose murmur and musical beat upon the rocks I can hear as I write.

Under such an encircling panorama of beauty it would seem hard to sleep; but, wearied with two weeks' journeying, I say good-night to the fair scenes to which I shall soon say good-morning —

*"And, wrapping the drapery of my couch  
About me, lie down to pleasant dreams."*

## CHAPTER 6

*Loch Katrine — Stirling Castle — Battlefield of Bannockburn-  
Edinburgh Castle — Holyrood Palace.*

Loch Katrine lies at right angles with Loch Lomond — the latter running north and south, the former east and west. The traveler stages it five miles to go from one to the other. Loch Katrine is about nine miles in length, and the loveliest scenery is at the eastern end. Here, like an emerald gem upon the bosom of the lake, is Ellen's Isle. Ben Venue towers up on the south bank, and Ben Aan on the north shore. The island is between the two, and not sixty yards from the northern bank. It is about two acres in extent, and covered with trees. You get a glimpse, as you pass, of the "Silver Strand" where Ellen's boat landed at the Fitz-James interview.

The Trosachs is a wild, beautiful valley, running from Loch Katrine to Loch Achray. Let the reader turn to Scott's "Lady of the Lake" to obtain a description of this lovely glen. The tourist passes over twelve or fifteen miles of the deer chase so graphically presented in the above mentioned poem. And it added greatly to the charm of the stage ride, after leaving Loch Katrine, to identify the various points, with the guide book in one hand, and Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" in the other.

I came to Stirling by rail. The object of greatest interest in the town is the historic castle. From the depot there is a steady ascent through the city up to the castle gate. The information was here given me that the few times that this historic and royal fortress had been taken, it had always been captured on the town side. Here was food for reflection. The guide did not know how suggestive and significant was his speech. Somehow it is the town side I have learned to dread in a man's life. How many fathers, husbands, and sons are being captured and ruined on the town side. Let a double wall of defence be run there as has been done at Stirling Castle.

From the lofty walls on the northern side I was shown the battlefield of Stirling, where Wallace with ten thousand men, defeated the Earl of Surrey with a much larger army. The windings of the river Forth helped the noble Scotch leader to obtain the victory. From the east wall the prospect is

simply glorious in its breadth amid length, and in the panorama of fields, rivers, hills, and mountains in the far distance. Stirling Castle is a landmark that can be seen for thirty or forty miles around. I was not surprised now at recalling what was told me on Ben Lomond, that on a fair day this castle could be plainly seen. From the south wall you can see in the distance, two or three miles away, the battlefield of Bannockburn. I could not help thinking how these castle walls, and the tops of the houses in the town of Stirling, were crowded with anxious observers of those two famous battles. What straining eyes, and white cheeks, and fervent prayers for son, and husband, and brother, and father who were in the conflict in the field beneath; and, besides this, the liberty of Scotland and their own lives were at stake. Yonder they could see the men falling to rise no more. Whose loved one was it? From the east wall you see near by the Grey Friars' Cathedral, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was crowned.

The castle is garrisoned by three or four hundred young Highlanders. They are dressed in the military Highland costume, bare knees and all. With quite a redundancy of color, they look like animated rainbows as they pace their beats, or move about the court-yard. Viewed from a distance, with kirtle, plaid, armor, and an immense black shako on their heads, they presented an alarming appearance; but when you get nearer the fierce-looking warrior, and give a furtive look up under the nodding helmet, you encounter the smooth face, and beardless lip and cheek of a boy of eighteen or twenty. There he was, trying to look fierce, and holding his gun as if the castle was in a state of siege. I could scarcely restrain my smiles as I looked at the soldier-boy guard and at his three hundred companions. They are all boys and youths just enlisted, and they feel their importance, and have donned the war look in absence of war paint. I thought of the children at home, who, in their games, try to frighten their parents with sundry terrible faces and bloodcurdling cries. I thought of the fanners quietly reaping in the fields in sight of Stirling. I had a vision of Peace and Plenty, with their beautiful arms resting on the hills, and, with cheek in hand, smilingly looking down on the sheltered land. And I thought of these fierce boys in the castle of Stirling, keeping watch over some old gray walls and towers that everybody has forgotten but the traveler and the reader of history. Hold fast to your guns, ye sons of Mars! Bayonet every rat that attempts to come in under the portcullis; look out some rainy,

windy night for the ghost of James Douglass, who was murdered by James II in yonder room and flung from the window into the court-yard; or, maybe, when the moon shines faintly through thin white clouds, you will see Mary, Queen of Scots, standing on the castle wall, wringing her hands over Scotland; or, perhaps, you will hear chattering voices coming up from yonder grated dungeon. If you hear or see anything, shoot your gun and fall back into the inner tower. Bar and bolt every gate, and, at all events, hold the castle! But hear me, my young Highlander: Long before you will ever have the opportunity of sheathing your bayonet in human flesh, the gospel of our blessed Lord will have so spread, and will have such a grip on men's hearts, and consciences, and judgments, that war will cease, and that sword of thine will become a pruning-hook.\*

Taking a cab, I drove out to the field of Bannockburn. An iron grating and a large flagstaff mark the place where the Scottish standard was planted. By the spot I stood and took in the features of the battle-plain. Here is the gentle eminence upon which Bruce extended the lines of his troops for half a mile. At the base of it, two hundred yards away, is still flowing the little stream of Bannockburn. It flows water today, but it ran blood on that day. It is only about ten or twelve feet wide. I went down and examined it. Just beyond the stream was the marsh in which the English horse became entangled; and to the right of that, as we stand looking south, is the field that Bruce had filled with pits, and that completed the confusion of the invading army. The marsh and field are now well-cultivated wheat fields; and, where the English fell and died in great numbers, I now see a score of reapers diligently at work. What a sight that English army of one hundred thousand men, spread out on the plains and hill-sides yonder, must have presented! Far to the left and to the south was pointed out to me the place where Edward's tent was pitched, and where he viewed the battle. To the right is the hill over which the camp followers suddenly appeared, to the final discouragement of the invaders. Then memory brought back the remarkable scene, when thirty thousand men knelt in prayer in one long line on this eminence, while the good abbot extended his hands and blessed them. Could such men fail? Would God leave such an army to defeat? Then I recalled Robert Bruce's address to his soldiers. And then I sang the beautiful and stirring song written by Burns:



*“Scots who hae with Wallace bled,  
Scots whom Bruce has often led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victory.”*

One of the loveliest pictures I saw while in Scotland met my gaze in the suburbs of Stirling, in the person of a little boy, about four years of age, standing on a fence blowing soap bubbles, and watching them float away and burst. As I passed in the cab I smiled upon him, and the little fellow smiled back, and turned to look after another bubble that he had just cast off. How interested he was, and what a bright, eager little face he had! He little thought or cared that the stranger who had just passed him prayed God to bless his future life. As I looked back at him, the reflection came: Well, the world is doing just what that little boy is doing — blowing bubbles — there being this one difference: that the world cries when its bubbles burst and vanish; but the boy smiled.

Over the immense bridge that spans the Frith of Forth we next sped on our way to the ancient capital of Scotland. The Brooklyn Bridge is 3,470 feet long and 135 feet high; The Bridge of Forth is 7,295 feet long and 370 feet above the water level.

In Edinburgh we first visited the castle. This is built on an eminence even higher than that of Stirling Castle, being, as we were informed, five hundred feet above the level of the sea. There are seven gates to be passed before you get admittance into the castle proper. As I counted them, looked at the huge portcullis arrangement beside, and then glanced down from the lofty walls that crown the rocky and perpendicular crag to the street, over four hundred feet below me, I saw here was another impregnable fortress. The guide told me it always had to be starved into surrender. History speaks of one exception, and the case is told very thrillingly in one of Grace Aguilar's books, called "The Days of Bruce." How I pored over that book when a boy! Randolph, a gallant follower of Bruce, one dark night, with thirty men, climbed these heights that previously, on account of their loftiness and perpendicularity, had been regarded as unscalable. It was accomplished through the leadership of a young man who had formerly dwelt in the castle, and who, from the ardent desire to visit his sweetheart every night in the town, found a way down the face of the precipice to the ground below. What will not love make a

man attempt and achieve! He it was who guided Randolph and his small band up the face of the cliff, to the surprise and capture of the garrison.

Here I found another regiment of young Highlanders, looking, if possible, more bloodthirsty than the Stirling battalion. England seems to be having some difficulty in finding recruits for her army. The walls and street corners abound in flaming placards, offering great inducements to young men to enlist in the service. Pictures of gorgeously arrayed grenadiers, and helmeted and plumed dragoons, fill up the sides of the placard to assist the youth in coming to a decision. The promise of being taken into the civil service, after so many years is added by way of lagniappe. [an extra benefit] The pay per annum, while serving, is three pounds, or fifteen dollars.

High street, in Edinburgh, is interesting from one end to the other. I question whether another street in the world can group together as many historic places and objects of note. The Heart of Mid-Lothian is here, the Church of John Knox, the residence of the same apostolic man, the place where the coronation of kings was publicly announced, the house where the first Bible was printed in Scotland, the houses of illustrious men, and, not least in interest, the stone pillar where scolding wives were once chained for a certain number of hours. I accepted the last piece of information with a certain amount of mental reservation. The guide spoke with some feeling on the subject. He regarded it as a good custom, and, in a word, I gathered from the little he said that there was an agitated family history at his home.

Holyrood Palace and Abbey made a profound impression upon me. The palace faces west, and, with its four-story front and four towers in a line, is a most imposing building. Although a number of kings and queens of Scotland have dwelt here, yet the mind singles out one above all, and keeps that one in memory all the time of the visit. I refer to Mary, Queen of Scots. Her rooms were on the third floor, as we say in America; but in the second story, as they call it in Great Britain. She had four apartments. One was her audience-room; back of that, and looking out of the front window of the palace, was her sleeping chamber. Two of the towers in front afforded her two other small apartments, eight by ten in dimension. Both of these small rooms opened into her sleeping chamber. One she used as

her dressing-room; the other, which was in the northwest corner of the palace, she kept as her private supping-room. This last room has no outlet except through the sleeping apartment of the queen. In this room occurred that famous supper scene which was so violently and suddenly interrupted by her husband, Lord Darnley, and a few other Scotch noblemen rushing in and murdering her favorite secretary, Rizzio, before her eyes. They dragged his body through her sleeping-room, stabbing the dying wretch as they went, then through the audience-room, and left him, with fifty wounds, dead at the head of the staircase. In her bed room, and a few feet from the door of the small supper-room, I was shown another door opening upon a private staircase used by Mary, and up which the murderers came. What great people they were in those days for private stairways, and secret postern doors, and under-ground passages! The other end of this private stairway I afterward saw in a corner of the abbey, nearly a hundred yards away. Where else it wandered in the thick walls of the palace I could not tell. Doubtless the queen returned from her religious devotions in the abbey thus privately to her room. I was shown her bed in the sleeping-room. I wouldn't have it if it was given to me. The mirror in which her beautiful face was reflected still hangs upon the wall. What a sad, careworn face it became afterwards! Her beauty was a snare to her and others, and led to the death of a number. Chastelard, the nephew of Chevalier Bayard, became infatuated, and secreted himself behind the tapestry of her room. Her maid attendants discovered him and on his repeating the offense, he was tried and beheaded. Bothwell blew her husband up with gunpowder, in order to marry her; and still others, on her account, came to an untimely grave.

In the audience-room the stormy interviews between herself and John Knox took place. Every time he denounced her worldly, or Catholic, course she would send for him, and there would be bitter upbraiding, ending with a shower of tears. Knox stood like the Eddystone Lighthouse; the water dashed in vain, and he shone on. On one occasion Queen Mary, in her indignation, sent him out in the ante-room to await her good pleasure. There he found himself in the presence of the "four Marys," her attendants and maids of honor. Without a moment's delay he turned to the simpering, bedizened girls of the court, and gave them a solemn exhortation and warning. How differently some of us would have acted! If we ever had

screwed up sufficient courage to have rebuked the sins of the wealthy or of royalty; if even then we had been dismissed to cool the blood in an ante-room, and there found these giggling maidens, we would have said: “Fine weather we are having, ladies. I hope to see you out to our evening service at St. Giles. We will not keep you long, and, beside, there is a lovely song service preceding the sermon. Do come.” And so, graciously smiling, we would have bowed ourselves out, and left four immortal souls unwarned. This is just where comes in the difference between our spinality and the vertebral column of John Knox. And this difference, barely touched upon, explains exactly why the Scottish preacher has a great monument, and is known to the world, while some of us have none, and are not known or felt anywhere.

## CHAPTER 7

*Melrose — The Abbey — Abbotsford — The Middle Ground —  
Auld Robin Gray*

Melrose, fifty miles south of Edinburgh, is a small town of a thousand inhabitants, but rejoicing in a number of hotels with high-sounding and promising names. The title that drew me was the “King’s Arms.” I soon discovered that the landlord undertook several roles or disguises in ministering to the different wants of his guests. He answered the bell of the room, he stood behind my chair at the table, I saw him figuring about the little hotel-bar in a clerk-like way, and I had strong reason to suspect that he prepared the meal set before me. My dinner consisted of two dishes. I mention the dinner mainly because in the neighborhood of Walter Scott who never wrote a book without describing a number of meals in the most appetizing way. Oftentimes the Great Wizard of the North has made me hungry, so that I would have to lay down the book and go off for refreshment — this when a boy.

His favorite way was to introduce a tired, belated knight, who is ushered into the large dining-hall of a castle, hung round with trophies of the chase, pieces of armor, and family portraits, and there would be placed before him “a half-demolished venison pasty flanked by a cobwebbed bottle filled with a golden-looking liquid.” My dinner in the “King’s Arms” was cold veal with mint sauce, and for dessert a sweet omelet. Was it that those two dishes were so superior, or was it that an invisible hand poured that rare sauce, hunger, over the food? The recipe of this dessert I will give to any lady who feels desperate in the attempt to please an exacting household.

Melrose Abbey was built in the twelfth century. Judging from the ruins it was beautiful as well as colossal. Two-thirds of it is gone, but the third left is larger than some of our greatest church edifices in the South. The nave is entirely gone, with the exception of a section of wall. The transept and chancel in some sort still remain, in portions of the wall, and in a number of lofty pillars that shoot up far above the head, and in the tombs that lie thickly under our feet. But most of the roof is gone, and the stone pavement has disappeared in wide spaces. Where once hooded monks

chanted and walked in procession along rich aisles, and through the soft light of stained windows, I look up now, and behold the sky is visible; I look down and when I am not walking on tombs I find the grass under my feet. High up on the edge of the roofless walls I noticed several jackdaws chattering away among themselves, while lower down some pigeons were cooing and apparently making nests in crevices not far from the vaulted passage in the wall along which surplined choir-boys used to march and sing. Under the east window is the site of one of the most thrilling scenes in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," where the monk and soldier visit the crypt and open the tomb of Michael Scott, while the moonlight falls on them and on the face of the dead man through the panes of the window that is still left. Close by in the chancel is the heart of Robert Bruce. Sent to the Holy Land it was brought back, and in its silver case buried here. By its side is one of the monarchs of Scotland. Passing over a narrow, stone-covered place, between two pillars, the guide told me I had walked over seven noblemen. I comforted myself with the thought that they had walked when living over seven hundred seventy and seven people, while my stepping unwittingly over them when dead could do them no harm.

What a curious custom our forefathers had of burying the dead under the stone floors of the channels and aisles of the churches. I little dreamed when I started what glorious and historic names, names that had thrilled me with their achievements by tongue, and pen, and sword, would literally leap out of the stones under my feet, and greet me as it were from the dust — the names of Addison, Knox, Massillon, Fenelon, and others. It is a decided sensation to have your attention called to the fact that you are standing on the last resting-place of a man who moved the nations, or just as you have planted your foot down to see an illustrious name looking up into your face. Tennyson speaks in that strange poem of his called "Maud" about the feet of the living vexing the head of the dead. If he referred to this I have light at least on one line.

I was shown a postern door in the wall of the abbey communicating with an underground passage, that burrows its dark way to the river Tweed. By this secret route the monks could escape by boat when hard pressed. In the chancel I was shown an upright stone of several feet in height on which I was told that Sir Walter Scott used to sit when he visited the abbey. No sooner is the information given than down go a certain number and a

certain set of tourists upon that stone. By repeated sittings they have already brought out a high state of polish, and a certain amount of wear. If they keep at it, the time will come when the aforesaid rock will be brought even to the ground and disappear, just as the great toe of the Apostle Peter in Rome is steadily vanishing under the repeated kissings of the faithful. What a strange ambition this is, to sit in the seat of the great. What a fearful contrast is instantaneously drawn!

Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, has been so often described that I will not undertake a needless task. Suffice to say that it is two and a half miles from Melrose in a northwesterly direction. The road leads through avenues of beechtrees, and lanes lined on either side with the blooming hawthorn hedge; then down near the banks of the Tweed, a stream of about twenty yards in width; and then up again and through smooth meadows, islanded with clumps of trees and dotted with sheep; and then through fields with soldier-like shocks of wheat; by a plot of ground where the crows were having a cawing assembly; past a grassy field where two or three horses were running races for their own amusement and enjoyment; so the road ran with varying charm until suddenly we looked down upon Abbotsford.

It lies a little below the road, between the highway and the river Tweed. Embowered in trees, pinnacled, tunneled, parapeted, and bewailed to an extraordinary degree, there is no other house like it. Designed by Scott himself, he succeeded in giving to a modern building an ancient look. We were carried through five rooms, among which was the library with its twenty thousand volumes, and the armory with its fine and interesting collection of every conceivable kind of warlike implement. Here we saw the pistols of Napoleon that were found on the field of Waterloo, and also the gun of Rob Roy. The study, however, with the chair on which he sat, and the table on which he wrote, was doubtless the attractive spot to all in the house that morning. Here it was in this room looking south he wove the webs in which we and countless other wandering flies have been caught. His was the master-hand that so blended and twisted together the fiber of history and the thread of fancy that it is difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. Fully twenty tourists entered the house while I was there, at a shilling apiece: this meant five dollars income for the family descendants. And so the travelers pour in continually, and with

them a steady stream of silver currency that swells into the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars annually. The money that the great author strove to amass in order to save his property is coming in at last.

In passing out of Scotland the last impressive view had was of the hills and downs that like a great belt separate the two lands, Scotland and England. Thought was busy in recalling how often war, like a tide, had ebbed and flowed over this region; how armies would loom up on these hills coming from the south, and then at another time how the blue bonnets and highland plaid throng would surge down from the north upon the broad fields and meadows of "Merry England." Merry indeed! What a misnomer for a land that has been as often shaken by foreign wars and convulsed with civil strife.

The bare low-lying hills, with their flocks and sheep-folds were more powerfully suggestive of another, simpler and more plaintive memory. I refer to the exquisite poem of Auld Robin Gray.

Written in Scotland by a Scottish woman and in a country like this, and, possibly, near this, I recalled with a new and increased interest the words:

*"When the sheep are in the fauld,  
And the kye are at hame,  
And a' the world to sleep are gane—  
The woes o' my heart fall in showers from my e'e,  
While my gude man lies soun by me."*

The poem, when published, thrilled every heart, but the writer kept the authorship a secret for thirty or forty years. She then revealed it to Walter Scott. She attempted a sequel, but it did not take. Like Song-Replys, and volumes written in imitation of a striking book, it fell below the original.

The heart-broken but dutiful woman of the poem was best left as she was first introduced. If Enoch Arden had obtained his wife and settled down, the poem of Tennyson would not stir the reader as it does now. Evangeline leaves a great pain in the heart, but if she had overtaken her lover, not as many copies of Longfellow's beautiful conception would have been sold.

There is a frantic desire on the part of most writers to marry everybody. You can see the sentences are all pointing, and the chapters are all swiftly



rushing to this magical sentence of the conclusion, and “they were married and lived long and happily.”

But if this is the way with the books, life itself fails to show that congenial natures always thus come together in wedlock. The books have one record, and life another. When a story is true to nature it thrills. The little poem of Lady Lindsay has moved a great multitude.

## CHAPTER 8

*Warwick — Kenilworth Castle — Stratford-on-avon — Oxford —  
Addis Walk — A Group of Boys*

Warwick, in the south of England, claims ten thousand inhabitants. Arriving at, or near midnight, I found the depot deserted by all but one man. Obtaining direction from a passing citizen, I sought a hotel several blocks away, but found it shut up, dark and silent. One street lamp, with its flickering light, revealed a bell-handle on the door. I pulled it heartily and stood listening to the clanging echoes which I had awakened in a distant part of the building die gradually away. There was no response. It is not an enviable experience to stand alone in a foreign country at the hour of midnight before a dark and silent house, where the bell only serves to arouse the barking of dogs and not the drowsy sleepers of the house. Here unquestionably I missed one of the golden opportunities of life of doing an appropriate thing. It occurred to me afterward, just as most good things do. Here I was between two famous old castles — Warwick and Kenilworth. The thought should have transported me into the age of knight-errantry as well as into its spirit. With my lance (my umbrella) I should have struck the portcullis (the front door) until it rang again, crying out: “What, ho! sir knight of the castle (hotel keeper), what, ho!” And he finally, after much clanging of inner iron gates (creaking of doors) would have thrust his plumed (night-capped) head through an upper casement, and called out: “Now who be ye that wanders on the queen’s highway at this unseasonable hour, disturbing the rest of her loyal subjects?” And I could have replied: “Fair sir — a wandering knight from the realm of Lottery-ana, commonly known as Louisiana, craves a night’s courteous entertainment at your hands.” But all this was not thought of until too late. And so the reception by and by was commonplace, and instead of being escorted into a large antlered dining-room a la Walter Scott, and confronted with the “venison pasty,” we were led promptly and prosaically to a supperless bed.

Next morning, standing on a bridge that spans the Avon, we had a view of Warwick Castle. It might be called a river-glade view. Looking up the tree-

lined banks of the Avon, you behold, a quarter of a mile away, and just where the river bends westward, the gray walls and massive towers of the castle. Embowered in trees, yet the turreted towers lift themselves above the treetops and greet the eyes of the beholder from afar. There are a number of historic incidents connected with Warwick Castle, but the calm grandeur of the building, and the beauty of its surroundings made them take a second place in my mind at the time.

Not far away in the town itself I can see the spire of the church in whose crypt sleeps the body of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. How the graves of these prominent people are scattered. A man never knows where he is going to be buried if he is famous or infamous.

My landlord drove me out in a handsome two-wheeled vehicle to visit the ruins of Kenilworth Castle that are six or seven miles north of Warwick. The weather was biting cold. Think of it, that in July I had two buffalo robes over the lap, together with the protection of glove and overcoat. My landlord remarked, as we bowled along at a rapid rate through the beautiful English scenery, that it was an unusual spell of weather for England. I accepted his apology for his country. There was an apology needed. After awhile he remarked that he never had the least trouble in recognizing Americans, and that he knew I was from the United States the instant he heard me speak at the door the previous night. I begged him to tell me how he thus recognized me. "By your brogue," he replied. His words fairly knocked me into a brown study. In fact, these English people are continually throwing me into the deepest spells of thought. Now here I had crossed the sea, expecting, and, in a measure, prepared to hear brogue from others, and yet before I have had the opportunity of fairly wiping the spray of the Atlantic from my face I am told that my speech—my speech that I had prided myself on for its true inflections and faithfulness to consonant and vowel sounds—that behold it was nothing but brogue! My meditation lasted a good while, and when I arose to the surface again, I came up bearing this conclusion with me: that every man's tongue, no matter how pure, is mere brogue to his brother dwelling across a national border.

My visit to Kenilworth Castle will always remain a beautiful but melancholy memory with me. It was formerly one of the largest and finest

castles in England, was often the abode of royalty, witnessed a number of sieges, was possessed by a number of the lordliest men in the past, and was finally given by Queen Elizabeth to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Walter Scott, in his novel "Kenilworth," gives a description of one of three visits that Elizabeth paid to her favorite at this place.

Lordly and imposing once, it is a mournful ruin today, although there is a grandeur still left in the ruins.

One great tower in front — fully two hundred feet square, with walls fifteen feet thick — was built in William of Normandy's time. This is called Caesar's Tower. Another tower to the right was built by the Duke of Lancaster. Still a third was erected at vast expense by the Earl of Leicester. This one stands back of the other two, fronting another way. There was a time when other buildings existed, and, connecting the three towers, formed a great quadrangle; but these structures, being of a lighter character, have all disappeared and left remaining the towers mentioned.

I climbed up the crumbling remains of steps and stone ledges upon the tower of Lancaster. I looked out upon cultivated fields, where in Elizabeth's time a lake, covering eighty acres, spread out to the side of the castle and washed its very walls. But Cromwell drained it and today not a sign of it is left. I next crept down a spiral staircase into the room where Amy Robsart was confined. With its one narrow window and stone wall it had the chill of a vault. I ascended again, and stood looking at what was once the great banqueting hall. The floor was gone, even the pillars that supported the vast, square, lofty room had crumbled away, but you could see the paneless oriel windows at the side, and the marks of the highly-ornamented chimneys left partially clinging to the inner wall. Here Elizabeth swept in her robes of state, here silk rustled, satin shone, swords clanked, wine flowed, wit sparkled, and beauty and chivalry congregated. Here Leicester acted as the host of his sovereign, and doubtless knelt before her in ministering attendance as he did to her at the castle gate when she arrived. If he could have looked into the future and seen her leaving him to die in prison, would he have been as supple in knee and gracious in demeanor?

I looked next at the quadrangle, or court, that had seen the mustering of stern warriors, or the gayer sight of knights and ladies in bright array

preparing for hawking, or hunting, or the tiltyard; that had heard the yelp of hound, the blast of horn, the clang of trumpet, and had witnessed the running to and fro of squire and valet, and all the sights and sounds of a great castle. In that same courtyard, now grass-grown, I noticed a small flock of sheep quietly resting. On the ragged-edged walls of the towers around where once pennons and banners fluttered, I observed the marsh-mallow, and a sedge-like grass waving in the wind. And over the towers and down in the courtyard, and about all the castle there reigned a silence and loneliness that could be felt. It was a silence that had a speech, and a loneliness that had a presence.

Stratford-on-Avon is a town of eight thousand inhabitants. A branch railroad from Warwick brings you to the place with many stoppages and a rainbow-like curve. The scenery round about the place is strikingly English with its fields and meadows. The undulation of the land is so gentle that you could not use the term hills even in courtesy in truthful description.

In this immortal place, made famous by the many-sided man, as he is called, is found the birthplace, the school, the home, and the tomb of Shakespeare. It is remarkable that here was his life begun and ended. He was born here, educated, married in the neighborhood, Came back to it after an absence of years, lived here, died, and was buried. I know of no other instance like this among prominent characters, and it is a rare case with any man. Born in one place, we marry in another, live in a third, and die and are buried oftentimes in a fourth.

The return of Shakespeare from the great throbbing London to the quiet country town greatly impressed me. Was it that he was ignorant of his greatness. (?) The return looks to me like conscious defeat, and consequent sadness. If he could have foreseen the vast pilgrimage of admirers that annually visit this place he would have been astounded. I counted forty people in the house the morning I was present, and thus they came and still they come. The house in which the great dramatic genius was born is a plain two-story cottage. He was born in the second story in a room so low that I could touch the ceiling with my hand. The child outgrew the room and defies measurement. How strange and often how humble are the places in which the prodigies of the world first see the light.

The cottage of Anne Hathaway, his wife, is near the town. I did not visit it because of her shrewish memory. I gladly journeyed to this part of England to see the locality where lived and died a being whose lofty genius has stirred this generation, but I had no desire to look upon a place notable with recollections of a scolding tongue.

Before Shakespeare married the damsel, he, in a poem addressed to her, wrote wittily:

“Anne hath a will,  
Anne Hathaway.”

Written in jest at first, the lines afterward could have been penned in deep earnest. Tradition says that things were not comfortable at all times in the Shakespeare mansion.

How careful the matron of a house should be. Who can tell but the quiet husband who cannot be understood and who is the target of many a lingual arrow, may burst in greatness upon the wondering world, and then the sharpened curiosity of the nations will inquire insatiably into all the affairs and circumstances of home life, and as a consequence sundry infirmities of temper and certain peppery qualities of speech pertaining to the female head of the house might be revealed.

When Anne, the wife of William, closed the door and administered certain wifely rebukes, she regarded him as simply the husband of Anne; but he turned out to be Shakespeare! the literary marvel of the world. And as the world insists upon hearing all that is said and done to its favorites and idols, behold! through the crack of the closed door the heated tirade of the woman has issued and been heard by pitying multitudes.

So Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, has become famous by certain lip-dressings she gave her philosopher husband. She little dreamed that her curtain lectures would resound through the world. When Mrs. Wesley practiced certain indignities and cruelties like hair-pullings upon her sainted husband, she little dreamed that the scene of privacy would be thrown out in strong colors upon the canvass of the future and gazed at in astonishment by the world.

Let certain wives call a halt, and consider their husbands afresh. It may be, the quiet that is so irritating to the bustling housekeeper, is the ponderings of intellectual greatness. The husband may be a genius. If so, look out, for the world will want to know how said genius was treated.

Shakespeare is buried in the church by the side of the river Avon. After standing awhile by the spot where his body sleeps, I went forth for a meditative walk under the trees. The massiveness of the cathedral, the lengthy avenue of lofty trees, the thickly populated cemetery, the quiet flowing past of the river Avon were felt by the mind to be proper surroundings. The voices of some young men rowing by on the river failed to detract from the solemnity of the place.

Oxford is about midway between Stratford and London. In this town of colleges I sought at once the help of a guide. The river Thames puts in an appearance here under another name. Upon this stream takes place the famous annual boat-race of the university. Such is the narrowness of the stream that the boats race in what might be called single file, the object being for the prow of one to touch the stern of another.

The spot where Latimer and Ridley were burned interested me far more deeply. A cross marks the place, and is today in the midst of a busy street.

Among other interesting localities I visited and threaded the silent shades of the famous "Addison's Walk." It is back of Magdalen College and remotely situated in the park owned by the school. The walk is about twelve feet wide and over a mile in length. The forest is on either side, while an avenue of trees, large in body and lofty in size, more directly shuts it in, and with its overarching boughs produces a shadow equal to twilight. The silence is unbroken save by the note of a bird, the rustle of a leaf, or the murmur of the brook flowing hard by. To this quiet, remote spot of sylvan beauty came the future classic writer so frequently, that it was called Addison's Walk. It was here that he separated himself from the throng and listened to voices that men cannot hear in the rush and din of the multitude. It was here in this solitude he thought for the unthinking, and thought well, and prepared himself for life, so that when his life was over, and he was to be buried, men said that he ought to be among kings and queens, and there amid them he sleeps today.

Every Methodist will readily realize with what interest I visited the college where John Wesley studied, and the one where in later years he was an instructor.

No true Methodist or Christian can visit unmoved this place where our church was born, and where began the greatest revival known to the world since the days of Pentecost. In the great dining-hall of Christ College, which is a portrait gallery as well of her distinguished sons, I looked in vain for the face of John Wesley. I saw other faces that we have never heard of on our side of the water, and not generally known on this side of the sea—but the face of the man who under God sent a thrill of life, and a wave of power over the churches of the entire world is not there.

Perhaps he did not cast out devils in the way some people desired; perhaps the people that followed him were not among the “chief rulers;” perhaps a prophet is not without honor save in his own home and country.

In leaving Oxford, and one or two miles south of it, I noticed from the car-window a group of boys in boat-uniform walking swiftly over the fields toward the brow of a neighboring hill. With what an eager and assured air did they press their way along the path. The great object of life was evidently awaiting them. What they wanted was just over the hill. They had the thing tied, and it was waiting for them.

Ah boys! I thought as I looked sympathetically after them, you are mistaken, you are deceived—the thing you want is not over there, I have been over the hill myself, not once, but many times, and it is not there!



## CHAPTER 9

*London — Spurgeon—Canon Farrar — Dr. Parker — St. Paul’s Cathedral — The Whispering Gallery — On the Top of the Dome.*

I Arrived in London late on Saturday afternoon. An arrival in London has always been and will always be an event in a human life, from the child of genius coming up as a poor, unknown lad to the metropolis to achieve fame, to the traveler with no ambitious intent, but who has heard all his life of the wonderful city. These poor lads were much in my thoughts as I drew near the great capital. How many went up and failed! Chatterton, the most brilliant of them all, died heartbroken or starved. Shakespeare, after staying awhile, went back to Stratford-on-Avon, the home of his boyhood. Perhaps he thought he had failed. Some few succeeded and remained. But they all felt the thrill of entering London. As the poet laureate puts it, while afar off upon the fields or roads, they

*“Saw in heaven the light of London  
Flaring like a dreary dawn.”*

Sunday morning dawned beautifully fair, and I sat down, so to speak, to a spiritual bill of fare not to be had every day, or in every place, by any manner of means. I listened to the three great lights of London at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 7 P.M.

At eleven I directed my steps to Mr. Spurgeon’s church, which I found was twice as large as Dr. Beecher’s. I was escorted into the prayer meeting, held in a room back of the pulpit, just before preaching. One of the brethren, in the midst of a long prayer, called the meeting the center of power in the church. I had only been in the room a short while, but felt he was mistaken. Each succeeding prayer convinced me more than ever that the brother was incorrect. The center of power always means a glorious death to circumlocutory and mechanical prayers. In a few minutes more I noticed that Mr. Spurgeon was not present. An half-hour later I was listening to him as he poured a rich and unctuous gospel into the hearts of five thousand people. I knew then that the center of power was in Spurgeon. A man has to pray himself, and to pray much, and to pray

mightily and importunately, to have power over the hearts and consciences of men. Nothing else will bring it.

Mr. Spurgeon commented on the chapter he read for thirty minutes, and after that preached forty minutes. But no one wearied. What a feast he gave us in Christ's first miracle in Cana of Galilee! Christ filled the discourse; was felt in every accent of the voice, and looked out of every expression of the face. The man drew the rich provisions for us as if, like Joseph, he had been filling the storehouses of his mind for years, and there was no stint nor limit. And yet in the midst of the feast I looked down and saw two of his prominent members asleep! I was comforted for myself and my brethren in the ministry. The great orator shows signs of physical feebleness. He moved stiffly in the pulpit, as if he feared the awakening of slumbering pain. But his square English face was lighted up with God's own love and peace, and his intellect was as lordly as ever.

After the sermon he took up a special collection. An hundred wooden boxes were instantly passed down the aisles, and the rattle of the pennies sounded like hail on the roof. I am convinced that the "collection" is an institution, universal and permanent.

At 3 P. M., I listened to Canon Farrar at Westminster Abbey. The subject was, "Saul Forsaken of God." It was a polished sermon, like the statues around him; but a great spiritual power was not there. Perhaps it may be difficult to preach among marble statues, tombstones, and cold gray walls. To hear the organ in Westminster constitutes an experience. The strain rises up into the lofty ceiling, eighty feet above you, wanders away from you down the long nave, comes sweeping back up the transepts, gets lost among the many stone arches and pillars, and finally you hear it sobbing and dying among the tombs of dead kings and queens, and warriors, and statesmen, and poets, and preachers in the far distant parts of the building.

At 7 P. M., I heard Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple. He is a Congregationalist. He preached that night to fully four thousand people. Dr. Parker wears his hair rather long and flung back. He has a grand leonine face that, in the distance, reminds you of Dr. C. K. Marshall. His subject was, "The Boy Samuel," his ministering before the Lord, and yet "not yet knowing the Lord." He held up the words, "not yet," and drew forth thought after thought until the hearer was amazed at their number and

appropriateness. Dr. Parker is fresh, original, forcible, and, at times, dramatic in tone and gesture.

My card secured me here, as elsewhere, immediate attention. Perhaps it was because of the "D. D." attached to the name. These lay brethren in England do not know how cheap a degree it is in America, and has come really to mean next to nothing. While in Mr. Spurgeon's church I happened, in speaking to one of the ushers, to say Doctor Spurgeon. He quickly replied, "He is not a doctor; he is only a teacher!" Here was rebuke, and here was food for reflection. Is a "D. D." one thing and a teacher of God another? Do we cease to become a teacher when we attain unto this title? "He is only a teacher!" May the Lord grant us to be teachers, though we never have half the alphabet swinging, like a comet-tail, to our names!

Monday morning I ascended to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral to get my bearings and map London in my mind forever. On our way up I was stopped in the dome to hear a whisper one hundred and fifty feet away. As I stepped in the gallery that runs around the inner wall of the dome I noticed five gentlemen, on the opposite side, with their ears to the wall, while the guide, standing near me, was whispering the following information: "St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren. It required over thirty years for its completion. The paintings on the ceiling were executed by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The height is four hundred and four feet. The diameter of this dome is one hundred and twelve," etc. The gentlemen left, and I took their place, whereupon the guide bowed himself against the stone wall, and, in a whisper, which I heard distinctly over one hundred feet, said: "St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren," etc. As I left three gentlemen took my place, and I saw the guide go down for the third time against the wall, and impart the thrilling information that "St. Paul's Cathedral was built," etc.

My heart melted for the man. He spends his life going over about a half-dozen sentences, telling people that this cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and that, too, in a whisper, with his mouth against the wall. Over and over he tells it. He told it, the day I was there, doubtless, a thousand times. He is still telling it, and will continue to affirm and asseverate that matter about Sir Christopher Wren to the traveling

multitudes through the years. If he is a man of much nervous sensibility, there are, doubtless, days that he heartily wishes that Sir Christopher Wren had never been born. Suppose a book should be written of the sayings of this guide?

I remember a colored man who kept a coffee stand in Jackson, Miss., by the depot. I was passing through the place when I had just entered the ministry sixteen years ago. It was then I first heard his voice crying out: "Hot coffee and cold cakes!" Four years after I passed through again, and he was still calling, with the exception that he had left off the cold cakes. Either he had met with business reverses, or was growing more sententious. Eight years passed away, and, as my train stopped at Jackson for a few minutes one night, the first voice I recognized was that of my colored friend, with his unwearied statement of "hot coffee." This spring, in going up to deliver an address at Oxford, a midnight stoppage of a few moments at Jackson was rewarded with the sound of the voice of my old friend, still insisting that he had "hot coffee." These two words constituted the man's vocabulary. He was never heard to say anything else. To my knowledge he has kept it up for sixteen years. There have been wars and revolutions in distant States; great have been the changes in the business and political world; but he has not changed. Suppose a book should be written containing the sayings of this man, as a companion volume of the biography and speeches of the guide of St. Paul's Cathedral!

In a little while I stood upon the "golden gallery" that runs around the Spire above the vast dome of St. Paul's. Byron alludes to the dome in one of his poems, where, after painting the wilderness of houses and forests of masts said above it all:

*—A foolscap's crown,  
And that is London town."*

We are close by the ponderous bell that has been likened to conscience by some writer. It sends forth, at times, its deep solemn boom; but London, in the rush and roar of the daytime, hears and heeds it not. But at night, when the streets grow quiet, all hear it then. I can testify to both facts, and especially to the solemnity of its stroke at the hour of midnight. Writing in my room on several occasions until after midnight, and only three blocks away, I have come to know the iron voice of London's great cathedral.

Standing on the golden gallery, I observed that the river Thames, bending like a bow, divided London into two sections, north and south. Looking southward, I saw the Tower of London on my left hand on the east bank of the Thames, fully a mile away. To my right, two miles distant, was Westminster Abbey and the House of Parliament.

Looking south again, I counted seven large bridges over the Thames. Facing north, many noted places came into view. Just beneath us is the Bank of England; a little to the left is the famous Newgate Prison; before us is the church on Cripplegate street, from which Mr. Wesley's father was ejected, and in whose walls Cromwell was married and Milton lies buried. Farther out still is the place where William Wallace was executed, and the martyrs burned. Away to the left are the palaces of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. The fog and smoke prevent our seeing more than two or three miles in any direction; but as far as we can see there are houses by the thousands and multiplied thousands — the view is that of a wilderness of dwellings.

Descending to the street, we find rushing through hundreds of channels, with impetuous force, great living streams of humanity. Streams mightier and more awful than Niagara and the Mississippi, in that they are living streams, shall live forever, and are rushing on to God and eternity. May the Savior guide these streams, and bring them to swell the volume and add to the gladness of the river of life that is to refresh and bless this world, and glorify, by and by, the universe of God forever!

## CHAPTER 10

*Westminster Abbey — The Chapels and Tombs — Westminster Hall — The Tower of London — The White Tower — The Place of Execution — The Graves of Anne Boleyn and Catharine — The Beheading Axe and Block — A Visit to Gray's "Country Churchyard."*

One of the first places a person desires to visit when in London is Westminster Abbey. The age of the building, its historical associations, its architectural excellence, and, above all, its being the receptacle of royal dust, and the dust of the great, and wise, and good of past generations and centuries make it to exercise a profound influence over the mind. The great columns of stone, rising to the loftiness of palm trees, and then branching out in ribs of granite over the ceiling, and interlacing, like the boughs of forest trees, is the first thing that strikes the eye. This is what is called groined vaulting. The idea was taken from the sight of an avenue of lime trees, with smooth, lofty trunks and with arching boughs, knit together at the top. I have been in a number of cathedrals, and I discover that this conception is in them all — an avenue of granite trunks and limbs overhead. When these great columns line the transepts as well, crossing the nave at right angles, the feeling, as you walk amid their shadows, is not altogether unlike the sensation of wandering through mighty avenues of trees.

All along the inner walls of these cathedrals, and approaching the nave or center aisle twenty or thirty feet, are chapels fenced in and hedged off, so to speak, from the main body in various architectural ways, and by works of art and monuments of different kinds. Here are the places, or in the crypts below, in which the mighty in deed and noble in blood slumber their long sleep. As I was entering one to see the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, my eye happened to rest upon the stone floor, when suddenly I saw blossoming under my feet the name of Addison! I was walking over his ashes, as thousands do daily. It looks like sacrilege; but it seems a custom here, and nothing is thought of it. In these old cathedrals you literally walk upon the dead. Think of walking down the aisle over the tombstones and

ashes of twenty individuals and families before sitting down in your pew to hear the gospel!

From the tomb of Elizabeth I went into another chapel where sleeps the body of Mary Queen of Scots. She was beheaded and buried in another part of England, but her son, James the First, had her brought here after he came upon the throne. Her tomb is fully as rich as that of Elizabeth. In this same chapel I saw all in a row together, on marble slabs in the floor, the names of Charles the Second, William, and Mary, and Anne. Four sovereigns in a line, and no monument over their ashes save the slabs that cover their bodies! Again and again I was forced to pause or sit down by weight of meditation.

They all sleep well. And they get along better now than they did in life. The world was hardly large enough to satisfy some whose names I read here in stone; but a very small place now is sufficient to keep them. The oppressor and the oppressed, the murderer and the murdered, are here close together, lying under the same roof, and their ashes shaken by the deep-toned roll of the same organ, whose music crashes down from amid the granite pillars above, and fills the vaults below.

James the First has several children buried in one of the chapels. I was much touched with a verse that was carved on the headstone of one of them. I copied it with my pencil:

*“She tasted of the cup of life,  
Too bitter ’twas to drain;  
She put it meekly from her lips,  
And went to sleep again.”*

I saw the empty tomb of Cromwell. After the Restoration his body was removed and burned, I think, while his head was fastened on a spike on Westminster Hall near by, and kept there for years. As I was looking at the tomb, several ladies drew near, of a rough pattern, and one, with strong Hibernian accent, cried out in regard to Cromwell: “And was he buried here? — the witch!” Well for the great that they do not hear all that is said about them. How thankful all people ought to be that we cannot hear over a few yards, and that when we are dead we cannot hear at all!

In the chapel of Edward the Confessor I saw the chair in which the kings and queens of England are crowned. Underneath the seat, and plain to view, is the celebrated stone of Scone, upon which the Scottish sovereigns sat during their coronation. If any would like to know concerning the architecture of this same chair, I can briefly, but truly, describe it. If you have a closet at home four or five feet high, and two feet deep, just nail a broad plank inside at the proper sitting distance, and you have got the coronation chair of England.

In close proximity to Westminster Abbey is the House of Parliament, stretched in colossal proportions upon the banks of the Thames. Comparatively a new building, I was not so much interested in it; but was far more engrossed with a building in the rear, and now constituting a kind of ante-room for the parliamentary building. It is called Westminster Hall, and is replete with historic facts and thrilling events. It was for a long time the abode of royalty, and in it also Parliament sat for generations. In it Wallace was condemned to death, and so was Guy Fawkes. It was on one of its gable ends that the head of Cromwell was exposed. In front of it Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded. You may be sure that it was an interested gaze that was cast upon the ordinary-looking and yet remarkable structure.

Another place I visited with profound interest was the Tower of London. This is fully three miles from Westminster Abbey, down the river. It is called the Tower, when really it is a cluster of towers. The central building, however, is the one that has given name and character to the place. Conceive a deep moat, and a lofty wall surmounted by, or rather built into a number of strong towers, and enclosing a piece of ground of several acres in extent. Besides this, there is an inner wall. From the center of this enclosed ground rises a rectangular, four-story building, sixty or eighty yards square, with a turret at each corner, and with walls fifteen feet thick. This building is called the White Tower. It was at one time a palace for the crowned heads of England, but was finally vacated by them for brighter and pleasanter abodes. It then became a prison for people of consequence, while under its shadow two places of execution were established, where the very best blood of England and Scotland was made to flow. It was in this central building that Sir Walter Raleigh was confined. And it was underneath the steps of the southern stairway of this same building that the skeletons of the two young princes, murdered by Richard the Third,



were found. A slab in the wall announces the fact. They were killed in what is called the Bloody Tower, but were buried by Richard, as described, in the White Tower. The place is now used as a garrison, while the apartments, and council chamber, and great banqueting-hall of a departed royalty, have been transformed into magazines, armories, and a museum containing antiquities, relics, and interesting objects of all kinds. Among the mournful and painful things to be seen, is the cloak on which Gen. Wolfe died in front of Quebec, a genuine thumb-screw, a model of the "rack," and the beheading axe and block upon which Lord Kilmarnock and others were executed. The axe has a blade eighteen inches broad, the headsman's iron mask is near it, while the block is hollowed out in front and rear for the reception of the breast on one side, and the drooping of the face on the other. This hollowing reduces the top edge of the block to a narrow strip of three inches in width, on which the neck is laid. On that strip I observed, with a sick feeling at the heart, two deep gashes in the wood. They needed no explanation!

Between the central building and the western wall, in almost the center of the court yard, is the spot where condemned females were beheaded. A stone slab marks the spot. Here Anne Boleyn, and Catharine, and Lady Jane Gray were executed. I took a seat under a tree and gave myself up to reflection. I have walked amid so many sepulchres lately, and marked the spots signaling so many cruelties and atrocities of men, that the soul was powerless to shake off a spirit of deep pensiveness. I conjured up the scene, as, one by one, at different periods, these lovely women stood there confronting the heartless crowd, the ghastly block and axe, the masked headsman, and the grave and eternity. How the innocence and helplessness of the woman appealed from the brutality and injustice of man to the merciful God! And how I feel He, in infinite pity drew near them at the trying hour!

In a small chapel, thirty yards from where I sit, lie side by side, the bodies of the two murdered wives of Henry the Eighth. Verily, when this same Henry entered at death into perdition, Satan felt moved to resign and give him the throne! I firmly believe that there are some men who actually startle and horrify the devils. I foresee a revolution and strife in hell, before which the Miltonic angel war fades into insignificance.

I remarked that only females were executed in the walls of the tower. The men were beheaded on Tower Hill, fully one hundred yards outside the walls. Lady Jane Gray and her husband were beheaded the same day. They were, as you know, a devoted couple. He was confined in Beauchamps Tower, and she in an adjoining house. I was shown the window through which she was looking when she saw the lifeless body of her husband brought in from Tower Hill. As my eyes followed the pointed finger of the guide to the window, it seemed that I could feel, even then, after the long lapse of time, that gaze of unutterable agony. In a few minutes she was led to the block herself, and the husband and wife were reunited.

Has this chapter been of rather a gloomy nature? Then will I conclude it with a brief description of a visit I paid to "The Country Churchyard," where Gray wrote his elegy, and where he lies buried. The spot is thirty miles northwest of London, and about six east of Windsor. I went out in the evening, as being an appropriate time. Leaving the train at a town called Slough, I hired a cab and rode two miles to the immortalized place. Over a country of a table-like level, through pleasant lanes bordered with fields of grain, and by meadows on which I noticed grazing "the lowing herd," we went quietly and musingly along. By and by the road became lined with beech trees; then it turned down a lane thickly bordered with firs, and, bending sharply again, ran several hundred yards through an avenue of elm trees of largest size, whose interlacing boughs cast a deep, cool shadow underneath.

A little farther on, and the driver stopped at a closed gate in a hedge, over which I could see a meadow, some portions of a field, a clump of trees, and a church spire. The driver was not allowed to go farther, and informed me that I must pursue the rest of the way by myself. It was in perfect keeping with my feelings so to do. Taking the path, I walked over the meadow and stood by the gate, studying the features of the "country churchyard" before me. The enclosure is studded with trees, and is surrounded by them as well. A little to one side is the church building, a structure of dark stone, with Gothic roof, and with a large, square tower at its side, rising up, at least, fifteen feet above the edge of the roof. The tower is covered from top to bottom with ivy. It was from this ivy-mantled tower that the owl hooted to the moon in complaint. As I look,

facing west, upon the scene, the church is a little to the right, while to the left hand, in the small yard, and but a few steps from the building, is the “yew tree” mentioned in the poem. The elms are more numerous.

*“Beneath those rugged elms that yew tree’s shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap.”*

It is all just as he wrote. Under the wide, drooping boughs of the yew tree I noticed not less than fifty graves. It is worthy of note that there is but one yew tree in the church yard, and if the poem is examined, it will be noticed that but one is mentioned. This faithfulness to facts and correctness of description strikes the heart of the observer very gratefully. Turning your back upon the enclosure, and looking east, your eyes fall upon the scene that is described in the stanza beginning,

“hard by you wood.”

Looking in several directions you get views of open, grassy fields, over which the poet saw “the plowman plod,” “the lowing herd wind its way,” “the glimmering landscape fade,” while his ear caught “the drowsy tinkling from the distant fold.”

Certainly it is fitting that Thomas Gray should be buried in the midst of scenes whose quiet beauty he has made by his genius a priceless legacy to the world. He lies in a tomb by the side of his mother, near the church, between “the yew tree’s shade” and “the ivy-mantled tower.”

I have never left a place with greater reluctance than this. The rooks were cawing on the tree-tops. The sun was going down in the west. It was at such an hour that Gray viewed the scene, and; walking about in the gloaming, moulded the lines of such unparalleled melody and beauty. I walked away, and lingered, turning often to take one other farewell look. And so I finally left the place; but in my soul I bore away the lovely scene with me as a precious possession forever.

## CHAPTER 11

*The English People — The Accent — “I beg pardon” — Hotel Waiters — Rosy Cheeks — Ecclesiastical Titles — Bunhill Fields — City Road Chapel*

These English people are constantly throwing me into brown studies. So let it be however, for it is good to have the thinking faculties in lively exercise. Dickens was much amused at American manners and customs, and puts down the result of his observations in “American Notes,” and “Martin Chuzzlewit.” He did not seem to realize that the shield had another side, and that the sword he wielded, called national criticism, had a double edge, and, struck up by an American arm, might be made to fall with tremendous force upon the ways of Old England. If we grant that Great Britain, in its laws, customs, manners, and people has reached perfection, then are we all wrong in Columbia. The great novelist measured us by an English standard; but is the measure a right one? The time is coming when we will have given us by some American child of genius a book called “English Notes,” and national criticism will be seen to possess a double edged blade, or more properly, the peculiar back action of the boomerang.

Certainly such a writer, however otherwise he may be embarrassed, will never know the embarrassment of lack of material. And yet even such a book would not prove that we as a people are blameless, but the two books together will teach a fact which is daily being impressed upon me more and more as I pass through the land, and that is that the nations are laughing-stocks to one another. France smiles at Germany, to which the land of the Fredericks responds with a guffaw of reciprocal amusement. England lifts its eyebrows at America, to which the States might reply with a smile that could spread into the neighborhood of both ears. I have more than once felt the twitching of my risible muscles in looking at the garb of some Syrian street peddlers in New Orleans. I little thought that the day was coming when my long linen duster would create greater attention and amusement in certain parts of Switzerland where snow

abounds and dust is not an affliction. A great fact underlies in this homely illustration.

All I insist upon is that England shall not feel that she has the laugh to herself. If she knew her faults, she would say: Save me from the American laugh that could arise with the thundering roar of a Niagara, and come rebounding upon me from such sounding-boards as the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains. And yet I was told in New York that we have there a host of servile imitators of England, and that the younger part of the community push the matter to such an extreme that if they hear that it is raining in London, at once the young men of New York roll up their pants and hoist an umbrella.

In addition to features of greater moment many lesser things struck me while in England. One was the English accent. To obtain it requires first that a man should contract a bad cold in the head, next that there should be a rigidity if not paralysis, of certain throat muscles and vocal chords; then let him labor for chest notes, banish from the face all appearance of animation, and doing these things he will have the appearance and rejoice in the lingual excellence of the subject of Queen Victoria.

Another thing that immediately arrests attention is the unwearied, perpetual, and everlasting expression, "I beg pardon." If you look at an Englishman hard, he says, "I beg pardon." If you address him, and he does not catch the sense of the speech his invariable reply is, "I beg pardon," with a rising inflection on the pardon. Whether he hears you or not, and no matter what you ask, before the Britisher gives satisfaction, he draws his little verbal scimitar and plunges it through the ear into the brain centers made exquisitely sensitive by many previous stabs. While in England I had my pardon begged, on the average twenty or thirty times a day, until one unfamiliar with the custom would have supposed that I was the most injured and trampled-upon individual in the land.

I was struck with the way that England thrusts forward her servants; and, in the person of the gentry, retires in the background. In nine cases out of ten the coachmen and footmen are finer looking men than the masters they drive, and always better dressed. The custom of the gentleman driving his own servant, which custom in America we are rapidly imitating, adds to the effectiveness of the picture in a most decided manner. If we look

farther we find all the hotel waiters arrayed in black broadcloth, with swallow-tail coat, vest cut low to reveal a great expanse of immaculate shirt, with deep Byronic collar. Most of these waiters wear side whiskers, and the last one of them looks in his dignity and gravity as if he were the Prime Minister of England. By long contact with men of the world they actually acquire an ease of manner that is superior to many of the people they wait upon. Besides this, in all countries there are different table customs and proprieties peculiar to each land. These being often unknown to people thoroughly genteel, and who are perfectly at ease under any circumstances at home, give the waiter the advantage of superior knowledge in one direction at least, over the majority of those whom he serves — an advantage which he feels and doubtless enjoys.

Now see the conclusion that has strangely thrust itself upon me from viewing these things — viz., that a stern kind of justice, a leveling fate, or a law of compensation, is at work in the servant world. The man is a servant, but he is better dressed than his employer, has easier manners, and, to crown all, is driven out by his master for an airing every evening. The master is so busy managing the horses that he cannot see anything; but the servant sits back and enjoys the scenery and, in fact, all things.

Another thing to which I must call attention is the rosy cheeks of the women of England and Scotland. The fame of the blooming countenance of females in Northern latitudes has reached us of the South by song, poem, and pen of the traveler. In the innocence of my heart I thought that the rosy cheek was a kind of facial adornment that belonged perhaps to a certain nation — that it was a beauty monopoly, and that the rose on the face blossomed from certain qualities and excellencies beneath the skin. It was therefore with a certain degree of regard that I noticed the facial bloom around me in landing on the shores of the Old World. But I went across the water to investigate and learn in all directions so I turned upon the phenomena before me the eyes of an honest critic and a truth-loving philosopher. Some are genuine, but in a number of instances I saw that the roses are due to the bleak winds that abound in certain latitudes for half, or more than half, the year; the bloom arises often from a chapped skin and is rather an external application than a beauty developed from within. The ear, crimsoned by a bleak, north wind, is a quiet illustrator; while repeated Boreal smitings on the cheek irritate or affect in some way the veins and

skin and leave a lasting scarlet tinge. All this is for the comfort of the pale-faced daughters of the South.

Again, certain ecclesiastical titles provoke thought. A priest in the Church of England is Reverend, a Bishop is Right Reverend, and an Archbishop is Most Reverend. Ponder the titles, and see in what direction do they point. Is it an increasing or decreasing lustre? Is the last expression in the superlative degree, or is it the abbreviation of the word almost? If I am Reverend, and after that become Right Reverend, am I not losing ground? In a word, according to the titles, are we coming out of the big or the little end of the horn?

I listened one Sabbath afternoon to one of these ministers of the Established Church intone the service in Westminster Abbey, and if there had been a half-dozen candles burning I would have supposed that I was in a Roman Catholic church. O what a humiliating conception of Christ's and the Apostle's manner of conducting religious services. Here is a rising and falling voice, confining itself to two notes, and with a sound that is a compound of a whine and moan, chosen as a vehicle to bring to my heart and understanding the blessed truth of God. Nor is this all; the rising and falling whine-moan was perfectly unintelligible. For all I could tell, it might have been a collection of the veriest nonsense. Would the soul feed on such food? Could it do so? Think of John or Peter or Paul whining away in the pulpit after such a fashion. May the Lord pour out a spirit of common sense upon certain branches of His Church! Rome patterned after pagan worship, the English Church is modeling after Rome, and certain of the American Churches are drawing from the faded design in England, which is itself a copy of a copy of a copy.

I turn to a pleasanter theme. One of my afternoon trips in London was devoted to a visit to Bunhill Fields and City Road Chapel. I think the place is two or three miles north of the present center of London. The Bunhill Fields Cemetery is on the left hand of City Road as you go out, and the chapel is on the right hand, and directly opposite the cemetery. The latter place, which is a large square enclosed by an iron fence, is white with tombstones. They are of a very plain character, and show the effect of the sun and rain and wind of centuries upon them. The grave of Mrs. Susannah Wesley is near the center. It is marked by a plain slab five feet

high, while the grave itself is now even with the earth. In addition, a modern walk passes over a fourth of her grave. Near her resting-place is the tomb of Richard Cromwell, and a little farther the vault of John Bunyan. Across the main dividing walk are the tombs of Isaac Watts and Daniel DeFoe. Very willingly I paused by the graves of these three last-named men. Here I was personally indebted to men whom I never saw. Across the long sweep of years and decades they had stirred and delighted me. DeFoe had charmed my childhood with his "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan had impressed me religiously in my boyhood, and Watts with his lovely and beautiful hymns had enriched my Christian manhood.

City Road Chapel, so familiar in name and history to the Methodist reader, sets back twenty yards or more from the street, with a few trees of moderate size in front. The sexton admitted me into the plain, unpretentious building. The first impression that was strangely made on me as I looked around was that the brethren prayed long prayers here. Did the reader ever see a church that looked that way? If not, he has an experience or sensation awaiting him. My informant told me that the audience is not a large one, although I could see it was a roomy church, seating doubtless, with its spacious gallery, fifteen hundred people.

I was invited to walk up and stand in the round, lofty pulpit, in which Mr. Wesley used to preach, but I declined with thanks. I have not the morbid desire to sit in the chairs or stand in the pulpits of great men. I saw a dozen men sit in Shakespeare's chair in Stratford-on-Avon. They also dip by thousands in the chair of Walter Scott. Alas for them that genius does not ascend through and from a leather cushion or a piece of polished plank. The contrast presented to the mind at such a time is damaging to one of the parties. I preferred to stand off and view the place where this holy man of God, full of the Holy Ghost, so preached the gospel that the hearers often fell like dead men around him. O that the purity and piety and power that dwelt in him might abide upon us all at this day.

In the rear of the chapel stands the tomb of Mr. Wesley. I bent my steps in that direction. You approach by a narrow yard on the right side of the church. This yard was bedecked with bed and table linen waving in the wind. I fervently wish that the parties who hung out these household banners had been blessed with a certain amount of proper sentiment, and a



realization of the fitness of things. Emerging from this canopied side-yard, I came into the rear of the church, which I found to be a square court about thirty or forty yards each way. The place is filled with tombstones. In the center is that of Mr. Wesley, and near him are the plain tombs of Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke and Richard Watson. I lingered here as long as I could, and as I turned away my thought was that these four truly great men have not such sepulchers as I saw at Westminster covering men who had nothing but their titles; but in the morning of the resurrection there will burst forth a glory from these four graves before which the splendor of Westminster, and the magnificence of London itself, will pale into insignificance. God's time has not yet come, the day of His people is yet to dawn.

Mr. Wesley's house is nearer the street than the church, and is on your right hand, as you stand facing the chapel. I was shown several pieces of his furniture, and I was struck with the taste of Mr. Wesley, and the richness and genuineness of these articles themselves. The founder of Methodism seemed to desire but few things, but these few he wanted solid and good. He had but two spoons, but they were both of silver. On the inside of the doors of his desk were the pictures of a dozen of the prominent Methodist ministers of his time. He cut them out of magazines and books, and pasted them with his own hand where he could see them. His room was a back room on the second floor. The front room he gave to his mother. Opening into his bedroom is a closet or dressing-room, in which he had a small writing-table, and where doubtless much of his praying was done. His bedroom is decidedly small, being not over ten feet square, if even that large. I remember noticing that the door could not be fully opened if a bed stood in the corner opposite. Here stood out to my mind one of the innumerable acts of self-denial that marked his life. The large pleasant front room was given first to his mother, and, after her death, turned over to some one else. I felt that here was holy ground, as, with uncovered head, I paused a few moments in the bedroom. Here he read, and prayed, and composed his sermons; here he thought and planned for Methodism; here he rested from his long, exhausting journeys, and here finally he died. It was in this room that, just before his spirit sped its way to heaven, he uttered the memorable words that have gone all over the world. It was a sentence of pure gold, akin to inspiration, and outweighing the globe with all its values: "The best of all is, God is with us."

## CHAPTER 12

*Lingual Difficulties in France — The Cafes — Vendome Column — Louvre Palace and Tuilleries Gardens — Sainte Chapelle — Palace of Justice — How the Lawyers Dress — Notre Dame — The Sabbath — Mission Work in Paris*

The experience that comes to one in landing in a foreign country, where an unknown tongue is spoken, is peculiar, and not one of unmixed enjoyment. As the white chalk hills or cliffs of Dover sink beneath the horizon, the English language, except in sporadic cases, goes with them, and as the foot presses the soil of France, and the ear takes in the rapid clatter of tongues from under moustached lips, the traveler begins to feel his loneliness and his comparative helplessness in a forcible way. Henceforth signs and gestures must be depended upon, while the tongue that has been so often relied on, and has answered to a thousand demands, is now relegated to a long rest. It can do little or nothing more. It is, so to speak, laid on the shelf; or, more elegantly, it lies down on its velvety cushion, leans against two shining rows of ivory, while the eyes and ears stand guard, and do what they can for the resting monarch. Whenever this reposing monarch, or member, arose and asserted himself in France, he got into trouble. Scores of times full of self-confidence, he sprang up with a bound and rushed forward into the verbal affray; but as often he sank back, discouraged, disgusted and defeated.

On one occasion I adopted the happy expedient of speaking very volubly in English, with a strong French accent. A very common mistake! What happened then? Just this: that the descendant of Charlemagne turned and poured upon me such a flood of “omnia Gallia,” without its being *divisa in tres partes*,” that I was almost lifted from my feet. We parted, both being thoroughly mystified. But one feeling of exultation I bore away with me was, that if he had mystified me, I had also thoroughly confounded him.

After being in Paris a couple of days I became bolder in regard to my lingual surroundings. So I stepped out to purchase some candles one evening, neglecting to obtain the French phrase from the hotel clerk, who spoke English. Entering into a store that contained a little of everything, I

asked the female shopkeeper for a candle in plain Anglo-Saxon. She smilingly proffered various articles. I shook my head and fell back on my French accent. She grew more animated, and dived into her show cases for things I never dreamed of, nor would ever need. The battle became more interesting. It was impossible to tell which side would finally win. Finally a brilliant idea struck me. Raising my hand, I scratched an imaginary match in the air, and applied it to an equally fanciful candle. Her face at once lighted up. I thought I had conquered, when, lo! she stooped down and, from a shelf near the floor, lifted and handed me something that looked like the machine that is used for wooden scroll-work. I took a seat in despair. Then she smiled and I smiled. Then I left. She looked foolish, and so did I, and felt foolish besides. Further down the street I entered a shop where the owner understood English; but I was nearly an hour in getting the candles.

The first thing that strikes the tourist in entering Paris is the cafe system. The pavements are fairly lined with small tables and chairs, where the people are eating ices and sherbets, drinking wine, or partaking of their meals, according to the hour of the day. At night especially, upon the larger avenues and the boulevards the throng of laughing, chatting, drinking, eating people at these little white-topped tables is simply immense, requiring a most sinuous course in some places for the pedestrian to move along. Sunday night, as I passed to and from church, the crowd was, if possible, even larger. Vehicles of every description were flashing hither and thither up the broad thoroughfare; merriment and conversation rose and fell like waves along the pavement, crowded with nicely-dressed men and women; wine glasses were clinking, and through the leaves of the overarching trees the electric light and the moonlight, in strange companionship, fell in checkered, quivering light and shadow upon the sitting and moving groups beneath. These scenes on the week nights declare powerfully the absence of the home-life in Paris; but when beheld on the Sabbath, it teaches something sadder and more awful still, and that is, a city without God. It needs no prophet to affirm, after beholding such scenes and others of a darker nature, that, as a people, they are yet to taste in judgment "the wine of the wrath of God." God vindicates his holy day and law, and history is one long confirmation of the fact.

One of the first visits I paid was to the Vendome Column. It is about two or three blocks from the river Seine, on the upper or eastern bank. The column stands in a square, through which only one street passes, from north to south. It was constructed out of fourteen hundred cannon taken from the enemies of France by Napoleon. This was one of the best things that Bonaparte ever did, to change implements of war into an inoffensive pillar of iron. If he had taken fourteen hundred more of his own and built another column, then would he, indeed, have been famous. When the Communists, in 1871, with cable and windlass, pulled it down, it was broken into fifty-six different pieces; but the government has had it all recast, and so the monument stands as it did in the time of the great Emperor.

The Louvre Palace is near by, and situated directly on the banks of the Seine. It occupies three sides of a long square; not such a square as we have in New Orleans, but one equal to six of ours. The unoccupied, or western, side was finally filled up by the construction of the Tuilleries Palace. It was in this last-named building that Napoleon lived. It was destroyed in 1871 by the Communists, and a few years ago the ruins were all removed, and the vacant space is now beautified with flowers, walks, and statuary.

If a person stands in the center of the broad walk of this garden and looks west, he will be in a line with some beautiful, wonderful, and historic objects. Back of him will be the vast Louvre Palace; back of him, only nearer, will be the place where the beautiful Tuilleries Palace once stood; in front of him is the broad graveled walk, one hundred feet wide, that divides the old Tuilleries gardens — part of it in flowers and statuary, and part of it in trees. Farther still in the distance you see two great fountains; beyond these an obelisk of Egypt, standing in the center of the Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine once did such dreadful work; still farther on stretches the Champs Elysees, a beautiful avenue of a mile in length; and finally, at the end of the avenue, and closing the view, the arch of Triumph, erected by the great Napoleon. I stood and looked in the direction I have indicated one Saturday evening, near the hour of sunset. He who could not think and feel under such circumstances could properly be wondered at.

Half of the Louvre Palace is occupied by government offices, and the other half is used as a museum. Here are antiquities and relics beyond number, statues by the hundred, and miles of paintings. I walked, looking at them until I was weary, not in eye so much as in feet. I was shown the window from which the Bourbon king fired on the Huguenots, and in full view of the window is the tower whose bell gave the signal for the massacre to begin.

In the church called Sainte Chapelle I stood examining the stained windows for which it is famous, when my attention was called to the fact that under the stone slabs where I stood were the bodies of Massillon and Fenelon — one the most eloquent, and the other the holiest man that ever lived in France. With what sudden interest did I look down, and how careful and reverential became my steps. No one ever here seems to mind walking on sepulchres; but, for my life, I cannot get accustomed to the practice.

The Palace of Justice, where all the courts are held, and where the lawyers congregate and perambulate in a large, central marble hall, next claimed my attention. I noticed that every one wore a black cap similar in shape to the tourist or traveler's cap, and a black gown that descended to within four inches of the floor. As soon as a lawyer arrives he doffs his shining beaver, or more ordinary-looking hat, and dons at once the cap and gown that await him in a general dressing-room in the hall. The custom struck me as most excellent. It was not only a very becoming costume for every one, but it gave a magisterial look, and, above all, obliterated the distinctions of wealth declared by clothing. I could not help but think that when these lawyers arose to plead their cases in court, the fact that all were alike in dress must necessarily have a good effect on jury, and even judge. A lawyer's shabby coat sometimes hurts him in the United States; but such a thing cannot happen in Paris very well, because of this happy expedient.

The church of Notre Dame is on the Island of Paris. It faces west, with two great square towers in front. The vaulting of the nave is one hundred and ten feet high, supported by seventy-five large pillars. You can get some idea of the size of this cathedral when I tell you it can accommodate a congregation of twenty-five thousand people. It was this church that in the Revolution was changed into a Temple of Reason, and surmounted with the figure of a woman. Napoleon restored it as soon as he came into

power. It was in this church that the Corsican was crowned emperor of the French by Pius; or, rather, he crowned himself, inasmuch as he took the crown from Pius and placed it on his own head, and then turned and crowned Josephine with his own hand. What a stir and talk this act must have created in Paris and Rome and all the world! I looked with great interest on the spot which I had often seen in pictures. The paintings were faithful, for the whole place was familiar to my mind. The three chairs, in which Napoleon and the Pope and Josephine sat, are still there; but the glory and pageantry of that day is gone, and the Pope and the Emperor and the Empress have moldered into dust and ashes. Very brightly did the light fall through the stained glass upon them on this day of triumph. I saw the light descend like a golden glory, and fall with almost perpendicular ray upon the same place. But the kneeling figures were not there and of all the twenty-five thousand people who filled the place at the time, and gazed breathlessly upon the scene, not one is left. Is it not pitiful to see men greater than all forms of material, strength and magnificence, passing away, while such things as chairs and walls and stone pillars remain?

The next day was the Sabbath. On that day I cease traveling and sight-seeing. The time is spent in my room, and in attendance upon as many church services as I can well manage. In the morning I attended service at Notre Dame. There were two hundred people in an auditorium that seats or accommodates twenty-five thousand. Let the brethren that pine over empty pews take heart. Handing a church functionary two sous for the privilege of sitting near the chancel, I took a seat and endeavored to draw good from what was going on. The organ pealed away up somewhere among the pillars, the priest ah'd and oh'd his way along in the intoning, the little boys rung the bells; a good deal of stooping, bowing, and walking about took place; some rapid responsive reading in Latin between the half-dozen priests in the chancel, and then all was over. The priests and little boys in white glided noiselessly away, and disappeared in a spectral manner among the granite columns and monuments and statues of the shadowy cathedral. Then a man in uniform came and closed the chancel gate with a bang that filled the church with echoes; and the congregation melted away. A few remained, staring vacantly at the silent and deserted altar. They looked dazed, or may be they thought the little boys would

come back and ring their bells once more. But they did not — for the show was over.

I tarried with the few for another purpose. The followers of Peter had not fed the sheep that day. We were still hungry. A tinkling bell does not satisfy the soul; and worship in an unknown tongue, and that a dead tongue, does not profit says the Bible. But the Lord said to the Samaritan woman: “The time is coming when men shall worship the Father everywhere.” And so I opened my Bible, and in the dim light of the cathedral read the Word of Life and rejoiced in the presence and fellowship of the Savior.

In the evening I went to three distinct religious services. Mr. McAll, who has about forty mission stations in Paris, is now away for two month’s rest and recreation. The Congregationalist church is also doing a good work in the missionary line, while the Wesleyan Methodist Church has, at least, twenty mission stations in this great field. I was struck with the intelligent audience at one of the latter-named places.

The Congregationalist minister informed me that the one method open to them of saving the people of Paris is through pastoral labor and personal contact, and then drawing them into halls of religious worship. No street meetings of a religious character are allowed in Paris. To attempt a harangue of this kind on the street would quickly result in arrest and imprisonment. And so the work will be long and difficult, necessarily.

Meantime the vast audience we crave to save sits Sunday evenings on the brilliantly lighted boulevards, laughing, chatting, smoking, and emptying wine glasses, while the churches are empty, the holy day of God desecrated, and Eternity forgotten.

## CHAPTER 13

*Napoleon — His Tomb — Pantheon — The Morgue — The Place De La Concorde — Names That Are Misnomers — Pere La Chaise — The Bastille — The Eiffel Tower — An Evening Scene*

This entire land speaks of Bonaparte, at least to the traveler. Whether one hurries through France on the flying train, or tarries in Paris, the most prominent figure of the past is felt to be that of the Corsican. He has projected himself into the present and impressed his personality on this country in a most remarkable way. As you glance down the long broad thoroughfares seaming the land, you see him in fancy leading a group of horsemen, himself far in the front, with head slightly bent, with knit brow and compressed lip, while the hand jerks impatiently at the rein as he sweeps along. Again on yonder eminence we behold another group of stalwart-looking men in uniform standing near and about one of small figure clad in gray cloak and three-cornered hat. The white clouds drifting on the horizon answer in the mental picture for the smoke of the distant battlefield.

But oftenest do we see him in Paris, not only in painting and statue, not only in the letter “N” that we find in many places, but through the magical power of association. The very names of streets and buildings are able to bring him up.

The banks of the Seine recall the time when he, in a fit of despondency, meditated taking his life by plunging in its waves. The sight of the libraries bring to mind the pale young student, who for long months sought their quiet shadows, and filled his capacious mind with knowledge of every kind, so that when his country called for such a man, he was able to stand forth and say, I am ready.

Within one block of my room is the street where he directed and discharged his cannon upon the mob, and France for the first time heard the voice and tread of her future master. Works of art by thousands in galleries, and playing fountains, and stately columns, and majestic arches, and radiating boulevards all alike speak of the great first Napoleon.



The Hotel des Invalides is now his last resting-place. At 12 o'clock every day a cannon is fired close by in the barrack yards. So that the sleeping body of the Emperor still feels the vibration of the sounds of war. The roar of cannon was to him in life a well-beloved voice, so that the daily regular boom of the great piece of artillery is a fitting and appropriate sound, although now it is a requiem. The magnificent sarcophagus that contains his body, rests in the center of a circular crypt of polished granite, that is twenty feet in depth, and nearly forty in width. As I leaned on the encircling balustrade and looked down at the sleeping dust, I recalled a line of a song composed in his honor many years ago, a song, by the way, of great pathos and beauty—

*“No sound can awake him to glory again.”*

The cannon sends forth its heavy boom every day, the building trembles under the discharge, the body of the dead man quivers, but the eyes refuse to open and the sleeper slumbers on, awaiting the voice of the Son of God, who alone can awake the dead.

I observed that Josephine was not by his side. As the divorced wife she could not be, nor did he deserve to have her there. She rests, I think, at Malmaison.

Very wide apart, I notice, are the tombs of people who were very close to each other in life. This separation of the graves of loved ones is one of the sad features of this world of ours. Mary of Scotland is in London, while her husband sleeps in Edinburgh. Queen Elizabeth rests in Westminster Abbey, and the man she loved is entombed in Warwick. The graves of almost every household offer a study here, and a most pathetic study at that.

The tombs of three of Napoleon's brothers, Jerome, Joseph and Louis, are to be seen in room-like recesses close by. He lifted them into prominence in life, and continued to do the same in death. How often we see a large family upheld and held together by a single member. It was so in the far distant days of Joseph in Egypt, and will continue to be so, I suppose, until the end of time.

The fickleness of the Parisian populace is proverbial. Perhaps no one sight so forcibly brings the thought back to mind as the contemplation of the

statue of Marshal Key. At one time he was a demi-god, and fairly worshiped by the people, then he was shot, and then after that his statue was erected upon the spot where he was executed.

I have been much struck with the street statues of this city. As I looked into the history of the men who were accorded this honor I made this discovery, that the method of Paris is, either to kill a man and then make a statue of him, or make a statue and then kill the man. If choice had to be made here some people might feel a little puzzled and reasonably ask for time.

I visited the Pantheon. This is built in imitation of the structure in Rome that bears the same name. It is used as a burial-place of the mighty dead of France. Victor Hugo has thus been honored.

A feeling of a conglomerate character swept over me as I overheard a young traveler of undoubted country air say very earnestly to another person, standing near, "that Victor Hugo was a very fine old man!"

Fortunately the great author was dead. For some minutes I walked on through the building with a feeling in my heart that found expression in the mental whisper — O fame!

The walls of the Pantheon are being covered with paintings of colossal size. The history of Joan of Arc is thus powerfully and felicitously represented in four scenes: The Call to the Life Work, the Warrior, the Crowning of the King, and the Death of the Martyr. They all hold the visitor with a deep fascination.

Not far from this spot is a picture representing the beheading of St. Dennis. The saint is portrayed with bent body and on his knees, in the act of picking up the decapitated head with his hands.

Although the painting was intended to be very solemn and awe-inspiring, it really requires an effort to keep from smiling! for as the saint holds his head before him in his hands it looks for all the world like he was gazing at and examining it microscopically and analytically for his own amusement or information, through his shoulders.

Near by St. Dennis, and on the ground lies a man who has suffered decapitation likewise, and whose head rests several feet away from his

body. A gentleman near me of an inquiring turn of mind turned suddenly to the guide and cried out: "I say, how is this? Here is St. Dennis beheaded and yet picking up his head, and here is another man who has lost his head, and yet he is lying still with his head by him — how do you explain that?"

"Oh," replied the guide, "St. Dennis was a saint and could pick up his head; but this other man is a poor devil of a fellow and had to leave his head on the ground!"

The laugh went up from the crowd. I looked at the guide, and he had turned, and with his shoulders shrugged to his very ears, was walking away with his arms extended like the wings of a bird.

"Bravo!" I mentally ejaculated; here is a stab at Roman Catholic folly in the heart of Catholic France, and by one of her sons. A few more blows like that, a little more blood-letting like that, and the victory of common sense and truth is bound to come."

The Morgue is a ghastly place to visit. With no feeling of vain curiosity, but actually with a shrinking, reluctant spirit I entered the building. You pass in from the street through a door into a passage that runs parallel with the sidewalk. The inner wall of the passage is made of glass, and on the other side of the glass, ranged in a row, stare at you the suicides of the week. These were not all the self-inflicted murders, but were simply those who have not been recognized. On a placard on the wall I read the names of twenty. Eighteen of the twenty were men. Women with all of their physical weakness, and in face of the fact that they are constantly called the "weaker vessel," can endure much more suffering than the strong sex. With all of the bitterness of poverty and consequent hard work, and with all the unkind treatment, in addition, coming from the hands of brutal men, it is a rare thing for a woman to commit suicide.

The bodies are placed here for identification. And I could not but reflect, as I tarried for a moment in the sad place, upon the agonizing scenes that had there transpired, as wife or mother recognized suddenly and, it may be, unexpectedly the face, cold in death, of husband or son. Poor, giddy, wine-drinking, pleasure-loving, Sabbath-breaking Paris continues to lead all the other cities in the matter of suicides.

The Place de la Concorde is a large stone-paved square at the head of the avenue called Champs Elysees, and near the river Seine. It was in this square that the guillotine was erected and employed so busily in the time of the Revolution. Here Louis X VI and Marie Antoinette and Madame Roland and a host of others met untimely deaths. The blood of the best and noblest in France poured here in torrents. Here women knitted as they watched the flash of the descending blade of the guillotine, while the mob raged and roared like wild animals, as head after head was lifted up, and one victim after another stepped from the cart to the platform of death.

And yet they call this spot the Place de la Concorde!

What a way men have of misnaming things! What is in a name after all? Certainly some of them sound like a sarcasm — a ghastly piece of irony. Take the word gentleman; is he always a gentle man? And the word nobleman; O how noble are some of the nobility! Dwell a moment on the term “Good Queen Bess.” As the reader recalls her paroxysms of anger, her inordinate vanity, her imprisonment of people, and the deaths she had inflicted, the words Good Queen Bess become a fine piece of satire! May we all be saved from such goodness! Henry the Eighth was called the Defender of the Faith. What faith? Doubtless the faith he had in himself for if he ever had any other, it does not so appear in his life. And here right before me is a place that will be forever remembered for its scenes of discord, strife, and bloodshed; and, behold, it is called the Place de la Concorde!

Pere-la-Chaise is the famous cemetery of Paris. The Prince of Wales remarked after his visit to America, that almost the first thing said to him on reaching one of our great cities would be, “Have you visited our cemetery?” In absence of historic places, this was the next best thing that a young nation could offer.

In Pere-la-Chaise there is history as well as tombstones. I was told that here was one of the last stands made by the Communists, and that they fought desperately to the very end in the midst of these graves, and even in the tombs themselves. In the southern part of the cemetery is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. I was informed that two hundred thousand people visit it annually, and that the younger class keep it supplied with flowers. As I was looking at the recumbent figures carved in stone I saw a lady

connected with a traveling party stoop and pick a sprig of grass that grew beside the monument. The little occurrence, done quickly and with evident embarrassment, showed an amount of morbid sentimentality and a certain lack of moral fiber that was surprising, at least, to one individual.

The Bastille as the reader knows, is no more. The spot is now marked by a large square, from the center of which shoots up a monumental shaft one hundred and fifty-four feet in height. Many of the stones of the ancient prison have been built into the bridges that cross the river Seine; the dungeons have been filled up, the chains are gone; the key, a thing of most enormous size, I saw at Mt. Vernon on the banks of the Potomac; so that the prison is pretty effectually scattered. But all the razing and removing of this building of horror can never obliterate from the minds of men the memory of the scenes of suffering and torture occurring on this spot for centuries. Much as we know of these dark transactions of the past, how little really of the full history do we know. The unwritten and unknown records of the Bastille transcend conception.

The Eiffel Tower was of course ascended. Think of standing on the top of a slender spire nearly one thousand feet high, which an excited fancy would have you believe is bending and swaying in the wind. The traveler may leave his hotel with the full intention of mounting to the dizzy summit, but when he reaches the base of the tower and looks up, he has to go through sundry additional process of mental bracing and determinations of will. Some, I doubt not, turn back at this point, and many have to be encouraged. One lady after considerable delay took a hesitating and woe begone seat in the elevator with the solemn words: "Well, if I must, I must!" Later on she ejaculated to her son, a lad of fourteen: "Come here, my son, and sit close to me." The husband, a patient-looking man was not invited to a like proximity.

There are three stops or platforms connected with the tower. From the third and last is obtained the lofty and wide-spread view for which the structure is famous. It is said that it commands a prospect of fifty miles. Paris lies like a map at your feet, while the Seine unrolls like a silver ribbon in the midst of an emerald landscape and finally disappears in the far distance.

Such, however, is the great height of the tower, that the inequalities of land in and about Paris, and that gives it much of its charm, are literally flattened out and lost to the vision. A view of the city from a lesser altitude is more correct, satisfying, and beautiful. This outlook can be had from the Trocadero Palace.

I have often heard people say that whenever they stood upon very lofty places they felt a strange and almost irresistible inclination to cast themselves down. So far from this being the case with the writer he was distinctly conscious of both a desire and determination not to do any such foolish thing, but to remain on the platform and when he returned, to come down by way of the elevator.

A man seen on the ground from this height is a small sized spectacle never to be forgotten. As I looked down and saw a black dot moving about on the earth's surface with two little specks alternately appearing and disappearing under the dot, I said, as I recognized the dot to be a man and the specks to be legs, is it possible that such a tiny creature as that could ever inspire fear in the breast of anything! A great courage seemed to arise within me, as I contemplated the human ants rushing around one thousand feet below me. Perhaps it was the distance that inspired the courage, but the wonder, nevertheless, arose that I should ever have dreaded those insects in the dust. Then came pity for them in their low estate, and so by and by I came down and stood with them and was like them once more. On the whole I prefer the horizontal view of my fellow-man. It is best every way. You can see into his eyes, and all but hear the beating of his heart. The lofty observation of men has been the trouble of the world, and will be, I fear, for generations to come. It is very difficult to recognize a man, and what is in a man from altitudes of any kind. May we all come down from Eiffel Tower, especially those of us who are called to the work of the pulpit. The people will be very glad to see us; and all of us who come down will be glad, now and forevermore, for the descent. I have remembered very clearly for years the description given of a certain minister, that he "was invisible six days and incomprehensible the seventh." He certainly must have been on Eiffel Tower. Let us all descend, even though we have to jump the distance. If we will not come down, may a kind Providence knock us down, and keep us among the people where we belong.

An evening walk by the banks of the Seine and a meditative pause in the square at the head of the Champs Elysees marked the close of my last day in Paris. The Arch of Triumph loomed up in the distance against the sunset; the roar of the city came with subdued sound through the Tulleries Gardens in one direction, and from over the river in another; the avenues were alive with equipages that flashed along; pedestrians were thronging the beautiful walks of the park; children were sailing their boats in the miniature lake, or strolling with their nurses under the trees. It was a scene of life and gayety; and yet the feeling left in the heart as I turned homeward was one of melancholy. Several causes conspired to produce this, but the one that predominated, was the thought that this busy, beautiful, populous city was without God.

## CHAPTER 14

*A Scene in Belgium — Cologne — The Rhine — The Vineyards — The Ruins of Castles — The Legends — Col. Somebody — Bingen on the Rhine — A Moonlight Scene on the Rhine.*

I left Paris on the 8 o'clock morning train for Cologne, on the Rhine. In this journey you pass through the breadth of the kingdom of Belgium. A hard-worked looking people meet the gaze whenever and wherever you look. We ran for miles on the banks of the river Meuse. Mountainous hills descend at some places very steeply to the river's edge. Running up the hill-sides were cultivated farms, divided into squares by hedges. The unconscious arrangement gave to these farms the appearance of pictures painted in living colors, set up in frames and leaned against the walls of the mountains. What a wonderful picture gallery that river valley was for awhile!

From Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne, all in Prussian territory, the country was one waving mass of golden grain, with gleaners in the field, and loaded wagons moving along the tree-skirted roads, with villages amid spires in the distance, and in the remote distance ranges of purple hills shutting in the immense plain.

We arrived at Cologne at or near 7 o'clock in the evening. There are two things to be done in this city that sits on the western bank of the river Rhine. One is to get a bottle of cologne, not because that it is especially needed at this place, but because here is the fountain-head of that famous perfume. Another thing to be done is to visit the great cathedral. It is a gothic structure, and by its size and beauty deeply impressed me. As I entered the building at 8 o'clock in the evening, I found the vast space within almost filled with a worshipping throng. A dim, weird light from a few lights struggled with the shadows of the temple; the great columns of stone lifted themselves up until they were fairly lost in the darkness of the lofty ceiling; a great crowd of people stood or knelt all about the building, every eye being on the priest who was literally enveloped in a cloud of incense arising from the altar; the music came from an unknown, undiscovered spot. It was from above, among the stone pillars; but



whether from the chancel, or from the right transept or the left, or from the end of the nave, it was impossible to tell. How the Roman Church calculates upon the effect of all these things — the gleaming row of candles, the mysterious bell, the clouds of incense, the majestic pillared roof, the architectural magnificence, the distant music from above; the flitting, bowing, white-robed figures in the altar, and, over all, the dim, mystic light peculiar to the cathedral! It was a scene for a painter.

Not all of the Rhine is beautiful; but that portion which lies between Bonn and Bingen constitutes the part that has figured most in song, poem, fiction, and book of travel. Taking the steamer at Cologne, and going up as far as Mayence, over an hundred and twenty miles away, you see it all. I was reluctant at the beginning of the voyage to yield the claims of the Hudson River; but before the journey was completed I had given the palm to the Rhine. The advantage of the latter is in the length of the mountain panorama, and in the castle ruins that crown the crags all along. Then there is such a delightful combination of the ancient and the modern, of wild nature and nature tamed. The harvests wave in the sunny fields, the sail gleams on the river, the vineyards clothe the mountain-side, and the ruined castle sits on the jutting crag. Industry leans on its reapinghook in the field, and History looks down upon you from the beetling rocks of the mountains that tower above you. Nature has three veils that she is fond of using, and which she employs with marked effect on the Rhine. She has a silver veil for the valley, a purple one for the hills, and a deep blue one for the mountains.

I was much impressed with the old castles. Their strength and beauty of situation would strike the most careless observer. Some are half way down between the crest of the mountain and the edge of the river; others are perched upon the highest point, and stand with outline against the sky, noticeable for miles down the stream. The wonder was, how they could ever be taken by any kind of military assault. The castle of Drachenfels has been immortalized by an English pen. I cannot refrain from quoting the verse that appears in “Childe Harold:”

*“The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,*

*And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
 And fields which promise corn and wine;  
 And scattered cities crowning these,  
 Whose fair white walls along them shine,  
 Have showed a scene which I should see  
 With double joy, wert thou with me."*

At Coblenz the "Blue Moselle" empties into the Rhine. It is a river that has a charming song composed in its praise. The strains that I had heard as a boy were sounding in memory the whole evening. Just opposite Coblenz is the fortified heights of Ehrenbreitstein, called the Gibraltar of Northern Europe. From the waves of the river to the topmost rocks it is a mass of walls and towers and battery-crowned plateaus. It is said that a most exquisite view of the country is to be had from the summit of the castle. Traveling on a short schedule, I could not stop, though my eye and heart hungered to do so.

The vineyards constitute a most remarkable feature of this beautiful river. The slopes of the hills and the sides of the mountains are literally covered with them. In some places the mountain declivity is so sharp that it has to be terraced all the way down. At one point I counted twenty-eight or thirty distinct terraces. It is easy to imagine what a pleasing spectacle it presents.

The legends of the Rhine are almost as numerous as its vineyards. A book containing a number was offered for sale on the boat; but I had indulged sufficiently in that lore as a boy, and I also had a few in condensed form in one of the books I had with me. I give, in a few brief words, one of them. The sentences in parenthesis are my own, with the desire to throw additional light on the authentic and interesting record.

A certain lord, living in yonder castle to the right, had a daughter. (Oh, these daughters!) And she was lovely. (Of course.) About this time there came along a young wandering knight. (A kind of medieval tramp.) He fell in love with the daughter, and she with him. (All this was a foregone conclusion.) After a few months of lover-like happiness he went off to fight the Moors in Spain. (All of which was wrong. What had the Moors done to him?) In one of the battles he was wounded, and being left on the battle-field, was thought to be dead; and such a report came to the ears of

the lovely daughter. At once she was plunged into despair, and immediately took the veil and became a nun. (This was extremely precipitate; she should have waited until the arrival of the evening mail.) The young wandering knight was not killed, as reported, but wounded. (If he had been a settled, industrious landholder in the neighborhood, he would have died but, being a kind of military tramp, he recovers.) Hastening back from the gory field, he finds, to his consternation and grief, that his lady love had taken the irrevocable vow of the nunnery; whereupon he spends the rest of his days leaning on and over the castle parapets of stone, looking down upon the convent that contained his lost treasure. (This morbid, unhealthy, useless piece of inactivity convinces me that had this young man lived in the present century, he would have been addicted to playing accompaniments on the piano, and writing bad poetry of a sentimental character.) Finally the young knight died. (Of what complaint is not mentioned in the legend; but I suspect that he caught cold sitting so long on the stones.)

And now the young people rave over the one arch of the castle that is left. What mental conclusions they draw I leave to each reader to imagine; but the moral I draw from the legend is that you never know what young people are going to do.

Still farther up there is another ruined castle where formerly dwelt seven lovely sisters. (This being four or five hundred years ago, there is no possible way of disproving the fact that all the sisters were lovely.) Having very large estates in addition to their beauty, they had quite a number of suitors. (Comment here is superfluous.) But these sisters did not desire to marry. (Perhaps they saw the men were after their land and money.) Anyhow, when compulsion was brought to bear upon these seven females in regard to matrimony, the legend relates that they drowned themselves in the river Rhine. (I have seen women who felt like drowning themselves for having married, but none affected like these Rhinish sisters.) The legend goes on to say that forthwith there came up above the surface of the river seven rocks, into which form the rocky-hearted sisters were transformed. (On reflection, this was not such a change after all. Nevertheless, it was a warning to other females who, since that time, have been more tractable. Think of it! — seven sisters kill themselves rather than get married. Their race is perished!)

In the journey up the Rhine there are occasions when, through the stoppage of the boat a few minutes, or from some features of the landscape being less striking, the passengers take note of each other, and exchange hasty salutations and a few words of pleasant remark. At one of these times I was introduced to a Col. Somebody, whose name I forgot in the multitude of famous people who are out in force this year. This colonel was Lincoln's law partner, and wrote a life of the dead President. He quite enchanted me with scraps of Lincoln's early history, and with the account of the capture and death of Booth, his murderer.

Bingen is reached about half-past seven in the evening. It lies on the west bank of the Rhine, at the foot of lofty vineyard clothed hills. Directly across the river the mountain-side is terraced and vine-clothed down to the water's edge. It is a lovely place, and recalled to me with deeper appreciation the song by Mrs. Norton, of "Sweet Bingen-on-the-Rhine.

After passing Bingen the mountains seemed to become weary with having entertained us so long; and so, with graceful poise of their beautiful forms, they swept off to the right and left for a distance of several miles, and stood looking back at us through their dark blue veils, and over their rounded, sloping shoulders. Thus coquettishly left, we pursued our way between level shorelines that remind me greatly of the Mississippi. Then lights began to twinkle here and there on the river from fishing-boats, and the stars came out overhead, and the trees stretched in spectral lines on the shore, and then the moon rose in cloudless beauty and poured a flood of liquid light on the distant mountains and fields and the broad flood of the river. And then a little while after the lights of the city of Mayence came into view before us, and the beautiful dream-like trip on the Rhine was at an end.

## CHAPTER 15

*Railroad Speed in Europe — Baden — Switzerland —  
Lake Geneva — In the Alps.*

It took nearly a whole day of steady traveling on the cars to get through one of these European States, or Kingdoms, that measures about one hundred miles long and fifteen wide. It required over two days' travel to pass through the borders of three of these Empires, and yet one of them rejoices in the dimensions just given, and another is only half as large. Certainly if their languages were no greater than their lands, I would drop off the cars at one of these stations, master the tongue before lunch, and come on again in the afternoon train. And yet, we see, over two days were consumed in passing through three of these Rhode Islands of Europe.

How does such a thing happen? The reply is that the inhabitants of these countries, not willing that travelers should get over their borders before breakfast, and desirous, at the same time, of impressing the tourist with a sense of vastness as to the land, have adopted several happy expedients, all of which consume time, protract the journey, and give the idea of largeness to the country. One method is to change cars frequently. In the United States you can travel thousands of miles without leaving your seat, but in crossing the wide domains of Hesse, all of twenty-five miles in breadth, three distinct trains received my wearied body. Another method is slow running. Again and again I have been forced to smile at the recollection of remarks made on the superior swiftness of Continental trains. A third method is many stoppages. Sometimes it seemed to me that the sight of a man's hat or the smoke from a chimney was sufficient to make the train blow for a landing, and when it landed, so to speak, what a rushing about over nothing, what clamor and vociferation and tread of feet and protracted staying over an empty depot, or a platform in a country field. The fourth method is seen in the solemn, deliberate, and protracted departure of the train from the station. In America off we go, like a bird on the wing; but in the Empires I speak of you could almost write a preface to a book in the time they take to — let me say — launch a train. First, after a greater and longer stir over a little baggage than you would see in

one of our large central depots, the station-master rings a large bell; a little while after the conductor blows a shrill whistle three times; then the locomotive gives a loud scream; fourth, the station-master rings the bell again; fifth the conductor gives another twitter of his whistle, and as the train starts a railway official near the switch blows a horn. What else happens after that I do not know. Perhaps they keep it up until they hear we have reached the next station. However, it produces solemn feelings in the breast of the traveler, as the deliberate and reluctant send-off is somewhat suggestive of doubts upon the part of the railway officials, as to whether we will ever be heard of again. Anyhow, and above all, the idea of vastness and importance to these Rhenish realms is made to loom up before the mind of the American traveler.

But if they are small, these countries are lovely. The State of Baden lingers as a beautiful picture in the mind. It lies a narrow slip of land between a range of mountains on the east and the river Rhine on the west. Between these two natural borders I traveled for an hundred miles in a plain or valley waving with harvests, sprinkled with orchards and vineyards, and alive with gleaners in their blue smocks, while wagons heaped high with golden grain stood in the fields or were driven along the tree-lined roads to the distant village. The people live in villages and spend the day in the fields. Often I saw the young babies near the roads and under trees while the mother and older children toiled near-by cutting down or binding up the grain. Everybody works in these lands, and no one labors harder than the women. Many a heart-pang did I feel as I saw them, in Scotland, France, Germany, and Switzerland, doing a work that only a man should do. The fields are laid off in strips twenty feet wide and several hundred long. No two lying side by side belong to the same man, although one man may own twenty of them scattered in different parts of the field. This fact gives an endless diversity to the crops and lends a peculiar charm to the field landscapes.

In Switzerland my eye was constantly enchained and delighted. There is something about this land that constantly brings up the thought of Scotland. They certainly touch each other in a number of similar points. The people of both nations are hardy and industrious, they are both liberty-loving people — the William Tell of one answers to the William Wallace of the other; both have beautiful lakes, and both magnificent

mountains. But the mountains of Switzerland surpass those of the other country. The utterance of two names will at once convince, these names being Jura and the Alps.

The houses of Switzerland are unique. They are generally two or three stories in height, while the roof first projects from the sides of the house and then comes down protectingly within a few feet of the ground. It reminds one forcibly of a motherly old hen extending her wings over her brood.

It was in this land I saw one morning a dog hitched to a cart, and doing effective service. This is certainly a redemption of dogs. Think, ye, political economists of America, of the wasted dog-power that lies at your door snapping at fleas, or roaming the streets at night making the hours hideous. This working of dogs will settle more than one problem. It will certainly give rest to the sick and nervous; for if the dogs are put to hard labor in the day they will be too tired to “return in the evening and make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city.”

In this land I also saw a woman geared after a fashion to a hand cart. This I felt was not a redemption of woman. How this hard toil takes out the womanly graces and beauties of the sex! The very structure and form of her body shows that she was never made for war and laborious toil. May the Savior lift up these hard-worked daughters of the continent!

On Friday morning I had my first view of the Alps. The Jura mountains on the right and the Alps far away to the left was a heart-stirring spectacle. An equally fascinating sight awaited me. For several hours the train had been sweeping along, when suddenly it came out of a tunnel and turned sharply to the right, the Lake of Geneva, thirty miles long, six miles wide, and three hundred feet below us, burst on the sight. There it was, looking like a picture, shut in by towering mountains, with cities gleaming in the sunshine on its banks, with its hill-sides covered with vineyards, with its waters as blue as the heavens, and with a single white sail on its bosom.

We ran along the northern bank for thirty miles, drinking in the unsurpassed beauties of this polished mirror of nature, that has for its

frame the lofty Jura Mountains on one side, and the still loftier Alps on the other.

I stopped at Geneva beautiful for its situation on the southern end of the lake, and famous as the dwelling-place of Calvin and Rosseau, and more generally known as the city of watches and music-boxes.

Near the great stone bridge that spans the Rhone in Geneva I had my first view of Mont Blanc — forty miles away. A silvery, wavy line just above the horizon, and coming to a shining peak or summit, was all that I could see of the monarch of mountains. Other mountains are clothed in blue, but Mont Blanc has lifted its head into the regions of eternal snow, and now surveys the kingdoms around through all the seasons and through all the centuries with a crown of glittering crystal and a robe of immaculate white. He never lays aside his crown, or changes the color of his royal garments.

In approaching Italy through the western Alps I was reminded by the locality that through these defiles and over these mountain ranges Hannibal and Napoleon had marched with their armies. I complacently contrasted the different ways of approach to Italy — the hard way they had, in blasting rock, bridging streams, wading snow-drifts, and avoiding avalanches; and the pleasant mode of transportation I enjoyed, seated in a cushioned compartment, with open windows, through which I could observe the scenery as the train sped along.

A little while after these reflections and pleasing conclusions the news reached us by telegram that near Modan an avalanche had fallen, or landslip had taken place, and the road was torn up and washed away for half a mile. So it proved; and at three o'clock in the night we were all disembarked, or rather disentrained, in a wild mountain pass, and, luggage in hand, the passengers took up the line of march along the gorge by the side of a rushing mountain stream. The moon was almost overhead, the Alpine Mountains towered all around us, their summits and sides bathed in light, while their bases were in deep shadow. One lofty peak that shot from our feet far above us, and that had helped to do the work of destruction, looked under the moonbeams, which fell upon it, like a mountain of silver.



As I glanced back at the straggling line of pedestrian travelers I saw that we were not so much unlike Napoleon and Hannibal after all. Our crowd by a stretch of fancy might have stood for one of the advanced lines, if not the skeleton of the army, in full retreat.

I shall not soon forget the night-walk of a mile amid the Alps. The winding and shadowy defile, the torrent leaping down the valley as if it heard the voice of the sea calling it, the snow-topped mountain peaks lifted high in air, and the moon flooding the scene with liquid silver, made a picture so fair that I framed it, and have hung it up on the walls of Memory, there to remain.

We were detained only a few hours, and next morning plunged into the Mt. Cenis tunnel, eight miles long; and then after twenty or thirty miles more of wild and beautiful mountain scenery we entered upon the fairy, sunny, and luxuriant plains of Italy.

## CHAPTER 16

*Arrival at Venice — The Gondola — The Canal — The Streets of Venice — San Marco Square — A Night Scene — The Campanile — St. Mark's Cathedral — The Healing Statue.*

I always desired to approach Venice by sea, and in the evening. I had read in some book, the name of which I have forgotten, of some travelers rowing by gondola to Venice, and, as they approached the bespired and bedomed city near the hour of sunset, there came to them over the waves the sound of distant church bells. Then these words were clinging to me:

*“Tis sweet to hear  
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep.”*

But, instead of evening, I arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning; and instead of the approach to the city by boat, the cars now carry one over the lagoon that separates Venice from the mainland by means of a railroad bridge four or five miles in length.

But this is the only change. The long, black railroad line that goes from Venice to the shore has not the arterial capacity to bring back continental life in sufficient force and quantity to change the city of the Doges. The cars only bring you to the border of the city, where Venice sits, birdlike, upon her one hundred and seventeen islands. The song which I heard as a boy—

*“Beautiful Venice, Beautiful Venice,  
The Bride of the Sea”—  
can be sung as truly now as then.*

In a few minutes I was in a gondola, gliding up the canals to the hotel. The bells were ringing in different directions, and their sound, floating up these channels or water was sweet and musical.

The gondola soon enchains the eye. It is a long, narrow boat, twenty-five feet in length, and three or four in width. The high-peaked prow bears a broad battle-axe, which looks formidable, but is quite harmless. In the

center rises a canopy of white or colored cloth, or a miniature cabin of wood painted black, latticed on either side to exclude the gaze and to receive the air. The stern, which ends sharply like the prow, is decked over from gunwale to gunwale for the distance of four feet. On this little platform the gondolier stands and propels the boat — not by sculling or rowing, but by a method seen nowhere else than in Venice. An oarlock, one foot and a half high, rises from the right gunwale of the boat, and five feet from the stern. The gondolier, with his face to the bow of the boat, rests his oar in the lock, and pushes the handle from him, while, with a dexterous side movement of the paddle, he keeps the boat in line. There is no serpentine track made, but a swift and straight movement. The motion delightful, and the sensation of gliding swiftly and noiselessly past doorways, up canals, down between endless lines of overhanging houses, under arches and bridges, is one delightful from the novelty and reality. The noiselessness is a striking feature in the gondola trip. The boat makes scarce a ripple, and the people in it keep silence. A luxury of stillness and dreaminess falls on the person indulging in the ride. Yonder is a young lady floating by, reading under her white canopy; yonder goes a gentleman smoking; others are silently looking out as they glide past. The only sound is the occasional dip of the oar, or the voice of the gondolier, calling out in warning to one another. Behold me, on this and two other occasions, shaded by a canopy, and resting on soft cushions, gliding up and down the canals of this wonderful city.

One of the great charms of Venice is its deliverance from many city noises. No deafening rattle and roar of cab, and wagon, and heavy dray. Here is a city whose streets are made of water, whose carriages are boats, and whose dust is the rippling waves.

As you go about in the gondola, the first and last impression made upon you is that Venice is a submerged or overflowed city. The feeling, or rather the appearance, is that the water has rushed over the streets to a considerable depth, and everybody is now in boats from sheer necessity. As one goes up and down these canals there is scarcely a sign of the stone pathways and lanes that traverse Venice in every direction. All you see are arched bridges of stone over which you notice people occasionally flitting, coming from unseen depths on one side, and disappearing into unseen depths on the other. Then, again, you see very few people at their

windows and doors. This gives an appearance of forsakenness to the city, and adds another peculiarity that helps to make it unlike all other communities in the world. Let it not be supposed that Venice is sparsely settled. On those house-covered islands swarms a population of one hundred and forty thousand people. Let it not be supposed, again, that Venice has no thoroughfares but her canals. Of these canals she has one hundred and fifty, crossed by as many bridges; and these water avenues go in every direction, with all the windings and twistings of a serpent. But in addition, Venice has a number of lanes (I cannot call them streets) that wind and wander through the city, in a manner equal to the canals. They do not run by the side of the canals, but cross them by the stone-arched bridges. They are paved with stone or asphalt, and are from six to twelve feet wide. Fancy these streets, with houses on each side six stories in height. The least excitement on these liliputian boulevards creates a perfect jam and blockade.

Merceria street is the main boulevard and business thoroughfare. It is twelve feet across, and its course is like a zigzag bolt of lightning in a cloud. But it is a fascinating street for all that. If the pedestrian will look up at the upper-story windows as he perambulates these little thoroughfares he will discover where a good many of the people are.

Venice has, perhaps, some eight or ten squares. They are quite diminutive, not at all attractive, but seemed to be placed here and there through the city in order that the inhabitants may come out occasionally, and turn round, and stretch their arms, and take one good, long breath. The great square of the city, famous and popular, is the San Marco Piazza. This is located in the southeastern corner of Venice; is two hundred yards long and about one hundred wide. The east side is formed by St. Mark's Cathedral and the Palace of the Doges, while the other three sides are shut in by great palatial blocks once occupied by the nobility, but whose arcades are now filled with stores and cafes. Fanned by the breezes of the Adriatic, whose waves roll in thirty or forty yards of the place, and visited four or five evenings in the week by the military band, which plays deep into the night, the San Marco Square is the most popular promenade and resort for the Venetians. In passing through the place on several evenings I was confident five or six thousand people were before me.

One night scene remains as a striking picture in my mind. The square was crowded with thousands. Dark-faced Italian men and black-eyed women of Venice, with bare head, and with mantilla and fan, were standing, sitting, or walking in every direction. Hundreds of people sat at little tables, that were encroaching far upon the square, eating ices and sipping wine. A high wind was blowing in from the sea, clouds were scurrying across the face of the sky; but it seemed only to add an impetus to the scene of life and gayety going on in the piazza. The military band, composed of sixty or seventy instruments, stood in a large circle in the center, playing a piece that for weirdness and melody and minor chord thrillings, I have no descriptive word. The faces of the musicians were almost entirely concealed by the heavy feather plumes that drooped forward, and moved and fluttered in the night wind. The shadowed face was in keeping somehow with the music. It was a strain made up of dirge-notes taken from winter winds, and cries of lost birds, and moans of long waves breaking on barren and uninhabited shores. It finally seemed to me to be a lament over Italy. Poor Italy! Poor priest-ridden, poverty-stricken Italy! Just as it seemed that all hope was gone, the music suddenly changed, and burst forth into new measures, and began to walk up an ascending stairway of joy and triumph. I saw in the strain that spring had succeeded to winter, that somebody had found the birds, and that a whole colony of people had settled on the uninhabited shore. I saw that the long night was over, that the sun was rising, that people had returned from long journeys, and everybody was shaking hands.

As I walked back to my hotel I prayed in my heart that Christ might be the hope of Italy, and that He alone may be the cause of its joy and triumph, if triumph and joy it ever has.

Just in front of St. Mark's Cathedral rises the Campanile, a tower of three hundred and twenty feet high. Napoleon Bonaparte rode on horseback up its peculiar plane-like steps to the top. What a man he was for going up high, and then coming down again! What was true of the King of France in the select poems of Mother Goose, is true of its Emperor as well. Not being an emperor, I ascended the thirty-six inclined planes to the summit of the tower on foot. What a view! The Alps robed in purple in the west. In the north the railroad, like a black cord or cable, ties us to the European shore, to keep us from floating away. To the south swells the Adriatic Sea,

over which the fleets of antiquity sailed, where Caesar came near drowning, and over which Paul was taken as a prisoner. To the east the Adriatic still. And Venice is at our feet. Yonder winds the Grand Canal, like an inverted letter S, through the city, dividing it in two parts. Midway its extent springs the white arch of the Rialto, a bridge made out of a single block of marble. The surface of the canal is covered with gondolas moving swiftly in every direction.

As we notice the city, at a distance of five miles from the land, rising up, Venus-like, from the sea, we begin to see how impregnable it used to be in the Middle Ages from its situation, while its fleets swept, eagle-like, and like mother-birds around it in defense.

We paid a visit to St. Mark's Cathedral. Poets and sculptors and painters and imitative Americans rave over the beauty of the building. It is, beyond question, lovely. Ruskin, in his *Stones of Venice*, may be consulted by the curious. The floor of the cathedral was thrown into undulations by an earthquake years ago. The solemn handwriting of God is allowed to remain. The church custodians claim to have under the altar the body of St. Mark. As they are certain about it, I did not investigate. In a corner of the church is a small black statue of the evangelist. I saw four men rub their hands over it, and then rub their bodies in various places. Each man had his afflicted spot. As they did this they dropped a copper coin into a box near the statue, in payment of the homeopathic cure. The fourth man rubbed the statue vigorously, and then as earnestly rubbed a portion of his body just beneath his chest, which convinced me that his misery was altogether abdominal. He next felt in his pocket for his centime, and behold! the penny was not there. He looked dismayed and a trifle foolish, and then slowly departed. Here comes up some interesting questions. Would the tutelary saint heal on credit? Would the statue part with its healing gratuitously, considering the circumstances? Or did the statue let out its pain-easing power, ignorant of the fact of the man's impecuniosity? If we could have followed that man and found out how his pains were, doubtless these solemn and important mysteries might have been explained.

## CHAPTER 17

*Venice — The Shops — Palaces — Worship with the Waldensians — The Doges — Nuptials of the Sea — Venetian Power — Lions Mouth — Bridge of Sighs — The Prison.*

The shops and stores of Venice are quite small, many of them being about twelve by fifteen feet. The storekeepers have struck upon the happy expedient of lining the walls with mirrors which, while brilliantly reflecting the light, also create the delusion that the room is double its actual size. Yet even with this fanciful enlargement the whole affair looks very much like playing at storekeeping to the American eye. That is until you come to settle your bills with them, and then you find there has been no playing in the matter.

The ancient palaces of nobility abound. What with the action of the water at the base and the effect of the centuries on the walls, the observer is not much impressed with their magnificence. When we stand within, however, and glance at the painted and sculptured ceiling, the niches for statuary, and the mosaic floors, something of the old-time grandeur is realized.

Before these palaces on the Grand Canal stand a row of colored posts, placed in the water, and only a few feet from the main door. The rank of the inmates is declared by the color and peculiar striping of the post. The recollection came at once to me of the streaked and striped barbell poles that abound in the United States. Who can tell but our first tonsorial artists were expatriated noblemen of Venice!

Many of the palaces have passed into the hands of tradesmen and hotel-keepers. It is, I doubt not, very soothing to the democratic spirit of the commoners of America and England to sit, eat and sleep in these patrician halls, and moralize about the decay and fall of aristocracies, oligarchies and monarchies.

On Sabbath evening I worshiped with the only Waldensian Congregation in the city. They met in a large upper room of one of the ancient palaces. The audience numbered about thirty, and there was a remarkable absence of unction. It was hard to realize that these people were the religious

descendants of the church that in the dark ages withstood Paganism, Romanism, and all other isms of evil in the world. Both, the congregation and the palace in which they assembled, have lost their ancient glory. Time was when the Waldensians had no roof over their heads and lived in the mountains and fields, and great was their spiritual glory and power; but today I find them ensconced in a palace and their glory and power are gone. Few churches can stand being comfortably housed, and none can flourish in a palace. The cloud of Israel that once rested on the Waldensians has moved on and is settling today on a people working for God in the streets and the fields. It is wonderful to see what the church of God can do for the world's salvation so long as it is turned out of doors. For instance the Apostolic Church on the high roads and the high seas; the Waldensians and the Albigenians in the mountains; Methodism in the mines of Cornwall and fields of England; and the Salvation Army in the streets of our great cities. Put the church in cathedrals and palaces, and at once and invariably she loses her power.

It was on the same evening when searching for the Waldensians that as I was approaching one of the diminutive openings, called squares or piazzas in Venice, that my attention was attracted by the terrific bawling of a fruit-vender; such vociferations I never in any circumstances heard surpassed. Judging from his cries one would have supposed that he had a ship-load of fruit and vegetables; but when I drew near I discovered to my amusement that on a little table before him he had a single watermelon cut up into a dozen longitudinal slices. This was his stock; and all that tremendous fuss and noise was about and over this. Other vendors around had more goods than himself, but he swept beyond them all in stentorian yells! I thought of a certain preacher in a certain preacher's meeting, who on every Monday morning boasted so much of his large prayer-meeting, that my heart in listening to him fairly sank with discouragement. It was true that I had a large prayermeeting, but this brother bawled so much, and hallooed so loud over his watermelon that I went down one night to see it, and also to learn the brother's methods by which he attracted such a crowd. To my amazement I discovered that his meeting was not as large as my own.

Some people are given to bawling. Some people are given to bawling over a very little.



I have known certain individuals in my life to halloo louder over a few slices of watermelon, so to speak, than others did over an entire watermelon patch!

When a boy I used to pronounce the word Doge of Venice, the dog of Venice. The impression then in the mind was that the august head of the commonwealth flourished under a title thus spelt and pronounced. After coming to years of manhood, and finally visiting the City of the Sea, I discovered that I was not far wrong. More than one Doge could have had the last letter very properly omitted from his official name, and been well described in that portion of the word which remained. As the civil, military, and ecclesiastical head of the State, and given at one time unlimited power, the Doge was not slow to take advantage of the position, and so swept on with a high hand until there came the inevitable uprising of an opposing sentiment, and he was suddenly curbed and restricted and finally made a mere figurehead, as has been done before, and will be done again, to all tyrants and oppressors.

Much has been sung and written about the nuptials of Venice to the Sea. It was a wonderful scene made up of a sunlit sea, sweeping fleets, fluttering pennons, imposing ceremonies, and the Doge in gorgeous robes casting the begemmed and flashing ring into the Adriatic. Much needless pain has been felt by the economic heart at this annual loss of a valuable gem. The fact was, as I am informed, that the same ring was cast every year into the sea. A fine net placed skillfully at the stern of the vessel under the waves, received the glittering treasure when it was flung down so freely, and held it safely for its owners. After the deluded public had disappeared the gem was slipped from the aqueous finger of the Adriatic, stolen in a word from the maritime spouse, and kept for a similar annual occasion. This is not the first or last thing of the kind beheld in the world.

As one ponders the pages of history he is convinced that no one can be trusted with unlimited power. We rail at the tyranny of kings, but it has gone to record that when the people have the dangerous possession of absolute supremacy, they do just the same. Power is so intoxicating in its nature so self-exalting, man depreciating, and reason-dethroning that few or none can possess it and be just, and remain unchanged. It has been tried with kings and parliaments; with nations and cities; with triumvirates,

decemvirates, and councils of one hundred, three hundred and five hundred; with one person and the whole people; with laymen and preachers; with the State and the Church; with senators of Rome, warriors of Sparta, nobility of France, commoners of England, and merchants of Venice — but the result is always the same. Unlimited power granted for a lifetime upsets poor, weak man and makes him arbitrary, unjust, oppressive and cruel. Evidently the movement of God in Providence is to take this most dangerous trust, called power, and so divide it between the nations and parties and classes that the people may walk unimpeded by chains and fetters, and that the world may retire at night to sleep soundly and rest undisturbed.

The Venetian government was as great a despotism as any that has afflicted the race of man. The fact that the rulers were merchant noblemen did not make their dynasty less dreadful. Human nature is the same in all ages and countries.

As an evidence of the fearful power in Venice and the dread in which it was held, it is related that a man received the following laconic missive: “The climate of Venice is unhealthy for you.” At once the man fled from the city for his life without stopping to carry with him a single article of property or to say farewell to a soul. He knew that life-time imprisonment or death was under this sententious line.

But besides this there are unmistakable evidences of the old-time power and tyranny. One is the “Lion’s Mouth.” This is now simply a slit in the wall, five or six inches in width and one in depth. A written communication dropped into this slit fell into the chamber of the “Council of Three.” If the letter contained charges against any one in Venice, the result would be the immediate disappearance of that citizen from the walks of life. The fact that the written suspicion or charge was not signed did not take from it its potency. Surely this room would be like heaven; and the slit in the wall like the doorway to heaven, to that class of writers who love to sign themselves anonymously and whose joy it is to thus invisibly afflict their fellow creatures. Another evidence of the ancient tyranny is seen in the Bridge of Sighs. It is today the most pathetic of structures to the eye. The Bastille of Paris or the Tower of London do not affect you as powerfully. The very name is repeated with a sigh. The step

comes to a halt upon the summit of the covered arched way, while reveries of most melancholy nature steal over the mind.

Still another sign of the past is the prison at the farther end of the Bridge of Sighs. The cells of midnight blackness, once seen, can never be forgotten. In a narrow passage I was shown the spot where the prisoners of state were beheaded. The stone block which received the victim's head, and the groove in the wall for the descending blade are still there. A small door near by opens just over one of the lagunes.

What sorrowful and blood-curdling scenes have taken place in this little passage! I could see again the masked executioner, the silent guard, and the presiding official. I could see the flickering lights, and ghastly moisture on the walls, and the pallid prisoner as he stood helpless before the instrument of death. Let him scream aloud if he will, no one could possibly hear him through the thick walls that shut him in. It is not known in Venice what has become of him — it may be that he is forgotten. In five minutes more the decapitated body will be stowed into a sack, thrust through the little door in the wall, dropped into a waiting boat on the canal, and rowed out to sea and sunk with weights to the bottom.

And so they sleep by thousands in the depths of the blue Adriatic, and the secret of the crime and death sleeps with them. Oftentimes they stir uneasily, as if they would arise and come back to the streets of Venice and proclaim aloud to the world the false accusation, the kidnapping, the long, unjust imprisonment, and the awful, solitary death. The limb moves, the hand is lifted as if the sleeper was arousing himself, but it was only the movement of a wandering wave, and so the skeleton lies down again amid the sand and shells and coral of the ocean floor. There is but one who can awaken them, and when they hear His voice in the morning of the Last Day they will come forth, and with them volumes of unwritten history. Nothing shall be hidden that day; the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, men shall be rewarded according to their deeds, and these sleepers in the sea shall obtain justice at last, and find mercy, perhaps, for the first time.

## CHAPTER 18

*Rome — The Colosseum — The Forum — Palaces of the Caesars — The Appian Way — The Tomb — Ecclesiastical Rome — A Night-Visit to the Colosseum.*

It was nearly 11 o'clock at night when our train began to enter upon the Campagna that engirdles the city of Rome. A stoppage of a moment enabled me to raise the window and look out on the night. A lofty hill rose up in the dim distance the sky studded with quiet stars seemed to touch its summit. The barking of a dog from the distant hillside just reached my ears. Somehow the sight and sound struck in on the mind harmoniously with the occasion. In another moment the train was rushing through the darkness and barrenness of the Campagna. I remembered that this malarial and comparatively forsaken plain was once densely populated. Where once buildings and waving harvests were seen in every direction, today ruins, the remains of a vast aqueduct system and tombs, meet the eye. How can one account for its forsakenness, and this disease that now so broods upon it that the shepherds at the approach of summer hastily gather their herds and retire to the mountains? How much is owing to the neglect of man, how much to the scourge of God? As I leaned my head near the window listening to the rush of the wind, I peopled the plain with the armies of Hannibal and Caesar and Charlemagne, and Attila with his horde of Northern savages. It was their legions in rapid advance or tumultuous retreat that I heard in the air. It was their trampling, the beating of millions of feet that hardened the plain; it was their pitilessness which had brought the judgment of a rocky and blistered land to a country once fertile and beautiful.

So I mused on as the train sped like a thing of life through the darkness.

In a little while we saw in the distance the light of Rome reflected in the sky, and shortly afterward paused in the heart of the seven-hilled city.

It is something of an experience to pass the first night in a city where the Caesars ruled; where Paul lived two years; from which has proceeded the most monstrous system of religious error; and about which the Lord Jesus

said so much in the book of Revelation. Very naturally I read for my night and morning lessons the Epistle to the Philippians, and the second one to Timothy, both written from Rome.

Some one divides the city into three parts, viz., ecclesiastical, modern and ancient Rome. The Vatican and first, in the form of St. Peter's, the Vatican and its dependencies, lies on the west bank of the Tiber. Ancient Rome, by which we mean the Pantheon, Roman Forum, Palaces of the Caesars, the Colosseum, and other ruins, is on the eastern shore. Modern Rome is between the two, and has beside gone eastward of the ancient city, so that the ruins today stand encompassed by the modern buildings of the capital of Italy. Coming upon these ruins suddenly at the turn of a street, or built partially into a modern dwelling, they strike the eye and memory with the force of a blow. Neither do they look in keeping with the nineteenth century surroundings. A feeling of sadness comes over one whenever they are seen. An octogenarian in the midst of a merry band of children; an Indian warrior standing on the streets of Washington; a visitant from another world speaking an unknown language, and looking into our homes; all these are but steps by which you mount up to a faint realization of the impression produced upon the mind by these gray, moldering arches, walls, and pillars built two thousand years ago, as they are encountered in the neighborhood of streets and squares that are imitating the brightness and flashy splendor of the boulevards of Paris. It is like having a skeleton lay his hand upon your arm, or look with cavernous eyes upon you. It is a most forcible reminder of the change and decay and ruin that time is certain to bring. If Rome in its massiveness went down, what is to become of the cockleshell cities of today.

My first visit was to the Colosseum. So deeply was I interested that I paid three visits to this world-famous structure. It is the acknowledged largest ruin in the world, and yet it was not that fact that flung such a spell over me. It is difficult by any array of figures to convey to the reader the proper conception of the magnitude and sublimity of this building. After saying that it is elliptical in shape, over six hundred feet in length, five hundred in width, and one hundred and fifty-six in height, one still cannot by a mental process do the great amphitheater justice. But when you stand in the center of the arena and look up, counting five galleries as the eye ascends, one rising above the other with scores of rows of seats, all

ascending in an unbroken line to the edge of the topmost wall, and accommodating ninety-three thousand people — then the size colossal breaks upon you! It is well called the Colosseum.

The arena in which the gladiators fought, and in which thousands of Christians were killed by sword and wild beast, is nearly one hundred yards long and sixty wide. The wall that surrounded it, from the top of which the seats of the spectators began, is about twenty-five feet in height. As I stood there I conjured up the scenes of agony that had transpired there for centuries. I thought of the crushing sense of loneliness and helplessness that swept down upon the heart of the doomed Christian when led into this arena to die. He heard the dull roar of lion or tiger behind yonder iron-barred cell; in another moment he saw the animal leaping toward him; he glanced up and saw one hundred thousand faces looking down upon him, and their countenances were harder and more pitiless than the face of the animal rushing upon him. One moment to look upward, one cry to the Christ who was also murdered, and then the tearing of flesh, the cracking of bone, the swimming of the vast audience before the dying eyes, and then a mutilated, unconscious body upon the sand, with white face upturned to the sky. This is only the beginning. New victims are brought in singly, in groups, and as families. The spectacle must last for hours and when the odor of shed blood becomes offensive to the royal and patrician smell, then fountains of perfumery cast their jets high in the air. There beneath us is left the remains of the ingenious piece of mechanism. What kind of people were these Romans! On the right hand close to the arena is the place where the Emperor sat; just opposite to him were ranged the vestal virgins; in the topmost gallery sat the people. And yet when the gladiator looked to see if he should spare the man at his feet, the emperor and the people and the vestal virgins would unitedly give the signal to kill! High and low, church and world, agreeing on murder.

Again and again, as I have journeyed over this land of Italy, I have asked myself the question, What is the cause of these naked fields, these half-cultivated lands, these mountains scraped bare, this pauperism and ignorance and error that abounds? Why is it that Italy, in many respects, does not measure up to her sister kingdoms? Standing in the Colosseum, part of the answer came to me. He who has not yet finished paying the Jew for what he did to his Son, is still settling an awful account against

this land for the precious Christian blood that was shed on this spot before me for three hundred years! Verily Rome, whether pagan or Catholic, is, as God says about it, “drunk with the blood of the martyrs.”

My next visit was to the Roman Forum. This famous spot is being brought more and more to light. The place where Caesar walked, and Cicero delivered his masterly orations; where the voice of Cato was heard, saying Carthage must be destroyed; and where Mark Antony made the great, and for all I know the only speech of his life, was covered up all through the Middle Ages with the rubbish that had accumulated for centuries. The ancient pavement lay forty feet beneath the present city level. A few columns protruding through the ground located the place. In this century the work of excavation began, and the result is now before the traveler, in a deep trench an hundred yards wide and two or three hundred long, which has brought to light arches of temples, bases of columns, foundations of palaces and basilicas, and a quantity of statuary. It certainly stirs the blood of the professional speaker to see the remains of the rostrum where Cicero stood and swept his audience before him, and where the mighty questions of the world at that day were debated and settled. Who also would not look most earnestly at a point just opposite, where Antony (or Shakespeare) made that celebrated speech over the dead body of Caesar? On the spot where the body was burned, afterward a temple to Julius Caesar was erected. The foundations now seen in a half-dozen hillocks, is all that is left of the edifice. Very near to the latter-named building are the ruins of the Temple of Vesta. In the floor is the spot where the perpetual fire was kept burning. It was all out when I saw it, and the virgins and their successors gone. They that turn the thumb downward, crying out “Habet” to the gladiatorial executioner, must pass away, and their fires be put out in darkness.

The palaces of the Caesars profoundly interested me. They both encircle and crown the Palatine Hill. This hill, one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Tiber, is loftier and broader than I had imagined. The palaces, or rather ruins of the palaces, of Caligula, Tiberius, and Augustus, are built closely against the northern side of the hill, and may have projected above the summit. The Palatine was thus inlaid or fronted with marble palaces. On the top, which is several hundred yards in diameter, I find gardens, ruins, and broken statuary. On the eastern edge of the summit is the palace

of Julius Caesar, which evidently was one of the costliest and handsomest of all. I walked through his dining hall, music-hall, and Nymphaeum, and moralized to the extent of a volume. He certainly felt the Capuan touch of wealth. The poor and hardy young warrior fought valiantly in the midst of a thousand fierce-eyed Gauls, but after luxuriating in Egypt and on the Palatine, a flabbiness came to the muscle, a weakness to the nerve, and he went down almost without a struggle deserving of the name before the wild, excited blows of a few Roman civilians.

Coming to the northern edge of the Palatine and looking northeast a quarter of a mile we see the tower of the Golden House of Nero, where he surveyed his burning capital to the sound of his violin. The tower is left, but the fiddle and the fiddler are gone. Directly north of where we stand, and only four hundred yards away, is the Capitoline Hill, famous for the Senate House of ancient Rome. Just at our feet, and lying between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, is the Roman Forum.

In the afternoon I drove out on the Appian Way, through the gate and beyond the old walls of Rome. The remains of that famous road are plainly to be seen. The interest born in my heart for this ancient national thoroughfare arose from a single verse in the scripture, in which we are informed that Paul came along this road as a prisoner to Rome. One or two miles from the city, where the driver turned into a little inn hard by to water and rest his horse, I strolled down the road, and seating myself on one of the old Appian blocks of stone, read the latter part of the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts. I could see the gate and wall distinctly, and the Appian Way leading in a direct course toward them and disappearing in the city; and then imagination caused Paul and his companions and guard to pass by me. That he had been discouraged I know from the fact that when a few Roman brethren met him farther away down the road, it is said, "he thanked God and took courage." That he was resolute appears in one of his letters: "I must see Rome also." From this very point I doubt not his eyes saw the gate and distant city. What must have been his thoughts, and what a spectacle to heaven and earth and hell he presented. I see him nearing the city, and now he is at the gate, it opens, he passes in and is lost to view. One man gone to confront a million men! What cannot and will not a man do who loves Christ as Paul did, and which is full of the Holy Ghost? Many great men had gone through that gate — Caesar,



Pompey, Marius, Sylla, Antony, and Octavius — and yet never before or since has a greater man passed through that archway than a man named Paul, who, in the year (33, entered footsore and weary, unknown and a prisoner into the city that was then the recognized ruler of the world. There was no revolution. Take courage, my brother. He did not win Caesar, but he gained Caesar's household. He did all, and accomplished what God desired him to do. "My bonds are manifest in the palace and in all other places." Who can tell how much is behind these words? Anyhow, he wrote to Timothy that he had "finished his course."

Modern Rome failed to impress me agreeably. It is a feeble imitation of Paris. The sight really jarred upon me as does the spectacle of a jocular preacher, or an aged person indulging in the pranks of a child. The minister should always be the recognized man of God; let a sweet dignity clothe the old; and let Rome be marked by solidity and grandeur of structure rather than by flashiness of shop. The long centuries and the grand events back of her seem to demand this.

As a specimen of the mixing up of the ages, the conglomeration of architecture and the triumph of the new over the old, I saw one day a modern house perched on the top of a tomb built long before the dark ages. The mausoleum in this instance was a massive wall, circular in shape, and twenty or thirty feet in height. The nineteenth century contribution to its top by no means added to the appearance of the sepulchre, but suffered itself by a damaging contrast. The foundation was grander than the superstructure. So great and strong are these sepulchres that more than once they have been used for military purposes. The Castle of Angelo is well known to be the tomb of one of the kings, transformed into a fortress.

Of course I visited St. Peter's. Fortunately I was not overwhelmed with awe, nor struck dumb with astonishment. The view from the dome of the ancient city at my feet, the yellow Tiber flowing past, and the blue Mediterranean in the distance were scenes far more congenial to my feelings.

The Vatican, the palace of the Pope, has something over eleven thousand rooms; and yet the prelate is not happy. He seems to want more space. He claims to be the Vicar of Christ on earth. What a startling difference between the two is suggested by the sight of the Vatican. The one said

long ago: “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.” The man who claims to be His representative in the world has a palace that is a vast fortune in itself, whose long halls are filled with statuary, whose walls are lined with paintings, whose rooms cannot be counted, and whose doors are carefully guarded day and night by gorgeously uniformed companies of soldiers.

I saw a cardinal richly robed and in his carriage with liveried coachman and footman on his way to call on the Pope. Again by very contrast I saw the Man of Galilee on foot amid the hills of Judea and traversing the long, hot roads of Samaria.

I have no heart to write of the things seen and heard in Ecclesiastical Rome. This is the grand gathering place of relics and traditions. Bones and falsehoods abound. This is one place where the ear gets heartily weaned of hearing the word saint. The dead saints are here in force. They line the galleries, look down on you from the top of buildings, stare at you out of canvass, and pose rigidly before you in marble. They settle like a cloud between the mind and heaven. They come as a veil between the soul and Christ. Intended by Catholic invention to be an assistance, they have burdened the religious soul unnecessarily, and robbed Christ of His glory as Mediator and Intercessor. Many of them died in profound ignorance that they were saints. Are not acquainted with the fact yet, and, what is more, will never find it out.

The impression that the traveler gathers from statue, painting, book, and lip, and carries away with him from churchly Rome is that St. Peter is undoubtedly the greatest being in heaven and eternity. It is no extravagant speech to say that the Son of God Himself is overshadowed in Rome by him. From the statue whose foot is being worn away by repeated kissings, to the vast building that bears his name and from the many paintings where the figure of the apostle is central and commanding, to the glances and prayers that are being constantly directed to him the fact is painfully manifest that Peter is again thrust in between the Savior and His divine work and glory.

No one can look at the paintings that contain the figures of our Lord and Peter without seeing to what great advantage the apostle is made to appear. The glorious manhood of the Lord Jesus never appears, but he is

invariably drawn with drooping figure and lifeless or melancholy face while Peter stands out from every work of art an embodiment of manliness, courage, and noble triumph. Even in the famous picture of "The Judgment," by Angelo, and where you would expect the Savior to be the most prominent figure, behold! St. Peter is there again the main man and actually seems to be directing and controlling the tremendous events of the day.

What a holy sorrow would fill him in heaven, if he knew of these Romish follies committed in his name. The real Peter who in humility was crucified head downward, by his own request, would be the first to protest against this unmerited, anti-scriptural, and sinful exaltation of himself in the church.

At 9 o'clock at night, while reading and meditating in my room, a great desire to visit the Colosseum by night came over me, Taking a cab, I drove to the ruin, and leaving the vehicle and driver on the road, I entered the dark and shadowy building alone and walked to the center of the arena. I had not the moonlight to illumine and glorify the place, but the somber night to deepen its solemnity. The sky was studded with stars. One beautiful planet hung tremblingly upon the broken edge of the southern wall. At one moment the place would be as silent as the grave; in the next it would be alive with echoes. The Colosseum sits alone in a valley between the Esqueline and Coelian Hills, and the sounds from distant streets of horses' hoof and human voice came through the many openings of the walls and produced a hundred rattling echoes among the walls around and in the vaults below. It would have seemed to the superstitious that the multitudes who had gathered here in the past centuries were assembling once more. Again I conjured up the scenes of the dark past; again I saw the hundred thousand faces looking down into the arena; I saw the helpless Christian victim; I saw and heard the spring and roar of the wild beast; I saw the waving sword of the gladiator about to be sheathed in the heart of a dying saint; and then those sudden echoes that filled the building! was it the voices of an invisible audience in the seats above me in the dark, crying out "Habet!"

I left the building with a great awe upon me, and with a realization of those days of trial and horror to the church, that I never could have had from any amount of reading in my quiet study in New Orleans.

I returned to the hotel by way of the Forum. I looked across the empty place toward the palaces of the Caesars that skirt the edge of the Palatine Hill in that direction. A dozen street lamps have been stationed at regular distances around the side of this hill in front of the ruins. For what purpose I do not know, for that part of the city is completely deserted. But the shining of these lamps upon and through the doors and broken walls of the palatial ruins produced the strangest effect. It seemed as if the palaces were full of light; as if their old-time masters had returned and were holding high revel in their courts, after an absence of two thousand years. And so, like Nehemiah, "I went up in the night and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned; and the rulers knew not whither I went or what I did."

## CHAPTER 19

*Naples — Its Beauty — Its Social Extremes — The Elevation of  
Snap Beans — The Naples Donkey*

There is a saying to this effect: “See Naples, and then die.” I have seen the city, and I have no intention of departing this life. The meaning of the proverb or saying, is, that after you look on Naples you have beheld the loveliest city and the most charming combination of sky, sea, and shore on earth, and that now you might afford to cease to live. You could die saying that nothing so beautiful is anywhere else to be beheld.

This city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, sitting on an amphitheater of hills, and coming down by steps of terraced gardens and streets, to touch the blue, semi-circular bay at its feet, is a beautiful spectacle. Nor is this all. The city wears a diadem of stone on her forehead, called the Castle of St. Elmo. On its right cheek is a dimple called the Island of Ischia, and on its left cheek another dimple named the Island of Capri. At night she throws a cluster of brilliants on her neck, and the Mediterranean Sea forgets to storm in looking far off upon her beauty, while the mighty Vesuvius, as a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, calls the attention of the nations to her as they pass by in distant ships, saying: “Behold the beautiful city of Naples!”

I arrived at midnight, but, before retiring, stepped upon the balcony in front of my room to feast my eyes with a night view. The hotel at which I stopped stood on the highest street, and so, from my position, I overlooked the city below and the quiet bay. Glancing to the left, I saw what I desired. Vesuvius was there, lifting up his tall form, with a dark, feathery plume blown back from his head, while he fastened one eye upon Naples. “I am here,” he seemed to say. “You towns at my feet are asleep: but I am not asleep. My eye is upon you all.” Is it not wonderful that the towns and cities can sleep, while that red, angry eye is looking down the mountainside upon them?

The expression, “A palace and a prison on each hand,” is the statement of a fact not peculiar to Venice, but seen everywhere. In no place have I seen

wider extremes than in Naples. The west end of the street that skirts the bay has the gardens and drives, where the wealthy congregate; and the east end of the same avenue will show you multitudes of barefooted men and women toiling laboriously and painfully for a scanty living. I looked into the streets where they live, and for darkness and narrowness I have never seen them surpassed. Men, women, children, donkeys, baskets, and I know not what, are crowded away and back in these cracks of walls, which they compliment and dignify by the name of streets. The people are scantily and meanly clothed, the men are burned brown; the women have turned yellow, and the children beg vociferously and pertinaciously.

Such a sight as I saw one morning at an early hour I can never forget. Troops upon troops of people flocking into Naples from neighboring villages and the country with their fruits and vegetables, or coming to work in factories or workshops. How poor they looked! What a hard, bitter struggle life seemed to them! My heart ached as I looked at them packing their loads, pushing their carts, and driving their overburdened donkeys along.

In the various cities in which I stop, I put the question: What is being done to save the people and bring them to Christ? I investigated the matter in Liverpool, London and Paris, in Venice and Naples. In some places I find a great deal is being done; in others, next to nothing. And I also find, from what my eyes see, that there is work for ten thousand more missionaries than we have in the field. About twenty or thirty Italians I found at religious service in the Wesleyan Chapel on Sunday morning. How long will it require to take Naples at this rate?

Dropping into a Catholic Church of moderate size to see if any of the people were there, I found it filled with the hard-working class of the narrow streets, and all staring for dear life at the altar. It is remarkable how Catholics stare at the chancel. It is all the more surprising when we remember there is only a bowing man there, and a little boy ringing a bell. They have seen the performance a thousand times, and yet, with hungry look, they still gaze. How I trust that out of the pulpit jargon and altar genuflections they, through God's mercy, will get something for the soul.

One of the institutions of Naples is the donkey. He abounds here, but cannot be said to flourish. Many of the poor people own one, and it is

amazing to see what they put on that poor, diminutive animal to bear, or hitch to him to draw. I have seen a family of five or six sitting up on a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a donkey that looked little larger than a Newfoundland dog. And at other times I have seen him so covered up by huge panniers, filled with fruits and vegetables and other merchandise, that you could see nothing but his ears and tail. A crowning indignity done this long-suffering animal is that his owner generally grasps him by the tail. I watched to see the reason, and soon discovered that the peasant used it as a kind of rudder, with which to steer the living craft. Almost any hour you can hear them lifting up their voices on the streets; and when a Naples donkey lifts up his voice in real earnest, then let Vesuvius look to its honors as a thunderer. If Mt. Vesuvius should burst forth into an eruption, and one of these Naples donkeys should bray at the same time — well, let us not think of such a catastrophe!

These Italian people who move on hotel planes are great for long dinings. To please them possibly, the courses are multiplied until the consumption of time in such a way becomes a positive affliction as well as a sin. Moreover, their courses amount to very little. There are never more than two dishes to a course, and oftentimes not more than one. So a hotel dining is really, after all, nothing but a few dishes strung out for more than an hour, the clatter of many clean plates, the whisk of napkins, the running of waiters, and a bunch of toothpicks.

The other day, while at the dinner-table, a silver-covered dish was brought to me containing one of the courses. On removing the cover my eyes fell upon a double handful of snap-beans! Not so much as a piece of meat to rest their heads upon, or under which to coil their long, lean limbs.

Now, suppose the reader had known in early life a poor, obscure, ordinary youth, and in traveling, should suddenly find him in the company of the nobility passing himself off for some great one. The feeling would be one of surprise and amazement on addressing him, or even beholding him. Thus was it I looked on the snap beans. I mentally ejaculated, Why, Snap Beans, I know you! I know how you are regarded in America, and your social standing there. You know that very few of the high-born care for you, and that your true place there is on a tin plate in the kitchen with the servants. And yet here I find you here lying on a silver dish and passing

yourself off as somebody. Why, Snap Beans, thou friend and acquaintance of my boyhood, how did you get here, and how did you manage to fool these European people?”

Snap beans as a course for dinner! Whenever people begin to live for the stomach they at once go into all kinds of absurdities. There are follies and ridiculousities of table manners and bill of fare. In the dethroning of Reason and Conscience, and the enthroning of the Stomach, we may look for absurdities. The brain that is left is racked for table novelties and culinary inventions. The result is often such as to excite the whole family of risible muscles.

Then I have noticed that when a people swing like a pendulum between the two thoughts, what new things shall we eat, and how much shall we eat; when they spend much precious money, and much still more precious time, in feasting, and in a general deifying of the stomach, such people are getting at a place where God knocks them down with His providences and tears them to pieces with His judgments. The Bible says it is so, and History confirms the saying.



## CHAPTER 20

*Pompeii — Its Temples — Public Buildings — Dwellings — The Street of Tombs — The Meditative Statue — The House of Diomede — The Ascent of Mount Vesuvius.*

Of course, I visited Pompeii. Let us get our local bearings. Mt. Vesuvius is ten miles east of Naples, and Pompeii is five miles southeast of Mt. Vesuvius. They are all nearly in line, and all three are on or near the Bay of Naples. Taking an early morning train, I ran along the shore of the bay, reaching the station in less than an hour.

One hundred yards from the station is the Sea Gate of the city of Pompeii. It was through this gate that thousands rushed in the direction of the Bay of Naples, which is, perhaps, not over a half-mile away. I pause a moment at the gate to say that Pompeii, at the time of its destruction was no mean city in size, wealth, and importance. Its population at the time was about thirty thousand. It had a large trade by sea, was surrounded by a most fertile country, and was the abode of wealthy people, and even visited by royalty. It had been almost destroyed in A. D. 63 by an earthquake, but had recovered from this disaster, and the city was more richly and beautifully built than ever, when in the year 79 it was overwhelmed by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. There was first a fall of hot, suffocating ashes to the depth of three feet, and then a prolonged pouring of rapilli, or red-hot pumice-stones, on the doomed place to the depth of seven feet; then more ashes, and then more stones, until the city was covered. Two thousand people were destroyed.

The city of Pompeii is one mile long and a half-mile wide. It was surrounded by a considerable wall, and had about eight gates. Not quite half of the city has been as yet exhumed. What we see of it shows a town most compactly built, having a large population, and abounding in wealth and luxury.

At the entrance of the Sea Gate is one of the ancient buildings now turned into a museum. Many curious things pertaining to the buried city are here exhibited. In glass cases are the figures of a number of men and women

whose bodies were discovered in various places in Pompeii, and preserved by a method familiar to the reader. With one exception, their petrified positions and attitudes show horror of mind and agony of body. The one exception is that apparently of a middle-aged man. The features and lines of the face are very plain, and show unmistakable calmness. His head rests on his left arm, and he seems to have accepted his fate and laid down to die. The body of a dog is a picture of physical agony. His legs are thrown upward and bent; his head twisted under his body, as if biting at the fire that was consuming him. His skeleton was found tied to the door of a man named Orpheus. How the howls of that confined dog pierced the ash-laden atmosphere, and added another sound of mournfulness and terror to the already overburdened and horror-stricken night. Just beyond is the body of a young woman who has fallen upon her face, apparently to hide from her eyes the dreadful sights of the hour.

Pursuing my walk up one of the streets, I came to the southwest corner of the town where laborers are engaged in the work of excavating. It was there I saw distinctly the different stratas of destruction that fell on the town as they appeared in the banks upon which the spades of the workmen were employed.

There are a number of public buildings that were not only large, but elegant and beautiful. The Basilica, or Temple of Justice, has a breadth and massiveness, even in its ruins, that deeply impresses the beholder. The Forum is worthy of the name. The size of the marble columns, the paved court, the life-size statuary, now deposited in the museum at Naples, show what this place and other similar public places were and of what architectural excellence and artistic taste these people were possessed, while the inhabitants of Great Britain were wearing the skins of beasts, dwelling in huts, and worshipping in a rude way in the center of twelve upright stones.

The public baths are similar to those of today. There are hot and cold waterpipes, marble bath tubs, marble fountains, steaming-room, and sitting-room, while wine shops and restaurants are just across the street. You find wine shops at almost every corner. They are easily recognized by a front stone counter, in which still stand large jars and receptacles for

the wine. Ashes, to the depth of five or six inches, now lie in the bottom instead of the lees of the liquor.

The Temples of Venus, Jupiter, and Mercury, are all impressive by their size and remains of former beauty. The Temple of Isis is here with the rest. On this altar was found a sacrifice just deposited, when the sound of doom put an end to the service.

The houses of wealthy men abound. I saw no homes of the poor. As I went through a number of these reputed abodes of the rich and noble, and saw the remains of marble fountains, the mosaic pavements, the walls richly colored or covered with paintings, the marble pillars and the small but beautiful rooms opening on the inner court, in whose center an ornamented fountain played, I saw there was no mistake about the tradition of the wealth of the place; and when, afterwards, in the museum at Naples, I saw the pictures and statuary and articles of various kinds that came out of these homes, there was not left the shadow of a doubt in my mind about the luxury that once filled these homes, and that made this city remarkable. There are some things I saw in Pompeii that I cannot speak of; only there are unmistakable signs that declare that the place was as generally corrupt as it was beautiful and luxurious. Long before I left the city I saw why the fire of Vesuvius had fallen on this particular part of the plain. There are some sins upon which God always rains fire. The offense of Pompeii was seen in more than one sin. Even at this distance of time four or five of the most wrath-provoking are perfectly manifest.

It is a mistake to suppose that the houses were of one story. The numerous staircases all over the city show, at least, two stories, while the house of Diomede as clearly reveals a third floor. These upper stories were, doubtless, constructed of wood, and perished under a conflagration created by the red-hot pumice stones.

The amphitheater that Bulwer speaks of is empty and desolate; but solemn, majestic and imposing.

The Gate of Herculaneum, as it is called, opens on what is called the Street of Tombs, that stretches beyond the city walls several hundred yards. All had to be exhumed. Just outside the gate is the doorway in which the Roman sentinel was found dead at his post. It was the doorway of a tomb.

Looking down the avenue of tombs, I beheld a sight which affected me strangely and sadly. Fully two hundred yards away, almost at the end of the street, a marble statue was leaning against one of the tombs on the right hand, and looking toward the gate where I stood. The right cheek of the statue was resting lightly on one hand upraised to the face.

The position was one of waiting and meditation. The eyes were fixed upon us where we stood. It looked as if it was expecting us, and was waiting to welcome, or to invite us to a final resting place in one of the tombs. The utter loneliness of the street, coupled with the desolation of the city, greatly heightened the effect of the strange spectacle.

Near the end of this street is the famous house of Diomede. The cellar is the strong point of interest with the tourist. I was much surprised at its shape and extent. It is fully ten or twelve feet in width and equally as high. It runs west fifty yards, and then, with another sharp turn, runs east the same distance. It is located under the flower-garden, and connects with the house at two points by a gradual rise in the floor. This was the wine cellar of Diomede, and the jars are still seen in ruinous condition, or with their imprint against the walls. The cellar is pierced with a number of small square apertures for the reception of air. Through these the ashes and suffocating fumes entered in destroying power upon those who had fled here for refuge. In this cellar the skeletons or bodies of fifty-eight people were found. The impression of the figures of some, with their clothes wrapped about their heads to keep out the hot ashes and air, is plainly seen on the wall against which they leaned. A man with a ring on his hand, and holding a key was found near the door. Close to him was his slave, bearing a box of jewels. But the servant and key and precious stones availed nothing at such a time. There is an hour when men and money can do nothing for us. That hour is when God "looks on the hills, and they tremble; when he touches the mountains and they smoke;" and when he rises in his omnipotence to shake terribly the earth.

Mt. Vesuvius is five miles from Pompeii. Taking a guide and two horses, I had a wild gallop over the plain and fields toward the smoking volcano. What a gallop it was, through dusty lanes, and wide-spreading vineyards, and queer-looking villages with high stone walls, over whose top peered and clambered the boughs of all kinds of fruit trees! The half-naked

children rushed out at our coming, crying out for money in shrill tones, while more than one old peasant woman dropped distaff and spindle, and gazed after us as we went clattering by. We had no time to tarry, for it takes several hours to climb Vesuvius, and it was now in the afternoon. As the guide and I swept on, vineyards followed upon vineyards. As we began to ascend the mountain, they actually became more luxuriant. The black ashes and cinders seem to be the soil in which the vine can best flourish. The wine, I understand, is very strong. The fire of the mountain, I suppose, has stolen into the grape. You climb more than one-third of the height of the volcano before the grape-bearing vine ceases to follow you. Further along we began to encounter lava beds. Remarkable when first seen, they became more wonderful in appearance the higher we ascended. Conceive of a vast level field, across which runs a strip of plowed land, say fifty or a hundred yards wide. But this plowed slip has been thrown up by plows that can cast a furrow fifteen or twenty feet high, and leave clods as big as a hogshead. Think of an ebony river churned by a cyclone into wildest confusion, and then its black, convulsed waves suddenly turned to stone. I saw every conceivable fantastic and horrible form in these lava rivers that poured down the sides of Vesuvius, and were arrested midway. Implements of war, human forms twisted in agony, and serpents folded and knotted together.

Two-thirds and more of the distance up, the guide came to a halt in a wild, rocky spot at the foot of the cone proper. He remarked that the rest of the way must be pursued on foot, as it was too steep for the horses. At this juncture four men presented themselves, and offered to carry me up in a chair. Their price staggered me, and I said "No;" I would climb the rest of the way. Faithfully did I try, sinking in the ashes several inches with each step. High above me loomed the mountain, and desperately did I surge for an hundred yards to gain the top unaided. To my surprise, the four men toiled along by my side. It actually appeared that they believed I could not make the ascent. In fact, that was just what they believed and knew. They had seen hundreds do as I did that afternoon. It was of no avail; I had to give up, with breath and strength gone, and the head of the volcano still high in the air. At once they placed me in a chair, to which two handspikes were nailed, and I was lifted up thus, throne-like, on the shoulders of four stalwart men. And then how we climbed! And what an experience it was

to be going on the shoulders of four men up the steep side of a roof four thousand feet high, whose eaves overhung Italy and the Mediterranean Sea, and the chimney at the top on fire! At last we reached the summit, and stood in twenty feet of smoke that boils up from the crater. Around the crater there are two lips, each one fully thirty feet high. The outer one is twenty feet off from the danger spot; the inner one over hangs the fire, and has rattling upon it a constant shower of stones thrown from beneath. Every minute or so there is a deep explosion in the crater, and a shower of black rocks are hurled two or three hundred yards in the air, and come rattling down, some in the gulf, many on the inner lip of the crater, and some on the outer lip where we stood. I had not the very blissful experience, in company with the guides, of dodging and retiring precipitately several times from these stones.

What a view bursts on the charmed vision from this lofty place! What reflections crowd on the mind while you linger at the top, or descend the Steep sides of the cone, and the gentler slope of the mountain proper! The city and Bay of Naples are westward, and just beneath you. The Mediterranean is outspread in its calm blue beauty; a dozen populous towns are at the base of the volcano; houses and vineyards clamber up its sides, as though it was perfectly harmless. A vast plain, dotted with houses and towns, amid which I notice the ruins of Pompeii, and covered with orchards and vineyards, circles around three sides of Vesuvius, and stretches away in the distance till shut in by a lofty range of mountains that makes a fitting frame for so large and lovely a picture. At the foot of this fire-breathing monster is the town of Terra del Grecco, fair and flourishing, and yet it has been destroyed seven times by this volcano at whose feet it now confidingly nestles. How strange it is that men will believe in and cling to the thing that destroys them!

I gave a farewell look and descended. This has always been a wonderful spot. Capua, where Hannibal's soldiers were changed to the nature of women is close by. I took in the soft beauty of the landscape, the fertility of the plain, the slumber of the ocean, and the swoon in the air. I remembered the fire of the grape, and the warmth of the sunbeam, and I began to understand the meaning of the word Capua as Hannibal saw it; and I also think I saw some of the circumstantial causes that developed finally into the overwhelming ruin of Pompeii.

## CHAPTER 21

*Naples at Night from the Sea — Stromboli — Paul's Journey by Sea — The Mediterranean — A Bill of Fare — Egypt — From Alexandria to Cairo — Scenes from time Car Window — Villages — The Desert of Shur — The Bazaars of Cairo — The Mosque — The View from the Citadel.*

On a beautiful evening in August I took ship at Naples, and sailed for Egypt. The farewell sight of the city twinkling at night, in ascending lights around its semi-circular bay, is an Italian picture that memory loves to recall. Vesuvius had his red plume of war floating in the night wind, while a bloody gash in his left side looked foreboding.

Next morning we sighted and passed Stromboli — that most peculiar volcano island. It rises up suddenly from the sea all around, forming a cone and reaching the height of three thousand feet. One would think that people would be slow to settle where they would be rendered doubly helpless in time of peril by fire above and water all around; and yet here, nestling at the foot of this volcano, whose fires never go out, is a large town or city. America has countless thousands of acres of land with no natural convulsions to disturb the settler to which she invites the nations; and yet the people of this volcano belt prefer to scrape a living from these hard rocks, having their houses occasionally knocked to pieces by earthquakes, and every four or five years running a race for their lives against streams of lava, and under showers of scoriae.

It has been both pleasant and interesting to me to discover that I am traversing the same route by sea that Paul passed over in coming to Rome. According to the last chapter in Acts, he took a vessel that had sailed from Alexandria; I took one that was sailing to Alexandria. He landed at Puteoli, just nine miles above Naples. Passing this place in the day, as he evidently did, from the narrative, his eye rested on the beautiful bay and the smoking summit of Vesuvius. This was the very year in which the terrible earthquake occurred that almost overwhelmed Pompeii and several other cities. God was letting the corrupt land know that his servant had arrived! Luke says that they came from the island of Melita, thence to Syracuse,

and touched at Rhegium. With what interest, as our ship passed down the Straits of Messina, did I look at this old city of Rhegium, and at the mountains that line both the Italian and Sicilian shores! The thought that this noble herald of the gospel had passed this way, and that his eyes had surveyed the landscapes before me, gave a charm to them over and above that which they possessed naturally. What a spectacle for men and angels was this journey of the apostle! I can realize its moral sublimity here as I could not far away. Christ's ambassador in chains! God's invading army, consisting of a single individual, and he a prisoner! South of Sicily we turned eastward, and ran parallel with Paul's course for six or seven hundred miles.

The Mediterranean was calm and lovely throughout the entire trip. The waves in the daytime, purple ones at night, beautiful sunsets in the evening, and a few snowy sails on the horizon were some of the pleasing features of the voyage. Nothing strikes the traveler more forcibly on an ocean trip than the loneliness of the sea. For days we steamed on over the deep without seeing a single sail in the offing. The first impression is that there are few ships on the waters. The real explanation is the vast expanse of the sea. After sailing steadily for a week over endless fields of waves and illimitable prairies of water, this fact comes with peculiar and almost overwhelming power upon the mind. What are ten thousand ships upon the ocean that covers three quarters of the globe? Just what an hundred men would be, scattered over the United States. How often does the reader think they would meet?

The steamer on which I sailed was an Italian vessel. I knew not a word of the language, and the officers and crew knew nothing of English. The consequence was that there was silence for six days on the Mediterranean. A bow which I regularly rendered to the captain on entering the dining-saloon, would be answered by him with one far deeper and more profoundly impressive. His moustache would almost sweep the plate in his courteous greeting. This would be all. Then the captain and myself would observe an eloquent silence toward each other. Thought was busy, the powers of mastication were employed, but words were few.

I herewith offer for inspection a kind of photograph of one of our breakfasts at sea; it could hardly be called a bill of fare:



**Bottles Of Wine.** (I did not partake.)

**Solemn Distribution Of Ice.**

**Soup And Powdered Cheese.**

**Change of plates.**

**Salt Fish** (Sardine size) **And Olives.**

**Change of plates.**

**Vermicelli And Powdered Cheese.**

**Change of plates.**

**Fried Fish.**

**Change of plates.**

**Steak And Potatoes.**

**Change of plates.**

**Cheese And Fruit.**

**Removal of plates.**

**Coffee**

**Toothpicks.**

This meal, or rather rattle of plates, lasted over one hour. I often arose hungry from these matutinal [early morning] banquets of the sea. The name of one of Shakespeare's comedies, "Much Ado About Nothing," would well describe some of these Italian table scenes where I have languished with an unsatisfied appetite and lost much valuable time beside.

On the fifth day from Naples our ship cast anchor in the port of Alexandria. It needed not a second glance to show me that I was in a new world, in one sense, and in the Old World, in another. The palm trees near the river; the turbans, red fez caps and robes of the men; and the veiled women — all proclaimed, most powerfully the East. Again and again a view of the Nile, through a perspective of palm-trees, spoke like a voice, saying: "You are in the Dark Continent, but also in the borders of one of

the most ancient civilizations. You are in the far-famed land of Egypt.” Who wonders that I read that night in the Word of God about Joseph and his sojourn here, and what the Gospels say about Jesus, as a child being brought down to Egypt! So I am in one land already that has been made sacred by the presence of the infant Savior.

It seems strange to see a railroad in this old sleepy land; and yet here is one running from Alexandria to Cairo, and a day’s journey still farther on up the Nile. In the trip to Cairo, which takes something over four hours, you are held to the window by a constant interest. The great fertilizing river has already covered the fields, left its rich deposit, and is now retiring, while the farmers are all at work. I judge that these Nile farmers have a power by their ditches and small levees, to throw the water upon any portion of the land that they desire. I saw countless fields of wheat, corn, and rice. The character of the country and crops reminded me much of our Mississippi and Louisiana swamp lands. It would have been easy to have fancied one’s self back home, but for the buffaloes plowing in the fields, the camels in caravan procession along the high-road, and the turbaned men and veiled women everywhere to be seen.

The villages of the poorer classes at first puzzled me for a descriptive word; but, after a few glances, the proper phrase came — they are exactly like large dirt-dauber’s nests. The reader remembers the tenement that this interesting third cousin to the wasp builds on our American rafters. The house of a poor Egyptian is simply a dirt-dauber’s nest enlarged. The railway often ran for miles by the side of one of the highroads of Egyptian travel. It was like gazing on a panorama to keep the eye fixed on that road. And it was a living panorama of deep interest. There were donkeys, buffaloes and camels; there were men in all the vivid and varied costumes of the East, and women black-robed, as a rule, and black-veiled up to the eyes. There is a traveler and his dragoman dashing along on horses, and there a group of travelers with a slow-moving caravan of camels. Yonder is a band of soldiers, and yonder, riding to himself, is a stalwart, bearded man, in red turban and white robe, sitting on the back haunches of a diminutive donkey, who progresses with such a swift, gliding motion that the man looks as if he were sailing along the surface of the ground in a sitting posture. But it is a sight to see his gravity and dignity of mien. The Sultan on his throne, could not look more impressive and magisterial.

In drawing near to Cairo, I noticed on our left a high, yellowish ridge of ground, apparently thirty or forty feet above the level of the plain on which we were traveling. I needed not to be told that it was the beginning of the desert that reaches eastward to Gaza and the Dead Sea, and southward to Mt. Sinai and the lands where God led his people by the pillar of cloud and fire. I could not see over it, but I knew its barren wastes, and remembered what had occurred upon it; and it seemed like a presence to me. Over that plain Abraham had come and returned; over it Joseph had traveled as a grief-stricken youth, and was carried back with honors due to royalty. Over it Jacob had appeared wondering and rejoicing, and was carried back to Hebron with funeral celebrations of such a character and extent that the people said: "This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians." Under the long, sandy horizon line of this desert Moses disappeared with a great multitude of people who never came back. And over this very plain, after the flight of centuries, came and went back again "the young Child and His Mother."

More than once lately have I seen a mother and her young child traveling these dusty roads under a burning August sky. The clinging babe, the downward droop of the mother's face and the quivering heat beating oftentimes upon them on a treeless road, have thrown a new light and meaning upon the quiet statement made in the Gospel of that journey from Palestine to Egypt: "He took the young Child and His Mother by night and departed into Egypt." How much of suffering is there back of the simple affirmations of the Bible? Truly Christ suffered for us from the very days of his infancy! Truly the Father did not spare His Son! And there is the desert that brings these things to mind. What a monument it is! or, better still, what a wondrous pedestal it is! Forty feet high and over a thousand miles around the base, and upon it History and the Bible have grouped figures, and armies, and scenes, and transactions of the most profoundly interesting and important character.

The bazaars of Cairo consist of a number of exceedingly narrow streets lined with diminutive shops and crowded with a jostling procession of human beings, camels and donkeys. In front of the shop sits — Turkish fashion — the owner, either smoking his nargileh or dispensing his goods with the dignity of a judge giving forth justice. The scene, as you look, is one of animation and attractiveness. The different-colored turbans and

dresses, the veiled women, the clatter of various languages, the sudden and constant looming up of camels with riders or burdens — these and other things constantly interest the spectator.

I visited two mosques. Of course I could not be admitted on their sacred floors until my unhallowed feet had been encased in slippers. The first pair were as large as frying-pans. In these I slapped my way along, viewing the dirt, and dinginess, and religious mummery of the mosque of Sultan Hassan. At the next my pedal extremities were again enswathed in Eastern slippers, which were this time as remarkable for length as the preceding pair had been for breadth. Armed at my feet with slippers equal to short swords, I moved my dagger-like way into the mosque of Mahomet Ali. This is as beautiful a building as the other is unattractive. The auditorium is a vast and lofty chamber, surmounted with a dome illuminated with exquisitely colored glass. The lights of the auditorium are ranged in concentric circles, with a few clusters besides, suspended at certain points. When lighted, it must be a place of great splendor. There are no chairs used in their worship, but the floor is covered with mats. The leader addresses the sitting throng from an airy perch, reached by a carpeted staircase of thirty or forty steps. The females are admitted into a balcony that runs around the sides of the chamber at a height of fully fifty or sixty feet. Here, fenced off and deeply veiled, they get those portions of truth that may happen to fly upward. There is no music in a Mohammedan service. But after listening to their secular or profane music, one has reason for being thankful that there is no song service in their mosques, if he happens to be dwelling in the vicinity. Infidelity has no hymn book, and Mohammedanism has no singing in its worship. Both facts are significant, and mean the same thing, and that thing is that they are both spiritually dead. The dead sing not. “The living, the living, they shall praise thee,” said King Hezekiah. I shall have more to say about Islamism in another chapter.

From the citadel I had a fine view of Cairo and the surrounding country. For the first time I looked down on a minaretted city. The church spire and gospel bell give way in this land to the mosque and to the minaret, and the voice of the Muezzin calling four times a day to prayers. But this shall not be long. The promise is that Christ “shall inherit all nations.” The sight of the minarets and domes; the uplifted plumed heads of the palm trees;

the windings of the river Nile; the shipping on its bosom, with mast and spar of bamboo making a curve peculiar, yet pleasing, to the eye; the sight of the Pyramids, eight miles away, on the edge of the Great Desert — all these made a view striking, peculiarly oriental and beautiful. It was also calculated to impress me with the fact that I was a considerable distance from home. This was the sensation experienced when I saw the Nile for the first time through a feathery line of palm trees.

Traveling as I am now doing, independently of excursion parties, and alone, there are moments when, naturally, a feeling of solitariness sweeps down upon the heart. For instance: It is hard to be seeing constantly striking objects, and have no one to commune with on the subject. It is trying to see parties of friends and loved ones together, and feel shut out from like pleasures. There is a trying experience in being forever surrounded with strange faces, listening to a babel of strange tongues, and moving all the time through strange lands. But there are three things that instantaneously save me from the lonely feeling. One is: That I am traveling for the very purpose of seeing the strange and unknown. Next: A number of years ago I struck up an acquaintanceship and friendship with the clouds and stars. We have been on delightful communing terms for quite a while. As a boy they spoke to me and said many things that set me to thinking and quieted my spirit. As a child of God, I have recognized a still, small voice coming out from their beautiful sanctuaries. Their voices are kindly, their faces are friendly and familiar. So, all through the different countries I have journeyed, I have repeatedly steadied and cheered my heart with a view of the clouds and the stars. They are the only things that have not changed since I left home. There they are, the same “bright, motionless pillars of heaven” when piled up of the horizon; and there are the same constellations that I saw bend over the land in America. They actually give a homelike appearance to every foreign country. A third fact may be easily guessed by the reader. It is the sense of the perpetual presence and companionship of the Savior.

I possess by my present remoteness a peculiar advantage in respect to the day. While writing this at 4 of clock in the afternoon, people in the United States are just sitting down to breakfast, or, perhaps, rising from bed. The day with me is far spent. I have looked into its history, lived its life, seen it grow old before they rub the sleep from their eyes. This gives one an advantage. It makes me something like a prophet, in that I have seen what they have not seen. I have dipped, in a sense, into the future, and looked into the face of the unborn and unknown.

## CHAPTER 22

*The Valley of the Nile — Historic Egypt — The Donkey-Boy — Oriental Scenes and Attitudes — The Pyramids — The Desert of Sahara — Occurrences on the Summit of Cheops — The Sphinx — A Cruel Scene Interrupted*

Cairo, with a population of four hundred thousand souls, is about one hundred miles up the river Nile. The desert that stretches away east to Palestine touches it on one side while the yellow lip of the Great Desert is drawn back to the west fully eight miles. These two deserts are remarkable for their bluffs. They do not melt away into the shore or plain line of the Nile valley, but draw themselves up, as if saying, in conscious majesty, "I am the wild, unconfined Desert that laughs defiance at all the labors and implements of man to change and bring me into subjection." There was a time, doubtless when these two ghastly lips met, and there was nothing but death and sterility over this spot. But God trained the waters from the mountains, and brought them in a winding course until the channel was made, and a valley was formed to support a mighty nation, and, indeed, become the granary of distant peoples. He also did this to show, even nature, how He can bring life out death, and to reveal to us in figure how, out of earthly Saharas, He will cause a paradise yet to bloom. The valley varies in width. It is so fertile that I think it can grow anything and everything. As some one wrote,

***"Tickle it with a hoe and it smiles with a harvest."***

Some one says that Cairo is one of the most favorable points for studying Oriental life. I suppose this is so, because almost every nationality is here represented. Egyptians, Arabians, Turks, Greeks Nubians flow together on the streets in one common throng, but easily discerned by their different costumes, as well as strongly-marked faces. "Dwellers from every nation under heaven" are here, we say scripturally, and then cry out in heart for the large upper room and the descending Holy Ghost.

I am duly appreciative of my historic surroundings. This is the land of puzzling dynasties, and a chronology that goes back farther than Adam, according to the wild figuring of some people. Here flourished the

Ptolemies, and the fair descendant of their family, Cleopatra. Here Caesar fought and swam, and like to have drowned. Here Mark Antony made another celebrated speech that he really did not make. Certainly there never was a man whose fame as an orator was as cheaply made as that of Antony. Speakers of today, by revising and revamping printed proof-sheets of their orations, make themselves great orators: but Antony's great speech had not been delivered until he had been dead fifteen hundred years; and the other speech at death appears nearly two thousand years after in poetical form, beginning, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." Now I call attention to the absurdity of addressing a female after this manner because she happens to live on the Nile. What would be thought of man saying in death to an English woman whom he loved, "I am dying, Great Britain, dying"? Certainly she would be justified in saying, "Farewell, America." How deeply affecting all this would be!

The Pyramids are eight miles west of Cairo. A beautiful avenue of acacia trees line the road the entire way, with the exception of one or two short spaces. I went out with a dragoman, two donkeys and a donkey-boy. The donkey is the gondola of Cairo and the donkey-boy is the gondolier. The lad carries a rod about four feet in length, by which he steers the living craft, and also generates steam.

It was a sight worth seeing to watch that donkey-boy go in a swinging trot for miles. With his arms slightly bent and his form inclined forward, he moves over the ground like a bird in its skimming flight. I was troubled about him, and offered to relieve him in various ways, but his reply was an additional thwack upon the animal and an increased gait, which spoke louder than words. About sunrise I left Cairo in the distance, with Hassan, my dragoman, and Mustapha, the donkey-boy, while the donkeys may doubtless have flourished under the names of Mohammed and Ali. I never saw such a country for high-sounding names as the East.

As we entered the avenue of acacia trees, and for miles beyond, I beheld a scene equal to any pictured in the "Arabian Nights." At this early hour people were streaming into the city. There were men in white, red, and black turbans; and in white, black, blue, and brown robes. There were women in blue and black, some veiled to the eyes, and some veiled all over, and some few not veiled at all. There were strings of donkeys, and lines of



camels, some loaded, some ridden, and some driven. Hundreds of people were scattered along the road under the trees, where they evidently keep house. Turkish soldiers went by rapidly on horses, and donkey-boys, clothed in a long, blue garment and white turban, kept pace with the galloping animals by their sides. It was a scene animated, variegated, and deeply interesting in its Oriental character throughout.

It was along this road that I was more impressed than ever with the grace and dignity of Oriental attitudes. I never saw any but what were striking. A group of men looked like an assembly of patriarchs; when two met it seemed that Abraham and Melchisedek had come together; when one sat alone by the wayside, it was Eli thinking of the ark of God, or Jacob waiting to bless his sons. When I saw one, with white robe and red turban, sitting on a camel or donkey, it seemed that he ruled Egypt from the mouth of the Nile to the far limits of Nubia. I saw veiled women with waterpots on their heads, and with white or olive-tinted arms revealed in their upward position, and it was the picture of grace. I saw other females clothed and veiled in black, so that only the dark eyes could be seen, sitting alone under a spreading tree by the wayside; and a picture was immediately beheld that had charmed me long before and as vividly painted in the word of God. The meditative, lonely, and even forsaken attitudes, brought most powerfully to my mind four women mentioned in the Bible — three in the Old and one in the New Testament.

There is a repose of manner and a dignity about the men of the East that is rarely seen in the Western Hemisphere. You never see an Oriental tilt back his chair on two legs, or sit on three at once, as does the American. Mr. Dickens says he saw one of our countrymen occupy five chairs at the same time; he sat in one, his feet resting in two others, and the backs of two others under his armpits. We see nothing of this kind in the East. A walk through the bazaars will convince the skeptical here. The very manner of address or salutation, as the hand is raised first to the head and then laid upon the heart, is impressive.

But here we are at the Pyramids. Although I had read much of these monster masses of stone, I was surprised a number of times before I left them. First, at their rough and jagged appearance, produced by the removal of the outer casing. Next, I was surprised at the steepness of the ascent. So

sharp is the angle from base to summit, that to look down when half-way up, is anything but pleasant. Still another unexpected experience was that I had to rest five times before reaching the top, although I had two men assisting me.

But the view repays one for all the weariness undergone. The winding Nile; the fertile valley here and there covered with silver belts and sheets of the overflowing river; the city of Cairo on the horizon in the east, and the pyramids of Memphis on the horizon in the north; while westward stretched forth the vast expanse of the Desert of Sahara.

This desert rises suddenly from the valley of the Nile in a bluff forty or fifty feet high, and then spreads out as far as the eye can see as a vast, yellow field fall of slopes and hillocks. The Nile valley reaches out its emerald fingers as if timidly to touch it, but the desert refuses to be tamed. Like a great, tawny monster, it stretches itself unto its full height of fifty feet, looks out of its yellow eyes over the plain, and spying a traveler or caravan, springs with a sudden bound and roar upon them, shakes over them its brown mane, strangles them in its embrace, and then leaves their bones to bleach in the sun as a silent evidence of its power. But aside from this figure into which I have been betrayed, what a benefactor it really is to Europe. Men talk of turning the Mediterranean Sea into it, and making it a great inland ocean. Nothing would be more disastrous, I am confident. The Great African desert is the furnace of the continent that lies to its north. The ripening fruit, the mellowing grain, and comparative mildness of winter in Europe depends on the heat generated or reflected by this desert, and then spread or fanned northward by the winds that blow in that direction. This warm, desert air touches the frozen fields of snow on the mountain side and turns them into brooks and fountains; breathes upon the hard fruits of the land until they blush under its whispers and grow tender under its caresses; and, besides, making the more northern latitudes of Europe tolerable for human habitation; gives to Spain and Italy, in especial, the rich landscapes, the luscious fruits, the beautiful skies, and the soft and delightful climate for which they are famous. Poet and statesman, lover of beauty and political economist alike say let the Great Desert remain as it is, uncovered by the waves of the Mediterranean.

Looking about me after arriving at the top of the pyramid, I found that I had an Arabian escort to the number of five. I had only bargained for two, but in midsummer travelers are few, and the pyramid vultures swooped down on the unexpected carcass. Before leaving the place I had ten or twelve about me. Consider my situation. Here I was, four hundred and seventy feet high in the air, standing upon a monument over four thousand years old, trying to give myself up to historic and moral reflections, and utterly unable so to do because of a chattering crowd of Mohammedans about me. Each one was intent and bent on doing me some service, giving me some piece of information, holding an umbrella over my head, offering me a drink of water from an earthen jug, in order to reap a backshish from my hand.

“Yonder,” I would say to myself, “is Heliopolis, where Moses was trained in all the wisdom —” when suddenly a swarthy face would be thrust before mine, with some unintelligible jargon, half English and half Arabic. Again I rallied. “Doubtless,” I said, “Joseph visited this place —” when a dark hand would thrust before my eyes some battered, ancient coin, with request to buy.

I had fully intended to have some fine moral cogitations on the pyramid, shading off into history — the great battle of Napoleon, etc. — but it was useless to try. So I finally turned to consider my crowd of attendants, and see what I was to learn from them. One was beseeching me to let him run down the side of the great pyramid and up the other in so many minutes. That he did it for Mark Twain — that all Americans got him to do it. And he was, in a sense, chafing the bit to be off for me. I stood firm for ten minutes, and finally, for the sake of peace, and in order to get rid of the man, whose life is made up indeed of “ups and downs,” I bade him be off, but to go slow. The white-robed figure and dark face is still before me as I saw it outlined on the other pyramid, stealing up the rocks. Another one of my voluntary attendants came near to me and began, in a most discordant voice, to sing the first verse of “Yankee Doodle.” Upon his finishing it I made no remark, whereupon he sung it over, and as I still maintained a strict silence he said that some Americans liked “Yankee Doodle” and some did not. I told him I was among the last named number. That I had for it neither love nor admiration. One gun sent off and another one spiked! A third turned upon me with the request not to fail to give

them backshish, that the Sheik at the foot of the pyramid got all the money, and they, the guides, did all the work. This third man was a kind of "medicine man," and called himself the "Doctor." In coming up and going down he would say to the other guide, who was younger and stronger, "Don't get ahead of the Doctor." The longer I was with this interesting individual the firmer I was persuaded that "to get ahead of the Doctor" was an impossible thing. He informed me on the pyramid that he had two wives, one old and one young. I asked him which he liked best, and he replied, very promptly, the young one. But he added that he had some trouble with them, that not infrequently they quarreled and fought. "What do you do with them at such times," I asked. "I whip them," he replied. Looking him steadily in the eye, I said, "Who whips you?" Here straightway, of the top of Cheops, the great pyramid, an observer could have noticed a profound Mohammedan silence and a calm Christian triumph.

I descended from my airy perch to hear Hassan, the dragoman, yelling and hallooing, in the shadow of these great stone antiquities and mysteries, for Mustapha, the donkey-boy, as irreverently as a man would call a colored boy in a cornfield.

A hot, fatiguing time was spent in reaching the king's chamber, which occupies the very center of the pyramid, measured up or down or from any side. The sight beheld, after the tramp, was an imposing sarcophagus in which there was nothing; a spectacle seen even until this day in America and elsewhere. Moreover, the result of that toil in the steep, dark galleries was strikingly like the reward given by the world to those who toil after its honors — a rich coffin, and then darkness, emptiness, loneliness, and by and by, forgetfulness. Then there was an echo. The guide shouted, and the distant passages and tomb-chambers caught it up. I could hear the sound reverberating in remote galleries, and after awhile all was still. Yes there was an echo and then came silence. So is it still in life.

I looked upon the Sphinx. A woman's head and a lion's body makes a sphinx in Africa, but a lion's head and a woman's body will make a sphinx anywhere. I rode all around it, climbed on one of its huge paws, stood near and far off, and looked into the solemn eyes about which I had read so much. Yes; it is solemnly impressive. How much of this effect is due to

the centuries that fall like shadowy veils upon it, or how much is due to the visible embodiment of that idea of repose that pervades all Egyptian sculpture I cannot tell. I had always supposed from letters of travel that the face of the Sphinx was turned toward the great desert, and that its stony eyes ever rested upon that great expanse; but it is just the contrary. The back is toward the desert, the face fronts the east, and gazes upon the valley of the Nile, and the remoter line of the Desert of Shur that stretches away to Palestine.

In the temple of the Sphinx near by I had a piece of alabaster chipped off a great column as a paper-weight for one of our bishops. It is an appropriate gift, for if anybody needs to appear solemn and mysterious, and do a great deal of steady looking, and be silent at the same time (I won't say for four thousand years), that person is a Bishop.

I little thought in starting out on my morning trip that I would be instrumental in stopping two Mohammedan fights before I returned to Cairo, but so it proved. The first was in the shadow of the pyramids. The second was on the acclaimed avenue to Cairo. The cries of a woman under terrific blows from a cudgel by a man made me look up, and demanded prompt action. Calling on my dragoman to do what he could to stop the brutality, we charged on our donkeys right into the crowd. It was "the Charge of the Light Brigade." The dragoman harangued in Arabic, and I protested in Anglo Saxon; and with one or two natives, stopped the sickening spectacle. It seemed that the woman's offense was that she had not cleaned away the dust sufficiently under the trees where they lived. The normal state of the dust was four inches, and she had left about an inch in depth unremoved, whereupon the man beat her for untidy housekeeping. Here was a nabob indeed, an exquisite of the Nile, whose refined nature and cultivated habits rebelled when dust reached the depth or height of one inch. The male nature could stand no more, so he called on the female nature to suffer. A number of natives witnessed the scene in perfect indifference; some did not even look up to see what was going on. My own sudden arrival and irruption [forcible entrance] produced far more curiosity and interest. That surrounding unconcern spoke volumes: it showed that they were accustomed to such scenes. I called the woman to me. O how she sobbed! Great welts ran over her hands and arms where the brute had struck her. The agony of her face I shall never forget, as she

wailed out in language I could not understand. But I pitied her, and she understood that. I took her brown hand in mine, and, looking up, pointed her to heaven. I meant that to God she must look now, and that He, after awhile, would give her deliverance and rest. I then laid some money in her hand and rode off, getting from the man a scowl that was like a storm-cloud at midnight.

## CHAPTER 23

*Approach to Joppa — House of Simon, the Tanner — The Plain of Sharon — Timnath — House of Dagon — Lydda — The Threshing-floor — The Mohammedan Posture — The Valley of Bethshemesh — The Valley of Ajalon — Kirjath Jearim — Mizpeh — A Bedouin Encampment — A Sleeping Jacob — Jerusalem*

In all my journeying I have looked forward with a tender, glad feeling in my soul that each day brought me nearer the Holy Land. I would say, "One week more, and I will be in Jerusalem;" and then again, "Tomorrow I shall see the land forever made sacred by the presence of the Savior." The experience, as I studied it, was like that of one who urges his way and draws nigh to the place where abides one whom he loves above all others.

On the morning of August 22d I obtained my first view of Palestine as a line of seashore; and, in the dim distance beyond, the mountains of Judea. A little later Joppa, on its conical-shaped hill, appeared. Leaning against the side of the vessel, I recalled the four great facts of the city's history. Here ships came bringing cedar and other wood for the building of the temple of Solomon. At this place, I doubt not Solomon's fleets landed, bringing gold and ivory, and apes and peacocks; to this place Jonah came and took ship when he fled from the presence of the Lord; at this place Tabitha, or Dorcas, lived and died, and was raised from the dead by the hand of Simon Peter; and here, on the roof of Simon the Tanner's house, near the sea, Peter saw at midday the sheet knit at four corners, and filled with all kinds of creeping things, let down from heaven three times and heard at the same time the explaining voice of God. I had time to think over all these things, and even read of them afresh in the Scripture before we cast anchor. As we swept into position, I noticed a ship unloading her cargo of lumber, as if the King of Tyre was still filling his contract, and Solomon still receiving. Just beyond the lumber vessel was a small two-masted ship, just such as I think Jonah embarked in, in that mad and impossible flight from God. The landing here is always difficult, because Joppa is without natural or artificial harbor, and the heave and swell of the sea has an unimpeded sweep to the shore.

As soon as I landed, and before going to the hotel, I visited Simon the Tanner's house by the sea. Along streets narrow and dirty I walked to the place. This much we have in identification that only three other houses dispute the claim; that this house is certainly by the sea, and has the flat, retired roof that the sacred narrative leads us to expect. As I stood upon the roof I took in the wide-open heaven through which that wonderful sheet was let down. A wide space was a fitting frame for the lesson given the apostle. What a lesson it was! And how hard it was for Peter, even after that, to remember! Of all the instruction that the Spirit strives to impress upon the human heart, there is none that man learns with greater difficulty, and forgets with greater readiness, than that of the "four cornered sheet." The gospel flood of salvation cannot go as it should, because of the walls and barriers that men have built everywhere between each other. The Egyptians would not eat with the Hebrews, for "that would be an abomination to the Egyptians." "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." "God, I thank thee," said the Pharisee, "I am not like this publican." Caste law and hatred are implacable and undying. Let us all take a fresh look into the sheet, and listen to the interpreting voice of the Spirit. After I had descended from the roof I noticed I had been there at the very hour of the day that Peter had the vision, viz: "the sixth hour," which is twelve o'clock.

I left Joppa in the afternoon in a carriage with a dragoman, who proved to be an intelligent man, and blessed with remarkable knowledge of Scripture. One or two miles from the town we entered upon the plain of Sharon. Its width is twelve miles, and length over thirty. This historic plain, although bare and brown in the sultry month of August, yet greatly impressed me by its size and natural beauty. In the spring it must be a lovely spectacle. I looked in vain for a rose or any kind of flower; and, stopping the carriage in the search, had to pluck instead a little thorny bush, with which the plain abounds. Think of plucking a thorn from the plain of Sharon as a memento Nevertheless the Rose of Sharon blooms on fairer plains above. All this may be part of the judgment which is on the land. On the eastern edge rose up the mountains or hills of Judea. As I looked on them I recalled the verse, "And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Judah."



During the afternoon we passed the site of Timnath, where Samson lost his wife and had his revenge on the standing corn of the Philistines. A wretched mud village now marks the spot. I was also shown the town where the Temple, or House of Dagon stood, and where the wonderful scene of the image falling before the ark of God took place.

Farther on we came to Lydda, called by the Arabians today Ludd. Two points of identification are readily seen — one in the similarity of names, and the other in ~~4088~~ Acts 9:38: “And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa.” I suppose it is seven or eight miles distant. Here it was that Peter healed Eneas, and a great revival sprang up therefrom. I walked through the streets of the dirty and poverty-stricken town where “once dwelt the saints.” The houses are constructed of mud and the stones of ancient ruins. The streets, which are narrow, winding alleys in reality, are strewn with litter and filth. The floors of many of the houses, mud-colored and windowless, were often four or five feet below the level of the street. The refuse accumulates well. The things noticed by the eye were revolting in many instances to almost every sense. I felt that Lydda was not such a place in the time of Peter. A great crime has been committed in this country. God’s Son was killed not thirty miles from this spot, and the face of Jehovah has been turned from the land for two thousand years. And his vengeance is written in barren fields, and naked mountains, and long lines of ruins all over this land. What will not happen to a country when God hides his face!

I am struck, however, with the fact that the Jews constitute a small part of the population that partakes of this desolation. I meet twenty Egyptians, Arabians, Syrian peasants, and people who don’t know who they are, to one Israelite. All this, however, is in perfect fulfillment of the prophecies of old. The Jew was to be driven into all nations and the stranger was to enter in and possess the country, Mr. Rothschild is, however, still importing them from Russia and elsewhere. He has five or six colonies between Joppa and Damascus. Here he is settling the poor wanderers, and teaching the boys how to be farmers. I saw one of his colonies in the plain of Sharon.

I notice that every village of any size has its threshingfloor. How often I have met the expression in Holy Writ, and concluded that it was a large,

airy room like a barn, with a plain floor, and as substantial a covering. Here my preconceived ideas went to the winds, as they have been going about many things since I left home. It is good to leave home occasionally. The “threshingfloor” is a plot of ground two or three hundred feet square, level as a floor, and occupying the top of a hill, or an elevated piece of ground. I used to wonder why David offered Araunah, the Jebusite, such a price for his threshingfloor for the altar; but, after seeing the size and need of such a place, the wonder departed. The threshingfloor at Lydda was an animated scene, although I passed it late in the evening, when the main work was over. Long lines of grain in sheaves were in one part. A number of men were engaged in winnowing the chaff from the wheat in the old-time method of flinging the grain against the wind, while still others were filling sacks.

The cactus hedge abounds. It gets higher and thicker the nearer we approach the Judean mountain. The natives eat the bulby fruit, and I propose trying the same thing in the morning, when the dew is upon it. The camels eat the leaf, thorn and all, and evidently regard the prickly plants of the hedge and the thorns of Sharon as luxuries. The camel that will eat anything, and the donkey that eats almost nothing are certainly the animals for this poverty-stricken country.

The Mohammedan, as you know, possesses the land. In a mosque at Lydda, at the hour of sunset, I saw some of them at their devotions. On a piece of matting he prostrates himself, touching the earth three times with his forehead, while he utters what is called the short prayer. He then arises, and standing erect and motionless, with face to the east, while his eyes are fixed upon a pillar or wall before him, goes through the long prayer, apparently oblivious of the presence of anybody and everybody.

The night we passed in Ramleh. It has no scriptural associations, and the most remarkable thing they can relate in matters of the world is, that Napoleon once slept there.

It was by the roadside at this place I saw my first leper. The lonely, sitting figure, the drooping form, the lower face covered by a portion of the robe, was a sight familiar, though before unseen, and melting to the heart.

A few miles farther on I had pointed out the beautiful valley of Bethshemesh, along the side which the cart, laden with the ark of God, was drawn so wonderfully; the cows, as the Bible says, lowing as they went. The valley, after a while, turns southward and merges into the valley of Ajalon. Here, again, memory is stirred at that bold prayer and demand of faith upon the part of Joshua: "Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, mind thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." Great was the victory that day over the five kings! They were pursued from Gibeon to Azekah, across and down the valley of Ajalon. The Bible says, God took a wonderful part in that battle, for he rained down great stones from heaven upon the enemies of Israel. As I passed down the valley and along the hillsides, I suddenly began to notice myriads of stones on all sides. Strange to say, I had not thought of the Scripture statement until I saw the stones. In no other part of the country did I see rocks like these before me for peculiarity of size and multitude. They were just such as would be used in hurling down upon a great army. I picked up one of the smaller sized ones, two and a half inches in diameter, for the Editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate.

An encampment of Bedouins near the road attracted my attention. In walking through it a scene of abject poverty presented itself, while naked children stared and ill-natured dogs barked at me. A blanket stretched on a pole was all the shelter and, indeed, all the home they possess. "Two women were grinding at the mill." It was the same kind of mill used in the time of the Savior. There were two circular stones, the upper one having a small aperture through which to pour a handful of grain at a time. By an iron handle the woman revolved the upper on the nether stone, and the triturated grain gradually worked out at the surface edges and was received in a cloth spread on the ground. It was a slow and wearisome work. One of the women with whom I spoke, said her life was one of misery.

Several miles from this place we began to ascend the mountains of Judea toward Jerusalem. It is true that, no matter how you approach the city, you have to "go up to Jerusalem." At the height of seventeen hundred feet we had a charming view of the plain of Sharon, and the Mediterranean Sea beyond.

I can not, in suitable words, convey to the reader the dreariness of these mountains around Jerusalem. The road runs for twenty miles through and over them, and throughout it is a scene of profound desolation and mournfulness. The mountain sides show unmistakable signs of having once been terraced from summit to base, and cultivated; but the vineyards have vanished, and the terraces are in ruins, and, with the exception of an occasional grove of scattering olives, these noble trees are gone. The mountains themselves, denuded of their once beautiful covering, stand up and roll on to the distant horizon in bold, bare forms of gray limestone and red clay.

Upon the summit and side of one of these hills stands Kirjath Jearim, where the ark of God was carried, and remained so long. Beyond this, and visible for miles, is Mispheh, where Samuel used to assemble the children of Israel, where Saul was elected, and was found "hid in the stuff." Two miles farther on, and northward on the Jaffa road, is Gibeah. It was near this place that Saul, in such sinful haste, sacrificed to the Lord with his own hand. Samuel had gone to Mispheh with promise to return; but Saul would not await his coming. When the eye takes in the two places, separated only two miles, something of the dark, impatient spirit of the King of Israel at once impresses the mind. Although separated from Samuel two miles, he would not wait for him, or tarry until a message could be sent. Here was light suddenly thrown on the character of Saul. With deep interest did I look upon the places connected with a life of the most brilliant beginning and dark and fearful ending, that is mentioned in the Word of God. I rode slowly all day, with my Bible frequently in hand, comparing the land with the Book and the Book with the land. God certainly made them both. Among the peculiar, sudden pleasures of the two days' travel from Joppa to Jerusalem was the recognition of Bible pictures and sayings on all sides. The carob tree brought up one scene, the sight of two women grinding at the mill another; while near Emmaus I saw an Arabian, a young man, lying near the road, "with a stone for a pillow." Jacob and Bethel came immediately to mind.

It is impossible to see Jerusalem as you approach it from the west. A new town is rapidly growing on that side of the city, hiding the wall and ancient buildings from view. Through droves of camels and donkeys, and through crowds of Arabians and Syrians, I entered the Jaffa Gate and

found myself in Jerusalem, and, in a few moments, in the Grand New Hotel. In several minutes more I ascended the terraced roof of the building to look upon the city of our God and His Christ. I went up alone, with my heart in my throat. The lofty lookout wall was near the west wall by the Jaffa Gate, and commanded a widespread view of the city and the “mountains round about Zion.” On the left was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre covering, it is said, the sites of the cross and the tomb. Immediately in front was the unmistakable site of the temple where infinite Wisdom taught and Infinite Power wrought miracles. Still farther beyond, and lifted high, was Mount Olivet, with its northern and southern slopes, and roads to Bethany, so familiar to the Christian and reader of the Bible. Here was suddenly arrayed before me the sights of the most amazing and important transactions in the history of the world, and, indeed, of the universe. The incarnation, the life and teaching of the Son of God, His crucifixion and death; His resurrection, and ascension; and the descent of the Holy Ghost, were all, in a sense, before me. It was a sudden materializing of spiritual truths before my eyes. It was a startling presentation to the eye of places thought about, talked about, loved and revered from the far-off days of childhood, and a far-away country, with but little hope of ever seeing them in the flesh. How would the reader have felt under the circumstances? What would any lover of Christ have done? Shall the Crusaders, at the first sight of the distant city, fall upon their faces and knees, with streaming eyes, crying out, “Jerusalem! Jerusalem” — and the more spiritual follower of the Savior feel no melting of the heart? and shall his cheeks be dry in the city of our God? At first a feeling swept over me that baffled all analysis and description. A pressure, a weight, an awe was upon me as came, I fancy, on Zechariah, when he saw the vision in the temple; or that fell on men of old time when they drew nigh the visible presence of God. And then, let men call it weakness; let them question the propriety of mentioning such things in print; but somehow I feel that I am not writing to critics, but to friends, and so I say that the sight of these places of the gospel fairly broke my heart, and I bowed my head on the railing before me and wept as I rarely weep in my life.

## CHAPTER 24

*Jerusalem — Its Appearance — The Streets — Increasing Rainfall — Buildings — Outside interest in the Jew — The Jews Return — A Remarkable Prophecy*

Days in Jerusalem have not removed the longings of the eye and heart to look and brood upon the places forever made precious and sacred by the voice, and footsteps, and presence of Jesus, the Son of God.

The emotion felt at the first view of the city is one never forgotten by the Christian. Even Coeur de Lion fell on his knees at the distant spectacle, and the Emperor of Austria, a few years ago, on viewing the city from the northern road, hastily dismounted, and knelt in deep emotion in the dust of the highway. “Princes shall come bending,” said the prophets. Whole armies have been moved at the sight of Jerusalem. But there is an experience that remains. There is a holy fascination in the place and the surrounding scenery that never departs. The difficulty is to leave the last spot visited. I allude not to the traditional locality, but to certain places about which there can be no doubt, such as the Temple area, Mount Olivet, Bethany, the roads leading to Bethany, and a certain spot located just outside the Damascus gate. It is a hill shaped “like a skull,” and is “nigh unto the city.” When a traveler ascends a house-top or hill to view Jerusalem, he has to remind himself continually that the Zion of today is not the Zion of the time of Solomon, or even of the time of Christ. There is need for this thought.

What must Jerusalem have been in the time of David, when he said it was beautiful for situation, and the joy of the whole earth! How must it have appeared in the days of Solomon, when silver was like stones; and cedar wood, and marble, and alabaster so abounded, that the Queen of Sheba, with all her wealth, had no spirit left in her! Then what magnificence in the time of Christ, wrought out by the hand of Herod! When Christ sat over on the Mount of Olives, looking at the temple, He was looking on the white sheen of marble, and the glitter of a golden-spiked roof. And when he wept over the city it was a city of imposing palaces, and battlemented walls, and noble towers, while the hills and mountains around looked

down upon Jerusalem in terraced beauty, or waved from base to summit with vineyards and groves of olive trees. Cottages nestled under vine and fig-tree, numerous villages prospered in the neighborhood, while the stone or marble of palaces gleamed out from groves of green, from the top of hill, or side of mountain.

But what a change today! The skeleton is left, but the rounded form and glow of health and beauty is gone. The frame of the picture is left, but the picture itself that ravished the nations, and that brought them up to admire, or with armies to capture, has disappeared. Christ saw the change long before we did. The disciples thought that He was absorbed in the present glory and beauty of the city, when He was really looking at what we see today.

The hills and mountains around Jerusalem, and as far as I can see beyond, are stripped of trees, and stand out in the sunlight with the two prevailing colors of brown clay and gray limestone. They all have a bare and scraped appearance. It is true that here and there your eye rests upon mere spots of occasional green; that in some places we see a few olive trees thrown together in the form of a thin and scanty grove; but the sight actually brings out more clearly and painfully the brown and gray barrenness of the hillsides around. The Mount of Olives obtained its title from the number of trees of that name that crowded and adorned its slopes. A few score only seem to be left straggling up the side toward the summit. The road that led from Bethany, I imagine, was bower-like in the time of Christ. Certainly the trees were in such abundance that the multitude gathered the boughs and spread them along the road for two miles in that famous triumphal procession. Over the same road I passed several afternoons ago, with the sun beating down upon me, and noticed only here and there a tree to relieve the hot whiteness of the road, as it wound along the eastern and southern slope of Olivet toward Jerusalem. The city itself is scarcely less remarkable in appearance. The houses are all built of the limestone rock. They are generally two stories in height, with flat or dome-like roofs. In looking over the city this morning from the roof of the hotel, I saw only one tree, and that a palm, lifting itself above the universal white and gray of the town. When the sun, at almost any angle, beams down on these bare hills and stone-gray city, the reflection is trying to the strongest eye. If we descend to the streets we find them narrow, steep, and oftentimes dark

from being roofed over in various ways at the top. Each side of the pavement, or street, for they are both one — the pavement being the street, and the street the pavement — is lined with hundreds, and, I doubt not, thousands of poorly-clad, brown-skinned people, who are selling in baskets or on the ground before them their fruits, vegetables, and other kinds of produce of the land. Back of them are the lines of shop-keepers in their dingy stores, not larger than a small room. Along this line of people we see, as punctuation comes in sentences, the blind, the lame, the aged, and the beggar. In the narrow space left comes and goes a stream of pedestrians, together with occasional strings of donkeys, and now and then a company of soft-stepping camels.

A gentleman of high-standing tells me that there are thirty-eight distinct nationalities represented in Jerusalem. You are prepared to believe it when you look at the brown, yellow and black faces that you meet at every step. These colors prevail in the order mentioned, although there are many intermediate shades. You soon are enabled to distinguish between the motley groups by dress, tint of skin and facial expression. The Arabian with his red and white turban, the Bedouin with his head-cloth and cloth rope twisted twice around his head, the Greek with his high black hat and black beard, the olive-faced Syrian, these and others in different ways are soon recognized at a glance. The fair countenances of the Englishman and American are rarely seen.

In Egypt, both in city and country, I was struck with the picturesque groups of the people wherever the eye rested. This picturesque feature does not strike you here. The bright and various colored turbans and dresses seen on the Nile are not seen here. The male attire of the poor classes that predominate here is a dingy-looking robe and head-covering of the same character, that is felt, by the eye, to be not much of a contrast between the gray of the wall and the brown of the soil. The native females of the middle classes, both Christian and Mohammedan, appear on the street wrapped from head to foot in white, with the face entirely concealed behind a veil or head-cloth resembling brown-figured calico. They present, not a picturesque, but a most ghostly appearance as they loom up in dark streets, or come sweeping suddenly around unexpected corners. I am informed that the population of the city is now 50,000, and that half of



these are Jews. It is difficult to tell what are the real figures, for statistics of this character are not allowed to be taken for some reason.

There are several things very remarkable that are now taking place in and around Jerusalem. If one is taken alone it might not be considered a thing of moment, but a number becomes significant, and challenges thought. First, the rainfall is increasing. People are watching it and tell me that in the last few years the increase has become remarkable. Next, vegetation is increasing. Third, more work in the way of house-building and street improvement is going on than has been known before by the oldest resident. On all sides you can see carpenters, stone-masons, and laborers busily engaged. Especially is this so along the western wall outside the city. Seven years ago there were but two houses in that quarter. Today there are hundreds. There is a new Jerusalem being built from the Jaffa Gate that is spreading in a northwest direction. These buildings are as dwellings or stores decidedly superior, as a rule, to anything of the kind within the walls.

Again, these new industries and labors find employment for many of the inhabitants, and the gracious result upon the town in that direction alone can easily be recognized. Still again, the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem will certainly be completed in three years. As I passed through the country lately from the sea-coast, I marked the work going on, and am told that it will be unquestionably finished in the time mentioned. Let not a sentimental feeling make us cry out at the entrance of the locomotive into this city of sacred and precious memories. What is needed is to present a better type of our religion here than that which now actually curses it. What is wanted is to pour a flood of rich Western gospel and Western Christian civilization upon these sleeping people of the East, who are today where they were hundreds of years ago. And I believe God is getting ready to do this very thing.

Still another fact is that the Jew and Jerusalem are both receiving an attention today that is most significant. This is seen not only in the gifts of the great Jewish benefactors, Montefiore and Rothschild, but in other directions. Christian gold has built hospitals for the sick, and schools and workshops for the young. Consecrated money has opened a hospital for the treatment of the lepers. The Church of England has a minister here to

bring the gospel to the people who first gave it to us, but who are now in the shadow and region of death. I hear of a Presbyterian preacher also at work. This is only part of what is being done. Would that we, as a Church, could say that we had at least one man here to tell the sweet story of salvation to this people who first told it to us. Certainly out of thirty-eight nationalities he might find a soul for Christ. Does it not look like God had gathered all the nations again to Jerusalem for a blessed purpose? And what if that purpose be equal to the first outpouring of the Holy Ghost? Certainly all the dwellers under heaven are here but where is the upper room, and men like Peter and John?

I have left for the last the mention of the kindness of the Sultan of Turkey. A substantial gift of land has come from that quarter, while he is slowly but surely improving the streets of Jerusalem, the roads to Jaffa and Jericho and other places, and lately passed a law forbidding the cutting down of another tree. God is surely touching the hearts of the world in behalf of His people who are being punished, but are not cast away forever.

Another fact is the gathering of religious people here from different parts of the world in obedience to a divine impression to come in the interests of Christ to this city.

There is a large German colony that has built a village southwest of Jerusalem. They number several hundred, and the place is the picture of neatness. I have not had time to inquire minutely and satisfactorily into their work, but this much I know, that they feel called of God for the performance of some work at this place. There is a small colony of Americans who reside near the Damascus Gate, who are deeply religious, with several unfortunate errors in their piety. But they are quietly doing a Christ-like work among the people, and the Spirit of God shines in their faces. In some respects they are misunderstood, but who is not? One blessed thought for the Christian worker is that he may be misunderstood all the days of his life, and yet do a grand work for God.

Still another fact is the steady return of the Jews to Jerusalem. A number of people have spoken to me on the subject, among others the American Consul, a most intelligent, observant, and thoughtful Christian gentleman. Not only are there five or six colonies of Jews in different parts of

Palestine established by Mr. Rothschild, but the Israelites are coming in irrespective of him from various directions. The late persecutions in Russia may account for the influx from that quarter, but there are other quarters where there is no persecution. I am told that there is an average daily arrival of fifteen. Recently there have appeared quite a body, who have settled outside the southeastern part of the city wall. They call themselves Gadites, and came from a far-away province in the East. What does all this mean?

I have gathered up these facts in different quarters and in different ways, and thus present them to the reader with the question, Are they significant or not? Is God getting ready to save his people?

The final fact to which I call the reader's attention is found in <sup>2613</sup>Jeremiah 31:38-40. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner. And the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb and shall compass about to Goath. And the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes, and all the fields unto the brook of Kidron unto the corner of the horse gate toward the east shall be holy unto the Lord; it shall not be plucked up nor thrown down any more forever."

When the reader has read the verses carefully, let me say to him that the city is being pushed in the very direction that is therein mentioned. The reader will notice the word "ashes" in the fortieth verse. I stood on this remarkable pile yesterday afternoon, and then passed eastward into the valley of the "dead bodies," and I notice that the city is coming in that direction. The concluding words of the verse are that the city shall then "be holy unto the Lord," and that "it shall not be, plucked up nor thrown down any more forever." The last clause shows that the prophecy will not apply to any age in the past, but to one still in the future, and may be now at the door.

## CHAPTER 25

*The Wonderful Horizon of Jerusalem — The Absorbing Thought of Christ — A Sabbath in Jerusalem — What is Being Done to Save the Jew — The Reasons for Failure*

There is no horizon like that which encircles Jerusalem. Whether standing on the house-top, looking over at Mount Olivet, or sitting on the side of Olivet, looking down upon Jerusalem, the same wonderful view is before you. It is an horizon marvelous, not so much in the natural features which it encompasses although distinguished in this regard, but in the amazing transactions which have taken place therein. No other spot on earth has been so much honored as Zion, and no other landscape has beheld as stupendous scenes as that upon which I am, with absorbed interest, daily looking. It has beheld the infancy, the childhood, and manhood of Jesus Christ. It was the great platform for the incarnation. It looked upon His face, echoed to His voice, witnessed His miracles; beheld His wonderful death, shuddering as it did so; and gave him the flowery field and mountain-slope from which He stepped into heaven. This same horizon, a glorious circle of the promises of God, received through the center of its blue and wavy outline the holy Ghost. He, the Comforter and Sanctifier, descended here. In a word, in the midst of this horizon redemption was achieved. The salvation of man was accomplished a work immutable, eternal in its character, that is to fill heaven with saints, souls with happiness and holiness, and crown the Triune God with increasing glory forever.

I find, in moving about the city, that the Savior is the absorbing thought. I supposed, before I started on my trip, that I would dwell much on the life and deeds of David, Solomon, and a host of other scriptural characters. But it has not been so. True, you take note, for a moment, of this arch, that cave, or yonder spot, as connected, in some way, with Bible worthies; but, all the time, the heart's attention is trembling like the polarized needle, and is restless until it is fixed again on Christ. I see Him, in a sense, everywhere. His figure fills the landscape. He has taken up city and surrounding mountain and valley, and stamped His name and image upon

them. His life has written itself upon the rocks and roads. His presence descends as gently as the light and abides without any sunset upon this sacredly historic place. No sword of enemy, or speech of Infidelity; no effort of mind can separate the thought of the Son of God from Jerusalem.

My first Sabbath in this city was begun pleasantly, with the waking thought, "I shall spend the Lord's day in the city of our God." The pleasure was commenced by a prolonged look at the Mount of Olives, from the roof of the hotel at an early hour. At eleven o'clock, or somewhat before, I attended service at the Church of England Mission Chapel, near the Jaffa Gate. It was blessed to worship in the same city where Christ himself had preached, and the Holy Ghost had fallen upon the church. At three in the afternoon I worshiped in an "upper room" near the Damascus Gate, with the small band of American people, mentioned in the previous chapter, who have colonized here, they say, in obedience to divine impression. There was no preaching, but mainly singing and prayer, confined to themselves. They evidently have forgotten the Word which says that it pleases God "to save the world by the foolishness of preaching." Nothing, I notice, takes the place of the preached Word. These people are really excellent in heart and life, but are being betrayed, I understand, into several serious errors. Two of which I mention are, the giving up of the Lord's Prayer and the forsaking of one of the Christian sacraments. I noticed in the little assembly, as visitors, two turbaned heads, and three others that wore the red fez cap. This meant the presence of Mohammedanism in the form of Arabians and Syrians.

Five o'clock found me on what I believe to be the true Calvary, and concerning which I will devote a special chapter. It is a spot that is receiving every year an increasing attention. At six o'clock I was walking in the neighborhood of Bethany. Afterward I returned by the upper road over the brow of the Mount of Olives, and, sitting down under an old olive tree on the side of the mountain, spent a good while looking down upon the city of Jerusalem. It was a sacred hour, and so the night found me there; and when I arose to descend the hill, the moon was shining. I remembered, as I passed Gethsemane, and walked across the brook Kedron and up to St. Stephen's Gate, that it was on a moonlight night that Christ was arrested, and that it was along this road, and through this gate, or its predecessor, that he was led bound to the palace of Caiaphas

and judgment-hall of Pilate. As I entered the gate and passed into the city, suddenly “two beggars,” aged and ragged, rose up before me, hobbling on crutches, and jabbering in shrill voices to each other in the most discordant and unintelligible jargon. Such a spectacle of wretchedness I scarcely ever looked upon before; and the moonlight failed to soften, but actually heightened the appearance of misery, and made them look even less like human beings. Involuntarily, as they brushed near me, I felt a shrinking from them, but instantly had this rebuking thought that if Jesus had been in my place, he would have gone up to them, laid his hand upon them and said: “What would ye that I should do unto you?”

There are only two Protestant Churches represented in this great missionary field — the Church of England and the Lutheran. Besides them, however, there is a London Missionary Society that has a work going on; with what success I could not learn. A Jew, said to be converted, is also laboring among the natives; but when I understood that he regarded the Savior as the son of Joseph, I doubted his conversion and the results of his work. The Wesleyan Church and the Northern Methodist Church, with all their aggressiveness, are not found in this field. The Church of England has two buildings, or preaching places — one inside the walls of the city, and the other outside where Jerusalem is spreading westward and northward. The first is attended by English-speaking people, and the second by the natives. This church, together with the Lutheran, is trying to reach the children through schools and the teaching of trades; but it is hard to reach the Jewish children. Two stories are told me in regard to the conversion of the Israelites. Some say they are being reached; others say they are not. Those that are called converted have not impressed me very profoundly. They seem to be in fear of each other, and one poor band of the descendants of Jacob gave up receiving help from Christian people “for fear of the Jews.” A Jew, who told me that he was a Christian, I noticed shut up his little shop on Saturday, and when he sold, did so in a secret manner. Doubtless he is a descendant of Nicodemus.

There are several things that to my mind, militate against the salvation of this people. One is the type of Christianity we have reigning here in Jerusalem. I cannot see in what respect the Catholic, Greek, and Armenian Churches are superior to the Moslemism around them. The degrading superstitions, the lying miracles, the senseless mummery, the endless and

lifeless ritualistic forms, and the sight of the priests themselves, are sufficient to drive the Hebrew from such a church. that professes to be of Christ.

Again, there is no preaching here! As certainly as the Bible is true, men are to be saved through preaching of the Word, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Singing is not the divinely ordained method; chanting does not bring souls to Christ; whining out a ritual through the nose never broke a heart or stirred a sleeping conscience. The whine, hike an ecclesiastical lullaby, actually puts to sleep. All these things we have in abundance in Jerusalem, with bowing priest and swinging censer. None of these things can move the Jew. He, thousands of years ago, had better — a greater temple, a more richly clothed priesthood, longer liturgies, more incense, and louder chanting. It is gospel preaching that is wanted. It was the preaching of the Savior that woke up this people. It was the preaching of Peter and Paul that brought in thousands of converts, and it was the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield that swept England and America as a wind sweeps and bends a wheat field. And it is this kind of preaching that is wanted here, and that we have not.

One Sunday Morning I heard a talk of twenty-five minutes, in which the sermon was full of painful pauses, and the minister perfectly unmoved by his subject. On another Sabbath in this city I listened to a little essay that was complimentary in its character of Nathaniel, which lasted just fifteen minutes. Preaching is what Jerusalem needs. A man full of the Holy Ghost, and who can stand up in the pulpit full of the love of God and man, and can strike out from the shoulder at his audience without a thrill of fear, such a man, I believe, would see a crowded house, and conversions Sabbath after Sabbath.

The movement here upon Islamism and Judaism, while something is being done, is not the aggressive march of apostolic days. The church today — and I mean by that the Protestants — are moving down on the heathen nations with spelling-books and shoemakers' awls and carpenters' chisels. In this indirect method they propose to capture the world. Think of Paul and Peter opening day-schools, and teaching the children in Ephesus and Corinth various mechanical excellencies in wood and leather, in the sinuous endeavor to reach the parental heart, and, finally, the population at large.

Instead, they flung themselves boldly into the midst of seething multitudes, and held up Christ, while the Holy Ghost fell, and men were pricked to the heart and found salvation. When Christ enters the hearts of these people of the East, that entrance of divine light and life, will put a stop to mendicancy and indolence, and make a real man out of what was before simply the shape of a man. Meantime the Lord stands watching us, as He waited four thousand years on the world in its effort to save itself without Christ. And now he tarries to behold this educational and trade charge down upon the powers of darkness, and the spiritual estrangement of man from God. What has it done? Did not an apostle gather in more in a day than we do now in a year? How long will it take us to capture the world for Christ and to sweep into the Millennium, at the rate we are now going? Take a piece of paper and figure it out.

There may be another reason suggested by the reader why the Jew is not reached and saved here and elsewhere, and that reason is, that the judgment of darkness is still upon him.

In reply to this I would say briefly: That the providence of God seems to be at work in bringing His people back to Jerusalem. Half the population of the city today is Jewish, and they are still coming. Again, God is inspiring interest all over the world in behalf of this people. Not only Jewish gold, but Christian money is invested here in their behalf. Not only a merchant in New Orleans, but prominent men elsewhere are seeking in various ways to ameliorate their most deplorable condition in this city. All this is certainly of God. Will He do this, and not more?

Again, let me say that I stood, several evenings ago, in the Jews' Wailing-Place. I saw fully two hundred, with the Old Testament in their hands, poring over its pages with unmistakable devotion. I heard the sobs of men as they repeated the words of God and buried their faces against the temple wall. I saw two long lines of aged women bending, as they sat on the stones, over the Bible, while their tears fell plentifully upon its pages. As I saw this, and more, I felt that here was not hardness of heart. I remembered since that they did not weep in the time of Christ after this manner. And it occurred to me that if the gospel could be properly presented now, if Jesus could be offered to a heart-broken people, they might now accept Him, whom they once rejected. But it must be a living Christ offered, and by a living man full of power and the Holy Ghost.



## CHAPTER 26

*The Church of the Holy Sepulchre not the Site of Mt. Calvary —  
The Reasons Why — The True Site-outside the Gate-Nigh the City  
— A Hillock — By the Highway — Like a Skull — The Garden —  
The Tomb — An old Tablet — Arabian Name*

The Latin and Greek Churches in Jerusalem claim that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre covers the sites of the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. Their saying this, however satisfying to themselves, has failed to convince great numbers of distant readers and a vast multitude of travelers who come here and look for themselves. Very great is the company who, after patient investigation, rise up from the study with the conviction that Calvary could never have been where the Greeks and Roman Catholics claim that it is. A Catholic Archbishop said several years ago, to a prominent gentleman in Jerusalem that, after looking over the ground and studying the site, he was not at all satisfied in his mind in regard to the present received locality.

There are several facts that, according to my judgment, utterly destroy the claim made by the aforesaid churches, that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre covers Golgotha and the Tomb of Joseph.

One is, that there was nothing to mark the place for over three hundred years; the first church at this place being erected in the fourth century by the mother of Constantine.

Next, there seems to have been no tradition in regard to the spot, for the Empress Helena in seeking for the place had to have recourse to a dream. In this vision she says she was directed to the spot where the crosses were buried. In other words, He who had the brazen serpent destroyed for fear of the idolatry it would occasion, placed a more dangerous symbol in the hands of the multitude. The Empress dug and found the three crosses in a marvelous state of preservation. She found them sound and whole after lying in the ground three centuries. They were as fresh as if placed there by designing hands to fool a visionary woman. I need not dwell upon the absurdity of the story, but simply in passing would call attention to the sight-seeing character of this family. The mother was a woman given to visions, and transmitted the nature to her son Constantine. It was this

celebrated person who saw the famous cross and the inscription, “In hoc signo,” in the sky at one of his battles. I have known certain families among colored people greatly given to seeing ghosts. The family of Helena had a kindred weakness for beholding strange things.

Again, no one can stand on Mt. Olivet and look over the city, and believe for a moment that the wall of Jerusalem made such a sharp, angular, awkward bend that the Catholics say it did, when the only reason for its doing so is to put their Calvary into proper place; that is, “outside the gate.”

Again, we see that the traditional site is not the true locality, from the fact that if the Holy Sepulchre covers the place, then was Calvary in a few feet of the city wall, even if it did not touch it. They themselves admit that Calvary was a hillock thirty or forty feet high. Now I put the question, would the inhabitants of a city run their wall so as to have it overlooked by an eminence as high if not higher than itself? Would not any engineer or military captain have insisted that such a hillock should be placed within the wall and not allowed in such dangerous juxtaposition? Let the reader remember that the Bible says that Golgotha was nigh the city, not that it touched the walls.

A fifth argument against the present site is the fact that the present city wall runs along the same course that it did in the Roman period or the time of our Savior. The proof of this is that the present Damascus Gate has been found to be resting on the foundations of a far more ancient portal, reaching back doubtless to the time of the Romans. If this be the case, then this fact alone would be the death-knell of the Catholic claims. A still more remarkable disproof of the present traditional site has only recently come to light. Scarcely more than a year ago, while workmen were laying a sewer under the streets of Jerusalem near the Damascus Gate, they came upon a pavement that was readily recognized as having been laid in the Roman Period. This street pavement led directly toward the Damascus Gate, or its more ancient predecessor. This fact places the Latin Calvary within the walls of old-time Jerusalem, and so demonstrates that it is not the Golgotha of the Bible. The place of crucifixion was “outside the gate.”

Now come the interesting facts I desire to present in regard to the true site.

Just outside the city wall a little distance, and on the Damascus road, one hundred and fifty yards from the gate, is a place that meets every requirement made upon it to be the true Calvary. I do not know how many travelers have noticed it before in the present and past centuries. Robinson, the great Palestine explorer, was struck with it, and an American writer named Fields, a number of years ago, drew the attention of the public to its claims.

About seven years since, Gen. Gordon, of England, popularly known as “Chinese Gordon,” was stationed in Jerusalem, and gave six or seven months patient and faithful study to the site. He was not only convinced himself, but in like manner affected many others with the firm belief that the hillock outside the Damascus Gate, which is today called Jeremiah’s Grotto, is Mount Calvary. It is interesting and thrilling to notice how it meets the Scriptural demands.

**First**, it is “outside the gate.” It is outside the present portal; and, if the wall was once farther in by a couple of hundred yards, it would be still outside the gate.

**Second**, it is nigh the city. It does not touch the wall of the city, but is nigh, being fully one hundred and fifty yards away.

**Third**, it is a hillock, and thereby agrees with tradition as well as Scriptural symbol. The height is from forty to fifty feet, while the base is not less than two hundred.

**Fourth**, it is by the side of the high-road that leaves Jerusalem in a northerly direction, so that people passing by could have read the superscription on the cross and railed on the dying victim who hung in full sight.

**Fifth**, the hillock is shaped like a skull. As I stood on the top and noticed the curve and shape of the eminence as it sloped downward from me in every direction, I was most powerfully struck with the likeness it bore to a skull. Standing off at a distance the peculiar resemblance is still observed.

**Sixth**, this eminence is not a pile of debris, but the living rock covered more or less thickly with soil. The rock is plainly visible in a number of

places. Here again the Scripture requirement is met, where it says when Christ died “the rocks were rent.”

**Seventh**, the Bible says that in the place where Christ was crucified “there was a garden.” This is remarkably met in this case, for on the south side of the eminence, the side toward the city walls, there is a garden today, and doubtless there has always been one, the location of the place seeming to favor such an enclosure. Nor is this all, for on the northern side of the hillock there is another garden of still larger size. Both of these gardens have in them a number of olive trees.

**Eighth**, at the foot of the hillock, or eminence, and in the garden that looks southward toward the city, there is a tomb cut in the living rock. This answers the description of the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea as given by the Evangelists. This tomb was only discovered several years ago, and was found in this wise: Mr. Muller of England, the celebrated man of faith, was in Jerusalem on a visit, and was deeply impressed with Gen. Gordon’s views in regard to this place being the true site of Calvary. Feeling that if it was Mt. Calvary, there ought to be a tomb very near, he at his own expense had the rubbish and debris of ages removed from the south side of the hill where the garden lay, and immediately at the point where it touched the hill; and was rewarded by the discovery of the tomb I have just mentioned. How long it had been covered up no one can tell.

This tomb is out in the solid rock. There is no other tomb like it around Jerusalem, so I am informed by responsible parties. The Mohammedan sepulchre is very different. The dimension of the rock chamber which I measured is ten feet deep as you enter, and about fourteen feet in length. The portion on the left is a kind of ante-chamber, while that on the right has two stone niches for the reception of dead bodies. There is no partition between the two, but simply a low division of stone rising about two feet from the floor. Now look at the striking corroborative features.

It is cut out of the rock. Matthew says in chapter 27, verse 60, that Joseph took Christ’s body and “laid it in his own new tomb which he had hewn out of the rock.” The marks of the hewing are plainly visible on the sides and ceiling of the sepulchre. “Hewn out of the rock” would be the first thought that would cross the mind in entering the place.

It is roomy. So much so that a dozen or more persons could stand in it. The reader will doubtless remember that the Evangelists all speak of a number of women going in at once into the sepulchre. I call attention to <sup><22:35></sup>Luke 23:55; and <sup><24:1></sup>24:1-3. There it is said that all the women that followed Christ from Galilee entered into the tomb.

The opening. The proper opening is about four or five feet high and about two or three feet wide. It would have required “a great stone” to have blocked it up.

Again, the opening is so low that a person has to stoop to look in. Here is another confirmatory feature, for John writes these words about it, “And he stooping down and looking in saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.” I visited the place several times, and one evening sent my guide in before me and had to stoop to see him, as he stood within. I hired a Mohammedan woman to clean the tomb, which had in it no little dirt and rubbish. As the reader knows the women of that religion wear white dresses and veils. On one occasion as I saw her standing in the tomb and coming out, I had a vivid realization of the scene described by the gospel writers when they saw a being clothed in white sitting in the sepulchre.

An additional proof came to me by the application of the following scene to the place: One of the Evangelists, and it was the accurate Mark, says that “entering into the sepulchre they saw a young man sitting on the right side clothed in a long white garment.” The italicized words contain the thought. If the gospel had said the left side, that simple expression would have destroyed the claims of the sepulchre of which I am writing today. As you enter the tomb, the left side is found to be a kind of ante-chamber without a stone or ledge of rock to sit upon. But is it not a remarkable coincidence that on the right side of the tomb where the sepulchre proper is, there is a place at the head and one at the foot where two persons could sit.

Still another corroborative fact is seen in the fact that this sepulchre was evidently “the tomb of a rich man.” No poor man could have owned such a sepulchre. The chiseling of the rock, so plain even today, and costing time and money, is a sentence reading clearly that a rich man had this done. A final notice I give to the tomb and then I return to the first subject. On the east wall of the tomb, and just the place where the Savior would have been

placed, is a cross almost faded out of sight, with the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet on either side.

Although the painted symbol is old-looking, just perceptible, and the stone crumbling away and leaving the letters imperfect, I do not stress it as much as the other features and facts mentioned, for a recent hand might have placed these characters there. But there is a fact about it that deserves some attention, and that is that the paint used is very much like that which has been discovered on the walls of the recently exhumed building of the Pool of Bethesda, a building buried for nearly two thousand years. Again, our American consul, who is quite a scholar and antiquarian, has remarked to me that the letter Omega is written in the old Archaic form peculiar to the beginning of the Christian era.

All these facts being summed up in regard to the tomb, makes the eighth proof that the neighboring eminence is the true Calvary.

**Ninth**, in the last few months a tombstone tablet was found in some ruins close to this spot, bearing this inscription: "I desire to be buried near the Church of the Resurrection." The inference is, that once a church of that name stood here, near the Garden where our Lord was buried and where he arose from the dead.

**Tenth**, the present Arabic name for this eminence is, "the place of execution, or casting down." These Arabians have sometime done us great service in the preservation of facts and places by enshrining the fact or place in a kindred name of their own. The Hebrew "place of skulls" and the Arabic "place of execution" go well together.

The question might be asked, What has kept Mt. Calvary from being destroyed all these years? and the answer gives the strange fact that the entire summit is covered by a Mohammedan graveyard, and has been so, doubtless, for centuries. It is still "the place of skulls."

Another question asked me is, Why does not the church purchase the site? The reply is an easy one, and that is, it cannot, because the place is a Moslem burial ground. The Mohammedan is no more desirous of selling the burial place of his kindred for houses to be built thereupon than is the Christian reader.

The garden below, with its "empty sepulchre" has lately been bought from a Moslem by a Swiss banker in Jerusalem, for a large sum. He himself is skeptical in regard to the locality, but he shows a belief in its value by the great price he asks for the tomb and a small plot of ground in its front.

I sometimes think it would have been better if Mr. Muller had not caused the excavation to have been made and the tomb disclosed. For several years it has been foully desecrated. For months. I am told, a donkey was stabled in it, while on my visit to the place I was pained unspeakably at the signs of neglect and desecration.

The photograph opposite is the entrance into the grotto of Jeremiah. The grotto is on the eastern side of the "hillock," while the tomb is on the southern quarter. If the reader will, by a mental process, narrow, and at the same heighten the opening before him, so as to make a doorway three feet in width, by four or five in height, he will have an almost perfect representation of the external appearance of the tomb. The tomb being eight or nine feet below the present surface of the ground, I found it impossible to have it photographed satisfactorily.

A final question that may be asked me is: Why is it that the church has not recognized this place before? The answer is: Our churches are not here. Then the intense feeling toward traditional places by the Eastern churches here may account for the lack of investigation. It is their interest to discourage all inquiries that would result in the disparagement and depreciation of their own sacred sites.

But in spite of this many have seen, and felt, and spoken, and been convinced upon this subject. And the number is rapidly increasing who believe this to be the true Calvary. Some one told me in Jerusalem that Dr. Talmage was profoundly impressed with the place when here last winter, and took away a large stone from the spot for his new church. And not only he, but all who come and stand upon this mount, that is by the Damascus Road, and "nigh the city," and "outside the gate," feel, as they stand with uncovered heads, that here is the place where the Son of God was nailed to the cross, and in the midst of the darkening heavens and shuddering earth bowed His blessed head and died; and that just beneath us yonder in the neighboring garden He arose again and appeared to Mary

Magdalene, saying, "Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father and to my God and your God."

*"O Calvary! Dark Calvary!  
Where Jesus shed his blood for me;  
O Calvary, Bless'd Calvary,  
T'was there my Savior died for me."*



## CHAPTER 27

*Gethsemane — Reputed Site — Proofs of the True Site — The Temple-space or Plateau — Solomon's Stables — Pool of Bethesda*

I needed not to be told that the garden in the valley of Kidron was Gethsemane. So familiar was it by pictures of pencil and pen, that the instant the eye fell upon it the place was recognized. The line of aged olives and tall, tapering cedars, is a sentence clear as the plainest handwriting, spelling out Gethsemane, the place of mysterious agony.

What a wonderful word it has become; the silence, the sorrow, the darkness, the agony of the Divine sufferer, and the awful tragedy of the night, seem to have crept into the word, and weighted it so peculiarly and powerfully that the soul is solemnized at the bare mention of the word.

“Gethsemane, can I forget? Or there thy conflict see, Thy agony and bloody sweat, And not remember thee?”

The reputed garden, owned by the Roman Catholics, is on the east bank of the brook Kidron, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. For a reason to be explained, I call the reader's attention to the fact that it is near St. Stephen's Gate, and located at a spot where four roads converge.

I visited the place, desiring to believe that the traditional spot was the true site, but I left with strong doubts, and after days of study, observation, walking about, and reading what the Scripture says, I was firmly convinced that while Gethsemane is near, yet it is not in the valley, but is to be found higher up on the slope of Mount Olivet. I was led to this conclusion from a number of reasons, which I will give:

First, the true Gethsemane was a secret, retired place. The priests and multitude had to be guided to the place. It required the information and leadership of Judas to bring them to the garden. But the traditional Gethsemane is a most public place. It is at the convergence of four roads, and by the crossing of the brook where all passed to enter into the city. If this had been the spot an hundred lads could have guided the crowd that sought to arrest the Savior.

Again, the true Gethsemane was selected by Christ evidently for a three-fold purpose. The Gospel says that He “frequently resorted thither,” and it was this fact that enabled Judas to lead the band to its quiet, shadowy precincts. Christ came often to this place for rest, doubtless passing many a night stretched under the trees on the ground. This is still an eastern custom, and is not regarded as an hardship in the summer season. Read in the Gospel how mention is made of the Savior passing in the evening over to the Mount of Olives (not Bethany) and returning to the city in the morning. In <sup>405</sup>John 7:53 we read the words: “And every man went unto his own house.” The next verse commencing the eighth chapter is significant, and always touches me when I read it, “Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.” It meant that while men at the close of the day sought their homes, He who had no house went into a mountain to pass the night. Let me ask the reader if he thinks that the Savior would have selected for Himself and His disciples a place of repose at a spot near a large gate of a populous city.

Evidently, the true Gethsemane was selected by Christ as a place of meditation and prayer for Himself, and of instruction to His disciples. There was a place for all to be together, and there was another remoter spot in the Garden to which He would retire to be alone with His Father. That night of the betrayal was not the first time they had seen Him at a “stone’s-throw” distance in that Garden.

The question arises, where would Christ select such a spot? Would He that sought the lonely mountain in prayer elsewhere, seek a public place at the convergence of four public roads? Nor is this all. The garden that is today called Gethsemane is not only where the four thoroughfares meet, but its whole length of an hundred yards rests upon the side of the largest and most travel-frequented of the four roads! Now, as this reputed garden is only about twenty or thirty yards wide, its location and narrowness utterly precludes all idea of retirement and privacy. The thought of the Savior taking such a place to teach and commune uninterruptedly with his disciples is simply absurd. Next to the Jaffa Gate I found no noisier or more frequented place about Jerusalem than the spot where the Catholics have located Gethsemane. On several occasions after nightfall I still discovered a laughing, smoking, rollicking, noisy throng of men and women by the crossing of Kidron and in a few yards of Gethsemane. It is the only

attractive and available spot outside the city for such gatherings, and I suppose has always been so. I remember that it was in this very valley at its junction with Hinnom that the young people of the court of David were entertaining themselves at the well of Enrogel. It has always been a noisy valley, and from its situation was and is compelled so to be. Would the Savior have chosen the very center of this confusion as a place of instruction for His followers? Common sense tells us better. With His life hunted and sought after by His enemies, and having with Him a band of spiritually ignorant men to train and teach, these and other considerations called for a place remote from human voices and presences. Certainly when He would speak to them of holy mysteries, and when He came to that awful wrestle with the powers of darkness, when His voice was to go out and up in mighty pleadings and in groans, the Savior would never have selected as the place of such sacred transactions and experiences a garden that was in a dozen feet of four public roads, and in front of a city gate. He craved fellowship that night, but not such as abounded on a roadside. All of us crave human society in time of trouble; but it is a certain acceptable kind. Nothing grates more on the tortured soul in time of sorrow than the voices and laughter of the careless multitude. The more one thinks of it the more convinced will he be that Gethsemane must have been not in the valley at all, but up on the mountain side, away from the rush of travel and the noise of passersby, and at such a distance that the voices and sounds of the road would float up softened, and thus, robbed of disturbing power, would fall even agreeably upon the meditative and prayerful soul.

Another point I make is that there were few places open to our Lord when on earth. Two rich men believed in Him, but were afraid publicly to acknowledge and befriend Him until his death. There was one house in Bethany open to Him, and one upper room in Jerusalem, and I doubt not one Garden on the Mount of Olives, and but one. Christ would never have thrust Himself up on a stranger's property. He went where He was loved and welcomed. The message to the owner of the "foal" undoubtedly shows acquaintanceship and even love. The Garden of Gethsemane was owned by a friend and follower.

Still another point, that when Christ and His disciples sat in this place to which the Gospel says they frequently resorted, they could see the Temple and city of Jerusalem. This one fact is absolutely conclusive; for

in the Roman Catholic Gethsemane you are in the bottom of the valley, and cannot see anything but the city wall.

The Gospel tells us that in this place, where Jesus and his disciples sat, that they were over against the Temple and the city, and that His disciples pointed out the buildings to Him. The whole of Jerusalem seemed to have been before them. But I found by repeated walks that to obtain such a view of the Temple as the Evangelists speak of, you must ascend fully one-third of the height of Mount Olivet. The objection may be urged that John says that "Jesus went over the brook Kedron, where was a garden," etc. But St. Mark is more definite, and says: "they went out into the Mount of Olives." Now look at the facts; the so-called Gethsemane of today is not on the Mount of Olives at all, but is in the Valley of Kidron. The true Gethsemane, St. Mark says, is in Mount Olivet.

The question arises: Were there gardens on the side of the mountain? To which I reply that even to this day the Mount of Olives has gardens to the very summit. I was struck, besides, with the remains of ancient terraces upon which once clustered, I doubt not, in shadowy beauty, groves of olives, with fig-trees and vineyards in abundance. One-third of the distance up, I stood on one of these old terraces, from which I had a wide and commanding view of the Temple grounds and the city. As I marked the retirement of the spot, as well as the splendid prospect it afforded, it was far easier to believe that here, or near by, was Gethsemane, rather than the place which bears the name by the side of the brook Kidron.

But some one will say, What advantage is to come from this denial of the present tradition? This question involves such lengthiness of reply that I would rather not answer. I would simply say that these letters are not transcripts of a guide-book, but a record of impressions made on the eye, and heart, and brain of a solitary traveler.

In looking at the city of Jerusalem from Mount Zion, near the Jaffa Gate, after the first surprise felt at the nearness of the Mount of Olives, the second surprise arises to see the Temple area so much lower than Mount Zion, and so much further north than you had expected.

As the place is now occupied by Mohammedans, the traveler requires a double guard to enter the sacred precincts. The mosque having been built

by Omar, and Mohammed having been supposed to have visited this spot ere he passed into the skies, the Mussulman is as jealous in regard to its sacredness as ever was the Jew.

I was not prepared to see such a large area in the old Temple space. It is five hundred and forty yards long from north to south, by three hundred and fifty yards in breadth from east to west.

These spaces or squares have played an important part in the history of the world. In the first place they were necessities, because of the narrow streets of Eastern cities. Next, they were wonderful assisters in the dissemination of public news. Then they were essential for the coming together of the people in political and religious assemblies. Great public questions were handled there, and in the East no topic more frequently than religion. Hence around the Roman Forum were ranged temples of justice, and also temples for the gods. Paul found on Mars' Hill a time and place for religious discussion.

This Temple space was all this and more in Jerusalem. The courts were for different classes, and so everybody could come. The reader will remember that most of Christ's words and miracles in Jerusalem were spoken and wrought here. The fact was that the people were here. No trouble to get an audience in this place at any time in the day. From this breezy, spacious, and noble square the Jew is shut out today by Mohammedan power. He can stand on a distant hill, and look over from afar as did Moses from Nebo; or once a week he is allowed for three or four hours on Friday afternoon to place his face against the stones of the southwest corner of the wall of the Temple and weep and lament over its desolation, but this is all. What humiliation and suffering to these proud spirits! A worshiper of a false prophet keeps away the chosen people of God from the Temple of His and their glory. Even a Christian is only allowed to enter under restrictions, and, as I said, requires a guard furnished by his consul and another by the Turkish government.

The shutting up of such a square would be a discomfort even if there were others for the people to assemble in, but when we remember that it is the only square or large open space in Jerusalem, and bear in mind the narrow streets of the city and the absence of attractive resorts outside the city

walls, the sealing of the Temple gates to all but Mussulmen is a public affliction and calamity.

When the visitor enters the place he can truthfully say that he is standing upon the most remarkable spot in the world — remarkable because here the visible glory of God was beheld for centuries in the Shekinah. Over this place stood an angel with drawn sword. Here Abraham offered up Isaac. Here David and Solomon and the prophets walked, spoke and achieved. From the surrounding hills armies of every nation, led by the greatest conquerors, have looked down upon this spot. Here Peter preached all day long after Pentecost, and here Paul was arrested and hurried to yonder northwest corner where stood the castle, and made his speech of defense standing on the stairway. But above all, here the Savior preached and wrought miracles, and daily withstood the high-priests and Pharisees.

Somehow you can better appreciate that daily battle of Christ after standing in the midst of the temple inclosure. One against many, one faithful, perfect life representing and advocating the cause of heaven and God, and doing it day after day in the face of the most rigid formalism and bitter opposition and deadly hate ever brought to bear upon any teacher before or since. Who wonders that He sought at night a quiet retreat on the Mount of Olives? Who is surprised that He turned from the scowls, mutterings, plottings, and attempted stonings of the Jews, to the village of Bethany, where He knew there were two or three people who loved Him?

The whole place speaks of Christ. You think of Him as an infant brought here, as the serious-faced child coming up annually with His mother to the Temple. You see Him sitting over yonder against the Treasury watching the gifts of the people. It was somewhere near here that He stooped, and with His finger wrote upon the ground. And through the gate upon the east I see Him entering seated upon an ass, and surrounded with a rejoicing multitude of men, women and children. Lifting the eyes to Mount Olivet, over against us, there we see Him seated upon its side, looking down upon this very spot, and telling His disciples of its coming ruin.

The place has a desolate air. Few persons are seen coming or going. The only voice that broke the stillness was that of a Mussulman droning out the Koran to himself in a corner of the Mosque. The heart fairly sickens to

look around and remember who used to be here, and then see who are here today.

The Mosque of Omar is said to occupy the site of the Temple. Perhaps it does; but one thing that, when beheld under the dome, causes a grave doubt to arise in the mind — this thing is the “Sacred Rock,” as it is called. Its size, shape and gradual ascent, with the circular aperture on the top, made evidently for the passage of the blood of sacrificed animals, and communicating with a great cistern and channels below leading to the foot of the mountain, all show the ancient altar, and if it be the altar that stood before the Temple, then the Mosque does not cover the Temple site.

I passed over to the southeast corner of the Temple wall, where, tradition says, is the pinnacle from which Satan would have Christ cast Himself. To fall here would be certain death, and yet deep and precipitous as it still is, two thousand years ago the valley beneath was over fifty feet deeper. This has been proved by excavations. Such accumulations are not to be wondered at when we remember that Jerusalem has been destroyed to the very ground by every powerful nation of the East.

I next descended below the Temple platform to the second tier of pillars that uphold the great stone-covered plain above. Such pillars and such arches! Surely they were giants in those days. Here Solomon kept his horses. Through the edge of each pillar is a hole bored through the stones for the reception of the halter. But the horses are gone, and the rider is dead; and the lofty, arched abode of the royal steeds is consigned to silence and darkness.

It is supposed by many that the Temple plateau was once terraced, and that upon the third and highest sat the Temple itself, in its golden and marble beauty. There is a large space near the eastern gate that is fully twenty feet lower than the ground upon which the Mosque is built, that seems a confirmation of this supposition. If in addition to these terraces we recall the double row of pillars on the south, and the stone colonnades that separated the courts, and all this rising above the battlemented and turreted walls of the city, we can see why the disciples spoke to Christ of the beauty of the sight before them as they sat upon the Mount of Olives. “Verily, I say unto you, not one stone shall be left upon another.” The word has been literally fulfilled.

Many of my readers will remember engravings or pictures of what has been called the pool of Bethesda. The fifth chapter of St. John gives a brief description of it by saying that it had five porches, and was near the Sheep Gate. For a great while many have believed that the large pool located by the northeast corner of the temple wall, near St. Stephen's Gate, is the place mentioned by St. John. There were no porches to be found, but there were two arches; and they were supposed to indicate the fact of porches and the existence of the other three. Nevertheless, there were many who were not satisfied in regard to this site, and their doubts were confirmed less than two years ago by the result of certain excavations made under the old church of St. Anne, that lies north of the pool about one hundred yards or more.

These excavations still going on have revealed the existence of a structure fifty feet under ground, having five porches, with two tiers of arches, and at the farther end a pool that is filled with water. The last corroborating proof was made one year ago in the discovery of a fresco or painting on the wall of the upper tier in the last porch that is nearest the pool. The fresco represents an angel descending into a pool of water.

Mr. Gillman, our American consul, in a fine paper on the subject, gives a minute description of this fresco, and laments that after exposure to the air the colors have begun to fade. I saw the picture in its faded state, and could only see the representation of the water and what I supposed was the halo, or nimbus, above the angel's head.

Another confirmation is the nearness of the place to St. Stephen's Gate, which is believed by nearly all to be the Sheep Gate mentioned in the Scripture.

Another curious corroboration of the locality I noticed in the difficulty in getting down to the pool. The steps in descending from the upper tier are narrow, and have a sharp, angular turn in the descent. Now read the impotent man's complaint: "While I am coming another steppeth down before me."

The value of this discovery is evident to the thoughtful. It is a voice from the dust, saying to the skeptical, scoffing world that the slightest statements of the word of God are true. If the Bible says a house has five



porches, when we find the building we discover that it has not four or six porches, but five. One by one the statements of God's book are being proved in various ways to be facts. The result is bound to come, a child can foresee it, that the day is approaching when the world will rise up convinced, overwhelmed, and say the whole book is true.

I begin to see the divine use of the rubbish of ages; that by it God covers up objects of value for future use or reference. The debris of the centuries is one of God's secretaries, with a multitude of secret drawers therein, which we are slowly finding and opening just, I think, at the right time. What gems they contain with which to stud the crown of Truth?

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."  
God plants stones in the dust that are full of light, and that will, in coming centuries, bear a harvest of gladness for His people.

## CHAPTER 28

*The Debris of Jerusalem — A Street Found Fifty Feet Under the City — Piles of Rubbish Higher than the Walls — The Strife Between the Latin and Greek Churches — Church Frauds and Deceptions — Native Church Members — The Custom of Supporting the Native Church Membership — The Way Mothers Carry Their Children — A Touching Spectacle*

I had often heard of the piles of rubbish in or rather on the old Jerusalem; but not until I came and saw for myself could I realize the truth of what I had read on the subject. So deep are these accumulations in some places that it is impossible to tell how far beneath is the ancient city level. Not long since rubbish, to the depth of twenty feet was removed by workmen for the purpose of securing a foundation for a hospital, when suddenly they came upon an arched opening. It proved to be a sky-light in the vaulted ceiling of a street that lay thirty or forty feet below. I went to view it, and stood wondering and solemnized as I looked down upon a city thoroughfare along which people walked in the time of the Savior. It was a kind of Pompeii spectacle. Another case, equally remarkable, occurred in the excavations made under a monastery. The ancient floor, made bare in that place, is fully fifty feet below the first rubbish that was removed.

One evening, in a walk on Mt. Zion, and inside the walls, I was amazed to see that the rubbish of ages had so accumulated that there were piles which now overtopped, by several feet, the walls of the city, which, at that point, are fully thirty feet high. The words of the prophecy, uttered six centuries before Christ, rush upon the recollection, "Jerusalem shall become heaps!" Let the skeptic come and see for himself, and be convinced.

God has various ways of burying cities out of sight. The sluggish waves of the Dead Sea tell of one way; the black lava of Vesuvius, twisted in grim handwriting on the plain, declare another; and the debris and ruins of the centuries speak of another.

This rubbish, or debris, of Jerusalem has a curious effect upon the traditions manufactured by the Greek and Latin Churches in regard to sacred localities. For instance, you are pointed to the house of Veronica and the lowly home of the Wandering Jew, when, according to the resistless testimony of the rubbish, these houses, if they ever existed at all, are to be found forty or fifty feet below, and must necessarily be out of sight. At another place on the Via Dorolosa they show you a deep impression on a rock in the wall made, these churches affirm, by the hand of Christ as He rested for a moment under the burden of the cross. But the voice of the rubbish of Jerusalem says this is impossible, the Savior was not of gigantic stature, and if He rested at all, it was on a spot forty feet below the traditional site. Sometimes “a voice that whispers from the dust” does good.

One of the sad spectacles in Palestine, and that hurts Christianity to the heart, is the hatred and strife between the Latin and Greek Churches. This bitterness is seen in various respects. One way is in their dispute and struggle over sacred places. If there is a holy site in a village or town, immediately these two churches contend for its possession, or set up rival churches in different quarters of the town, both affirming that the true site is under their church roof. So in Jerusalem there are two places of the Ascension of Christ — One Greek and one Latin; in Bethany, two places where Christ met Martha and Mary ere He proceeded to the grave of Lazarus — One on the left of the road, believed in by the Latins; and another on the right, believed in by the Greeks. In Nazareth they have two places where the angel Gabriel made the announcement to Mary of her coming motherhood — one in the north quarter, held by the Greek Church; and the other in the southern quarter, owned by the Romanists. Besides this, there are two Mounts of Transfiguration and two Gethsemanes — One Greek and the other Roman. And thus it is all over the land. When all of the evidence goes to show that one of these churches is correct, then the discomfited one makes up for its loss by an abundance of sacred relics, traditions, and sites of other Scriptural occurrences. It is amazing to see how many important things have occurred on one little spot of ground after it gets a church roof over it. The effort to outdo each other in traditions, and in the exhibition of sacred relics is painfully evident. If the Roman Catholics show the impression of Peter’s foot on a paving-stone,

the Greeks promptly exhibit the impress of Elijah's whole form on a bed of rock near Bethlehem. If the Greeks show a footprint in stone on Mt. Olivet, the Roman Catholics point you to a handprint on the rock in the Via Dolorosa.

The strife between the two has been evinced in a far more serious way than I have yet mentioned. That way, sorrowful to relate, has been bloodshed. Today a Turkish soldier stands in the Chapel of the Nativity, in Bethlehem, and a Turkish guard is posted in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, for the purpose of keeping peace between two churches that call themselves Christians.

Can not the reader see what harm is wrought to Christ and His cause by such a state of things? Of course, we know this is only a nominal Christianity; but the sad thing is that the Turk and the Syrian can not distinguish between the nominal and the real, the formal and the spiritual. They look at this spectacle and say: "If this is Christianity, then we prefer our own religion."

The Greek and Roman Catholic Churches certainly outstrip and outdo the statements of the Bible. They evidently feel that they can help the Scriptures out of certain difficulties; that they are imperfect, and need supplementing. So they fill out the unwritten sentence, and speak where God was silent. In the Gospel the only allusion made to the exhaustion of Christ on His way to Calvary, is where it is said that the cross was laid upon Simon the Cyrenian; but these two enterprising churches declare that the Savior fainted three times on the road. The only time He spoke was when He addressed the weeping women of Jerusalem; but the Greek and Latin Churches have Him pause and speak at the door of the Wandering Jew, at the house of Veronica, and I know not how many other places besides. They have in all fourteen stations or stopping-places of the Savior in the Via Dolorosa.

I was shown the chapel of St. Longinus. And who was St. Longinus? These two veracious churches say that he was a soldier, blind in one eye, and that a drop of blood from the cross fell on the injured organ of vision and he saw at once, whereupon he became a Christian, and afterward a saint.

These same churches show the place where the Virgin Mother held the dead Christ on her knees, and also the place where the Savior met His mother after His resurrection.

All of this is being wise above that which is written, and fills the heart of the Christian with unaffected pain.

Like all additions to the Gospel, they fail to contribute beauty or force to the scriptural narrative. The human part has a wretched and unmistakable limp, and is to the truth what the clay was to the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar.

Both of these churches are very fond of darkness. Not only spiritual, but real shadows of a visible, and we might say, material kind. The clear light of the sun is never allowed to fall upon their relics. While the more uncertain the tradition about place or thing, the more deeply is the church-room or cave darkened. The few lamps that burn are turned so low that they serve only to reveal the gloom, while the thin falsehood, the poor priestly cheat, and the ecclesiastical lie are in the heaven of such things — even a room full of shadows and darkness.

I was pointed to an upright cylindrical box that contained, they said, the marble pillar to which Christ was bound and scourged. The pillar is hidden from sight in the darkness of the box. Why hide it? Certainly marble will not melt. Midway the box there is a large auger hole, and through this the tourist is allowed to thrust a stick and feel the marble post inside. Of course this is thrilling proof that here is the veritable shaft of stone to which our Lord was bound and whipped. Did we not feel it with a stick through an auger hole!

There has been evidently so many American explosions of amused and shocked unbelief, that the guides and church custodians show traces of traditional anxiety as they declare the name and reveal the hoary site and relic. You feel their eyes steadily watching your face to see how much or how little of the statement you believe.

Perhaps travelers themselves have something to do with the existence of these lying wonders. Coming from long distances they expect and demand marvelous things to be told and shown to them. And the Eastern man gifted with remarkable lingual powers, and possessed of any amount of

very vivid coloring matter in his mind, responds most cheerfully to the demand, and offers to the wondering traveler a measure of marvelous statements, that is not only pressed down, but shaken together and running over. I have no doubt that oftentimes the guide astonishes himself.

It was with very peculiar feelings that I was shown by a friendly individual the subterranean channel through which the fire is conducted that is afterward to burst forth miraculously from the Holy Sepulchre. I looked upon the hidden cheat and groaned in spirit. I was told subsequently that the Roman Catholics had drawn off from the Greeks in this annual deception and now make their own miraculous fire in another part of the city.

A curious thing that prevails here is the church's support of its membership. A vast majority of the native members, if not all, are substantially helped by the ecclesiastical organizations to which they belong. A Syrian told me that his house cost him nothing, inasmuch as his wife, being a Catholic, received it from that church free of rent, and that all the other churches did the same. On making inquiry of the American consul, he confirmed what the man had said, saying that it was the custom of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches alike. I learned that it was quite common for the native members to change their church relationships from the Latin to the Greek, and vice versa, the only reason for the change being the offering of some superior material advantage by one over the other. One man left the Greek Church because he was offered, free of rent, a better tenement by the Church of Rome. I leave you to imagine the effect of all this upon the religious character of the people. Truly they are the descendants in spirit, if not in flesh, of the multitude that followed Christ for the sake of the loaves and fishes.

I can conceive of two causes that bring this state of things about. One is the poverty of Jerusalem. Once silver abounded here like the stones in her streets; but today she is the poorest of all cities. Mendicancy abounds, and her inhabitants are supported as in no other city in the world. The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians all support their members, while Jewish philanthropists abroad send help to multitudes of Israelites here, who are barely able, with all the help they receive, to keep soul and body together. The other cause is church pride. Each one of these rival organizations

desires a large following — large religious retinues, so to speak — in their chapels and churches; and to obtain this following in Palestine, requires, it seems, the “loaf-and-fish” policy.

As for the genuinely converted natives, I sought for them in vain. One man who is called a Christian in Jerusalem I detected playing cards on the Sabbath; and a female member of a Protestant church I found to be utterly ignorant of experimental religion. However, this argument might be turned with fatal power upon Christian America. As for Christian Jews I was shown several; but if they possessed Christianity then have I not so learned Christ.

Everything I saw convinced me that what is needed in Palestine is an apostolic ministry and a church on fire with the Holy Ghost. Then, and not till then, will we see here a pure religion, with conversions clear as a sunbeam and as lasting as the mountains.

I have been much interested in the way that mothers carry their children in this country. I mentioned how they were bundled in shawls in Scotland, and peeped out on the world like a bird from its nest. When I reached Egypt, and studied the phenomenon of baby-carrying there, my surprise was enhanced. I saw there a mother walking on the high-road, with her child of fifteen or eighteen months sitting astride her left shoulder, while, with its little hands, he clasped the maternal head. Next day this scene was outstripped near the pyramids, where I saw a mother carrying one child on her right arm, while a second child was astride of her left shoulder — a kind of second story. This was a pyramid of a different sort from the one I was visiting, and filled me with a profound pity. But it remained for my surprise to reach its climax in Palestine. One day, while riding around the walls of Jerusalem, I passed a woman who had just come out of St. Stephen’s Gate, and was walking toward the country. She was carrying a coarse white sack, or bag, on her back, the ends of which passed over her head — something like a halter. As she passed me, I — heard the cry of a child, and, seeing nothing of the baby-kind in her arms, had my attention directed to the fact that the child was in the bottom of the sack, midway between the mother’s head and heels. On closer investigation I discovered that the bag was simply a large white cloth, with the four ends gathered together and passed around the mother’s forehead. But this is not all. The

next day, as I passed out of the Jaffa Gate, I saw a woman standing in front of a street-stall, buying something. She had a large burden on her head, and, in addition, from that same loaded head was suspended the cloth sack which I now recognized as a baby receptacle, and from which issued the stentorian yells of a youngster upon whom the sun was shining too fervently for his comfort. The woman was doing four or five things at the same time. She was bearing a load of something — I could not tell what — upon her head, and balancing it as well. She was, beside this, carrying a good-sized baby in the head-suspended sack, and she was buying something at the little shop, and, as she did all these things, she swayed her body back and forth to quiet the child! The crowning wonder was, that the woman did not seem to realize that her lot was a hard one; nor was there a sign of impatience in one of her movements. The heart was all the more melted at the spectacle of silent, patient suffering.



## CHAPTER 29

*The Jaffa Gate — The Jews' Wailing-Place — Mt. Olive — The Missing Figure — The Roads to Bethany — Bethany — the Place of Ascension — A View from Mt. Olivet.*

The Jaffa Gate in the western wall is to me more of an experience than a locality, and I believe it is so to most Christian travelers. We speak of the Bridge of Sighs, but I question not that there is more sighing of heart in one year under this west gate of Jerusalem than was ever heard in a century in the famous prison and on the still more famous bridge of Venice.

There is the grief of the returning Jews; and the painful experience of Christian travelers. There are sighs of memory, and of anticipation; there is a grief at the ruin of the land. There is a pained feeling as you pass through the droves of overworked camels and donkeys; and sorrow at the sight of groups of swarthy Arabians and Syrians, who swarm about and seem to be the keepers of God's ancient city. So, with a heavy feeling, you pass through dirt and dinginess, poverty and degradation into the narrow, confined streets of Jerusalem.

So the Jaffa Gate is an experience. There is bound to be a sigh over such an entrance into the City of David.

This Jaffa Gate is the same old portal, or rather the successor of the city portal that gave Nehemiah such trouble in the way of Sabbath breaking some two thousand five hundred years ago. The merchants and venders brought in their fresh fruits and vegetables for sale on the Holy Sabbath; but when the man of God threatened them, they lodged without on the sacred day until Nehemiah said, "I will lay my hands upon you" if you do not remove. I was awakened early on Sunday morning with the sound of traffic, and looking out, saw coming in through the gate of Jaffa on the backs of men and beasts, meat and fruit and vegetables, as of yore. Some households retain family sins, and some localities keep up bad reputations. Certain walls held leprosy, and certain gates and houses are hoary with ages of disobedience to God. It is all the same with this old gray gateway what Sabbath Day is blessing the earth. The arches of this queer right angle

entrance resound with the tinkling bell of loaded camel, and tread of busy vendors alike on the Friday Sabbath of the Mohammedan, the Saturday Sabbath of the Jew, and the Sunday of the Christian. It has a contempt for them all, has this old Jaffa Gate.

What shall be done with it, and where is the race of Nehemiah?

The Jew is not allowed to enter the holy place of his fathers. He who would not enter Pilate's Judgment hall lest he be defiled, is regarded as so defiled by his publican masters today that he is not permitted to stand on what he considers holy ground. What a retributive judgment! Latterly the Turk has so far relented that he allows the Jews to come once a week, for three or four hours, to a small spot at the southwestern corner of the temple and there pour forth their grief and lamentation over the fall of their nations and the destruction of their sanctuary.

The place is not more than forty yards in length, by five in breadth. Above towers the temple wall, fully thirty or forty feet. They cannot see over, nor can they pass into the sacred enclosure; but they can lay their hands upon the wall, press their lips upon its stones, wet it with their tears, and hide their faces against its hard surface.

You have to pass through the Jewish quarter of the city to reach the Place of Wailing; and your own sorrow is fully aroused by the time you arrive, by what you see of the poverty and wretchedness of the Jews all about you. The streets are narrow, and many of them filthy; the houses are small, and a number look more like ruined foundations of houses than dwellings. You take in the fact that these abodes are on the slope of Mt. Zion! You think of the past glory of Mt. Zion, and cannot keep back a feeling of sadness at the contrast.

The last street, or rather alley, into which I turned was lined with beggars whose importunacy transcended anything I had ever seen elsewhere. From this final scene of want I entered suddenly upon the Wailing Place.

From one to two hundred men and women were gathered in what is really an inclosure. The great majority of the people had Bibles in their hands and were reading audibly therefrom. Many were crying as they read, some were swaying their forms backward and forward while they read aloud from the Holy Book. Still others were standing close to the wall, with their

faces hidden against it. I observed with especial movement of heart a long line of gray-haired women, clothed in threadbare raiment, but spotlessly clean, who were sitting down reading from the Old Testament, while from the eyes of a number I saw the tears dropping on the open page.

It would have required a heart of stone to have remained unmoved at such an hour.

The words of Him whom they rejected stood out over against the scene.

“Yet a little while is the light with you.”

“Behold your house is left unto you desolate.”

Their house! — Yes; it is left desolate.

“Daughters of Jerusalem weep not for me, but weep for yourselves.”

“Ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and shall not be able.”

How I longed to offer them the Gospel — And tell them that Christ would save them and their people if they would turn to Him.

I felt my indignation stirred on seeing a group of Mohammedan men and women present gazing on the scene in a derisive spirit. They were much amused and openly laughed. And even this — the presence of a mocking enemy, and in this little spot allotted them — the Jew has to bear.

I inquired what passages they were reading from, and found that they were taken, with a single exception, from Jeremiah.

Let the reader remember how earnestly and vainly Jeremiah had lifted up his voice against this city. How they had refused to believe in or listen to his warnings, regarding him as a bird of ill omen, as a man of gloomy mind, and so not to be regarded. Recall how they treated him, and then, as we turn back again to the scene before us, where of all the writers he is the one selected for quotation, his words uttered and his lamentations caught up and repeated — you are ready for one or two conclusions.

One is that honor will come at last to whom it is due. It may be slow coming, but it will come.

Another is that change of circumstances throws wonderfully new light over a man. The prosperous Jerusalem could not endure the voice of the weeping prophet, but Jerusalem wailing itself, turns to the books of the once despised man of God, and finds in his words the happiest expression of its own sorrow.

But what is this grief? Is it for their sins — is it for the Temple really, or is it for what the Temple once stood for them. Is it sorrow that they crucified “the Man, Christ Jesus” — or distress that God is no more with them — or is it that this lamentation is simply a great grief over the fall from that political and national greatness, when Judah and Israel were feared among the nations, and the splendor of Jerusalem made it the wonder of the world.

There are two kinds of sorrow, says the Bible, and He who reads the heart understands better than we do this scene at the Jews’ Wailing Place.

I was never wearied of looking at the Mount of Olives. I saw it at sunrise, and with the midday sun beating upon it, and with the evening shadows stealing over it, and with the moonlight falling like a silver glory upon its rocky slopes. I looked on it many times. It held me with a tender, solemn, and holy fascination. Night after night would find me on the roof-top of the hotel glancing over the dark city to where it lay sleeping with its bold and beautiful outline under the stars. Even at night the white lines of the four roads are visible as they spread like the diverging sticks of a fan over the mountain side. All these roads converge at a point opposite St. Stephen’ s Gate, and all pass over or around the hill to Bethany.

The Mount of Olives rises five hundred feet above the valley of Kidron. Its northern and southern ends slope off at the same angle. The summit from a distance appears perfectly level. and has a length equal to that of the city. A straggling line of olive trees runs up the center and spreads out in the form of a grove at the summit. A little north of the grove is a lofty spire built by the Russian Church as marking the place of the Ascension. The greater part of the mountain-side today is bare, though I doubt not in the time of Christ it was robed and crowned with olive groves, vineyards,

and gardens. The part opposite the Temple is covered with tombstones that begin at the brook Kidron, and run up the mountain-side more than half the distance. "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of Jehosaphat!"

The secret of the charm of Mt. Olivet to the Christian world is not its natural beauty, but the remembrance that Christ glorified and sanctified it with His presence.

Along these roads He walked; on this mountain slope He sat looking down upon the city of Jerusalem and talking to His disciples; under its old-time olive trees He often slept; up yonder on the brow of the hill He wept over the city; lower down He agonized in the garden; on this mountain He was arrested, and from it He ascended into heaven. It is the last spot on earth that He honored with His presence. From this mountain footstool He stepped upward to the Throne of the Universe. Truly the heart is moved as the eye falls upon this sacred mountain. Its every curve, and slope, and tree, and road brings up the thought and even person of the Son of God. There comes to the heart in viewing the mount not only a rush of tenderness, but a peculiar experience of pain. You miss Christ. You scan the mountain-side where He sat and He is not there; you look on the roads that wind over the hill to Bethany, along which He so often walked, and His figure with the group of followers is not to be seen. Something is gone from the mountain and road that was a light and glory. You go over the places with a wistful, aching feeling in the heart like we go into rooms made vacant by death or sorrowful departure. You reason with yourself and say: I know Christ is reigning in heaven; and even now my soul rejoices in the consciousness of His presence. But in spite of this knowledge and the spiritual presence, it is impossible to look upon this mountain-side and these roads forever forsaken by the Savior, without experiencing a pain and bereaved feeling that is simply indescribable. You cannot but think of the missing figure all the while.

Bethany is two miles or more from Jerusalem by the road, but nearer in a direct line. The inhabitants say it is distant one-half hour or three quarters. Time is the measure here for distance, and not miles. A place is said to be one, three, or six hours away. This translated means three, nine, or eighteen miles. Three miles an hour is the schedule time of travel.

There are several roads that lead to Bethany. The upper one ascends the steep side and goes directly over the lofty brow of the Mount of Olives, and then descends upon Bethany. The lower road skirts the southern base of the hill and comes with gentler approach to the side of the village of the sisters. On one of these ways the triumphant procession, or entry, took place. Here, as in the case of almost every sacred spot, one stands bewildered and hesitating. At a certain spot on the lower road you are pointed to a place where Jesus wept over the city; but on the upper road I saw several spots that commanded a much more impressive view, and where it seems far more likely He stood when he beheld the city in its outspread beauty before and beneath him. The main objection to the claim of the lower road is that there is no place on it sufficiently lofty and commanding to justify the expression: "He wept over the city." From the verse one would naturally suppose that the whole city lay at His feet. The main objection to the claim of the upper road is its steepness. As I toiled up a part of the most difficult slopes I recalled the day of the triumphant entry, and remembered the animal that was ridden, and the children that accompanied and preceded the blessed Savior. This place, I said, was too steep for them.

But on another evening I was sitting by the side of the steep highway just beneath the brow of Mt. Olivet, and where a most glorious view of Jerusalem was presented, and was mentally saying, this I could easily believe to be the place where the Savior stood and wept over the city, but for the thought of the steepness of the road for the multitude that went with him, when suddenly I heard the sound of voices, and, looking around, saw two ladies on donkeys descending the very road, while six or seven children were walking or running ahead of them in great glee. This sight settled the matter, and I then and there decided in favor of the upper road.

I passed along both roads several times on foot and horseback, filled with thoughts of Him who walked along them so frequently. They are sadly changed since the Savior's time. Doubtless they were once bower-like, with vineyards by the side and palm-trees and groves of olive-trees and orchards of the fig. Certainly the trees must have abounded, for the Gospel says the people broke off branches of the trees and strewed them in the way. But today the vineyards are gone and the trees are few and far

between. The lower road stretches its hot, white, winding way along the base of the mountain, relieved only by two small clumps of olive-trees.

Not far from the village of Bethany I saw a solitary fig-tree by the roadside. The sight of it deeply moved me, summing up instantly and powerfully the scene in the Gospel beginning: "Now in the morning as He returned into the city He hungered. And when He saw a fig-tree in the way He came to it." How little we realize the hardships that Christ endured for us. Often his meals were a crust of bread, with a cup of wine, divided among twelve men. At another time it is bread and fish; at another a piece of honey-comb. He seems never to have had more than two articles of food. His nights were often spent on the ground, while here He approaches a fig-tree for His breakfast.

I plucked two or three leaves from the fig-tree that grew by the side of the road, while my heart melted at the thought of Him who had walked here so often tired, hungry, unknown, and rejected of men.

Bethany is on the eastern side of the Mount of Olives, hidden away in a small valley shaped like the letter U; the open part of the valley facing toward Jericho. The village cannot be seen from the summit of Mt. Olivet because of a swell in the ground just above the head of the valley. The houses, flat-roofed and one-storied, are built of rough limestone. It is difficult to realize that this wretched place, filled with poor brown-skinned natives, was the spot once so attractive to the Savior. And yet, I doubt not, judging from the natural surroundings, that it was once a beautiful hamlet.

The home of Mary and Martha is pointed out; and also the grave of Lazarus, in the center of the village. That this tradition is widely at fault in regard to the location of the sepulchre, I saw by a single glance at the Scripture narrative, and another at the place. The road to Jericho, up which Christ came the morning of the miracle, sweeps eastward in front of Bethany. The reputed grave of Lazarus is in the center of the village, and the reputed home of Mary and Martha is between the sepulchre and the Jericho road. Now the Gospel says that some one came to Mary, as she sat in the house, and said: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." That immediately she arose and went out to meet Jesus, while the Jews who saw her departing said: "She goeth to the grave to weep there." This

simple verse utterly destroys the claim of the Latin Church to the present traditional site of Lazarus' grave. When Mary went forth to meet the Lord she walked, of course, toward the Jericho road, where Jesus had stopped, and turned her back on the place now pointed out as the sepulchre. As she went in this direction the Jews followed her saying, she goeth to the grave to weep there! Proving incontestably that the grave was to the east of the town, and not where it is affirmed to be today.

Just above the brow of the Bethany Valley, and somewhat up the slope of Mt. Olivet took place the ascension of our Lord. It did not occur on the summit of the mountain as the Latin and Greek Churches teach, but lower down, and nigh to Bethany. One of the Evangelists says: "He led them out as far as Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them He was parted from them and carried up into heaven." In another book the same writer says: "A cloud received Him out of their sight." And that "they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up."

What an unutterable scene was this — the ascending form of the Savior, the face beaming with love and compassion, fading away in the distance; the disciples in different attitudes looking up, with their hearts in their throats and their souls in their eyes. They almost forgot to breathe. They reached out their hands to Him as He went higher and higher, and finally disappeared in a cloud that was the glory of a waiting multitude of angels. He was gone from them again. Their hearts had hardly recovered from the soreness of His loss by death, when they are all wrung again by this more solemn departure. Two angelic visitants in white apparel had to be dispatched to comfort them. "Ye men of Galilee why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." This visit and message kept their hearts from breaking.

The place of the Ascension is a quiet and remote spot. Bethany is hidden in the valley below. Jerusalem is out of sight behind the lofty summit of Olivet. A sighing grove of olive-trees is thinly scattered about; a sunny hillside, without the sign of a human being, is around you. Not a sound is to be heard but the flutter of a bird amid the tree branches. Indeed, so sheltered is the spot by the bold uplift of the crest of Mt. Olivet, that the



strong winds of the country are transformed here into soft and gentle breezes.

On two occasions I visited the place alone. I am confident that I stood in one or two hundred yards of the spot where the wonderful scene took place. What profound experience comes to one in standing near where the Savior last stood, and looking up into the very sky where He disappeared. A great awe came upon my soul as I looked up. He vanished with His hands outstretched in blessing. This was His last act. Surely the world shall be blessed. So disappeared the high priest behind the veil of the temple after the sacrifice, and so disappears our High Priest, in fulfillment of this symbolic prophecy, after the sacrifice of Himself, through the veil of blue into the everlasting Temple of Heaven.

I climbed one evening to the top of the minaret erected by the Russian Church on the summit of Mt. Olivet. The view takes in a vast scope of country — the Wilderness of Judea; the Dead Sea, and the Mountains of Moab, beyond the Jordan and the Dead Sea. From this lofty position you can see Jerusalem spread out like a map beneath you on one side, and Bethany on the other side of Mt. Olivet in the little valley. The lofty perch brings the village out from its hiding-place. It was in looking at the two places, Jerusalem and Bethany, now and always so full of contrast, that I had a flash-light revelation of the character of the Savior. Some people prefer the large city, with its palaces, crowded streets, rush of men, and all the glitter and show of a great municipality. But Jesus turned with evident relief to the quiet hamlet, and to the simplicity and natural life of poor and obscure people. He said of Himself that He was meek and lowly, and the constant turning of His steps from the rich and populous city to the quiet village was a confirmation of His words.

## CHAPTER 30

*A Start for the Dead Sea — A Bible Scene — Wilderness of Judea — Watering Flocks — Strife of Herdsmen — Mt. Nebo — The Dead Sea — The River Jordan*

At all early hour in the morning I started on horseback for the Dead Sea and the River Jordan, attended by a Syrian dragoman and a Bedouin guard. We had not proceeded far when my attention was directed to a man standing on a mountain side loudly vociferating or cursing, I could not tell which, and throwing stones at someone below him whom I could not see. In a few moments, coming round the shoulder of the hill, appeared a boy who was the object of the man's wrath and the target of his rocks. At once I thought of Shimei casting stones at David and cursing him from the mountain-side as the fugitive king walked at some distance beneath him. When I inform the reader that the scene which I beheld took place very near the spot where David was cursed and stoned, the coincidence will appear all the more striking. One would suppose that something is in the atmosphere of this locality favorable to paroxysms of anger and stone throwing.

One or two miles from Bethany we left the Jericho road and entered what is called the Valley of Pomegranates, and plunged at once into the depths of the wilderness of Judea. According to the name, the above-mentioned valley must have once been beautiful and fruitful; but today not a tree or flower or blade of grass is to be seen; nothing but countless myriads of stone. The pomegranates have given way to granites of a different kind. We were fully five hours in crossing the wilderness of Judea. The route led up and down and over and around the mountains; but no ups or downs, no changes of view could relieve the monotony and desolateness of this rocky waste. Conceive of an ocean heaved by a tremendous wind into gigantic waves of gray and brown, with yawning-like depths running between as deep as the waves were high; and that suddenly this ocean should be arrested, fixed and petrified. Over the adamant surface scatter stones of every size as thick as hail; and let them cling to the sides of the valley, and lie in the bottom of the ravine, and cover the mountains to the very

summit. Now let the sun pour down from a cloudless sky, not only a blinding light, but a blistering heat, and you have before you the wilderness of Judea.

The remembrance that it was in a part of this desert that the Savior was alone with the wild beasts and evil spirits for forty days and nights, gave a peculiar interest to the scene, while the sight of the desert itself helped me to a conception of the painfulness of the wilderness temptation never had before. I could not but be struck with the fact that myriads of the stones that covered the ground are exactly the size and shape of loaves of bread. How easily and naturally from beholding them did Satan insinuate the tempting thought, "Command that these stones be made bread."

The wilderness of Judea, from the point we entered it to the Dead Sea, is without a house or abode of any kind save the mosque of the tomb of Moses, and without a single tree, and without any kind of vegetation except a brown, thorny shrub growing about a foot high upon which the goats feed. Nothing but somber-looking mountains and somber-looking valleys meet the sight. It was in the midst of this very wilderness, however, that I obtained my first view of that peculiarly Oriental scene, the watering of flocks. We had reached the summit of a mountain and were glancing down a gray-looking valley at our feet when we noticed, fully a mile away, objects in motion, which, on drawing nearer, we discovered to be a dozen flocks of sheep and goats. The fountain or well was at the side of the valley, and gathered around it were several flocks being watered, while the other herds were lying down at a little distance awaiting their turn. The sun was beating down with midday force, there was no shade, and the bleating of the flocks filled the valley. To crown the scene, two of the herdsmen got into a difficulty about the watering of their respective flocks, and I had to get my dragoman to separate them. This gave the finishing touch to the Eastern picture. I could read with better understanding the words of Abraham to Lot, "Let there be no strife between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen;" and also what is said about Isaac, that he dug a well, and there was a contest of herdsmen over it, and so with another, and still another, and then he had rest.

The well or fountain in this place is one of extraordinary size, being fully twenty feet square, and thirty feet deep from the brink. It was

overshadowed by “a great rock in a weary land,” and I certainly would have drunk of its clear waters, had I not seen a naked Arab boy evidently coming out from a bath in its cool depths. Another Arab lad caught my attention standing on a high jutting rock across the valley. As he had not a vestige of clothing upon him he bore a striking resemblance to a piece of bronze statuary.

The tomb of Moses, referred to a few sentences back, was built here by the Mohammedans under the delusion that Mt. Pisgah was on the west side of Jordan. This piece of geographical ignorance gives us a fair idea of the value or importance to be attached to traditional sites. I saw numerous graves of pilgrims who died on this dreary roadside on their way to this false shrine.

A mile beyond this I saw two gazelles bounding down a ravine before us. My Bedouin guard gave a shout, and, forgetting that he was paid to protect me and not hunt antelopes, started in swift pursuit of the flying, graceful creatures; but he might as well have pursued the wind.

From the brow of the last mountain, and while we were descending to the plain, I had a fine view of the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Moab beyond. Mt. Nebo is pointed out, from whose summit Moses looked over at the Promised Land.

What a book the Bible is for drawing wonderful scenes in a single sentence! Is there any picture today hanging in galleries of art that can compare for a moment in pathos and sublimity to the sky and mountain-framed scene of the solitary leader of Israel looking silently over at the beautiful land into which he was not allowed to enter!

At 1 o'clock I stood on the northern shore of the Dead Sea. As it lies a thousand feet below the level of the sea, and is walled in by the mountains, you can imagine that the heat of this place at midday and in the time of midsummer is something deserving the name. With the profoundest interest I looked out over the waves of this inland sea, remarkable every way in which it is considered.

Here is a sheet of water, forty miles in length, ten in width, as beautiful as Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, and yet utterly shunned as a place of habitation by man. Not a house is on its shore, not a boat on its banks, and

not a sail is on its horizon. As I looked over the sea, as it stretched in the distance, I noticed a thin, white mist that overhung it, as though the stones of Sodom and Gomorrah had not yet cooled, and the steam was still escaping from the sea-depths and hanging like smoke in the air.

Far away, on the dim western shore, my eye fell on the mountains that rise up from that quarter, on one of which took place one of the most solemn scenes, in my judgment, mentioned in the Bible. I refer to the standing of Jehovah upon the brow of the mountain and silently and fixedly looking down upon Sodom as it lay in the distant plain. A holy God observing unholy men; the Creator looking at a doomed city. What if they had known that at that moment the God of the Universe was resting His eye upon them, not from heaven, but from a neighboring mountain!

What a scene was that which Abraham beheld next morning! The land, says the Bible, was like a furnace. It has never been the same since that day. The Lord's handwriting does not wear out with the ages.

As I turned away I said, verily as this sea is the winding-sheet of Sodom and Gomorrah, and just so certainly as God has covered up the wickedness of this place by these billows of salt, so will He as surely cover up all wickedness in another lake that the Bible says burneth forever and ever.

From this place we turned up the valley of the Jordan to the spot or ford which is called Bethabara.

The river at this point makes a bow-like sweep, with shores wooded with cedar and acacia, whose branches dip in the rapidly-flowing stream. The western bank is low and shelving, while the eastern shore is a bold bluff fully forty feet in height. At this point is the celebrated ford of Jordan, and here tradition says that John preached and baptized. This is claimed to be the Bethabara of the Bible. Aside from the fact that the next crossing place is a bridge, and several miles north, we have a second proof that this is Bethabara, from the fact that the present Arabic name has almost the identical meaning of the scripture title. The Bible name means "house of passage;" the present Arabic name means "place of passage." As I studied the locality I saw at once its natural advantages for the purposes mentioned in scripture, and saw in that fact presumptive proof that

tradition, in regard to this spot, was doubtless correct. The western tongue of land, arched around by the river, is level, pleasantly shaded, and could afford standing and camping room for a vast multitude. John, standing on the shore, could have been seen by all, while the bluff, on the opposite bank, made a sounding-board for his voice of super-excellence. That he could immerse all the multitudes of Judea and other provinces in this rushing stream, I doubt most profoundly; while to stand on this gentle, shelving bank, and sprinkle or pour water upon the heads of many thousands a day, would have been a simple and easy task. At this place it is said that the Savior received baptism at the hands of His servant. As He came up the bank from the margin of the water the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove fluttered through the space overhead and alighted upon the head of the Lamb. Heavenly confirmation! and amazing alliance! The Dove and Lamb are to conquer the world! As I stood looking at the place I remembered that here is one of the few places on earth in which the voice of the Father has been heard. Here Elijah struck the waves with his mantle and walked over dry-shod; and here Elisha did the same, saying, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" At this point the children of Israel, preceded by the ark, saw these waves divide, and the river cease to flow until all of the great host had crossed.

At this point the manna ceased, and here the pillar of cloud that for forty years had gone ahead of them, "Moving along through astonished lands," here it went not over with them. There seems to have been no expression of sorrow on the part of the Jewish people at its loss; but just as children resign the parental hand that has protected, guided and blessed them for years, and rush away into the untrod fields of life, so did the Israelites that day.

The bed of the River Jordan is quite remarkable. It consists really of two beds, the first being four or five hundred yards wide, and long ago forsaken by the river, and the second channel, thirty yards only in width, is lower than the old channel by at least twenty-five feet. One curious result of this is that as you approach the Jordan over the plain, instead of seeing a gleaming river fringed by trees of full height, you see simply their tops, like a narrow line of green shrubs, appearing over the edge of the banks of the old and upper channel.

That the Jordan ever filled this wider channel, and, for some great natural cause, has contracted into its present narrow bed, there can be no doubt. But what kind of body of water was it at that time? The reply, I think, is given in the shore itself. These banks have assumed rounded, conical, turret-like, and other curious and beautiful shapes. Such forms could never be produced by simply a river rushing past, but is done by the long action of tidal water or water driven by the wind in rolling waves.

All Bible students know how rapid is the fall of the land from Lake Galilee to this point, and how much lower the Dead Sea is than any sheet of water north of it in Palestine. Therefore, I doubt not, that if someone with the lever of an Archimedes, could pry up this portion of the country a few hundred feet, the waters of Jordan would forsake the present narrow bed and fill once more the broader channel, and we would have not only a rushing river, but a narrow inland sea, whose constant chafing would bring out upon its banks the curious and beautiful shapes that we see here today.

The Jordan, filling this upper and broader channel in early times, would undoubtedly make certain statements of the Bible far more forcible. The “stormy banks” sung of in the hymn would reappear in tide-washed shores, separated by a distance of one-third of a mile. The miracle of the crossing of Elijah and Elisha would stand forth in lines of additional grandeur. And the necessity for the halt of the Israelites on the east bank would be at once seen.

The Jordan of the present low channel and narrow width is not an alarming crossing, except in the time of a freshet or spring-rise; but the Jordan of the upper banks would be such a flood, that the division of its waves for the prophets, and the piling up of its waters to allow the passage of God’s people into the Promised Land, would be a miracle in keeping with a rocking Sinai and a yawning Red Sea.

## CHAPTER 31

*The Valley of Jordan — Gilgal — A Night in Jericho — Ancient Jericho — Elisha's Spring — The Valley of Cherith — And Cave of Elijah — The Road from Jericho to Jerusalem*

The Valley of Jordan, through which the river flows, is eight or ten miles in width. On the south it ends at the margin of the Dead Sea, while to the north it stretches away as far as the eye can reach, skirted on the right and left with mountains, and with an Indian-summer like haze resting upon it. Of the character of the east bank I cannot speak; but the plain on the west shore, reaching to the mountains of Judea, is as level almost as a table, and could with little attention, be made as beautiful with varied vegetation as when the Israelitish spies, sent to reconnoiter the country, looked with delighted eyes upon the scene of living green. It is now a hard, dry expanse, covered with coarse, sedge-like grass; but the spots cultivated in the neighborhood of Jericho show unmistakably what it can be made to do, and what is really today under the surface.

Gilgal is about two miles from the Jordan. Nothing is left but a heap of stones of the place that figured so prominently in Jewish history. Here, after crossing the Jordan, the Israelites made themselves holy unto the Lord: and it is remarkable to notice how often, in after days, they would return to this spot. After battles and campaigns and great national experiences; after victories and defeats, Gilgal would be fallen back upon or sought after. Very much like Jacob was led back to Bethel for a renewal of spiritual life, so to the place where, as a nation, they had given themselves to God in solemn covenant, the Israelites would return again and again. Well for all believers to turn the face and heart — not frequently, but continually — to Gilgal. I can see why Samuel retained it as one of his judging-places. It is remarkable that to this day the idea of holiness is connected with the spot by even the Arabs. I was informed that when they wish to get the whole truth from a man, they ask him if he is willing to swear by the tree that grows at Gilgal.

Jericho is a small mud village, with two or three modern houses for the comfort of travelers. Here I passed the night. Wearied with the long trip,



and parched with thirst, I sat under a grape arbor thinking of the history of the place, when my dragoman approached with several bunches of grapes of such huge size and such rich color, that I instantly thought of the circumstances of the spies, and the grapes of Eschol, that so amazed the Jews by their size.

The night at Jericho will not be soon forgotten. It was a night of almost breathless calm in August; the whole valley of Jordan was a bed, upon which the day had lain for hours, and left all heated. The very moonlight, which flooded the country, fell like the weight of additional covering. How we panted, like David, for water from the deep well of Bethlehem! But that was too far, and so was Elisha's Spring, which is over a mile from modern Jericho, Some Bedouins were beating a drum a half mile away, which performance they kept up until nearly midnight; every monotonous stroke coming through the still night air, and falling with undiminished force upon the suffering ear. In the midst of this night of discomfort and wakefulness there was a sight that I obtained while walking amid the fruit trees of the orchard that served to steady me and keep me patient. It was a view of the Mountains of Temptation, lying in the moonlight, one or two miles away, toward Jerusalem! How it all rushed over me that Christ, the Holy One, dwelt in that desolate region without food, or drink, or companionship, for forty days and nights, and did it uncomplainingly. Is it not wonderful that we should ever count our lot or surroundings hard in the face of the suffering life lived by the Son of God!

Nothing seems to be left of the town in which Zaccheus resided as a rich and despised publican. The sycamore tree, as well as the man who climbed into its branches to see Jesus, is gone. Bartimaes, the blind beggar at the gate, has become dust, and so has the gate by which he sat. The road itself, along which the multitude poured that day, is today a faint pathway, and frequently lost sight of amid the stones of the field and the rubbish of the village. However, it matters but little, seeing that the truths of that day are preserved. We can stand the pulpit being knocked to pieces if the great saving sermon has been preached; and you can take the framing of the picture if you leave me the picture itself. The great lesson of that day — Christ's love for, and kindly attitude to the poor and rich alike — remains with us, if Jericho does not. Time has destroyed the poor Jericho pulpit,

but heaven holds the preacher, and immortal souls and eternity have the sermon.

Ancient Jericho is nearer the mountains than the modern town of that name. The ruins have the magnitude of little hills. I noticed, however, that they touched the mountain, and at once filed an objection to this being the exact site, for the reason that the Bible says the children of Israel marched around Jericho a number of times, and evidently at some distance from the walls. According to these ruins, there would be no room for them to pass between the city and the mountain. There can be no doubt, however, that the site is near by, if not a part of the ruins we see. What a resounding crash went along the side of these mountains, and up these gorges, when the walls, on the last day of circular marching, fell down flat! In the victory was found the element of future defeat. One man carefully brought it forth. Is it not strange that the two articles secretly taken from Jericho represent the especial weaknesses of the two sexes, a piece of gold and a garment? The guide points out to you, with great confidence, the ruins of the house of Rahab, because, as he said, the promise to her was that the stones of her house should remain standing; "and here," says the guide, "is the only ruin on which one stone is piled upon the other; therefore, this is the house of Rahab." His logic was equal to his scriptural accuracy, and correspondingly convincing.

Elisha's Spring is close by, and gushes out at the foot of the mountain, and is overshadowed partly by a small palm of Gilead. The flow is so abundant that it could easily be made to irrigate the plain between the River Jordan and the mountains. Already below the mouth it has been divided into a number of channels, several of which I crossed, and found them all rushing along with the accent of rapidity and abundance. Today the fountain is shallow; but if the stones and debris of former walls around it were removed, it could be made a pool fifteen or twenty feet square, and six or eight deep. Then, indeed, if an ax flew off the helve into the spring, the owner might well cry out, as did one of the young men to Elisha: "Alas, master! for it was borrowed." I noticed the remains of an ancient wall that once encircled it, possessing about the same dimensions I have named. Truly, all Scripture statements of places and things can bear examination. The water of this spring is sweet, cool, and refreshing. When Elisha healed this fountain, he did it effectually.

The valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned, is in this neighborhood. What trouble one man can bring upon a large body of people! What far-reaching results attend a sinful act! One man sins — then what? Israel defeated, a number slain, Joshua on his face, and twelve tribes mourning. How truly could the solemn words of Joshua, uttered here, be spoken now in many places to certain individuals: “You have troubled Israel this day!”

The valley of Cherith enters the plain near the Jericho road. One or two miles up the valley is shown the cave of Elijah, where he was fed by the ravens, while hiding from Ahab. The cavern is situated high up on the precipitous side of a mountain. It is a good hiding place, even among the bare rocks; but if in former times these heights and slopes were covered with forests, it would have been next to impossible to have discovered the prophet. The brook of which he drank winds along the valley several hundred feet beneath the cave. Its course can be easily traced by a narrow line of green shrubs that overarch it in its progress to the plain. As I viewed the place I could not but recall the life of hardship through which this man of God was called to pass. Elisha was of a softer make, and kept a servant. Both, I notice, were accepted of God. Nevertheless, when the time came for the transfiguration of Him who came to minister and not to be ministered unto, it was the toil-worn Moses, and the toil-worn Elijah, and not Elisha, that stood in the company of the Father and the Son, talking about the coming death at Jerusalem, and the completion of the plan of salvation.

The Jericho road truly, as the Gospel says, ascends to Jerusalem. For the greater part of the way it is a steady ascent. The expression, “go up to Jerusalem,” so often recurring in the Gospel, is not carelessly nor meaninglessly used. The traveler, approaching the capital of Judah from any direction, “ascends,” because of this superior elevation of Jerusalem, being nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Jericho and Jerusalem, in a straight line, are not more than ten miles apart; but following the windings of the road, the distance is considerably greater. So it is a long road, and a steep road, and a toilsome road, and in summer a hot road. Many must have been the resting places of the Savior and His disciples when they ascended to Jerusalem by this highway. The road possesses to the Christian a most tender and sacred interest, because Christ walked along it; and, in addition, His last journey on earth was here

made. Although millions have trod the stony highway, yet will it stand forever and inseparably connected with the Savior. I could not but regret to see that the Turkish government is building a highway, which leaves the old Jericho road at many points. This new road was commenced last year, and is now nearly completed. A great part of it pursues the same ancient course, and when it deflects, there on the right or left, is seen the old Jericho road, a solemn, heart-moving relic of the sacred past. His feet, you say, walked there! All along this way the figure of Christ would rise up before my mind. The "face steadfastly set to go to Jerusalem" was before me. I could see the group of disciples and the faithful women of Galilee around Him, and following Him. What a mystery He was to some of them as they saw Him toiling along the road on foot, when only the day before they saw Him heal the blind Bartimaes! What conversations and teachings fell from the gracious lips on this last journey! The Light of the world was nearing the hour of sunset, if they had known it. They thought He was going up to raise Lazarus from the dead, and so He was; but He was also going up the toilsome, exhausting road of Jericho to die at Jerusalem. And yet who so patient, and gentle, and uncomplaining as He on this journey to the most dreadful death known to man!

We passed the inn, or rather the building, that stands on the site of the inn made immortal by the parable or history of the Good Samaritan. Passing into the court-yard, we found it well filled with recumbent camels and resting Arabs. I seated myself on a rock near the gate, and read, while our animals rested awhile from the intense heat of the day, that beat down with the force of a furnace upon the treeless road and rocky hillsides of this country. That part of the Scripture was doubly enjoyed here which commences: "A certain man went down to Jericho." How thankful I am for the picture the Lord draws of a man who, when he started to do a benevolent or kind thing, went to the end of it, leaving nothing undone, because believing not in half measures! "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." Most of us think our duty done when we put the traveler in the inn. Let the landlord do the rest. Some of us go two pence farther in kindness, and say: "Let the next traveler contribute something; let the landlord tell each passer-by, and raise a purse." All hail to the man that stops not and turns not back in a good work, but says, in substance: "If anything more is needed, let him

have it. Behold, I will pay for all !” Such a man was Paul. Hear him writing to Philemon about Onesimus: “If he oweth thee aught, put that on mine account; I, Paul, have written it with my own hand, I will repay it!”

Two hours after, we ascended Mt. Olivet by the upper road so often trod by the Master, and descended, looking with the soul in the eyes, at the city outspread beneath us, which had received His tears and, later on, drank up His blood.

## CHAPTER 32

*A Trip to Bethlehem — Pool of Gihon — Elijah's Impress — Rachel's Tomb — The Wise Men of the East — Bethlehem — The Church of the Nativity — The Turkish Soldier — Woman's Place in the Church — Well of Bethlehem — Field in which Ruth Gleaned — The Field of the Shepherds*

I selected an afternoon for a trip on horseback to Bethlehem. Leaving the Jaffa Gate, the road turns south, and passes by the edge of the lower pool of Gihon. Here Nathan crowned Solomon king, and the people gave such a confirming shout that the noise rolled like a tidal wave down the valley of Hinnom, and struck with awful distinctness upon the ears of Adonijah, who, with his companions and followers, gathered at the well of Enrogel, was plotting to overthrow the government of David, his father.

The pool today has nothing but its size left to hint of its former glory. It is dry and empty, and a solitary donkey was cropping the thistles that are now growing in the bottom. How hard it was for the fancy to make this desolate place appear as it did that morning when the wisest of kings, and one of the most faithful of prophets, and a vast multitude, with the Cherethites and Pelethites, stood on its margin, with cultivated gardens around them and battlemented walls, crowded with people and fluttering with pennons above them! Surely God allows these wonderful contrasts in the same place to teach us how pitiful and short-lived is this world's glory!

Upon the summit of a hill, near a Greek monastery, I was shown the imprint of Elijah's form on a rock, upon which he stretched himself as he fled from Jezebel. When a large church perpetrates such a preposterous lie as this, who wonders at the godlessness of the people at large? Truly, the native worshiper is fed on falsehood, and falsehoods from a thousand to fifteen hundred years old. Think of a lie a thousand years old, and still being told! They call them traditions, out of politeness, but it takes a good deal of politeness or self-restraint, or unilluminated ignorance, to swallow the statements made to you here on all sides, on the authority of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches.

The tomb of Rachel is on the roadside, near to Bethlehem. The general opinion is that this is the true site. I notice that Samuel mentions the place to Saul in <sup>1</sup>Samuel 10:2. The place called Zelzah is hard by the sepulchre, and can be seen from the Bethlehem road. The scriptural account of the death of the comely young wife of Jacob is simply and touchingly given in <sup>1</sup>Genesis 35:16-20. "And it came to pass," says the eighteenth verse, that "as her soul was in departing (for she died), that she called his name Ben-oni; but his father called him Benjamin." Whose heart has not been melted at the untimely end of the beautiful Rachel? The name Ben-oni meant "the son of my sorrow;" but falling from her dying lips, it meant much more. She was one of that class of women who never had the man she loved altogether to herself. A less comely sister obtains him before she does by a trick of the cunning Laban. Then came the domestic plots to wean Jacob from her. After that the sorrow of barrenness, and then the sore experience of angry words from the husband. Then came the early death, the giving up of husband and children and life in the very bloom of her young womanhood. "Call him Ben-oni," she said, and died. And the word sounds like the sigh of a disappointed, heart-broken woman. Nor is this all, for the life denied at so many points is still seen in death, for Leah sleeps by the side of Jacob at Machpelah, while Rachel lies alone in her grave in the fields near to Bethlehem, Who that remembers her, as she first appeared, as the lovely young shepherdess of her father's flock, blushing under Jacob's kiss and admiration, could have foretold so brief and sad a life? I never think of Rachel without associating her with another young woman, who died in similar circumstances at Shiloh, over the news of her husband's death, and the taking of the ark of God. "Cheer up, they said to her, for thou hast borne a son; but she answered not," says the word of God. "And she named the child Ichabod, saying, the glory is departed from Israel, for the ark of God is taken."

As I entered the tomb of Rachel, I found it filled with women from the neighborhood, who had come to observe the day in her honor. Certainly there must be a subtle, sympathetic drawing felt by the female heart toward this young mother in Israel, whose dust lies at our feet.

Along this road, over which we are traveling, the wise men from the East came; and over the hills in front of us shone the star guiding them to the young Child. Then were the wise men glad when they saw the star. How

sweet are the restored blessings of God! They had lost the star in formal Jerusalem. Along this road came rushing once the servants of Herod, with the cruelest mission ever known on earth. Think of it! — a commission to kill all the children under two years of age in a town. Then was there heard the voice of weeping! What a scene, above all conception and description, of shrieking mothers and dying children! He that has seen a mother's grief at the death of a child must multiply this by the mothers of Bethlehem, and by the suddenness and horribleness of the wholesale murder. "They would not be comforted," says the Bible about these mothers. Can't you hear the cry breaking out afresh from the different homes?

Bethlehem is at last reached, after having been seen on its hill-side several miles away. The houses are ordinary, the streets narrow, the children dirty, and the inhabitants poor. Little shops with wide-open doors, revealed numbers of men sitting on the ground, hard at work at their trades, the principal of which is the manufacture of mother-of-pearl trinkets, to be bought by travelers as souvenirs of the Holy Land. Bethlehem looks little like the city of David, much less like a place where the Son of God was born. But the Bible explains it in a sentence, "He humbled himself."

We entered the Church of the Nativity, built over the reputed place or cave of our Lord's birth, although the Scripture says nothing about a cave. Like all the rest of the churches of the East, this one of the Nativity looked dingy and unattractive, and was, as usual, lined with beggars at the door, lying on the floor, or seated against the wall. There are two holy places to which you are pointed. One the place of the birth, and the other the spot where the manger stood. They also show you a marble fountain in the corner, out of which, they tell you, the Virgin drank, while she was here; as if Mary had stayed some months and years in a stable! As the eye glances at the strikingly modern marble fount, or reservoir, the sickening feeling that arises from a palpable lie seizes upon you, and you turn away disgusted. The room has a number of dimly burning tapers, and lamps turned low down, so that you can scarcely see two yards before you. Until the eye gets accustomed somewhat to the darkness, you are almost afraid to take a step. The Greek and Roman Catholic Churches are peculiarly fond of darkness when they show their sacred relics and holy places. Aside from the desire to impress a certain class of people, are not



these churches really afraid to turn on the daylight upon these places? What revelations the sunlight would make! what hoary falsehoods would have to take instantaneous flight!

As I stood by noticing the people coming in and kissing the reputed spot of the nativity, my eye, growing more accustomed to the dimness of the place, took in the outline of a Turkish soldier standing, with gun by his side, close by. My question as to why he was there, brought out the reply that he was stationed in the place to keep peace between the Greeks and Roman Catholics; that a bitter strife and enmity existed between the churches, and that only a few years before a dispute arose about the hanging of a curtain in this very room, when a fight began, and sixteen lives were lost. Hence the Turkish guard. This is the type of Christianity that the Turks and Arabians see in this country. Can anyone wonder that they are willing to remain Mohammedans? While standing thinking upon these things, a Greek priest came in suddenly with a censer, and began to throw the perfumed smoke most vigorously into the niche where they say our Lord was born. Having finished this, he went next to the recess of the manger, and filled that with incense; after which performance he departed with the air of a man who had saved a world.

My next visit was to the church upstairs, where the Greeks were holding religious service. Priests, men, and boys were in one end of the room, chanting in the most discordant and monotonous manner. The females stood at the other end of the room, and were not allowed to approach nearer for fear of their defiling the altar. With a burning pity I looked upon the faces of these mothers, who, with their daughters, young and old, were thus banished, while strapping boys and hard-looking men went carelessly in and out of the sacred place. These women were far better-looking and nicer-looking than the men, and seemed much more interested in the service. So the wonder grew, over the custom that shut the woman out and shut the man in the holy place of this church. But let me not forget to mention that after a while one of the priests went out with a censer, and, passing in front of the women, waved smoke in their faces. I suppose it was partly to fumigate them. Anyhow, it was something; their existence was thus recognized, and they were, doubtless, made happy and grateful for small favors in absence of larger ones. A little perfumed smoke, the rattle of a censer, is good enough, the Greek Church thinks, for a woman.

The error upstairs locks hands with the error down-stairs. And God, in His amazing mercy, allows this monstrosity, that covers the reputed site, to stand untouched by the thunderbolts of His power. The heart stands in the midst of all the senseless mummery of this place, and says, with Mary of old: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

Of course, I visited the well of Bethlehem, or David's Well, as it is called, situated on the edge of the town. Here he drank often as a barefooted shepherd-lad, and in remembrance of its cooling draughts, said on the hard-fought field of battle: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate." What devotion to David and courage is seen in the consequent act of the three mighty men, and what loftiness of spirit in the king as he poured the water upon the ground! God forbid that he should drink water that cost blood, and the blood of such men! The mouth of this well is today almost even with the surface of the ground, and, looking in, I found that it was dry! Alas! for the fountains of this world, for which we so ardently sigh, and over which such struggles take place. They all run dry. There is but one fountain-satisfying, unchanging, eternal. It is spoken of in [John 7:37](#), and again in [John 4:14](#).

In the distance I looked at the fields where David kept his father's sheep, and, as he watched them, studied also, night after night, the flock of stars that wandered over the heavenly fields, guided by a heavenly Shepherd. Over these hills he patiently followed the call of simple duties, until the great call of God to a broader sphere came to him. No thrusting himself forward, no wire-working for position; but a calm waiting on the will and providence of God.

Two other interesting places are pointed out in the same quarter. One, the field of Boaz, where gleaned the beautiful Ruth. One line came to me written by Keats, which I read when a boy, and which has ever since clung to me in connection with the fair young exile from the land of Moab—

*"She stood in tears amid the alien corn."*

She had given up home, kindred, and country for the sake of another. The blue mountains of her native land she could see in the distance beyond the

Dead Sea, from the fields in which she gleaned. Who wonders at the attitude, the look, and the sorrow depicted in that eloquent line?

The other attractive point is the field where the shepherds were watching their flocks by night when the angels descended and proclaimed the glad tidings of the Savior's birth. As I looked at the grassy slope, now brown under the burning sun of summer, there was nothing to show that it had once been dyed with the rich colors of heaven, stirred with angel wings, and full of echoes of the eternal world. It looks like any other field, with its gentle declivity, quiet surroundings, and absence of life; but, nevertheless, no other field ever had a more glorious announcement made over it than the shepherds' field near Bethlehem. I have often thought of the feelings of the shepherds after, as the Bible says, "the angels had gone away into heaven." The praising, the singing, the angels themselves — gone away into heaven! Can't you see the shepherds gazing after them into the empty blue vault as the disciples gazed after Christ? The starry sky was the shut door to the shepherds, the cloud to the disciples.

"Gone away into heaven!" Has the reader sounded the depths of these words? The light gone, the beauty and glory gone, the loved one gone into heaven — and you left in the field.

"Gone away into heaven!" But, thank God! they left the Savior. He was at Bethlehem that night, He is by the side of the reader now, and, having Him as a present helper and comforter, we can stand the loss of all things until we, too, shall go away into heaven.

## CHAPTER 33

*My Cavalcade — The Damascus Road — Beeroth Where the Virgin Missed the Savior — A Night at Bethel — A Visit to Shiloh — A Rest at Jacob's Well — Mts. Gerizim and Ebal — The Scripture Account True — The Pulpit of Jotham — The Summit of Mt. Gerizim*

I found, on leaving for Lake Galilee, that I had unwittingly “tarried ten days in Jerusalem.” It was to me a pleasing coincidence. I departed on my northward journey on horseback, attended by a dragoman, a cook, two muleteers, four horses, a mule and a donkey. In addition, there are two tents and luggage to correspond, making for one solitary traveler a retinue of imposing array. The luggage and tents go forward in the morning with the cook and muleteers, while the dragoman and myself follow more leisurely, viewing the country and siting the sacred sites on the road. Late in the afternoon we overtake them, and see from afar the white tents gleaming in a clump of trees, or on the edge of some town or village, or nestling in some sheltered valley, while the blue smoke, curling up in front, proclaims the approach of the evening meal.

I left by the Damascus road. Much has been said and written about this historic thoroughfare, over which kings and generals have swept with armies; along which the Savior and his disciples walked on their way to and from Galilee; and upon which, still later, the fiery Saul was met by the Savior, and cast to the ground by a blinding light from heaven. It was once, doubtless, a magnificent highway. Here and there, remains of the old Roman road are still seen; but only here and there, as the centuries have buried it out of sight, and caving hillsides have eaten it away, and the tread of myriads of feet of men and beasts of burden have had their sure destroying effect. The Damascus road, all through Judea and much of Samaria, is nothing but a pathway of stones! Stones of all sizes cover or constitute the road, and through which horse, camel and donkey pick their painful way. Sometimes the only sign of the highway is in a certain smoothness and polish given to the rocky boulders in the center by the friction of the feet of passing animals. A carriage or wagon could not

survive a total wreck within a few hundred yards. On either side of the road, and as far as the eye can see, stretch away the gray and brown-looking hills. No trees are upon them; no beautiful farms on their sides; no fences by the way; no homes, with orchard and flower garden, smiling upon you and brightening the journey — only stones to be seen. Stones on the road, stones by the side of the road; and on the hillsides countless millions of brown rocks and gray rocks, and gray rocks and brown rocks. And this is the land that once flowed with milk and honey. Here was the country where every man sat under his own vine and fig tree.

The land has sinned grievously. It rejected and killed God's only Son, and he has written his displeasure and judgment in lines of brown and gray all over the landscape. The blessings that produce the harvest have been withheld, the elements have washed away the soil, and the projecting rocky ribs of the mountains are yellowing or whitening in the sun.

In Samaria I observed a difference. There is more green on the hillside, more fig trees and olives in the valley, although a kindred desolation is manifest. I remember as I note the difference that Samaria was not as guilty as Judea. It was the Samaritan leper that returned to give Christ thanks; it was a Samaritan woman who gave Him water and believed on Him; and it was a Samaritan town that begged Him to remain with them, and believed on Him as He preached; while Judea was plotting His ruin. So the lines of judgment here are shaded and softened in temporal mercies in a manner worthy of a just, discriminating God.

Along this road to Damascus, Saul sped on his angry way. He was going to annihilate Christianity; so he thought, and so many others thought. Poor Saul; so little was he dreaded in heaven that nothing was done to arrest his progress until he stood almost on the threshold of Damascus; and then, and not till then, an angel quietly twisted a trembling beam of light into a lasso, and flung it about his neck and landed him in the dust.

At Beeroth, nine miles from Jerusalem, I was shown the place where the Virgin Mary first missed the child Jesus on her way to Nazareth. The Scripture says she had gone a day's journey. But Beeroth is only nine miles from Jerusalem. Is nine miles a day's journey? This is easily understood in Palestine. Nearly all travelers who journey from the city start in the afternoon, and camp some nine or twelve miles away. This is

invariably called a day's journey. Fractions of days are still called days in this part of the world. It was so in regard to the Savior's lying in the grave, and it is so in regard to travel. I paid my dragoman for the first march of twelve miles the same amount that I gave him for the second day's journey of twenty-four — the first being a day's journey.

As I thought of the long, wearisome road that intervened between the two places, I marvelled how it was possible that Mary should have been ignorant of the absence of Jesus. The child had been given to her in a supernatural manner, His birth being amazingly announced; His entrance, as an infant, into the temple, calling forth bursts of inspired prophecy from Simeon and Anna. How could she, with such memories, ever take her eyes from such a child, much less travel four hours in utter ignorance of His whereabouts? What was she doing all this time? Was she absorbed in conversation with other women in the caravan in regard to the sights and occurrences of the city just left? She seems to have been an absent-minded kind of woman; a woman of a placid, tranquil temperament, not given to being much disturbed about anything. It is remarkable to my mind how this fact about her crops out here and there in the gospel narrative. The Catholic Church represents her in a picture holding the dead body of the Savior in her arms; but the gospel intimates nothing of the kind, but quietly gives the names of those who sought the sepulchre at day-dawn, and the name of the Virgin Mother is not among them. I know many mothers who would not have traveled one hundred yards without the sight or touch of their child; and yet Mary journeyed twelve miles in ignorance of the whereabouts of the solemn-eyed, holy-faced, heaven-announced boy, about whom the angels had been sent to her four distinct times previous to this occasion. And yet this woman who could not take care of her own child, the Catholic Church has entrusted with the charge of countless millions of souls!

I spent the night at Bethel. As I mounted an eminence I saw in the valley beneath me our two tents pitched on a little plateau near some fruit trees, while a blue line of smoke, ascending in front of one of them, announced the preparation of the evening meal. As I dismounted and entered my tent and saw its roominess, noticed the bed on one side, the table and stool in the center, the bright carpet on the ground, not only a spirit of thankfulness came over me, but a home-like feeling. After this came a

dinner of several courses, then reading, and writing by a clear lamp until 9 o'clock, and then a walk and meditation under the stars of Bethel.

The place where Jacob slept is upon a swelling ground or eminence. A poor Syrian mud and stone village now covers the site. A few clumps of fruit trees relieve the prevailing tint of brown and gray that still pursues us in this stony country. It was at this place that Abraham built an altar to God. It was here that the young prophet delivered his courageous message against idolatry, and then afterward fell into disobedience through an old lying prophet. It was here that Jacob fleeing from his brother Esau, "lighted on a certain place, and took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep." Then came the vision of that wonderful stairway, the voice of the covenanting God, the morning awakening with the cry: "The Lord is in this place; this is the gate of heaven!" How little Jacob thought that night, as he gathered the stones for his pillow, that this act would be known to all the world! How little we realize that certain acts of ours, gone through quietly, even secretly, will have a publicity fairly amazing! Nor can we tell what act it will be. Thus we read that Sarah laughed behind the tent door. Surely no one ever would know that. She was hidden; her breath scarcely stirred the curtain; no one was in the tent when she laughed, and yet that laugh has resounded through the world! Guard your laughs, my reader; and when you pick up a stone in a lonely spot, say to yourself: "This act, so simple and trifling, may yet be known to the world." What a value this places on daily transactions, and what watchfulness it demands of human life!

Shiloh is seven or eight miles from Bethel, and fully two miles from the main road, and on the right hand as you journey north. It is located on a hilly slope, and surrounded by loftier hills. It is thus, in a manner, shut in; but has several wide valleys leading out in different directions. Not a house is seen there today; not a living creature abides there. Only ruins, and but little even of those. I fancied that I could distinguish several narrow streets outlined by stones for a short distance; but the ruin is so complete that it was impossible to be certain. The ancient Shiloh is utterly wiped out. The gate where Eli sat trembling for the ark is gone. I recall the Word of God at this point: "I will make you like unto Shiloh." And yet this desolate hillside, now partially covered with a poorly cultivated field was the place where the land of Canaan was divided by Joshua among the tribes, and

was besides, for a long time, the abiding-place of the ark of God. One of the most deeply interesting chapters in the Old Testament tells how the ark was removed from this place and fell into the hands of the Philistines. Here Samuel's mother knelt in bitterness of spirit; here Eli was priest, while the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord. Again I recalled the fate of the young woman whom I always associate with Rachel. It was in this place that she died; for when the news came that the ark was taken and her husband was dead, the death-blow was given her gentle, beautiful life. "Fear not," said the women around her, "for thou hast borne a son," and her dying reply was: "Call him Ichabod, for the glory is departed from Israel."

In the afternoon we entered the valley in which Shechem, now called Nablous, is situated. At the eastern end of the valley, where it joins at right angles a broad plain that runs south, is Jacob's Well. Christian, Jew, and Mohammedan all agree in regard to the identity of this place. The gospel narrative says it is not far from the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to Joseph. Close by is the reputed tomb of Joseph. The well, however, possesses its great interest not from Jacob's digging it, or from its antiquity, but from the fact that here the Savior rested, sitting on its side, and that here he held that wonderful conversation with the woman of Samaria. "Jesus, therefore, being wearied, sat thus on the well."

He that journeys on the rocky and rough roads of Judea, and along the hot road that stretches through the plain for miles south of Shechem, will understand why Christ was wearied. The well, as the woman said, was deep. Even now, although much rubbish is at the bottom, yet it is still seventy-five feet in depth. A number of years ago some church had it arched over for its protection; but the arches are today in ruins, while the well still remains. I descended through the broken covering to the original level or top curbing of the well, and, seating myself on the stone mouth, read, with a sweet realization of the presence of Christ, the fourth chapter of John. How vividly the scene arose before me — the wondering woman;\* the wearied, patient, teaching Christ. What a sermon he preached to that solitary woman! What beautiful self-forgetfulness! He is so absorbed in doing good that the brain has forgotten to deliver the nerve telegram that the physical man was hungry.



I am impressed here with an additional proof of the consistency of our Lord's course in life. He that refused to turn the stones into bread, when hungry, refused to make the water leap from the bottom of the well to satisfy his thirst. Patient, long-suffering, "He pleased not Himself," and never worked a miracle to benefit Himself.

This is said to be one of the two places where we are absolutely certain that Christ stood on the actual spot. The other place is where He paused on the southern slope of Mt. Olivet and wept over Jerusalem. To these two might be added the synagogue site in Capernaum.

A little distance up the valley we stand, with Mt. Gerizim on the left and Mt. Ebal on the right. I stood, I am confident, at or near the spot where took place that remarkable scene of the blessing and cursing. What is the reader's idea of this transaction? Does he think that six men went up to the top of one mount, and six to the summit of the other, while the vast multitude stood in the center of the valley? Or does he think that six tribes stood on the side of one mountain, and six tribes on the slope of the other, while Joshua was posted in the center of the valley, reading the words of the Law, and the people, thus divided, gave forth the loud response that must have rolled down the vale like distant thunder? It is remarkable that just at the spot where the occurrence is said to have taken place, that there are two recesses, or natural amphitheatres, in the sides of the two mountains and directly facing each other. Whether six tribes stood ranged on and up one of these places, and the other six at the opposite one, with Joshua in the plain; or whether six men went up to the summit of Mt. Gerizim, and six to the top of Mt. Ebal, while the people stood in the plain below, remains for the reader to decide. The thrilling thought with me is, that in either case the Scripture account would be true. I was perfectly satisfied with that fact before leaving the place, for after measuring the distance with the eye, and walking over much of it; after viewing the mountain summits from the valley beneath, and then climbing to the top of Mt. Gerizim and viewing Mt. Ebal over against me and the valley from above, I left, firmly convinced of the truth of the scriptural account.

This is a great country for loud and distant calling. The natives are greatly given to hallooing to each other. The hill and mountain-sides make splendid sounding-boards, the valleys are fine conductors, the atmosphere

is favorable, and the lungs of the natives are excellent. I have seen a man call from a valley up to his house, far distant on the mountain-side, and “get the message through,” to my wonder. Several miles east of Jerusalem I heard a Bedouin calling to a village that was twice the distance from him that Mt. Ebal is from Mt. Gerizim, and yet he made himself understood. More than once at night, while tenting through the land, I would hear the people calling to each other at great distances from one another, and at a great distance from myself, and yet the tones were as distinct as the sound at night was solemn and impressive. From all these things I was prepared to believe in the solemn colloquy and response between the tribes that long ago took place in the valley of Shechem; but when, in addition, I saw the place, my faith was confirmed an hundredfold by all that the eye observed.

A little farther up the valley, and jutting out of the craggy mountain-side directly over the town of Shechem, and at the height of four or five hundred feet, appears what I would call Jotham’s pulpit. It is a ledge of rock about ten feet in length and breadth, and is said to be the place where Jotham, the son of Gideon, stood and shouted aloud his opinion on certain governmental matters to the inhabitants of Shechem, who were ruled over by his brother Abimelech. The remarkable scene is described in <sup>(1007)</sup>Judges 9:7-21, and is well worth reading. As soon as Jotham finished his Philippic or, rather, Abimelic he sprang from the rock and fled, as many a preacher had done before, and has done since. Jonah ran before he delivered his sermon; Cranmer preached his and then took it back; but Jotham, having delivered himself, girded up his loins, took to his heels, and left the land. Under the circumstances, it was a good speech or sermon. The parable he used was striking and faithfully applied, when we consider the fact that he knew that presently hundreds of people would be climbing the mountain-side in hot chase after him. He and Mark Antony became famous by making one speech; and, although we hear of him no more after this, yet he can claim that one address of his goes down to posterity, which is certainly more than many of us can say.

Mt. Gerizim is twenty-nine hundred feet above the sea-level, and about one thousand above the plain upon which Shechem is situated. I ascended it for the view it commands, and to look upon the ruins that crown the summit. There is scarcely any spot in nature that is lonelier than the top

of a mountain. The uninhabited place, the remoteness from human dwellings, the dizzy elevation, and the proximity to the fathomless sky all seem to produce a sense of loneliness that once felt will never be forgotten. Mt. Gerizim is no exception. I found the summit left to the mountain grouse, that flew up at the sound of my horse's hoofs, and to the countless gray rocks that lie bleaching under the sun. The loftiest part is covered with the ruins of walls and buildings. Not a habitable dwelling is left, and not a human being was in sight.

The Samaritan Church seems to have been evolved by the refusal of the Jew to have aught to do with them, regarding them as a mongrelized people. So the Samaritans selected this mountain, built a temple, and held service for themselves. Only a handful of them are left today, and the temple is gone, but they still make pilgrimages to this mountain-top of ruins, sacrifice annually, and believe that the Messiah is yet to come. The sight of the stones, where they still slaughter the lamb in prospective belief in Christ, affects one peculiarly and painfully. You have a feeling akin to the experience born of seeing a person who had been taught the alphabet in childhood still poring over it in manhood as an unmastered problem.

Very wide and beautiful is the prospect from this point. The mountains of Samaria sweep away to the southern horizon, and a purple range looms up beyond the Jordan in the east, while close to the western verge lies outstretched in its calm beauty the blue Mediterranean. The road to Jerusalem is seen winding over the southern plain. Several villages, near and remote, dot the landscape, while the historic valley of the blessing and cursing, with the town of Shechem in its center, lies at your feet. Near the base of Mt. Gerizim can be seen the Well of Jacob. As one views the sacred site from this desolate and forsaken mountain-top, the words of the Savior to the woman of Samaria are seen to have a most striking fulfillment: "Woman, believe Me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem worship the Father."

\*The following is the substance of a note received by the author from Dr. C. K. Marshall, of Vicksburg, about a fortnight previous to his death: "If you publish your letters of travel in book-form, do not fail to mention that the first person to whom the Savior communicated the fact of His

Messiahship was the woman of Samaria. I have been quite ill. I went down to the banks of the Jordan, wet my feet, looked over into the blessed land beyond, and came back.” Two weeks after that he went down again; the waves parted, and this prophet of God, with the storm-like eloquence of Elijah, and the tenderness of Elisha, passed through and over into the Land of Promise.

## CHAPTER 34

*Samaria — The Plain of Esdraelon — Jezreel — Naboth's Vineyard — Saul's Last Night — Shunem — The Child's Death — The Syrian Natives — Scene Under a Fig-Tree — Nain — Endor*

This is not the season for travelers, and my being alone makes the expense of a tent trip correspondingly heavy. With a party of four or five the expense would be five dollars a day for each individual; to travel alone costs more. The advantage of the tent is that you are delivered from rooms where anybody and everybody have slept, and that may be objectionable for other reasons. You likewise get to see the places where you stop; not through a hotel medium, but in a face-to-face way. Camping in a valley in the country, or in a grove in the edge of a town or village, you see what you came to see the people and the land.

At noon I rest, and lunch, and write under a tree by the wayside, and in the afternoon at five or six o'clock, find our tents pitched in some sacred and historic spot and dinner almost ready. Then comes the meditative hour, Bible in hand, sitting Abraham-like in the tent door. This is the third day out from Jerusalem, and we are now looking upon Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel. It was once a city of great glory and power, but today has only ruins to speak of its former majesty. A wretched village covers a part; a threshing-floor is now where Ahab dwelt, and a poor Bedouin tent, made of sticks and branches, I saw perched on a massive ruin, that in its day was a structure of massive grandeur. History tells us that Herod built extensively and magnificently at this place, but all that is left of the ancient palatial and colonnade splendor are some rows of stone pillars, twenty feet in height, three feet in diameter, and still retaining some of the polished surface which glistened in beauty two thousand years ago. The situation of Samaria is remarkable. It is on a lofty hill, with a ring of still loftier hills surrounding it. A valley ring and a mountain ring are its double engirdling of beauty and strength. The sides of the central hill, upon which sat the capital of Israel, slope down to the valley, and bear remains of buildings and terraces. On the northern side, and near the base of the hill, are several rows of massive stone pillars. The situation alone gives us

a fair idea of what it used to be in attractiveness and natural strength. After looking at it I did not marvel that it took the Assyrians three years to secure its capture.

It was in this city that was begun the idolatry that proved the ruin of Israel. Here Elijah came and preached to Ahab and Jezebel. Naaman, with his chariots of gold and his leprosy, visited this city seeking relief. Elisha lived in the neighborhood, and, afterward, in the city itself; for the Scripture tells us that he was there during a certain siege. It was here that occurred several scenes that have always peculiarly and powerfully impressed me. It was on one of these mountains before us that Elisha's servant saw the horsemen and chariots of the heavenly army. On the walls here walked the king in hitherto concealed suffering of mind, until the wind blew aside his cloak and the tortured body was revealed. Across that valley yonder sped the lepers in the moonlight to the vacant camp of the besiegers. Over those hills in the distance swept the strange sound that affrighted a whole army and put them to flight; and underneath the walls of this place Elisha led an army blinded by the power of God, and then transformed them all into the lasting friends of Israel by kind treatment — a good piece of gospel let down into Old Testament times. Here Philip preached the gospel with great success, and here Peter withstood Simon the Sorcerer.

Some miles north of this place we came to the summit, as well as the edge, of the mountains of Samaria, as they skirt the southern border of the plain of Esdraelon. The view was obtained suddenly, and made a profound impression from its extensiveness, its beauty, and its sacred associations: Checking my horse on the brow of the hill, I looked with fascinated eye upon a plain, twenty-five miles long and tent wide. Immediately in front and on the northern side was Mt. Gilboa, upon which Saul and Jonathan fell. A deep cloud-shadow was resting upon it. Farther to the left and west was Nazareth, the buildings highest on the hill-side gleaming white in the distance. Far away to the west was Mt. Carmel, with its peculiar angular approach to the Mediterranean, and just at our feet to the left was the plain of Dothan, shut in on the east and west by lofty hills, and opening like a bay toward the north.

The plaint of Esdraelon or Jezreel is historic from one end to the other. What battles of ancient and modern time have been fought here, and what kings and queens and prophets and warriors have crossed this wide and beautiful expanse! It once possessed large and powerful cities, but today it has ruins instead, and a few poor villages built of rough stone and daubed with mud.

The old-time city of Jezreel was formerly in the midst of this plain. A Syrian village covers a part of the site. So great is the destruction that I could not see even the ruins of former splendor. It was here that Ahab and Jezebel had a palace, and here that the idolatrous queen met her death. "Fling her down!" said Jehu, as she appeared at the window, with painted face and attired head. Some men are proof against female arts and unmoved by female beauty. It may spring from natural callousness or from complete absorption in some life-work. One or both may have been the case with Jehu, and so Jezebel was hurled down to be devoured by the dogs. She that showed no pity to Naboth, found no pity.

I was pointed to the hill-side where Naboth's vineyard once nestled — a heritage that he would not part with, and that Ahab was miserable about. If the grasping king could have beheld it prophetically in its stoniness and desolation, as I saw it this morning in reality, the murder of a good man would not have been committed. And yet so is it that men wrangle, and imbue their hands in redness and their hearts with blackness for things as transitory and perishing as the vineyard of Naboth.

In front of Jezreel Saul fought his last battle with the Philistines. The Israelites fled eastward and then southward over Mt. Gilboa, on which place the unfortunate and sinful king fell upon his sword and died. I have in my journeyings through Palestine passed along a line of travel that began with his rise and ends with his fall. Never was there a more promising life with a sadder termination, and yet we see frequently about us the same thing taking place. I could never read concerning the last night of Saul without deep and melancholy interest. It is like the last culminating chapter of a deeply exciting book, or like the last scene in the last act of a dark tragedy. The Philistines were between him and the village of Endor, where he desired to consult the witch. In a straight line north he was not more than four or five miles from Endor, but in the circuitous route he had

to take to avoid the Philistines the distance was much increased. He spent most of the night in walking through the plain. I see him and his armor-bearer in the lonely midnight tramp under the quiet stars. What a contrast their calmness was to his stormy heart! He is going to consult a witch. What labor sin entails upon us, and what will not a man do when he has lost God! Moreover, most remarkably changed is the help one seeks, and the beings one communes with when God is given up and sin followed! Contrast the day in its brightness when Saul spoke with God, and the darkness of the night he seeks counsel from a village sorceress. Measure the infinite difference between the Holy One of Israel and the witch of Endor. I see Saul standing in the hut; I behold Samuel coming up, with face not whiter than the man's he looked upon; I hear the words of doom, and then the heavy thud of Saul's form, as he fell full-length upon the floor. They lift him up; the woman beseeches him to eat a morsel to obtain strength. But how can a man partake of food when he knows that he will be dead on the morrow? Then came the return walk through the plain. What a walk — and what a night! He thinks of it still in eternity. With an exhausted body, a frozen heart, a despairing, doomed feeling, he began next morning, the battle with the Philistines.

Shunem is on the northern edge of the plain of Jezreel. It is to be remembered by Elisha's visits, and on account of its being the first place mentioned in the Scripture, and I believe in history, where a preacher had a room especially built for him.

They have marvelously increased since that day. Our parsonage societies would do well to call themselves Shunemites.

As I passed through the fields surrounding the town, I thought of the pathetic cry that once fell from the lips of a little boy in this immediate neighborhood: "My head, my head!" "Carry him to his mother," said the father. Was not that like a man? But here is seen the woman: "It came to pass that he sat on her knees until noon, and then died." God bless these tender, faithful mothers, with a love in them like unto the love of God. I knew a mother once whose child was dying, and to soothe it she rocked and sung to him until he died. Think of a mother singing to her dying child, observing the shadows deepen on the face as she sings, and expecting the soul will flit away before the song or hymn is ended. O these mothers all



over the world who are watching with breaking hearts the children dying in their laps! We never see them commit the sick or dying child to another; but martyr-like they bend over them or hold them in their arms till they die. The only one they will resign them to is the Savior.

Fifteen to twenty miles in the distance can be plainly seen from this point the broad, blue slope of Mt. Carmel. Here was Elisha at the time, and to this place the bereaved mother fairly rushed her way. How the set face, and the troubled heart, and the one wild hope comes up before us in the single word she uttered to her servant — “Drive!”

Under a fig-tree near Shunem we rested at noon and took lunch. As usual, we were soon surrounded by a group of Syrians, male and female, adults and children. One is made to marvel at the suddenness with which they appear — it almost seems as if they had come up out of the earth. The traveler immediately becomes the cynosure of a score of eyes. At these resting-places I do much of my writing, but, as one can see, under peculiar and rather trying circumstances. Every motion of the stranger is watched; comments in and unknown tongue are made upon his dress, manner of eating, with as much interest and surprise as if a being from another planet had fallen in their midst. Whenever I look up from my writing I find the curious gaze is still fastened upon me. As a people, these Syrians greatly interest me. In religion they are Mohammedan, in blood Arabian, though doubtless mixed. The complexion is olive, burned to a darker tint with many of them by the sun. Frequently, however, you notice a fair skin, while the faces of the women are generally of fairer tint by a shade or two. The dignity and grace of this people is something phenomenal. I have never seen yet among them an attitude or position that was ungainly, awkward, or ill at ease. They are not troubled with their hands and feet as Western people are. To see them sitting, you desire at once to sketch them; while to behold them standing before you, with robe wrapped about their forms, is to see a model for a sculptor. I gave a pomegranate to a girl of twelve years, one day, on the road. She looked up with her dark eyes into my face a moment, and then taking my hand pressed it first to her lips and then to her forehead, with a grace that would have done honor to any drawing-room. I often passed young girls and maidens going from their villages to the fountain, located on the edge of the town or farther away. They wear a coarse, blue garment for a dress, with a white covering for the

head, equally coarse; or the dress and head-cloth are made of a material with alternate longitudinal stripes of red and green. As these girls pass to the spring, with large earthen jugs poised on the head, or steadied there with one gracefully raised arm, I have been struck with the carriage of the body, the regular features of the face, the straight nose, the dark eye, the lock of black hair falling over the forehead, and wondered if Rachel and Rebecca looked thus in the olden times. That the damsels of the Old Testament age labored as hard as these girls do today the Scripture plainly teaches. Rachel is introduced as a shepherdess — no light toil, you may be assured. Rebecca brought the water needed for family use, on her head, from the fountain in the borders of the town. Zipporah was hard at work when Moses first saw her. Ruth was gleaning in the fields. It was a beautiful scene in the distance, and an English poet has written charmingly about it in melodious verse — but as I see the women out here in their gleaning in the fields of the same country, under a cloudless sky and burning sun, I discover there is little poetry about the fact, but genuine hard work. I doubt not but that Ruth slept most soundly at night.

Nothing has distressed me more than the sight of the labor imposed upon these Syrian women. I have seen girls of sixteen or eighteen staggering home from a thicket two or three miles away from home, with a load of poles on their head that a strong man could hardly carry. Besides their toil in the field, I have seen them performing the most revolting tasks on the public highway, and to my question, Why do you allow your women to do such things, received the reply: “O, that is woman’s work.” One evening near Shechem I passed a great, fat Syrian sheik on horseback, while ten feet in the rear walked his wife under a blistering sun, and covered with the dust that arose from the heels of her husband’s horse.

Under the Shunem fig-tree I determined to give to my Syrian audience a pictorial illustration of a better way of treating a woman, and so telling my dragoman, to say to the group about me that in America we venerated women, and tried to deliver them from hard work; that we loved to have them safe from the sun and the storm, in the house, and, in addition, waited on them, instead of making them our servants. Did I speak correctly and truthfully for the men of America? After this brief introduction I made a cup of lemonade, and taking a slice of bread, stepped over to a young Syrian woman and handed them to her. She was evidently

at first embarrassed, but quickly recovered herself and received and ate what I gave her. But alas! it was all lost on her, for, in company with the men, she said the women were used to the hard toil they performed. My quick reply was, "Does that make it right?" and there was silence under the fig-tree.

The plain of Esdraelon, which runs from west to east, has a projection on its northern side in the form of a smaller plain about three or four miles in width and perhaps six miles or more in depth. This plain is shut in or skirted by ranges of mountains on both sides. At the farther end is Mt. Tabor; and on its east side and at the base of the mountains are the humble villages of Nain and Endor. From a treeless mountain range they look out on a treeless but beautiful plain before them. Just outside the village of Nain are old rock-tombs cut in the face of the mountain. The road from the village to the burial-place is not over two hundred yards in length.

There is less trouble here than at other places in the matter of locality identification. The Gospel says that the funeral procession was coming out of Nain when it was met by Christ. Yonder is the old burial-place, and coming this way is the curving road; here is the entrance to the village and must always have been; and close to the spot on which we stand, must have occurred the gracious miracle of life restoration preceded by the words: "Young man I say unto thee arise. What a scene must have once transpired here of delight and amazement, what running to and fro of people, what magnifying of the grace of God!

With a kind of shock the mind comes back from this scene of the past to take in the present desolate mountain-side, the poor village of a dozen hovels, the forsaken road leading to the tombs, and the lonely plain lying outstretched before us. There is scarcely a sadder experience than that of visiting and viewing a place where once life and love abounded, or where great and grand deeds were achieved, and seeing it forgotten and forsaken and with naught of its former charm or glory left. Fenimore Cooper has in one of his works a scene after this character. Scott in one of his best books has a similar picture. His hero returns after an absence of several years to the castle and court of a relative whom he had visited under happy circumstances. Meantime war had swept with desolating power over the land, and its conclusion left the people scattered and the country changed.

The greatest change was in the homestead before the solitary horseman. The courtyard that had been a scene of life and gladness; that had rung with blast of horn and ring of hoof and peals of happy laughter was silent and desolate. Weeds were waving on the wall and house-top. A great heart-depressing loneliness and dreariness was upon the whole place.

To visit Palestine and behold it without Christ and His disciples, is this experience multiplied a thousand-fold in intensity and sadness. And to see this country in the possession of people who do not know nor care for Christ and His blessed life and achievements adds immeasurably to the pain.

Farther on a few miles is the village of Endor. Here again we see only about a dozen humble dwellings at the foot of the mountain. It stands forever identified with the unhappy king of Israel, and his last night on earth. Over yonder mountain crest he came at midnight and descended the steep slope to the place.

In both of these villages the dead were raised; the one by necromancy and the other by the power of the Son of God. But how different were the actors, the scenes and the results. Great was the consternation of the Witch and Saul when Samuel came up from the ground at midnight. Awful and blood-curdling were the words of doom that the departed prophet uttered. But at Nain, it was a scene of sunlight and restored life, and rejoicing hearts, and a happy multitude full of praises to Him who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Certainly the two places stand out in remarkable contrast.

From this point I pushed on over the country toward Lake Galilee. For miles we rode in a northeasterly direction over fields brown and bare and forsaken. The corn or grain had been gathered, the gleaners had disappeared, and the yellow stalks were left rustling in the wind.

The whole scene spoke powerfully of Christ. Beyond all question He had passed over these very fields many times in his journeys to and fro between Nazareth and Galilee, or while preaching in the synagogues of all the towns and villages in the land.

But the land knew not the time of its visitation, and is now left desolate. The voice that spoke the word of eternal life over this country is heard no more; the gracious presence is not here; the glory is departed. The very cracks and fissures that seam these summer-baked fields, spell out the word "Ichabod!"

## CHAPTER 35

*First View of Lake Galilee — Its Beauty and Loneliness — A Sail to Capernaum — The Ruined Synagogue — The Plain of Gennesareth — The Land of the East*

From the heights back of Tiberias I obtained my first view of Lake Galilee. The sudden vision was that of a blue sheet of water surrounded by yellow mountains, and with two snowy-white sails resting tranquilly on its bosom. The lake was hundreds of feet beneath me; and as the descent was slowly made down the mountain-side I was enabled to take in the whole familiar outline of this inland sea, so dear to every Christian heart, and so well-known to all in Christendom. There it lay before me and beneath me, thirteen miles in length, from five to seven in width, oval in shape, a protuberance of coast line on the upper western side; Mt. Hermon lifting up its head, thirty or forty miles away, over its northern edge; while, to the south, the two lines of the eastern and western shore contracted to form the banks of the Jordan. The yellow surrounding mountains have no forests upon them; only an occasional cedar or acacia here and there, looking like black specks in the distance. The eye eagerly searches for and finds the site of Capernaum on the far-away northern shore, the plain of Gennesareth on the west, and the “steep place” on the east bank, down which the swine rushed into the sea. Then the glance is directed toward the northeastern part of the shore, where Christ fed the multitudes, and last the mountains looked for in that neighborhood, where the Savior, from his place of prayer, observed the disciples in the storm, and came walking to them on the waves of the sea.

Many are the precious and holy memories that cluster about these sacred and now silent shores. Next to Jerusalem, I suppose, this place ranks highest in the spiritual heart.

I noticed but two boats on a lake that was once dotted with shipping. And of all the cities that once shone by day and twinkled by night around these banks, but one small town is left today. This one exception is Tiberias. It was a Gentile community in the time of the Savior, and He seems never to have entered it. Consequently they never rejected Him, and were thus

saved from the doom or judgment that has fallen upon all other cities of this lake shore, and that seems, in its awfulness, to have settled upon the entire coast itself. It is true that Magdala, the reputed home of Mary Magdalene, is pointed out; but, on approaching it, such is the wretchedness of its stone hovels that you feel it scarcely deserves the name even of village.

No homes are seen on the shores of Galilee; no farms or vineyards are beheld on the mountainsides; no home-loving and land-improving inhabitants dwell on the banks. Only a few tribes of Bedouins, living in black-skin tents, and wandering from place to place, appear at wide distances on the shore, or camp some miles back in the interior.

Everything seems to go by Lake Galilee. The caravans of camels come and go in long lines, journeying north or south; but they do not stop on these lonely shores. The traveler makes a flying visit; capital goes by; individuals seeking homes pass on to less solitary places. The Jordan itself rushes through the center of the lake without touching the shore, and hurries on southward as if escaping from the heart-moving associations and memories of the place.

Last night, in looking from my tent over the lake at the distant eastern shore, it was a scene of almost unrelieved blackness. I thought that if I had been thus gazing at the farther shore of Lake Geneva, or other bodies of water in Europe or America, I would have seen myriads of lights betokening comfortable homes and prosperous cities. But, as I looked across through the night toward the land of Gadara and the Gergesenes, I saw but two lights, that would gleam a moment and then die out. Both of them may have come from the two boats of Tiberias engaged in night-fishing, or may have been the twinkling campfires of a Bedouin tent on the side of the rocks.

No one can contemplate these silent, forsaken shores, and take in the spirit of the surroundings, without feeling that some remarkable dealing has been and is still visited on this land. It was once exalted to heaven; it has been cast down to hell. It knew not the time of its visitation; its house is now left desolate. It refused to receive the Son of God, and the hand of judgment has fallen heavily and unmistakably upon it.

And yet Lake Galilee is beautiful in spite of its loneliness and desolation. It is still lovely in its forsakenness, and beautiful still in this deathlike trance into which it has fallen. Galilee and Bethany seem to have been best beloved by the Savior. His feet turned oftenest to the village near Olivet, and to the shores of this lake. This was done partly because of the loving hearts He found in both places, but also because He loved the peaceful, tranquil beauty of this blue inland sea.

All the evening and night the strain and words of a Sunday-school song have been floating through my mind — a hymn familiar to countless thousands in far-away America:

*“O Galilee, sweet Galilee,  
Where Jesus loved so much to be.”*

My tent is pitched outside the north wall of Tiberias, on the banks of the lake. I am fully one hundred feet above the lake surface, and could cast from my tent-door, a rock into the waves. Standing at this same tent-door, or sitting before it, I have the whole outline and face of this beautiful inland sea before me.

Last night I watched it as it slept under the stars, and at 10 o'clock I saw the moon arise over the distant mountains, and turn a lake of purple into a lake of silver. This morning I beheld the sun rise upon it, and in this new spectacle saw fresh charms spring up to greet the sight and gratify the love of the beautiful. But better and higher than all was the thought of Him whose voice was once heard amid its storms, whose feet pressed its waves as a pavement, and whose tired head and body were lulled into repose by its billows. He, the loving, wonderful Christ, has given it a beauty diviner far than all its natural loveliness, and that will remain an imperishable treasure in memory when the lake itself is dried up forever by the fires of the last day.

Hiring a sailboat, I left Tiberias for the ruins of Capernaum at seven in the morning. Passing Magdala and the plain of Gennesareth on the left, we reached Capernaum at ten o'clock, after three hours' rowing and sailing together. There were six boatmen forming the crew of the little vessel. After careful scrutiny, I could not discover among these native Syrians a single one whom I thought would answer for a Peter or John, or, indeed, any of the disciples. But when, on our return trip, one of the men fell



asleep from weariness and lay on the floor of the vessel, I thought then of One whom the reader needs not for me to name. That must have been a profound exhaustion that enabled the Savior to sleep on undisturbed by a storm. Either the day had been one of great toil, or the night previous had been spent in unintermitting prayer, as was often His custom. The sleep on the hard deck was the consequence. This picture of the sleeping Christ, and another of His sitting wearied on the side of the well in Samaria, have always touched my heart with tender power.

And what shall I say of Capernaum? As I stood in the midst of the ruins of a city that evidently once possessed a population often thousand people, we saw that the words of the Master had been fulfilled. It has been brought down to the grave. I never saw completer desolation. In various places of antiquity that I have visited, I would see portions of walls left, or here and there a standing pillar or arch; but in Capernaum every stone seems to be on the ground and scattered in the wildest confusion. The material out of which the houses were built are stones of volcanic origin, and of a color bordering on black, and so adds to the somberness of the scene. Standing on a hillock of rocks made by Bedouins, I surveyed the ruined town whose streets Christ walked, and in whose synagogue he preached, and where the sick and afflicted were healed by Him in great multitudes. A city that could withstand such grace and privilege and heavenly power deserved to be swept away, and — was. The ruins extend several hundred yards along the seashore and back for the same distance, and even up the slope of the mountain in one place.

Fifty yards from the seashore, on a swell of the land, are the ruins of a synagogue or church, that has interested all travelers and readers of travels. Here are pedestals, and heavy carved cornices, and Corinthian capitals of marble, and portions of pillars all scattered about over a space, and with a certain outline that betokens a place of worship. Was it the synagogue that the centurion built for the Jews, and in which Christ preached, or is it a church of a later day, built on the ruins, and with the ruins of the synagogue of Christ's time? Arguments which I read some time ago predispose me to believe that these white, crumbling remains are what is left of the gift of the centurion, the wealthy friend of the Jews. I sat down on one of the pedestals and read the sixth chapter of John, which contains the sermon preached by our Lord on this spot or somewhere very near.

Finishing the discourse, I turned to the eleventh chapter of Matthew, and twenty third verse, and read the prophetic words of the Savior, spoken when the city was at the height of its prosperity: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell." O, would not infidelity rejoice if Capernaum was flourishing today! The skeptic would point to it and say: "Where is the boasted prophecy, where is the foreknowledge of the Savior?" As it is, the rocks are witnesses. The ruins confirm the Word. The very stones cry out in honor of the saying of the Son of God.

In rowing and sailing back to Tiberias, the boat stood in nearer the shore, so as to skirt the edge of the plain of Gennesareth. Once beautiful and fertile and populous, and witnessing the presence of Christ and His disciples, it has been favored above all other plains. It is still naturally beautiful, and the fertility is left, but the population is gone: and He who was the chiefest charm and glory, has been gone for nearly two thousand years. As the boat went slowly by the sacred place, I had a vision of the time it was covered with waving corn, breast-high in height, with the Master and His followers walking over its quiet fields; or treading the grain-fringed paths, visiting distant villages; or speaking to the multitudes that accompanied Him on the way. The whole plain — as, indeed, the entire land of Galilee — speaks most eloquently of the Savior. I failed to see a single soul anywhere on the plain. It is at present cultivated in spots, and that cultivation is of a poor and superficial order. A green shrub, growing from five feet upward, dots the baked ground in every direction, and adds to the forsaken air of the place.

As we approached Magdala, a solitary shepherd, attended by a large flock of sheep and goats, descended the steep mountain-side back of it, and entered some distance into the clear waves of the lake. Even this spectacle of life somehow did not take away the loneliness of the shore.

I was informed that a Christian gentleman, the same who has purchased much of the plain of Esdraelon, has bought the site of Capernaum, and, I think, a part of the plain of Gennesareth. For the first time, it seems that the Bedouin sheiks, who are getting poorer, show a disposition to part with the land. If this continues, it may result in a marked change in this country in the near future.

Sitting in front of my tent in the evening, near the hour of sunset, I was looking over toward the mountains on the opposite shore, when I remembered that I was looking in the direction of “the land of the people of the East.” This is what the Bible called them. This is where Jacob went when his mother caused him to flee from Esau. “And when he came to the land of the people of the East,” he came upon scenes and flocks and herds, shepherds and fair women, dripping wells, spreading fields, and beautiful landscapes. Then I remembered still further beyond there is another Eastern land, filled with roving Bedouins, and shepherds with flocks, and turbaned millions who believe in the false prophet and know not the Lord. And the glance and thought swept on to those old Eastern countries of shadowy palms and dome-like mosques and slender minarets. I saw the turbaned men on the road, the veiled women at the well, the silent caravan threading the desert. Farther back still I saw the Eastern countries where Abraham lived, the ark rested, and Eden smiled. Still further on I saw, from my tent, the slopes of Persia, the steppes of Asia, the wild wastes of Siberia, and on through the heart of that vast land of the East, until we reached the Chinese Wall and came in sight of the Pacific, and, behold! the whole land was filled with people of the East.

What is to become of them? I mentally asked. What can we do for them? What is being done for them? I wondered if the people in America realized how much we are indebted to these people. Out of this land of the East came such a grand character as Abraham, and such lovely women as Sarah and Rachel. Out of this country came the four great religions of the world. Certainly they are not to be despised.

I cannot explain, but as I looked over the eastern mountains that evening I had such a mental view of that far-away land, or lands, filled with teeming life, crowded with immortal souls unreached and unsaved, that my heart fairly sickened, and sunk under the sight. The Lord save the people of the land of the East! May all the people say amen! and may ten thousand thousand men and women of the church cry out: “Here am I, Lord, send me with the news of salvation to that goodly distant land.”

I camped two nights and a day by Lake Galilee, and then one morning at sunrise struck tent, and departed in a southwesterly direction, turning many a longing, lingering look behind.

*“O, Galilee, blest Galilee,  
Come sing thy song again to me.”\**

\*I herewith attach to this chapter the words of the beautiful hymn quoted above. Most of my readers are familiar with the melody in the New Life; but there is another air to the same words that is far lovelier. I first heard it sung by a band of men and women one night on the streets of Liverpool, and many times since in Centenary Church in St. Louis. For plaintiveness and tender power I have never heard it surpassed. It is to be found in Temple Themes, page 75.

### MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

*Each cooing dove and sighing bough,  
That makes the eve so blest to me,  
Has something far diviner now,  
It bears me back to Galilee.*

*Each flowery glen and mossy dell,  
Where happy birds in song agree,  
Thro' sunny morn the praises tell  
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.*

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

### CHORUS.

*O, Galilee! sweet Galilee!  
Where Jesus loved so much to be;  
O Galilee! blue Galilee!  
Come sing thy song again to me.*

## CHAPTER 36

*Mount of Beatitudes — A Natural Auditorium on the Summit — A Sparrow's Reply — Mt. Tabor — Greek Monastery — Cana of Galilee — The Miracle of the Water made Wine — The Fountain*

The Mount of Beatitudes is two or three miles northwest of Tiberias. On reaching the foot of the sacred eminence, I dismounted, left my dragoman, and ascended alone. I found a plateau at the summit, and, rising from either end, a peak. These peaks are separated from each other about three hundred yards. Because of the jutting points the mount has received the name of Horns of Hattin. The southern peak is the loftiest by thirty or forty feet. From the northern edge of the plateau summit, and from the east and west sides as well, there is a gentle fall or slope in the ground to a point at the base of the southern peak, making a most remarkable auditorium on the top of the mountain. Some ten or fifteen feet up the side of the southern eminence, and facing the natural auditorium just described, is a ledge of rock on which the Savior could have sat with His disciples about Him and addressed with ease far more than four thousand men besides women and children.

I was deeply impressed with the natural advantages of the place, that fitted it for just such a purpose as is mentioned in the Gospel.

The mount is not lofty; it could easily be ascended by young and old; it was in the time of the Savior in the midst of a populous region; it was not far from the lake-shore with its cities, and yet it was retired, and, as I have mentioned, afforded sitting-room for thousands, and where all in the audience could see the face of the Divine Speaker.

Such a location in America would instantly be seized upon as a place for public gatherings; and happy would be that camp-ground association that could possess such a spot.

Here was delivered the grandest sermon that was ever uttered. A sermon from which all other sermons are taken. One that grows on the world more and more as it is read and pondered over. A sermon that has within it the solution of every earthly problem and difficulty, and is destined to

straighten out the world's crookedness, and is the new law that is to make this earth a paradise.

And yet how quietly this wondrous discourse was spoken. No platform walking around, no display of rhetoric, no forensic fury, but, as the Bible says, "And when He was set He opened His mouth and taught them."

May either common sense or a kind providence save us, who are the ministers of Christ, from all cant and rant and everything like snort and cavort in the pulpit.

I repeated aloud some precious passages from the fifth chapter of Matthew in this lonely secluded spot, and was answered by the chirp of a sparrow in a neighboring bush. Its little song interpreted was: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and yet not one falleth to the ground without your Father."

Thus it is impossible to get away from the thought of Christ in Galilee. The mountains are granite sentences of the past that keep on telling about Him, and the sparrows twittering at their base and by the highway, will not let you forget the Divine Teacher who mentioned them in His sermons.

The Preacher of that day on whose lips the multitude hung has gone, and is now King of the Universe; and the multitude is likewise gone. God grant that they did not hear His words in vain, and are now with Him forever.

Mt. Tabor is seven miles southwest of the Mount of Beatitudes. Its imposing form can be seen all over the country. It is, indeed, an "high mountain." We rode toward it over the fields and hillsides without regard to the road, save where it ran according to our pleasure in a straight direction. The mountain is two thousand feet high, and has the form almost of a truncated cone. It is situated rather on the side of a plain four miles wide. The ascent was steep and required almost an hour, though the trip was performed on horseback. From the summit I obtained an extensive and beautiful view. The plain of Esdraelon in the south, and spreading out east and west, is a spectacle of loveliness. Mt. Hermon is seen in the north, Mt. Carmel in the west, and ranges of mountains on all sides. The north and west sides of Mt. Tabor are covered with oak-trees, and for miles in a like direction the same strange spectacle of sylvan

beauty is beheld. It seems as if a remnant of the old wooded loveliness of Canaan, as God had given it to His people, was left as a sample or expression of the past. I trust it may be the blossom of what is to come again in the Restoration when Israel shall turn unto the Lord.

A Greek monastery with twenty men as inmates crowns the summit of the mountain. To the question, Why do you have so many men in this lonely place, the reply was: "To keep the holy place!"

The men, or "Brothers," whom I saw were neither intellectual nor spiritual-looking. I scarcely ever met on the back streets of a city, or in the swamps of the Mississippi a rougher looking set of men. Cut off from the softening, enlightening, and uplifting influence that comes from mingling with the human kind in domestic, social, and religious lines, their appearance shows the result of their mistaken and unblessed isolation.

Whether Mt. Tabor is the scene of the Transfiguration is still an open question. Two other places contend for the sacred honor: Mt. Hermon in the north, and Little Hermon near by. The last is easily disposed of by the words, "He went up into an high mountain." Little Hermon is not lofty. While Great Hermon's long distance, exceeding height, and snow-covered top seem to exclude it from the list. Mt. Tabor, according to this, would be left with the victorious claim.

The point, however, has been made, that buildings were on the summit in the time of Christ, and that this fact would have prevented its selection as the place of Transfiguration. So the battle rages over this site as it does over every holy place in Palestine.

It is well, however, to remember that the statement in regard to the top of Mt. Tabor being covered with buildings comes from Josephus. The reader is aware, that there is that about the writings of that remarkable Jew that inclines one to think that he had either associated with or was distantly related to Ananias and Sapphira.

From the central position, noble form, and secluded and lofty summit of Mt. Tabor, one is inclined to regard this as the scene of Christ's glorification, but on the other hand there are mountains in the neighborhood of Lake Galilee that could be called high, and where the occurrence could undoubtedly have taken place.

Cana of Galilee is situated upon the slope of a gentle eminence in a plain-like valley. It is three or four miles north of Nazareth. Here Christ first showed forth His divine power. This miracle created much remark at the time, and has inspired a great deal more since then. Perhaps no other work of the Savior has occasioned as much controversy of tongue and pen as this miracle of turning the water into wine. The intemperate man and saloon-keeper beholding it with perverted vision, quote the passage with glee, while the Christian, recognizing the deeper meaning of the transaction, explains, interprets, and defends. I am struck with the fact, however, that our Lord did not voluntarily do the work. It was done after repeated urging. There may have been more in His evident rebuke of His mother than at first sight appears, and when He finally gave the wine, it may have been on the same principle observed in the wilderness with the Israelites, when, as the Word says, "He gave them the request of their lips, but sent leanness unto their souls." It is really worthy of remark that we hear nothing more of Cana after this time. It was left to its wine-drinking, and marrying, and giving in marriage. I felt little interest in the church built over the place where the inventive and imaginative Latin Church says the wedding took place; hence I did not enter. Asking my dragoman how the Catholics knew this was the site, he replied that they had found one of the water-jars near by that was used on that occasion!!!

Somebody did some smiling just about that time of day.

With greater faith I drank of the fountain at the edge of the village. Quite a number of females were filling their water-jars at its stone mouth. A young woman somewhat brusquely refused to grant my dragoman and myself a drink from her vessel. An old woman was kinder, and lowering the jar, quenched my thirst after the manner that Rebecca watered Eliezer. For the courtesy, I laid in her hand a broad piece of silver, and at once saw that the young woman had received a practical lesson on the profitableness of politeness that she will not soon forget.

I found that the water from the famous fountain was neither remarkable for coolness nor excellence. The ordinary becomes extraordinary only under the touch of Christ, and when His hand is removed, it goes back into insignificance. When will we ever learn that truth?



## CHAPTER 37

*Nazareth — The Abode of Divinity — View From the Hill — A Place the Savior Often Visited — The Steep Place — The Fountain of the Virgin — The Church of the Annunciation — Ecclesiastical Whining — Service at the English Church*

Most travelers come to Nazareth along the southern road, but I approached it on the northwest, and had my first view of it from the hills in the rear. I found my tent pitched on a little green, back of the church of Annunciation where they say Gabriel announced to Mary her coming high honor, and near the fountain called Mary's Well. Here we spent Saturday afternoon, and rested the Sabbath-day.

Nazareth is in a valley and is entirely surrounded by lofty hills, or mountains as they are called here. The town is built well on the slope of the hill, and faces south, but as new buildings are going up, the place is gradually assuming the form of a crescent. The population is now five or six thousand, but in Christ's time it was a small and insignificant village. The thought that the Son of God spent thirty years of His life in this quiet, secluded spot is simply overpowering to the mind.

"Is not this the carpenter's son?" they said. So He labored here as well as lived in this place.

As I walk these streets, look down on the town from the hills, and pore over the natural features of the landscape, I can with difficulty grasp the wonderful truth that one of the persons of the Trinity abided here in the flesh for over a quarter of a century. Here the everlasting Son, equal to the Father, submitted to the surroundings and personal discomforts of bitter poverty. Here He dwelt in an humble house, toiling hard all day and eating the simplest of fare. Here the High and Holy One lived amid lowing cattle, barking dogs, toiling camels and donkeys, and crying children. Here He beheld the daily petty strifes of the village, and heard the Babel of their empty disputes and shallow conversation.

I found that reason fairly staggered under the thought of these things; but faith like a Samson in the heart held up the amazing structure of the

Incarnation, while the heart cried out again and again: O my God! my God! what love and condescension is this!

Early Sabbath morning, before divine service, I walked up the steep hill back of the town and from the summit overlooked Nazareth and the vast sweep of country that stretches out in every direction. The blue line of the Mediterranean Sea is seen in the west. In the same quarter the long, ponderous form of Mt. Carmel projects far into the sea, as if it meditated a plunge into the waves and a departure from Palestine. You remember, as you gaze upon the noble form and broad slope of the mountain, that upon its summit fell the fire in answer to Elijah's prayer and faith, and that at its base hundreds of the false prophets were slain. It was from the top of this same mountain that the cloud no larger than a man's hand was seen far out over yonder sea. On this mountain also Elisha dwelt; and from its lofty side he saw the Shunemite woman coming over the plain of Jezreel toward him, so that he said to his servant: "Run and meet her, and say: 'Is it well with thee?'"

In the south is the Plain of Esdraelon, and the mountains of Samaria. In the east is Mt. Tabor, and far in the distance, beyond the River Jordan, ranges of mountains. In the north, beyond Lake Galilee, Mt. Hermon lifts its head high into the clouds to keep watch over half of the Holy Land.

Look where you will from this lofty hill back of Nazareth and the eye is charmed, the memory refreshed, and the soul stirred by the beautiful and noble prospect.

That the Savior often visited this spot, I have no doubt. Any meditative and spiritual mind, or even lover of nature would be drawn here, and that frequently. Much more would he seek this retired and lonely place, who so often sought the midnight mountain during His active ministry for meditation and prayer. In the days of His thoughtful childhood, and youth, and when the full-orbed powers of manhood came, I doubt not that this very spot beheld his form countless numbers of times. Often He stood here and looked upon this very scene, and brooded over the land and His coming life-work. Often after the day's work was ended, I question not, He ascended to this place and held communion with His Father, and then from the converse of heaven would descend again to the lisps and limitations of human language in the town below.

There is confusion and dispute about the hill and steep place down which the citizens of Nazareth tried to hurl the Savior after His sermon in the synagogue. The spot that tradition points out is a mile or more south of the town. I walked to it, and, as I looked down the craggy precipice to the rocks below, felt that this would certainly be the place if Nazareth was only nearer. The question arises, would the inhabitants have led Him thus far. Men in blind rage, as they were, would hardly tarry so long to wreak their vengeance upon a victim.

The Gospel says, "They thrust Him out of the city, and led Him to the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong." The middle sentence of the verse caused me to walk for a couple of hours on the lofty summit of the hill back of Nazareth. I saw two places which could have answered the dark purpose of the Nazarenes. Doubtless two thousand years ago there were much sharper declivities than we see today; but the building and grading and cultivation going on to the very hilltop for many centuries have had a marked effect on the topography of the mountain, and, perhaps, designedly so by Providence.

It is remarkable that the verse quoted can be made to agree with either one of the places in dispute. For even the precipice so distant from the present town is a part of the range of mountains on which Nazareth is built.

What a scene that attempted murder was to the Virgin Mother. Prophecy uttered thirty years before began to be fulfilled: "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul." The first stab was given that day.

They thrust Him out of the city. It seemed settled from the first that He should suffer and die "without the gate."

The fountain is a place of great interest. It is the only one in the corporate limits of Nazareth. Whither the women of the poorer classes come with their water-jars. The rich have their cisterns, but the poor are dependent for all the water they use upon this fountain. The little stone square in front is crowded with females all day, and, I am told, all through the night as well. The water issues in two small streams the size of the finger, and so the pitcher filling is a slow process and the crowd accumulates. Two men, the one a Christian and the other a Mohammedan, are stationed at the place and issue numbered tickets to the women as they arrive. This is to

prevent confusion and strife; and yet even with this precaution there is considerable clash and clamor of feminine tongues.

As I looked at the large group of maidens and married women standing or sitting by their water-jars awaiting their turn, my first thought was that any man who would drive an artesian well at this place would be a benefactor. On second thought I came to a different conclusion. I soon saw that the enforced waiting gave an half hour for friends and acquaintances to exchange salutations, courtesies, and tidings. Besides this it gives the hard-worked Syrian girl or matron a little time for rest. He who has beheld their toiling lives will say, let no artesian well be bored, let them continue to wait at the fountain, and, as they wait, to rest.

To the traveler the scene is both animated and attractive. And as he watches the dark-eyed, sunburnt belles of the village walk off chatting and laughing, with an immense water-jar poised gracefully upon the head, a scriptural painting over three thousand years old is hung up suddenly before his eyes, and he adds another to his collection of oriental pictures.

Here, I doubt not, the Virgin Mother came daily, and with her the wondrous Child whose thoughtful face and deep, far-away eyes caused many a remark around the fountain by which we stand today.

I stepped a moment into the Church of the Annunciation Sunday morning to notice the worship, and to see upon what spiritual diet the people were fed. There was the usual row of candles, and the usual small, ragged, and unclean looking crowd. Two men were doing all the work ecclesiastical, separated from each other by a thin partition. They were reading alternately some unintelligible liturgy, and sending the words through their noses with the rapidity of a kettle-drum and the force of a catapult. Such nasality I never heard equaled before. It reminded me of two immense blue-bottle flies caught in a gigantic window-pane, and alternately trying to escape.

All this was done where tradition says the angel Gabriel announced to Mary, that she was to become the mother of the Savior of the world.

The contrast instituted by the mind between the natural tones and beautiful simplicity of language of the angel and the virgin, and the perfect verbal tomfoolery of the scene before me was simply tremendous.

I attended service at the English Church. It was held in Arabic, but, nevertheless, did me good. The very sound of the Gospel helps the soul. The minister had a tired look that greatly touched me. He had a cord or wrinkle of nervousness that ran up the center of his forehead while he preached. Such a cord is equal in effect to a range of mountains in keeping people out of the Rest of Christ. If a man would will a congregation from the toil, bondage and sadness of the worldly life to the spiritual life, he must have a smooth brow, and something in the face and voice that speaks of twelve wells and seventy palm-trees, or better still, of a land flowing with milk and honey, and white-robed people resting under trees of life by the side of a calmly flowing river of life. One hymn sung was, "Just as I am." The natives around me sung in Arabic, while I sang in English the beautiful words. Surely there could be no sweeter nor more appropriate piece sung in this place, where lived the Lamb of God, than the hymn I have just mentioned.

It is a gracious experience, and one never to be forgotten, to worship in Nazareth where dwelt the Lord and Savior for thirty years. Whether you sit in the church, or walk the streets, or look down on Nazareth from the hills, the one uppermost and amazed thought all the time is, that the Son of God lived in this place for thirty years! The words "for thirty years" follow you wherever you go.

We sometimes wish for a sentence to express an act of astonishing condescension. And often we have desired a phrase in which could be crowded the fact and spirit of an infinite patience. I herewith offer the long desired sentence to the reader: "The Son of God dwelt in the village of Nazareth for thirty years!"

## CHAPTER 38

*Moslemism — The Muezzin's Call — The Minaret Whining — A Scene in a Mosque — Across the Plain of Jezreel — A Beautiful Valley — The Earthen Jar — The Plain of Sharon*

One of the painful sights to the traveler in Palestine is the dome of the mosque and the lofty column-like minaret. The painful sound is the periodic call of the muezzin to "the faithful."

I counted five minarets in Jerusalem, noticed one in Tiberias on Lake Galilee, and one in Nazareth. Of course there were many more in other towns, but these struck me with peculiar force as being seen in the above mentioned places. To behold a building erected to the glory of a false prophet in full sight of Mt. Calvary, or by the shores of Galilee, or at the birth-place of the Savior is a spectacle bound to shock and grieve the soul of every Christian.

Five times a day: at dawn, at noon, at five in the afternoon, at sunset, and at nine o'clock or thereabouts, the muezzin comes out upon the top of the minaret, and walking slowly around the circular balcony, with pauses at the four points of the compass, utters the following calls, each one thrice repeated:

"Allah is most great."

"I testify that there is no God but Allah."

"I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah."

"Come to prayer."

"Come to Security."

"Allah is most great."

"There is no deity but Allah."

The third call is the great falsehood. And the placing of Mohammed, and such a man as Mohammed, before Him who came from the bosom of the Father and alone can reveal Him, constitutes the frightful blasphemy of this part of Moslem worship. Five times a day this monstrous falsehood is uttered over all Arabia and Turkey and Egypt and, saddest of all, over Palestine.

And yet why should we wonder at this prostitution and desecration of the Holy Land. Did not the inhabitants reject the Holy One, desiring that a murderer should be granted them. Did they not say, "Not this man but Barabbas." "Now Barabbas was a robber."

Since the day of that awful choice, if Palestine has ever had anything else but a succession of robbers to rule over and plunder it, then I have not read history aright. Many have been the changes of government, from every quarter have come its rulers; but they all have been oppressors and robbers. What will ye that I should do with Jesus? So asked Pilate of the Jews. And they were instant with loud cries, saying, Crucify Him. And so Christ is crucified, dead to this land; and the robber Barabbas, with only slight changes of dress and speech, lives and rules.

I had always supposed that the call of the muezzin was given in a loud and solemn way. I once read of the impressiveness of the call. So it would be if it came to you from a distance over terraced roofs and groves of palm-trees through the deep stillness of an Eastern night. But nearness spoils the effect. All that I heard were given in a whining, drawling, tremulous tone or in a kind of sing-song manner.

Again I ask what is there in this part of the world that is so generative of whines in the religious service? If there is any utterance that should be characterized by clearness, manliness, and naturalness, it should be the creature's language of worship in approaching his God. Why should we reserve for our daily conversation, and for our addresses and debates in courts of law and houses of legislation, an intelligible and natural speech; but the instant we come into the presence of God we begin to whimper, whine, and use rocka-bye baby tones. Does God love whimpering? Would He not prefer the voice that He gave, and not its perversion? And yet all through the East whining is the invariable mode of address to the Deity. Roman Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, and Mohammedans, all whine. And it has spread to the West. The Episcopal Church is rapidly learning and excelling in the custom, nor is the practice confined to them. It is still spreading. We have heard it issue from various pulpits and pews of our own, and sister denominations in such nasal richness, tin-panny accent, and rise and fall intonation as to give overwhelming promise of super-excellence in the noble art of whining.

The muezzin, however, will not and indeed, cannot be outdone in the religious sing- song business. He has the advantage of frequency in his public religious whimper, and so through much practice he becomes perfect in the science. The two Greeks that I heard chanting and droning in the church of the Annunciation were remarkably eminent in this line, and at first I thought that they measured up to the Moslem whiner, but on sober reflection I recall that they lacked in certain flexible notes of the nose, and a certain whippoorwill tremulousness of voice, in which the Mohammedan excels. They are among “the thirty,” but do not attain unto “the first three.”

The Christian is not allowed to be present at the religious services of the mosque. In Egypt you can pass through the building without a permit, but in Palestine a guard is required, as well as official permission, to enter the sacred precincts.

In the mosque of El Aksa, in Jerusalem, while under this double protection I saw ten Moslems led by one of their teachers, or officials, engaged in their devotion. They were manipulated very much like a sergeant handles a squad of men. Under his leadership they went through a most active religious drill. It would have been certain sickness or death to some Protestants, I know, who are too wearied to kneel in prayer or to stand in singing. One instant they would all be standing in a row, with face and eyes to the front, staring fixedly at the distant altar. The next instant all would be prostrate, with knees bent under them and head on the ground. Then suddenly at a verbal signal from the leader, that sounded like “oof!” they sprang to their feet and commenced the silent staring, straight-forward look again.

It was a sight, sound, or performance that reminded me very strikingly of what we all have noticed in the country, viz: a line of reposing swine suddenly awakened by a passer-by and as suddenly rising to their feet with the identical and remarkable sound of-oof!

Leaving Nazareth, I journey across the country in a diagonal direction toward Jaffa. It had been my intention to go up the sea-coast past Tyre and Sidon to Beirut, and there take a steamer for my return trip home, but certain information received about being compelled to wait a number of days for a vessel decided me to turn southward to Jaffa and embark at that



point. Again we crossed the beautiful expanse of the plain of Esdraelon, but at a point more westerly and nearer the sea. In the ten miles' breadth of the plain I passed three eminences or swells in the land that were covered with ancient ruins. These ruins were of such a character and extent that it was easy to recognize that here were once places of importance. I think one was the site of Megiddo. By the side of a well, hard by one of these ruins, there is imbedded partially in the mud a large stone cornice, with a carving and polish still upon it, showing that once its place was in a palace or building of consequence.

A nearer view of Mt. Carmel was obtained from a point not over a few miles away. Our road led exactly across the path that Elijah pursued when he girded up his loins and ran ahead of the chariots of Ahab to Jezreel, after the descent of the fire, and the destruction of the prophets of Baal. A convent that is said to mark the spot of the ancient altar, gleams like a star from the sunny top of the mountain.

Several miles below we entered a narrow gorge that after a mile or so widened into a valley of five hundred yards, with gently sloping hills on either side that were covered with oak woods. This valley ran with gentle windings for eight miles, much of it being cultivated, while a number of flocks of sheep and goats browsed on its sides. Like the wooded region of Mt. Tabor it seems a small portion of the original beauty and fertility of the country left to show us what the land used to be in the time of Israel's glory.

The valley finally entered upon the plain of Sharon. Just at its mouth we encountered two Syrians mounted and armed. One was bestriding a tall, rawboned horse and carrying a spear fully fifteen feet in length; the other was riding a diminutive donkey, and rejoiced in the possession of a pair of immense single-barrel pistols buckled to his side. The pair regarded us with some suspicion, while I found it difficult to refrain from smiling. In some respects it looked like Don Quixote and Sancha Panza were before us.

One or two miles farther on we "lifted up our eyes and, lo, a well in the field," and a number of flocks were gathered about it. Other flocks driven or led by shepherds were approaching it from different directions. Quenching our thirst at the well and filling our earthen jug, we struck out

upon the treeless plain, upon which the sun in blistering power was pouring a quivering heat.

The small earthen jug or jar carried by the natives in traveling, and used at home as well, is a treasure in its way. Made out of a certain porous material it possesses the quality, through evaporation, of cooling the water that it contains. Every evening before retiring my dragoman would fill one of these vessels, and leave it through the night suspended to one of the tent ropes. Next morning the water would be almost icy-cold. A number of travelers take these vessels home with them, but I was informed that they do not retain their peculiar virtue in the American climate.

Through the center of the well-known plain of Sharon, with the Mediterranean Sea six miles away on the right, and the mountains six miles to the left, we journeyed rapidly for nearly two days. Nearly every two miles the eye takes note of a town or village in the distance on the side or at the foot of the mountains. The afternoon sun falling with slanting ray upon these distant humble dwellings and green cactus hedges, makes these villages look well from afar. But when they are entered you see only rough stone houses daubed with mud, and one story in height, while the streets are mere pedestrian passage-ways filled with dust, dogs, and refuse of the town.

Much of the upper portion of the plain of Sharon is cultivated; and the ground yields bountifully to the inferior handling it receives. But in the lower portion toward Jaffa, especially that part over against Judea, the land has a wilder and more desert-like appearance. There is no question, however, in my mind that when the time comes for the restoration of God's ancient people, and the Lord smiles once more upon this country, that this plain alone will be found able to support a population of many millions.

## CHAPTER 39

*Plain of Sharon — A Curious Procession — Guides — Night on the Plain — The Cigarette — A German Colony — Jaffa — The Bible in the Schools — The Railroad — The Return of the Jews*

We tented one night in the Plain of Sharon. A village with two palm trees standing like sentinels by its side was before us. Some old ruins formed the background of the town.

While sitting in my tent the sound of singing and the tinkle of many bells called me to the door. On looking out I saw coming rapidly over the plain a large caravan of camels and horses. There were men, women, and children riding and walking; and all dressed in holiday attire. Two horsemen with long spears dashed up and down the line, making wide sweeps on the plain and coming back at a most tremendous gait, while their spears flickered like beams of light in their brandishing hands.

With the usual brilliancy of the eastern guide, my dragoman was uncertain whether it was a marriage procession or a religious pilgrimage. And so the remarkable spectacle melted away and I was none the wiser.

Truly a volume could be written about guides. Certainly if I would tell all concerning my acquaintance with them there would be both amusement and surprise. One of these Palestine guides informed me that Absalom was hung by the hair and died near Bethlehem. Still another made a most absurd mistake in the location of Mt. Tabor.

I found that their Scriptural knowledge was frequently of a most confused nature. Happening one evening near Bethlehem, while looking at Rachel's tomb to say in a half-musing, half-inquiring way, not recalling the circumstance at the time of the Shechem murder, "I wonder what brought Jacob down so far south at the time of his wife's death," when the guide spoke up promptly, saying that Jacob was a member of the family of David and was on a visit to Bethlehem! A good idea is to come prepared for them by a thorough knowledge of Palestine and the Scripture.

One of the curious features connected with all employed service in the east is the backsish feature. It is what is recognized in Louisiana as *lagniappe*, only that the shoe is on the other foot. If you contract with a boatman to row you on Lake Galilee for a pound or Napoleon, you are expected to give a franc apiece to the oarsmen. If a guide undertakes to pilot you one morning over Jerusalem for a certain amount, he looks at the conclusion of the service for a gratuity besides. If a dragoman takes you an overland trip for so many pounds, you are expected at the conclusion of the journey to give him five or ten dollars in addition, and to fee besides the cook and the muleteers. There is no escape from it. It is a custom as fixed and inexorable as law. Nor is it confined to the East. I found it wherever I went; in England, France, Italy on the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. A traveler buys his steamer ticket for so many dollars, but awaiting him still is the obligation of bestowing solid fees upon the porter and cabin-boy. When the journey is a protracted one the amount necessarily spent this way would surprise the uninitiated.

By and by the sun went down, the night settled upon the landscape, and the stars came out and looked down upon the broad beautiful plain of Sharon. How lovingly did the constellations seem to bend over the land. I knew it was my last night of tenting in the Holy Land, and so I lingered under the starlight. After I had returned I lay awake quite a while listening to distant voices and calls far out on the plain. Calls at night are always solemn, but when uttered in a strange tongue and heard in the midst of a wide prairie and with no one around you but Syrians and Bedouins, they are felt to carry an additional weight of impressiveness.

Next morning I breakfasted at sunrise at my little table, while the muleteers were busily folding up the tent and loading the animals. In the freshness of the early day, and with a breeze coming from the sea, we pushed on rapidly to escape the coming heat and to complete the final day of travel.

As we approached Jaffa the caravans of camels increased in number and length. They were coming and going, and loaded with every kind of commodity and merchandise.

Mounted on one of these camels I saw a genuine Bedouin, with robe and flowing head-cloth, smoking a French or American cigarette. Back on the

mountains near Samaria I had beheld a spectacle just as surprising. Two shepherds were standing on the side of a mountain with their flocks grazing near by. One of them was playing on some kind of musical reed, with the note of a fife, and the other shepherd was tranquilly smoking a cigarette. Think of a shepherd of the East in the mountains, or a Bedouin on his camel with an American cigarette in his lips. Here is a kind of incongruity against which the historic and sentimental mind rebels. Who would desire to see a beaver hat resting on the heads of the dwellers of the Congo; and who feels that it is a proper thing to see a French or American habit taken up by these swarthy children of the desert? This is an encroachment of Western upon Eastern life that the tourist feels like resenting. This is an embellishment of Oriental habits that fails to charm, and, instead, stirs the risibilities. I could not help but wonder if that was all the West could do for the East. Are the gifts of the enlightened nations to this people to be opium, whisky and tobacco? Is this the best we can do for the benighted nations of the East? The thought came as I journeyed on, how much more quickly does a thing that is hurtful and evil travel than that which is good. Instead of flasks of liquor or bundles of cigarettes, why should not New Testaments be scattered abroad.

The Eunuch from Ethiopia went out of Jerusalem with a copy of the Scripture in his hand; while the Bedouin I saw coming out of Jaffa carried a package of tobacco. And yet there are plenty of Bibles in Jaffa. What a difference there is in men.

A German colony has settled on the northern side of Jaffa. Their houses and farms are perfect models of neatness and pictures of plenty. Here is a powerful argument on the superiority of Christian civilization set down in a pictorial way before the natives. I saw many of them looking, and felt that the lesson was sinking into their darkened minds. A large revolving wheel, harnessed to the wind to draw water, secured, I noticed, especial attention. It was such a delightful and remarkable contrast to their own slow and painful method of drawing water, that they carried the striking lesson back into the interior with them. Far away in the mountains to the open-eyed, dusky group does the Syrian or Bedouin father relate the wonders of a Christian civilization that has commenced its march upon the darkness of this part of the world. Truly Christ is preached in many ways; preached not alone in the doctrines, but also in the results of Christianity.

The latter is a pictorial or illustrative method that I trust God will bless on this sea coast to the good of many thousands.

By and by we came in sight of Jaffa on its conical hill, with the white-crested waves of the sea beyond. When within a block or so of the hotel, my dragoman suddenly stirred up our jaded steeds into a sudden burst of accelerated travel, and swept up to the building with rattle of hoofs and in a cloud of dust, thereby creating the impression that we had been scouring the whole country in that gait and manner. Alas for the Ananias streak in the blood, and alas for the dragoman's pride no one saw our rapid and impressive approach to the hotel.

I was much pleased to learn in conversation with a gentleman in Jaffa that the Bible is taught in a number of the public schools. The children are graded in its study according to age and capacity.

This gentleman is the business head of the railroad company that is pushing its line to Jerusalem. He informed me that the secret of the delay in its completion is that the grounds of an obstinate old Turk lies directly across their route, and he holds his land at such exorbitant figures, that the company cannot agree to them. Hence the locomotive, so to speak, is resting its head against the old Turk's fence, contemplating him most reproachfully, while the Turk, true to his nature, returns the look without the least sign of yielding. The matter seems to have resolved itself into the simple question as to who can look or be looked at the longest without flinching or yielding.

In speaking to this railway superintendent about having the depot on the Bethlehem or southern side of Jerusalem, I remarked that it would seem by building up that quarter of Jerusalem, to interfere with the prophecy of Jeremiah in regard to the extension of the city toward the north. His answer thrilled me with the information that a city always grew in a direction opposite from the railroad stations and depots!

Still further information was given me in regard to the return of the Jews to Palestine. Many, I am told, arrive in the depths of poverty. Their appearance is remarkable. Long-haired, long-bearded, long-fingernailed, and with long overcoats, their appearance is so weird and wild that the native Syrians, and Turks are alarmed. They think that no such looking people

ought to be allowed to enter. This last piece of information amused me. I saw a piece of retribution in it. How history repeats itself. Verily the way we afflict others is returned upon us, with the back movement of the boomerang.

There were never a wilder or more fear-inspiring looking people than the ancient conquerors of the Jews. They came, killed, or drove out the owners of the soil, and settled themselves down in the land. Now suddenly here comes out from under the distant horizon these melancholy bands of the descendants of the old-time conquered nation, looking so strange and peculiar and wizard-like that the conquerors and possessors of the land are alarmed.

To the question put to me, Is this the return of the Jews prophesied in the Bible? I hesitated for some time, and then replied: Why not? Does not God take the things that are despised and are not, and with them bring to naught the things that are? It is true that these bands constantly arriving are rough-looking sets of people; but we are to remember that the Israelites, when Moses took charge of them, were precisely of the same pattern. People toiling as they had been doing in bitter bondage for centuries could not be expected to have the polish of the drawing-room. And they did not. The laws given to them, their frequent outbursts, their rough manners cropping out in numerous ways reveal to us what they were as they came out of Egypt. And yet God took them in hand, and by the death of multiplied thousands, and by providential castigations and chastenings and polishings, He out of their descendants brought forth a grand people, whose kings and priests and prophets are talked about and honored all over the world today.

What God did once, He can do again. The Jews have got to return. If the Israelites of America and Europe who are well to do, and are so devoted to their possessions that they will not go — if they refuse — then God will use the rough material we have mentioned, and by his disciplining hand and out of their descendants make a people that may surpass in every respect the Israel of other days.

The strange thing about God's Providence is that He accomplishes His work in such unexpected ways and so quietly that men are suddenly

amazed to find the work done, the prophecy fulfilled, while they were waiting and looking for the bare beginning or inauguration.

When did God ever work in a way that the carnal mind thought He would? Here are people looking for the Jews all over the world to sell their stores and houses, take ship and sail in a body to Palestine. Nothing but long lines of sailing fleets and the disembarkation of a nation will satisfy them; and as they see nothing of the kind going on they are disposed to believe that the great occurrence is yet afar in the dim future, when really God may be at work on the problem now. The rough bands coming back to Palestine in groups of tens, twenties, and fifties may be the clay that is to make the vessel. This may be the return of the Jews; and suddenly in two generations from now, while still writing and talking about the Jews Return, we may happen to look over to Palestine and find to our amazement, and to the glory of God that it is filled with Israelites. And not only Jews outwardly, but Jews inwardly, who have the circumcision of the spirit, whose praise is not of men, but of God, and in whose heart there is no guile.



## CHAPTER 40

*The Veracity of the Bible Confirmed by Customs in Palestine — Two Women Grinding at the Mill — The Threshing Floor — The oxen Treading out the Corn — The Chaff — Watering the Flocks — The Fig-Tree — The Blind Man by the Wayside — Arise, Take Up Thy Bed and Walk — The Sitting Posture — The Tender-Eyed Damsels at the Fountain — Serving for a Wife — Dogs in the City — Going Up to Jerusalem*

The customs of the East are the same today [in 1890] that they were in the time of the Savior, or even three or four thousand years ago. This fact is especially agreeable and helpful to the Bible student or Christian traveler who is seeking to find an agreement between the Land and the Book. The people are doing today what their ancestors did thousands of years ago, and as one passes along he is constantly beholding things that were specific transactions in the time of our Lord, and David and Jacob. The Bible finds confirmation all through the land by events, scenes and facts, that if I were called upon to describe I could not do so in more forcible language than in the words of the Scripture, which has long before portrayed the same things. The sensation produced by these coincidents is peculiar and powerful. The hoary past is suddenly projected into the present. The Bible is made a book of today. You walk down an avenue of scenes two, three and four thousand years old. The telephone and phonograph are outstripped by these resurrected voices and occurrences of the far away past.

Let me illustrate the effect of these things upon the mind and heart by something that transpired in Jerusalem. One night I was walking into the city from Mt. Olivet, and as I turned up a dimly-lighted street, suddenly I met a man bearing a pitcher in his hand. The reader will recall the words of the Savior to His disciples : “Go ye into the city and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water.” It was only a coincidence, but it made my heart leap, while my soul was stirred with the memories of that last wonderful night.

This illustrates somewhat the feeling in looking upon scenes and noting occurrences before your eyes, that have long before been described in Holy Writ.

I call attention to some of these Scriptural similarities or coincidences, putting the verse of the Bible first, and the fulfillment, as I saw it, afterward.

“Two women shall be grinding at the mill.” I saw this in a Bedouin encampment in the mountains of Judea. As I entered I heard a low, grinding sound, and looking about, saw “two women grinding at the mill.” The same slow and laborious method of making meal is observed now as when Christ uttered the words in the quotations. The stone mill was resting on the ground, and the sound was low and melancholy. “The sound of the grinding shall be low.” The mind also took note of the fact that there were two women at the mill.

Several miles further on I saw a young Syrian stretched at full length on the roadside, with “a stone for a pillow.” Jacob and Bethel at once rushed upon the recollection. Moreover, I could not but think how unlike this was from anything seen in America. I never saw one of my countrymen take a rock to lay his head upon, but in the country of Jacob and in the neighborhood of Bethel, this was one of the first sights I beheld.

“The Threshing-floor.” “Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.” “The wicked are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.”

They are threshing grain in Palestine just as they did in the days of David. The oxen still tread out the corn. Round and round they go of themselves or are driven by the master’s hand. They were all unmuzzled except one. It was refreshing to see a part of God’s law remembered and obeyed in this refractory land. They have no rapid method of separating the wheat from the chaff as we have, but selecting a level place exposed to the strong breezes of the country they throw with wooden forks the chaff and wheat together high in the air, when the wheat falls back upon the ground and the chaff is driven away by the wind. I had my face filled with it repeatedly as I passed to the leeward of the threshing-floor.

“And he looked and behold a well in the field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it; for out of that well they watered the flocks.” <sup>(029)</sup>Genesis 29:2.

Again and again in different parts of Palestine I looked with delighted eye upon this beautiful and peculiarly oriental scene. The flocks are watered once a day, at the hour of noon. The shepherds with girded robes were busy drawing water for the bleating flocks that stood near by or lay down awaiting their turn.

“I saw thee under the fig-tree.” These words, spoken by the Savior to Nathaniel, I saw fulfilled many times. If I beheld one person under fig-trees, I saw hundreds. In the northern part of Judea and through Samaria it is the best shade-tree to be found, and rarely is there any other. The broad leaf, the heavy boughs coming within two or three feet of the ground giving a delightful shade, and allowing a free circulation of the air in that hot yet breezy land, affords a most grateful retiring place in the sultry hours of the day. I rested under them at noon a number of times and saw the natives all along the road doing the same. Would that to the physical act of resting could have been added the deeper spiritual exercise that gave the force to the words uttered by the Lord to Nathaniel.

“A blind man sat by the wayside begging.”

He is still there; he in fact is one of the unchanging features of the country. The wayside is the only hope of the blind man. If he is not noticed and relieved by the current of human life that flows back and forth on the thoroughfares, then must he starve and die. So he sits patiently under a burning sun all the day so close to the wayside that the dust of the horses' hoofs falls upon him; indeed, so near is he that you could stoop from your saddle and touch him. Their cries always melted me. They have learned certain appealing accents, certain tremors of voice that run along with electric speed to the heart's center and fill the breast with tender compassion. Near Bethel two men brought a blind young man to me for relief. At once another Gospel picture flashed before me: “They brought — or led — the blind man unto Him.”

The leper is also by the way-side, but at a greater distance. Those I saw generally sat with despondent attitude and covered face, feeling doubtless

the great gulf that yawned between them and the rest of mankind. The word, "he was a leper," caused everybody to shrink back in horror except Jesus of Nazareth. His hand was laid fearlessly upon the plague-stricken body, His eyes looked calmly and tenderly upon the decaying life before Him, and His voice said like sweetest music, "What will thou that I should do unto thee," and the reply was, "Lord, that I may be clean." And He who bore our sicknesses said, "I will, be thou clean." And the man was made clean!

"Arise, take up thy bed and walk." This you can see at any hour of the day. I used to think when a boy that when the Savior healed a man and gave this command, that the restored sick person walked off with a four-post bedstead crowned with a Victoria-top and loaded with heavy mattresses, all on his shoulders, so that the last act was really a second miracle. Very different, however, is the bed of the East; it is not the heavy and ornate affair of the West, but consists with the great mass of the people of a piece of carpet or square of matting or the cloak or outer robe they wear. Arabs and Syrians are greatly given to lying down in the shade of a wall or hedge for a doze in the daytime. Traveling much in the night may account for this peculiarity. If the traveler will be patient and wait, he will see the slumberer awake and then "arise, take up his bed and walk." That is, he will take the matting or cloak from the ground and depart with it on his shoulders or wrapped about his form.

"And when they had sat." Among the things that strike the traveler as he moves through Palestine is the sitting posture and habits of the people. Chairs are a great luxury here, or, I might more correctly say, are remarkable for their scarcity. With multitudes they are not desired nor missed, because their comfort is not known. The people have learned to sit flat upon the ground with ease and comfort to themselves, and adhere to the practice. The men adjust their robes about them and, doubling up their feet tailor-fashion, remain in that position for hours. I never saw an instance where they looked wearied or suffered with the limbs going to sleep, as we call the arrested circulation of the blood. Moreover, they sit erect and always impressed me with a certain calm dignity that I had never dreamed was in the attitude when casually and carelessly mentioned in Scripture. The men are notably serious, they smile rarely, and I heard but little laughter in my trip through the entire country. This, taken with the

repose of manner and unconscious dignity of attitude gives an air of majesty to the poorest of these children of the East.

The females possess in grace what the males have in dignity. I never saw an awkward or ungraceful position among them. Some of them had a way while sitting of elevating the left knee, upon which they rested the elbow, while the cheek was laid upon the palm of the hand. It was an attitude not only of grace, but of melancholy and meditation. No painter or sculptor ever placed on canvas or wrought into marble more attractive lines or pleasing positions of the human form.

Again, and again, as I looked around upon the groups of Syrian men, women, and children sitting about me as I rested at noon under fig-trees in Samaria and Galilee, I saw deeper into the words, “and when they had sat.” The group and position made another act follow most naturally with our Lord, “and He opened His mouth and taught them.”

“And he lifted up His eyes.” To fully realize the force of this expression, one has to travel in Palestine where the roads are covered with stones and where the path becomes so faint at times as to demand a sharp attention to keep from going astray. These facts necessitate a downward carriage of the head, and thus you see the pedestrian of the East moving along the road. When he would scan the distance or some approaching object it requires something more than the swift glance known to us on our broad thoroughfares, where we walk with head erect and eyes cast straight forward — but he, the man of the East, picking his way amid great boulders and narrow ledges and mountain paths, has to “lift up his eyes.” The expression is not a synonym of the word behold, for that word is always added, but it is a phrase born of a fact noticeable in the countries of the far-away Orient. Whenever I approached one of the people of the East, and saw him from afar off “lift up his eyes” to behold, a freshness and force and life animated and made strangely attractive a Bible saying that I had often before read carelessly and thoughtlessly.

“And Leah was tender-eyed.” I saw quite a number of women who came under this category. The fact that I saw nothing of the kind in other lands made the fact when observed here all the more remarkable. The treeless country, the glare of the sunshine on the gray rocks, the flying limestone dust, all contribute to this affliction. Tender eyes are not confined to

Palestine, but I could not but note the fact that in almost every village I passed through, the inflamed eye and contracting eyelid were to be seen in one or more females, bringing to mind at once the eldest daughter of Laban.

“As they went up the hill to the city they found young maidens going out to draw water.” In almost every village and town I saw this attractive scene. The evening is the main time for visiting the fountain or well, and the daughters come for the crystal fluid and not the sons. Generally the well is near the outskirts of the village, but sometimes removed by a distance of a quarter or even a half mile. Here gather the damsels of the town, attired in dresses of blue, or striped red and green, and fill their large water-jars, with considerable merriment and conversation and not a few coquettish ways, especially if there be a rustic beau present, as is often the case. Then, balancing the heavy vessels upon their heads, they trip away up the stony path and steep incline to the distant village with a grace and freedom of movement and spring of step that many a high-born girl in parlor or palace might well envy. Thus came and went from the well in olden times the comely Rachel, the beautiful Rebecca and the dark-browed Zipporah.

“And Jacob loved Rachel and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy youngest daughter.” All Bible readers know the laborious service that Jacob rendered Laban for his beautiful bride. This custom of paying or serving for one’s wife is still observed. In the West it is thought to be an expensive thing to have a daughter, but in the East they are sources of revenue and a father with a number of them finds in their possession very profitable pieces of household property. The price, I was informed, that the native pays for his wife to the head of the family is equal to three hundred dollars or thereabouts. If the suitor is a poor man and without money, he goes to the father and says, I love your daughter and will serve so many years for her. And so he does laboring for three or four years, as the case may be, for the coveted prize. After that, he sometimes works another year for the parent to pay for the bride’s outfit. Certainly there are some things in the East that might well be studied by our American youth. The value of a wife thus practically taught is a good idea; although it would be most novel, and perhaps unpopular, to many whose only expense in procuring and sustaining a wife is the price of a marriage license costing between one and two dollars.

And Jacob served for Rachel, and does so still, What noble reflections must come to the man as he bends over his toil, what solace in the labor that stretches from dawn through the sultry hours of the day to the time when the stars begin to twinkle. How elevating the thought, it is all for the woman I love. And how the maiden herself, glancing from the window of her father's cottage, and seeing the distant toiling form, murmurs softly to herself, it is all for me, and feels the thrill and glow not only of a tender happiness but a sweet triumph that she possesses an undivided worshiper at her shrine. The Bible says that the seven years Jacob served for Rachel "seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her." This is simply but most beautifully and eloquently said.

"They make a noise like a dog and go around about the city." To see the meaning of this verse, one must pass a summer night in Jerusalem. Dogs abound in the East and especially in Jerusalem. One morning I saw five sound asleep in the front door of the main hotel, and later on in the day I saw the same number likewise asleep on a pile of rubbish in a waste place on Mt. Zion. They were evidently resting from the exertions of the night previous, and gathering strength for future nocturnal performances. One night I heard them. Sleep was simply impossible. There were rushings to and fro, whirlings around the corner, circlings about, overtakings in the street, appearances, disappearances and reappearances, accompanied with snappings, snarlings, barkings and yellings, and terminating in what seemed to be a grand general fight of a pyramid of dogs, every one of whom contributed to the general stock of confusion and uproar two rows of teeth, four active paws and a resounding yell. Just opposite the hotel where I stayed but did not sleep that night, is an ancient building said to occupy the site of David's palace. I could understand better after this what was in David's mind when he wrote, "they make a noise like a dog and go round about the city."

"They went up to Jerusalem." There is no other way of coming to the Holy City. Whether you arrive from the east, west or other quarters, you have to ascend to get into Jerusalem. Such is the superior height of the place that all roads lead upward that approach it. When the brethren of our Lord were asking Him if He intended going into Judea and He replied, "Go ye up unto this feast; I go not yet up unto this feast," there was not only a reply in the words, but a natural fact imbedded in them as well.

Two thoughts at once rush into the mind, as we contemplate this frequently repeated statement of a physical fact. One is, that God may have ordered this for the sake of its deep spiritual significance, viz., that the way to the New Jerusalem is an upward way — that we have to ascend to get into the Holy Place of our God. The other thought is, that the correctness of this statement is an argument for our belief in the other statements of the Word of God. As the traveler in Palestine finds that the Scriptural declaration that you reach Jerusalem by ascending paths and roads is strictly a fact, so will the investigator of any and all other Bible statements find them to be likewise true.

In a word, the argument I draw from the customs of the East is that they are powerfully and convincingly confirmatory of the veracity of the Bible. The Book that is found to be invariably correct in all its notices of the laws, customs, habits and phenomena of the country in which it was penned, demands faith from me for its other utterances. True in all its statements of the natural life, I feel perfectly willing to trust what it says about the life spiritual.



## CHAPTER 41

*Palestine as a Mission Field — The Ancient Crusade — The Crusade of the Nineteenth Century — The Inhabitants of Palestine — The Powerlessness of Missionary Agencies Now Present — The Providence of God in the Matter — Our Duty — Jerusalem a Strategic Point — Methods of Work — First and Nineteenth Century Methods and Results Contrasted*

The most interesting of all countries to the Christian is Palestine. It has always been so, and will so remain. The voice, footsteps, sorrows, presence — in a word — the life and death of Jesus, the Son of God, has forever transfigured the land. It is now a holy land, is felt to be so and is so called. The presence of a mongrel population, benighted and degraded; the devastating work of men and time; the barrenness, loneliness and poverty-stricken appearance of the country alike fail to rob it of its title and take from it the power to interest and enchain the eye of the Christian who beholds it with wet eyes and swelling heart as he journeys through the land.

The inhabiting of the land of our Lord by the worshipers of the False Prophet, and its subjection to the rulership of the Turkish government, which is the lowest in the moral scale of European nations, have always struck upon the heart of the Christian world with pain. In the Middle Ages the thought of its sacred sites being in the hands of unbelievers was so intolerable that the crusades was the result. And even today, with the proper view we have of the non-importance of a place compared with the spiritual transactions that occurred thereon, yet the sight of the minaret and the sound of the muezzin calling to prayers in Jerusalem and Nazareth, and on the shore of Lake Galilee, constitutes an experience of pain not readily forgotten.

The Crusaders were right in desiring Palestine to be Christian, but wrong in the weapons that they used for its recovery. They forgot or did not know the words of Him who said He came not to destroy men, but to save them. The Lion of the tribe of Judah when He came was a Lamb. His command to His impetuous follower was to put up the sword. And yet

with the rage of lions and the flash of an hundred thousand swords the people of the Middle Ages went out to Christianize a Mohammedan land. No wonder they failed. No wonder that the blessing of heaven was not upon them; but defeat, and failure, and death was their portion.

What the writer desires to see, is a crusade in the Nineteenth Century upon the same land and people, only with a different spirit and weapons; the spirit being that of Christ, and the weapons being the Gospel and tongue of fire.

In other words, I long to see a strong missionary movement made upon the country of our Lord's birth.

It is true that the German Lutheran Church has a mission in Jerusalem, and the Protestant Episcopal Church has one also, with a second in Nazareth and a third in Tiberias; but the ancient question might be asked: "What are they among so many?"

It is also true that the Latin, Greek and Armenian Churches are all established in Jerusalem, and have their male and female schools, besides places of worship. But in what respect their superiority over Mohammedanism appears is difficult for a spiritual observer to decide. Formalism, ecclesiastical deadness, and traditionalism, with their attendant train of deceptions and falsehoods, are as much with one as the other. There is nothing in fact to choose between.

When we return to look upon the Protestant mission work, it is, in the first place, insufficient for the demands, and, next, without the spiritual power that should be and must be in order for success.

The writer attended their services and saw only a few children at the mission in Jerusalem, and a small handful of natives in Nazareth. Neither do these missions impress the outside world; the pulpit ministrations being signally lacking in spiritual unction, and attractive power.

The spirit fairly chafes as it takes note of such things; groans at seeing a powerless pulpit in the city where the Holy Ghost fell; and grieves in hearing a mechanical exposition of the Gospel at the very place of its birth, and where it fell with burning power from the lips of one who spoke as never man spoke.

There is little to choose between the lifeless presentation of Gospel truth in the Protestant Mission and the sing-song droning of the Word in the Latin and Greek Churches.

One man full of the Holy Ghost and striking out from the shoulder with Gospel facts and home thrusts, could do more good in a single night in some rented hall or house than these established missions will accomplish in a hundred years to come at the rate at which they are now progressing.

I do not speak hastily here.

A member of one of the missions in Jerusalem told me that they had made no inroad upon the Jewish ranks; while a prominent citizen informed me, in regard to a certain church, that it had done absolutely nothing for the last thirty years. He himself, although a church member and Christian, confessed to a profound mental and spiritual nausea in being forced to listen to little lifeless essays on the Sabbath, that were for courtesy's sake dignified by the title of discourses.

I speak plainly here because I am interested in the land; because I saw the souls that are unfed unmoved and unsaved over there, and because I think it is high time and full time for the more aggressive Protestant churches to take hold of this interesting missionary field.

The interior of Palestine has but few Jews residing in it. Perhaps these few are to be found connected with the colonies founded by Baron Rothschild. The inhabitants now there, in fulfillment of prophecy, are people of strange tongues. The Bedouin forms one class. He is a full-blooded Arab. With long, black hair and dark mahogany complexion, he is not altogether unlike our American Indian. Like them also, he dwells in tents, refusing to sleep in a house for fear it will fall down upon him. The tent is not like the wigwam, but consists of black goatskin stretched horizontally several feet above the ground. The Bedouin is continually moving, does occasional jobs of work in the harvest-time, or looks after flocks and herds. His character is not good, and he has been the offending one in cases of robbery and other assaults upon travelers for a long time back.

The Syrians, who greatly outnumber the Bedouins, have also Arabian blood, but it has been mixed, and added to, and subtracted from until the kinship to the darker brother is far from evident. The complexion of the

Syrian is olive, his features regular, his mental and social grade superior to the other, while his habits are domestic and homelike. They dwell mainly in humble villages all through the interior of the country. The houses are built of rough stone, daubed with mud; the streets are a few feet wide, and the people, as a rule, are extremely poor and live lives of laborious toil. Especially is this the case with the women. Many of the females are handsome, but it soon disappears under a work heavy enough for a mule, and through the performance of tasks both revolting and degrading.

This field is to be taken as Paul took the provinces of Asia Minor. The missionary must carry his life in his hand, and expect death.

The strategic point, however, is Jerusalem. Here is not only a population of fifty thousand people, but thirty-eight distinct nationalities.

It actually looks like the state of things that existed at Pentecost has been reproduced. It seems as if the same designing hand that brought the Medes, Cappadocians, Parthians and all the dwellers under heaven to Jerusalem to secure a blessing that was to be scattered by them throughout the whole world, had brought representatives of many nations once more to this wonderful city for the reception of a similar blessing, in order to do a similar work to that which was wrought two thousand years ago.

The city of Jerusalem, located at a point where Europe, Asia and Africa meet or come nigh together, is a wonderfully favorable place for sending out disciples all over the world. It was so in the beginning of the First Century, and it is still so in the latter part of the Nineteenth. Commerce flowed through the borders of Palestine in Christ's time, and the long lines of caravans still move through the land.

When, in addition, we notice the thirty-eight nations represented today in Jerusalem, we see most forcibly what we first advanced, that here is the strategic place for missionary operations that may be world-wide in their influence.

Another fact of interest I note is that a number of the Syrians who dwell in Jerusalem speak seven or eight languages. If one or more of them could be converted, what powers they could be in approaching the motley throngs of Zion. They are Christian in name now, but are not so in spirit and in

truth. Their connection with the Church being, undoubtedly not vital, but of a mercenary character.

Anyhow, the multitude with many tongues is here. Thirty-eight nations are represented. To reach them with the Gospel would be to touch soon after as many distant provinces and kingdoms. Would that the church in America could take in the situation and avail itself of what seems to be a most remarkable providential state of affairs.

Anyhow, this great fact remains that God's ancient people live in large numbers in the Holy Land. That from them we received the Gospel which has made us all that we are, and all we hope to be in another and higher life. Today they are without the Word of Life; while we have it.

Verily it seems to me that not only duty would demand, but gratitude would urge us to send to them that Gospel which Paul says is the power of God unto salvation, to the Gentile; but "to the Jew first."

The method of carrying on the mission work in Palestine should be a deeply interesting thought to us.

It cannot escape the most careless observer that the way the Gospel is presented now to the unbeliever and the heathen is very different from the way observed by Paul, Peter and the rest of the apostles. It is equally manifest that we are not as successful in winning souls as they were. In a few years they had, with a handful of people, swept around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, penetrated remote nations, and planted churches and pushed Christianity in every direction; while we, as a church or churches representing hundreds of millions of people and billions of property, have played around the surface of Asia and Africa, and point to a few weak congregations in the midst of Pagan empires, while the empire itself remains dark, impacted and immovable, as a mass, as ever.

The differing results, rendered all the more remarkable by the contrast seen in the human forces employed, makes us, or rather drives us to look at the instrumentalities used by the apostles on the one hand, and the Nineteenth-Century churches on the other. It is there that we discover a remarkable difference, and in that dissimilarity, the writer is confident, is to be found the cause of the different results.

The book that the disciples used was the Word of God. I read of no other. They read from this, quoted from this, and emphasized only this. Paul knew no other wisdom. Refused to be beguiled in any other quarter. The Gospel, he said, was the power of God unto salvation, and that Gospel, undividedly and without a rival, he held up.

The Church of today holds up a library of human books, geography, arithmetic and a host of others. The heathen is absolutely confused at the array. To which shall he give most honor, the books studied six days in the week, or the one held up one day in seven? In his darkness, I doubt not, he thinks that unless a man believes in the binomial theorem or the rule of three, he can never see the Kingdom of God. Anyhow, instead of one Book stressed, many are urged upon his notice, and the infantile heathen mind is correspondingly affected.

Again the disciples looked alone to the power of the Holy Ghost to produce conviction and reach the hearts of the people. And O how that Spirit fell in answer to the faith reposed in Him! But the disciples of today depend largely on teaching trades and occupations to the heathen children in order to reach the heathen parents. A shoemaker's awl is to accomplish what the Holy Ghost used to do, viz.: penetrate the mind, search the conscience, and bring men to their knees.

I am perfectly well acquainted with the arguments made, of Christianity coming to the heathen with blessings of all kinds in her hands; that Christianity is to instruct the mind, relieve the body, make the hand skillful in the trades and in a word, build up and equip the whole man. All well and good if we do not devote more time to the trades than we do to the aggressive movement on the nations, which after all is the only commission we have. It hardly strikes me that the duty of a picket line or vanguard of an army is to teach school or instruct in various mechanical callings the people of an overrun country. Luke was a physician, but he did not stop to found a medical college. We are pointed to the fact that Paul made tents in Corinth, but, mark you, he did not gather together the Corinthian children and instruct them in the sublime art of making canvas canopies. He had no time for this. Shoemaking and tent-making are excellent in their way, but let the church save souls first, and attend to the

trades afterward. We have no surplus life-force to spare just now upon cloth and leather.

Let there be a division made in the forces. Let all those that feel called to teach the heathen how to make shoes and plane wood, stand to themselves, and get a kind of ecclesiastical commercial fund laid aside for them. Let a Board of Management be formed, and may the good work go on. But for the three hundred who are to take the Midianites for the Lord; for those who feel called not to serve tables, but to preach the Gospel and do nothing else; let them lay down chisels and rulers and spelling-books forever; and shouting the name of Jesus, and looking for the fall of the Holy Ghost, rush upon the ranks of heathendom everywhere. Who does not see in the Bible and history and life that God always answers in direct measure to the faith that is reposed in Him. A weakening faith is answered by a receding heaven; but a faith that is so sublime, that it looks to the world like presumption, brings at once the descending fire of the Holy Ghost, the glorious presence of Christ, and the irresistible and almighty power of God, that mean always a moral upheaval and revolution, the overwhelming of Satan, the overturning of wickedness, the salvation of sinners, and glorious victory for the church on every line and in the face of every foe.

I could say much under this line — but refrain. It does seem to me that the apostolic style was God's manifested way of reaching and saving men, and that to this method we must return to behold the results that daily greeted them at that time. There must be fearlessness and directness in preaching, and faith in immediate results. The old instantaneous method of saving men must be believed in and returned to. Why wait twenty years to bring a soul into the light? Why is it that the Romans and Corinthians and Ephesians in darkness could be reached at once, and the East Indian and Chinaman, in no greater darkness, must be labored with for generations before salvation streams into their souls? Let me be convinced that there is a difference, and I will take back the argument I have made. There must be that in our missionary operations that corresponds to what we see in military life, when the bridges in the rear are burned. There must be a going forth boldly and alone as did Peter and Paul; a looking to heaven and a dependence on the Holy Ghost, and on Him alone. Such a life will call up and out all the tremendous energies of the man, and bring to his immediate

help the infinite resources of heaven. These together will be irresistible, and will sweep a heathen city, as once Nineveh was swept.

As far as I can see the disciples had little or no financial support from the church. They penetrated unbelieving lands single handed and carrying their lives in their hands. How God bowed the heavens upon such men, and what walls of fire He threw about them. One man stirred a vast city, while today over one hundred preachers of us all combined cannot stir a city of the moderate size of New Orleans or St. Louis.

They struck out from the shoulder, they called sin by its name, they feared no man, they were ready to be despised, to be hated, to be cast to wild beasts, and to die, if needs be, for the Gospel.

Today if men frown we shrink into silence; but in that day, although scourged for the truth they preached, they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake; and although threatened with death were found immediately afterward declaring the whole counsel of God, and preaching Jesus.

The writer believes that God has raised up Gen. Booth, with his five hundred self-supporting missionary stations round about the world, to teach the church the true way, and to bring us back to the old way, so long forsaken and forgotten.

Certainly something must be wrong when we notice that one hundred and twenty disciples, poor, obscure, friendless and ignorant, overran the known world in the first century, carrying victory wherever they went, while the church, now numbering several hundred millions of people and scores of colleges and billions of dollars, cannot capture for Christ the heathen natives that are heft, although they have been before us for centuries.



I believe that when we emphasize the Word — when we depend altogether upon the Holy Ghost — when we look to Christ to protect us — when we cease to fear man, and are perfectly willing to die for Christ — that when we have a faith that looks to God alone — hangs on God alone — that then, and not till then, will we see heathendom stirred, Ethiopia stretch out her hands unto God, nations born in a day, the institutions and empire of Sin tumbling down in every direction, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our God and His Christ.

## CHAPTER 42

*Effects of Travel — Going Down of Certain Castles of Fancy — Guides — Delusions Dissipated — The Unintelligible Guide — The Humorous Guide — The Word — Bewildered Guide — The Ignorant Guide — The Brilliant Guide — The Lost Guide — The Money-Making Guide — The Blank-Faced Guide.*

Travel does much for a man. It fills the mind with valuable facts and pleasant memories. But it also empties the head of a great many previous conceptions. No locality or city or country is exactly as you expect to find it. The imagination is a wonderful painter. It gathers the most beautiful colors for its Palette and dips its brush with no niggardly hand, and makes the faraway place and circumstance equal in splendor to a sunset glory.

Juxtaposition scrapes off some of the coloring matter and we see more correctly. The mountain is not so high and vine-clothed, the river is not as broad and blue, the country is not as garden-like and the beggar not as poetic-looking as you expected.

A number of highly-colored mental structures or fancies tumbled down with noiseless but unmistakable fall while on my lonely, meditative way through Europe.

For instance, I had read of the English female beauties that aired themselves in their carriages each afternoon on “Rotten Row” and other popular drives of London. Happening to be in that quarter at the hour and looking up I beheld an English beauty. She had yellow hair, a red face and wore blue goggles. Of course there were others of a more attractive pattern, but she happened to pass before my camera-obscura at the moment, to the irreparable injury with me of the legend of Rotten Row.

Then came the ruin of the fancy about the Italian language. I had read so much about the soft Tuscan tongue, the liquid accent heard under gently stirring leaves, amid in silver glories of moonlight, and by the side of star-specked Mediterranean waves, that when I came to Italy I look to be melted, soothed, lulled to rest by the dreamy melody of the tongue of this historic, poetic and artistic land.

I heard it not. I listened, but it was not there. I sought for it as Evangeline did for her itinerating and ever invisible lover, and equally in vain.

This is what I heard from the Italian groups, whether in the sunlight or moonlight, in the house under lamplight or under the trees in the starlight. Conceive of a kettle-drum with heather cords drawn to the highest tension on the side and top, and then allow three or four pairs of hard kettle-drum sticks to be rattled with lightning-like rapidity on the head of that kettle-drum, and you will have the Italian tongue and language that I was regaled with while wandering over the land of Caesar, Cicero Tasso and Dante.

The Venetian Gondolier who sang the midnight song that so entranced one of the greatest poets of England, was evidently dead when I arrived, and his race had perished with him. Here was another crash, for I had a right, from what the poetic traveler said, to expect to be spellbound by the navigators of the gondola.

The only note I heard fall from their lips was when they would meet each other at sudden turns of the canal, and their short warning ejaculation was wonderfully similar to the note of a duck suddenly disturbed in a mill-pond.

Then came a downfall of the fancies in regard to guides.

One delusion we bear to the old world with us in regard to this interesting class of our fellow-beings, is that they are thoroughly posted in all things and informed as to their work. We soon find that history in their heads is as chaos was before creation, and that a great darkness hangs over the chaos. Where guides feel most easy and self-assured is in the realm of Legend Tradition and Superstition. There they can rattle away by the hour. But the trouble is that you have got nothing at the end of the hour.

Another delusion is that they are anxious about your personal enlightenment and information.

You are soon undeceived about this. One of the most amusing spectacles I beheld while abroad was seeing twenty or thirty people craning their necks and straining their ears to hear the guide who was rattling off his speech more with the desire to get through than anything else.

“What’s that?” says one.

“What did he say?” cried another.

“Guide — guide — guide,” almost shriek others, did you say this and that and so?”

But the guide has turned and is now pointing out another object.

The party soon breaks into several detachments or divisions. One little circle holds on the guide, gazes into his face and hangs on his words with an abject helplessness that would move a stone. A second division snaps up occasional words from the leader, asks others near the guide what he said, and succeed in getting things finely mixed and muddled in their brains before the close of the day, and go to bed thinking they know it all, when they have confounded the Conciergerie with the Louvre Palace and thought the Eiffel Tower in the distance was the obelisk of Egypt.

The third detachment, with some knowledge of history and with guidebook in hand, give up all hope of following, hearing and understanding the guide, and do the best they can under the circumstances.

My advice to travelers is, have a fair knowledge of history before you start. The guide’s best use is to bring you to localities that you could not find yourself without great loss of time. When you reach the place let your own mind do most of the filling, for the amount of trash that will be poured in by some of these so-called Helps will be amazing.

I offer for the reader’s inspection a few hasty sketches of some individuals I met while gone, and who for courtesy’s sake men called guides.

### **The Unintelligible Guide.**

This character I found in all of his native excellence in Scotland. He talked volubly and doubtless correctly, but as he spoke in Scotch and that part of my education had been totally neglected, it is needless to say that I did not receive much light. There were occasional words of English at which I grasped as a drowning man would at a straw, but as they were pronounced in the broad Scotch accent I was not certain even of them.

I was reminded of a lady friend who was presiding at her table in Mississippi and dishing out oyster soup. The company was larger than usual and the oysters were few, while the milk part was plentiful. The

effort of the lady was to give at least one oyster to each guest. And so she fished. A colored servant girl, aged twelve, looking over the lady's shoulder, was deeply interested in the spoon search or exploration, and suddenly, to the amazement of the company, cried out, "Dar one, Miss!"

About as eagerly did I pounce upon an English word happening to float to the surface of the Scotch conversational broth dished up for me that day.

It is an experience to listen intently for an hour and not learn a thing.

### **The Humorous Guide.**

I found him only in France. He was flourishing in Paris. His pleasure seemed to be to floor the male travelers. The ignorance and eagerness of the European excursionist paved the way to his downfall in every encounter. I recall an instance. We were passing through an historic cemetery. The guide suddenly paused before a large family tomb and securing the attention of the entire party remarked that the gentleman who built that tomb had every one of his family buried there but would not allow his own body to be entombed with the rest. "Why," eagerly asked an unwary traveler. "Because," said the guide, turning to leave, "he is not dead yet."

### **The Word-Bewildered Guide.**

We found this individual in various places, but in his greatest excellence in Venice. He had his little speech, a thread of general unintelligibility strung here and there with words we knew. By guessing we managed to get along. Woe to us when we propound a question and woe also to the guide. We simply brought down upon us a deluge of explanation in a non-understandable language, after which we would crawl up on some recognized sentence as upon a rock to dry.

But as we have intimated, woe would likewise at times befall the guide. Two American ladies joined me in a morning excursion among the palaces of the Doges in order to get the advantage, as they supposed, of the superior lingual accomplishments of my guide, and because at the time it was difficult to obtain another.

As the guide was showing us the portraits of the Doges, he directed our attention to one who had signed the death-warrant of his own son.

I promptly asked —

“What had his son done?”

Immediately a blank look passed over the countenance of the guide while he hesitatingly repeated my last two words —

“Sun-Dun!”

Evidently he thought I was using a word he was not acquainted with, and was mentally running over his small stock of English and comparing what he had there with the phrase I had just uttered. “Yes,” I repeated with greater emphasis, “what had his son done?” “Sun-Dun,” ejaculated the guide, and sat down on a bench with the word, a thoroughly mystified man.

I came at him a time or two more, throwing the accent first on the word “son” and then on the word “done.”

The guide continued to ejaculate, placing the accent where I had placed it, but failing to obtain light.

By this time the two ladies bade fair to go into hysterics. Finally one of them straightened her face and fired with a desire to make the guide understand, and feeling that she could put the question to the Venetian mind in a simpler way, she drew near with great assurance and animation of manner and swooped down with identically the same question.

“What had his son done?”

Evidently she had not intended to fall into the same verbal rut, but just as her lips parted there rushed on her the sudden recollection that the guide rejoiced in the possession of only a few English words, and that to change the sentence into larger words would be only to deepen the mental fog of the Adriatic personage before her, and that indeed the question had been as simply propounded as it was possible to be.

So the same old question propelled and given force to by these very thoughts fairly whistled from her lips —

“What had his son done?”

The same old question!

“Sun-Dun,” murmured the guide in despair, and it was evident that his own sun was down and done-for as well.

The lady was manifestly embarrassed at her decided failure to improve on the question and equal failure to enlighten the mind of the guide. The second lady was fairly shaking with laughter near-by. My own countenance was not that of a mourner. I could hardly trust myself to look at the now thoroughly saddened guide. He had boasted of his knowledge of English, and here was evidently a common phrase that he could not translate.

There was one more charge made. The first lady had her blood up. She would try again and now falling into the mistake so common that foreigners are deaf and that elevation of voice is all that is needed to secure a better understanding of the transatlantic words, she lifted her voice and fairly shrieked —

“What had his son — done?”

There it was again. We could not get away from it. The sentence held us like the “ancient mariner!” Try as we might and did, and swoop down as we would with full intention to put the query differently, yet somehow we would always alight on those five words. Such was the slender mental furnishing of the individual before us that it was impossible to ask about that family affair in which we were so much interested except in and with that ironbound sentence —

“What had his son done?”

“Son done?” cried the lady, “Son done! Don’t you understand?”

“What — had — his — son — done?”

The guide here turned upon us one of the most helpless and bewildered looks that I ever saw on a human countenance, his lips parted, and in a far off hopeless way he uttered the words —

“Sun-dun.”

The cup of mirth here overflowed, and such a laugh went up from both ladies and myself in the Palace of the Doges that fairly stirred the portraits

that were solemnly gazing down upon us, and that, if indulged in, in their life-time would have cost the laughers their heads.

The guide after this was much saddened. Doubtless he continued to revolve the sentence in his mind, and perhaps to this day asks of English and American travelers if they can tell him the meaning of the English word, "Sun-Dun."

### **The Ignorant Guide.**

I found him in several countries, but flourishing in greatest verdancy at Pompeii. I had requested the hotel-keeper at the railroad station to secure me a guide who could pilot me to the top of Mt. Vesuvius and point out and explain the notable features of the landscape. In due time he was brought in for my inspection. I asked if he spoke English. The hotel-keeper replied "that he would answer." The guide himself looked restless and uneasy, shifting about on his feet, and turning helpless glances to the head of the house; which looks I failed to take in at the time, but afterward recalled, and recognized their nature, when too late. I noticed that while together in the room he kept far off from me, and when mounted on our horses he managed to keep a considerable distance between us so as to prevent conversation. He simply pointed down the road, motioned me to urge the horse on to a rapid gait, and then lifted his hand warningly to the sun.

It was after a gallop of six miles and we were halfway up the mountain, that I paused to take in the view, and addressed my guide for information. In one minute I discovered that I might as well have had with me for the purpose of instruction a Hottentot fresh from African wilds. The man was a sealed book to me and I was a mystery to him. The only two words that sounded like English were "Gen-teel-mon" and "Pompay." I guessed at them by his finger being pointed at me with the first, and at the distant buried city in the pronunciation of the second. Here I was over seven miles from the hotel with this piece of chattering ignorance. This is the guide that the hotel man said "would answer!" and so he did, but not in the way I expected or desired.

This is the man I had engaged for so many Italian coins to ascend Mt. Vesuvius with me and discourse to me along the road for my delight and



the enlargement of my stock of knowledge concerning the objects and cities that lay at my feet, the wide sweeping plains, the ranges of mountains shutting them in, the buried towns, the ship-sprinkled bays and the islands in the blue distance of the Mediterranean Ocean.

I had calculated largely. And in return three distinct times that guide “that would answer” aired on the breezy summit of Vesuvius the only English he could pronounce and the only piece of knowledge he possessed.

“Gen-teel-mon. Pom-pay.”

### **The Brilliant Guide.**

I encountered him in Egypt. I remarked to him as we rode along the bank of the great stream of Egypt, that the Nile was a grand river. His reply was:

“It is a very good Nile.”

He spoke as if he was well acquainted with a large family of Niles, and singled out this one in a patronizing manner, patting it on the head, so to speak, while he said approvingly, “It is a very good Nile.”

Being struck with the frequent recurrence of the word “Yes,” I began to grow suspicious that it was either spoken in ignorance or laziness. I determined to test the matter and see which it was, and so propounded the following query —

“I suppose that these Acacia trees remain green all the year?”

“Oh yes, oh yes!” said the guide.

“I suppose,” said I again, laying my trap, “I suppose that they shed all their leaves in the Fall and Winter?”

“Oh yes, yes,” answered the guide.

This was the man employed at so much a day to give me information. As the reader will see the information was quite remarkable.

I tried him again.

“The water stays here on the fields until October, does it not?”

“Yes.”

“It leaves the fields before October?”

“Yes.”

I leave it to the reader to decide whether the guide was lazy or ignorant.

The Brilliant Guide’s knowledge of history, and his quotations of Scripture in the Holy Land, once heard, is never to be forgotten. As a rule he is silent just where you want him to speak, and fluent where you need no information, and where his fluency is at the cost of accuracy, appropriateness and truth. One of his many inaccuracies appears on a preceding page several chapters back.

### **The Lost Guide.**

This seems a strange statement and a strange condition for a guide to be in. A lost guide! Yet I saw this phenomenon more than once in Palestine. Once in the quarries underneath Jerusalem. We had gone into these subterranean depths at about three in the afternoon. I was deeply interested as we explored the dark vaulted passages, listened to the trickling water on the rocks, and saw the blocks of stone that had been cut out in the time of Solomon, and the stone chips made at the time of the erection of the First Temple.

The air was quite cold and our tapers gave a feeble light in the gloomy depths, that were once filled with busy workmen and their twinkling lights in the time of Hiram of Tyre.

The shop and material and rock shavings were left, but the workmen with their tools had been gone three thousand years!

Suddenly I noticed that the guide had become silent and was evidently crossing and recrossing his track. I watched him in silence while following him until at last the conviction forced itself upon me that he did not know the way out. In a few minutes he confessed the truth, that he had lost the way. At once I told him to blow out all the tapers and that we would economize the light and so not be left helpless in the darkness. The next thing I did was to consult a small pocket compass that I had purchased in London, and discovered that the guide was going in a direction opposite to

the point we should be aiming for. Thus taught by one of God's silent but infallible laws we altered our course and after a little regained the entrance.

The guide immediately sat down and wiped his brow repeatedly. The heavy beads of sweat that rolled down his face in spite of the cold air of the quarries was an outward exhibit of the internal excitement that had been going on in the last half hour.

Another guide became bewildered in the fields that skirt and run out about five or six miles from the shore of Lake Galilee. He persisted in traveling in a direction that I felt assured would cause us to miss the lake. On consulting the compass I so convinced him and we had a swift ride over yellow corn and wheat fields and came out just where we should, on the lofty heights back of Tiberias that look down upon the blue and beautiful Sea of Galilee.

A guide can be bewildered and lost. To this fact I can sign my name and attach sign and seal.

### **The Money-making Guide.**

This individual I met in all countries, but I found him excelling in this regard the farther East I traveled.

The impression has been made upon them that all Englishmen and Americans are wealthy; that they really have a superabundance of means and need bleeding. And they proceed to bleed.

One method they have is to pass you over into the hands of relatives and friends when they can go no further with you and can get nothing more out of you. For instance, if you have gone out with a "hack-guide," and should decide to change from a vehicle view to a pedestrian tour through art galleries and palace halls, the hack-guide will call from a motley throng some Jean or Mustapha who happens to be his brother or uncle or sister's husband, and he in like manner will deliver you to another beloved relative of this interesting family, and when you have become acquainted in this peculiar method with their family, your own family will be much poorer and theirs much better off by the change of locality of certain moneys on that memorable day.

If the relatives give out then they have friends. And when you leave their city they frequently give you the address and a letter of introduction to others in their line of business in distant cities who turn out on inquiry to be a nephew or brother-in-law. By any and all means the money is to be kept in the circle of love and friendship and especially in the family circle if possible.

I found more than once I was expected. The party at the other end had been notified that I was coming. And I was as quietly received as a boy's marble is swallowed up by the circular opening in the ground made by his knife, and which in his game he calls by the name of "home."

At two ancient cities of the East my departure and arrival were heralded by telegram. Arriving at Alexandria late one evening after leaving Cairo, I was startled from my meditations as the train paused in the depot, by a swarthy face being thrust into the window of the railroad carriage and the loud question put —

"Is Dr. Carradine here?"

Think of one's name thus sounded out in Egypt, in an ancient city, in a land of robes, turbans, palm trees and crocodiles; and by a man in robe and turban, a genuine child of the desert. The effect, with such surroundings and circumstances is, that the traveler is literally astonished at and by his own name.

The man who thus surprised me in Alexandria I have no doubt in the world was a near kinsman, perhaps the brother-in-law to the telegraphing personage in Cairo.

Let me give an instance of how I was, so to speak, passed ball like from hand to hand in my trip to Pompeii and Mt. Vesuvius. I soon discovered that never was a stage coach sent from station to station more certainly than I was, according to some law or custom, passed from hand to hand, expected at each place and made to drop a portion of my purse with every new acquaintance, and at every stopping place.

Landing at the seaside station near Pompeii, I entered a hotel and from that moment ceased to be independent, becoming a kind of captive, until the last hour of the excursion, and the last coin had been given that could by

any manner of means be surprised from, extorted, or otherwise secured from the besieged and suffering pocket.

As well as I can recollect it costs two francs to get admission to the buried city. A guide then took possession of me, evidently put on my track at the hotel. Then followed so many francs to him as a gratuity, the law forbidding charge. After finishing with me he passed me over at the gate to a group who had something to sell; they in turn, hand me over to a youth who stood at a wicket gate in the hotel garden wall. He brought me first to a picture gallery where several francs were left for sundry views of Pompeii. He then consigned me to the care of the hotel-keeper who obtained several francs for a luncheon. While eating, there was brought in an Italian musician — doubtless the uncle of the hotel-keeper — who on a discordant, tin-panny sounding kind of guitar, sang to me what was called a love-song. The guitarist sang with the Italian accent I described in the beginning of the chapter. I could but think during the performance that if a woman ever capitulated to the power of that song, she did it because she was dazed and stunned and knew not what she was doing. To this man I gave a coin equal to a sixpence. I was next passed out of the house to the Venetian guide who was waiting at the door with horses. Several boys and youths stood about my animal, each trying to do something to earn a penny. One of them held the horse who needed no holding. Another held the stirrup and then assisted me to mount. Doubtless they were the sons and nephews of the hotel-keeper! Getting free from them I thought the ball-throwing process was over; but half way up the mountain I had to dismount and rest for a few minutes for no earthly reason I could see but to give a man who lived in a hovel there a half-franc.

This man I judge was the brother or uncle of the hotel-keeper by his wife's side.

At the foot of the "cone" I was turned over to four men who carried me in a chair on their shoulders to the summit at the cost of a gold pound or five dollars. These I question not were relatives of the hotel-keeper. At the summit, bleak, bare and fire-swept, I found a hut of stones and a man who had a basket of grapes, fruits and a bottle of wine awaiting us, which last article he pushed unavailingly upon me. More money was spent here. The last man I suppose may have been the distant cousin of the hotel-keeper.

The journey in one direction was now ended. Only the crater remained, but if there had been room for one of his wife's relatives to have stood over there, and travelers could have been persuaded to descend, the hotel-keeper would have arranged to have had a few more coins deposited for his family's sake or perished in the attempt.

At the foot of the "cone the chairmen made a plea for what we called lagniappe in Louisiana. At the base of the mountain a fee was paid to a cottager for allowing a small bundle to be stored in his house for two hours while I ascended Vesuvius. At the railroad station where the guide left me, he urged in a pantomimic way a plea for extra pay for the remarkable services he had rendered me on the trip. I returned to Naples in a decidedly collapsed condition, and with a sucked-in sensation that defied all verbal description.

I did not ask the guide, but it would not have surprised me to have discovered that he was the son of the hotel-keeper's wife by her first husband.

Another way in which the guides bleed the traveler is by keeping his expense account for him. Alack the day! when you tell your guide to give a beggar a coin here or a copper there, or tell him to pay the door fee at this place and gate admission charge at yonder place. At night when you reckon up with him you will be amazed.

In Palestine I called on my guide to give to several beggars and to pay for certain extra services. In settlement I was made to marvel at the science of Mathematics, especially at the branch known as Arithmetical Progression.

The guide reckoned with me in a Turkish coin of which I knew nothing. This gives the conductor of travelers a decided advantage when it comes to a financial settlement.

I have never ceased, since the settlement with my Palestine guide, to marvel at my munificence to beggars. According to the guide's record I really out-did myself.

### **The Blank-Faced Guide.**

The face of this man is not always blank. On the contrary, just before you engage his services, he has the most expressive and engaging of

countenances. The smiles ripple over his bronzed face like wavelets over a sun-lit sea. "Everything," he says, "shall be just as you desire. He has no other desire on earth than to please you. Your satisfaction will fill his cup to overflowing."

So speaks the guide of the East to the traveler from the West. The West relaxes and takes to the East. Whereupon the East in due course of time proceeds to take in the West.

It is after a number of these takings-in, disappointments, failures of duty and non-fulfillment of promises that we begin to notice the blank expression coming upon the face of the guide. He ceases to smile, he seems disappointed in you. A vacant, faraway look settles down in his eyes as though he had forgotten your existence and his own. It is a facial phenomenon of a rare order.

You remind him that he has made a mistake in his route; that he has failed to show you what he promised; that he has made quite an error in his monetary account, and immediately the blank look comes upon his face so deep and expressionless that the stony-eyed, stony-faced Sphinx becomes almost a shining countenance and smiling; beauty by his side. You might as well wrestle with the night on the hills and the fog on the plains, as to try to pierce or remove that blank shadowy look that comes on the face of the oriental guide at certain stages of Eastern travel.

There is no use trying, he will not be his bright self again until you are gone and another traveler heaves in sight. And then some kind of sun will rise above certain moral or immoral hills in his nature and day will banish night once more. And then while his face beams with light and interest, and his voice falls with the harmony of the bird-awakened grove, he will say to the new traveler that "He has no other desire than to please him — and that his satisfaction will fill his, the guide's, cup of happiness full to overflowing."

The subject of the chapter is by no means exhausted. Other features and other circumstances come to mind, but I think it best to say farewell to this branch of the human family.

I see them with the mind's eye before me a long line moustached, bearded and smooth-faced; white, yellow, brown and black; in modern hats, red fez caps, white and red turbans, and dark flowing head gear of the Bedouin.

How different they look, but in some respects they are all alike. To know one thoroughly is to know all. The traveler is to them a piece of legitimate prey; he seems to be made providentially for them, exists for them and travels in a sense for their sake. And so they like eagles gather around the carcass. And yet in spite of sundry imperfections, we could not get along without them. And in face of much ignorance they give considerable information. They get our money and oftentimes more than they deserve; but we get from them in facts and in sight of historic and sacred localities, something far more precious and satisfying and lasting than money.

I for one, freely pardon them for every deflection and defection, and wave them a smiling and loving farewell, praying God that they who have guided so many into the midst of earthly scenes, shall be guided at last themselves by the Savior into the fairest of all cities and the best of all kingdoms — the city and kingdom of God.



## CHAPTER 43

*Departure from Palestine — A Farewell Scene at Alexandria — Candia or Crete — A View of Corsica — Marseilles to London — Departure from Glasgow — A Sermon at Sea — A Storm — A Burial at Sea — The Pilot — The Hawk and Birds — The Landing Scene*

Three weeks after entering the Holy Land, I embarked at Jaffa on a French steamer bound for the port of Marseilles. The vessel weighed anchor late in the afternoon, and by sunset the mountain and coast lines of the most wonderful and heaven-honored of all lands sank out of sight beneath the verge of the sea. Not as a dream does the memory of the three weeks' sojourn depart, but like a blessed vision of waking life, a sad yet glad experience, an enrichment of mind and life, a holy memory to be cherished with gratefulness through life, and to be recalled even in heaven with thankfulness.

We touched a half day at Port Said, and nearly two at Alexandria. At the last named place, as our ship was departing, I saw two farewells that made a deep impression upon me. A mother with her infant in her arms stood on the shore looking a good-bye to her husband that her lips could not speak. Suddenly I saw her press her fingers upon the lips of the sleeping child, and then waft the kiss to the husband and father who stood on the deck of the departing ship. I could not tell who the man was, but I knew that there was one in that throng of passengers whose heart was melted at the silent salute. Again I saw a gentleman wave his hat in farewell to a friend on the ship. The wave was peculiar; it was made in the form of a cross, first a vertical and then a horizontal movement. How my heart responded to that sign of the cross in that dark continent. May it be an auspicious and prophetic sign.

On the fifth day out we ran under the south shore of the island of Candia known in Paul's time as Crete. The long, gray mountain wall of this island rising like a gigantic cloud into heaven with the sea-waves breaking into white foam at the base was a deeply attractive picture as beheld from our ship five miles away. It required the greater part of the day to pass out of its sight. With the deepest interest I looked upon "Fair Havens" at the

western end, and at the island of Clauda rising up several miles away to the south. The ~~4201~~ twenty-seventh chapter of Acts will explain the interest, as it narrates that here began the storm that drove the ship in which Paul sailed, for weeks over the sea. On the eighth day we passed between the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. I had no time to stop and view the birthplace of the man who so agitated France and convulsed Europe. Neither did I have the inclination. I had seen the land of the Perfect Man and my heart had no room for men of passion, war, and sin. Like one who looks steadily upon the sun, and then finds its image on everything else, and is unable to see aught else: so is it with the soul that has looked long upon and thought much of the Savior. His image is so painted on the mind's organ of vision that other faces and objects are for a time eclipsed.

Marseilles was reached at the close of the ninth day. Then came the overland trip by rail to Calais, then across the English Channel, and by rail again to London.

Finding it impossible to secure a berth on steamers sailing from Liverpool, I ran up to Glasgow and embarked on one of the vessels of the Anchor Line for New York. The clouds were black and ominous, the rain fell heavily, and the waves were rough when we left Scotland in the dim distance. A short stop was made at a port on the north coast of Ireland to receive several hundred passengers. Then we stood fairly out to sea, and a dark, angry looking sea it was that we sailed out upon. Being late in the Fall we might reasonably expect not only rough weather but equinoctial storms.

On the Sabbath-day one of the officers of the ship came to me with the request that I would preach in the dining saloon at ten o'clock. Of the five preachers on board, I was the only one able to answer the call for duty. Four or five voyages were making something of a sailor out of me. Still, however, I had not much to boast of, for I was weak in body and realized certain decided and unmistakable qualms. But steadying myself with one hand upon the table, I led the service and preached the Gospel to a congregation of fifty or sixty passengers. Hundreds were helpless in their staterooms, but I trusted that the words of the prayer and sermon and the sweet hymns sung by an excellent improvised choir, and accompanied by

the tender and solemn notes of the organ reached many and were blessed of God to their souls.

Tuesday night a violent storm burst upon us. We were all awakened by the rolling and plunging of the ship, the crash of crockery, and the heavy fall of boxes and trunks that were being dashed in every direction in the passage-ways. The cries of children abounded. The voices of the passengers talking in the dark to each other, and the steps of people hurrying to and fro were sounds, solemn, impressive, and not soon to be forgotten. There was no more sleep for that night; for a person's wide-awake, entire, and constant attention was necessary to keep himself from being precipitately shot out of the berth and landed with a crash on the floor.

Next morning we found that the storm was increasing in fury. Many people who had recovered from sea-sickness were prostrated again. At the breakfast table there were only plates laid, and these were fenced in by two parallel boards to keep them stationary. This arrangement gave us the appearance of feeding swine-like out of troughs. There were few people at the table; a straggling line on each side. As the vessel rolled heavily from side to side it caused the two lines of breakfasters to seem as if engaged in the children's game of see-saw. One moment my side of the table would be elevated, and we would look down from a superior height upon our friends, while we straightened ourselves back to keep our equipoise; the next minute down we would go, and the line of people on the other side would suddenly rise up before us as if they were going to take leave of us through the ceiling. Then they would straighten out their bodies as we had done, while we would double up and bend forward on the downward swoop to keep from falling backward out of our chairs. So we see-sawed our way in great gravity through the breakfast hour. The scene being only occasionally punctuated with a smile or interjected with a laugh at some sudden mishap to the dishes or passengers.

Ascending the companion-way I found only a few gentlemen that were bold enough to cross the wave-swept deck. A rope was stretched between the masts; and holding to this as others had done, I walked amidships and stood looking upon a scene that for wild and terrible grandeur I never expect to see surpassed. The ocean had been changed into a vast expanse

of liquid hills. The ship was plunging and sliding down these eminences into dark glossy valleys between, and then with tremendous struggles and violent tremors running through every part of her large frame, would strain and climb to the summit of another hill. Occasionally she would be thrown almost on her beam ends and the great deep would yawn like a gulf beneath us; then slowly she would right herself again. The air was filled with the flying spray that I felt like calling the dust of the sea. The wind was blowing with the force of a hurricane. Sky amid sea were close together. The clouds reached down their hands to grasp the fingers of the sea that were stretched upward to them, to make an awful compact to overwhelm the vessel. But another hand, invisible and all-powerful, had hold of the ship and would not suffer the deed. For hours I remained on the deck viewing the scene with fascinated eye, and with my heart constantly ascending in worship and praise to the Lord God of the heaven and earth and sea. The wonderful picture before me of the power of God strengthened my faith, strangely exhilarated my soul, and filled me with a joy and exultation in the conscious possession of the Saviour that no words could adequately describe.

In twenty-four hours the storm was spent, and the sea went down with a rapidity almost equal to the suddenness with which it arose.

One of the melancholy features of this voyage was the death of a little child. There are fewer sadder things than a burial at sea. The captain wisely had this one to take place secretly at night; few knowing it until next morning. Every heart, I am confident, ached for the mother, and tender and pitiful were the glances thrown back in the wake of the ship, as we thought of the lifeless form left alone underneath the deep waves. But the promise is, that at the voice of the Son of God at the Last Day they that sleep in the sea shall arise and come forth as well as those who slumber in their graves on the land. Both body and soul have been redeemed — and He, the Redeemer, will see to the safety of both. If not so, how vain are the words at communion: “The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee: preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life.

On the second Sabbath a Presbyterian minister held service in the saloon, while by invitation I preached to the steerage passengers in the forward part of the vessel.

On the eleventh day out from Glasgow, we signaled a pilot boat in the distance, and the small craft bore down upon us. The interest manifested by the entire body of passengers over the arrival of this man who had lately seen land and was to conduct the ship into port was something marvelous in its way. As he clambered up the side of the vessel hundreds of eyes were fastened upon him. As he stepped on board and walked to the wheel, not a motion of his body or glance of his eye was allowed to pass unscrutinized. No crowned head ever received greater attention for awhile. But next day I saw him under different circumstances. Who thinks of or cares for the pilot when the boat is landed or ship is anchored. At a premium out at sea, he is so discounted when all uncertainty and danger is over that he would not sell for ten cents a thousand. And thus is the pilot's life spent in a series of exaltations and humiliations, of rapturous welcomes, followed by a wholesale forgetfulness of the man and his services immediately afterward. Truly the popularity of this world is short-lived; gusty, indeed, while it lasts, but dying away quickly, and ending in a dead calm.

The last afternoon at sea we were visited by a dozen or more birds that came out from the invisible shore, flew about the ship or alighted upon the rigging, and chirped us a welcome back to America. The pleasure of their visit was soon marred by the presence of a large hawk who had followed them out to sea, and now hovering around the vessel, deliberately swooped down upon one after another until he had slain and eaten at least five. Great was the indignation and excitement on board. A gentleman aimed his gun in vain; ladies appealed for the protection of the birds to no purpose. The hawk with wary eye watched his opportunities and carried on the bird slaughter until his appetite was satisfied. As I studied the excitement and evident pain of the passengers over the scene, I could not but reflect of a greater slaughter going on all the time on the land, to which most of these same passengers were perfectly indifferent. The Saloon Hawk, the Lottery Hawk, the Gambling Hawk, and the Hawk of Impurity are swooping down upon and destroying countless thousands of the youth of the land. Character and immortal souls are being ruined on all sides, and

yet comparatively little is said about it; and worse still, far less is done; indeed, is all right with many. But let a hawk kill a few sparrows at sea, and, mercy on us! The sight is horrible! We can't possibly stand it! Our feelings are lacerated! Our hearts bleed! Here somebody hand us a pistol or gun! Kill the hawk! Save the sparrows!

O consistency!

The next day with the pleasure known only to a person who has been tossed upon the ocean billows for twelve days, and who has been from home and native land for four months, we beheld rising over the waves the coast of America, as seen first in the familiar outline of Jersey Heights. Then came the grand ship-besprinkled harbor of New York, and then the city itself with its sister cities Brooklyn and Jersey City, the one on the right and the other on the left, assisting her in the grand daily reception of the nations of the world.

Bartholdi's statue [the Statue of Liberty] with uplifted torch to guide and welcome the nations is seen from afar; but distance has the peculiar effect of making the figure appear pointing upward to heaven. Thus strangely and powerfully does God take the works of man and make them to praise and glorify Himself.

The landing scene was as remarkable as our departure months before. The pier was black with people awaiting to greet friends and relatives that were on board; while the deck of the ship was crowded with passengers tremulously and delightedly expecting and waiting for the landing. Both parties were eagerly scanning each other from a distance. As the vessel drew nearer the wharf, there were recognitions from afar exclamations that thrilled; and wavings of hats, hands, and handkerchiefs. Parents recognized children, friend shouted aloud to friend, and husband and wife singled each other out from the crowd by the amazing intuition of love. Some climbed into the rigging, others sprang upon the gunwales, and all crowded each other unceremoniously but kindly under a strain so intense, as to make certain artificial proprieties forgotten for the time being. One gentleman said to me, with glistening eyes, "Do you see that lady yonder — that is my daughter." A lady lifted her child in her arms and with glad, tremulous voice pointed out the father on the pier. The child's call to the father, unheard by him on account of the noise and confusion, was not the less

thrilling to those that did hear. One man shouted from the rigging to a friend on the wharf, "We thought a few days ago we would never see your face again; we had such a storm." And the reply came ringing back, "We were all praying for you; and we knew you would come."

Many could not speak at all, but stood looking at remote and beloved forms in the crowd with their whole soul in their eyes. And there were others who stood like myself looking on the scene, unknown and unwelcomed, but nevertheless full of sympathy over what we beheld.

Then by and by the ship touched the pier, the gangway was run out, and then came the flowing together of the two crowds ; and in the midst of smiles, tears, handshaking, heart-melting and fervent embraces, long-parted lives were reunited once more.

So, I thought, will it be when the grand reunion in heaven takes place. We are still storm-tossed on the ocean of life; but we are sailing along on the good old Ship of Zion, and getting nearer all the while to the port of the Land of the Blessed. Friend and relatives are there awaiting us, talking about us, and looking for our coming; and one of these fine mornings — and the Day of Death will be a fine morning — with not a cloud in view, some one will say to us: "Heaven is in sight," and looking up from our pillows we will see it, and a great white-robed throng coming down to meet us! But who can describe the scene that will then take place — the meeting of husband and wife, the coming together of long-parted friends, and the rapturous embrace of parent and child; while smiles of welcome, love and sympathy fall like sunbeams from the angel-crowned walls, and the redeemed sway their palm-branches, touch their golden harps, and the whole multitude, whom no man can number, gives glory to God and the Lamb with a voice like the sound of "many waters and a great thunder."

May God grant that the reader of these lines and the writer shall take part in that coming blessed reunion of the skies.

At noon I came ashore, amid going up to the residence of my brother, found letters and a telegram awaiting me, bringing me the news of the health and safety of the home circle, and the additional information that while I was quietly and meditatively pursuing my way on foreign strands I had been thrown, in an ecclesiastical sense, a thousand miles, and that my

home was to be no longer among the magnolia trees and flowers of the sunny South, but amid the snows and under the gray skies of a northern climate. But what is a thousand miles to a person who has just traveled twenty thousand! while to one who has felt on his face the burning reflection of the Great Desert, the very thought of snow is a relief.

And now to the reader who has patiently followed me through these pages — thanks, and farewell! and to the friends who sent me abroad to realize the dream of my life — a heart full of gratitude! and to God, my Saviour, who kept me throughout my long, solitary journey in safety of body and in unbroken peace of soul, and who has blessed me all the days of my life — to Him do I offer an abounding love, with present and everlasting praises.



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