

*The cruise of the Celtic around  
the Mediterranean, 1902*

Robert Houston McCreedy, H. M. Tyndall

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<sup>2</sup>  
**The Cruise of the Celtic  
Around the Mediterranean  
1902**

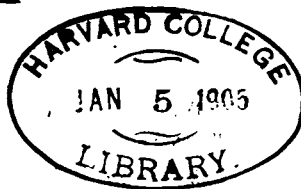
**Souvenir Volume**



BY  
**R. H. McCREADY *and* H. M. TYNDALL**

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John Harvey Treat

To the Friends who  
so kindly encouraged

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OUR SOUVENIR





**T**HIS most fitting memento of our trip beyond the sea is a book that was born of the people and not conceived by M. or T. It is just what you have made it, and we have tried to keep our promise to garner, cull and print, but not to perfect it. We beg you to smile on this our united composition. Next time we go our efforts may be better.

Pardon all the faults, turn the sombre into sunshine, the prosy into brilliancy, and weave your criticisms into a wreath of sweet forget-me-nots.







## PREFACE



THE secret of a real pleasure trip to sacred and classic places on the shores of the Mediterranean depends somewhat on how much we know about them before we start. The amount of profit and pleasure we get out of reviewing such trip depends on our knowledge of the past, our associations, power to observe, and above all, our ability to record impressions.

Nothing on the earth is more inspiring than to stand on the very places where the best in history, art, sculpture, poetry, philosophy, architecture, government and religion had its birth. To live a moment where the hero has lived, the martyrs died; where the victor has been crowned amid the shouts of admiring friends or the innocent crucified by the sinful, hating mob, is worth half a lifetime. But to look for a moment on the splendid attempts of the people of the past to make things great and beautiful and immortal, to view the wreck that man and nature are making of the most sacred, the most sublime and the noblest that has been given existence by the human race in its erratic career, is not only to quicken thought, but to stir the soul to the grandeur of the possibilities of a great Christian brotherhood, quickened and ennobled by Jesus Christ, and guarded by a divine Fatherhood.



Ours was more than a mere pleasure trip. From the frolicking child of five to the sedate pilgrim of five and eighty, our eight hundred travelers were students. They wanted to know. They sought knowledge in every direction. Some conned over the guide-book—the infallible Baedeker—others questioned and listened to boatswain, captain, guide, donkey boy, consul, priest, king, to whoever had anything to tell of the present or past. Some read wonderful stories out of the rock-ribbed hills, the buried cities, the monuments, pyramid and sphinx, the temples, cathedrals, mosques, schools, catacombs, art galleries, museums, religions, customs, dress.

Some, in order that they might show their friends what they had seen, took pictures of places and persons and THINGS.

Lest the knowledge, the impressions, the unique experiences, the marvelous pictures, the pleasant associations and rich fellowships, should sink into the oblivion of many a sea-voyage, this record is made. It may lead to new fields of observation and study, it may inspire us to a closer and more thorough investigation; it will, at all events, enable us to live that wonderful cruise over again and give a local habitation to a few things that may be floating in the hazy atmosphere of airy dreams. It makes no pretension to be learned or solemn,

scientific or funny. It avoids profundity and impressive incomprehensibility. It would require years, where we spent moments, to enable us to speak *ex-cathedra* on many of the subjects that were handled with that airy lightness of one who must write as he runs.

It is the record of one of the most wonderful companies that ever left the shores of America. They had been gathered from almost every State in the Union—from Canada and other countries. Among them were lawyers, doctors, ministers, editors, bankers, authors, artists, philanthropists, educators, wives, widows and maidens, the women outnumbering the men by three-score. They had engaged to sail on the largest steamer afloat—the *Celtic*. Their trip had been heralded by all the newspapers of the land, because it was such a mammoth undertaking.

Their manager, Mr. Clark, had been criticised and praised for undertaking to conduct so large a company of people for so small a sum of money through many foreign countries where hotel accommodations were doubtful, to say the least. But they were to realize the dream of years in such a commodious floating palace, accompanied by a noted band of musicians, with enormous supplies of food, water and wine, with theology enough to keep even the *Celtic* afloat in a storm, that their enthusiasm could scarcely be controlled. They were people of means, and for the most part agreeable, cultured, unaffected, courteous and kind.

They were not sick, as on a smaller vessel. They were not crowded, they had their games, their lectures, their religious services, their entertainments, and, added to all these, they had the most charming weather, with enough of excitement at the different landings to enable them to realize that they had been "to sea."

There were a few who found annoyances; there always has been; there always will be. But when we remember that there were eight hundred and twenty first-class passengers aboard the *Celtic*, that they must all be placed at first-class hotels, given first-class guides, first-class carriages, first-class donkeys and horses, and service of every kind, our annoyances and discomforts will have dwindled to nothing. We shall forget that we had any in the multitudinous memories of funny experiences, pleasures enjoyed in those strange lands, and ills escaped among those unfortunate, sometimes awful, people.

Not one of our tourists was fatally hurt. Not one died. Not one had a sickness which he might not have suffered in his own home. No report has come of one being robbed, or severely beaten. Take it all in all, it was one of the most remarkable pilgrimages ever undertaken and so happily terminated.

As to our method in this souvenir volume, we have followed the course of the vessel and endeavored not to follow mere guide-books and notes. We are greatly indebted to the writers who have made this book a practical undertaking within the space of time allotted to it. Some of them have done much work at a great sacrifice, in order to aid the tourists in the execution of what at one time seemed the impossible. No less are we indebted to those men who stood behind the enterprise with a guarantee and to those who subscribed liberally to insure its success. We are sorry that some of our best friends

never seemed to grasp the idea that this was a co-operative work, in which every man and woman was doing the very best that he could to give his neighbor some tangible results to carry with him through the rest of his life.

We have given the pictures taken by our tourists even when not first-class, rather than those that might have been procured from other sources. We have asked for the best, and believe we have secured the very best that were taken by our own amateurs.

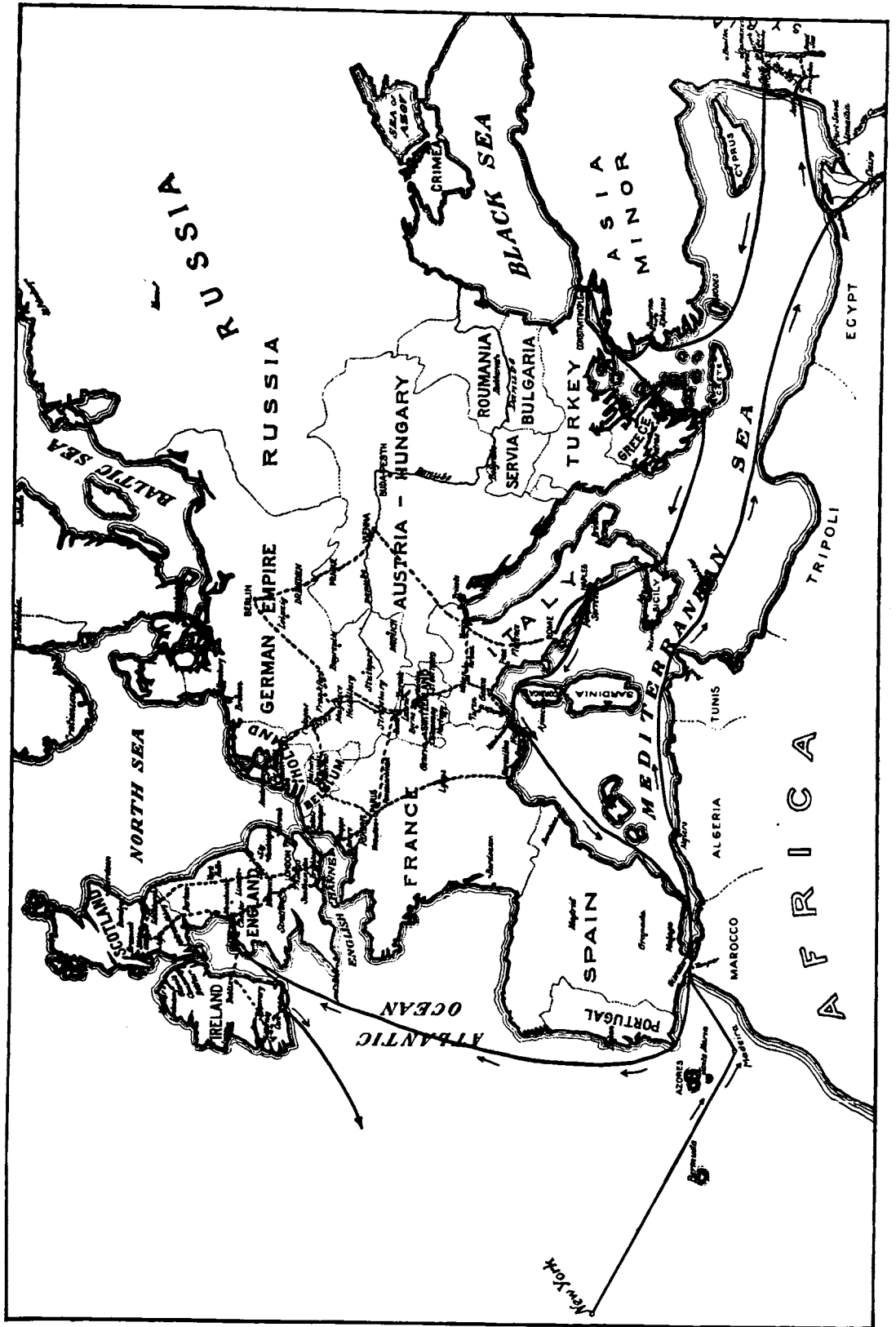
We regret that we are not able to give credit by placing the name beneath, to those who have furnished us pictures. The following, however, among others, have furnished us some excellent pictures: Rev. Samuel Parry, Mr. Nelson B. Mead, Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., Mr. W. F. Thurlow, Mr. Robert J. Gross, Rev. Fred Elliott, Mr. T. J. Keenan, Mr. W. S. Brown, Mr. James Moodie, Evan, M. B. Williams, Rev. E. W. Work, D.D., Rev. E. A. McAlpin, Jr., Mrs. M. J. Earl, Miss Florence Findley, Miss Louise Young, Miss Anna M. Mathews, Miss Ida M. Hall, Miss Beach.

The bibliography offered is, of course, not complete. But it is choice and will enable any one so disposed to find the best that has been written on any subject mentioned.

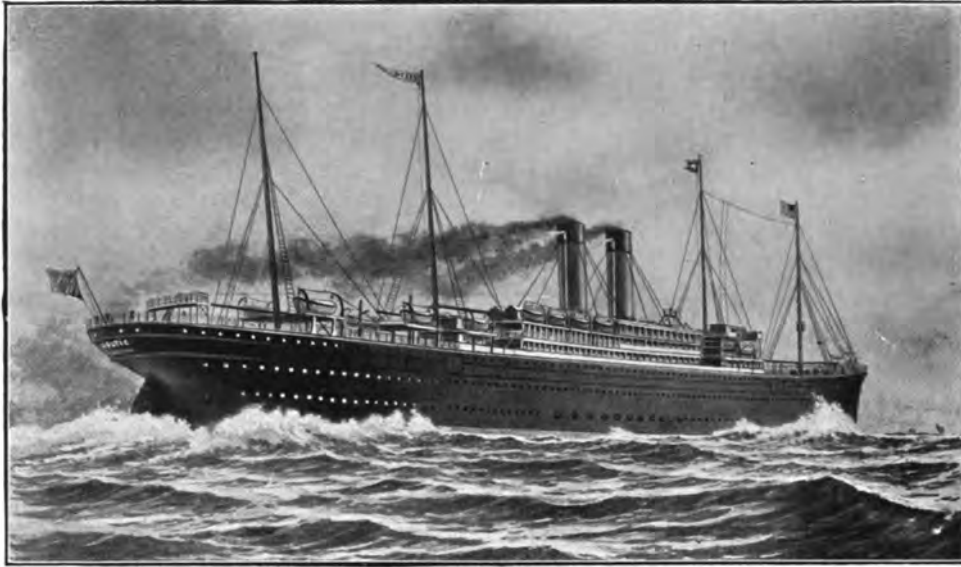
Many considerations may have entered into the omission of this or that article or paragraph or picture, and we wish to assure everyone who has made an effort to help make our souvenir what it is that the effort has not been in vain.

Realizing that you, dear Celtics, must now exercise your judgment in culling out what is best for you, and trusting that you will judge very considerably of each friend's effort, we pass the book over to you. We hope that it may awaken within you the memory of a voyage that can scarcely be duplicated, of associations that can never be known again, of experiences around the "Middle Sea," that money cannot buy.





SHOWING ROUTE OF THE CELTIC



## THE START



WHAT a memorable day that 8th of February, 1902, was to most of the *Celtic* cruisers. They had come from all parts of the United States, and even Canada. They were moved, evidently, by a single purpose. They had a great common aim—to get aboard the *Celtic*. They seemed to want to get all their relations aboard, too, and baggage with changes for all the climates of the globe. With them came flowers and presents untold, sacks of mail and numberless special messages by boys in brass buttons.

That even New York was deeply interested in the departure of the largest ship afloat, with the largest company of tourists that ever left the shores of the New World for the Holy Land and the classic sites on the coast of the Mediterranean was evidenced by the newspapers. They were full of it. The crowd, too, was probably the largest ever gathered on the pier of the White Star Line in New York.

At precisely three o'clock the great whistle blew, the gong sounded for the removal of all gangways, and with a hasty farewell, those going and those staying were parted. The ropes were cast off, handkerchiefs and cheers went up together, while the Stars and Stripes on many sides and over us seemed forced by the piercing breeze to keep time to the stirring air of "America" or "Columbia," played by our famous band.

How lonesome the man must have been who stood that day without a friend in all that multitude to say farewell to him. He may be a millionaire; but money counts for little in such a scene. He may be a cynic, but cynicism does not relieve the sickness of the heart when the earth seems moving away.

## THE START

As we sailed past the majestic Statue of Liberty, she seemed to stretch out her friendly arm and torch like one who would light us on our way.

The piercing winds, which were very cold for New York, have driven everybody to seek warmer quarters than the deck. State-rooms, libraries and dining-rooms, the latter rich in their profusion of flowers, are very popular for a little while. But just as the shades of night were beginning to fall, we realized that our ship was at a standstill. We could not pass the Narrows until high tide, the next morning. The wind had blown the water out of the Channel to such an extent that the *Celtic* could not get over the bar.

If we needed our ardor cooled down, we certainly had it. Fortunately, that was the only cold night experienced on our trip.



WAVE BREAKING BY THE CELTIC

At six o'clock on Sunday morning, fifteen hours after our start from the pier, we moved slowly out to sea. Though the delay was very vexatious, it doubtless resulted in good, permitting most of us to get our "sea legs" on before going out into rougher water.

By nine o'clock Sunday morning, we were out of sight of land, and from that time until we reached Funchal, we steadily obeyed the injunction of Joaquin Miller's poem, "Sail On!" Besides the sea-gulls, that followed our ship for food, only twice between New York and Madeira did we see any sign of life in the way of fellow-voyagers on the ocean, once when we passed a sailing vessel, not far out from New York, and further on a steamer homeward bound.

It would be folly to try to write of the charm of the sea, its grandeur in storm, its beauty in calm and its ever varying moods. The mere fact of being at sea far exceeded in interest any of our land dreams.

I am thinking of "The glorious mirror where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time  
Calm or convulsed in breeze or gale or storm,  
Icing the Pole or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
The image of eternity."

## WILLING AND YET UNWILLING

There is something I have lost,  
And I know it to my cost,  
As I grovel, tempest-tossed  
And depressed

O'er the boundless, heaving main.  
I'm a subject of disdain,  
As I strive yet naught retain  
'Neath my vest.

Ah, these turmoils without end,  
Ah, these wretched pangs that blend  
In a manner prone to rend  
Me in twain.

Hear me register this vow  
(Though of no effect just now),  
That the azure sea I'll plow  
Ne'er again.



EXPOUNDING A HARD PROBLEM TO THE  
FISH



## LIFE ABOARD THE CELTIC



WE may mention only a few of the interesting events of our life on board. Most of the life was social. We seemed to be eating half the time. But religion was not forgotten, and on Sunday we had services.



THE REV. S. EDWARD YOUNG



MRS. S. EDWARD YOUNG

The Rev. S. Edward Young, of Pittsburg, preached from Psalm cvii.: 30; "So He bringeth them unto their desired haven." He said in part:

"Our steamship is the world in miniature. Only here on shipboard the individuality of each life will be more emphasized. The angularities will be more pronounced here. The attractive qualities will be better recognized. We will find much to admire and much to criticise. We must be ready, therefore, to bear and forbear. In this brief journey we are likely to show our worst and our best. To be left newspaperless, letterless, telephoneless, telegraphless, is to be left to develop whatever there is within us good or bad. We have time, money and opportunity to carve out a new career for one's self. We shall witness thrilling and staggering sights. We shall face great perils. We shall share grave responsibilities, even if we have left others at home. We may be called upon both to act and die as heroes, or crouch as cravens before dangers of which we have not dreamed. Surely all these considerations will engender mutual sympathy, encouragement and helpfulness."

If ever people put heart into hymns, it was when our company sang "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and other such, at the services.



It is Monday morning, bright and clear, only the sea and the sky to be seen. It may be worth our while to glance through these tourists and see who is here. We want to know with what distinguished people we are traveling, for they seem to be a very congenial, happy company.

Ah, yes; there is Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., New York.

Hon. James A. Gary, ex-United States Postmaster, Baltimore, Md.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard H. Pratt, United States Cavalry, and educator of the Indians, Carlisle, Pa.

Major-General E. A. McAlpin and his family, Ossining, N. Y.

General Thomas J. Shryock, Grand Master of Masons, Baltimore, Md.

Judge A. C. Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

L. P. Jones, M.D., Greenwich, Conn.

Judge E. L. Bonfils, Denver, Col.

President Davis, D.D., LL.D., Alfred Centre, N. Y.

Rev. William K. Hall, D.D., Newburg, N. Y.

Captain J. S. Nanson, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Harrison, New York City.

Rev. Edgar W. Work, D.D., Dayton, O.

Hon. George F. Washburn, Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius H. Van Ness, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Mr. Webb Horton and family, Middletown, N. Y.

Mr. Jesse W. Canfield, Middletown, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bates, Memphis, Tenn.

Hon. Edgar C. Bird, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Daniel H. Ayers, Troy, N. Y.

Hon. Daniel Hayes, Gloversville, N. Y.

Rev. J. B. Donaldson, D.D.

Mr. D. H. Ayers and wife.

Mr. W. H. Bates and wife.

But there seems to be so many distinguished people—all the organizers, the directors and Manager F. C. Clark, that I must refer you to the souvenir list.

On another page you will find for what some of these are distinguished.

Tuesday evening, February 11, brought an entertainment and a lecture on Madeira and Algiers. Dr. Young was the lecturer. The delightful accessories were "Hello!" recited by Rev. C. T. Edwards, a flute solo by Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, and a solo entitled "Daddy," by Mrs. N. D. Sherwood.

The twelfth brought a rough sea, the thirteenth the organization of the Student



F. C. CLARK, MANAGER

Travelers' Club, the largest society formed on the *Celtic*, with Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong as president, and Rev. Dr. R. H. McCready as secretary. The fourteenth, St. Valentine's Day, pushed its way even out on the ocean, with its many bright, original valentines written on board, as well as "store" ones that arrived by the under-water tube from New York. This evening was enlivened by another lecture and entertainment, Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton lecturing on Gibraltar, A. G. Straw, M.D., singing a solo, Mr. H. C. Rew reciting Joaquin Miller's "Sail On," Mr. John H. Bird reciting "The Duel," and Mr. J. W. Garthwait singing in his inimitable way, "The Night Wind." Yes, and Mr. Elias D. Smith recited a poem "dedicated to the uncomfortable," entitled "The Wail of the Woeful."

### THE WAIL OF THE WOEFUL!

DEDICATED TO THE UNCOMFORTABLE.

#### I

My Country! 'tis of thee—  
 Steaming across the sea,  
     For thee I sigh.  
 Land of the solid ground—  
 Land where no smells abound—  
 Land where no twin-screws pound,  
     For thee I die!

#### II

How can they cheerful smile—  
 How can they time beguile—  
     Would I were home!  
 What are their joys to me  
 Steaming along at sea  
 Woeful as I can be?  
     Why did I come!  
     —Harriet L. Shoemaker.

There were very few aboard the *Celtic* who were affected that way. The *Celtic* is so large that no ordinary storm disturbs her. Only once in all our voyage were the racks put on the table, and then they were not a success. They seemed to be in the way and the people wanted them removed. There was no French soup running across the table. There were no dishes going on the floor, or desserts into laps, of which we had read on other voyages. The stewards said the only time our dishes or spoons disappeared was when "they went as souvenirs" to state-rooms. Once in a while, some one did leave the table a little suddenly, but that was simply a way their friends said they had of acting

about meal-time on board a ship. The rules of etiquette are a little different there from what they are at the Waldorf-Astoria or Delmonico's or Sherry's.

#### ANY REMEDIES?

Oh, yes, all the remedies for sea-sickness—and they are legion—were there. Lemons, champagne, homeopathic pellets, hypodermic injections, allopathic concoctions, poker, sickly flirtations, quietness, fresh air, doing without meals, reclining in your berth—all, all were in evidence. But the only complete remedy for some people is to stay at home, and even that fails sometimes.

Three or four out of the eight hundred and twenty were certainly in the condition of the man who sent for his chum. "William," he said, "I'm glad you've come (er hic); I wanted (er hic) to give you (er hic-c-c-c-c—oh!) some instructions about my remains (hic). You'll see that they are sent home, won't you?" William vowed that he certainly would. After the poor man had been retching for several hours longer, he sent for William again and said in a very humble, weak voice, "William, you needn't trouble about the remains. I am sure there will be no remains."

Every seasick man who has provided the best remedies, wishes he had something else, or wishes the vessel would stop for a minute and give him a chance. This eternal motion, these sounds, not unearthly, but so sympathetically suggestive, these smells, these innuendoes and smiles of his fellow-passengers, these are enough to stir a man's internals and make him belch forth something more than fuming wrath.

These two were on their wedding trip, a honeymoon so gay. She was somewhat of a particular turn of mind and was doing the best she could to soothe his ruffled spirits. She may have gotten it from some other maiden on the cruise of 1900, but she sang:

"On the steamer, oh, my darling,  
When you hear the fog-horns blow,  
And the footsteps of the steward  
Softly come and softly go,  
When the passengers are moaning  
With a great and awful woe,  
Don't you think 'twere better, darling,  
If we two should go below?"

"In the cabin, oh, my darling,  
Think not bitterly of me,  
That I rushed away and left you  
In the middle of your tea.  
I was seized with sudden longing  
Just to gaze upon the sea;  
It was best to leave you thus, dear,  
Best for you and best for me."

—A.

## THE GENERAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE CRUISE

HANDBOOK TO THE MEDITERRANEAN, Murray's. The most complete general guide. 2 vols.

THE MEDITERRANEAN TRIP, Noah Brooks. Handy and compact.

NOTES AND LECTURES, D. E. Lorenz. One of the most helpful sources of information on an Oriental cruise to be found.

THE EUROPEAN TOUR, Grant Allen.

GREECE, ITALY, SYRIA, etc., Baedeker. Always reliable.

WALKS IN ROME. Augustus J. C. Hare.

APPLETON'S EUROPEAN GUIDE BOOK for English-speaking Travelers.

HANDBOOK TO THE MEDITERRANEAN. Lieut.-Col. Sir S. Lambert Playfair.

THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. Richard Harding Davis.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

THE STODDARD LECTURES. John L. Stoddard. 10 vols. Splendidly illustrated with views of the world's famous places and people.

IN THE LEVANT. C. Dudley Warner.

A HISTORY OF ART. W. H. Goodyear. An excellent book for the tourist.

LIVES OF THE PAINTERS. Vasari.

MEDITERRANEAN WINTER RESORTS. E. A. Ball.

THE BARBARY COAST. H. M. Field. He writes interestingly on many subjects of interest to the tourist on such a cruise as this.

## THE CELTIC—THE GREATEST CRUISER ON THE OCEANS



W. E. SCHOENBORN, M.E., LL.B., U. S. PATENT OFFICE. WASHINGTON, D. C.



O our young friend, W. E. Schoenborn, Washington, D. C., who was with us on this voyage and who is connected with the Patent Office Department of our government, we are indebted for the most of these facts. In order that we may appreciate them better, let us look at Dr. Pettit's contrast with Mark Twain's Cruise:

"The first organized cruise of the Mediterranean was the one made famous by Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad," which covered practically the same route traversed by us. Mark Twain thus speaks of it: 'It was a brave conception; it was the offspring of a most ingenious brain. It was well advertised, but it hardly needed it; the bold originality, the extraordinary character, the seductive nature, and the vastness of the enterprise provoked comment everywhere and advertised it in every household in the land. Who could read the programme without longing to be one of the party?' The



prospectus set forth that a ship capable of accommodating at least one hundred and fifty cabin passengers would be selected and the company limited to three-fourths this number; that the steamer would be provided with every necessary comfort, including library and musical instruments. The fare for steamer passage alone was \$1,250, and each passenger was compelled to provide for his own shore excursions, which cost from \$1,500 to \$2,500 more. Now note the contrast, which serves also as an illustration of the progress in ship-building during the past thirty-five years. Their ship was 2,500 tons with sixty-five passengers; ours, 20,800 tons with 800 passengers. They had only the stuffy accommodations of a small ship. We have ample space in our state-rooms



and on deck, and all the luxuries of a metropolitan hotel. Their library consisted of a few books and magazines, while ours numbers hundreds of choice books. Their musical instruments consisted of an old-fashioned melodeon. Ours, a splendid orchestra, brass band, and several pianos. By reason of the smallness of their ship they all suffered from the horrors of sea-sickness, while by reason of the immensity of ours, sea-sickness is practically eliminated. With

all these additional advantages, we pay from \$400 to \$800 for what cost them from five to seven times as much. This is the largest and best appointed excursion of its kind ever attempted, and everybody is perfectly satisfied with the management thus far."

Our ship, the *Celtic*, cost \$2,500,000. She has a length of 700 feet, the same as the Capitol in Washington, as seen from the east plaza, or if stood on end would be nearly equal to the combined height of the Washington Monument shaft placed on the roof of the Capitol. She has a 75-foot beam, almost the width of four city houses, and 49 feet depth. She is 20,880 tons, and carries almost 18,400 tons of cargo. Owing to the advancement of naval architecture, this vessel is so well proportioned and lines so graceful, that it is only when other ships come near her that her length, height and firmness, due to her bulk, are impressed upon one.

There are altogether nine decks and named as follows: Lower Orlop, Orlop, Lower, Middle, Upper, Bridge, Upper Bridge, Boat and Sun decks. To jump from her mast would be like jumping from one of the tallest "skyscrapers" in New York.

The hull is built on the cellular double bottom principle, and divided into numerous water-tight compartments. Ex-



## THE CELTIC—THE GREATEST CRUISER ON THE OCEANS 11

ceptionally reinforced at the engine sections, and unusually stiff to resist the alternate "hogging" or to and fro movement of the bow and stern and "sagging" or pitching stress which a vessel of her great length experiences. The stiffness is further increased and abnormal rolling prevented by bilge keels running about 250 feet along each side and extending five feet therefrom and twelve feet above the keel.



BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

Her speed is 17 knots, or  $19\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, and in order to move a body of her displacement with such a velocity necessitates the application of an engine of 14,000 horse power, or the same energy as would be expended in raising  $38\frac{1}{2}$  tons one hundred feet high every second.

The development of this power requires two independent sets of quadruple expansion engines, with cylinders 33,  $47\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $68\frac{1}{2}$ , and 98 inches diameter, and stroke 5 feet 3 inches, making 75 revolutions per minute.

No wonder that the captain wanted to save his coal, when we think of the following: The initial steam pressure of 200 lbs. and a volume sufficient to supply these engines by eight double-ended boilers, each 15 feet 9 inches in diameter and 19 feet long, with a coal consumption of 220 tons each day burned by 48 fires and combustion chambers. We left New York with 7,180 tons of coal, which was probably half what we needed to bring us back to New York.

The engines are of the modern "balance" type, in which the enormous weights and resultant forces of the rapidly reciprocating masses are so proportioned and distributed along the crank shaft, and their crank angles so related,

that at any given moment during rotation all parts of the engine are evenly balanced.

Thus the excessive vibrations, otherwise consequent upon the enormous power developed, are almost entirely overcome.

The power of the engines is transmitted by two shafts 20 inches diameter, made in sections, and 210 feet long. The rudder for controlling the ship is 30 feet



high and 6 feet wide. The total number of engines in the ship is 75, with 130 cylinders. The forced draught for the boilers and ventilation of the saloons and cabins is produced by four fan wheels 10 feet in diameter.

The furnaces have two funnels, each 14 feet by 11 feet diameter and 120 feet above furnace. The vessel is also equipped with a refrigerating plant capable of keeping below freezing her large storage rooms, and also for the production of ice.

There are four dynamos for creating electrical energy for lighting, heating, and power purposes.

A laundry equipped with modern machinery is also installed and operated with marvelous success. Some of our passengers thought that garments, accounts and stewards were badly mixed, but think of an ordinary laundryman keeping the garments and accounts of twelve hundred people straight.



## THE CELTIC—THE GREATEST CRUISER ON THE OCEANS 13

In her usual trips she accommodates 2,850 passengers, distributed as follows: 348 first-class, 160 second-class, and 2,352 third-class. On our Mediterranean cruise 820 tourists were accommodated, while coming home from Liverpool, we had 3,188 souls aboard.

To navigate the vessel, create the necessary power for propellation and attend to the passengers, a crew of 335 to 425 men is required, divided as follows: deck staff, 64; engine room and stoke-hole, 93; and 179 stewards. About 425 were required for our cruise.

The captain had the assistance of the following officers during our famous cruise:



OUR SPLENDID OFFICERS

Chief Engineer Boyle, who was one of the most accommodating and efficient officers aboard the *Celtic*.

Chief Steward Novender, who is as hearty as he looks, and likes his passengers to live well, is a typical Englishman.

\* Chief Officer David Kerr, a Scotchman, who has been thirty-eight years at sea and holds a master's certificate.

The First Officer, L. R. Thompson, an Englishman, with seventeen years' experience at sea and holding an extra master's certificate.

The Second Officer, John J. Symons, claims Ireland for his mother country, and holds a master's certificate after sixteen years at sea.

The Third Officer, Robert Hume, a Scotchman, was the man you would like to have put in command of this big vessel. Tall, cool, courteous, efficient, strong of will, yet not offensive in his firmness. He has put twelve years' experience in the record and will walk the deck as captain when some of us go again.

The Fourth Officer, R. B. Tyness, with a solid Irish face, is a strong man.

The Fifth Officer, C. A. Robinson, is a clean-cut English type, older in experience than he looks.

The Sixth Officer, Lieutenant Henry Fryer, R.N.R., carries always the soldierly bearing.

The Surgeon, Mathias Bailey, M.D., F.R.C.S., a man with a career before him—in England.

The Assistant Purser, Robert Edwards, a pleasant young Englishman, who, though small in body, is big in ability and kindliness.

The Purser himself, H. B. Palmer.

The duties and men in the navigating and engineering departments are divided into watches of four hours each, half the number of men being on duty at one time. Between four o'clock in the afternoon and eight in the evening, there are short watches of about two hours each, known as the dog watches, and so arranged that the same man shall not always be on duty at the same time.

The officer of the watch takes his station on the forward bridge and the junior officer remains at the wheel-house, where he keeps a record in the "log" of the point of the wind, sighting of vessels, knots made in an hour, latitude and longitude, state of the atmosphere, and course of steering. At eleven o'clock every day, inspection is made by the captain, accompanied by the doctor, the purser, and chief steward.

The chief engineer has under his supervision the assistant engineers, machinists, oilers, stokers and coal passers. None of the quarters equal in interest or where more unwearied vigilance is exercised than in the engine-room and stoke-hole. Every pin, pipe, bolt, bar, bearing, valve, cylinder, throttle and shaft are continuously tested and watched by the engineers and oilers. At the boilers, many feet below the water level, are the stokers, half naked, reeking with sweat and grime, feeding the hungry furnaces and constantly applying to the burning fuel the red-hot slice bars to feed the necessary amount of air and moisture for the desired steam pressure.

Hurrying to and fro from the bunkers and in the glare of the fires, are the coal passers, with iron barrows heaped full to keep up the supply for the stokers.

In the forenoon and afternoon of each day, soundings are made through suitable openings in the main deck, for the purpose of determining the depth of the water in the storage tanks and waste water in the bilges.

The following and bewildering list of stores and provisions placed on board

before sailing from New York harbor, will give you some idea of the rich provision and the abundance from which our bill of fare was made up every day.

470 Tons of Fresh Water (1,046,080 Gallons)	450 Barrels of Flour;
50 Half Barrels of Bread;	87,000 Pounds of Fresh Beef;
3,000 Pounds of Canned Beef;	5,000 Pounds of American Mutton;
1,000 Pounds of Pork;	2,000 Pounds of Veal;
350 Pounds of Tripe;	1,500 Kidneys (Mutton);
3,000 Kidneys (Beef);	500 Tongues (Pickled);
100 Sets Calves' Feet;	72 Calves' Heads;
36 Pigs' Heads;	36 Sheeps' Heads;
5 Barrels of Pork (Pickled);	480 Tins of Ox Tongues;
3,000 Quail;	5,000 Squabs;
1,320 Turkeys;	3,000 Roasting Fowls;
420 Geese;	800 Capons;
500 Chickens (Broiling);	3,450 Pounds of Fresh Fish (Assorted);
500 Pounds of Cod;	500 Pounds of Lobster;
350 Pounds of Turtle;	1,000 Cans of Lobster;
1,000 Cans of Salmon;	96 Cans of Shrimp;
40 Barrels of Apples (Baking);	40 Barrels of Apples (Dessert);
12 Bunches of Bananas;	75 Boxes of Pears (Dessert);
50 Kegs of Grapes;	50 Boxes of Grape Fruit;
100 Boxes of Oranges;	30 Cases of Lemons;
800 Pounds American Cheese;	100 Gallons of Cream;
800 Gallons of Milk (Condensed);	300 Gallons of Milk (New);
3,500 Quarts of Ice Cream;	100 Cases of Eggs (3,000 Dozen);
5,000 Pounds of Butter;	840 Bushels of Potatoes (25 Tons);
1,000 Cabbages;	250 Quarts of Brussel Sprouts;
30 Hundred Weight of Carrots;	30 Hundredweight of Turnips;
18 Bags of Beans (Irish);	4 Barrels of Beet Root;
50 Dozen Cauliflower;	100 Dozen Celery;
300 Bottles Horse Radish;	120 Bundles of Leeks;
200 Bundles of Mint;	50 Dozen of Parsley;
200 Dozen Lettuce;	800 Pounds of Parsnips;
200 Bunches of Radishes;	12 Bushels Spinach;
36 Crates Tomatoes;	50 Baskets Watercresses;
220 Cans Asparagus;	220 Cans Baking Powder;
75 Cans Biscuit (Soda);	400 Cans Cranberry Sauce;
900 Cans Green Corn;	240 Cans Head Cheese;
900 Cans Lima Beans;	900 Cans Succotash;
1,500 Cans Tomatoes;	100 Pounds of Buckwheat;
300 Pounds Cereals;	150 Pounds Compressed Yeast;
100 Pounds Corn Flour;	224 Pounds Cracker Dust;
700 Pounds Hominy;	700 Pounds Indian Meal;
2,000 Pounds Graham Flour;	800 Packages Quaker Oats;
20 Kegs Boston Crackers;	70 Gallons Maple Syrup;
112 Pounds Mince Meat;	500 Pounds Nuts;
500 Pounds Raisins;	4 Bushels Peanuts;
100 Bottles Horseradish;	12 Bottles Tabasco Sauce.
96 Bottles Tomato Sauce;	

## MADEIRA

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## Programme for Madeira

Sunday, February 16th, arrive at 3 P. M. Land and embark in small boats. You can go and come all day and all night, fifty guides on shore with American flags on lapel of their coats. Avoid forming groups, leave it to us.

Avoid crowding at the gangways.

DINNER 6 AND 7.30 P. M.

Monday, February 17th, Breakfast 6.30 and 7.30 A. M. Boats to and from ship all day up to sailing time; last boats leave shore 1 P. M. "Celtic" sails 2 P. M.

LUNCH AT 1 AND 2 P. M.

F. C. CLARK.



## S. S. "Celtic"

### LUNCH MENU

CLAM CHOWDER	LAMBS HEAD BROTH
LOBSTER	FRESH AND PICKLED OYSTERS
	SARDINES
CORNED PORK AND BOSTON BAKED BEANS	
MACARONI AU GRATIN	BAKED JACKET AND PUREE POTATOES

### COLD

#### BRAIZED BEEF À LA GELEE

CUMBERLAND HAM	ROAST BEEF	BOLOGNA SAUSAGE
CORNED OX TONGUE	ROAST MUTTON	BRISKET OF CORNED BEEF
HEAD CHEESE	CHICKEN	BRAWN
SALAD-LETTUCE	RADISHES	BETROOT
CHEESE—CHESHIRE	STILTON	GORGONZOLA
BAKED APPLES	CEREALINE PUDDING	PASTRY
		COFFEE

## THE CELTICS AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA ISLANDS

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



UNDAY morning, February 16th, our second Sunday out, we came in sight of Madeira. As we came out of the morning service, where Rev. W. H. Harshaw, D.D., of West Pittston, Pa., preached an excellent sermon, the island was seen looming up, like a bluish cloud, from the sea. As the mountains on the island are over six thousand feet high, we were far away when we saw them, and it was not until 2.30 in the afternoon that we were at anchor before the city of Funchal.

To the mountainous island of Madeira, with its seaward sides cultivated in terraces to the top, with its innumerable waterfalls and its tropical vegetation,

with its quaint little houses, white-walled and tile-roofed, and with its extremely foreign appearing and picturesque people, and to its only city of size, Funchal, we would like to devote a volume instead of the few words that remain to us in the space this chapter is intended to fill. The country we studied through field-glasses as we came along; but the city of Funchal we studied by an active

mingling with the people and by rapid visits to the streets, the markets, the bazaars, the churches and cathedrals, the hotels, the hospital, the cemeteries, and all the leading places of interest.

There are really five islands in this group, of which Madeira is the largest, being 33 miles long, 150 miles broad,



PUBLIC GARDEN

with a population estimated at 150,000.

The island is, no doubt, beautiful and one of the



HARBOR AND CITY OF FUNCHAL

THE CITADEL

most picturesque spots on the globe. But it has its limitations.

One of the charms of Madeira is its beautiful and equable climate. This is evident from its

temperatures, the average summer heat being 74 (F.), and the average winter, 64, frost being absolutely unknown. The temperature is rarely below 52 or above 88, about like our May or June. Owing to these ideal conditions, Madeira is a favorite resort for invalids, especially consumptives. There is

little disease of any kind, and pulmonary troubles, except in extreme cases, soon disappear. so we are told.

Our first afternoon being on Sunday, we tried to limit ourselves to quiet strolls through the streets, though it seemed as if the whole town was at the dock to greet the newcomers, and that little thought of its being Sunday visited the mind of any native. Our first visit, in a section of the party, was to the little Scotch Presbyterian Church, where we met the minister, Rev. Alexander



MISSIONS AND GARDEN

Drummond Paterson, his sister, and a number of Portuguese members. These earnest Scotch missionaries have planted Protestant missions all over the island and are doing a good work. We were able to give a little aid in the erection of a church at one of their stations. We then went to the Methodist Mission near by. Soon after, a walk through the extremely narrow streets brought us to a Catholic hospital, then to the Portuguese cemetery, and further up the mountain-side to the Bella Vista Hospital, where we had supper. As we had to wait for the second table, it was nine o'clock before we had finished. It may be of interest to know that we paid 1,250 reis each for our supper. It must give some idea of our immense wealth.

Being told that the beautiful tropical gardens connected with the "Casino"—the fashionable club of the place—almost adjoining the hotel gardens, were open to all in honor of the *Celtic's* arrival, we concluded to visit them on the way as we were returning to the ship for the night. We found the gardens, which are at the top of a very high cliff by the sea, all illuminated with thousands of little lamps of red, white and blue glass. Each lamp was a cup con-



taining oil, and with a little wick on a hanger near the bottom. These lamps, hung in festoons and pendants from the trees, were in clusters among the shrubbery and in artistic designs along the walks. Hearing music, we went into the Casino, or Club House, to find that a dance had been gotten up in honor of the *Celtic's* passengers. The room was filled with handsome Spanish looking women and banditti looking men, all dressed in ultra fashion, and they were engaged in a Sunday night ball. We are happy to record that the *Celtic's* passengers did not patronize the dance, though hundreds of us were there looking on. After watching a few moments, we were about to leave when one of the ship's party told us that the roulette tables were upstairs. There we found two tables, in separate rooms, filled with Portuguese and other foreign looking people, both men and women.

la Monte Carlo. All were in perfect were the onlookers that stood about Many of our ship's company came doctors of divinity, staid elders, and their wives and daughters looking on for a few then taking his departure solemn than he came. indeed a solemn sight vious, tense-faced gamblers purses in down in the game piece silver, something, and to men at the their little after each numbered white at

Return

SCENES AT FUNCHAL



gambling in silence, as the tables. in, dignified others, with ters, each minutes and ture more For it was

to see those silent, nerblers, clutching their both hands and laying rapid succession of the after piece of gold or

times winning, but more often los-watch the ruffian-like, snake-eyed middle of the green tables with wooden hoes raking in the money, whirl of the wheel, from the squares outlined in red, black and both ends of the tables.

ing to our ship, we were abed by

a little after ten, to be aroused for breakfast at 6:30 in the morning. Before eight, we were on shore ready to "do" the town in earnest. Up the inclined cogwheel railway to an elevation of two thousand feet and then down the same distance in a sort of basket-work toboggan was a kind of double experience not soon to be forgotten. It is said that the distance from this toboggan slide, a narrow alley paved all the way with pebble stones, has been made in three minutes. Our guides did not bring us quite that fast, nevertheless the ride was a thrilling experience. Perched on the mountain side, at the top of the inclined railway, are the Bella Monte Hotel and a very old church we visited called the Church of Nossa Senhora da Monte (Our Lady of the Mount). This church, which is very old and contains quite a number of poor but much venerated paintings, is said to be a favorite landmark of the sailors, who believe Our Lady to be their patron saint and protector.

We visited the arsenal and the cathedral in the city, a very ancient building filled with much gaudy tinsel, but a church much regarded by the people, also another church with a college attached. Priests were plentiful, and young students were seen among all the crowds in the streets, dressed in their black flaring robes. We went into many bazaars where all sorts of things, especially basket-work, pottery, finely wrought gold and silver jewelry, exquisite needle work, inlaid woodwork, straw goods, photographs and curios were for sale. In the markets were bananas, oranges, pineapples, strawberries, peas, beans, and many other fruits and vegetables quite unfamiliar to us. Acting on the advice of the Eastman Company, we "took a kodak with us," and got many snapshots of interesting street scenes, some of which it affords us much pleasure to show you. Even the oldest travelers in our company assert that they



ON THE COGWHEEL RAILWAY TO BELLA MONTE. COMING DOWN ON THE TOBOGGAN

never visited a place more quaint and queer and foreign in its scenes, its people and its customs.

All the streets are paved, and the narrow sidewalks, too, with little flat pebble stones from the seashore. The stones are set on edge, and in some places in fantastic figures, especially in the sidewalks and in the yards of the houses. There are but two common modes of locomotion in Funchal, aside from walking. The most common is to ride in a vehicle called a "caros," a sort of basket-work sledge, drawn by two small bullocks. Most of these (we called them "bully-carts") have a canopy overhead. But let no reader make the mistake of supposing that these unique carryalls are intended for the humbler classes, for they are used by Funchal's "four hundred," as well as by all others who can afford them, both for business and pleasure. When "my lady" goes shopping,

she takes one, and when "his majesty" with his waxed moustache goes to business or to make a social call, he does the same. Each "caros" has a driver who walks, holding a strap in the bull's horn, and when the load begins to drag heavily on the cobble-stones, he drops a greased rag under each runner of the sledge. The only other satisfactory mode of travel is by use of the "rede," which is a hammock carried by two strong men.

One of the most interesting features of a landing in Funchal is the diving men and boys all about the vessel and dive for money thrown into the sea from the deck. They swarm about the ship, jabbering at the top of their voices to induce the people to toss down the coins. They were first to appear when we cast anchor and they followed the vessel as we were leaving, as far out to sea as they could keep up with our motion. They almost never failed to bring up, in hand or mouth or between their toes, the coins thrown from the deck for them to dive for.

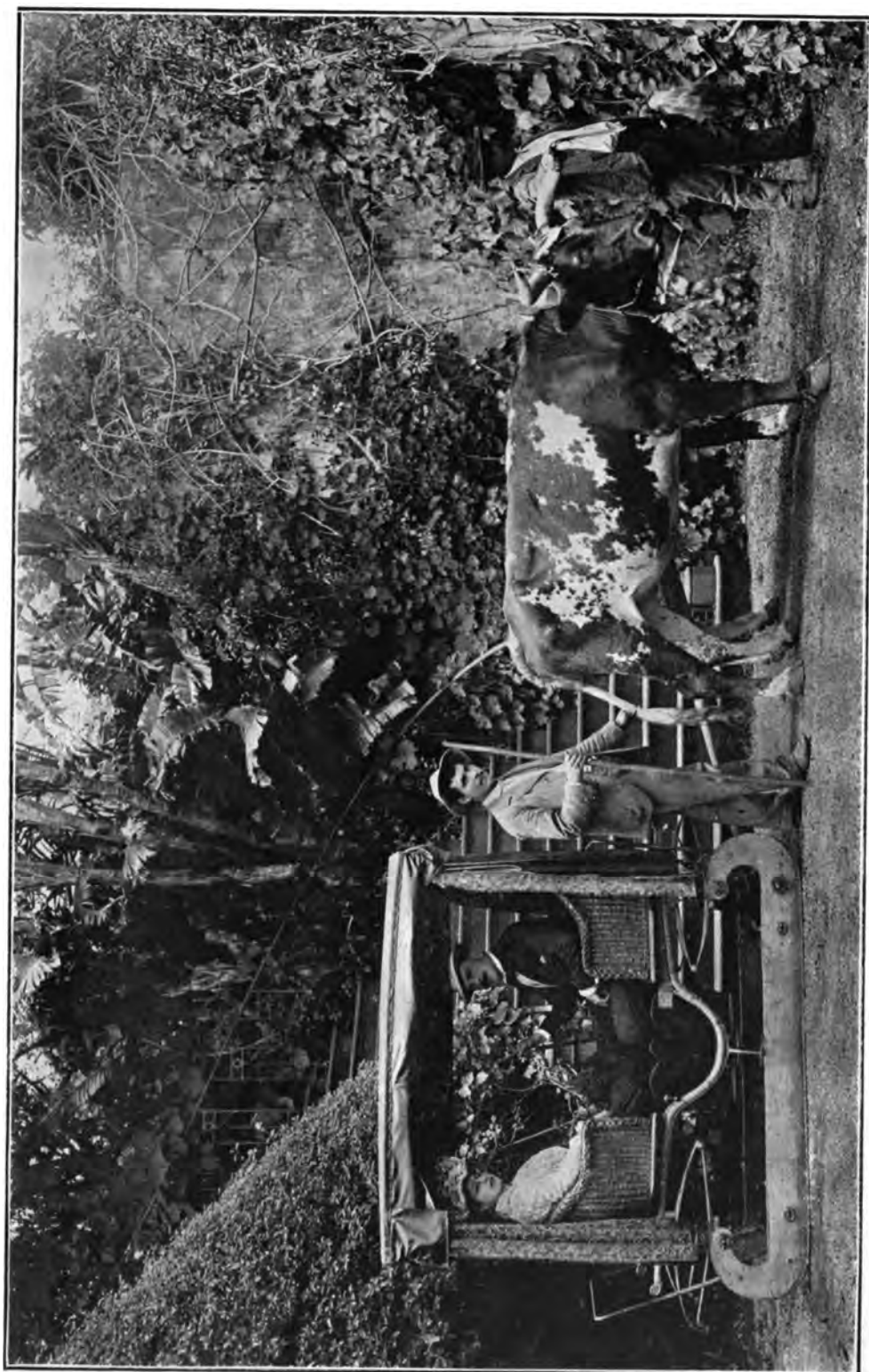
Space fails us to tell of the professional beggars everywhere seen in Funchal's streets; of the Portuguese soldiers, even more plentiful; of the delightful climate,



DIVING FOR SILVER COIN



FUNCHAL. LANDING PLACE. FUNCHAL FROM THE WEST.



THE CAROS

with a temperature never below 52 nor above 88; of the history of the island where Columbus found his wife and got his impulse toward world-voyaging; of the old shal, and of island in the ple, with abundance bitant taxes nearly all dition of religiously.

ple, as a rule, is beyond com eighth of the population can we must not forget that this spots of the world. Here gathered his information that discovery of the New World some, he wooed and won his wife. This led some of our tourists a desire to their guides to see the which Columbus lived. They said it Direita. A guide started to find it, the best informed that he met on

They were non-plussed. The old inhabitant in the town had never known of such a person living there. The guide came back and announced very solemnly and with a good deal more shrewdness than he was supposed to possess, "Columbus no live here any more. He dead."

fort in the centre of the city of Fun- the famous Loo Rock, a fortified harbor; of the homes of the peo- their little irrigated gardens and the of flowers everywhere; of the exor- they pay and the awful poverty of the people; of the sad con- things educationally and The ignorance of the peo- prehension. Only about one- read and write. And yet, is one of the well-known Columbus lived. Here he

led to the Here, say beautiful to express house in was on Rue consulting the way.

est inhab-



losses and of various landings, permission tain, thick a London

The fact that this had bible students' cruise to make the captain a bit about his vessel being into a Methodist camp tent. Consequently, meetings were not a success. We



#### THE BULIETIN BOARD

It was a sight to behold. The finds, the meetings and programmes societies, the lectures, services, starts, were stuck by of the purser and cap- er than the signs on omnibus.

been announced as a seemed anxious turned meeting prayer- learned

later, however, that it was the double sitting—a first and second table being necessary for so large a company of first-class passengers—that caused the difficulty.

#### AMUSEMENTS

As soon as people get their sea legs on and are rested a bit and a little acquainted with their neighbors, they look around for some sort of amusement. Up on the sun deck we found “shuffle-board” and “ring toss” and “solid quoits” or “discs.” They are very innocent, healthy games at sea.



SUNSET OFF PORTUGAL

## GIBRALTAR

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## GIBRALTAR

“**ONE**YCOMBED with galleries and bristling with cannon.” We had looked at this rock so often on the advertisements of the insurance companies, that we were a little disappointed at first as we gazed through the mist of the morning at it on February



REV. H. W. M'LAUGHLIN, GREENBANK, W. VA.

19th. But when we came closer, the lion-like proportions of the great rock stood out boldly. As Mark Twain says: “One side and one end of it come about as straight up out of the sea as the side of a house.” Still, between the sea and this very straight up part nestles the town which we looked at in a drizzling rain. Everybody who lives at Gibraltar seems to want to live in that cramped up, creased spot at the foot of the great fortress. There are about twenty-five to thirty thousand people in the town, whose streets run every which way, and often terminate in a point toward the sky.

The main thoroughfare is Waterport Street, containing most of the hotels, the post and telegraph offices.

Dr. J. W. Pettit, of our party, wrote: “Gibraltar presents, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan appearance of any place in the world. The Barbary Moors, with snow-white turbans; the Arabs, with hooded garments, bare legs and yellow sandals; the Highland soldiers in



GIBRALTAR



their peculiar uniforms; long-bearded Jews in gabardines; Turks, with their baggy red trousers, together with a mingling of Spaniards, Portuguese, East Indians, Africans, Maltese, Levantines, 'Rock Scorpions' (as the natives are called), picturesque Moorish women who are said to be beautiful, make a most memorable picture—a strange intermingling of the twentieth and fifteenth centuries. These people, like those at Madeira, have had very meagre educational advantages; the poorer people none. Our cab driver, naturally quite intelligent, was a Maltese, who spoke five languages but could not read a word. One thing that impressed me was how circumstances had forced each nationality to learn the language of the others. I had some difficulty in getting a cab. A little English boy, apparently twelve years old, offered to assist me. He ran here and there addressing one person in Spanish, another in some other language, each according to his nationality, without any difficulty whatever. The little fellow, while bright, was simply a street gamin who had acquired these several languages by daily contact with this motley population.



GIBRALTAR AT CLOSE RANGE

"This was a red-letter day for Americans in Gibraltar. Our party, numbering eight hundred, and another arriving a little later on the *Fuerst Bismarck*, from New York, made 1,050, the greatest number of Americans that ever visited the rock in one day. The general in command of the fortress was unusually attentive to our party. He detailed a large number of soldiers to act as guides through the galleries. The soldiers were invariably gentlemanly in their conduct and enjoyed our good-natured banterings about the Americans capturing Gibraltar without firing a gun. My guide was even courteous enough to say that he would not consider it a disgrace to surrender to so great a nation as ours—a nation for which, next to his own, he had the warmest affection.

"A very notable feature of Gibraltar is the absence of beggars, which is so characteristic of European, and especially Oriental, countries. I think there must be stringent police regulations to prevent, otherwise it would be certain to exist."

The rock is limestone. There is no doubt of that. Everybody says it is, and the way in which it is honeycombed with subterranean passages, many miles in length, along which armies may move, is evidence of it.

Great portholes through which immense guns thrust their noses and stand more faithfully even than the guards behind them, cover the approach from two seas.

Rev. D. E. Burtner and his room-mate, climbing high up the face of the rock, made their way with difficulty from point to point in the wake of the goats, but had a splendid view. For forty miles the straits sweep from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, always carrying a great volume of water to keep up the loss of the latter by evaporation.

Just opposite is the Companion Rock and Spanish Fort Ceuta, often named Cebyla, the Mount of God. The nearest point in Africa is Tarifa, where the Barbary pirates maintained a castle and exacted toll from every ship passing by—hence, the word tariff, and the custom so prevalent among nations, especially ours.

Yonder is the Moorish range of mountains, the Sierra Bullones, with the highest, Gibel Musa, forming a majestic and inspiring background.



GIBRALTAR, SHOWING PORT HOLES

Just opposite is the city of Algeciras, while to the east is Trafalgar, where the greatest of English admirals fell in his victorious naval battle against the combined forces of Spain and France. The naval forces of these two countries were larger than his. But putting mettle into his heroes with those memorable words, "England

expects every man to do his duty," and leading in the thickest of the fight, he won the crown of victory.

On our left, as we faced the *Celtic*, stretched the Line Wall, the Spanish defenses, and Rosea Bay, surrounded by guns.

Unless you looked very closely, you would not see much evidence of religious life in Gibraltar. The Catholics are in the majority, while the Church of England presses closely by their side. The most active missionaries, however, are found among the Wesleyan Methodists. They have a church, a Sunday-school, and a day school. The Free Church of Scotland is also at work here, but religious work is not in a very vigorous condition. In fact, nothing which we saw here seemed very vigorous except the English soldiers. Who knows how many young Nelsons are among them, longing to die that they may increase the glory of England.

"Our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men."

—*Death of Lord Nelson.*

## ALGIERS

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## ALGIERS

BY REV. T. CHESTER HYDE, M.A.

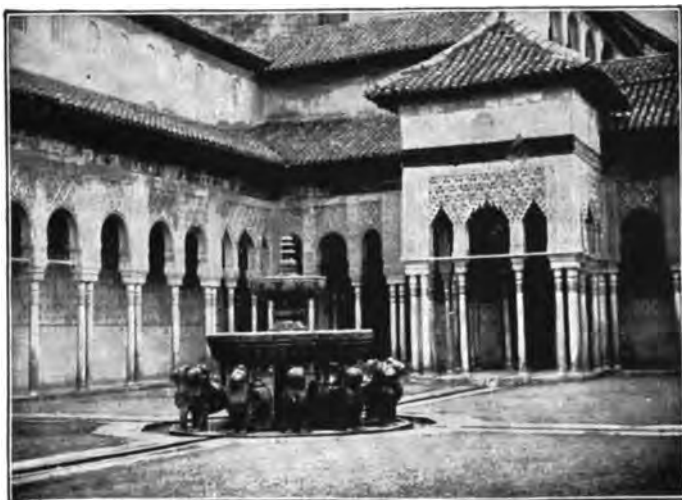


HE run from Gibraltar to Algiers is not very long—about 410 miles. We were not far from land at any time, and looked down into that land of Africa, land of strange civilizations and peoples, land of darkness, of ignorance, of sphinx and pyramid, with intense interest and excitement.

We were sailing, too, in the blue waves of the famous Mediterranean Sea, famous because upon its waters have sailed the heroes of the world. Here great warriors have marshalled mighty navies and fought battles which have stained its waters with blood. Hannibal, Cæsar, Marc Antony and Cleopatra raised here their silken sails to the breezes which carried them to fortune and fame, or to disaster and shame. On these waters sailed the old cord ship that was engaged in trade between Alexandria and Rome, in which lay bound the Apostle to the Gentiles, whose presence and faith saved the crew after fourteen days and nights of sleepless vigil and toil (Acts xxvi. and xxvii.). Here have sailed many missionaries



THE APPROACH TO ALGIERS



COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA



ALHAMBRA—INTERIOR

of the Cross, on their way with the same gospel of good news to the Gentile world.

This sea washes the shores of three continents; these shores are dotted with the remains of extinct peoples, which grew old and died before the dawn of authentic history; into these waters fall the shadows of the monuments which had grown old before Abraham lived in the land of Ur and whose origin was lost in antiquity before Herodotus wrote his histories, five hundred years B.C. This is the birthplace of civilization, literature, art, philosophy and religion, as well as of Christianity.

We arrived off Algiers in the evening of February 20. The *Celtic* lay well out to sea, for the water was rough still from a storm that had visited the city ahead of us. Many of our tourists landed that evening to take a look at the city and its queer people. It was a strange place to many of us indeed! A few wide streets, stores brilliantly lighted, saloons in full swing and boiling over on the sidewalk.

But the people—many dressed in the very latest European fashion; others dressed in all the fantastic garbs of the Orient—where did they live? Whence came they? Go up in some of those streets in the upper part of the city. You dare not go alone. But take a guide with you and keep your eyes open as you go. Look at the streets, so narrow and crooked here and there that some one said, "he met himself five times in trying to go as many blocks." Guide, do



PUBLIC SQUARE AT ALGIERS

you mean to tell us that human beings live in those holes—eat and sleep and cook and wash and rear children and do business in those holes?" "Yes, that is the only home and the only place on the earth that they have." How can they live in such places?

Here were stalwart Bedouins of the desert, proud Moors of the dim past, out-cast Jews swarthy Riffians from the mountains, look-

ing like lazy cut-throats, negroes as black as the ace of spades and strutting about with the most unconscious air of any darkness in their skin, howling Dervishes, not on duty, except—and Arabs in variety beyond description; Kalongis and Kabeles. These last are from the mountains and are a pure race showing traces of Greek and Roman elements in complexion, laws, and even of the Christian customs of the early centuries.

It is late now, and we must reach the *Celtic* to-night and be ready for a broader and more thorough look at the town to-morrow.

On February 21, we looked out on Algiers early in the morning through a pouring rain. Nothing daunted, a number started ashore in the small boats

that had come out for passengers. Among the foremost were Mr. and Mrs. Bates, of Syracuse. There lies Algiers in the dripping rain, about as described. All the buildings are white, with red-tiled roofs, half hidden by the trees of green or nestling amid the orange groves and vines, all except those about the wharf. On a different day it might be beautiful. But to-day the most noticeable feature is the business-like appearance of the city near the sea.

As Cortez says, "He travels safest in the dark who travels lightest."

The Hon. Bryan Mahan, of New London, Conn., and I were of the second table, and those of the first table were at the companionway when we came on



SCENES IN ALGIERS

deck, and the last of these just shut us out of the last boat to take ashore passengers under the direction of Mr. Clarke. The little boats could not ferry any more to the steamer about to depart for shore and we were among the party to be left on the ship, as we supposed.

Mr. Mahan had disappeared in the meantime, but soon I saw him following a mechanic. A little tug came alongside and took on the mechanic, but the captain refused to let any one else go down the companionway, as he said that was a private tug. Mr. Mahan said he had been following that mechanic all over the deck, knowing he must get ashore, and the captain then said: "I will take no responsibility, but you may go, remembering that is a private tug and they may not land you." Mr. Mahan dropped down that companionway

and I followed him, leaving umbrella with Dr. Nelson, and I was the last one to drop from that ship for Algiers. The swell made the tug lurch as I dropped, but I managed to crawl into the forward cabin, only to find the table dashing madly from one side to the other and the steps moving perilously. There we clasped one another and the table and steps until we had reached the dock, thankful to get ashore at any price.

At the dock we found Mr. McAlpin and a friend on the same tug, and they had evidently stood well in the estimation of the captain also.

This incident has led me to think much better of Captain Lindsley than those who staid on the ship seem to think of him. But really it was a heavy sea that first morning to bring a ship about in or to enter the harbor of Algiers in. I have talked with boatmen on board who think it would have been impossible to make a breakwater of the ship the first day.

But let us look around and find out what is at hand.

Here are vessels from all parts of the world, even a United States war vessel, the *Chicago*; great piles of wares on wharf, and storehouses with immense doors and passageways, that seemed capable of doing business with all the ports



ALGIERS.—FACING THE QUAY

of the world. Back of the city and eastward is Mustapha Supérieur, the beautiful residence suburb, with its villa terraces, we found later, decorated with the richest floral splendor. Thirty miles distant rises Mt. Atlas, though you



must be careful to distinguish this little mountain from that in Morocco of the same name.

The city is composed of two distinct parts, of which the lower is French Algiers, as gay and modern as Cairo in its best part. It is traversed by Thomson and Houston electric systems; the squares, the government houses, hotels, warehouses and barracks tell what France has done for this garden city and seat of government for Algeria, a territory of five hundred by two hundred miles along the coast and inland. Here the most marked statesmen of France have been trained for service in Paris, and every general in the Crimean War saw service here. It looked in the evening as if we were to be captives in Algiers, for as we looked at Roche *sans nom* in the harbor, "The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast." But our captivators were our *vis-a-vis* at the captain's table, for in a carriage came two ladies to whom we had had the privilege thus far of handing rice and prunes, and now they retaliated by telling us of a hotel called the Oriental, the former sanitary station, on the Mustapha Supérieur.

Oh! that wood fire, and pianola after that refreshing dinner. And that bed!

The next morning we were told that at two the *Celtic* would come about and make a breakwater, so as to embark us in her wake, and off we went to visit Saint Eugénie, Notre-Dame d'Afrique, with its black-faced virgin, where each Sunday afternoon an impressive service is held for those who have perished, and whose walls are covered with the crutches of those who have been healed.

The upper part is not an inviting-looking section. The houses are tall, windowless looking dens with such narrow streets that the sun seems never to penetrate them. You want to be sure and mind your own business as you pass along them. We found the city however, under excellent police control, and wandered about in groups at our own sweet will.

The ghastly extent of Algerian piracy will be best understood by the statement that altogether 3,000 vessels fell into the hands of these cruel ruffians. In six years (1674-1680) England alone lost three hundred and fifty ships and had six thousand of her subjects enslaved. In the year 1793, there were one hundred and fifteen American slaves in Algiers, and Franklin on his deathbed kept appealing for their emancipation. It is hard to realize that only seventy years ago the Dey and his bloodthirsty pirates held complete sway, and that almost the only European or American residents were slaves who worked in chain gangs. It is estimated that over six hundred thousand Christian slaves have suffered the nameless horrors and atrocities of bondage, of whom the very smallest proportion ever escaped. These represented every nation, and every rank from seamen to nobles and scientists, and worst of all delicately nurtured women and children. This piracy is the "Chamber of Horrors" of human history!

The population of Algiers is estimated at ninety thousand, of whom two thirds are Europeans. It is the great seaport town of Algeria, whose population is variously estimated and fixed at about four millions.

The most striking object on approaching the city is the great Mole of the Penon, which formed the ancient harbor. Originally a Spanish fort, it was

connected with the mainland by a Mole which together with a great wall took thirty thousand Christian slaves three years to build.



This citadel is on the highest point of the city, and was the treasure stronghold of the Algerian princes. One Dey had at one time twelve millions of sterling in it, and the French conquerors found fifty million francs therein. The palace of the Dey, now occupied by the Governor-General, and the even finer palace occupied by the Archbishop, will prove interesting.

The Library and Museum is filled with Roman and Arabian antiquities and manuscripts, as well as pieces of fine sculpture. One of the curios is a gruesome plaster cast of the Christian martyr Geronimo writhing in death. The tradition is that he had been put alive into a block of concrete which was afterward built into the wall of a fort near the city. This was verified in 1853, when the wall was demolished, and the concrete with an accurate impression of the martyr's body, face downward, was discovered.

The Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, where each Sunday afternoon an impressive service is held for those who have perished at sea, is interesting, as well as the English Church of the Holy Trinity, with its many memorial tablets and inscriptions as far back as 1580. The same is true of the Cathedral of St. Phillippe. The Mosque el Tebir (the Great) built in the tenth century, and standing near the beautiful Place du Gouvernement, is a fine example of Moorish architecture. The Mosque Sidi Abderhaman, in the fascinating Marabout quarter, containing the decorated tombs of some of the deys and pashas of olden time, is very attractive to any one interested in mosques.



PUBLIC SQUARE, ALGIERS, SHOWING STATUE

But by the time you have tried to walk across a few of these mosque floors with the sandals over your shoes which the attendants of them provide, and which you lose off every three steps or drag like snow shoes after you, the æsthetic as well as the religious enthusiasm of your nature weakens.

You begin to ask the guide, Isn't there something a little more exciting that we can look at? Some one remembers—the dances. "Dervish dances" we called them, but they did not seem to understand.

The fanatical religious dances of the Aissaoui in the native quarter, which are accompanied with gouging the eyes, scarings of hot iron, the eating of lizards, etc., have a weird fascination, although it takes strong nerves to witness an Aissaoui fête.

These did not seem to be much of a success, so we went to look for the Jardin d'Essai, a great sub-tropical horticultural park, with fine avenues of palms and aloes and orange groves, as well as the fine military roads through vineyards and gardens, together with the footpaths and Arab lanes which lead to many charming nooks. These give an idea of Nature's wonderful handiwork around Algiers. The permanent exhibition of Algerian products gives samples of all Algerian products and plants.

You cannot help but think of the religious condition of these people, for there are hundreds all about you whom you are told are on their way to Mecca. They go out from here by great ship loads, as we saw, like immigrants starting for America, spending their last centime to reach that blessed haven, many of them not caring what happens to them after that.

Our lecturer reminded us that "Africa, not Rome, gave birth to Latin Christianity." Tertullian in the second century, Cyprian in the third, and Augustine in the fourth are the stalwarts of the early church. The eldest Latin translation of the Bible (the basis of Jerome's "Vulgata") was made in Africa, and Latin theology, with Tertullian as its father and Augustine as its crowning glory, was the product of North Africa.

The success of the early Church was phenomenal. Milman states that at the Council of Carthage, A.D. 253, there were no fewer than 87 bishops present, and an equal number of presbyters. There were five hundred and eighty sees between Cyrene and the Atlantic. The last Bishop of Hippo was Augustine, who died in the third month of the siege of this walled city by the Vandals. With its fall came the complete desolation which turned this fair garden of the Lord into a barren wilderness. It is not easy to see why Providence permitted this unspeakable calamity, unless it was to give an object lesson for all time of the infinite superiority of Christianity.

There are at present in Algiers four Catholic Churches, a Church of England, a Presbyterian Church (at Mustapha) a Station of the London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, together with six colleges, an Episcopal Seminary, and many day schools. There are about ten thousand Protestants in Algeria, four hundred thousand Catholics and the rest are Mohammedans.



NATIVES IN COSTUME

With a force of fifty missionaries and six stations in Algeria the Evangelical Christian Church has made a beginning for the redeeming of this fair land. But it is only a beginning. The Cross has many conquests yet to make before much of the former glory of Christ shall be seen in the lives of these ignorant, superstitious Arabs and Moors. The kingdom of God, however, shall also be established here.

"He shall reign from sea to sea,  
When He girds on His conquering sword;  
All ends of the earth shall see  
The salvation of our God."

We are turned now toward the Quay and lo! the *Celtic* is steaming out. The driver is lashing those horses of his furiously, but at last he subsides with "La Celtique parte," as his only consolation. We manage to make him understand that it is only a manœuvre and the horses are again moving rapidly. He reaches the Quay, receives his fifteen francs with smiling face and stands watching us as we board the tug and looks at us as if we were superior beings to have such a great ship wait for us after weighing anchor, and the wonder seems to him, "How did these people know she was not going?" Our eyes lingered upon the city with longing to return some time.

#### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

The next day, Saturday, February 22nd, Washington's Birthday, was a heavy day. Everybody seemed stiff and very formal. But soon the sunshine broke over the vast expanse of sea, and with it came the announcement that Father Clune would lecture—not on Washington, but on Lincoln. That seemed quite fitting, as we had forgotten to observe Lincoln's Birthday properly. It would not do to slight him. Besides nobody seemed to have brought along a lecture on Washington, while scores could lecture on Abraham Lincoln. There for instance stood the Rev. Walter D. Cole of Lafayette, Ind., of whom the *Courier* of that city said, "Dr. Cole's tribute to Lincoln was one of the most glorious ever heard in this city." But we had not heard much from the priests on board and who could better present so grand a theme than Father Clune. Many were the congratulations that he received at the close of his eloquent address. We have but space for one story. It is that of Mayor General Schuyler Hamilton.

Now and again, in those first days, Lincoln would find time for an unannounced visit to one of the departments, in the discharge of some helpful task which he did not elect to entrust to others. It was an errand of this sort, which one hot afternoon in the early summer of 1861, caused his unexpected appearance at the headquarters of General Winfield Scott. He looked the picture of weariness and disgust, and, without waiting for the general to welcome him, sank heavily into the first chair to which he came.

"Keep your seat, General," said the President, as, with a huge bandanna,

he wiped the dust and moisture from his face. "It is too hot to stand on ceremony. I have only dropped in to tell you that I have learned something new to-day."

"What is that, Mr. President?" asked General Scott, a look of surprise still lingering on his face.

"That it is a great thing to be an office-holder," Mr. Lincoln went on. "Since nine o'clock this morning I have been trying my best to get an audience with a clerk in the pension office, but without success. I have been upstairs and downstairs, from the ground floor to the attic, half a dozen times, and I am completely fagged out."

"Pardon me, Mr. President," General Scott broke in,—“but it is rather an uncommon thing for the President of the United States to become a solicitor of pensions. When you have any business of that kind demanding attention, send it to me, and my secretary here will be glad to attend to it, without delay.”

"I am sure the claim is a just one," the President continued, unmindful of the general's interruption, "for I have gone over the papers in the case with care." Here he drew a bulky package from one of his pockets. "The applicant is the widow of a corporal who was killed by the Indians. She should have had her money long ago, but nobody seems to have taken any interest in the case. She has been haunting the White House almost daily for weeks. I am resolved to wind the matter up one way or another to-day. I have promised the poor woman an answer at four o'clock, and she is waiting for me over at the White House. How long do you think it would take you, Colonel"—addressing Hamilton—"to get this case through the Pension Office?"

"It should be done in half an hour," replied Hamilton, as he glanced over the papers to see if they were in proper form.

"Go ahead, my son," said the President, "and I will wait for you here."

Five minutes later Hamilton was addressing the Commissioner of Pensions.

"Did you see a tall, dark-complexioned man here to-day?" he asked. "He wore a linen duster and a slouch hat, and was interested in the pension of a woman whose husband was killed in the Seminole War."

"Oh, yes, I remember the man," was the reply. "He said he was a lawyer from somewhere out West."

"Well," said Hamilton, "you have got yourself into a pretty fix. That man is President Lincoln, and I have just promised him I would bring him an answer from you inside of half an hour."

This brief announcement wrought an instant change in the Pension Office. Bells were rung and heads of divisions sent for, while clerks and messengers ran here and there at the seeming peril of life and limb. Before the expiration of the promised half-hour, Hamilton placed the final papers, duly signed and executed, in the hands of the President. He looked them over carefully, to make sure that they were right, and then, with a quizzical smile, asked:

"Can you tell me, Colonel, how it is that I was so long and failed, and you were so short and succeeded?"

"To speak frankly, Mr. President," said Hamilton, "I regret to say you are not known by sight in the Pension Office."

The regular Washington Birthday party, however, was held in the evening. A few short speeches, appropriate to the day, were made. The Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, *facile princeps* on all such occasions, made the hit of the evening in showing how the country had grown under Washington and his spirit. You will find the substance of his speech in that very popular book of his called "Our Country."



ALGIERS

## MALTA

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## MALTA



HE people of Malta had prepared to give us quite a reception, as we afterward learned. We, on our part, anticipated a great treat in visiting this historic island. It is the first country in our pilgrimage presenting to us the scenes of Bible story. Everyone was on tiptoe of expectation as the island hove in sight; and as we sailed past St. Paul's Bay every available glass was made to do duty in revealing every detail of this historic spot.

The monument to St. Paul stands near the Bay, and every nook and cranny of the shore seemed to tell some story of that wonderful shipwreck. The 27th chapter of Acts was read by many; and there we see that after his shipwreck Paul lived three months upon this island.

The *Celtic* came to anchor about four miles out, and everyone was ready to go ashore. They crowded around the head of every gangway, but no boats appeared for landing the people.



HARBOR OF MALTA, LEFT SIDE SHOWING FORT

The pilot had assured our captain that there was ample room and sufficient depth of water in the harbor and offered to take the *Celtic* in and become responsible for all the damage; the Admiral said he had thirteen gunboats in line in the harbor, some of which drew more water than the *Celtic*. The Governor said that he had had two of these gunboats moved, on purpose to make ample room for our ship, and was surprised that our captain would not risk an entrance. He sent the agent of the White Star Line out to plead with the captain to come in, in view of all the facts; but nothing could move him. He was afraid she could not turn around in the harbor. Of course, he means to keep his ship safely, so he can bring us all home in it. But it did seem, in view of all the circumstances, that it was a case of caution carried to the greatest extreme. About 200 people went ashore and had a splendid visit. A few took carriages at Valetta for St. Paul's Bay, the site of St. Paul's shipwreck. Among these were Rev. Dr. Tyndall, of New York, and Rev. S. Edward Young and wife, of Pittsburg, Pa.



A view of St. Paul's Bay impresses one at once with its conformity to the description by St. Luke of the place of the shipwreck as detailed in the 27th chapter of the Acts. The "certain creek with a shore into which they were minded of it were possible to thrust in the ship," we thought might easily be the small arm of the sea now designated St. Paul's Bay—and it was also easy to identify the place "where two seas met" or where from the standpoint of



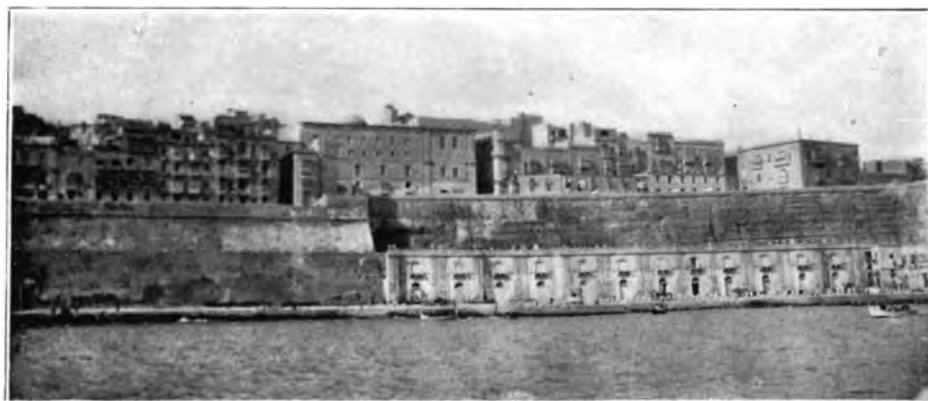
SCENES AT MALTA

those familiar with the ways of the sea, two seas would really meet during the prevalence of a storm. It is said that six British sea captains starting from Cæsarea, the place of embarkation of St. Paul, on his famous journey to Rome, went over the route indicated in the narrative in the Acts through to Puteoli—the seaport of Rome—where he landed. Their judgment was, after this careful investigation, that the story of the voyage as detailed in the

Acts is acceptable and trustworthy from the standpoint of practical seamen. A monument has been erected at St. Paul's Bay, marking the traditional site of the landing of the ship's company, of which St. Paul was the most conspicuous member. There is a considerable village at St. Paul's Bay—the principal occupation of the inhabitants being fishing.

Of course the majority took the train for a ride of seven miles to Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of Malta.

The country was in its glory. Fruits and flowers and vegetables were everywhere in evidence. The cactus is even cultivated as food here by the natives and is said to be very palatable. The Cathedral of St. Paul, with its Reliquary Chapel full of old parchments and ancient relics, is a little disappointing. The skulls in that great room are our first introduction to this hideous kind of art, though not our last; we shall meet them again at Rome. We shall see catacombs again, but none surpassing these in extent, though those at



MALTA HARBOR, GOING IN

Rome seem to have had more intelligent inhabitants. But let us hasten to the vessel and tell you about Malta afterward.

Malta is an immense fortification, 17 miles long and 8 broad, and is the largest of a group rising out of the Mediterranean, as a signal tower between England and her Eastern possessions. The highest point on the island, 800 feet, would not make a respectable elevation for an American hill. The soil is excellent, what there is of it, raising two or three crops a year. But at the best it gives a scant living for nearly 200,000 people who live on Malta. It seems strange to find the most congested population in the world—2,000 to the square mile—on this far away island of the sea.

The Arab blood predominates, though Italian features are quite conspicuous.

As to the character of the people, they are industrious, temperate, ignorant, superstitious, with the passion and weakness of the Latin race. Hunger and idleness rob them of the dignity and moral worth of their English rulers and brothers. Some of the men are excellent artificers and some of the women splendid lace makers, but their market is so limited and the average wages of a laborer so small—25 to 50 cents a day—that there is little incentive. True,

many tourists and invalids visit the island. Neither of these, however, are very reliable sources of wealth. Owing to the mild climate in winter, invalids find this one of the health resorts of the world, and "chronic invalids have to leave the island to die."

An entire day without sunshine is very rare.

The upper and educated class of the women of Malta are very attractive, in personal appearance and manners. They are mostly brunettes and have large dark brown or black eyes. The headdress is very peculiar in appearance. It is something like our old fashioned sun bonnet, only it is looped on one side. It is called the "paldette," projecting 10 or 12 inches on the right side of the face and only 2 or 3 on the left side. It has a long cape, always black, extending far down the back, but carried often on the arm.

The Chapel of San Carlo contains reputed sacred relics, including a thorn from the Saviour's crown; the stones with which Stephen was martyred; and some bones of the apostles. These things well illustrate the new version of the saying, "what fools some mortals be." The right hand of John the Baptist, encased in a glove of gold and with a great diamond on the finger, was here when Napoleon took the island. He slipped the ring on his own finger, so the story goes, and thrust the hand aside with the sneering remark, "Keep the carrion." The Amberge de Castille, the largest and finest of the Knights' palaces, the military headquarters, the Public Library and the Military Hospital called out many remarks of surprise.

They point with great pride to a University with four faculties, law, medicine, philosophy and theology, and 1,026 students. And while they claim 119 Public Schools with 14,836 pupils and over 100 private schools, still the ignorance is very dense. The priests are blamed very much for the ignorant condition of the people, yet England is certainly greatly to blame. We shall see, however, in the course of a hundred years what America will do for the Philippines.

The combination of the Moorish and the Italian is most charming. The main street, Strada Reale, has many of the important buildings, including an Opera House where Patti is said to have made her debut, for which she received five pounds. The Church of St. John is the most conspicuous object in Malta, and one of the most remarkable in Europe; for while the impression is somewhat overdecoration, its tombs of the Grand Masters, its lovely marble and mosaic pavements, its 400 marble memorials of the knightly dead and its many emblems of heraldy, make it a striking object of interest. Its corner stone was laid 1573, on the supposed site of the house of Publius, of Acts xxviii.

The Armory Hall of the Governor's palace contains much armor, including that of a Spanish giant, 7 feet 6 inches high, the helmet of which weighs 27 lbs., together with many trophies and relics. Among these are a cannon 500 years old, of tarred ropes and covered with leather; the original bull by which in 1113 Pope Pascal took the Knights under his protection; the original chart of Charles V., giving Malta to the Knights in 1530; and the long trumpet that sounded the surrender at Rhodes in 1522. In the Church of the Monks lie the unburied bodies of the monks, the skeletons wearing the cloaks which were worn in life. In the Chapel of Bones in Valetta may be seen the skulls

of 2,000 of these Christian Knights who fell in battle during that memorable siege. One can be but impressed by the size and shape of the skulls, which clearly indicate that these Christian martyrs were people of a high order, intellectually and physically. A large marble slab over the altar contains the following inscription in Latin: "The world is a theatre and human life is the boundary of all worldly things. Life is the personification of vanity. Death breaks and dissolves the illusion and is the boundary of all mortal things. Let those who visit this place ponder well these maxims and carry them with a lively remembrance of death. Peace be with you."

The order of Knighthood, which has given such an attractive interest to this island since Paul's time, is called the Knights of St. John and had its origin in Jerusalem about 1060 A. D. They were driven from Palestine by the Turk and suffered much at the hands of Mohammedans.

Dr. Lorenze of New York, in his lecture on Malta says: "The Roman Church has a monopoly of religious work, having two bishops and about two thousand clergy, or about one for every twenty families. England has put a very cruel interpretation upon its promise, made a century ago, 'to secure to the Maltese the free exercise of their religion,' by allowing a priesthood that wilfully keeps the people in ignorance so as to maintain its power over them, to have absolute sway. The attitude of the Church towards the Government is intolerant and dictatorial, and there has been little effort made to restrain them from offensive interference, or to relieve the people from the frightful incubus of supporting a swarm of non-producers in well-fed, sensual idleness, while the people themselves are kept near the starvation point.

"England all these years has given but scanty recognition to the religious rights of Protestants, and little effective work has been done. The religious condition is almost as bad as when England took possession a hundred years ago. Still, it has been occupied for some years by various Missionary Societies, preaching stations being sustained by the Colonial Society of England and of Scotland, and especially by the Scottish Free Church."



CLOUD EFFECT AT MALTA

## OVER SEA AND LAND TO ATHENS



O avoid a quarantine of at least four days, Mr. Clark very wisely decided to change our course. Instead of going to Egypt, we went first to Greece, thence to Constantinople and Smyrna, reaching Palestine at Hifa instead of Joppa. Turkey wants to keep unclean things out—she has enough within. She quarantined against Egypt and everything that comes from Egypt.

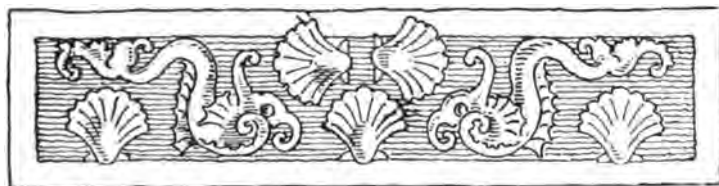
Two nights and a day of sailing over historic waters, past the island of Crete, and into the Archipelago made memorable by classic heroes of old, brought us to the shores of Athens.



ATHENS.—THE ACROPOLIS

It does not lie within the power of pen to describe our emotions as we approach this land of ancient story. Every foot of it is eloquent in some story of classic gods and heroes. We were in a transport of such wonderful charm as to hold us spell-bound, while we wander through this maze of monumental ruins and try to realize something of the story they tell. To the right, as one looks out from the ship as she enters the Bay of Piræus, can be seen the ruins of Ancient Athens towering above the fine modern city which lies at its feet. Here to the left is the Bay of Salamis, where Xerxes, "seated in his golden chair," saw the utter rout of his mighty army by the Themistocles, whose tomb is shown in the rock near by. We are carried back to our college days, and for the moment feel young again while with the classmates of long ago we, in memory, review the story of Marathon and Thermopylæ, with Miltiades and Leonidas performing their deeds of valor. Once again we peruse, in company with fair

schoolmates of old, the wondrous story of Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens; then the sad story of the Persian and Lacadæmonian invasion, with the garments of Athena trailing in the dust; and the heroic efforts of Demosthenes to rally his countrymen against the invasion of Philip of Macedon. Oh, what a flood of memories does come to make this land of Socrates, and Homer, and Pindor, and Pericles a living reality! These cloud-capped mountains are, indeed, realities! And this must be the land of Olympian Zeus! In a beautiful dream, that will evermore seem real, we ride through this far-famed plain of Attica, amid fine gardens and olive orchards; with here and there a Greek shepherd tending his flock in fenceless fields, as of old; and soon find ourselves wandering beside the Temple of Theseus, the first ancient ruin that lies in our path. We scarcely realize the earth beneath our feet, as we now approach the Acropolis. Every step of the way is strewn with heaps of marble and broken fragments of sculpture that once adorned these temples. The Acropolis is an uplift of limestone, 200 feet high, 1,100 feet long and 450 feet wide. Upon the top stands the Parthenon, devoted to the worship of Athena, whose image in gold and ivory once graced its walls. The wilderness of pillars and temples upon this summit cannot be described. It was a real study to behold the look of amazement and the signs of awe that came over the multitude as they found themselves in the presence of these relics of ancient civilization and grandeur.



## GREECE

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## ATHENS

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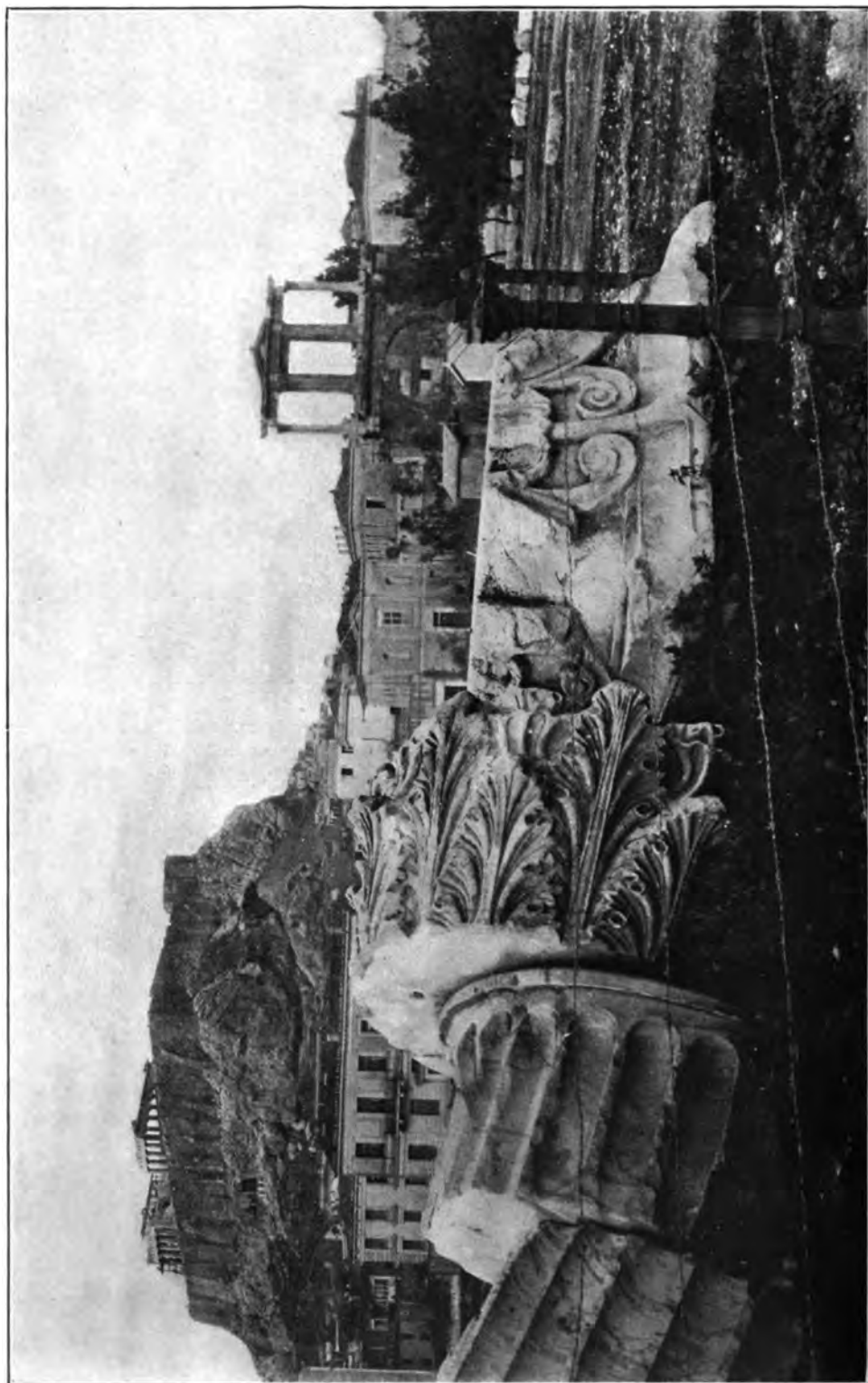
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FALLEN COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER. ARCH OF HADRIAN TO THE RIGHT. PROTESTANT GREEK CHURCH—KALLIPATHIKES, PASTOR—IN THE CENTER

## ATHENS, THE "EYE OF GREECE"

By REV. D. E. BURTNER, M.A., SWAMPSCOTT, BOSTON, MASS.



LEAVING Malta, for many of our fellow-passengers the island of disappointed hopes, thirty-six hours' sail brought us in the early dawn of Wednesday, February 26, to

"Where on the Ægean shore a city stands  
Built nobly; pure the air and light the soil,  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And of eloquence."

Anchoring well within the Bay of Phaleron, on our left could be seen Piræus, with the Gulf of Salamis just beyond, where, twenty-four centuries ago, Greece and Persia struggled fiercely for the mastery of its waters, while Xerxes from his golden throne on the heights above saw the utter rout and ruin of his fleet. Half a dozen miles away, and almost directly in front of us the temple-crowned Acropolis, with all its gathered wealth of noble memories, loomed grandly up; the cynosure of all eyes from the deck of the *Celtic*, it became the Mecca towards which the feet of all instinctively turned when we reached the city. Disembarking in small boats which were towed in clusters to the shore, we were hurried into tramcars and conveyed to the city along the line of the southern wall, whose ruins, however, were scarcely discernible. One could not help remarking the abundance of small stones in field and garden by the way, due, not to the laziness of the owners, but to their foresight, we are told, for if the stones were removed, the wind would soon blow all the light soil away. Accepting this indolent explanation for what it was worth, and getting off the car at the point nearest to the Acropolis, we wended our way at once to the theatre of Dionysius, and sat in the marble chairs formerly reserved for the dignitaries of the "purple-wreathed city." For the moment we wished that Father Time would accommodatingly roll back his scroll to the days when Æschylus and Sophocles,



Euripides and Aristophanes were delighting Athenian audiences with their matchless plays. The remorseless old scythe-bearer, however, heeded not our wish, but passed calmly on and we were obliged to follow him. We climbed the circled tiers of seats, said to accommodate thirty thousand persons, to the ruins of the Temple of Æsculapius, whose two remaining columns stand like sentinels on guard at the southern base of the Acropolis. Picking our way over many a carved temple ornament, we reached, in a few moments, the Odeon of Herod, similar in form to the Temple of Bacchus, but much smaller, seating only five or six thousand people. Much of the front wall, with its arched doors and windows, still stands, and its marble-paved stage is wonderfully well preserved. We listened, as we sat down to rest in one of the rock-hewn seats of the upper circle, but the Muses were all mute and no voice of drama or song drifted across the silent centuries. Entering through the Beule Gate to the



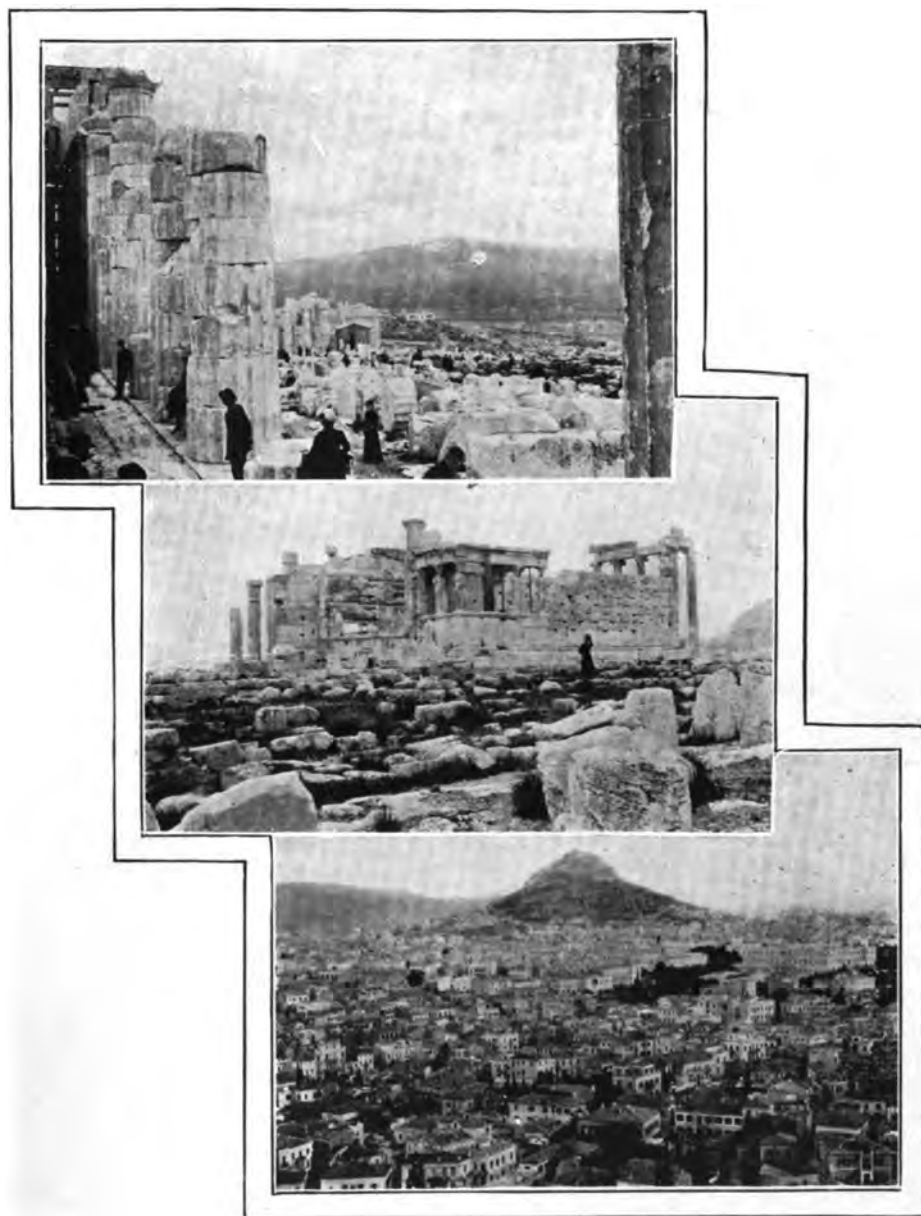
TEMPLE OF NIKE

Acropolis, Prof. Richardson, of the American School, told us about its past and present, and pointed with his hand to the different parts of Athens's greatness wrought out in marble. On the right stood the exquisite little Temple of Nike or Wingless Victory, perfect in its proportions and full of the grace of the master sculptor's art.

On the left is seen the square column of Marcus Agrippa, forming the pedestal upon which his statue once stood. Behind this is the picture gallery, of which the roof is gone, but the walls remain almost intact.

Between these two chambers or wings, the Propylæ proper stands, a magnificent monument to the genius of its architect, Monesicles. Though much inferior to the Parthenon in size, it is even bolder in conception; guarding, as it does, the approach to the Acropolis, it also forms a supremely worthy introduction to this centre of the political and religious life of the ancient city. Its five gateways are separated by rows of Doric columns, only less massive in size than those of the Parthenon and grouped so as to support the huge marble entablatures and yet give grace and dignity to the entire structure. Through the wide central entrance, the Pan-athenaic processions marched up to the citadel on occasions of state. Passing beyond the Propylæ, we reach, Palestine excepted, the most illustrious spot in all the world—the Acropolis, at first the home and fortress, and afterward the sacred shrine of ancient Athens.

Half a hundred statues of the gods once adorned its surface and called forth the homage and the gifts of their worshippers. Near the center stood the gigantic statue of Athena Promachos, whose brazen spear-tip could be seen far out at sea by mariners homeward bound, telling them that their toils were almost over. As we emerge from the Propylæ, we face the northwest angle of the Parthenon, the most perfect building of all time; its beautiful symmetry and exquisite proportions grow upon us, though we look upon it only in noble



ON ACROPOLIS

ERECTHEUM

CITY OF ATHENS

ruin; even the golden brown of the weather stains upon the white marble adds indescribable picturesqueness to its appearance. And when we remember that a little more than two centuries ago it was still comparatively perfect, we can scarcely forgive the vandalism of Christian and Turk, the carelessness of Greek, and above all, the deliberate aim of the German gunner who sent a shell into the powder magazine placed within it during the Venetian War of 1687, and tumbled into irreparable ruin so large a portion of it. Of the original ninety-eight columns, forty-six are still standing; their delicate flutings and graceful taper present a singularly pleasing effect to the eye, and harmonize most perfectly with the building as a whole. In the center of the raised pavement of the interior stood Phidias's second masterpiece, the chryselphantine statue of Minerva, patron goddess of the city; to his genius and that of Callicrates and Ictinus, under the patronage of the renowned Pericles, Athens and



ERECTHEUM, SHOWING CARYATIDES

the world are forever indebted for this architectural wonder of the ages. Some fifty or sixty paces directly north of the Parthenon and in striking contrast to its noble simplicity and dignity stands the Erechtheum, with its portico of the Caryatides, or Maidens, probably representing the figures of virgins connected with the temple service; with airy gracefulness they seem to make light of the task of bearing up the heavy blocks of stone which form the roof of the portico. And when we recall the recklessness

and carelessness of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we are quite ready to forgive the "scientific ravages" of Lord Elgin in carrying off one of the Caryatides as well as a multitude of other art treasures to enrich the British Museum. Was not even a member of the *Celtic* party heard to say that "if he had the money which was expended on this hill, he would not care a continental what became of the old ruins?" And another to offer the observation "that if these buildings were in America, they would be kept in better repair." Possibly, some of our number also followed the example of the two jolly fathers who, on another occasion, were enjoying a sumptuous meal together at an Athenian hostelry; on being asked if they were not going to visit the Acropolis, they replied: "No; what's the use; it is just as it is described in the books." The Erechtheum occupies the place where the famous

contest between Neptune and Minerva for the possession of the city occurred. Neptune's proffered gift of the war-horse was rejected for Minerva's gift of the peaceful olive-tree, and the salt spring near by marks the spot where the disappointed god thrust his angry trident into the soil. In the unpretentious museum of the Acropolis may be seen a number of interesting archæological finds, characteristic of the social and religious life of old Athens. Retracing



MARS HILL

our steps and passing down through the Propylæ, we see immediately to the right the low, barren peak called the Areopagus, where gods and men were tried. The court, it is said, sat there only at night, in order that the judges might not see the faces of accuser and accused and thus be wrongly influenced in their decisions. We climbed the sixteen rock-hewn steps which led to the top and sat near where the Apostle Paul must have stood when he preached his memorable sermon to the assembled Athenians; the temple-crowned and statue-studded Acropolis, in all its pristine beauty, then looked down upon this tireless missionary of the unseen God, and on every hand he must have beheld exquisite examples of the art and architecture of the city, yet he seems wholly oblivious to them all; as a preacher of the crucified and risen Christ, temple and statue are apparently nothing to him; they are in ruins, but his living words and deathless works are spiritual food for generations yet to be. Just across the valley from the Areopagus rises the hill of Nymphs, and almost directly north, in one corner of the ancient Agora, stands the old Doric temple of Theseus, the best-preserved of all Grecian temples. It is almost perfect in its present outlines, though many of the bas-reliefs upon its frieze are gone or in fragments and the interior contains little of value. There had been a drought in Athens for six weeks before our arrival, we were told, but as the hour of noon drew on, it began to rain. Was it because thunder-loving Zeus was angry with this *Celtic* invasion of his ancient realm? We did not stop to inquire, but bent our steps toward the Place de la Concorde, where lunch for the party was to be served at Hotels Angleterre and Splendide. About half way thither



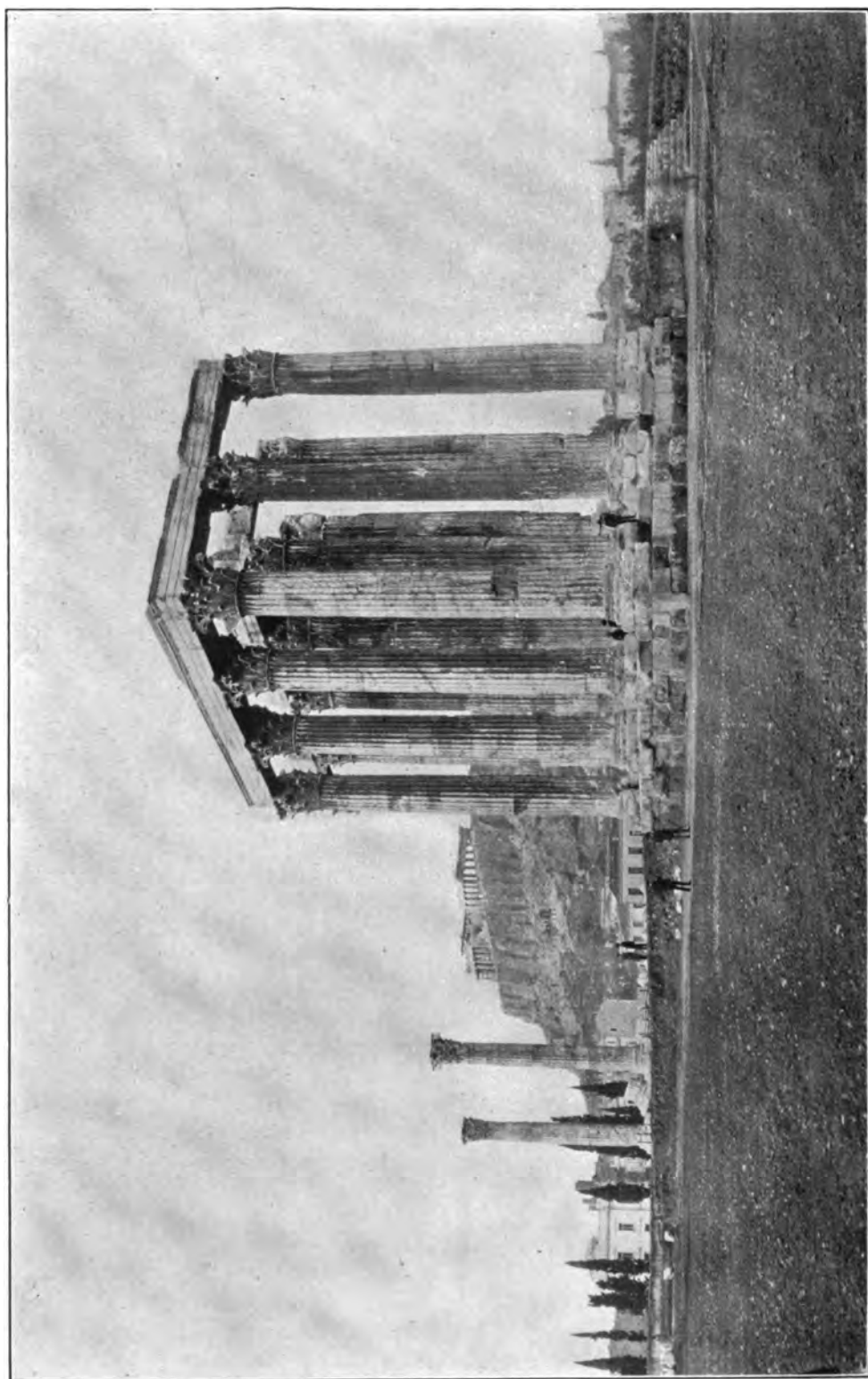
TEMPLE OF THESEUS  
THEATRE OF DIONYSIUS  
PARTHENON

STADIUM.—DR. STRONG, MRS. MEAD  
AND DAUGHTER  
PROPYLEON

AT ATHENS



we passed the Tower of the Winds and Water Clock, the headquarters of the old Athenian weather bureau. On each of its eight sides is a carved figure characteristic of the wind it represents, and within may be still seen a portion of the mechanism for operating the clock. On reaching the hotels we found them both overcrowded with hungry tourists, who taxed both the patience and the provisions of the proprietors to the utmost in the endeavor to satisfy the hunger which the bracing air of the Acropolis had sharpened. After lunch, amid falling rain and over streets whose mud became almost as adhesive as plaster, we made our way to the National Museum, which contains an admirable collection of the remains of Greek art, consisting of statuary, urns, vases, valuable Egyptian antiquities. Space will not allow me to speak of these treasures in detail, or to describe at length the remains of the magnificent temple of Jupiter Olympus, conceived on so grand a scale and exquisitely finished as the fifteen Corinthian columns yet standing give ample evidence; crossing the Ilissus, in which Socrates used to bathe the soles of his feet in summer (it must have had more water in it then than now), we enter the old Stadium, originally formed out of a torrent bed, with seats of Pentelican marble for fifty thousand spectators and a spacious arena for the performers—until recently it was bereft of all its marble—now rising again like the phoenix out of its ashes, through the munificence of George Aberoff, a wealthy and public-spirited Athenian. I merely mention the remaining objects of interest in old Athens; the graceful little Choragic monument of Lysicrates or lantern of Demosthenes, in the ancient street of Tripods; the triple-arched monument of Phillipappos on the Museion Hill, of which one arch is gone, and of the figures only fragments remain. Following the brow of the hill northwestward, we come to the rocky cave in the hillside, where tradition tells us Socrates was imprisoned, in full view of the Areopagrite court which tried and condemned him. Going still further down the ridge, we reach the Pnyx, the palladium of Athenian liberty, which heard Demosthenes thunder his philippics against the tyrant of Macedon and re-echoed with Greek eloquence from many an orator's lips. As for the rest of the acts of Athens and of its great men, the description of its hotels and public buildings, etc., are they not all recorded in the book of Baedeker, in the cyclopædias and the books of travel? Wherefore, O reader, search them out if thou wouldst have more certain and complete knowledge of all these things. Allow me instead to give, in conclusion, a few personal experiences of members of our company and a brief description of our departure from the "violet-crowned" city. Certain of our number were highly honored with an audience by King George, who received them most cordially, and later paying a visit in person to the *Celtic*, seemed greatly interested in the big steamer. One distinguished member of our party had the rather doubtful honor of being almost run over by the king's horses as the reckless coachman drove at break-neck speed to the landing after the king. Several ladies had the pleasure of meeting the queen and of receiving as mementoes of the occasion, photographs of Her Majesty. One or two others secured some of the gold braid from the epaulettes of two of the king's officers during the reception on board the vessel, and the curiosity of at least one Athenian lady respecting this transaction is



TEMPLE OF JUPITER AND ACROPOLIS

still unsatisfied, or else the young officer is anxious to know more of the American lady who loves even the tassel of his sword. Many of us were deeply impressed with the fine courtesy and chivalrous thoughtfulness of the people, who showed the *Celtic* tourists many kindnesses. Thousands of them were at the wharf to see the great ship off. All day Thursday, until we weighed anchor,



ROYAL PALACE

Greeks gath  
and her pas  
and as we  
sunlight  
rested ten-  
derly upon  
the distant  
Parthenon,  
a cloud de-  
scended till

it touched Hymettus, like the Shekinah on the Mount of the Commandments, the Bay of Phaleron shimmered like a sea of glass and the prayer came almost involuntarily to our lips, "Let this be the prophecy of thy future, Oh, storied Greece. The light of God upon thy heathen altars, His glory on thy mountain tops, and afterward heaven and the sea of glass. Amen."



ATHENS

there was a constant stream of visitors to her deck. Profoundly grateful for what we had seen and experienced, but with many an unsatisfied desire, we saw the purple-wreathed city with its temple-capped Acropolis and environing mountains gradually fade out of our sight, and our vessel turned her prow eastward toward that untempled land made forever sacred by the footsteps of One greater than all earthly temples.

The king and queen visited the *Celtic* at anchor. Full a thousand erred to wave her sengers adieu, left the pier, the



ARCH OF HADRIAN

### AN ATHENIAN EPISODE

As I was leaving the king's palace in company with Mrs. Wm. C. Grant and her sisters, all of Chicago, one of the attaches asked me to give him my

card, with a request to Captain Lindsay or to Mr. Clark that he might be permitted to visit the *Celtic*. I readily complied. He evinced his gratitude by taking us through the king's private gardens, which were very beautiful and attractive, and also to the house of Dr. Schliemann. He went on board the *Celtic* with his wife, who is a very intelligent English lady. He told us he had been connected with the palace for thirty-eight years. His name is "Jimmie" Lalai. He also said if we or any of our friends should return to Athens that he would be very glad to show us or to show them about the city. "Jimmie," by which name he is known to everyone in the king's household, is a native Athenian, has become Anglicized by his charming wife, and he is particularly fond of Americans. He will be very glad, I am sure, to extend a courtesy to any member of the *Celtic* party, or to any of his American or English friends.

DR. W. W. HEWLETT.

Babylon, N. Y., May 30th, 1902.



## ON TO CONSTANTINOPLE



WE reached the Dardanelles early in the morning. This strait forms a great river, like the Hudson, some sixty miles long, connecting the archipelago with the Sea of Marmora. All day long, traversing the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora furnishes a fine approach to the city. It is certainly an imposing spectacle as one views it from the water—a city of mosques and minarets. About 6 P. M., the *Celtic* anchored in the mouth of the Bosphorus, surrounded by the great divisions of Constantinople. On our left, and south of the Golden Horn, is the old part of the city, called now Stamboul, but in the early days Byzantium. Here is situated the Church of the Saint Sophia, built by Justinian during the Roman occupancy



AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS, SCUTARI, CONSTANTINOPLE

used as a Turkish mosque; and here is all that is of historic interest about the city.

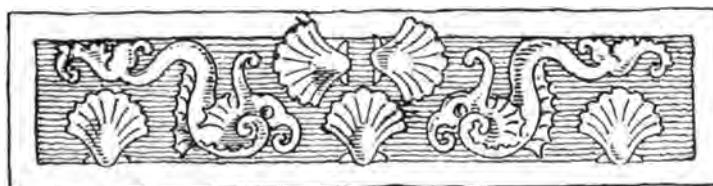
Still to the left of the Bosphorus and north of the Golden Horn (a sluggish river in the shape of a sickle which empties into the Sea of Marmora, near the mouth of the Bosphorus) is the Galata-Pera, the section in which are located the foreign legations, the chief hotels, the best stores, and the Sultan's palace. This part of the city is quite modern, and the best part.

On the right of the Bosphorus is the part of Constantinople which is in Asia, and which is also modern, called Scutari. Here is located the American College for Women, a missionary college.

The Bosphorus, which is a stately river connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea, is twenty miles long and about a mile wide. On either side there are fine summer palaces, and here and there old castles which are relics of feudalism. As the *Celtic* steamed up into the Black Sea and returned again to Constantinople, the scenery was many times pronounced equal to the Rhine in Germany, or the Hudson in America.

On the left bank of the Bosphorus, about five miles from the city, is Robert College, founded and endowed by a resident of America. It is a fine college for men, and has about three hundred students. All instruction is in English. As we passed the college, hundreds of American flags and enthusiastic cheers from the throngs about the college grounds awakened a response in our hearts which was distinctively American.

We met in Constantinople the United States Consul-General, Mr. Dickinson, of New York State, who has conducted the negotiations in regard to Miss Stone, the abducted American missionary. He announced that she was released on last Sunday morning, and is now with her friends, safe and well; but that he had been obliged to pay over sixty thousand dollars to the brigands for her release.



## CONSTANTINOPLE

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## CONSTANTINOPLE, THE CAPITAL OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE

BY PRESIDENT BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS, PH.D., D.D.



FOR many of the *Celtic* passengers the visit to Constantinople had peculiar attractions. It is the ancient home of the Cæsars of the East. It was the first Christian capital. It sprang into prominence and power under the hand of a world ruler, who made it his ideal of a Christian city, in an age of pagan influence and power and amidst the pagan capitals with which it was surrounded.

It was first Greek, then Roman. Its history is a story of siege and warfare. Huns, Slavs, Persians, Arabs, Bulgarians and Christian Crusaders each here struggled for supremacy. It is now the seat of the Ottoman empire, and the great Sultan of Turkey resides here and presides over the most celebrated harem in the world. But more than historic associations with races now extinct; more than the fascination of ancient pomp and heraldry; more than its "Sultanic Majesty," Constantinople attracted the eager Celts by its traditions of splendid natural beauty, the charms of its site and surroundings, the glamour of its mosques and minarets and domes, the treasures of its antiquities in museums and palaces, the riches of its oriental bazaars and the peculiar oriental character and costumes of its people.

It was seven o'clock in the morning on the 28th of February when the *Celtic* was signalled to halt at the southern extremity of the Dardanelles, some two hundred miles from Constantinople. She was there informed that it would be necessary to have a formal permit from the Turkish government before further progress could safely be made toward the imperial city. Two of our officers were taken ashore, and after some delay and much bluster and red tape, the ship's officers received the necessary papers for the continuance of our journey. Sixty miles through the romantic Dardanelles and more than a hundred miles upon the charming Sea of Marmora brought us to the junction of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn.



It was five o'clock in the evening after the glorious day's sail that we came upon the resplendent beauty of Constantinople.

The splendor of the view that meets the eyes of tourists from the Occident can never cease to be a wonder and a joy. The sun was still gilding the domes and minarets of innumerable mosques. Three cities in one, though in two continents. The sea, the sunlight on the quaint houses, the many domes and white palaces, produced an effect which was rich with splendor, dignity, and exquisite beauty.

Here in this position of natural beauty the artistic and æsthetic Greeks built their little city of Byzantium in the seventh century before the Christian era. Here for ten centuries these sturdy sons of the omnipotent Zeus sang the stories of their mythology and waged their wars of independence and supremacy.

Here the first Christian emperor, Constantine, who, in the fourth century after Christ had become the sole master of the reunited empire, saw the most strategic point in the world, as well as the most beautiful, upon which to build the seat of empire, and from which the Cæsar of the East should sway the sceptre of power for more than a thousand years.

Here before us, indeed, is

"The city of the Constantines,  
The rising city of the billow-side,  
The City of the Cross—great ocean's bride,  
Crowned with her birth she sprung. Long ages past,  
And still she looked in glory o'er the tide  
Which at her feet barbaric riches cast,  
Pour'd by the burning East, all joyously and fast."

But reverie and reality are wont to chase each other in rapid succession and sometimes seem insensible to their jarring discords.



As from the ship's decks we saw the sun sink behind the western hills and the darkness gather over the scene which an hour before was so fascinating, and as we learned from our genial conductor, Mr. Clark, that much time must be consumed in negotiations with the representatives of the Sultan before we could

go ashore, we began to get glimpses of the darker side of Constantinople. It is humiliating to most Americans to be suspected of Anarchy. And the Sultan's suspicion that our mission in Constantinople was to accomplish his assassination did not increase our respect for him or for his country.

After six or seven hours of parley, however, when Mr. Clark had paid ample "backsheesh" and made numerous extravagant promises for the good behavior

of the 800 Americans who were on board, permission was finally obtained for us to go ashore the next morning and visit the city.

In the meantime a very delightful evening was passed in the great saloon, listening to a lecture on Constantinople, by Professor Van Millengen of Robert College, Constantinople. U. S. Consul General Dickenson was present and gave a very cordial welcome to the Americans on board, and announced to them the release of the American missionary, Miss Stone, who had been captured by brigands about six months before and carried into Macedonia, where she had been held a prisoner until a ransom of \$65,000 was paid for her release. The announcement of her safe return to her friends was received with such enthusiasm as might have been expected from eight hundred loyal Americans. Dr. Patrick, President of the American College for women in Constantinople, also came on board and gave us greeting.

The readers of this chapter will not expect a history of Constantinople, which is the history of empires, and covers two thousand five hundred years, neither will they expect a detailed description of Constantinople as it is to-day. We must content ourselves with recording only a few "catch words" which will help to remind the *Celtic* passengers of the many and varied experiences that came to us in connection with our brief visit to this extremely interesting city.

The Editors of the Souvenir Volume of the Cruise of the *Celtic* to Many Lands in 1902, will be most happy indeed, if they can enable the passengers on this memorable cruise to keep ever freshly in mind the scenes visited, the historic associations recalled, the people with whom we became acquainted and the interesting and peculiar manners and customs of all these strange peoples.

The brilliancy of Constantinople as seen at sunset from the harbor, suffers much dissipation as the visitor leaves his ship and makes his way into the narrow, filthy streets of the older and more historic portion of the city. It seems to be one of those cases of optical illusion, where "distance lends enchantment."

Of the three main divisions of Constantinople, the one known to the natives as "Stamboul" and situated south of the Golden Horn on the west of the Sea of Marmora, is the most interesting and important to the visitor, because containing the chief historical associations. It also reveals most perfectly the original type of life.

North of the Golden Horn and west of the southern end of the Bosphorus is the more modern city of Galata-Pera, in which are found the foreign legations, the large hotels, kept by Europeans, where foreigners may be comfortable,



THE SOLDIER WHO PAID THE  
MONEY TO THE BRIGANDS  
FOR THE RELEASE OF  
MISS STONE

and the large commercial houses, known throughout the western world as the commercial center of Constantinople. Just north of Galata-Pera is Robert College, the celebrated American college of Constantinople. East of the Bosphorus, situated in Asia, is the part of Constantinople known as Scutari. It is quiet and undisturbed by modern ideas and methods, enjoying the dreamy repose so characteristic of Moslems in an Asiatic city. Here is located the American College for Women, which is exerting a powerful influence for the education and elevation of Oriental women.

The population of Constantinople, at the present time, is conservatively estimated to be about one million souls. Nearly half of this population is Moslem. There are about a quarter of a million Greeks, 165,000 Armenians, 50,000 Jews and an aggregate of 60,000 or 70,000 other foreigners, representatives of many different nationalities. The Capital of the Sultan is thus a cosmopolitan city, and one is impressed with the infinite variety of facial types, of costumes, and of individual demeanor, as well as by the jargon of languages with which he is surrounded in Constantinople.

Usually one's first sightseeing is the observation of this motley throng ever present in the streets, rather than the palaces, mosques and museums. In Stamboul, the historic part of Constantinople, the streets are narrow and filthy. They were not made for wheeled vehicles, which are not even yet in general use there. Carting is largely done to-day on the backs of men and donkeys. Furthermore, no provision is there made for sewerage, except a slight depression sometimes found in the center of inclined streets. Many of the streets are therefore indescribable in their nastiness. With such streets the homes of the common people are, of necessity, dreadfully filthy. Much of the clothing of these poor people seems almost stiff with dirt, and their food is positively sickening as one sees it displayed for sale on the streets, in the bazaars and in the miserable dingy shops with which the city is filled.

Everyone expects to see dogs in Constantinople. Our expectations were more than realized. Dogs abound everywhere. There are said to be 35,000 in the city. And such dogs! They are yellow, coarse-haired, wolfish looking beasts, with long tails and pointed ears. They are poor, mangy, repulsive curs, and lazily lie about the streets in bunches, waiting for some morsel of food to be given them by charity. If a stray from a neighboring street ventures, in search of food, out of his accustomed precinct, he is at once pounced upon and hastily dispatched. The carcasses of these ill-fated scavengers are left to lie in the streets or to be kicked aside by the pedestrians. Whether the dogs relieve the city, by acting as scavengers, of more filth than they add to it, is much to be doubted. They have no home but the street and no owners but the public, and they contribute much to the nastiness of both. They are doubtless allowed to live for superstitious reasons. They are a kind of religious institution, and a Mohammedan hackman will get down from his seat to wake up a dog rather than drive over him. A pedestrian will walk around or climb over these obstacles asleep in the road rather than kick them out of the way. Butchers throw them scraps and bakers give them stale loaves, and they are often fed by public charity or by legacies left for that purpose.

There are also millions of pigeons that belong to the city and are fed by charity like the dogs. They are sacred to the Moslem, and are supposed to be inhabited by the Holy Ghost.

At the Bayezidiyeh Mosque, commonly called the "Pigeon Mosque," the court is thronged with pigeons which are under the care of the priests, and are regularly fed by them. They are a beautiful sight, tame and friendly, but they contribute their share of dirt to an already dirty city.

The visitor soon passes on from these strange sights. Their attraction for him is of short duration and he seeks variety in the scenes of historic interest and association. Sancta Sophia is the one structure first in mind when one turns to such contemplations. It traces its history by an unbroken chain, back to Constantine himself. Its foundations were laid in 326 A. D. on the site of a pagan temple, in the presence of the Emperor, soon after his return from the council of Nice. It was consecrated to the divine Sophia, or Wisdom of the Logos, or Word of God—to Christ himself.

To thousands of visitors Sancta Sophia is the most sacred achievement of Christian architecture. To many it is the grandest, most glorious and most historic of Constantinople's treasures.

It is not merely a splendid Mohammedan mosque; it is, first of all, a Christian church—a great cathedral. Long before Mohammed the Prophet was born, its great dome swept heavenward as grandly as it does to-day. The present structure was begun in 533 by the Emperor Justinian, who determined to rebuild



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA

Sancta Sophia on a scale of magnificence such as the world had never before seen. The most skilful architect of the century was chosen to elaborate and develop in detail the plan, which an angel was supposed to have revealed to the Emperor in a dream.

It was constructed of the rarest and most costly materials. As a whole it was clothed with a richness and beauty never surpassed. It was gorgeously carved. Its domes and vaultings were resplendent with gold mosaic, interspersed with sacred figures. Its 107 columns had been carved by the most elaborate workmanship, or gathered from the most famous temples of the pagan world.

Troy, Athens, Rome and Egypt were represented there. Four columns from the famous temple of Diana of the Ephesians were in the number. Eighty columns of porphyry had once adorned the Temple of the Sun in Baalbec. These treasures, gathered from the most famous temples of the classic world,

"were the legacy bequeathed by the dead paganism to the rising sanctuary of the new faith."

Thus Saint Sophia was built and adorned with all possible riches at a cost of 64,000,000 dollars, exceeding the cost of Saint Peter's in Rome by 16,000,000 dollars. When upon its dedication day, Justinian entered Saint Sophia, he removed his crown, thanked God for having permitted him to accomplish such a work, and then exclaimed: "Solomon, I have excelled thee."

It is not too much to say, that most visitors at the present day are disappointed in the impression Saint Sophia makes upon them. We are especially unfortunate in entering first the galleries by a long, dark, narrow passage-way which makes a gradual ascent by a winding way. The exterior had not appeared



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA

attractive, and the interior as thus first reached and viewed was very unsatisfactory.

As at all Turkish mosques, the attendants at the doors required that slippers, which they provided, should be worn either without the shoes, or over the shoes of the visitor. Any one fortunate enough to have worn rubbers could take them off, and carrying them in his hand, enter the mosque.

The writer of this chapter had no overshoes, neither could he find slippers sufficiently large to accommodate him. After several unsuccessful attempts to enter, he succeeded in borrowing from a friend a pair of rubbers, which while they were too small for any other purpose, were useful, by being carried in hand, to gain admission for the same shoes that had been denied entrance again and again.

Architects and art critics would doubtless experience less painful disappointment in visiting Saint Sophia than the novice.

Its clumsy exterior is doubtless the result of numerous buttresses and annexes that mar and disfigure its form. The gloomy appearance of its interior has like natural causes. It is impossible for one to see the glory of this structure as Justinian saw it. The light of many windows has been obstructed. Others have been closed. The splendid mosaic pictures have been covered over and all Christian emblems defaced. The priceless ornaments of gold and silver have been removed. The decorations and alterations made by Ottomans, by which they have converted it into a mosque, are incongruous with the original design and spirit of the building. Further than this it is dimmed with age. The dust of more than thirteen hundred and fifty years, with their countless millions of worshippers, has settled upon it. One must visit it again and again, and study its historic associations, as well as its original architectural designs and richness of decoration, if he would grow to love it and comprehend its grandeur. One cannot leave it, however, without breathing a prayer that the worshipers of our blessed Christ may again throng its courts and chant their hymns of praise within the walls that have now been so long sacred to the Moslem faith.

There are numerous other ancient structures now used as mosques, that were once loved and cherished as Christian churches; many of them have great attractions because of historic associations and richness of design and construction; but in this brief chapter we cannot enter upon their description.

The Hippodrome of Constantinople was world renowned, and must not be omitted even in this brief sketch. It was constructed on the plan of the Roman Circus Maximus, but it now shows few traces of its original purpose. Its immense area and stupendous proportions were in keeping with its importance in the political and social life of the city. The life of Constantinople found its fullest expression in the Hippodrome.

Grosveur writes of it: "The entire tragedy and comedy of politics was there enacted. All human passion unbridled sway. The evil worn by antine at every other hour or spot thrown aside, and the populace, the highest and the lowest, and achieving both, revealed itself there, its record as nowhere else." It was begun by the Emperor Servius in 203 A. D. It was completed by Constantine, and dedicated with the utmost pomp on May 11th, 330.

It was lavishly adorned with the accumulated art treasures of the empire, perhaps the richest collection of the kind the world has ever seen.

The four gilded steeds of Corinthian brass,



ROUMELIA  
HASSAN



BOSPHORUS

there had  
the Byz-  
was there  
capable of  
by turns  
and wrote

that now for nearly a hundred years have guarded the main entrance to St. Mark's in Venice, were taken from their pre-Christian home in Corinth, to adorn the Roman capital. Thence they were taken by Constantine to the Hippodrome, where they remained until the crusades of the 13th century.

The Hippodrome covered about twelve acres, and was divided into many apartments, chief of which was the arena where the celebrated games were enacted. Here eighty thousand spectators found ample room to witness the contests. Combats of gladiators or wild beasts were rare, but the southern part of the arena was the place of punishment and sometimes of execution. Heretics and apostates, and even patriarchs and emperors, here sometimes met a bloody death.

Combats between contending factions or rival parties often saturated the Hippodrome with blood. At the revolt of Nika, in the reign of Justinian, after the mob had fought for days with the emperor's forces, thirty thousand human beings lay dead in the Hippodrome.

To-day three solitary monuments stand, silent and deserted, to mark the spot where once throbbed the life blood of the capital of the Cæsars. At one end of the oblong space once covered by the Hippodrome stands the Egyptian Obelisk, brought from Heliopolis, and used in the days of its glory to mark the turning point in the chariot races. Near the other end is the "Burnt Column," once a splendid monument of porphyry, transported from Rome; now broken and charred and old, a symbol of departed glory.

Between these two columns stands the



GATEWAY TO SULTAN'S PALACE



SERAGLIO POINT, PALACE GROUNDS

Serpent Column, formed of three bronze serpents, on whose coils are engraven the names of the thirty-two Greek States which were engaged in the wars against the Persians. It was erected by the Greeks at Delphos to commemorate their victory over the Persians in 479 B. C. It was eight hundred years old when it was carried away

by Constantine and placed in the Hippodrome, where it has stood now nearly



seventeen hundred years. These three monuments that "stand like tombstones in the graveyard of a dead past" are all that is now visible of the once resplendent center of this Eastern capital.

Passing from the ancient capital to the modern capital, we pause, midway, to glance at the "Seraglio." This is an institution not of Byzantine or Roman origin, but of Ottoman origin and history. It is an institution which, to the Western mind, comprehends all the ranges of passion and experience from a palatial paradise to a veritable hell on earth. The word itself is derived from a Persian root, and means simply a palace. The peculiar content of the word Seraglio is therefore distinctively Ottoman, and has been put into it by the use the Sultan has made of his palace.

The Seraglio of Ottoman history was built by Mohammed, the conqueror, in 1468, fifteen years after his conquest of Constantinople. It is on the water's edge, south of the Golden Horn, and west of the Sea of Marmora, the most beautiful location that could have been selected in Constantinople. For three hundred and fifty years this Seraglio, often enlarged and enriched, was the heart and center of the Ottoman state.

Twenty-one successive Sultans here wrought out their destiny and the destiny of their empire.

In 1839, Sultan Abd-ul Mejid removed his residence to his palace on the Bosphorus, and since that time the Seraglio has not been the official palace. Its courts are grass grown, and many of its buildings seem neglected and decaying.

The outer court can be freely visited, but the inner court where the harem is located is seldom open to visitors. There are here three buildings which no one may approach. The one contains the relics of the prophet; his mantle, the sacred standard, the beard and a tooth of the prophet, and an impression in limestone of his foot. Beyond this is the old harem, now unused, and near by the Kafess, the luxurious retreat of dethroned Sultans, the scene perhaps, of the worst and vilest crimes of the Ottomans.

The present Sultan lives in Yildiz Kiosk, a palace erected by himself on the hills above the Bosphorus. He has gradually restricted his public appearance within the narrowest limits possible to a Sultan. Only once a year does he now cross to Stamboul to pay, on the 15th of Ramazan, homage to the prophet's mantle in its chamber in the old Seraglio. Once a week, on Friday, he goes to the mosque he has built just outside his palace grounds, to perform the ceremony of his official prayers.

Though none of the *Celtic's* passengers were able to see this ceremony, because arriving too late on Friday afternoon, it may be easily imagined from the vivid description given by William Holden Hutton: "The massed thousands of splendid troops, as fine a body of men as any soldiers in the world, the pilgrims from the far East, the holy men of the Mohammedan faith, admitted to the best positions and treated with the most profound reverence, the gathering of ladies from the harem in closed carriages surrounded by eunuchs, and of little princes in gay uniforms, at last the coming of the Sultan himself, in the most prosaic of European costumes, surmounted by a fez, with his officials preceeding and following his carriage—that is the ceremony to-day which

centuries ago foreigners watched rarely and with awe, if not with terror. The times have changed; and the man."

William E. Curtis has described the harem as it is to-day in the following manner:

"The Sultan's wives are called 'Sultanas.' There are now about 300 of them. The apartments of each Sultana are equipped with electric lights, electric bells and speaking tubes, and almost every other convenience known to modern American or European mansions. They have French maids and order their gowns and hats in Paris. The apartments of the harem are equipped with European furniture. The meals are served in European style and the cooks are French. The French language is spoken generally among the Sultanas and they read French novels. The traditional harem, in which houris sit around on silk rugs with their legs crossed and play guitars and eat sweetmeats, exists only in the imagination. The women live just like any other royal family, except that they are not allowed to receive company or enter society and when they leave the palace they must wear heavy veils. When the Sultan's wives are ill they are attended by the male physician of the British embassy. This is also an innovation. Formerly no Christian physician was allowed in the harem. The patients are always veiled when the doctor visits them. Even if they are confined to their beds, strips of mull are thrown over their faces.

"The Sultan does not now contract regular marriages and the harem is a state institution. His wives are from the prominent families of the empire. When a rich pasha wants to secure the favor of the Sultan, he offers him one of his daughters with a suitable dowry, as a wife, and if she is accepted it is a sign of friendliness as well as a mark of distinction. When the governor of the Circassian province, which is said to have the most beautiful women in Turkey, wishes to please his imperial master he will send him a handsome young girl as a gift, or when any of his subordinates discover a young woman of remarkable attractions they secure her for the harem, just as they would secure a valuable horse for the imperial stables. The Sultan does not always accept such gifts. He is supposed to be very fastidious, particularly now when he has reached the age of 60 years.

"All children born in the harem are legitimate and of equal lineage, and may inherit the throne if they ever become the head of the family, for, according to custom, the succession is vested in the oldest male in the royal family, whether he be son, brother or cousin of the reigning sovereign. Until a quarter of a century ago, all males of the imperial family, other than the sons of the reigning Sultan, were put to death, in order to prevent conspiracies and to remove them from the way of the oldest son. This wicked practice, however, was abolished by the present Sultan, who thus far has shown himself to be humane and just.

"The daughters of the Sultan are married to favorite pashas and officers of the army."

Abd-ul Hamid's fear of conspiracies at home, and of anarchists from abroad, may doubtless be largely attributed to his advisers, who avail themselves of this method of disposing of any one of whom they are jealous.

Sometimes patriotic and loyal friends of the government are reported to His

Majesty as dangerous persons, and without other cause than these slanderous reports, excellent men are banished and sometimes executed.

Missionaries say of Abd-ul Hamid that he is a bad Sultan, but a good Moslem. He is suspicious of Christians and intolerant of Christian missions and Christian ideas.

Yet, many unprejudiced visitors to his palace, and those who have a personal acquaintance with the Sultan, feel he has many excellent traits, and that he would not be a bad man if he lived under other conditions.

It is doubtless true that the evils which exist in the Turkish government, and which are seen in remote parts of the empire as much as in Constantinople, are not evils which the present Sultan created, but which he inherited.

He has shown evidences of a generous and philanthropic heart; but ignorance, superstition, treachery and slaughter are inherent in the system of government and religion. A powerful army may perpetuate these conditions indefinitely, but it cannot do it perpetually. European life and ideas are gradually working a revolution by their contact with Orientalism in Constantinople. Nevertheless the city remains to-day, with all its changes, a relic of the dark ages. Fascinating it is, yet repulsive. Classic, yet mediæval, more than ancient or modern.



WHERE PRESIDENT B. C. DAVIS, D.D. PH.D., DOES HIS WORK

## OUR DONATION TO THE GIRLS' COLLEGE AT CONSTANTINOPLE

Soon after the *Celtic* dropped anchor at Constantinople we were honored with calls from Consul General Dickinson, President Patrick of the Girls' College at Scutari, and Professor Van Millengen of Robert College. The latter, according to the prearranged programme, gave us a lecture on "The Capture of Constantinople by the Turks," after which President Patrick was introduced and said



GALATA BRIDGE, THE MOST COSMOPOLITAN BRIDGE  
IN THE WORLD

a few words concerning the Girls' College, making mention of the debt of \$1,000 with which it was burdened. General Dickinson, who presided, spoke warmly of the college and its work, and offered \$50 toward the debt, provided the "*Celtics*" would wipe out the remainder of it. An offering of something more than \$350 was made at the time.

After we had steamed away from Constantinople

a number of ladies and gentlemen who had shown especial interest in the matter met in the aft reading room to consider what might be done; among whom was Miss Lawrence of Lake Erie College, Painsville, Ohio, who had formerly been a teacher in the Girls' College at Scutari. She gave to us much additional information concerning the college and the valuable work it was doing for the young women of southeastern Europe and Asia Minor, representing many different races. She also told us how the debt was incurred. At the time of the Armenian massacres, a few years ago, numbers of the students were suddenly orphaned and made homeless. The college could not turn them adrift to meet a fate worse perhaps than that suffered by their martyred parents. The institution, accordingly, assumed their support until they could be graduated and thus fitted to earn their own livelihood. This benevolent work involved the college in a debt of some \$5,000, of which \$4,000 had been discharged by dint of much self-denial and great economy. The remainder was like the short distance which separates the well nigh spent swimmer from the shore.

When the canvass of the *Celtic* was closed it was found that the sum footed up over \$1,250.

The money already paid in was forwarded to President Patrick from Rome, through United States Consul General de Castro; and was acknowledged in a very appreciative letter, in which she says:

## AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS

DR. MARY MILLS PATRICK, PRESIDENT

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY,

April 21, 1902.

DR. JOSIAH STRONG,  
New York City.

Dear Dr. Strong:

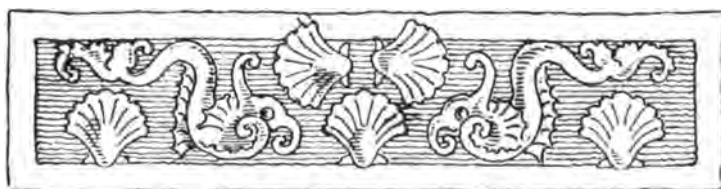
I have wished so much to write to you, but you did not give me any European address, and so I have been waiting to write to New York. I think that I shall still be too early, and that the letter will get there long before you do.

We received all the money and are very happy. The exchange cost more than we approved of, and altogether there will be a little less than \$1,200. after the sum comes in that is to be sent this summer, but that is more than we asked for, and has been the best thing that ever happened to us. I cannot tell you how grateful we are, and now we would like the paper with the names, if you still have it, as we would very much like to keep in touch with the friends who were so kind. The evening that I spent on the *Celtic* was one of the pleasantest that I ever spent anywhere, and it was not simply the money that helped us, but the inspiration of the quick sympathy that met us on every side in the *Celtic*.

Our debt was really a very serious problem, and it has been a wonderful thing for us to have it paid. I wish that there were some way in which I could thank all the subscribers, but if I can get their names, I will send my annual report to each one, and I will express our thanks in that.

Very sincerely,

MARY MILLS PATRICK.



## SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS

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## SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS

By EVANGELIST M. B. WILLIAMS, CHICAGO, ILL.



WENTY hours' sail from Constantinople brought us to Smyrna, which though called a Turkish city, is more Grecian than Turkish.

The fabled king, "Crœsus," with his enormous wealth, is said to have lived near Smyrna. The location of his palace was pointed out as we anchored in the harbor.

It seems a pity that the guide-books and some other popular books on travel have minimized the interest connected with Ephesus and Smyrna for tourists, and have scarcely advised so much as a fashionable call, for it not only does injustice to the ruins of the former but to the traveler as well, in turning his footsteps away from two of the most interesting spots in the Orient.

All the members of the *Celtic* Cruise, as far as the writer could learn, were charmed with them both, their only regret being at the shortness of their visit.



Smyrna is a great, busy, bustling sea-port town in Asia Minor, of over 200,000 population, some say 400,000, resting like a pearl on the coast and leaning back in the lap of her beautiful green hills. It is a typical oriental city, camels and all being there.

The streets swarm with a picturesque population. The narrow winding bazaars are packed with merchants and traders, asses and camels, drivers and owners, their mingling cries making a strange babel of noises.

As we enter the beautiful harbor, Mt. Pagus and the old battered citadel on the crest, smile down upon us. Gardens and groves of cypress trees hold forth their wreaths of welcome, and spring on all sides seems to have decorated for our coming most lavishly.

Boats and steam launches are much in evidence, and the old fashioned one

horse car of our forefathers is ready to carry us a mile to the English Station. And their greed for trade, driving them at times to the ludicrous in commercial excess. The long quay is lined with foreign buildings and consulates, making a most excellent impression on the stranger. Cherry, kindly faces looking from almost every window, smiling and bowing, make us feel that we are welcome, as we pass on to the station for Ephesus. But we must not forget the past. There is located the tomb of Polycarp, who was a martyr to the Christian faith and a disciple of Justin the Martyr, who was in turn a pupil of John



THE FOUNDATION OF THE TEMPLE OF EPHEBUS

the beloved, the companion of Jesus. If there was nothing else this would serve to make this city a place of more than passing interest to the casual traveler or bible student. We asked our guide where it was, and by way of reply he swept his hand half way around the horizon, from which I conclude it is either in Smyrna or thereabouts. We did not see it. Between our ignorance and misconceptions I frequently wonder how we learn as much as we do. We do not visit a port where some ludicrous incident does not occur. At Constantinople a lady (not of my party) who had an "I-know-it-all" air, insisted upon the guide showing her the Kasba. He said there was no such place there. She fumed and scolded, called him an ignoramus whom it was an imposition upon intelligent people for Mr. Clark to employ. The poor guide did not know what to say,



but accepted her tirade, believing he deserved it. The point to the incident is that the Kasba is an old Moorish castle at Algiers, a place we had passed, and not in Constantinople. Neither the lady nor the guide knew this fact. But the spot is very definitely marked, and all history tells nothing more heroic than Polycarp's refusal to deny Christ as he is tied at the stake.

The station is a great gloomy stone structure, where the "special" for Ephesus is waiting, and once on board we steam through the hills and over the plains teeming with Asiatic life, at thirty-five miles an hour, almost without a stop, until we arrive at the quaint little Turkish town of Ayas-alouk, which is within half to three-quarters of a mile of the ruins of ancient Ephesus.

Ephesus represents to-day all that is the antipodes of Smyrna, save antiquity. Each was one of the seven principal cities of the Ionian Confederation, and each contained one of the seven churches of Asia Minor to which John wrote, as will be seen in the book of Revelation.

Smyrna is flourishing still, but Ephesus, according to prophecy, has passed away. The little town that represents it is small and lazy, while Ephesus itself is but a mass of half buried ruins. One may see the old Roman aqueducts on the one hand, while venerable churches and remains of an old mosque and the ruins of marvelous temples and theatres are still there on the other. We pass in the street a ragged beggar, so antiquated and forlorn that he might be one of its famous Seven Sleepers, who dozes against the wall on the highway, his arm serving him for a pillow, too lazy to rouse from his nap in the spring sunshine to solicit alms of the group of tourists now passing him. A little farther on a



SCENES AT EPHEBUS

curio dealer presses the claims of his antique wares, lamps, vases and ancient coins as they lie scattered on his stand. Groups of well dressed children gather to watch us pass, with a suspicion of preparation for company in their neat dresses and well-shod feet. Native guides, stupid and careless, try to point out the many sites, interesting buildings, and occurrences of which they reveal they are profoundly ignorant. They tell many things we fear which they do not know, and talk much of that which they do not understand. Here are the ruins of the church of St. John, over which he was bishop; at any rate, they are the ruins of an ancient church, formerly a mosque. Yonder are the ruins of the church of St. Luke, in which he was said to have preached and from which he was thought by some to have been buried. There are also the ruins of another church; one of these at least dates back to the third century; here Timothy labored, but in which church we know not.

A little further we find an ancient mosque which has been a church in other years; it also is in ruins. They point in the distance to the ruins of an old fort which they erroneously call St. Paul's prison, and if you are fortunate enough to find an intelligent guide, he may show you the ruins of St. Luke's tomb, discovered by Professor Wood while excavating for the Temple of Diana; at least he believed it to be such at the time.



ONE OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

His mission, however, was to find the long lost ruins of the temple which was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world; Herodotus tells us that each column was the gift of some king or prince, and the splendor of its architecture was scarcely excelled by the Parthenon itself. Professor Wood began his work in 1863 and continued it with from sixty to two hundred workmen for eleven years, under the auspices of the trustees of the British Museum, and at an expense of about \$180,000, during which time the ruins of the temple, of the theatre, the Odeum, three churches, the tomb of St. Luke and

several other important public buildings were brought to light.

Just here Demetrius and his craftsmen manufactured their silver souvenirs, miniatures of the temple, to be used as charms or to be carried away as mementoes by the many who came up annually to the great Pan-Ionic festival which was held here; his business falling off through Paul's preaching he and his fellow

## SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS

craftsmen caused the uproar and gathered the mob which ended in Paul's leaving the city.

The search for the ruins of the Temple of Diana, eight times destroyed and seventeen times rebuilt, constitutes a chapter in archæologic history as interesting as a romance; the story may be found now in the small handbook by the late Prof. J. T. Wood, F.S.A.

Comparatively little serious archæological work had ever been done at Ephesus until he began his excavations; others have worked with some success since his day, but to him belongs the credit of all the principal discoveries ever made here, and some beautiful specimens of sculpture from this temple may be seen to-day in the British Museum as the result of his labors.

The surroundings of Ephesus are greatly changed without doubt. Even the sea seems to have forsaken the ruined city. Several miles away you may get a mere glimpse of an arm of the sea that once reached to the temple, so it is said. The learned professor, however, insists that the sea never came nearer Ephesus. The Greeks, he says, never built by the sea. Their city must have an acropolis, and a site could not be found near the sea. But they brought the sea to it by a canal in the channel of the river Cayster. The quays and docks have been brought to light.



ANCIENT MOSQUE AT EPHEBUS



WHAT REMAINS OF EPHEBUS.

As I write I seem to breathe again the balmy air, to see the early sunshine glinting across the hills, to hear the lazy droning through the little city's streets, to find myself amid the mouldy ruins of an ancient church or mosque, or leaning on the butment of some great column lost in twenty centuries of history, hear the guide's impatient call to lunch, to board the train once more with shrinking heart, reluctant to leave on so short inspection such wonderful objects of ancient interest, but feeling after all, not for a small fortune would I part with the experiences of this one hour. Ayas-olouk—John Theologos, farewell! Thy ruins with their classic wrecks have a marvelous charm for me. But much of this is lost in that more sacred thought that here the aged apostle wrote that Gospel that most fully reveals the Word made flesh; the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father.

A hundred small boats filled with native spectators surrounded the *Celtic* as she lifted anchor. Three of these boats were filled with Greek school-girls; and as the ship began to move away they sang, in good English, and with sweet voices, "America." The shouts and cheers from the decks of the *Celtic* could not express all we felt of "God bless you" for these children of the East.



SCHOOL CHILDREN AT EPHESUS

## THE REVERIE OF ST. JOHN

What say you, friends?

That this is Ephesus, and that Christ has gone  
Back to his kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so,  
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed  
To stand once more upon my native hills,  
And touch my Master. O, how oft I've seen  
The touching of his garments bring back strength  
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.  
Up! bear me to my Church once more,  
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;  
For by the sweetness of my Master's voice  
Just now, I think he must be very near—  
Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time  
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,  
And watch his footsteps.

So raise my head;

How dark it is! I cannot seem to see  
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea  
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!  
"My little children! God so loved the world  
He gave his Son; so love ye one another,  
Love God and men. Amen." Now bear me back;  
My legacy unto an angry world is this.  
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?  
What call the flock my name? the Holy John?  
Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved,  
The lover of my children.

Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide  
The eastern window. See! there comes a light  
Like that which broke upon my soul at even;  
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came,  
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows,  
As when we mount toward the pearly gates;  
I know the way! I trod it once before.  
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sung,  
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!  
And that unwritten one. Methinks, my soul  
Can join it now. But who are these that crowd  
The shining way? Say! joy! 'tis the eleven!  
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!  
How bright the smiles are beaming on James's face!  
I am the last. Once more we are complete,  
To gather round the Paschal feast.

My place

Is next my Master—O! my Lord! my Lord!  
How bright thou art, and yet the very same  
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years  
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,  
Unto thy bosom. There shall I abide.

## SYRIA AND PALESTINE

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## SAILING ONWARD TO PALESTINE

**A**RCH 5th was a beautiful day and we spent the hours looking at this and that mountain-like island rising up out of the sea.

"There is Patmos!" cried some one, and we were all alert. Camera and field-glass were brought into position. What a flood of memories that little island, a mere cloud in the distance—did bring up. There was the place to which the beloved, gentle John had been carried a prisoner

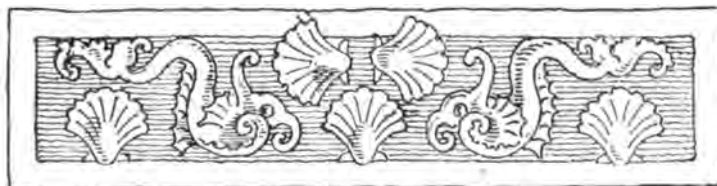


PATMOS

(Rev. i. 9). From that lonely spot, however, he was permitted to look into the future, and into the new Paradise farther than any other mortal man. God never fails the man who trusts him sincerely.

The island at our distance seemed only a barren rock, but it was overhung with a glory so resplendent that it needed no landscape to give it beauty in our eyes. We may not pass this way again, but our hope is that we shall see John not far hence and ask him all about it.

All day long our noble ship plowed the waves and the helmsman guided us through the Sporades, past Rhodes, across the path of Paul's missionary journeys, on beyond his early home, to Haifa.



## WHERE WE FIRST SAW PALESTINE; AND WHY WE CHANGED THE ROUTE

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON, D.D., OAK PARK, ILL.



THE dying moon was setting over Mount Carmel when we came on deck at five o'clock in the morning. A star was near its nether tip. It was the very symbol of Turkey, hanging like a sickle above the Holy Land. I reflected with satisfaction that it was the old, and not the new moon.

We had changed our route, and I am asked to tell why. We did not appreciate it at first, but I am glad we did it. Of course, it was because of the quarantine, but I do not know the reason for the quarantine. Of all stupid and unreasonable measures in force in the Orient, the quarantine regulations seemed to us most so. When we left the Holy Land, we were taken out in one set of boats and transferred to others,



MOUNT CARMEL FROM THE SEA

and these were allowed to touch the gangway of our ship, but must anchor four days before they could come to shore again. Even then the health officers must stand by in another boat with a sprinkler that worked by hand, and squirt disinfectant into the boats that we had occupied. We were about the only things in Palestine that did not need to be disinfected.

But for once the quarantine regulations deserve a credit mark. To avoid coming to Palestine from Egypt, and lying at anchor for several days, we changed our route, and came first to Palestine, and hence to Haifa instead of Jaffa. We had been without letters for a month, and were sorely anxious to hear from home; but except for this really trying disappointment, the change was to our advantage. Both the party that landed at Haifa, and that which

went on to Jaffa, and so direct to Jerusalem, made good landings, and our experience in Palestine began happily.

We were taken ashore at Haifa in large boats by skilful boatmen. They know just how to keep the boat in the trough, a direct invitation to seasickness, until the backsheesh is collected, and how to row on merrily afterward to the quaint minor tune, sung out by the stroke oar and repeated by the others,

“ Henna gael,  
Henna, henna!”

It seems very monotonous, but it accelerated the rowing, and kept the stroke uniform. Moreover, it tells the story of some Oriental romance. Henna is the pigment used by brides and others to color their finger-nails, and the singer is telling his rival that he will be his life-long enemy if he brings the henna.

Haifa nestles at the foot of Mount Carmel, and contains about twelve thousand inhabitants. It has a flourishing German colony, one of the few prosperous colonies in Palestine. It is beautiful for situation at the southern end of the historic Bay of Acre, and is the terminus of a railway, already completed for five miles, toward Damascus. Hither have come the caravans since the world was young, and from here they have conveyed merchandise inland on the backs of camels, those ungainly but picturesque and indispensable ships of the desert.

The Bay of Acre did not belong to the Jews, but to the Phœnicians, who near here are said to have discovered the art of making glass. It is quite possible that the tear-bottles which some of our party were able to secure hereabouts are specimens of this ancient work of the nation so closely related to the Jews and so different from them. This bay has a distinct place in ancient history, comparatively unfamiliar to us because the life of the Jews was so little related to the sea. In the time of the Crusades this harbor, and the fortress toward its northern end, became famous. In 1104, Baldwin I, who had been crowned Christian king of Jerusalem in the Church of the Nativity, in Bethlehem, on Christmas Day, 1101, captured Acre; and here the Crusaders held their ground after they had been driven from Jerusalem. It was the last home in Palestine of the Knights of St. John before they left the Holy Land on that series of wanderings from island to island that ended in their establishment at Malta. The old Christian fortifications still stand, and the castle is used as a prison by the Sultan.

Acre is a poor village now, and the commercial interests of the region center at Haifa. It is a thriving town, with a good wharf, built or extensively repaired for the Emperor William, of Germany. It used to be assumed that he who came after the king had a hard time of it; but we were grateful whenever in Palestine we found ourselves camping on the trail of the Emperor William, because of the improved condition of the roads.

There were two hundred of us who disembarked at Haifa, and our introduction to Palestine could not have been more delightful. The other six hundred passengers who went direct to Jaffa and Jerusalem can hardly know how much they missed in Galilee,

Nothing is done promptly where Oriental officials are concerned, and our baggage must needs pass the custom-house; but no piece was opened, so far as I saw.

We were loaded into carriages at Haifa for Nazareth. Above us, as we drove out, rose Mount Carmel, where Elijah had his great battle with the prophets of Baal, and beside us flowed the Kishon, scene of Deborah's triumph over Sisera.

After crossing the historic Kishon, where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal, we entered the gates of the far-famed Valley of Jezreel, enriched by the blood of the armies of many nations, and came to a halt for lunch on a pleasant hill-side, where we found a good repast spread on Turkish rugs, under the shelter of an orchard of olives. Quaintly costumed Arabs and dragomen served us, and stood guard against the miserable backsheesh beggars while we rested.

After lunch there seemed to be a strife among the drivers as to who should be the first into Nazareth. No pen can describe the absolute babel of confusion that attends the breaking of camp and the getting under way by these excitable and impulsive people. The scolding and gesticulating, the storming and tearing about, the reckless rush and confusion, are simply beyond description.

How they managed to run that stampede of fifty three-horse Arab teams, sometimes three abreast, at full speed; sometimes a half-dozen of them cutting across a bend in the road by running through the fields, without accident or mishap, was, indeed, a mystery to all of us. It made us think of Ahab's wild race before Elijah's storm, over the same fields in days of old. In the land of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, the Arab still "driveth furiously."

Nazareth was reached in safety, and as we wound our way down into this ancient home of the Master, we found a city of large, beautiful tents pitched upon the great public threshing floor of the town; and these tents were to be our home for seven days to come. Three large tents joined to make one long dining-hall, large enough to seat one hundred and twenty people at once. The tents for the people were pitched three deep in rows, around a square center-ground. They were beautifully worked inside in Oriental figures of green and red, which had a most cozy and pleasing effect upon one entering them. Three iron single bedsteads, with good beds and bedding, greeted us as we entered. The ground was covered all over with Turkish rugs, and a stand was arranged with water pitchers and two wash basins of metal, with three towels for our use. Three hooks upon the center-post served us well for a place to hang clothes. The meals were served in courses, in Oriental style, all cooked and served by the faithful Arabs and dragomen. Some of these were remarkable men. The fidelity with which they served us, and guarded our camp night and day, can never be forgotten. It was a wonderful thing to see the way they moved this great caravan over the dangerous mountain passes, and across the fertile Palestine plains, with everything moving like clock-work, day and night, for seven days.

Each morning, at five o'clock, a mule literally loaded down with bells of all sizes, such as camels and sheep and cattle wear, was driven pell-mell clear around the camp, making a jargon equal to any Jersey Kalathumpian racket

ever heard, in order to arouse the camp. In just thirty minutes the call for breakfast came, and then began the bedlam of Arab talk and clamor, tearing down the tents. Any lazy one who had not dressed with dispatch would surely find his tent coming down about him without any ceremony. Joseph, one of our excellent Christian sheik managers, when asked why the bells were driven around the camp in that way, exclaimed: "'Tis Joshua running around Jericho, and if you don't get up quickly the walls will begin to fall." But everyone was careful to get up and be at the table at 5.30, and all would be mounted and tents down and packed on mules, and the caravan under way at six o'clock. It was wonderful! Think of it! A caravan of two hundred people, including muleteers and dragomen, with four hundred horses, mules and donkeys to be fed; a city of forty-seven tents, with tables, dishes, provisions, beds, baggage, rugs and poles, to be torn down and set up each day, twenty-five miles from starting point; and constant guard to be kept at night against Bedouins and prowling jackals—many of which could be heard at night snarling about the camp—and you have some conception of the scenes of this trip.

### CAMP EXPERIENCES

BY THE REVEREND CHARLES W. FRITTS, D.D.

[He is the pastor emeritus of the Reformed Church at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, where the larger part of his ministerial life has been spent. He resigned from active service on account of ill-health about three years ago, after a successful and honored pastorate of nearly thirty years. For many years he was a prominent member of the Board of Missions of the Reformed Church, and one of the superintendents of its theological seminary at New Brunswick. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from his alma mater, Rutgers College, many years ago. He has been president of the Particular Synod of New York, and has received the highest ecclesiastic honor from his Church as President of its General Synod. His travels in his own and in foreign lands have been extensive. his *Celtic* tour being the second to the Holy Land



When our company, coming from Haifa by carriage, reached Nazareth, we found our encampment ready and waiting to receive us.

It was a picturesque sight, the long streets of white tents having the appearance of a considerable town. Now for many a long mile over hill and dale, mount and plain, it is to be tent and saddle until the pilgrims reach Mt. Zion.



AT CAMP

Nazareth is an attractive little city and at every step one is reminded of our blessed Lord and Saviour, who here spent most of the years of His earthly life. The town is quite accustomed to tourists, but was quite excited over our arrival, because of our large numbers.

The first night in camp is memorable. It is all so unique. With many it is a new, fresh experience.

As the darkness deepens, the Japanese lanterns cast a dim, weird light about the tents, making it, if possible, more difficult to find your quarters.

The tents are all numbered, but you become confused as to the points of the compass, get into the wrong cabin, wonder who has taken possession of your cot, beat a hasty retreat, and take up the search afresh, under the impression that a mistake has been made. Of course you have the number of your domicile, but you begin to doubt whether it is twenty-one or thirty-one, and apply, as you continue the hunt, some not very flattering epithets to your memory. One lost pilgrim was overheard saying: "Well, it will never be put on my tombstone, sacred to the memory of —, for I don't seem to have any memory." Soon attendants come to the rescue and pilot the wanderers aright, and at last all are curtained in and not a sound is heard except the emphatically audible breathing of some of the saints as they slumber, and the horrid barking and hideous howling of innumerable dogs.

It is fitting to abuse the Palestine dog, for the Bible has an especial antipathy to him. He is a cur, an outcast, a Pariah. He is good for nothing except being a scavenger. His agility is notable, and his ability to dodge handy movables coming his way is really marvelous.

The next morning, before light, it seems as if Bedlam were let loose. Tom-toms, horns and other instruments making unearthly noises awaken us. We are to get up, pack up, breakfast, mount and be off by six o'clock.

The early Christians, who laid the foundations of the kingdom at the first, are ever to be revered and venerated. They are always to be for inspiration and example. But an early Christian, half asleep, trying to pack his belongings by candle-light excites nothing but sympathy and pity. He cannot find his tooth-brush and the soap has gone to that region vigorously, but indefinitely, described as "parts unknown." Soap frequently illustrates "the depravity of inanimate things." Then his umbrella is missing. The history of the past

century is a record of astounding progress, and yet the humiliating confession must be made that, as property, the umbrella is as uncertain as ever. It is always disappearing. It is more unlucky than Friday or than the number thirteen. Even a horseshoe-handle is no protection. And there is something the matter with the lock of the valise, and the strap and buckle that usually go together as naturally as bread and butter, are offish.

But after toil and struggle all ends well, and the task is accomplished.

Solomon, the prince of dragomen, is everywhere giving commands to assistants and servants. While we breakfast, down come the tents as if by magic, and the loading of the jack animals begins.

Meanwhile, the noise and din is a medley of many sounds. The horses, mules and donkeys, some four hundred of them, are vociferously in evidence. The horses are neighing, the mules with mighty lungs are announcing their convictions to the universe, and the donkeys intend to be heard on account of their much braying. The muleteers, as they rush about packing the animals, chatter like a flock of magpies. It is stated in the Jewish Talmud that in the beginning ten portions of speech fell down from heaven. In the scramble for them, the women secured eight, and the men only two. This is certainly a mistake, for these Syrian men talk nineteen to the dozen.

I never saw but one of them that was silent, and he was dead. They cannot do anything quietly. They would shout driving a carpet tack.

Now comes the call "to mount." All of us were promised good horses, for were we not in the Land of Promise? Not a few had paid liberal "back-sheesh" and selected their steeds the night before in order to secure the best.

Even so was altruism sometimes forgotten among our saints. Numbers were experienced riders, perfectly at home in the saddle, while others were certain that "a horse was a vain thing for safety." I thought I discerned a difference in the riding of the various Christians. The Presbyterians had a Washington-crossing-the-Delaware sort of look that indicated determination and a firm faith in the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints. The Methodists went with a dash and a zest that was characteristic of their fire and fervor. The Baptists, of whom there were not a few, indicated by their excellent horsemanship that it was quite immaterial to them whether they went by land or by water. With all the rest of us, our style of riding was a matter of private judgment.

A wilful, fiery brute fell to my lot; a Turk, I fancy, for, at any rate, he had a pronounced aversion to one particular Christian. He filled me with that rare grace, humility. I thought I could ride almost anything, even a hobby. Had I not ridden, years ago, a camel, of snaky neck and mountain-peak back, who bit and kicked and lied and swore, across the Desert from Suez to Mt. Sinai, and then on to Canaan? The motion was suggestive of a lively earthquake, with volcanic tendencies added, yet I survived. But that Nazareth horse was enough to make an angel low-spirited. He was worse than a hornet in your hair and sand under your eyelids.

Raptures and ecstasies inspired by the sacred and hallowed localities were impossible with a runaway mount, and the assurances and joys of faith merged

into something else that shall be nameless. The honored editor of this volume won my undying gratitude and affection when he took the animal and gave me his good horse in exchange.

My friend and companion, Rev. Dr. Hall, had a wicked beast, so destitute of moral character that he might fittingly have been named Herod. That steed never put his best foot forward, but always backward. Oh! but he was a kicker. He was constantly selecting spots upon which to deposit the learned and eloquent divine, and twice he succeeded.

One is always prepared to receive a compliment or a legacy, but a sudden introduction to a Galilee rock—no! The Doctor had been in the army all through the great Civil War, and as an officer had almost lived in the saddle, and then to be thrown and badly lamed by a wretch of a Syrian pony was an awful come-down. Days after, as he went limping about, he was reminded of the words of the seraphic psalmist, "the Lord taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man." When he came to the tomb of Absalom, he said, "Poor fellow; if I remember rightly, he came to grief when his mule went from under him."

Gallantry compels the statement that the ladies were among the most skilful and accomplished riders of the cavalcade. Frequently they were at the front, and after a long, hard day, came into camp fresh and strong. Their endurance was very remarkable. The Queen of Sheba, when she saw all the glory of King Solomon, "there was no more spirit left in her." Even so, some of us men, after eight or ten hours in the saddle.

A few ladies traveled in palanquins. This carriage belongs almost exclusively to the Far East. It is borne by two sedate, educated mules, whose characters are above reproach. With its attendants, this vehicle suggests an Oriental princess journeying in state. It is surely grand, though majestically slow, never inviting to meditation and repose.

To give the names of the noted personages of the famous mount at Nazareth is, of course, superfluous, for are they not written elsewhere in the chronicles? Cowper sang long ago, "When John Gilpin next doth ride abroad, may I be there to see."

There never will be such another tent and saddle trip as ours in the dear old lands, for we will not all gather again to take it.





## SAMARIA AND GALILEE

BY THE REV. JOHN BUNYAN LEMON, MANCHESTER, N. H.

### FROM HAIFA TO NAZARETH



HEREVER the name of the Lord Jesus Christ is loved or the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is worshipped, there the land of Israel is esteemed above all other lands. Not because of what it is to-day, but because of what it has been and what it is yet to be. No wonder then, that the eight hundred and thirty tourists who went on "The Bible Students' Oriental Cruise of the *Celtic* to the Mediterranean and the Holy Land" were thrilled with a new joy akin to that which comes from realizing a long-wished for experience when, on Wednesday evening, March 5th, 1902, it was announced that the morrow's sun would rise for us over Mount Carmel and reveal to us the world-famous, time-honored, long-revered Holy Land, the Canaan of the past, the Eden of the future, the emblem of our eternal home.

We were interested in all the countries whose shores are washed by the waves of the beautiful sea on which we sailed. They are the countries which gave to us our history, our civilization and our religion. On these shores the great battles of the world were fought when the world was young, and here it was that the immortal heroes, statesmen, poets and orators won their fame. But greater than the ruins of temples, the glory of literary achievements, and the victories of mighty monarchs, is the fame of the land of Israel, the home of the prophets and of the apostles, where angels have been often seen and the Son of God himself has walked and talked with men. Millions of men and women in every generation have longed to see this land and have not been able. When, therefore, we knew that this rare privilege was to be ours on the morrow, our hearts began to glow within us as in the disciples of olden time.

It was a good night and a beautiful morning. The sea was calm; the sky was clear. The day-star rose over the distant landscape in resplendent glory, suggesting to the way-worn pilgrim the Star of Bethlehem and the visit of



the wise men who once were also pilgrims on a similar mission to this country of hallowed memories. In the twilight of the morning the outline of Mount Carmel was seen towering above the sea. And in its shadow, close to the shore, nestled the little city of Haifa, asleep beside the tranquil waters of its beautiful harbor. From the olive-trees of the orchards, and the palm-trees of the gardens, the birds began to sing a joyous welcome to the returning day and to the strangers from a foreign shore whose ship they saw coming in.

The city was soon awake. The news of an approaching steamer, larger than any ever seen before, filled the copper-colored natives with intense excitement. It has only a population of twelve thousand, but all of them were soon in evidence along the shore and at the wharf.

Haifa is on the south side of the Bay of Acre. On the north side, directly opposite, and about eight miles distant, is the City of Acre, from which the bay is named, and which has a population of eleven thousand. Each of these cities has its own harbor. But the sheet of water between them, or rather between the promontories on which they are situated, makes the Bay of Acre, which is an inlet of the sea meet the rivers Kishon and Belus. This bay, though it is spacious and beautiful and the best on all the coast of Palestine, is, nevertheless, shallow, so that our great modern ship dared not venture near the shore. But while we were casting anchor several miles from land and waiting for the small boat to arrive, the view from the deck of our vessel was worth the entire cost of our trip across the sea.

Our face was toward the rising sun and directly in line with the ancient boundary between the countries of Samaria and Galilee. On our left were the hills of Lebanon, running back to the towering mountains whence King Solomon obtained cedar-trees, fir-trees and algum-trees (2 Chron., ii., 8-18) for the temple of God in Jerusalem. On our right was Mount Carmel, jutting out into the sea and sloping upward and eastward toward the mountains of Samaria. On yonder height, seventeen hundred feet above the sea, Elijah knelt and put his face between his knees and prayed for rain until a little cloud like a man's hand came up out of these waters (1 Kings xvii. 41-45) and expanded into a storm that came down in torrents upon the parched earth. Thus was the great famine of three years and six months (James, v. 17-18) ended. This is the mountain that was to the poets and prophets of the Old Testament the symbol of beauty. To Isaiah (Isa., xxxv. 2) it was excellent; to Solomon (Song, vii. 5) it was like the head of the fairest woman he had ever seen; to Jeremiah (Jer., l. 19) it was an illustration of the heaven to which Israel, redeemed from captivity, should return. On this fertile, shady mountain-side, overlooking the sea, the millionaires of olden time had their large estates (1 Samuel, xxv. 2-42) and their summer homes. And it was here that David wooed Abigail, the beautiful heiress (1 Samuel, xxvii. 3) and took her to be his wife.

See the mountains of Lebanon on one side standing forth silently, but majestically, testifying throughout all the generations of their contribution to

the temple of God; the mountains of Samaria on the other side lifting up Mount Carmel, where the priests of Baal (1 Kings, xviii. 18-40) were slain and the true God revealed; and over and above them all, and as if standing between the two to have them cast their crowns of glory at its feet, behold the lofty Mount Hermon, snow-crowned, imperious, glorious in the light of the rising sun, standing as if the voice heard long ago when Christ was transfigured there (Matt., xvii. 1-9 *et al.*) may yet be echoing about its lofty summit, ten thousand feet above the sea, as though reaching from the Father's throne on high to the borders of Galilee to testify of Jesus of Nazareth, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him."

From this survey of the lofty things about us, our eyes turn to the mundane sphere along the shore, where the battles of nations were fought and soldiers bit the dust. That narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea, running north for many miles, is the place where the Phœnicians lived, that mighty nation of the years gone by. To them the an-

cients gave the honor of the invention of the alphabet. They discovered how to make dyes, and to manufacture glass. They taught the Greeks wisdom and the Romans law. They fortified their cities until even Alexander the Great knew



A NATIVE FREIGHT LOAD LEAVING  
CARMEL

OUR CARRIAGE FROM MT. CARMEL  
TO NAZARETH

not how to take them except at great expense and terrible loss. They controlled yonder little city of Acre and fortified it under the name of Accho (Judges, i. 31) until not even Joshua and the children of Israel were able to take it. Ptolemy Soter, of Egypt, once captured it and named it Ptolemais, but it retained neither the name nor the allegiance demanded. Cleopatra fought against it and took it, but could not hold it. It was never a large city, but the strength of its position in commanding the approaches to the land of Abraham

from the north, both by sea and land, gave it long ago the name of "the key of Palestine." In apostolic times there were Christians in this city, and Paul went there one day (Acts, xxi. 7) and visited them.

Many changes have taken place since then. Perhaps no city of the same size in the wide world has had so strange and ever-changing history. Richard I of England, and Philip, of France, purchased the conquest of this place by the sacrifice of one hundred thousand troops. They gave it to the Knights of St. John, of Jerusalem, who named it St. Jean D'Acre. But they could not hold it. Napoleon Bonaparte came against it, and after spending sixty-one days in an attempt to take it, was compelled to retreat. He afterward said: "My failure to take it changed the destiny of the world." At last, in 1840, chosen vessels of the united fleets of England, Austria and Turkey came into this beautiful harbor and bombarded this little city for three hours until it was utterly demolished. Its glory then departed, perhaps forever.

So has the glory of Mount Carmel faded away. And it was thus foretold (Amos, i. 2) by the prophet. For its beautiful trees, from which it took its name, and the delightful parks and gardens which were once its pride, have been taken away. The flowers there still grow and bloom, but many of them are red and unpretentious, as though blushing with a consciousness of their degradation, like fallen angels driven out of paradise into the wild and open fields of thorn and weeds and uncongenial surroundings. Even the soil that was once so good has, like the fatted swine of Gadara, rushed down the steep places into the sea and left the jagged limestone rocks in view with their gray heads lifted up everywhere to testify in plain, homely speech that the day of reckoning with Israel has long since come.

Our hearts sank down within us. And yet we knew before we came on this journey that we could see only the shame and not the glory of Israel. For the kingdom of Christ is the glory thereof, and that is to be seen in the lands from which we came and not in Palestine. Nevertheless, the paths which Jesus trod, the mountains on which He prayed, the sea on which He often sailed, are still to be seen and loved for His sake and for His sake alone. Therefore, of the eight hundred and thirty passengers on board the *Celtic*, one hundred and thirty-one banded themselves together to go through Galilee and Samaria to Jerusalem in palanquin and on horses, rather than by Jaffa on sea and railway.

Mr. J. E. Michelin-Solomon, of Torre-Pellice, Waldensian Valleys, Italy, was chosen our director and superintendent. One of his ancestors was a leader of the Waldenses in the seventeenth century. His kindliness of heart, firmness of decision, far-seeing eye and sagacious spirit, united with his fearless, brave, indomitable nature, qualifies him well to be the general manager of a party like this. His long experience enables him to know the country and the natives, the customs of the people and all the eight languages that they speak.

His assistant in the general management of this party was Mr. Charles Hillier, 103 Gray's Inn Road, London, England. And he was a good assistant, fully capable of handling the party himself in case of any accident to Mr. Solomon. With these men for our guides, managers and protectors, ninety men and forty-one ladies undertook the journey of more than one hundred and fifty

miles through the mountains and valleys of unfriendly tribes, and through places destitute of food and hotel accommodations.

Our ride to Nazareth, twenty-three miles, was in carriages. The road was good, and for the most part the carriages were drawn by three horses each. The drivers were Arabs, Syrians, and mixed breeds of every description. The horses and carriages were in a fairly good condition, but on account of the size of the party some vehicles were drafted into service which appeared as though they had been resurrected from the Valley of Dry Bones. Every driver was ambitious to be at the head of the long procession, and some of the passengers appeared to be also. The best vehicles were seized immediately, or mortgaged in advance, by some of the finest people of our whole company. In fact, after so long a voyage by sea, and after the strange experiences of landing on these historic shores in small boats rowed by men of dusky faces of Syrian-



MR. J. E. M. SOLOMON, DIRECTOR, DRAGOMAN, GUIDE,  
THE BEST GENERAL WE MET IN OUR ORIENTAL TRAVELS

Moslem stamp, after passing through the custom-house and the crowds of beggars who stood with open, outstretched hands blocking the streets with their miserable presence, we all felt like school-children on a picnic pushing on to the open country and the purer atmosphere of the hills.

Our road ran through the plain of Acre and across the river Kishon, "that ancient river" (Judges, v. 21), whose sudden rise swept away the hopes of Sisera when he fought against Deborah and Barak. And here, on this plain, on the left bank of this river, came the mighty army of Pharaoh-Necho marching in haste across the plain of Esdraelon to fight against Charchemish by Euphrates. Good King Josiah, of Jerusalem, objected to his passing this way. Pharaoh plead with him to stay in Jerusalem and attend to his own affairs. But Josiah was obstinate and all the way from Jerusalem he came with an army to compel Pharaoh to respect his wishes. In that conflict, King Josiah fell. They carried his body back to Jerusalem in such mourning as the land had never felt

before. The prophet Jeremiah (2 Chron., xxxv. 20-25) mourned for him with a great lamentation, and the calamitous event that took place then became forever the type of the greatest affliction conceivable (Zech., xii. 11). and of the distress of repentant souls.

It was a long, steep hill that we had to climb after we left the plain of Acre. Everyone was invited to get out and walk. And at the top of the hill, under some olive-trees, was spread upon the green grass a narrow carpet, and on this carpet a lunch for all the party. It was refreshing and the view inspiring. Directly across the narrow valley from us was Mount Carmel and the spot where Elijah slew the priests of Baal. In front of us was the plain of Esdra-leon, where Sisera gathered his nine hundred chariots of iron (Judges, iv. 1; v. 31) to go against Deborah with weapons that could not be withstood. But as Barak hurried down from Tabor with his ten thousand men to meet him in the plain, the rain fell in torrents, the river Kishon overflowed its banks, the plain suddenly became as soft as mud, the heavy iron chariots sunk down to their hubs and the horses to their knees. Caught as in a trap by the suddenness of the storm, the soldiers of Sisera fled before the ten thousand footmen of Barak and Deborah. And here, perhaps, on this very hill where our lunch is spread, Sisera, exhausted and defeated, sought refuge in the tent of Jael, and met a violent death.

While enjoying this lunch we were introduced to Joseph Hishmeh, of Jerusalem, one of the dragomen appointed to accompany us on this journey through Samaria. Joseph is a Christian and an exhorter of considerable power. He knows a great deal about the Bible, according to his own opinion and some others. He gave us his first lecture at this time, and it was, to say the least, very interesting. When he referred to the possibility of the olive-trees about us being at least one thousand years old, the eyebrows of the Americans were involuntarily lifted, not to behold the trees, but to scan the face of the lecturer, to see if he himself believed it. And now for the first time it began to dawn upon some of us that we may expect dogmatic statements, positive identifications, and the "thus saith the dragomen," from this time on until we embark again at Jaffa.

Our lunch was refreshing, but the rest under the shade of the beautiful trees in the fresh, pure air of that splendid hill was even more stimulating. When the carriages were ready, the whole party was in exuberant spirits and anxious to get to Nazareth. Down the hill into the plain we went at breakneck speed, drivers passing one another whenever it was possible, shouting and shrieking and cracking their whips like athletes wild in a chariot race. The drivers, the horses, and the passengers, too, all seemed to be moved by the same spirit which brought Jehu "driving furiously" (2 Kings, ix. 20) from the other side of this plain to reign over Israel.

Our road brought us up again to the hill-tops and we journeyed on up and down, down and up, until at last, after several hours' enjoyment of a delightful drive, we came to the crest of a hill leading down into a valley which runs east and west in a waving line about a mile long. Along the lower edge of this hill-side we found the quiet, secluded village in which the Saviour of men

spent the greater part of his earthly existence. Here our tents were already pitched and our horses and servants waiting for our arrival.

A cup of tea was ready for us and we were assigned to our tents and made acquainted with the things prepared for our comfort. There were thirty-two fourteen-rope tents, sixteen twelve-rope tents, six saloon tents, and two kitchen or provision tents. They were all beautiful tents, and they made an attractive white city. Twenty-six of our party preferred the hospitality of the convents, and dragoman William Abraham was assigned to them for the entire journey.

Five dragomen were assigned to the tenting party. They were Shukrey Hishmeh, Joseph Hishmeh, Philip Yallook, George Yallook, and Saleh el Keary. There were four assistant dragomen. It was planned that one of these dragomen should always go at the head of the party to clear the way, and one should bring up the rear to see that no person should accidentally fall out by the way-side. The others were to keep busy riding up and down the line, giving attention to every difficulty that might arise on the journey.



NAZARETH FROM THE HILL, LOOKING TO MOUNT TABOR IN THE DISTANCE

We found that there were twenty-two waiters in camp and four waiters to go in advance of the column to prepare lunch en route. There were eight other attendants for camps and ninety muleteers to care for the horses and beasts of burden. Abou Salah, sheik of muleteers, Shukrey Hishmeh, chief dragoman, Jacob Hishmeh, superintendent of camp, and Charles Hillier, assistant director, composed the staff of officers on whom our commander-in-chief, J. E. Michelin-Solomon, depended.

We found one hundred and ninety-four horses, all stallions, one hundred and eighty-eight mules, and thirty-eight donkeys provided for our accommodation. There was one general manager with a staff of five assistants, ten dragomen, one hundred and thirty servants, four hundred and twenty horses and beasts of burden, and one hundred and thirty-one tourists, who fell in line together for a procession from Nazareth to Jerusalem, the largest company, all told, that has ever traveled that road in modern times.

Our tents were models of neatness and comfort. Iron beds or cots were provided, and tables and candles, and pitchers and bowls. They were hastily

examined and heartily approved. And straightway, while the sun was high, we proceeded with the guides to see the places of interest in Nazareth.

The Fountain of the Virgin, from which our Saviour often drank, and the precipice, fifty feet high, over which the infuriated citizens attempted (Luke, iv. 29) to precipitate their Lord, are places of interest to all generations. When we had seen these and some other places of interest, we returned to the camp and enjoyed the evening dinner that was ready at half-past six o'clock. While at the table, Joseph gave us his second lecture, consisting largely in a self-satisfying criticism of the position taken by a professor in the University of Oxford regarding the definition of the word Nazareth. Joseph has his own conviction as to what that word really means and he got it from the Bedouin Arabs, whose knowledge of philology may not be great, but whose faithfulness in re-



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN

taining the original meaning of the word from the first day until now must not be questioned.

But not even the address of Joseph, nor the witty stories that the passengers told, created so much excitement and general comment as the plain, homely statement couched in the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen, you will be called to-morrow morning at five o'clock, be ready for breakfast at five-thirty, and mount horses at six o'clock. We must have lunch to-morrow noon in Tiberias, twenty miles distant, and have a sail upon the sea of Galilee in the afternoon." This announcement broke up the meeting, caused us to hasten to our tents, where we were soon asleep, well satisfied with our first day in Palestine.

#### FROM NAZARETH TO GENNESARET

The population of the city of Nazareth is given as ten thousand. Two-thirds of them are Christians. But the word Christian does not mean the same in Palestine as it means in America. And when the Americans find it



out, they do not always deport themselves as they do in America. In Palestine every man is a Christian who is not a Mohammedan. He may be an infidel or a scoundrel, he may be a thief, a libertine, or a highwayman, but if he is not a Mohammedan, he is denominated a Christian. Every man on the *Celtic*, from the captain to the stoker, in the crew or among the passengers, was entitled to be called a Christian in Palestine, regardless of what his character may be.

Nazareth is a Christian city, but a stranger does not want to walk its dark, narrow streets alone at night. Twenty policemen furnished by the mayor of the city guarded our tents while we slept. The mayor, therefore, became responsible for our safety and was pleased with the shining gold left in his purse by Mr. Solomon. The tourists slept, but our general manager or some of his assistants were always on duty watching the policemen.



CLIFFS OF THE DOVES BY THE SEA OF GALILEE

Mr. Solomon is a Christian. But that did not prevent him from rising up in the middle of the night and horsewhipping a dozen muleteers for rioting and making noisy demonstration about the camp. He spoke to them in French, Arabic and foreign tongues, so that we did not understand what he said, but it did not sound like an ordinary prayer-meeting talk in the United States.

All of our dragomen are Christians, so they said. One of them was telling me of the church to which he belongs and of his interest in spiritual things, when a muleteer in his very presence committed a provoking offense. Without taking time to change his dialect, he frightened the follower of Mahomet with his demonstration of violence. We have plenty, however, of these kinds of Christians in America.

### NAZARETH

I wish a larger number of our party could have looked in upon the bright faces and cozy rooms of the Protestant orphanage at Nazareth. For twenty-two years this work has been going on. At present seventy orphans are sheltered there and supported. It is simply an industrial school for girls. Every

year many are turned away, but the most needy are taken and cared for. Religious instruction is given, cleanliness taught, as well as cooking, baking, ironing, etc. Miss Fanny L. Roberts, the superintendent of the orphanage, has been



CHURCH OF ENGLAND SCHOOL AT NAZARETH

engaged in mission work in Palestine for many years and is well qualified for this work. Her whole heart is in it. The children assembled in their chapel and sang beautifully to some twenty of us who had found our way into the orphanage. Dr. M'Cready and Dr. Van Cleve addressed the children and the writer led in prayer, closing with the "Lord's Prayer," in which all joined.

A most interesting incident was Dr. Van Cleve, of our party, finding two little girls, in whose support he and his church of Erie had been interested. Some

tears were shed, some pictures taken, affectionate farewells said, a collection and rich benedictions left behind.

We were glad to see that in the home of the childhood of Jesus some of the children were blessed by the gospel.

We met a venerable servant of God who for thirty-three years had been a teacher in Nazareth. He has a son in the American College at Beirut. We must hope that one result of our visit to the Orient will be to aid this young man to complete his course, when he will enter the medical profession.

Our one hundred and thirty-one tourists were Christians, but that did not mean that we would all submit to every law laid down for us by the managers of our party, or that we would make no protest when our toes were trampled on. We were not surprised, therefore, when we were told that a young lady in the party had rebelled against being forced out of bed at five o'clock in the morning and being compelled to eat breakfast at five-thirty. Several of us were not accustomed to this sort of thing, and we had not come to Palestine to adopt new customs.

It was not a good night to sleep, if one was nervous or in a bad humor. For there were dogs in Nazareth and their name was legion. There were also thirty-eight donkeys gathered in a convention just outside our camp waiting for something they knew not what. Moreover, there were one hundred and eighty-eight mules and one hundred and ninety-four horses assembled in a strange city. The donkeys brayed, the dogs barked, the mules moaned, the horses neighed, the policemen chatted, the muliteers quarreled, the neigh-

bors snored. That was not the right sort of environment for dreaming peacefully of loved ones at home. But most of us were tired and we did sleep. And we slept soundly, too.

The clock struck five. Then all the demons of discord in Nazareth seemed to break loose and make for our tents. They had bells and tin pans and whistles, and shrieks and all kinds of unearthly noises mingled together, from the filing of a saw to the beating of an out-of-tune drum. It waked us up. Of course it did; that was what it was for. Our first impulse was to jump out of bed and get a club and strike the first Arab that came our way. But we thought better of the whole performance as the procession moved on to our neighbor's tent.

It was bad medicine to force upon that young lady who had protested against rising at five o'clock in the morning. But she was equal to the emergency. She ducked her lovely face and ears under the covers of her cot and proceeded to pick up the lost chords of her broken dream.

One of the trials of a tenting party in Palestine is the fact that the waiters, camp attendants and muleteers do not understand English. The general manager gives them their instructions and they proceed to do the task assigned them, regardless of whether it pleases the tourists or not. In fact, when one commands them not to do a thing they do not seem to understand whether he is cheering them on or rebuking their efforts, neither do they seem to care which it is. It is their duty and their purpose to obey orders received from the general manager. It appears that these camp attendants had orders to strike tents precisely at half-past five o'clock. They are gifted with the knack of striking a tent, folding the beds, and having the whole thing ready for a mule to carry in less than five minutes' notice. We were locking our valises and ready for breakfast when our tent was struck, and in a jiffy made ready for transportation.

The rebellious young lady was not prepared for this new movement of the authorities. Her dreams had scarcely begun again, when lo! three Arabs stepped into her tent and lifted it from over her bed before they knew that she was there under that bundle of white counterpanes. And when they learned the situation, they were not at all embarrassed. For the customs of their country do not require a tent for a lady's comfort in rising. She could not make them understand, neither could she afford to let them wrap her garments in the folds of the tent and hie them off to Tiberias. It was a time for action, not for argument. Therefore, she acted, and from that time to the end of the journey she was obedient to the laws.

It was in the morning twilight when we went to claim our horses and to mount them for Tiberias. It was evident that the management was determined that there should be no favoritism shown to any one. Backsheesh will do a great deal in Palestine, but if Mr. Solomon is directing the party, the finest horse will not go to the highest bidder, nor one traveler get any other advantage over his fellows who are paying the same price for their accommodations. Every man had the right to select his own horse and to take chances on what the developments might be.

The horses did not understand English any better than their masters. But they were bright and intelligent and willing to learn. Sometimes a word in our language which means to go slow, they mistook for a word in their language which means to go fast. Thereupon the rider would become nervous and fretful, and the horse, realizing his mistake, would sometimes throw his heels high into the air in sheer disgust with the American habit of not pronouncing words plainly, nor making any vocal or physical signs of our inward thoughts.

The trip to Tiberias is one long story of amusing experiences on horseback. Many of our party had never before been on a horse. The more wonder, then, that no serious accidents were reported, and the more credit likewise to the watchful dragomen and muleteers, who proved themselves equal to every situation.

We passed through Cana of Galilee, but deferred our visit there until the morrow on our return. We passed near Mount Tabor, and the Mount of Beatitudes. Some of our party, expert horsemen, went up on this mountain and read (Matt., v. 1; vii. 29) the Sermon on the Mount which was preached there. They should have asked Mr. Solomon for a dragoman to accompany them.



TIBERIAS

Some of the riders supposed that there was a dragoman in the crowd, but realized when it was too late that such a precaution had not been taken. While the sermon was being read, some of the party observed that there were Bedouins skulking around and watching us in contemplation of some sort of a surprise. The main procession of our party was out of reach of our cry and out of our sight over the hill that slopes down to the sea. We had only one revolver in the crowd and none of us could speak the language of the people around us.

One of our party observed that the Bedouins were on foot and our horses were fleet, and that the way south through a field of wheat nearly ripe for the harvest was not yet taken by the Bedouins. It was proposed that we gallop off in that direction and make our escape to the main road, where they would not dare attack us. My full-blooded Arab steed had no superior in all Galilee. He was a chief's horse. Three blue beads tied in his tail testified, like an LL.D., to the honors conferred upon him by his master for distinguished services already rendered. I led the way for the charge of this light-armed brigade through that wheat-field to the open plain and to the public road leading down to Tiberias. Those of us who first escaped beyond their reach reined in our steeds, assumed the attitude of military heroes, and took our positions where

our guns, if we had any, could rake the fields, in case the enemy should reconnoitre or attempt to close in on our comrades following after.

The Bedouins were likely having a little fun at our expense. We were assured later by the English physician at Tiberias that we were safer there than in America.

We ate our lunch at Tiberius from a table spread upon the grass on our camp-ground north of the city. It was a repetition of yesterday in all essential particulars. In fact our camp-life and entertainment, as described already, is described for the rest of our journey. It will be the same tune played in different keys and with many improvised variations.

We are now in the city where Andrew and Peter, James and John, brought their fish to market. That was before their Lord called them to be "fishers of men." On our way through the city to the boats, we saw the natives cleaning their fish and making ready their food, as, doubtless, the Apostles saw them doing in the very same place and manner some nineteen hundred years ago.

The boats prepared for us are all of nearly equal size and similiar construction. They can comfortably carry from twelve to fifteen persons, and they resemble the American dory except that they are somewhat longer and are all provided with a sail. They are rowed by four when near the land, but when out at sea where the wind is always blowing, the oarsmen hoist the sail.

The sea of Galilee is a charming sheet of clean, beautiful water. It is thirteen miles long and six miles wide. The river Jordan flows into it and out of it, and it is six hundred and eighty-one feet below the Mediterranean. At many places it is more than one hundred and fifty feet deep. On this sea and on these green shores, Jesus did many mighty works. This was the place He loved to be. It was here that (Matt., xiv. 22-36) Jesus walked on the water; calmed the storm (Mark, iv. 35-41); preached in a boat (Luke, v. 3); spoke many of the parables (Matt., xiii. 1-53); ordered the miraculous draft of fishes (Luke, v. 4-11); appeared after His resurrection and ate with His disciples (John, xxi. 1-22). It was on yonder eastern shore that He fed the four thousand (Matt., xv. 29-39); and the five thousand (Luke, ix. 10-17). That steep place over there is where the swine ran down into the sea and were choked (Mark, v. 1-21); and near that cliff is where the lunatic was healed (Luke, viii. 26-40). On top that lofty mountain was where our Lord was praying when "in the fourth watch of the night" He saw the disciples in a boat like ours and on this self-

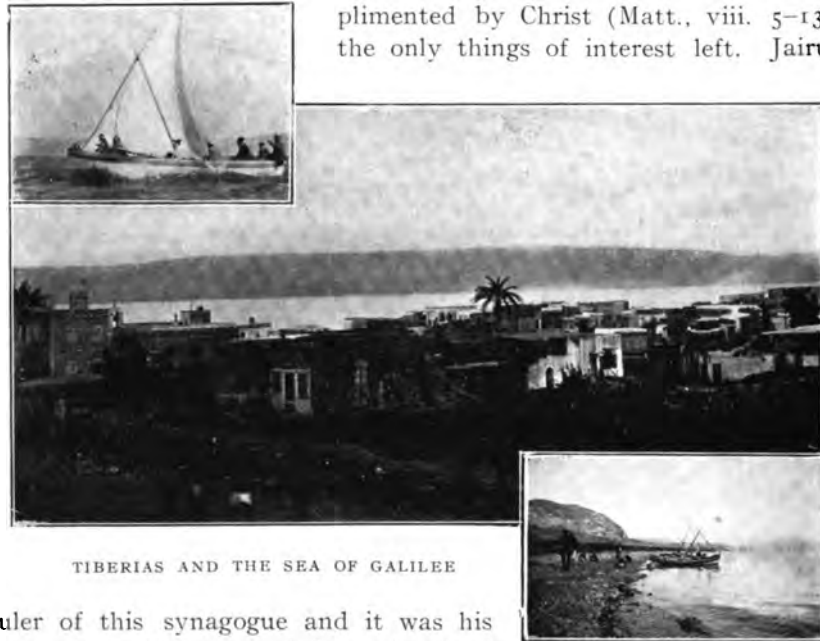


GOING TO NAZARETH

REV. J. B. LEMON AND HIS FULL-BLOODED ARAB STEED ON THE MOUNTAIN AT NAZARETH

same sea, tossed by the dangerous waves (Matt., xiv. 22-33) until he came to their rescue walking on the water.

We have now had a delightful sail and are landed at Capernaum. At least this is the place supposed to be that ancient site. For we remember that our Lord said: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" . . . "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell." The apostle, Matthew, whose home was in this city, heard these words and wrote them down (Matt., xi. 20-24). If he could return to the old home-  
stead to-day, he would see how literally true the prophecy of his Lord has turned out to be. There is nothing here to remind one of the great city of apostolic times. A few stones, supposed to be the remains of the synagogue built by the Roman centurion whose faith was com-  
plimented by Christ (Matt., viii. 5-13), are the only things of interest left. Jairus was



TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE

the ruler of this synagogue and it was his daughter whom Christ raised from the dead (Mark, v. 22-43). In this synagogue Christ often preached and wrought miracles (Mark, i. 21-35). This was the city where Jesus made his earthly home during His ministry. Simon Peter had a home here. Jesus and Peter paid their taxes together here (Matt., xvii. 24-27), and Matthew, the tax collector, was here called to be an apostle (Luke, v. 27-35). In this city they uncovered the roof where Jesus was and let the paralytic borne of four down into His presence (Mark, ii. 1-12). And here the nobleman lived who went all the way to Cana of Galilee to get Jesus to heal his son. Truly this was a place where many mighty works were done. We may not be sure that this is the identical spot where Capernaum was, but we may be sure that it was near his place, on the shore of this identical sea, and that before our eyes somewhere is the land on which the city was built.

The Capernaum of the past now bears the name of Tell Hum and is a village

of a dozen miserable huts. The ancient ruins are surrounded by a wall and are owned by the Franciscans, who have a small hospice and a farm here. The verdict of many centuries points to this spot as the true place of that ancient city, and the ruins of a church, built here more than one thousand years ago on the lot where Simon Peter's house stood, lie scattered about us. We accept the verdict and immediately the thrilling scenes of other days are vividly reproduced in our imagination. The sun is setting now precisely as it was setting then when the whole city came together at the front door of Peter's house (Mark, i. 30-33) to receive the blessing of the Saviour of men.

But while we were meditating thus, the white-caps began to form far out at sea and the sailors called to us to make haste to our boats. For the fierce winds that often come suddenly down from Mount Hermon and lash the waves into a tempestuous fury were beginning to blow, and our guides wished to reach the sheltering shores of Bethsaida before the treacherous gale could have time



SUPPOSED SITE OF CAPERNAUM.—LINTEL OF SYNAGOGUE

to form. But ere we had gone ten rods from land, the sea that was as smooth as glass when we arrived had changed into rolling, foaming, threatening, dangerous waters. Fortunately for us, however, the Voice which long ago under similar circumstances, on this same sea, said, "Peace, be still" (Mark, iv. 35-41), is even yet in control of the elements. The wind and sea obey His will. Though we did not hear that Voice, we saw the calm which followed quickly and we reached Bethsaida safely.

Bethsaida was the home of Philip, one of the apostles (John, i. 44; xii. 21), and it was the city of Andrew and Peter while they were fishermen. It was in Bethsaida also where a blind man was brought to Jesus whom Jesus led out of the town and healed in such a mysterious manner that at first he saw men as trees walking (Mark, viii. 22-26). Many other great miracles that are not recorded we see wrought in the city of Bethsaida (Matthew, xi., 20-22), but it repented not and was severely upbraided by our Lord, who declared that it should utterly perish. It has literally perished.

The seashore here is strewn with many small but beautiful shells, emblems

of many lives that have passed away and yet are. Our passengers gathered them in large quantities. But there is not even a sign of the life or site of the ancient city. The German Catholic Palestine Society has established a small colony with a hospice here, yet there is nothing suggestive of Bethsaida. In fact, it is generally believed that there were two Bethsaidas in apostolic times, one across the sea beyond Capernaum, where the blind man was healed, and one on this side further up the valley at Khan Minyeh, where was the native place of Philip, Andrew and Peter. There is not enough evidence to interest us seriously in this site. We, therefore, hasten on to the narrow path which skirts the rocky slope of the hills some fifty feet above the sea. This path is cut into the solid rock from three to six feet deep and is the ruins of an aqueduct of ancient but doubtful age. Following this path for twenty minutes, we come to the plain now known as El-Ghuwer, which is three miles long and one mile wide. This was in apostolic times known as "the land of Genesareth" (Matt., xiv. 34-36). Our boats are moored to the shore now and waiting for us at the very place where the apostles moored their boat (Mark, vi. 53-55) on that memorable morning after Peter had tried to walk on the water to meet Jesus (Matt., xiv. 28). Here it was where the people pressed unto Him to touch the hem of His garment, "and as many as touched were made perfectly whole" (Matt., xiv. 36).

On the further side of this plain is the miserable village of Mejdal, which is pointed out as the site of the city of Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene, to whom Christ first appeared after His resurrection (Mark, xvi. 9-11). And if tradition be true, that Mary Magdalene was the sinful woman who wet Jesus' feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head, then, doubtless, it was in this city where our Lord sat at meat with Simon, the Pharisee (Luke, vii. 36-50). But the setting sun forbids that we should tarry long on these historic shores. We make our way through the tall grass, thrifty weeds, and sharp briars of the plain to where our boats are waiting for us, and embark again for Tiberias.

The mountains on the eastern coast were lighted up by the rays of the setting sun as our sails were set for this one-time city of Herod. The long row of white-sailed ships on these now calm and beautiful waters were slowly being rowed toward our tents, while the beautiful sea, like a polished mirror, reflected the landscape and cliffs and small fleecy clouds above us. The mantle of night came down upon us, giving the scene a weird and desolate look, as if nature was preparing a seance for us to hear the whisperings of departed spirits who once sat at Jesus's feet on these sacred shores. The monotonous tones in which the natives along the shore called one to another, and the melancholy wail of their songs chanted to Mahomet, made our homeward voyage sad. The buoyant spirits of some American young people sought to break the spell by starting up the tune, "Way down upon the Suwannee River," but there was no response. The attempt was a horrible failure. Out of every heart there came as if by some impulse from another world, the soft melody of that beautiful hymn, "O Galilee, sweet Galilee, Where Jesus loved so much to be! O Galilee, sweet Galilee, Come sing that song again to me." With the words of this hymn



echoing among the hills on both sides of this beautiful lake, we reached Tiberias.

## OVER AND OVER

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Over and over it comes to me—  
The thought of Christ on the stormy sea,  
In times of trouble and loss and pain  
When my heart's a ship on the wind-swept main.

Over and over it comes to me—  
The thought of my comrades on Galilee,  
And their awe when the winds obeyed His will  
As He spake and said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Over and over it comes to me—  
Each human life has its Galilee,  
And Christ is ever the Christ of old  
When His "Peace, be still!" to the waves was told.

Over and over it comes to me—  
The message of comfort from Galilee,  
The voice of Christ through the storm I hear—  
"Lo, it is I! There is naught to fear!"

It is not unusual for Arab and other guides to conduct a victim to a quiet spot and threateningly demand backsheesh. A Celticite, who had been held up in this manner on the Sea of Galilee, remarked on regaining the shore, "I don't wonder that Christ walked on this sea."

After dinner some retired to their rest, thankful for their second day's experiences in Palestine and satisfied with what they had seen. But others were anxious to see something more of Tiberias. For it was again announced at dinner that we should be called at five o'clock in the morning, be ready for breakfast at five-thirty, and prepared to mount horses at six o'clock for the return trip to Nazareth. The pretext assigned for this necessity was the desire of our manager to reach the summit of the high hill behind Nazareth in time to give us the finest view in Palestine. But the fact is that the noon-day sun is so hot, and the climatic conditions so peculiar, that the health of American tourists requires the order of procedure which our wise manager gave us.

Tiberias is a city of four thousand inhabitants, and is undoubtedly on the same spot where Herod Antipas first built it, nearly two thousand years ago. This is proved by the fact that the hot springs are still there, which the Roman naturalists, two thousand years ago, reckoned among the greatest known curiosities of the world. The city was built by Herod on the site of an old cemetery and named by him Tiberias in honor of Tiberius Cæsar, who was then Emperor of the Roman Empire. This Herod was the man before whom Jesus was tried



HOT SPRINGS AT TIBERIAS

1) rather than the "Sea of Galilee." This city was the capital of his kingdom and here he had his palace and lived with Herodias, his brother's wife, in peace until the voice of John the Baptist came ringing up the Jordan valley protesting against his sin (Mark, vi. 18). From this city the order went forth for John's arrest. Here Herod had his birthday feast, when the daughter of Herodias danced before him (Mark, vi. 14-29) and asked for John the Baptist's head in a charger. But this city, though it was so great and so near to Capernaum, was a city which our Lord seems often to have avoided and never to have visited.

Our return trip to Nazareth next morning was uneventful. We climbed the hill leading up from Tiberias as the sun rose over the mountains of the Gadarenes and gave a freshness to the coasts of Gennesaret that made our last

in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion (Luke, xxiii. 7), and the son of Herod the Great, who was king in Jerusalem when Jesus was born. This Herod Antipas was the "tetrarch of Galilee and Perea" and he made this city of Tiberias the largest and most important city of his dominions. Even the sea formerly known as Gennesaret was during his time called the "Sea of Tiberias" (John, xxi.



CANA OF GALILEE

view of the Sea of Galilee a pleasant and inspiring memory. We passed again the Mount of Beatitudes or Horns of Hattin and came to Cana, where Christ turned water into wine (John, ii. 1-11). Here in an orchard of olive-trees we ate our lunch and then visited the fountain from which that water came. In the Greek Church, an earthenware jar was shown to us which is said to have

held the water that was made into wine. It was a curiosity worth seeing, both the jar and the priest. A Latin Chapel is erected on the spot where the jar stood when the miracle took place. These minute details, which seem carefully gotten up for the purpose of making money out of travelers through the exhibition of sacred relics, are the most disgusting experience with which a well-informed Bible student has to contend everywhere in Palestine.

As a matter of fact, it cannot be proved that this is even the city in which that miracle took place. An old tradition locates Cana of apostolic times at Kanat-el-Jelil, nine miles north of Nazareth, and there is good authority for preferring that site, which is twelve miles distant. If the site of the city itself is uncertain, how much more un-



HALTED JUST BEYOND CANA

certain is the foundation of a memorial church! And if the Scripture says that the water-pots were of stone (John, ii. 6), how ridiculous it is for an ordained priest to show us an earthenware jar for our veneration and backsheesh!

Nevertheless, there is much reason to believe that this is the original Cana of Galilee, the home of Nathaniel (John, xxi. 2), the place where the nobleman of Capernaum found Jesus (John, iv. 46-54) and besought Him to come and heal his son. It is a little city of six hundred inhabitants, a miserable place to live, but it presents a beautiful picture a mile or two in the distance.

When the heat of the day was past, we mounted our horses again and rode toward Nazareth. A little to the northwest of our road we saw the village of El-Meshed, the ancient Gath-Hepher (2 Kings, xiv. 25), where Jonah lived, and from which place God called him to go and cry against Nineveh. But Jonah rose up and fled over these hills to Jaffa and attempted to take the course which our *Celtic* will take on our way home. The New Testament says it was a whale (Matt., xii. 40) that sent him back to his home a wiser, a humbler, and better man. But some higher critics affirm that it was a big fish and not a whale, and prove their argument by the



DR. STRONG ON THE MOUNTAIN AT NAZARETH, WHERE HE HAS FINISHED READING MRS. ROOT'S CHRISTMAS STORY, "THE FIRST DREAM OF CHRISTMAS."

assertion that there are no whales in the Mediterranean Sea. Nevertheless, the eight hundred and thirty passengers on the *Celtic* can testify that we saw whales in this sea and that they were large enough too, to furnish hospitality for a dozen Jonahs at a time and for a longer period than three nights and three days.

We reached the tomb of Neby Ismail on the high hill behind Nazareth, where a view burst upon us unequalled in Palestine or elsewhere in the world. The ridges of Lebanon, the white top of Hermon, the mountains of Tabor, Gilead, Gilboa, Carmel and Samaria, the valley of the Jordan, the plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon, the Mediterranean Sea, the cities of Cana, Nain, Endor, Jezreel, and Jennin—what a panorama this is! And at the foot of this hill, and running a little way up its side, is Nazareth. He who loved to pray on the mountain-tops doubtless knelt upon this spot many a time and communed with His heavenly Father.

Here we surrendered our horses to the muleteers and walked down into the city and came into our tents at eventide. After dinner, a glorious service in the saloon-tent while we were yet seated at the banquet table, and we were ready to sleep until the dawn of the Sabbath day, which was now at hand.

#### FROM NAZARETH TO NABLUS

Nazareth is not a city where the hurried tourist wishes to spend a great deal of time. Nevertheless, it was here that the angel Gabriel appeared unto Mary to announce that Jesus should be born (Luke, i. 26-38); in this place



PALANQUIN FROM NAZARETH TO JERUSALEM

the Child Jesus was reared (Luke, ii. 39-40); from this city, when He was twelve years of age, He went to the Feast of the Passover in Jerusalem and astonished the doctors of the law (Luke, ii. 41-50); here He was subject to His parents for the next eighteen years after that Passover (Luke, ii. 51); from this city Jesus went to be baptized of John in the Jordan (Mark, i. 9-11); in the synagogue here He

made the first public announcement of the work He had come to do on earth (Luke, iv. 16-30); here the first attempt was made upon His life and to this city He came once again to save it (Mark, vi. 1-6). But the people here were "offended in Him" and "He marveled because of their unbelief." Then He spoke those words that have gone around the world as a proverb, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house" (Matt., xiii. 57). Having been rejected the second time, He left Nazareth forever.

Yet on the cross His title was "Jesus of Nazareth" (John, xix. 19), and after the resurrection, when Paul saw Him in glory above that of the noon-day sun, He introduced Himself even then as "Jesus of Nazareth" (Acts, xxii. 8). The city that was thus honored by the Father's heavenly gift has never honored its Lord in return. It can show the precipice over which it tried to hurl your Lord and mine and thus destroy the hope of our salvation. It can show the spring where our "Fountain of Life" was often refreshed. These two things are, in their nature, lasting monuments if left unaltered by the hand of man, but their good effect upon Americans has, in a large measure, been spoiled by the effort to build churches over them and put lock and key upon them which can only be opened for money. They show the exact spot where the angel Gabriel stood when he appeared to Mary, the exact place where Mary stood, and a number of other things which, in the nature of the case, are fraudulent. They are pointed out to the credulous and ignorant simply for the purpose of backsheesh. These things are absurd to an American mind. One cannot conceive why God should have brought a dozen important things to pass in places so close to one another that a small church of architectural beauty could be built over them, obtain revenue from the exhibition of them, and present them related to one another in the exact order of the working of the natural mind of an eastern architect. When two churches in different sections of the same city are exhibiting the same things, the competitive, the commercial, and the deceptive nature of the transaction is overwhelming.

Early on this Sabbath morning, March 9th, 1902, we left this city that rejected our Lord, and which still dishonors Him, and started our journey to Jenin, twenty miles distant. It was not our purpose to travel on this Sabbath day, but our ship was detained by fog and we must



NAZARETH

reach Jerusalem on time by reaching Jenin to-day. The road is rough, exceedingly rough, over the hill down into the plain. But when once we are on the plain of Esdraelon we have a good road and a long, pleasant ride before us.

Esdraelon is triangular in form, fifteen miles on the southeast side, eighteen miles on the southwest, and twelve miles on the north. Its elevation is about four hundred feet above the Mediterranean Sea, into which the greater part it is drained by the river Kishon, which rises in Jenin, where we are to camp to-night. In Greek the name of this plain is Esdraelon, and it is thus spoken of and described in the third chapter of the apocryphal Book of Judith. But

the Hebrew name is Jezreel, doubtless so-called because the royal city by that name was situated on the eastern end of it. It has been the battle-ground of many nations. King Ahab met Ben-Hadad here and slew one hundred thousand men in one day (1 Kings, xx. 29); here Barak met Sisera (Judges, iv. 13) and saturated the soil with blood; here at the southeast extremity Gideon's band put the Midianites to flight (Judges, vii. 1-25), and in this same place the armies of King Saul fled before the Philistines, who pressed them against Mount Gilboa and there slew Jonathan and his father. Here, also, was good King Josiah slain fighting the armies of Egypt (2 Kings, xxiii. 29, 30). Here the Crusaders and Saracens slaughtered each other. Here Napoleon Bonaparte, April 16th, 1799, with three thousand men, put twenty-five thousand Turks to flight.

On the eastern extremity of this plain are the mountains of Tabor, Little Hermon and Gilboa, standing like God's three sentinels of the ages watching this battlefield. What stories of great conflicts they can tell, and what terrible human agonies they have seen! Between them the plain dips down into the Jordan valley like the long fingers of a giant's hand. On these mountain-sides and finger-tips are the cities of Endor and Nain. While Saul's army was camping on this side of Little Hermon waiting for the day of the great battle to dawn, the king took off his royal apparel, disguised himself, and went in the night to the back streets of that wretched little city of Endor to inquire of a witch on one side of the mountain what to do with the great army on the other

side (1 Sam., xxviii. 3-25). Thereby he was degraded, disheartened, and defeated. The city of Nain rejoices even yet because Christ once came into its gates and met a widow weeping about the bier of her only son while the funeral procession was moving on to the burial-place near by. That son was raised from the dead by Jesus (Luke, vii. 11-16) right there in sight of Nazareth where He had been rejected.

On spurs running out from Little Hermon and Gilboa to meet the plain are the cities of Shunem and Jezreel. There was once a great woman who lived in this Shunem. And she made for the prophet Elisha a little chamber and furnished it with "a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick." Elisha often lodged there. And it fell on a day that her only son was with the reapers out in these harvest-fields through which we are now passing. The same sun which is now scorching us was then too hot for him and he fell. But Elisha came and raised him from the



SHUNEM

dead. The thrilling story of how that mother hastened to yonder Carmel, fifteen miles away, and of how she refused to return without the prophet, will be read with interest throughout all the wide world until time shall be no more (2 Kings, iv. 8-37).

The modern name of Jezreel is Zerin. It is a miserable little village. But it is beautiful for situation. It overlooks that part of the plain dipping down into the Jordan between Gilboa and Little Hermon and which is called "the valley of Jezreel" (Judges, vii. 33). Standing on this site one can easily comprehend how King Joram could look out of his palace window and recognize Jehu driving furiously up the inclined plain from the Jordan valley (2 Kings, ix. 1-37). We can easily understand why King Ahab coveted the vineyard of Naboth, which was in a position to ornament or disfigure the royal gardens (1 Kings, xxi. 1-24). At the foot of this hill is where Gideon's three hundred lapped up the water (Judges, vii. 5), and where the Philistines refused to ally themselves with David (1 Samuel, xxix. 1-11).

The history of this city is inseparably connected with that of Jezebel, the daughter of the King of Tyre. This King of Tyre was a priest and great worshipper of Baal. When King Ahab married Jezebel, he brought into the kingdom of Israel an influence toward idolatry from which it never recovered and which was the chief cause of the captivity and of the final overthrow of the northern kingdom. Ahab retained the city of Samaria as the capital of his kingdom, but he built this city of Jezreel for Jezebel and she was the controlling spirit in all of its affairs. She put the prophets of God to death, but Obadiah, her servant, hid one hundred of them in a cave (1 Kings, xviii. 13). She had a grove near this city, probably on yonder mountain-side, where Baal was worshipped with great demonstrations. She supported eight hundred and fifty prophets, four hundred of them in this one



JEZREEL.—JEZEDEL'S WINDOW

grove, and she fed them at her own table (1 Kings, xviii. 19). Because of this, a great drought came upon the land for three years and six months. Elijah, the greatest of the prophets, at the last came and called for a contest on Mount Carmel to see whether his God or Baal was to control in the affairs of the kingdom. On yonder mountain—Carmel—fifteen miles away, is where

that contest took place and where the prophets of Baal were slain (1 Kings, xviii. 17-46).

The window out of which that wicked Jezebel was at last thrown to a violent death (2 Kings, ix. 30-33) is pointed out by the guides. It is a rough, stone structure of the homeliest sort, and the imagination of the wildest novelist cannot connect it with the ivory palace which Ahab had (1 Kings, xxii. 39). The house in which it is located could not entertain four hundred priests of Baal at dinner, nor even forty of them. But it is important to have some place of interest here, and that window through which the wicked Jezebel made her exit out of this world, if it had been preserved to this day, would have been the best thing to transmit to posterity that the city ever had in its possession. We may be sure that the opening through which she was thrust is still there, but the wall around it has probably crumbled into dust centuries ago.

We reined in our steeds and rested awhile on the southwestern side of the



CAMP AT JENIN

city in the place where we suppose the heads of Ahab's seventy sons were stacked in two heaps (2 Kings, x. 8-7). Then we journeyed on towards Jenin, the ancient Engannim (Joshua, xxi. 29) or "garden house" (2 Kings, ix. 27), where King Ahaziah fled before Jehu. He found then, as we find now, that there is no good carriage road from Jenin to Jerusalem. In his flight, therefore, he turned his chariot aside down the plain to Megiddo, where he was overtaken and slain.

At Jenin we enjoyed a good luncheon under the olive-trees southwest of the city while our tents were being pitched for us on a vacant lot north of the city. During the afternoon we held an open-air service, led by Rev. Wm. S. Marquis, D.D., of Rock Island, Ill., who called on Rev. John B. Donaldson, D.D., for an address, which proved to be one of the most masterly delivered on the trip. Hundreds of natives stood around and witnessed it, clothed in garments of many colors, like the flower-beds growing wild. This reminded us of how they doubtless surrounded Jesus long years ago on the same spot. For this is, in-



deed, a place of gardens, well watered, and beautiful for situation, well-adapted for open-air services. The cactuses here and in Cana are very wonderful in size, some of them fifteen feet high, and they grow in hedges about the gardens and orchards.

Through the plain north of the city a contemplated railway from Haifa to Damascus is already graded. Though the track is laid for several miles, work upon it has ceased. It would bring a new era to this people if the government would allow it to be finished. During the public service in the afternoon the speaker referred to Mount Carmel and the time when Elijah there prayed for rain. We lifted up our eyes and saw even then that ominous clouds were gathering about its summit. Some of us feared that we might realize before morning what a storm at the base of Mount Carmel means.

Sixteen native policemen guarded us while we slept. Knowing that this Mohammedan city is unfriendly to Christians, Mr. Solomon thought it wise to give them his personal assistance. For it was a night of some very dark hours. The black clouds of the threatening storm came down over the plain with a great wind but with little rain. The tents trembled before it. Now and then the shriek of a female voice floated out on the midnight air, and we knew that it was a time for strengthening our stakes and making fast our ropes. This was speedily done under Mr. Solomon's supervision, and so well done that the storm passed by without seriously disturbing any one. At break of day our tents were folded by the Arabs and we went marching on toward Jerusalem.

Jenin has a population of about thirteen hundred, and is situated in a position to command the pass on the only road through the mountains of Samaria to Jerusalem. In fact this pass is so narrow that in the Book of Judith it is said that two men could hold it against an army. After traveling through it in single file and observing the rocky, precipitous, dangerous places in the narrow path, we were quite willing to believe the apocryphal Book of Judith in that regard. But as this is the only way through Samaria from Nazareth to Jerusalem, we are rewarded with the assurance that this identical path is the way that Jesus often went and the weary road over which Mary traveled on her way from Nazareth to Jutta, one hundred and twenty miles, to visit Elizabeth (Luke, i. 39-56). Also on her way to Bethlehem (Luke, ii. 1-7), and to Jerusalem feasts every year (Luke, ii. 41). There is comfort in the assurance that for one hundred miles our path is the same that Mary and Jesus often trod. At Jenin we left the plain and ascended into the mountains crossing the boundary line between the ancient Galilee and Samaria. It is possibly thirty miles from this place to Nablus, where we shall camp to-night. But distances can no longer be measured in miles. Our guides speak of it as ten hours' ride. For the road over which we travel is but a path, and this path is as crooked as a crawling serpent. Moreover, we shall digress from it into by-paths to see Dothan and other places. Wherever the mountains will permit it, these diverging and circuitous paths are so numerous that the distance in miles between two cities depends altogether on which path one measures.

We turned aside to see Dothan, leaving the village of Jerba on our left. Dothan is the place to which Jacob sent his son, Joseph, all the way from Hebron

to find his brethren and their flocks. (Gen., xxxvii. 12-36); Joseph was at that time about seventeen years old and the distance was nearly one hundred miles. The pit into which his brethren cast Joseph and from which they took him out to sell him into Egypt, still bears Joseph's name and was pointed out to us by the guides. It is now nearly filled with earth, and running over with water. There are many such pits in this country about Dothan. But the situation of this one on the road from East-Jordan to Egypt answers all the requirements of the Scripture narrative. The guides are probably wise in their habit of raising no question as to the identity of the places they point out to us. They act upon the principle that it is not their business to establish the identity of the places, but to show to the travelers entrusted to their care the places claiming the honors. We find that they themselves do not believe that Jezebel's window is the ancient one spoken of in Scripture. But there are many ignorant pilgrims from other countries who do believe it, and their object in



DOTHAN.—JOSEPH'S PIT

pointing it out to us was to have us see what others esteem so important. The more we know of these faithful dragomen, the more we appreciate their difficult task and their faithful efforts to discharge well the duty assigned them.

Dothan was the place where the prophet Elisha lived and where the king of Syria surrounded him at night with a great army. The next morning Elisha's servant saw this mountain full of heavenly horses and chariots of fire (2 Kings, vi. 8-18). The Lord smote the Syrian army with blindness and Elisha came out unto them and led them to the city of Samaria over the very route we are now going (2 Kings, vi. 19-23). Elisha probably lived in this city when Naaman the leper came to see him and was told to go bathe in the Jordan seven times (2 Kings, v. 1-27). It is an interesting place, but we tarried only a moment, for the city of Samaria is twelve miles distant and the road is rough beyond description.

Our horses were sure-footed. But at many places we dare not trust even them to take us down steep precipices and in narrow paths alongside of high cliffs where, if they should chance to stumble and fall, serious results would

surely follow. Some of our party now envied those whose wisdom and wealth enabled them to secure palanquins in Nazareth. They seemed always to be comfortable and safe.

The country in this vicinity and on to Samaria is desolate and God-forsaken. Now and then a goodly olive orchard is found, but otherwise there is scarcely a tree or a vine or a farm or a respectable building in all this section. The natives are coarse and fierce-looking. Mud huts and abject poverty, little cities made after the fashion in which the mud-dauber wasps make their nests in old barns in America, are the only things of interest to be seen as we journey from Dothan to Sebastiyeh, where once the royal city of Samaria commanded the respect and admiration of the world. How different this country now is from what it was when the prophet Amos cried against it! For then its inhabitants slept on "ivory beds" in "houses of hewn stone," and ate "the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall." They drank "wine in



SITE OF CITY OF SAMARIA, SHOWING MOSQUE, FORMERLY  
CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

bowls" and "invented to themselves instruments of music, like David." They dwelt "at ease in Zion, and trusted in the mountain of Samaria."

It was on Mount Sinai, three thousand five hundred years ago, that the Lord commanded Moses to warn the people that if they forsook their God and gave themselves to the worshipping of idols, He would surely make that good land of Canaan, to which he was then leading them, desolate, and their cities waste, and scatter them among the heathen (Lev., xxvi. 33). While in the height of its prosperity it did not seem possible that this land could ever come to this. So Ahab married Jezebel and led the people into idolatry. And God's threatened punishment has been executed to the very letter of the law.

As we came into this ancient city of Samaria, we saw the top of the hill where Elijah called down fire upon the soldiers of King Ahaziah (2 Kings, i. 1-16). Then we dismounted for lunch in among the shafts of marble columns where stood once the temple which Herod the Great is said to have erected in honor of Augustus. The ruins of that temple and of the Street of Columns which

Herod carried around the hill, are suggestive of the greatness of the city's former glory. That colonnade was originally about twenty yards wide and one mile long in its circuit around the temple that stood on the hill. Many of these columns are standing yet and are fifteen feet high without their capitals. That quality of marble was evidently imported at great expense. Doubtless, much of it was taken from the ruins of Ahab's ivory palace, which evidently



COLONNADE AROUND THE PALACE OF SAMARIA

stood in this capital city of his kingdom (1 Kings, xxii. 39). He probably had also other ivory houses (Amos, iii. 15), the most beautiful of which was the one for Jezebel in Jezreel.

After lunch we visited the Church of St. John. We know that Philip, Peter and John used to preach in this city (Acts, viii. 5-25), but this church was erected by the Crusaders, about 1175 A. D. Here in a crypt, a small chamber hewn deeply in the rock, we were allowed to look through a hole into three tomb

chambers which are said to be the tombs of John the Baptist, Obadiah and Elisha. These uncertain things, however, were not of such interest to us as the memory of the thrilling events which we know took place in this city. It was originally built by King Omri about 925 B. C. (1 Kings, xvi. 24), and was named after the man from whom he purchased the land. Ben-Hadad, King of Syria, besieged it once with a confederacy of thirty-two kings and failed to take it (1 Kings xx. 1-21). Afterward he besieged it again, when Elisha intervened and lepers brought the good news of the Syrians' flight (2 Kings, vi. 24; vii. 20). Here Ahab and Jehoshaphat united their armies to go against Ramoth-Gilead by the advice of four hundred prophets and against the warning of the one heroic and true prophet, Micaiah (1 Kings, xxii. 1-40) who was cast into prison. Here Jehu met the brethren of Ahaziah and slew them, then clasped hands



MOSQUE AT SAMARIA.—POOL BETWEEN CAMEL AND WALL

with Jehonadab (2 Kings, x. 12-17), the great temperance apostle (Jer., xxxv. 1-19). To this city Jehu gathered all the priests of Baal through false pretense of arranging a great sacrifice to that god, and when they were all in the house of Baal, he fell upon them and slew them (2 Kings, x. 18-28). But the city returned to its idolatry. The prophecy of Micah (Micah, i. 6-9) fell against it, and Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, besieged it for three years. It fell to rise no more (2 Kings, xviii. 9-12). For centuries it was the home and burial-place of kings. Here somewhere, awaiting the resurrection at the last day, are the mortal remains or dust of Omri, Ahab, Jehu, Jehohaz, Joash, and other kings of Israel, whose records are written down in God's book for our instruction.

In the early afternoon we pressed on over the hills to Nablus, some ten miles distant, where our tents were pitched, and where, guarded by twenty-

two native policemen, and Mr. Solomon's staff, we slept the sweet sleep of tired pilgrims. The ancient city of Tirzah (1 Kings, xiv. 17; xvi. 23), which was once the royal city, and where the first four kings of Israel lived and reigned, we passed on our left. But its site is so uncertain that we did not concern ourselves with turning aside to visit it. We were satisfied to reach our tents in the valley between the Mount of Blessing and the Mount of Cursing, and there to rest.

#### FROM NABLUS TO JERUSALEM

Nablus, or Nabulus, is the modern name of the city which in the Bible is called Shechem. It has a population of twenty-four thousand. It deals largely in the manufacture of soap from olive oil. Its modern name is a corruption of Neapolis, the name given to the city by Titus, the Roman general who destroyed Jerusalem. This city is on the top of a hill, one thousand eight hundred and seventy feet above the sea-level. Many springs of water burst out of this hill, so that it is the best-watered place in Palestine. And as the city is on top of a hill, some of these fountains flow westward into the Mediterranean Sea and some eastward through the Jordan into the Dead Sea, while the fountains themselves are only a few yards from each other. It depends upon one's start in life as to what his destiny shall be.

Although Nablus is on top of a hill or ridge, it is, nevertheless, in a valley. For the city is bounded on the north by Mount Ebal, three thousand and seventy-seven feet high, and on the south by Mount Gerizim, two thousand eight hundred and forty-eight feet high. There is a beautiful valley about a mile wide, running up between these two mountains like an inclined plane from the east and from the west, and these two planes meet like a house-roof, one thousand eight hundred and seventy feet above the sea. Here Nablus or Shechem is located like a sparrow on a housetop.

This is the city where Abraham first halted when he came into Canaan (Gen., xii. 6-8) nearly four thousand years ago. Afterward Simeon and Levi massacred all of its males (Gen., xxxiv. 1-21), which grieved their father, Jacob, up to his last expiring breath (Gen., xlix. 5-7). When Joshua brought the children of Israel triumphantly into this "Promised Land," he brought them to this place, and with all Israel standing between the two mountains, the words of the Law were rehearsed before the people—the blessings pronounced from Mount Gerizim and the curses from Mount Ebal, while all the people said Amen (Deut., xxvii. 1-26); Joshua, viii. 30-35). And here Joshua delivered his farewell address to Israel just before his death (Joshua, xxiv. 1-31). Here Abimelech, the son of Gideon, set up an independent kingdom (Judges, ix. 1-6), and from the top of this Mount Gerizim, Jotham, the rightful heir to the throne, spoke to the rebellious city the parable of the trees (Judges, ix. 7-2), and then fled. This caused the city to be overthrown and strewn with salt (Judges, ix. 22-45). Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, came to Shechem to be crowned king, and here he antagonized the people by threatening to make their taxes heavier, and was startled by a war cry ringing down this valley between these mountains, "To your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David" (1 Kings,

xii. 1-18). Whereupon the ten tribes seceded from the kingdom, anointed Jeroboam to be their king, drove Rehoboam back to Jerusalem, and made the city of Shechem their capital (1 Kings, xii. 19-25). Thus was the kingdom divided, never again to be united. Jeroboam's kingdom was known as the northern kingdom, or Kingdom of Israel; Rehoboam's kingdom was known as the southern kingdom, or Kingdom of Judah. Shechem became the capital of the kingdom of Israel and Jerusalem the capital of the kingdom of Judah. Jerusalem was always the capital of the southern kingdom from this time until the captivity. But the capital of the northern kingdom was first Shechem, then Tirzah, and then Samaria. Samaria, a royal city Ahab's residence but, strictly speaking, was never a capital.

When the Jews returned from the captivity, they were building the walls of Jerusalem. Zerubbabel, they constructed a cheap temple and were then satisfied to be idle, and poor, and licentious. God sent the prophets Haggai and Zechariah with the messages contained in their books to arouse them. He sent Ezra also, with the message contained in his book. But none of them had the courage and push and determination necessary to reform this people until Nehemiah came into power.

But he, when he found that these Jews had married wives of Ashdod, Ammon and Moab, came down upon them with a vengeance and "cursed them, and smote them, and plucked off their hair, and chased them from him" (Neh., xiii. 23-29). One of these was the son-in-law of Sanballat, then military governor of Samaria. Josephus says that when Manasseh came to his father-in-law, Sanballat, and told him that although he loved his daughter, he was not willing to be deprived of his sacerdotal dignity on her account, and must, therefore, give her up and be divorced, Sanballat protested. But when his protest was of no avail in Jerusalem, he promised to satisfy his son-in-law by erecting on



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TRAVELING AND RESTING FROM SAMARIA TO  
JERUSALEM

Mount Gerizim a temple as glorious as that in Jerusalem, and by making his son-in-law the high priest thereof. This temple was erected, and, of course, those other Jews whom Nehemiah had offended on account of their marriage relations, found a welcome and a fellowship here which they heartily appreciated. From that time there was enmity between the Jews in Jerusalem and the Samaritans.

The Jews in Jerusalem have been scattered to the uttermost parts of the earth and their temple is forever gone. So has the temple on Mount Gerizim. But there is, even yet, a little band of the Samaritan Jews, who worship on this mountain, and who have observed the passover feast and offered their paschal lamb, century after century, unto the present time. It is a singular fact that, with the briefest interruptions, they have continued to worship here according to their ancient custom from the days of Nehemiah until now, the only place in the wide world where it has been done. We went into their synagogue, where they showed to us the ancient manuscript of the Law of Moses. It is believed that this manuscript is the identical copy which Manasseh brought from Jerusalem when the temple on Mount Gerizim was dedicated. Some hold that the manuscript was ancient even in Manasseh's time. It is a curiosity worth seeing. But to many travelers, an imitation and not the genuine parchment is exhibited.

The sun was rising in extraordinary splendor between the mountains as we set our faces toward Jerusalem. Some of our party, led by Messrs. R. H. McCready, H. M. Tyndall, and James Gillespie, tarried behind with a special guide to ascend Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, to speak to another party across the valley, to rehearse the words of the law according as Moses directed the children of Israel to do (Deut., xi. 29; xxvii. 1; xxviii. 14), and to get the inspiring view of the country from these lofty summits, the best view in Palestine, with the possible exception of the hill-top behind Nazareth. But the most of us preferred to go down the valley about one mile to Joseph's tomb and to spend our spare time in that vicinity. Whether or not this is the exact spot where the one-time ruler of Egypt now lies buried is an open question. We know, however, that he was buried in this field somewhere (Joshua, xxiv. 32).

Half a mile further on we came to Jacob's Well.

There is no doubt about this place. It is a perfectly round well, about eight feet in diameter and one hundred feet deep. Its wall is of masonry, so smooth and beautiful that many claim or have claimed that it was hewn out of a solid rock. We drank from it and found it cool, clear, and refreshing. Our party stood around this well while I read the account



JACOB'S WELL



of Jesus talking with the woman who came here to draw water (John. iv. 4-43). It was to her that He first proclaimed himself the Messiah. She pointed to the Samaritan temple on this mountain and referred to the enmity between the Jews and her people. It was fitting that since the question of lawful marriage was in the foundation of that temple, and at the bottom of all the trouble between the two nations, it should be a question of lawful marriage suggested by Jesus that revealed to this erring woman the true religion and the Prince of Peace.

The road from here toward Jerusalem is for a dozen miles rough and uninteresting. Practically the only thing worth pointing out to us was the village of Awerta, on our left several miles distant from our path. There the tombs of Eleazar and Phineas (Joshua, xxiv. 33) are shown. Afterward we came to Lebonah (Judges, xxi. 19) where there is a good spring and we ate our lunch there. We spent the hours of rest in photographing our dragomen, listening to a very good lecture from Joseph on the marriage customs of that country and on the characteristics of a good shepherd.



LUNCH AT LUKBAN.—REVS. J. A. M'WILLIAMS AND  
E. A. M'ALPIN, AND G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.,  
IN THE FOREGROUND OF TOURISTS



DRAGOMEN AT LUKBAN, NEAR SHILOH

His lecture was preceded by a remarkably skilful mock sword duel between himself and Abdul, a black Arab of comical and captivating manners.

After lunch we proceeded over the hills to Seilun, which is identical with



SHILOH'S DESOLATION

the Shiloh of Scripture. Here it was where Jehovah set his name at the first (Jer., vii. 12), where Joshua first set up the tabernacle in Canaan (Joshua, xviii. 1-10), and where he divided the land between the tribes. Here the tribe of Benjamin caught the dancing girls and carried them away for wives (Judges, xxi. 16-25). Here the sons of Eli did wickedly (1 Sam., ii. 12-36) while Eli judged Israel from this place, and while the boy, Samuel, waited upon him before the Lord. Here Hannah prayed (1 Sam., i. 9-28), and in answer to that prayer her son, Samuel, became the Judge of Israel (1 Sam., iii. 1-21.) From this place the ark was taken into the battle with the Philistines and captured by them (1 Sam., iv. 1-23), breaking Eli's heart and slaying his sons. Here the wife of

Jeroboam in disguise sought the prophet Ahijah and was given a message that surprised her husband and foretold the destruction of his kingdom (1 Kings, xiv. 1-20).

There is nothing left to remind us of those days except the view of the surrounding country, a pool, a few mounds, and some ruins. So we passed on by the village of Sinjil to Turmus Aiya, where we camped for the night. Twenty-four Bedouins guarded us while we slept. Among them were the owners of the land on which our tents were pitched. Here a photographer from Jerusalem met us, brought us our mail, and took large photographs of our tents, our horses, and our party.



SAMARIA PARTY'S LAST CAMP, TURMUS AIYA

Next morning, at the usual hour, we were off for Jerusalem. We passed through a narrow valley, by a spring known as the "Robber's Spring." But we made no stop until we came to Betin, the Bethel of the Bible. This is the place where Jacob slept that night when in his dreams he saw a ladder from earth to heaven (Gen., xxviii. 10-22), and whose experiences are commemorated in our hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." We, therefore, dismounted at this place and gathering about the spot where the ancient altar probably stood, sang that song together, while the meditations of our hearts and the reflections of our faces were moved by the memories of those days when angels here hovered round.



NATIVES AT TURMUS AIYA, LAST TENTING PLACE OF THE SAMARIA PARTY

Here Jacob erected an altar (Gen., xxxv. 1-8), and here Rebekah's nurse died and here she was buried. This was one of the three places to which Samuel went once every year to judge Israel (1 Sam., vii. 16). Jeroboam made it a place for worshipping a golden calf (1 Kings, xii. 26-29), and because of this sin a "man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord came to Bethel" and withered the hand of Jeroboam and was then slain by a lion on his return (1 Kings, xiii. 2-34). In Elijah's time there was a school of the prophets here which he visited before his translation (2 Kings, ii. 1-4). Here the children made fun of Elisha and two she-bears came out of the woods and destroyed forty-two of them (2 Kings, ii. 23-25). King Josiah destroyed the altar which the idola-



BETHEL, SCENE OF JACOB'S DREAM

trous Jeroboam had erected there, took the bones of dead men out of the tombs and burned them on the place where the altar stood (2 Kings, xxiii. 1-20). When

Jeroboam II was reigning over the northern kingdom, God sent the prophet Amos to Bethel. He denounced the place and predicted that it would come to its present desolation (Amos, v. 4-6). And when the king forbade his prophesying any more in Bethel (Amos, vii. 10-17) the prophet turned away with a curse upon Israel that remains to this day. Amos was God's last call to Samaria.

Bethel is on a hill and is a miserable village of about three hundred population. The view, however, is excellent. From this point one can look down into the Jordan valley, see the hill on which the city of Ai was situated and understand Joshua's ambush which he laid for its capture (Joshua, viii. 1-29). From this point we may look down upon the valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned to death for stealing the golden wedge (Joshua, vii. 1-26), or we may look up to the hill where Abraham and Lot stood to divide the land when Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom (Gen., xiii. 1-13).

As we were leaving Bethel, we noticed thousands of forget-me-nots blooming all over the place, as if to remind the visitor of the lessons taught on this historic ground. Slowly we came down the hill and were soon at El-Bireh, the ancient Beeroth (2 Sam., iv. 2) where our lunch was waiting for us. There is a tradition that this was the place where the parents of Jesus first missed their boy on their return from Jerusalem (Luke, ii. 41-50) when He was twelve years old. Ramallah is just over the hill from here, and the convent section of our party was entertained there last night in that clean and beautiful place. There is a good carriage road from here to Jerusalem, and the manager of our *Celtic* cruise, Mr. Clark, thinking that some of us might be very weary with our long journey, was kind and generous enough to send a number of carriages to meet us here. It was a great comfort, especially to the ladies, to drive these last twelve miles in good carriages. For we were now in the land of Benjamin, Beeroth having been assigned to that tribe, and our Galilee-Samaria trip was

ended. But our eyes were longing for a sight of Jerusalem and we hastened on till we came to the hill of Scopus, where the city burst upon our view in all its historic splendor. The sight of it caused many of our party to involuntarily begin to sing "The Holy City" and other similar sacred pieces treasured up in the heart of men with the visions of this place. The sun was yet high and the day beautiful. Therefore we turned aside to Mount Olivet. And from the summit of this sacred



BEEROTH, EL BIREH.—JESUS LOST BY PARENTS HERE—  
LAST LUNCHING PLACE OF SAMARIA PARTY



VISITORS AT MOUNT OLIVET

mountain we looked down upon the Dead Sea and the Jordan River in the east, the plains of Bethlehem and the ancient wilderness of Judea on the south, Jerusalem and Calvary on the west. Then we remembered that it was here that the Lord wept over the ancient city (Luke, xix. 41-44); that in Gethsemane at our feet He was betrayed (John, xviii. 1-11); that on yonder Calvary He was crucified (Luke, xxiii. 33-37); in the garden that is there before our eyes He was buried (John, xix. 41) and rose from the dead; and that forty days afterward He led the apostles out of the city down yonder path across the brook Kidron, alongside of Gethsemane up to this summit over against Bethany and lifted up His hands and blessed them (Acts, i. 1-12). Then He ascended into heaven. We looked up into the sky and saw fleecy white clouds like those that carried Him

out of sight still lingering above this mountain as if waiting for His return.

We looked westward once more and the sun was setting over the Mediterranean Sea beyond Mount Zion. His face grew solemn and red as if blushing still with the sad memory of that day when in shame he hid his face while Jerusalem crucified the Lord of heaven and earth. As he now looked upon us he seemed to be inquiring, "What message may I take from Americans on Mount Olivet to Americans in their native land, six thousand miles away?" And our answer was, "Tell them that when our Lord ascended into heaven from this place (Luke, xxiv. 50), His face was toward America, His hands stretched out in blessing toward the United States, and His Voice directed toward our great country when he said, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

Having wafted this message on toward the setting sun, we descended the mount and came into the city.

"Enthroned beyond the World although He sit,  
Still is the World in Him and He in It;  
The self-same God in yonder sunset glows  
That kindled in the words of Holy Writ."

## THE CONVENT PARTY OF PALESTINE

BY THE REV. JAMES J. HOWARD, WORCESTER, MASS.



HE convent party consisted of twenty-three members. The name "Convent" was assigned to the party not because we were particularly religious or because we had a monopoly of the piety or devotion of the Samaria section of the cruise. It was simply a designation that showed where we would be lodged and cared for during our trip overland to Jerusalem. From almost any view-point we select, there is a vast difference between traveling in the East and the West. The traveler notices a change even in himself and in his way of looking at the things that come in the range of his observation. Here he ceases to be a mere sight-seer, and his dispositions warrant the title of Pilgrim, by which the traveler in the Holy Land is usually known. The difference in the things about him is even greater than the change he finds in himself, and without being permitted to gradually accustom himself to the contrasts, he is hurried suddenly into a new world and brought face to face with conditions and methods of life that differ in every respect from life as we know it in Christian lands. His previous reading, training or culture may have prepared him for some dissimilarity, but he could hardly have formed any adequate idea of what he really meets. There is the same sun shining for all, the same rain falling alike on the just and unjust, the same earth giving up its fruits to sustain its lord, but this said, the points of resemblance practically cease.

If not the greatest difference between East and West, at least the one that is soonest brought home to us is in the methods of travel. The steam engine and railroad have made but small progress in impressing their worth on the Mahometan mind. They are in fact very rare in the domain of the Turk, particularly in the Holy Land. Primitive methods of locomotion there take their place beside primitive methods in the other branches of human activity. The Oriental ploughs his field, tills his land, reaps his harvest, threshes his grain and moves abroad much as did the "Father of the Faithful" when he first gazed on the Promised Land, 4,000 years ago. There is neither exception or dispensation. The same law binds Greek and barbarian, Jew and Gentile, bond and free. Hence it is that the pilgrim to the Holy Places, sanctified by the footsteps of the God-man, must go either on horse or on foot.

Moreover, outside of the large cities, there is an utter absence of anything corresponding to a hotel. The traveler is therefore forced to make various make-shifts to supply this want. Traveling alone in these regions is unusual and unsatisfactory, and attended with not a little danger. Difficulties, in the overcoming of which our western experience would be of little value, constantly beset one's path. The roads are roads only by courtesy. The risks to health are both insidious and frequent; while the dangers from outside enemies are real enough and grave enough to call for the exercise of considerable vigilance. The trips are therefore nearly always made in parties, and to visit

all the sacred shrines and historic spots of interest to the pilgrim or the student would require no less than thirty days.

The traveler cannot create conditions and if he is wise he does not attempt it. He accepts things as they are, feeling that the customs of 3,000 years will hardly yield to the wishes or whims of the passing stranger. Two alternatives present themselves to him, and either for better or for worse he must take his choice. He may either journey over those historic hills and plains and be lodged in tents, or he may hand himself over to the hospitality of the various hospices scattered over the country for the reception of pilgrims, and which pass in common parlance under the name of convents.

The present article deals only with the experiences of those members of the *Celtic* Cruise who elected to intrust their precious lives and fortunes to the mercy of the "Convents" in making the Samaria and Galilee trips. To understand what these convents are, we must get rid of some of our preconceived notions on the subject. In America we only apply the term to the houses of religious orders of women. If we accepted this sense of the word in the Holy Land, we would be very far from the truth. There, a convent is nothing but a hospice; an Eastern substitute for a Western hotel. Some of them are maintained by the Greeks and others by the Latin or Roman Catholics. Both kinds are established for the same purpose, which is to offer hospitality to the pilgrims who come to venerate the Holy Places. They aim at giving their guests safe and convenient lodging and food, with as many of the modern comforts as are possible in a land where comfort is the last thing in the minds of the people.

Our party had but little experience with convents, although we were called the Convent Party. Two nights in Nazareth we spent in the village hotel, and two other nights we were harbored by Latin priests. The only personal knowledge the most of us got of convents was in Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee.

The Latin convents of the Holy Land are all managed by the Friars Minor, priests of the order of St. Francis, commonly called Franciscans. They are the official custodians of the Holy Places, designated for their highly honorable position by the Church. When the Crusades ended in final defeat and the European forces were obliged to abandon Palestine, with them disappeared the clergy who had gone to minister the sacraments to them, and the church which they had organized and built up. Both they and their works were overwhelmed by the disaster. In order that the memories of the sanctuaries might be kept alive for the devotion of future generations of Christendom, a few of the Friars, under St. Francis himself, went and established themselves beside the Church of the Cenaculum in Jerusalem. Later on they were made the official guardians of all the sacred spots in both Palestine and Egypt. They have devoted themselves to this work for now well nigh 700 years. Their records reveal a wonderful story, abounding in human interest. Over it falls the shadow of a long series of petty annoyances, open persecutions, and flagrant injustice, but it is lit up by superhuman self-sacrifice, unstinted devotion and unflagging zeal. More than once have they been violently deprived of their possessions, again and again have they been imprisoned; many of them at various times have given up their lives for the cause. Even within six years

has this noble band of heroes been called upon to mourn, or as they would put it, to rejoice, because some of their members have sealed their devotion by pouring out their life-blood at the hands of the "unspeakable Turk." For the past 300 years they have been under the protection of the French government, which is recognized by treaty as their protector. But this has very often availed them but little, as treaty obligations rest lightly on the shoulders of the Turk. Fanatical hatred of Christ and His Cross easily outweighs it, as the Franciscans have bitter cause to know. They have been the victims of the most sordid cupidity; they have been subjected to the most diabolical hate and most fiendish trickery, but yet they are cheerful and contented withal, if only the spots where Christ lived, taught, suffered and died, are kept as a Christian heritage. With them "better is one day in the courts of the Lord than a thousand."

The hospices under their charge are found at the following places: Jaffa, Ramleh, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, St. John in-the-Mountains, Emmaus, Nazareth, and Tiberias. In any one of these places the pilgrim is welcome without distinction of race, creed or color. Moreover, the hospitality they dispense is absolutely free. They give every accommodation that the country and their narrow means supply. There is good cheer, a kindly welcome and great consideration bestowed upon all without exception, and if the pilgrim at his departure has it not in his power to make them an offering to compensate them for their trouble and expense, no word of complaint falls from their lips. It is in this splendid fashion they practice and exemplify the princely and Christian virtues of hospitality.

In all of these places, besides their ordinary duty as clergy of the parish, they have schools for the instruction of the young, they have asylums for the care of orphans or abandoned children. They keep in addition to these, industrial schools, in which the youth of the country are taught useful trades as a means of gaining their own livelihood later in life. In their institutions they keep three ideas constantly before them as the basis and motive and spring of all their action. Their first aim and intention is to guard religiously the spots that have been sanctified by the life, miracles, and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ. For this reason mainly they are known as the Fathers of the Holy Land or the Guardians of the Holy Places. They desire secondly to dispense hospitality to the pilgrim of every land who may resort there, and to give him every temporal and spiritual comfort that lies in their power. For 700 years they have been devoting themselves to this eminently Christian work. How much pleasure they have been the means of conferring upon the generations of those centuries, what floods of grace they have been instrumental in pouring into the souls of men in those long ages, only the All-knowing God can unfold. But He surely has laid it up in the Book of Life, and it will yet be made known to men in the brilliancy of the crown of glory they will carry for all eternity. They try thirdly to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the very spots where He first taught himself. This part of their work is attended by countless difficulties, arising from various sources. There is the fanaticism of the Turk, viewing with sinister eye any attempt to draw away the followers of the Prophet.



Any symptom of this would call forth the harshest punishment and foster a persecution so fierce and relentless that their whole work would be compromised. It is only then by holding up to the eye of the Mahometans the higher and holier standard of Jesus Christ and by instructing the children who occasionally fall into their hands, that they can accomplish any missionary work. It will be seen at once, however, that this method is so indirect in its operation and so slow in producing results that it must wear out the patience of all but the most apostolic spirits.

The convent party from the *Celtic* traveled the usual course of those who go through the Holy Land. By an accident they were fortunate enough to have Jerusalem as the terminus of their pilgrimage instead of the beginning. In the midst of the discomforts, which were neither few nor trifling, they were sustained and buoyed up by the thought that every step brought them nearer the Holy City, whose sight would gladden their hearts and mark the fulfillment of hopes cherished for many long years. With one exception no accident befell any member of the party, and the exception served to call out our thanks to Divine Providence that it was, comparatively speaking, small, when the circumstances might easily have made it more serious and even fatal. The party was of such proportions that acquaintance was easy and the best of harmony and good fellowship prevailed at every moment. There was always present such a fine feeling of sharing each others' burdens that the party became a charming and edifying social circle. We saw to our satisfaction the scene of our Saviour's boyhood in Nazareth; the scene of his public life in the towns of Galilee and on the Sea of Genesaret. We crossed the marvelously rich plains of the Promised Land, that recalled almost at every step some incident of Biblical or profane history. We passed Shiloh and Bethel and steeped ourselves anew in the scriptural traditions that had their origin there and still seem to hover about them. Finally, on March 12th, we got our first view of the Holy City from the Hill of Scopus, and with the Psalmist, "we rejoiced in the things that had been told us," for we were soon to be in the house of the Lord, and soon "would our feet be standing in the courts of Jerusalem." That first view of the city dear alike to Christian, Jew and Mahometan can never be effaced from our memory. The emotions it called forth were so strong, so deeply did it stir the depths of our souls, that the thought of that first sight must ever make a profound impression on us. Then as never before could we get an idea of the ecstatic fervor and sublime joy that seized the Crusaders as they first gazed on the wondrous vision. In the city we ceased to exist as a party, being scattered among the various hotels. It was the good fortune of some of us to fall again into the hands of the good Franciscans at the Casa Nova. There even in a higher degree we had our good impressions of Nazareth and Tiberias confirmed. We saw their great charity, their delightful kindness, their Christian courtesy, their intense love of Christ Crucified, all conspiring to make our stay in the Holy City enjoyable, profitable and memorable. At our departure we understood better the feelings of the Jews when "they sat and wept by the rivers of Babylon and hung their harps on the willows."



TO JERUSALEM

Two started on a journey, one fair day;  
Upon the self-same mission they were bent,  
And almost side by side their pathways went;—  
But what a world apart their souls' roads lay!  
At last, the twilight deepened into gray,  
And they, awcary, and with travel spent,  
Sought shelter 'neath a tree, a proud primeval tent,  
Where they might rest them on their common way.

Then spoke they of the path which they had trod:  
The one, with bitterness and saddened soul,  
For he had seen but solitude and waste,  
Had missed the promise of the hills which graced  
The dreary plain for him who saw life whole,  
Who knew firm faith would lead him straight to God!

