

## THE ANCIENT JERUSALEMS

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U. S. ARMY.



THE Sacred City has been again and again destroyed and rebuilt over the ruins. If "the modern town with its crooked and badly paved lanes"\* could be carefully removed, we should find, underneath, the Jerusalem of the Crusades; below that, the Jerusalem of the time of Christ; below that, the Jerusalem of Nehemiah; below that, the Jerusalem of David and Solomon; below that, the still earlier cities. From the day when Abram stopped in the King's Dale, under the walls of Uru-Salem, (Salem City), on his return from his victory over the raiding hordes from the Euphrates, and gave tithes to Melchizedek, its priest-king (Gen. 14; corroborated by the Tel-el-Amarna tablets)—to the present time—Jerusalem has undergone twenty-seven sieges; and it has been built or rebuilt eleven times on the same site.† Rich finds await the explorer, when the Moslem influence shall lapse; but, at present, the cupidity, superstition and general unreliability of the Mohammedan rulers and people render much exploration unadvisable, if not impossible. However, the remains of former days appear at least to be safe where they are buried; and some day, we trust, there may be a real resurrection in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, at the dawn of a true millenium of peace and happiness for this now truly accursed land and city.

Each successive city was built upon the ruins of its predecessors, such buildings as had in whole or in part escaped destruction being again utilized by the subsequent builders, many of the building materials of one age being again and yet again employed in successive rebuildings. See, for example, the accompanying picture of the traditional home of Martha and Mary, at Bethany.

Now, let us, purely by way of illustration, imagine that Jerusalem—or El Kuds, as it is now called—has been given up to the Celtic Cruise Student Travelers' Association, or some other learned body of which we are members, with full license and facilities to dig everywhere to bed rock. We might then imagine ourselves as lifting off and



TRADITIONAL HOME OF MARY, MARTHA AND LAZARUS, BETHANY, ILLUSTRATING WORKING OVER OF OLDER MATERIAL

\*Baedeker.

†Newman, "Dan to Beersheba," p. 5.

removing one by one the curiously distributed remains of each successive city, very much as the odd-shaped cards of an anatomical manikin are removed.

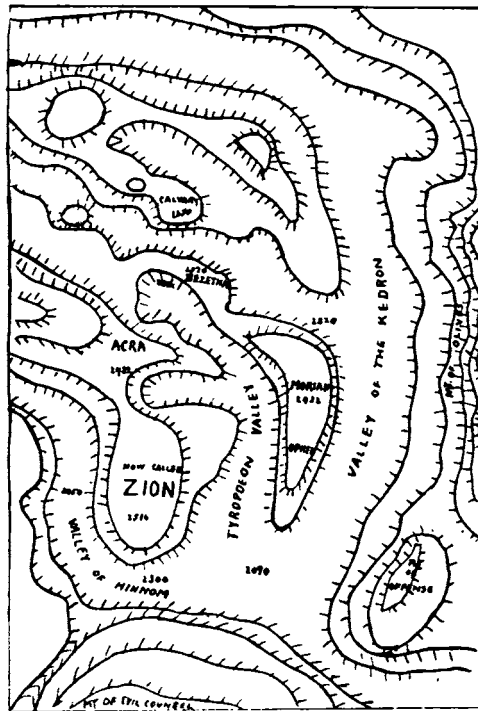
We should first remove the exclusively modern portion of the present city, being the residences and stores within the walls and the modern graves just outside; and would then find ourselves among the ruins of mediæval Jerusalem, as it stood under the sway of Egyptian, Saracen, Christian and Turk. We would not remove very much anywhere, for the city has not since been destroyed; especially, we would leave the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the mosque of Omar, the mosque of Aksa, the tower of Phasael (often called the tower of David), the present walls, the Temple platform, the Cenaculum, (scene of the Last Supper), on Mount Zion, the "Castle of Goliath" (probably the tower of Psephinus built by Agrippa), and some of the more ancient hospices, as these all were in existence in the Middle Ages as well as now. Here we might find palaces, fortresses, prisons and churches—scenes of revelry, despair and devotion—occupied alternately by polished Saracens and ruder and often less Christ-like Christians during the vicissitudes of the Crusades. The mosque of Omar was first built of wood, by Omar; and later, about the end of the seventh century, in more elaborate style, and of stone, by Abd-el-Melik. The gates of the Temple were then often open: the Golden Gate on the east and the Double and Triple Gates on the south being especially noteworthy. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, after the great fire of 1808, was rebuilt in 1810, in its present form: below its present surface (in the walls and elsewhere), we might possibly find many interesting traces of the numerous preceding buildings and restorations. Mediæval Jerusalem was built by Modestus in 614-15, and taken by Omar in 637. In 680 it had eighty-four towers.

Clearing away this mediæval Jerusalem, we would come to the heathen city Aelia Capitolina, destroyed in 614 by Chosroes the Persian, built in 130 A. D., by Hadrian after a war of Jewish resistance which cost over half a million Jews slain in battle and practically destroyed them as a nation. After the accession of Constantine, the city became more and more Christian. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in its earlier structure, was rebuilt in 336. The Church of St. Mary, now the mosque of El Aksa, was built by Justinian. At first no Jew was allowed in or near this city, on pain of death.

Below Aelia Capitolina, after removing its ruins, we shall find the New Testament Jerusalem, destroyed by Titus in 70 A. D. Its outer (or "Third") wall, built by Agrippa, in 40-44, contained ninety towers. Pilate built a great aqueduct, still partly visible; there is no doubt more under the ruins. Herod wonderfully beautified the city, rebuilding the Temple; building two palaces on Mt. Zion more beautiful than the Temple; a gymnasium; a theatre in the Tyropoeon valley; a bridge and probably two, from his palaces on Zion across the Tyropoeon valley to the Temple platform; another bridge (called the Red Heifer bridge, (see Num. 19:1-10) from the southeast corner of the Temple platform across the Kedron valley to the Mount of Olives; the Castle of Antonia and that part of the temple platform to the east of it, doubling the total area of the platform; and built the towers of Hippicus, Phasael (still standing at the Joppa gate) and Mariamne. As we unearth the ruins of this age, we will come

upon the true Via Dolorosa, or rather Via Triumphi, the road our Saviour trod on the way to Calvary; possibly some twenty feet, at places, below the present level, and, as most unbiased archæologists believe, leading not toward the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but through the Damascus gate to the "New" Calvary. That much disputed "Second Wall," on which the true location of Calvary depends, will, without doubt, be unearthed; some of us, when in Jerusalem, saw recently excavated ruins of what was almost certainly this wall; but there is much more underground. Beyond doubt, the stones of Herod's massive Temple are to be found, in good preservation, in the rubbish at the foot of the walls of the Temple platform, where they were thrown by Titus' soldiers and the workmen of Julian the Apostate, when he tried to rebuild the Temple. The rubbish is, at places, one hundred and sixteen feet deep, the wall having originally been at one place over one hundred and fifty feet above ground—and the palaces perhaps forty or fifty feet higher at the walls. So complete and sudden was the overwhelming of this city and so long did it lie desolate that its ruins are no doubt very complete; and here we shall, no doubt, find many places now unidentified, where the Saviour's feet trod. "Robinson's Arch," as it is now called, is probably a visible remnant of the lower Tyropoeon bridge.

After the New Testament Jerusalem has been thoroughly explored, we will have to build a large museum—or series of museums, one for each age—and remove this city thereto, in order to view the earlier ruins below. Here we will find ruin upon ruin of the first four centuries before Christ; and, most important of all, will get our *first* glimpse of the ancient topography of the place. We will find, probably, the citadel built on Akra by Antiochus Epiphanes; possibly some remains of the old castle of Baris, on the site later occupied by Herod's castle of Antonia. We will find where Simon Maccabæus filled in the Tyropoeon valley; and what it looked like before that. We will



THE SITE OF ANCIENT JERUSALEM

find, close below, the city as rebuilt by Nehemiah; and learn how those southern walls ran and whether or not they included the pool of Siloam and all of Mt. Ophel. In Nehemiah's structures, we will find many stones of David's and Solomon's times, for the rebuilding was done very hastily and under great opposition.

Below this, we will find the Jerusalem of David and the later kings of Israel; the ruins of Solomon's Temple and palaces (probably thrown over the platform walls); and those mysterious walls on Bezetha, on Ophel, east of the platform and elsewhere (many of these also are more modern). The tombs of David and Solomon, which (1 Kings, ii. 10; xi. 43) were "in the City of David" will probably be found; and we will know whether the original Mount Zion, on which the "City of David" was built, was really on what we now know as Zion or on Mount Ophel. Also, we may hope to find some traces of that mysterious Millo that David built and Solomon enlarged or repaired, and find out whether it was a castle or a picture gallery (probably not). Here, also, probably belongs that bridge over the Tyropoeon, underneath "Robinson's Arch" and sixty feet below the present surface of the earth. Here, also, we will add in Solomon's quarries, under Bezteha, whence came the stones that employed eighty thousand quarrymen (1 Kings, v. 15-17) in cutting and preparing the stones that were laid so noiselessly into the walls of the Temple. Here, also, belong those enormous cisterns, hewn out of the heart of Mount Moriah, holding two million gallons of pure water; the great pools beyond Bethlehem; and the wonderful aqueducts—one containing an inverted siphon, a thing unknown to the Romans in the time of Christ—and very many underground wonders, possibly some of them Masonic.

Below this, again, we may still find, on Ophel or what we now call Zion, remains of the old Jebusite stronghold of Jebus and the earlier city of Uru-Salem.

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Thus, in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, we have made a kind of tourists' exploration of the ruins of these ancient cities. It fixes the great truths of the patriarchs and prophets and makes deeply real the life and death of Christ to us. Here are the facts for the faith in Jesus Christ whose delight shall be to show us the hidden mysteries of this old Jerusalem and that New Jerusalem beyond the skies. (John, v. 24.)

Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees,  
 And to the writers that write perverseness:  
 to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right of the poor of my  
 people, that widows may be their spoil, and that they make the fatherless their prey!  
 And what will ye do in the day of visitation,  
 And in the desolation which shall come from far?  
 To whom will ye flee for help?  
 And where will ye leave your glory?  
 they shall only bow down under the prisoners, and shall fall under the slain.  
 For all this His anger is not turned away,  
 But His hand is stretched out STILL!

## THE GEOLOGY OF PALESTINE

By JOHN FULTON, MINING ENGINEER, JOHNSTOWN, PA.



HE historical geology of Palestine is quite complicated, and would require an extended study in its relations with Sinai and Egypt. The structural geology of the Holy Land is not, however, so difficult, and its investigation can be confined mainly within its borders. This latter condition will be followed with few references to the former, except where necessary to throw light on its structure. The rapid movements of the "Celtic-Clark Cruise Party" in Palestine afforded very brief opportunity for geological examination; but the main facts of the properties and order of superposition of the principal formations composing the body of the land of Palestine were observed. These in connection with the work of other observers will enable a brief statement to be made of the structural geology of this wonderful land.

The little map accompanying this paper will show the general features of Palestine with the few formations composing it; with their outspread, and the lines of the travels of the company composing the "Galilee Party."

The little cross section from Jaffa to the Dead Sea will exhibit the order and succession of these formations.\* In common with all other countries and continents, the base or foundation of the Palestine rocks consists of granites, diorites and gneisses, constituting the great Archæan floor on which rest the sedimentary formations of Nubian sandstone and cretaceous limestone, with the more recent deposits.

Resting on the Laurentian and Huronian base, the massive Nubian sandstone formation is next in order of superposition, having a thickness of 1,000 feet. This formation has a great outspread in Egypt. It is an easily dressed sandstone, and is utilized largely in buildings.

Superimposed on this Nubian sandstone formation the great cretaceous limestone is found. This formation of 1,500 feet in thickness is composed of three sections,—the Lower, Middle and Upper Cretaceous.

\*From Sir J. W. Dawson, Geologist, etc.

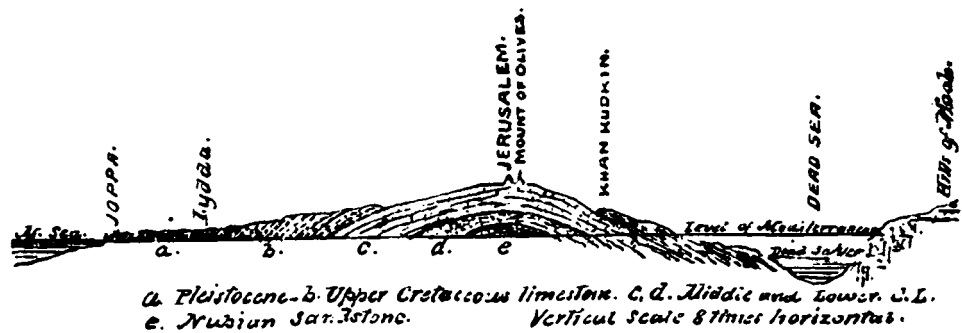


It forms the great central ridge of Palestine. The Lower member is quite firm, the Middle member is seen in the quarries at Jerusalem and is valued as affording massive and easily dressed materials for building. The Upper member, which is seen on the flanks of the great anticlinal of Jerusalem, is composed of thin bedded limestone. On the hills of Edom and Moab, and the Mediterranean maritime plains, areas of Eocene and Pleistocene come to light.

It is important to observe here, that in the section giving the order of the rock formations a great gap occurs, covering extended time between the crystalline rocks of the Archæan Era and the sedimentary formations of the Mesozoic Era—or from the Huronian to the Nubian sandstone. This wide chasm, with the loss of its important formations, has deprived Palestine of the most valuable industrial minerals of coal and iron ores of the whole extended Palæozoic Age, so important in giving power and well being to its inhabitants.

The movements that evidently caused the absence of these formations during this long interval, consisted of a moderate depression of the surface

**SECTION FROM JOPPA TO THE DEAD SEA.**



during the deposit of the Nubian sandstone, with a further and extended subsidence, during which the great Cretaceous limestone was deposited in a comparatively quiet sea.

In the periods of the Miocene or Middle Tertiary, a great upward movement evidently occurred, elevating all these formations above the ocean level, bending and folding these rocks in this movement; not in an excessive, violent manner, but in a great central wave movement of immense dynamic force, a part of which was absorbed in the great fault beginning in the line of the Gulf of Akaba and its extension through the Jordan valley into Coele-Syria, a distance of over 340 miles. It consists of a great fracture or rock fault, in which the hills of Palestine and Moab were elevated. The deepest part of the depression is seen in the valley and basin of the Dead Sea, whose surface water is now 1,282 feet beneath the level of the Mediterranean Sea; and its bottom at deepest point 1,170 feet beneath its surface.

In the Pleistocene or latest Tertiary period there was a general lowering of the Northern hemisphere, contemporaneous with the later part of the Glacial

epoch in the north. In this Palestine participated, and so far as can be judged from the deposits on its lower grounds, went down about 300 feet below its present level, bringing all the low country along the maritime coast under water. Following this depression there was an elevating period, extending quite widely, leaving the topography of Palestine nearly as it now stands.

During these changes, volcanic phenomena manifested themselves, especially along the Moab or eastern side of the Jordan valley fault, producing basaltic outbursts, appearing near Tiberius, and which are seen in their fullest outspread around Damascus. It is evident that these volcanic outbursts took place in the later Tertiary period, from their products surmounting all the other formations of the country.

At this time we have the evidence of their old age volcanic movements in the hot springs south and east of Tiberius, on the west shore of the Sea of Galilee.

These hot springs, with their sulphurous waters, are present indications that the volcanic fires below are not yet quite extinct.

Much of the erosion of Palestine doubtless occurred during the Pliocene period, before final depression; this is evident from the necessity of the discharge of the materials from the deep cuttings of the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea, into the Gulf of Akaba and the Red Sea.

It is interesting to note that the thin black strata, seen on the Jericho road, in the Cretaceous limestone, have been saturated with



bitumen to such an extent that in some of the richer beds this matter will burn slowly. Evidently these black bituminous beds are the sources of the asphalt and petroleum of the Dead Sea. In addition to this, it has been ascertained that springs in the bottom of this sea produce asphalt, increasing the density of its water to specific gravities of 1.162 to 1.255, hence its remarkable property of floating bodies on its surface.

The great fault, previously referred to, along the line of the Jordan valley, displacing the formations nearly 5,000 feet, evidently contributes large outbursts of bitumen and gas, the former finding its resting place in the waters of the Dead Sea.

The topography of Palestine bears records of the frequent and violent events in its historical geology. These features consist of a great central limestone range from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, flanked on the east by the Dead Sea and Jordan valley, and on the west by the maritime plain on the Mediterranean seaboard.

At Jerusalem the broad anticlinal axis is readily observed, with its limestone strata dipping to the east and west from the Mount of Olives.

The line of this central limestone ridge is mainly uniform in its general trend, except at the locality where the Mount Carmel prong is deflected sharply northwestward to the Mediterranean Sea, and the great Megiddo valley flanking it on the Lebanon side.

All these side plains and valleys, as well as some limited interior areas, afford lands that with improved cultivation would yield liberal returns; but with the exception of the maritime plain and the Esdraelon valley the extent of farming land is limited.

The Jordan valley, although inheriting rich marls, is comparatively a wilderness. The Esdraelon valley, which has been cultivated for over 3,000 years is very productive and fruitful at this time.

The maritime plain produces oranges, lemons, figs and other tropical fruits; while the Esdraelon plain is devoted mainly to the production of cereals.

The destruction of the forests, especially on the great central ridge, presented an easy work for the "early and later" rains to denude their steep limestone slopes of the surface soil, carrying it down into and enriching the little adjoining valleys.

This destruction of the forests of Palestine gives it at present a desolate and sterile appearance.

The tourist meets on every side extended limestone slopes and ridges devoid of soil or vegetation, or at most attenuated growth. The palm tree is still rare, although in the old times it grew luxuriantly in this land, especially in the Jordan valley—Jericho was called "the City of Palms."

Under existing governmental conditions there is little hope for the recuperation of Palestine. The farmer is plundered to an unlimited extent under the guise of taxation. There is therefore little inducement to progress of any kind. The incubus of the Turkish government kills all advancement.

The bible describes Palestine as a "Land flowing with milk and honey." With the acceptance of the rejected Messiah, Jesus Christ, the world's Saviour,

assuring liberty; with just laws, honestly administered, there would be a return to the fruitfulness of ancient times, when two and a half millions of people were sustained liberally in this land, which now barely prolongs life to its six hundred thousand of struggling creatures.

Its destiny is in the control of its Maker. It has been immortalized by the presence and work of the Saviour, Christ Jesus, in His great mission in the redemption of the world.

We can rest for future developments, assured and inspired by the words of the Jewish prophet.

"For the Lord will comfort Zion;  
He will comfort her waste places,  
And will make her wilderness like Eden,  
And her desert like the garden of the Lord;  
Joy and Gladness shall be found therein,  
Thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

—*Isaiah*, li. 3.



## WHEN WE WERE IN JERUSALEM

BY EDWIN S. WALLACE, EX-CONSUL OF JERUSALEM.

*Author of "Jerusalem the Holy."*



ON Thursday, March 6th, a little before noon, watchful eyes from the *Celtic's* decks beheld the promontory upon which Jaffa stands rise out of the sea and the mist.

They were eyes from which every trace of anxiety about the landing had departed, for a balmy breeze was blowing off shore and the sea was wonderfully calm. The good fortune which had failed us but once had again taken us in charge and all hearts rejoiced, none more than those of us who were acquainted with the treacherous disposition of the sea at Jaffa.

Within an hour we had dropped anchor and were surrounded with the small boats, and their justly famous boatmen, ready to convey us to the landing stage at the Custom House. Soon we stood upon the storied soil of Syria and the wondering natives beheld the largest company of Americans who had ever landed in their midst. A short time to wander



WELL AT THE HOME OF SIMON THE TANNER  
STREET SCENE AT JOPPA

through the narrow streets, visit the reputed site of Simon the tanner's house, notice the bazaars and the strangely garbed people and then hurry to the station, where three special trains of the Jaffa-Jerusalem railway were waiting to carry us across the Plain of Sharon and up the mountain sides to Jerusalem, the religious apital of the world.

Who shall ever forget that part of our journey! The train moved slowly out through the orange orchards that surround Jaffa. The oranges hung in yellow clusters weighting down the branches. Every compartment of the train had a basket or two of the luscious fruit. How many purchasers discovered that their baskets were filled with more of grass and less of oranges than they supposed? The deception was acknowledged and forgotten with a laugh. The beauty of the plain, with its waving grain, its olive orchards, its cactus hedges and its quaint villages, and then the mountains with their rugged sides, deep gorges and lofty summits, made one forget everything else.

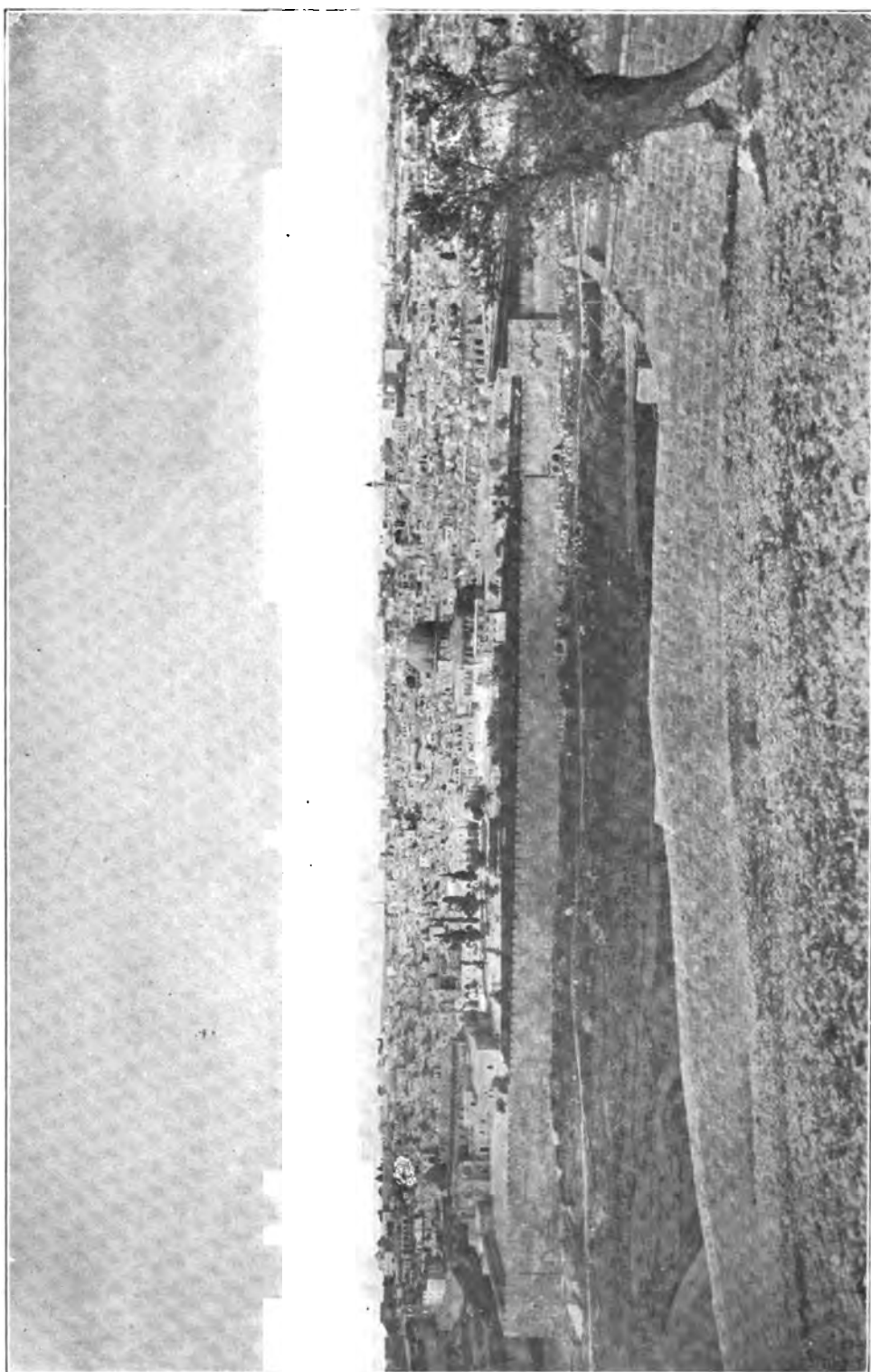
Before nine o'clock that evening the first section of the *Celtic* party, numbering fully six hundred, had reached the Holy City. Those who had gone by the first train arrived in time to see the old city before the darkness closed it in. Those on the last two sections were not so favored. The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem by rail is only fifty-two miles, but the time required to cover the distance is four hours.

How long will you remember that arrival after nightfall in Jerusalem? The shouting porters from the various hotels, the mass of baggage at which you looked and wondered if yours were there, and, if it were, how it could find you at your hotel; the apparently insane hackmen, shrieking at the top of their voices in an unknown tongue, cracking their whips; then the swift rush along the Bethlehem road, across the Valley of Hinnom and up to the Jaffa Gate, where all Jerusalem seemed to have congregated to witness your arrival. All this gave you an experience which you doubtless are glad to have had, and, doubtless, do not care to have repeated.

Hotel du Parc, Lloyd's Hotel, the Mediterranean Hotel, the Convents Notre Dame, Casa



MISS F. B. DARLINGTON GOING FOR WATER FOR  
HER "LORD" AT JERUSALEM



JERUSALEM FROM MOUNT OLIVET

Nuova and the smaller hostelries were crowded that night and for several successive nights and days. All Jerusalem seemed crowded. It was more than a "seeming" it was crowded. Never was the like before. But with very few exceptions those of us who made up the crowd have only pleasant memories of those days and nights, and are grateful to the Clark Brothers and their corps of local assistants, who surmounted so many difficulties and succeeded so admirably in making us comfortable. Not that we were always comfortable or that the food provided was "strictly to our liking"; but we were as comfortable as circumstances permitted, and the food was sufficient and substantial, though prepared in novel ways and with unaccustomed seasonings.

We were in the city to which the majority of us had looked forward as the most interesting in many respects of any included in the cruise, Jerusalem, once the "City of the Great King," once the "Pride of the Whole Earth," once "The Holy," now, under the rule of the devastating Turk, the pride of nobody and not conspicuous for holiness. More for what it has been than for what it is have we made the long journey to look upon it in its decadence.

Jerusalem is a mountain city, covering two of those prominences that rise above that broad ridge that stretches from the desert of Idumea to the plain of Jezreel. Of these two hills the higher, Mount Zion, is 2,593 feet above the Mediterranean, the lower, Mount Moriah, is 2,440 feet above sea-level. Between the two hills lies the Tyropoean, or Valley of the Cheesemongers. Why any one should select such a rugged site for a city can be answered only by going back to the remote times when sites for human habitations were chosen solely for defense. Here was a strong natural position, easily fortified. It had its disadvantages and they are very apparent yet, but nature had so surrounded it with deep valleys that only on the north was it necessary for man to add much to her work. When the walls enclosed the hill tops as they did in Jebusite days and in the days of Solomon and the Herods the inhabitants could dwell in comparative security, assured that it would require a strong body of assailants to dispossess them.

The place was not selected for its own beauty or that of its surroundings. There is an austerity and ruggedness in the mountains and valleys in the vicinity at present. The hills are so barren, the naked limestone ledges breaking through the surface and revealing a shallowness of soil, the precipitous valleys, more like deep gorges, whose arable surface is so small that it would discourage any but the Arab peasants—the most patient and easiest satisfied of mortals. There is no doubt



JAPPA GATE

that at one time the scenery was different. The hills were wooded with olive and almond and oak, and vineyards terraced the mountain sides. The years of Turkish oppression have wrought much of the present devastation.

But, however unattractive its surroundings and unfavorable its location, here stands the city that has had a greater influence upon the religious world than any other city has had. The Jew venerates it, the Christian reverences it, the Moslem considers it next in sacredness to Mecca. The Jew venerates it because it was the home of his ancestors, his nation's only capital and the place where Jehovah recorded His name. The Christian reverences it as the place of the crucifixion and resurrection of his Lord. The Moslem regards it as sacred because here the Prophet came on his midnight ride and from the Holy Rock of Moriah ascended to heaven.

Jew, Christian and Moslem jostle each other on the narrow streets, each disliking the other, but not daring, except on rare occasions, to permit that dislike to show itself in open hostility. The Jew is by far the most numerous. The population is about 55,000, of which 40,000 are Jews, 8,000 Christians and 7,000 Moslems. These three religious divisions could be subdivided many times if the Jews and Christians were classed according to the countries from which they have come. There are Jews from "every nation under heaven" and Christians in like variety. Thirty-two modern languages are spoken by this varied population. The sects and countries of the Moslem world are also well represented. There is no city of its size so cosmopolitan in its population as modern Jerusalem.



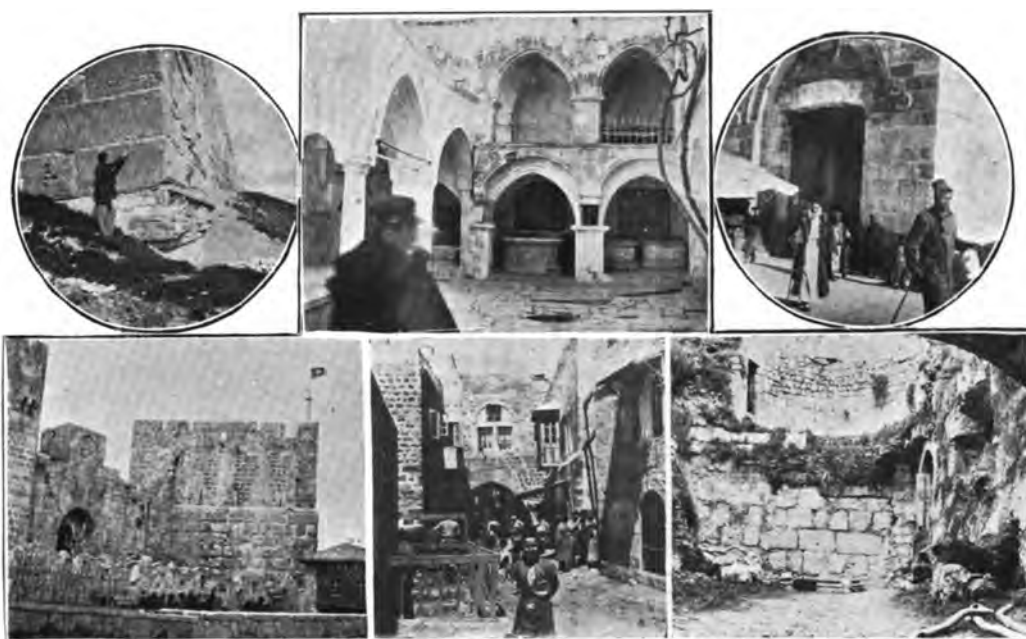
THE OPENING MADE IN THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM FOR THE ADMISSION OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO THE HOLY CITY.

But the city can hardly be termed a modern city. It has no modern improvements. No street cars thread their way through the tortuous streets; no telephones are allowed by the vigilant Sultan; no gas or electric lights illumine the gloomy passage ways. Here and there on dark nights a glimmering oil lamp is seen, so feeble as to increase rather than diminish the darkness. The Jerusalemite seems not to care for such conveniences.

He is a creature of the day, and is seldom on the streets when night "stretches forth her leaden sceptre." Those of us who ventured out after dark found a great contrast to the thronged conditions of the day. The streets were deserted of all except canine life. We met occasionally a sleepy policeman, who regarded us with something of surprise and suspicion.

The streets of the city are in no way attractive. They are narrow, tortuous,

bewildering and offensively dirty. There is no system in their arrangement. The only thoroughfares that have any apparent purpose are David's street, which runs eastward from the Jaffa Gate and makes connections which lead to St. Stephen's Gate in the east wall; Christian street, which starts from David's street and leads northward towards the Holy Sepulchre; and the street leading southward from the Damascus Gate. These may, with some propriety, be called streets, though carriages cannot go far on any of them. The other passageways are nameless, and are something less than alleys and a trifle more than paths. Without exception all are vile, the people using them as receptacles for refuse of all sorts. To those who have passed along these streets no description is necessary. To those who have not, any description would be inadequate.



SOUTH-EAST ANGLE OF  
TEMPLE WALL  
TOWER OF DAVID

HOUSE OF CAIAPHAS  
SCENE IN JEWS' STREET

JAFFA GATE  
BETHESDA

Jerusalem residences are generally small, poorly lighted and ill-ventilated. In the Jewish quarter humanity is crowded for breathing room. There seems to be an objection to fresh air, and a total disregard for all the laws of health. But they thrive and increase in the midst of conditions that would be fatal to the ordinary mortal. There is similar crowding, but less filth, in the Moslem and Christian quarters. These live more in the open air, but there is vast room for improvement.

In the matter of architecture there is also great variety. Some of the houses are just thrown together and the wonder is how they stay together. They are generally ancient in appearance and partially so in fact. The most skilled

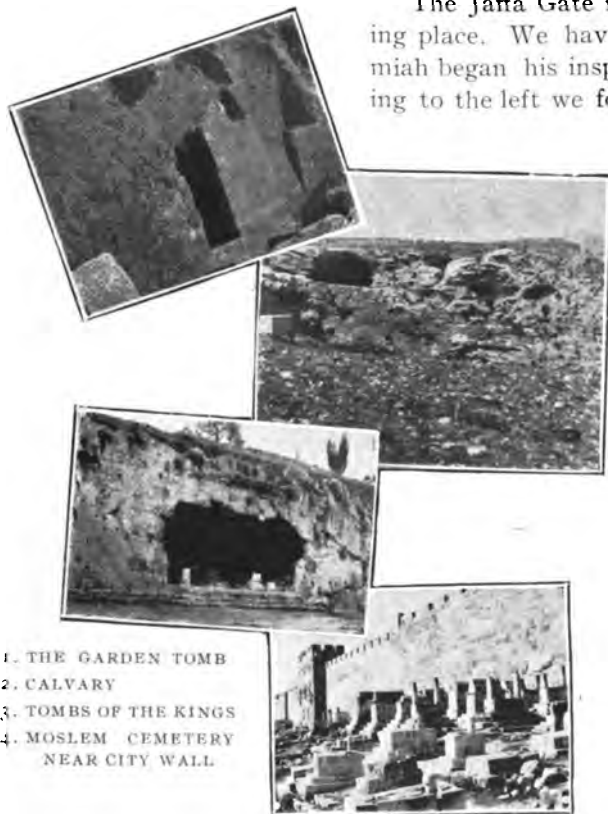
archæologist could not decipher the history of these houses, and yet the masonry of many has a history full of interest could it be read. The ancient look of the stones is genuine. They are ancient. Many have done duty in walls and buildings of centuries ago. They have lost their identity in the nondescript structures where they are now found.

There are a few buildings within the walls that are commodious and respectable, notably the convents and churches, some of which are fairly creditable pieces of architecture. In the newer parts of the city, outside the walls to the north and west, are schools, hospitals and private residences which would be ornaments to any city. The English and German hospitals, the German school for native girls and the Russian pilgrim houses are commodious and surrounded by beautiful grounds. They are in striking contrast to anything that can be found in the old city within the walls.

But we must go back to the old city and recall its many points of interest. First, let us accept a very old invitation and walk around the walls. They are not the same walls which the patriotic author of the forty-eighth Psalm invited the people of his day to inspect. The walls of Jerusalem, who built them and just where they stood and when they were destroyed, are much discussed questions. The discussion will never end to the satisfaction of all disputants. We shall not join the discussion, but consider the walls as they now are.

The Jaffa Gate is the most convenient starting place. We have good precedent, for Nehemiah began his inspection at this point. Turning to the left we follow the Bethlehem road for two hundred yards and keeping to the left ascend the steep side of Zion and reach the southwest corner of the city. Here the wall is forty feet high. Turning to the east at the angle we are between the high city wall and that of the cemetery of the Greek Christians. Soon we stand at the Zion Gate, the main exit to the south.

Then begins the descent of Mount Zion into the Tyropoean Valley. There are several angles in the wall along here, caused by the nature of the rock formation, which was followed for the sake of having a solid foundation.



1. THE GARDEN TOMB  
2. CALVARY  
3. TOMBS OF THE KINGS  
4. MOSLEM CEMETERY  
NEAR CITY WALL

We are outside the present city, but in the very place where ancient Jerusalem stood. The slopes of Zion are here and those of Moriah, now all turned over to the peasant gardeners. Once the walls went to the valleys almost and included a space on the south nearly equal to that now within the walls. Crossing the almost filed up Tyropoean and the ridge of Mount Moriah we stand at the southwest angle. Here the wall is highest and the masonry the most massive and probably the most ancient we have seen. At this angle some interesting discoveries were made by the Palestine Exploration Fund's workmen in 1868. Excavating to the foundation of the wall, eighty feet below the present surface, they found many of the stones in the first layers marked with what were evidently marks to guide the masons. These marks are Phœnician numerals. Pieces of pottery, having legible inscriptions in the same characters, were also found. These give some support to the theory that these were the very stones put in place by the masons of Hiram, King of Tyre. One of the large stones just above the surface is estimated to weigh a hundred tons.

Here we turn to the north. To our left is the ancient wall, showing in many places where it has been repaired. To our right is the deep valley of the Kedron with its monuments and tombs, while standing out above it is the Mount of Olives, with Gethsemane at its foot. We are walking through the most sacred of Moslem burial places, so regarded because they believe that those here interred will, on the day of resurrection, take precedence of all others. Here is the Golden Gate, sealed shut with solid masonry, massive in design and rich in ornamentation. Northward for three hundred and seventy feet can be traced the great work of the ancient builders, one stone measuring five feet in thickness and twenty-seven feet in length.

Then comes St. Stephen's Gate, so called from a mistaken tradition that here the first Christian martyr met his death. From here to the northeast angle and along the north side of the city the wall is modern. Just east of the Damascus Gate is the Cotton Grotto, or Quarries of Solomon. Centuries ago a deep and wide cutting was made through the hill called Bezetha, separating the New Calvary from the main hill. In the southern face of the cliff formed by this cutting are the extensive excavations from which it is supposed Solomon procured the stone for his great building operations. The grotto extends under the city a distance of seven hundred feet. Evidences of Masonic work are numerous in the chambers and various galleries running off from the main quarry. The quality of the stone here is an exceptionally fine white limestone, easily quarried and worked. There is no reason for doubting that here Israel's first great builder procured much of his material. Later, in times of trouble, the quarries were used as places of refuge by the harassed inhabitants of the city. Now they are a curiosity, visited by all, but of special interest to members of the Masonic order. When any company of the Brethren are in the vicinity they are sure to have an informal meeting in this place that witnessed the real "labors" of the earliest members of their craft. Several such companies from the many Masons on the *Celtic Cruise* held such meetings, and many pieces of the white stone found their way into the trunks of the Brethren and have been added to the list of valuables in possession of their home lodges.

The Damascus Gate of to-day is on the same site on which stood an important gate in the time of Christ. The present gate is built upon the ruins of the old one. The ancient masonry is clearly marked, the arch being almost on the level of the present roadway. From this point a walk of ten minutes brings us around to the northwest angle and again to the Jaffa Gate. We have encompassed the city, walking about two and a half miles.

The walls which we have followed are the work of many hands and of different ages. The parts called modern are inferior in construction, but have stood the test of three and a half centuries. Sulieman the Magnificent was their builder. The time of their erection was the years from 1536 to 1542. The extent of ground they inclose is 209 acres.



MOSQUE OF OMAR

Volumes have been written about the places of sacred and historic interest in the old city. A most hasty and cursory glance is all we can here take of those places. To those desiring more detailed information the books are available. We must stop long enough to recall our visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On that visit we saw the oldest and holiest cathedral of Christendom. Here since the year 325 of our era, a church commemorative of the death and resurrection of our Lord has stood. The first was that of Constantine the Great, which stood for two hundred and eighty years and was the pious resort of many devout pilgrims who thought in this way to honor Him in whose name it was built. This first church fell before the devastating Persian, Chosroes II, in 614, being destroyed by fire. It was soon reconstructed, though on a humbler scale, as no royal treasures were at the disposal of the builders. This was

rather a group of churches than one main church. Jerusalem surrendered to Omar, the Moslem, in 637, but the conqueror did not molest the Christians. In the caliphate of Ma'ez, about 969, an order was issued to destroy the Holy Sepulchre structure. It was only partially carried out, but Hakim, the mad caliph, in 1010, completed the destruction.

For thirty years the place was a scene of desolation, an eloquent witness of the triumph of the Moslem and the humiliation of the Christian. In 1040 Monomachus, the Emperor, obtained permission for the Patriarch Nicephorus to rebuild the church. It was this building that witnessed the stirring times of the Crusades. To it the Crusaders made additions. When the land and city again came into possession of the Moslems the church, as left by the Crusaders, was allowed to stand. It remained until the great fire in September, 1808, which consumed the building and many most sacred relics.

After this Christian enthusiasm was again aroused, and a new building was soon in course of construction. Many difficulties were met, even after permission to rebuild had been obtained from the Sublime Porte. Grave disputes arose between the various interested sects of Christians, each fearing that it would suffer loss through the usurpation of the others. To this was added the opposition of local Moslems. Finally, however, the new structure was completed and consecrated on the 11th of September, 1810. The whole expense connected with the work amounted to nearly three millions of dollars, at least a third of which was eaten up by lawsuits and by bribes paid to Turkish officials. This is the church as we see it to-day. There is no doubt that very considerable remains of the more ancient structures are still here. We shall not pass our opinion as to the genuineness of the church's location nor as to the authenticity of the many so-called holy places within



MOSQUE OF OMAR

its walls. These latter are here in great variety. The pious pilgrim does not consider these questions. He forms no opinions. Others do this and he accepts them. But to the visitor who thinks, no matter to which confession he holds, or what his belief as to the correctness of its location, the Church of the Holy



COMPLIMENTS OF MISS LAURA PACKARD AND FRIENDS FROM THE STEPS OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM

Sepulchre, from the Moslem guard at the door to the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross, presents a spectacle that is neither pleasing nor instructive, that repels rather than attracts. True Christianity would lose nothing if this Church and its record could be obliterated.

The chief attraction of the modern city is the oldest authentic site within the walls. The visitor is discouraged as he goes from site to site to be told, as he is in nearly every instance, that there is no assurance that these places commemorative of great events are authentic. There is a degree of satisfaction in finally being able to visit a place against which there is no reasonable doubt. Such a one is the enclosure known as the Haram Es Shereff, or Noble Sanctuary, that section of the city, thirty-five acres in extent, in which stands the Dome of the Rock, popularly called the Mosque of Omar. Within this en-



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, LOOKING FROM JERUSALEM TO MOUNT OF OLIVES.  
RUSSIAN CHURCH, MOUNT SCOPUS

closure stood the small, but wonderfully beautiful Temple of Solomon and later, the larger and more imposing Temple of Herod. Just where they stood we shall not inquire, for nobody knows certainly.

This is the levelled summit of Mount Moriah, sacred ground, if there be any that may be so termed. The pious Jew considers it sacred and will not enter it, fearing lest he might tread upon the place where stood the Holy of Holies. The Christian remembers that here were spoken some of the great sayings of the Christ and the first meetings of the disciples were held. The Moslem regards it as second only in sacredness to the Kaaba at Mecca. The last named is in possession and does not even care to see the representative of other faiths within his sacred precincts.



GETHSEMANE

Before we could enter permission had to be obtained from the Turkish governor through the agency of our Consulate. Nor was this all. We had to be accompanied by an American representative, known as a Kawass, or guard, and by a Turkish soldier. Without a similar escort no foreigner is admitted. During the twelve days we were in the city consular guards and Turkish soldiers were in demand. Each morning and evening saw a *Celtic* party "doing" the place and being "done" by the many fairy tales of the local guides and the custodians of the place, who made us understand their wants by the, by this time, familiar word "backsheesh."

It is not possible to do justice to the Temple Hill and the many places of interest that are there in a chapter of this kind. The writer has tried to do this in his book, "Jerusalem, the Holy." Others have studied the Hill and its

attractions and given the public their results. To works of this kind *Celtic* friends are referred. In this way your visit to the Noble Sanctuary will be made profitable to you and to others.

The hills around Jerusalem were known by name to every member of the *Celtic* party. Now was each one's opportunity to become acquainted in person. The Mount of Olives had been familiar from earliest childhood and some idea as to what it was like was entertained by each one. In not many cases did the reality correspond with the idea. The main body of the "Cruise" saw Olivet from the west. The Galilee and Samaria parties beheld it as they rode in from the north. The former section had a better first view and saw that the



MR. AND MRS. WEBB HORTON, REPRESENTING MIDDLETOWN AT JERUSALEM

Mount really was in some sense deserving to be so designated. The latter section could not see at first that this mountain was any different from the other hills that had been looking down upon them all along the route during the last three days of their journeying. But when they reached the summit of Scopus they could mark the difference. More deserving of the name "mount" is this hill than are Mount Zion and Mount Moriah. Those of us who at first considered it as only a hill were convinced, by the time we had walked to its highest point, that "mountain" was more exact.

The many allusions in Scripture to the Mount of Olives make it a place with

which most of us wished to be well acquainted. Accordingly all its traditional sacred places were visited. Gethsemane, just at the foot of the Mount, was visited by nearly every member of the party. All felt that the present small enclosure must be very nearly the place made sacred by the Agony of the Saviour. Many ascended the Mount and stood at the place where it is said Christ beheld the city and wept over it. Those who felt that this sort of climbing was too much exertion took advantage of the carriage road that was constructed for the convenience of the German Emperor, and were driven to the top of the Mount. From various points the view was taken. Far to the east were the green fringed banks of the Jordan and the northern end of the Dead Sea, with the hills of Moab and Gilead rising like a wall behind them. To the south were Bethlehem and the Wilderness; to the north the hill country of Judea, and to the west the City of Jerusalem. From no place in all Palestine can a better view be had, nor can one be found from which so many places of sacred and historic interest may be seen.

Equal in interest to most of the party was the small eminence just north of the Damascus Gate, to which has been given the name "The New Calvary." A visit to this was reserved for Sunday. It was considered appropriate that religious services be held during this day, and no place was more convenient or more satisfactory to the majority. Accordingly, on the Sunday morning after the arrival of the Galilee and Samaria sections, such a service was held on the grassy summit of the hill. This is occupied by a Moslem cemetery, and the gravestones were used for seats. The Moslems do not object to this, being accustomed to it several times each year. Many of America's and England's greatest preachers have discoursed upon this eminence.

The reasons why this New Calvary is regarded as the place of the Saviour's crucifixion need not be given here. To the writer of this they are conclusive, and any one desiring to pursue them can find them given in books upon the subject.

The service held on the Sunday the *Celtic* party was on the New Calvary will be long remembered as one of the delightful incidents of our stay in Palestine. Rev. S. Edward Young, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., of New York City, and Rev. Wm. E. Barton, D.D., of Oak Park, Ill., conducted the service.



THE MISSES DEMLER ILLUSTRATING MARRIED AND UNMARRIED LIFE AT JERUSALEM.



REV. DRS. STRONG, YOUNG AND BARTON CONDUCTING SERVICE  
ON MOUNT CALVARY

### THE SERMON DELIVERED ON MOUNT CALVARY

### THE GLORY OF CHRIST

BY REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D., NEW YORK CITY.



O language is adequate to frame the thoughts which crowd upon our minds in this place. No words are deep enough to measure the feelings which overflow our hearts amid such associations.

Here we may reasonably believe our Lord was crucified. Of all the places hallowed by the touch of His feet, or by the wonderful deeds that He did, or the more wonderful words that He spoke, this is the most hallowed, for here was enacted the world's great tragedy. Let us be grateful that this "holy of holies" remains unspoiled with adornment, untarnished with tinsel.



MOSLEMS AT CALVARY

Here took place that sublime event for which preceding history, with its long, converging lines, was the preparation, and of which succeeding history, with its radiating lines, has been the result—the event which was the focal point of all time, the fruit of the world's past, the seed of its future.

Who shall interpret to us the meaning of Calvary? It will grow upon us so long as the divine purposes of redemption continue to be unfolded, so long as we ourselves grow in the comprehension of God and of His infinite love,

for here, as nowhere else in all the world, has God revealed His love, Himself, to man. On this spot rests a glory which never shone from sun or star—a glory more radiant than that of the awful Shekinah.

Here we catch a glimpse of the true glory of God. We sometimes think of the divine glory as appealing to the senses, as if it were an effulgence which dazzles the eye, or as if it were the glory of knowledge, and of power, and of immensity, transcending comprehension and staggering imagination. But there is a more excellent glory, of which Jesus is the brightness. When certain Greeks desired to see Him, he said: "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be *glorified*." The expectant disciples probably looked for some stupendous manifestation of power. Perhaps their Master would now assume regal authority and manifest kingly glory. The hour for which they had so long waited had at last come. And the eager disciples hear these words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." He is speaking of being *glorified* and He is speaking of *death*. "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." Then as He sees close at hand the great hour for which He came into the world—the hour of His agony—His soul is troubled, and He prays: "Father, glorify Thy name." Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." And with the assurance that the supreme hour of trial should glorify God, He exultantly exclaims: "Now shall the Prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This he said, signifying what death He should die." Glory, death! Glory, the cross!

The disciples' conception of His glory was very different. When the ambitious James and John desired to share it, they asked that they might sit one on either side of His throne when He should occupy it. And Jesus tells them they do not know that when they ask to share His glory, they are asking to share His cup of death and to be baptized with His bloody baptism of agony.

At the Last Supper, Jesus said to Judas: "That thou doest, do quickly"; and he went immediately out to make the bargain of betrayal. "Therefore, when he was gone out, Jesus said, 'Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in Him.'"

No prophet ever wrought such mighty works as Jesus, but it is not His miracles of power which fix the attention of a wondering world to-day. He spake as never man spake, but it is not His more than human wisdom which attracts men to-day. It is the Christ "lifted up" who draws men. It is the cross which is the perpetual miracle of wisdom and of power—the wisdom of God to pour light into the black pit of human selfishness, and the power of God to lift men out of it.

The cross was not simply the supreme incident of Christ's life. In that wonderful high priestly prayer, only a few hours before His crucifixion, He prayed: "And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me, . . . with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." He was not asking for the glory of the Transfiguration, when His face shone as the sun, and His raiment was white

as the light. He was asking for the eternal glory which He had before the world was. And this prayer was granted. He was given the glory of the "LAMB, slain from the foundation of the world." That was the glory which He had had with the Father. That is the essential, the eternal glory of God—the glory of self-giving; and self-giving is the uttermost glory of God, because it is the most perfect manifestation of Himself, because it is the uttermost expression of love.

During the reign of the Commune in Paris, the Roman Catholic archbishop was thrown into prison and condemned to death. In his little cell there was a narrow window in the shape of a cross. At the top of it he wrote, in pencil, "Height," at the bottom, "Depth," at the end of one arm, "Length," at the



JERUSALEM FROM GORDONS, CALVARY. SHOWING THE ANCIENT CITY

end of the other, "Breadth." It is the cross which measures the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of God, and that is the secret of its glory and of its power.

This glory cannot be seen, nor can it be told. It can be known only as it is experienced, for—wondrous truth—God's glory may be shared by man. We were made to be "partakers of His glory." But we can share the glory of Christ only as we share His cross, only as we are "crucified with Him." "If any man will come after Me"—"any man"—That is a word for the twentieth century as well as the first. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." Follow Him where? To Golgotha, whither He bore His cross, there to be crucified with Him. In the New Testament the word cross always means one thing. We have belittled the

word. We talk of our "crosses," meaning by it anything, great or small, which crosses our inclination. But in the Bible the word only occurs in the singular, and means *death*. It means self-abnegation, the giving of self for others.

Good friends, we have come to Golgotha. Have we borne our cross hither? Have we ever found in our experience the spiritual Calvary and there been crucified with Christ?

Only so can we share the glory of Christ, for self-giving *is* the glory of Christ, the glory that excelleth.

The cross, once so hideous that it must not be even mentioned in polite society, has become the most beautiful and precious of Christian symbols; and it was the perfect self-surrender of love which transformed the Roman gibbet into the world's high altar, and made the "offense of the cross" the Christian's glory. It was by self-giving love that the death-agony of the cross became the birth-pang of a new life in the world.

Here, while the temple on yonder Mount Moriah was wrapped in the shadow of the darkened sun, the men of old Jerusalem heard the despairing cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But through the love manifested and measured by the cross, that despair gave place to a glorious hope—the hope of a *New Jerusalem*, where never shall be heard the despairing cry of desolation, for God Himself shall be with the children of men, and be their God, and He shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

In the vision of this glorious hope we see the New Jerusalem—heaven come down to earth—a city with no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it, and it has no need of the sun to shine in it, for the glory of God and of the Lamb is the light thereof.



## CHRISTIAN MISSIONS



As to mission work in Jerusalem, little can be said. The Church of England is probably one of the most successful in the field, and has a fairly good church.

The "American Colony" made a good impression on many of our tourists, and is, no doubt, doing good work in certain directions. But its principles excite much unfavorable criticism.

The "Bethel Mission," under the supervision of Miss L. E. Dunn, formerly a missionary in New York City, is doing very good work. She has been instrumental in establishing missions at Hebron, Joppa and other points.

Rev. Drs. Van Cleve and McCready attended service here on the Sabbath afternoon they were in Jerusalem and were deeply impressed with the service.



BETHEL SCHOOL AT JERUSALEM, REV. S. A. BLACK AND WIFE IN CHARGE

Rev. J. A. Black and wife are associated with Miss Dunn in her work. The following picture will give a little idea of the kind of work in which they are engaged.

Mrs. M. Ryerson, who went from Warwick, N. Y., some five years ago to minister to the lepers in Jerusalem, has taken up the most heart-breaking task I have ever met. These lepers are provided with a barracks by the government and are furnished a little meal for each day. The balance of their needs they beg. You find them waiting for the tourist with outstretched hand every day. These lepers, you will remember, are those who refuse the offer of the Moravian House, because the Home requires that they shall not marry.

I visited them in their barracks and shall not forget the scene to my dying day. These beings have souls. The woman that can work with them and lead them to Christ *ought not to lack for means*. She takes up work this fall in Siloam, where there are three thousand Moslem women, not one of whom knows how to sew, much less to read of Christ crucified. And yet, they can see the very place where Christ died for them.

Mrs. Ryerson asks for *bibles* and *medicine*. Who will supply them? Send through Rev. R. H. McCready, of Chester, N. Y., or direct to her.



MRS. EDWARD F. YOUNG, PITTSBURG, PA.

## VISIT TO MOHAMMEDAN HOME AND INCIDENTS

BY MRS. LYDIA V. WHITLOCK, MT. KISCO, N. Y.

Through the courtesy of a lady residing in Jerusalem we were invited to take "afternoon tea" with a Mohammedan family. We were received and entertained by the host and his brother in the front parlor, which was prettily furnished and showed evidence of taste and refinement. The gentlemen were well-dressed in modern European style. The conversation was upon a variety of subjects, upon which they were well informed. At the proper time, fig cake and tea, in the daintiest of china cups, were served by them.

When we were about to take our leave, the host asked us if we would like to see the ladies of the family. He then led us into the back parlor and presented us to his wife and mother. Through our interpreter, we conversed with them. They were poorly dressed, and neither could read or write. They never go out without being closely veiled, and no man except their nearest relatives is ever allowed to see their faces. The mother smoked a cigarette during the interview. The wife was young and very pretty, but very shy, and ventured to say but a few words.

She was the mother of three small children, having been married when very young. The mother thanked us very cordially for visiting them, and after a short stay we took our leave.

Mrs. Pettit says: Our second call was made at the home of one of the highest Turkish officials. Of course the gentlemen of our party were not with us, for the Turkish ladies had sent word that they hoped the earth would open and swallow them up if any man should come with us. The home was built in Moorish style, opening upon a court, the center of which was filled with palms, vines and fountains. The beautiful draperies, divans, and vases, were enough to fill one's heart with envy, and were most gracefully arranged about the rooms.

Here, too, but one wife appeared. I do not know whether there were others. She was accompanied by two nieces and a sister-in-law, who was clad in black garments and constantly repeated the Koran, in view of recent widowhood. Two other ladies followed, and all accorded us a hearty welcome. Through the interpreter they asked us why we had come so far—were we all sisters; did we have no one to take care of us in America; how could we leave our families; why did we not bring them? and numerous other questions. Here, again, the subject of refreshments puzzled us, but we did as we were told, took one taste of preserves, as they were passed, one sip of water and then waited for coffee. Oh, how I wanted to pocket that little coffee-cup. Later the cigarettes were passed. The ladies of the house lighted theirs, but we begged to be excused.

Among the many quaint and primitive customs in the Orient is one singularly grotesque, that is seen in Jerusalem and elsewhere. It is the method of sprinkling the streets. A barefoot man in native costume carries a goatskin filled

with water under his arm, the skin being held in place by a strap passing over the opposite shoulder. With one hand he holds the neck of the skin, which is left open, and swings it from side to side until it is emptied, when he returns to the hydrant and refills it. For his day's labor, he receives a sum equal to five cents of American money.

#### PRACTICAL USE OF PICTURES

Trying to make a Mohammedan understand how far we had been through Palestine, we began with Mt. Carmel where we landed. We pointed then to



the Sea of Galilee to Nablus and Jacob's Well. They did not seem to comprehend; these pictures might have shown better than our word pictures, but they were not at hand then.

# HISTORICAL SOUVENIR

... OF THE ...

## S.S. "CELTIC" MASONIC ASSOCIATION

Organized on board the Steamship "Celtic" en route from New York  
to Funchal, Madeira Islands, February 13, 1902.

### P R E S I D E N T

Most Worshipful Brother Thomas J. Shryock, 33°; Grand Master of Masons of the State of  
Maryland; residence, Baltimore, Md.

### S E C R E T A R Y

Worshipful Brother William Smith Brown, 32°; residence, Pittsburg, Pa.

### H I S T O R I A N

Brother Daniel Hollister Ayers, 32°; residence, Troy, N. Y.



D. H. AYERS, ESQ., TROY, N. Y.

### INTRODUCTORY

"History," said the poet Shelley, "is a cyclic poem written by time upon the memories of man." Upon the memory of each member of the S. S. *Celtic* Masonic Association undoubtedly are deeply impressed many pleasant pictures and agreeable experiences resulting from his connection with that organization. These cannot fail to be a source of enjoyable reminiscences so long as life endures and memory serves. The association augmented the pleasure attendant upon a memorable tour, and accomplished a splendid mission in bringing together brethren from distant and divergent spheres of activity, who through personal contact and comradeship learned to know, esteem and honor each other, knitting them more closely in the bonds of friendship and brotherly kindness. Beyond that, also, it did a greater work. Its members were broadened in thought and more firmly established in Masonic faith. The great principles upon which the order is founded became more clearly understood. As they returned to their homes they carried enthusiasm and gave zest to their Masonic environment by narrating the story of events and episodes interesting to every Mason. Many of them will attend more frequently the communications of their lodges, they will be better and brighter Masons, and the craft will be correspondingly benefited.

The German poet and philosopher, Goethe, tells us "The best benefit we derive from history is the enthusiasm which it excites." Our Association is the child of enthusiasm. Masonic enthusiasm gave it being, nurtured it, and made it a success. May such enthusiasm give life and warmth to these memorabilia; this is the prayer of the historian.



MOST WORSHIPFUL THOMAS JACOB SHYROCK  
GRAND MASTER OF MASONS OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND

## THOMAS JACOB SHYROCK, 33°

PRESIDENT

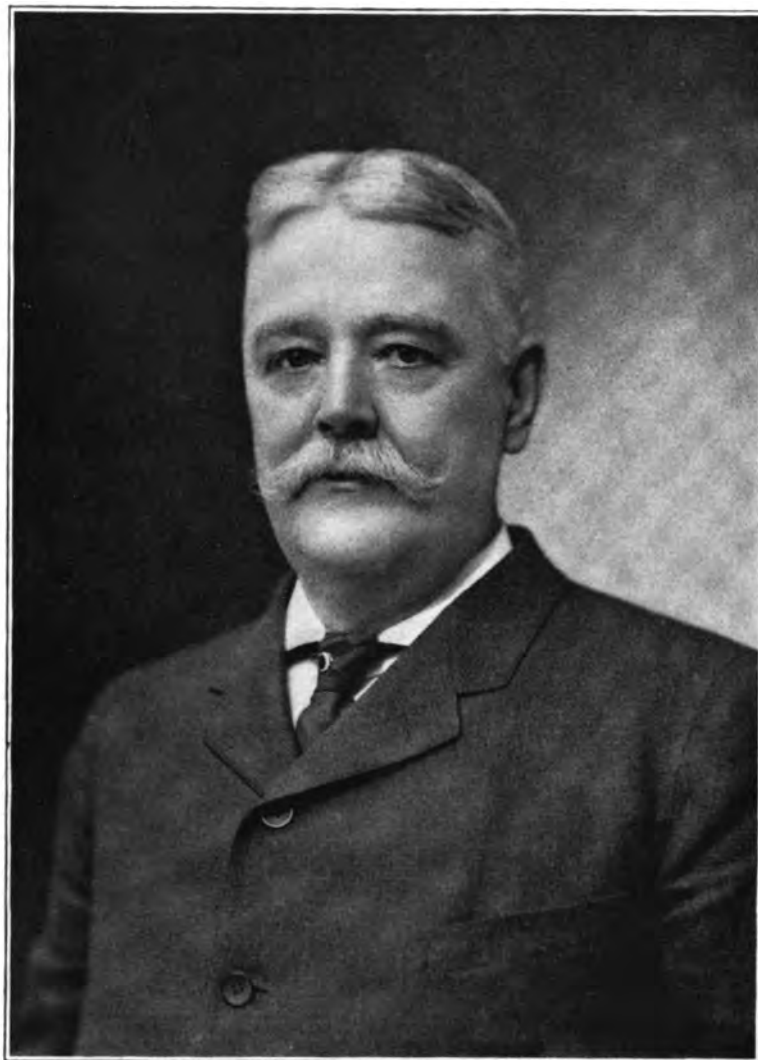
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Most Worshipful Thomas J. Shryock was born in Baltimore, February 27th, 1851. He was made a Mason in Waverly Lodge, No. 152, in 1874, and two years later was elected Master, serving two terms and greatly advancing the prosperity of the Lodge. After serving as Grand Inspector, he was elected Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge in 1879, Senior Grand Warden in 1880, Deputy Grand Master in 1884, Grand Master in 1885, and has served sixteen consecutive terms, continuing still in office.

He has also been active in other branches of Masonry, being Past High Priest of Druid Chapter; Past Eminent Commander of Beauseant Commandery; Past Illustrious Grand Master of the Grand Council, Royal and Select Masters; Past Grand Treasurer of the Grand Chapter; and Past Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery, K. T., of Maryland.

He received the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in Albert Pike Lodge of Perfection, Meredith Chapter, Rose Croix, and Maryland Preceptory, K.. K., and at the session of the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction held at Washington in 1888, the 33rd degree as Honorary Sovereign Grand Inspector-General.

Most Worshipful Brother Shryock is an exponent of true Masonic character, in very truth an upright man and a Mason. His frank geniality, dignity, integrity and manliness win him friends wherever he goes. It was fortunate for our Association that such a leader presided over its deliberations and directed its operations.



MOST WORSHIPFUL BROTHER WILLIAM SMITH BROWN  
SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION

WILLIAM SMITH BROWN, 32°

SECRETARY

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

BRADDOCK FIELD LODGE, No. 510, A. F. and A. M.

Worshipful Master, 1882

Trustee, 1888-1898

SHILOH CHAPTER, No. 257, R. A. M.

High Priest, 1887

TANCRED COMMANDERY, No. 48, K. T.

Eminent Commander, 1890

Treasurer, 1886, 1887

Trustee, 1895, 1896, 1897

PENNSYLVANIA CONSISTORY, A. and A. S. RITE

SYRIA TEMPLE, A. A. O. N. M. S.

Treasurer, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902

Treasurer Imperial Council, A. A. O. N. M. S.

1894-1902 inclusive.

## AN EXPLANATION


On returning to the United States, many of the brethren of the S. S. *Celtic* Masonic Association were disagreeably surprised to learn that considerable adverse comment and hasty criticism had been made by some of the Masonic press on the ground that the Association had violated Masonic law by visiting the lodge at Jerusalem, after it had been suspended by the Grand Lodge of Canada at its annual Communication in July, 1901. It is safe to say that no one on the *Celtic* knew of this; nor does it appear that at the time of our visit the Jerusalem Lodge was aware of the action of its superior—for the notice of the suspension from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Canada to the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, I am informed, was dated March 17th, 1902, and received by the Jerusalem Lodge April 6th, 1902. The Summons to the Worshipful Master and officers of that Lodge to appear at the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Canada, to be held July 17-18, 1902, there to show cause why its Warrant should not be withdrawn, was forwarded from Canada March 21st, 1902, according to the statement of the Acting Grand Master of Canada in his last annual address. Since the meetings of the Jerusalem Lodge, which were attended by the members of the Association, were held March 7th, 9th, 15th and 16th, 1902, it is plain that the members of the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge can reasonably claim that they were not at that time cognizant of the situation.

If, therefore, any transgression of Masonic law has been committed, it was done in ignorance, and uncharitable censure is out of place. The intelligence and standing of the personnel of the members of our Association is sufficient warrant that they would not knowingly violate Masonic obligation in this manner.

It is due to those whose Masonic zeal and enthusiasm led them to organize the S. S. *Celtic* Masonic Association, in order that they might gratify the praiseworthy desire to participate in Masonic ceremonies in the City of David and Solomon, that the actual facts should be understood.

## FROM THE WEST TRAVELING EAST

### ORGANIZATION OF THE ASSOCIATION

 LARK'S S.S. *Celtic* Cruise" programme and prospectus for several months in the summer and autumn of 1901, had attracted widespread attention. It resulted in bringing together people from widely diverse localities. When the *Celtic* cast loose her moorings promptly at 3 P. M. Saturday, February 8th, 1902, to begin her notable cruise, and shaped her course "where the pathless track leads to storied lands," her passenger list embraced 377 men, 438 women, and 5 children, a total of 820. These came from thirty-one States of the American Union and from its capital; from the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and Prince Edward's Island; and from England and Ireland. They were drawn together by the attractions, the promise and prospect of rest, recuperation, educational opportunities and advantages, wider culture, religious research, and a reverent desire to visit the lands famous in Biblical history and hallowed by sacred associations. Such a company inevitably included many members of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

Frank C. Clark, the organizer and manager of the cruise, is a member of the craft, and an honorary member of Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, No. 293, at Jerusalem, where he resided for some time, and where he was made a Mason. It was proposed by him that the brethren participating in the cruise be favored by attending a session of that lodge, to be held in the quarries of Solomon during our visit at Jerusalem. Indeed, one of his assistants had announced his intention to be a candidate for the degrees conferred in the lodge while he was in Jerusalem. This was a most attractive proposition, and it instantly aroused the enthusiasm of the brethren on the *Celtic*. To enable them to attend this lodge, without delay and embarrassment as to identification and qualification, it was decided to assemble the craft, in order that suitable arrangements might be made. Accordingly, Brother Clark appointed a meeting of all Master Masons on board, to be held Thursday afternoon, February 13th. Pursuant to the notice the brethren assembled. By request of Brother Clark, the meeting was called to order by your historian, who announced that Most Worshipful Thomas J. Shryock, Grand Master of Masons of the State of Maryland, was present, and asked unanimous consent that he be chosen to preside. This being concurred in, Most Worshipful Brother Shryock took the chair and in a few happy remarks set forth the object in view. Worshipful Brother William S. Brown, of Pittsburg, Pa., was chosen Secretary. By vote, the chairman was authorized to appoint a committee of five to examine such of the brethren as could not otherwise be properly vouched for. The committee was named by him as follows: Worshipful Brothers William S. Brown, of Pittsburg, Pa.; William R. Avery,

of Cincinnati, O; Brothers, Samuel B. Sexton, Jr., of Baltimore, Md.; Daniel Hays, of Gloversville, N. Y., and Daniel H. Ayers, of Troy, N. Y.

After a short discussion it was resolved that the name of the organization should be "The S. S. *Celtic* Masonic Association."

Subsequently, the examining committee held several sittings, and proved nearly a hundred brethren either by certificate or by actual test. This trial



\*CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

brought home to many the advantages of closer attention to the work of the order, and the resulting familiarity with the ancient landmarks, especially when traveling in foreign countries. Undoubtedly, the association exerted a beneficial influence in this direction.

\*The historian apologizes for using his own certificate for purposes of illustration, and begs to explain that a blank, which had been reserved with this object in view, was required in order that another member of the Association might be supplied, for the number printed were all needed and no unused ones remained.

## SECOND MEETING ON THE "CELTIC"

At this meeting it was announced that the certificates of membership were ready for distribution, and could be had on application to the Secretary. These were printed on *Celtic* paper and by the *Celtic* press. At four o'clock, the members assembled on the forward deck for a group picture. The conditions were not as favorable as could be desired, but the result is not a failure. The picture is herewith reproduced by courtesy of Brother R. J. Gross, who secured the negative.

This meeting of the Association was held Wednesday, March 5th, 1902, at 2.30 P. M. The President called the meeting to order, and in the course of his remarks directed attention to the fact that in some respects our Association was a unique Masonic organization, as it was instituted in mid-ocean, and was one of the most cosmopolitan on record. The object of the meeting was to complete arrangements for the visit at Jerusalem and attending the Lodge there. D. H. Ayers was appointed Historian of the Association. Short addresses were made by Rev. E. S. Wallace, of Greensburgh, Pa., and Ex-Postmaster-General James H. Gary, of Baltimore, Md.

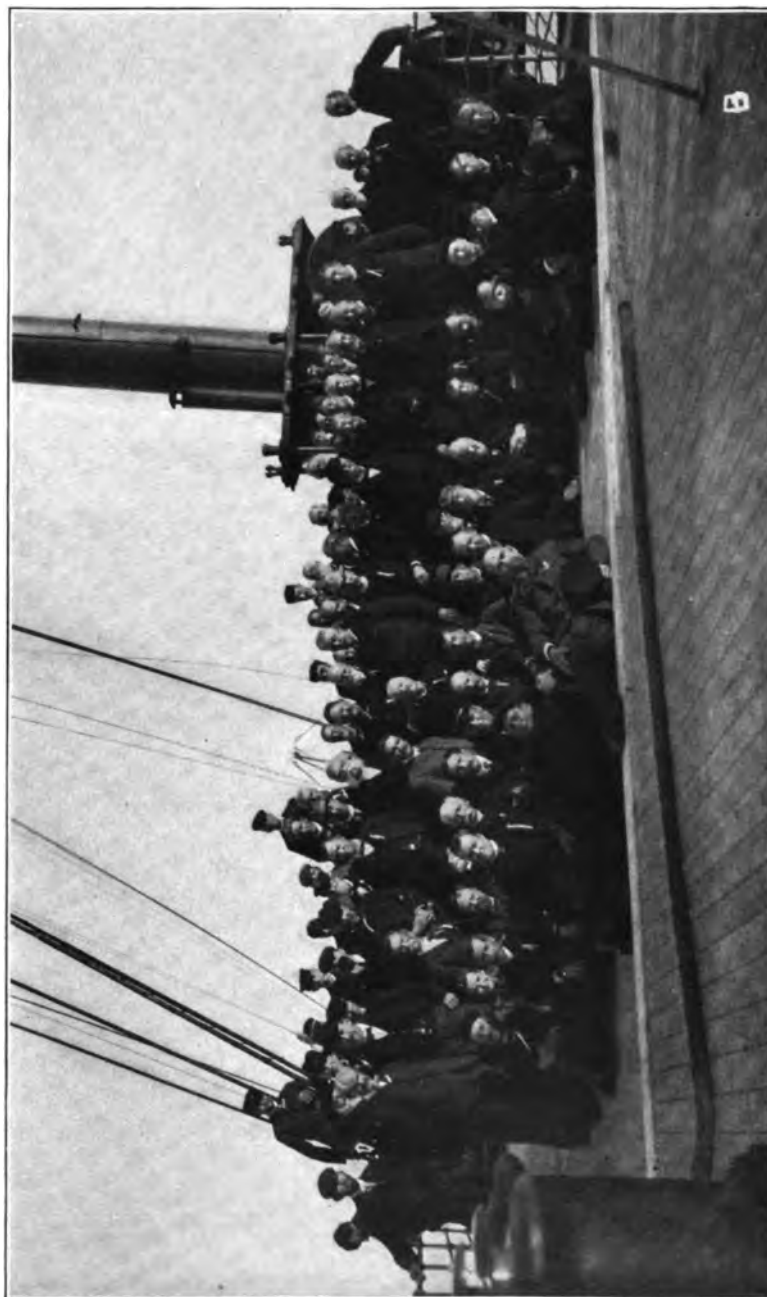
## FLORAL EMBLEM AT CONSTANTINOPLE

When at Constantinople a floral emblem was sent on board. It was composed of ornamented bamboo, which bore a crescent of scarlet flowers and a star of white flowers. Flowers, also, embellished other parts of the easel, the whole being surmounted by two small Turkish flags, and a red sash or streamer bearing the inscription, "Robert Levy to the Shriners on board the *Celtic*."

## FIRST COMMUNICATION OF ROYAL SOLOMON MOTHER LODGE AT JERUSALEM, TO RECEIVE THE MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

Friday evening, March 7th, 1902, a communication of Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, No. 293, was held at Hotel du Parc, Jerusalem. This Lodge was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Canada February 17th, 1873. The charter in its possession and exhibited to the brethren was signed by Thomas White, Jr., Deputy Grand Master; Thomas B. Harris, Grand Secretary, and superinscribed by William M. Wilson, Grand Master. The charter officers were Robert Morris, Worshipful Master; John Neville, Senior Warden; Rolla Floyd, Junior Warden.

The Lodge was opened in due form. Officers of the Lodge present: Worshipful Master, Constantine N. Tadros; Senior Warden, D. Domian; Junior Warden, George Karram; Secretary, D. Jammal; Treasurer, A. Bekmasian; Chaplain, Herbert E. Clark; Senior Deacon, Lucus V. Lupp; Junior Deacon, D. F. Petrides. Twenty-six visiting brethren of the S. S. *Celtic* Masonic Association were present. Worshipful Master Tadros welcomed the visitors in a neat speech, a happy response to which was made by Most Worshipful Brother



S.S. "CELTIC" MASONIC ASSOCIATION ON FORWARD DECK OF THE "CELTIC," MARCH 5TH, 1902

Shryock. Brother Frank C. Clark also addressed the Lodge. Four candidates had presented petitions for admission to the Lodge. On favorable report these were balloted for, accepted, and the candidates were initiated, passed and raised. These new accessions were Messrs. R. P. Burtchart, Leon Lomond Collver, Hon. John F. Ross, and Frederick C. Rowley. During the evening the Worshipful Master, on behalf of the Lodge, presented a set of olive-wood gavel to each of the brethren from the *Celtic*. These acceptable souvenirs were gratefully received and treasured as mementoes of the occasion. Inasmuch as the *Celtic* party would be divided when in Palestine, the Galilee and Samaria sections not reaching Jerusalem until the remainder had left, it was decided to ask the Lodge at Jerusalem to hold communications so as to gratify the wish of all to meet with the brethren of Royal Solomon Mother Lodge within the precincts of the City of David and Solomon. This request was complied with, and satisfactory arrangements made.

### A LODGE IN THE QUARRIES

Sunday afternoon following, March 9th, the event to which each brother on the *Celtic* had looked forward with eager expectancy and earnest anticipation became a reality. A Lodge in the Quarries of Solomon! The words bring a host of suggestive reflections to every Mason. It is only within the past fifty years that the modern world has known of the extensive cavernous recesses beneath the Holy City. That they are the work of men's hands and not the result of natural causes is too evident to require argument or proof other than the stones themselves supply. The marks of the workmen are there, mute witnesses, from whose testimony the verdict is logical and conclusive. Though styled by many as the "Cotton Grotto" or the "Linen Grotto," on account of the whiteness of the stone, to the craftsmen of our order the name of "Solomon's Quarries" appeals with peculiar interest and power. Here we believe that stones were hewn, with rough and smooth ashlar, fashioned according to designs on the trestle-board, and then placed in the Temple consecrated to the Supreme Architect of the Universe, within which was the sound of "neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron."

The brethren assembled at the Hotel du Parc and proceeded in carriages to the entrance of the Quarries. Sixty-five members of our Association were present, representing twenty-three Grand Lodges of Free and Accepted Masons. The Lodge in the Quarries was opened by Most Worshipful Brother Shryock. Addresses were made by Most Worshipful Brother Shryock and Worshipful Brother Tadros. Brother Samuel B. Sexton, Jr., presented Worshipful Brother Tadros with a badge of Maryland Commandery, No. 1, K. T. After closing the Lodge, a flash-light picture was then taken of those present, grouped in the rotunda-like chamber in the Quarries.

Passing upward and outward to the open air the participants in this unique Masonic gathering felt that an important page had been added to the book of their experience, often to be referred to with pleasant recollections in the years to come.



LODGE IN THE QUARRIES, MARCH 9TH, 1902. FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH

### THE GALILEE AND SAMARIA PILGRIMS RECEIVED BY ROYAL SOLOMON MOTHER LODGE

Saturday evening, March 15th, another communication of Royal Solomon Mother Lodge was convened at the Hotel du Parc for the benefit of the S. S. *Celtic* Masonic Association members who were in the Galilee and Samaria sections, and who had arrived at Jerusalem during the week. Seventeen of these were present. The Lodge was opened in due form in English. Officers of the Lodge: Constantine N. Tadros, Worshipful Master; Charles N. Boyd, Senior Warden, p. t.; Daniel H. Ayers, Junior Warden, p. t.; Edward Ungar, Senior Deacon; D. F. Petrides, Junior Deacon; D. Jammal, Secretary; George H. Hanania, Master of Ceremonies; Lucus V. Lupp, Tiler. Petition for admission having been received from Mr. S. Smith Stewart, on favorable report, the candidate was balloted for and accepted. The E. A. Degree was conferred, being exemplified in due form. The degrees of F. C. and M. M. were communicated, the candidate's father, Worshipful Brother A. C. Stewart, 33rd degree, officiating as Worshipful Master. As was done at the former communication, keystones from Solomon's Quarries, and olive-wood gavels, were presented to the visitors. After this the Lodge was closed, and refreshments served.

### SECOND LODGE IN THE QUARRIES

In the afternoon of the next day, Sunday, March 16th, another communication of the Lodge was held in the Quarries. It was opened in due form by Worshipful Master Tadros, who made a few appropriate remarks.

A resolution of a vote of thanks to the Jerusalem brethren was offered by Brother D. H. Ayers and passed unanimously. Short addresses were made by Brothers George F. Washburn, A. C. Stewart, and the Worshipful Master. An earnest and touching prayer was offered by Rev. and Brother Leopold Winter. The Lodge was then closed and those present assembled for a group picture outside the entrance to the Quarries, with the entrance appearing in the background. A copy of this photograph appears on page 198, in connection with an article on the Quarries.

### RECEPTION BY BADR HELOUAN LODGE, No. 60, AT HELOUAN, EGYPT

From Palestine, the brethren of the Association journeyed into Egypt. There we found other brethren who gave us the right hand of fellowship and extended many courtesies to us. Saturday afternoon, March 22nd, on invitation of Worshipful Brother Shaheen Bey Makarius, Past Master of the Lodge, the Association attended a reception given to us by Badr Helouan Lodge, No. 60, located at Helouan. This town is situated about fourteen miles south of Cairo,



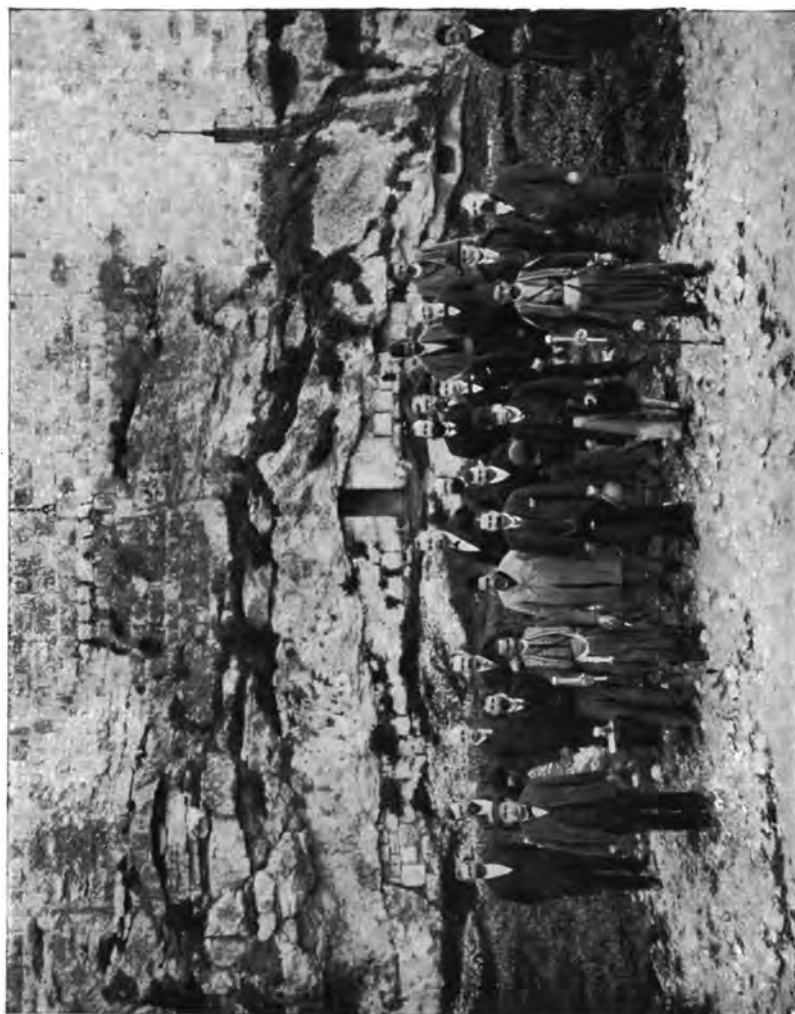
PHOTOGRAPH OF A TABLET IN THE TOMB OF MERI AT SAKKARAH (SITE OF ANCIENT MEMPHIS), REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF BROTHER HANAUER. THE HIEROGLYPHICS BETWEEN THE UPPER GROUPS ARE ASCRIPTIONS TO RA.

near the site of ancient Memphis. It is a health resort with sulphur baths, and a very dry atmosphere. To maintain this dryness the government does not allow shade trees to be planted. All the water underlying the town is sulphurous, and water for household purposes is taken from the Nile. A railroad connects it with Cairo, from whence we were transported on a special train, provided by courtesy of Brother Frank C. Clark. On the eastern side of the railway, as we passed, were pointed out to us quarries from which it was said the stones for the pyramids were taken. Beyond these on bluffs are the remains of fortifications erected by Napoleon I during his Egyptian campaign. From the train, on our arrival at Helouan, we were escorted by the brethren of Badr Helouan Lodge to its lodge room in a building devoted to Masonic purposes: it is very complete and comfortable in its appointments, with reception, dressing and ante-rooms. It was erected by Worshipful Brother Makarius, who has a pleasant residence near. The lodge room has the usual furniture and appointments. Its floor is tessellated. The ceiling represents the blue sky, with stars and cloud effects. In the center is a triangle surrounding the all-seeing eye. In the East, on the wall to the right of the Worshipful Master, is a representation of the sun, and on the left is one of the moon. (By the way, the name of the lodge, "Badr," means growing or increasing light, somewhat equivalent to "Crescent" in English.) The hangings are green, and on the Altar lie the Bible and the Koran.

The Lodge was opened in Arabic with Past Master Makarius in the East, who also welcomed the visiting brethren in the same tongue. He then handed the gavel to the Worshipful Master, Nassin Birbari, who translated the address of Worshipful Brother Makarius into English. His elegant diction and admirable delivery won the admiration of his hearers. To the welcoming address Most Worshipful Brother Thomas J. Shryock felicitously responded. A translation of his words into Arabic was made by the Worshipful Master for the benefit of those present who were not proficient in English. Similar translations were also made of speeches which followed. Worshipful Brother A. C. Stewart also expressed the pleasure he felt, and his sense of obligation and appreciation, on account of the courtesies extended to us. Brother A. Hanauer, Grand Deacon of Grand Lodge of Egypt, was introduced by the Worshipful Master, and gave an interesting and instructive lecture on indications of ancient Masonry in Egypt. Only a brief epitome can here be given, and some of his remarks relative to Masonic secret work must necessarily be omitted.

#### SYNOPSIS OF BROTHER HANAUER'S ADDRESS

Within five miles of where he was speaking is the site of the residence of Moses during his childhood and youth, and of his foster-mother, the daughter of Pharaoh and a priestess of Isis. Moses was learned in the lore of Egypt, and Solomon, too, must have learned much from the Egyptians, his wife being a daughter of one of the Pharaohs. At Sakkarah (ancient Memphis), at the northwest angle of the pyramid of Teti, are the ruins of the temple of Me-reru-ka (or Meri), a priest and prophet of Ptah, god of the rising sun. The tomb dates



from the sixth dynasty (about 3200 B. C.) and was ancient when Moses was taken from the bullrushes. In ancient Egypt no one could be a king until he had been a priest and prophet. Therefore, Meri was high in authority and next to the king. On his tomb and in his temple are inscriptions illustrating scenes of every-day life. The ancient inscriptions of Upper Egypt are those of warrior kings representing battles and conquests, while those of Lower Egypt mainly illustrate social scenes and industrial occupations. What may be termed the Meri inscriptions are of the latter class. Plowing, sowing, reaping, grinding, baking and similar acts are delineated on one series of tablets. On another, the breeding of animals for food or sacrifice. We accept these as portraying actual customs and methods of ancient life. Why should we not attach equal importance to tablets and inscriptions representing Masonic emblems, rites and ceremonies? (A facsimile of a photograph exhibited by him is reproduced on preceding page. On another tablet three men on a large scale are seen embracing. The larger scale indicates that the subject is of comparatively greater importance.)

Meri was a married man and had a family. His tomb is divided into three parts, one of which is set aside for himself. In this are found scenes of family life, of joy and exultation, and of sorrow and affliction. In the largest chamber there are six square pillars, equidistant from each other. Projecting upward from the floor in the center is a round stone pillar, upon the top of which is a circle with a dot or point in the center, representing the sun god, Ra. This circle, or ring, with a point in the center, appears as a character in hieroglyphic writing representing the Deity. A recess in the north wall of this room has a statue of Meri, with a sacrificial altar in front of it. We have, then, a chamber with six pillars, from the centers of which could be drawn lines describing a double triangle, with a stone pillar in the midst upon which is a representation of Deity.

Close attention to the remarks of Brother Hanauer evidenced the deep interest of his hearers, and enthusiastic applause when he had concluded indicated their appreciation.

#### FURTHER ENTERTAINMENT

Worshipful Brother Birbari extended thanks to Brother Clark for his kindness in facilitating the visit of the Association to the Lodge. Brother Clark demonstrated his versatility by replying in Arabic. Rabbi and Brother Leopold Wintner made an interesting speech on the universality of Free-Masonry. Sitting there together in equality and fraternity were Jews, Christians and Moslems. This fact was the key-note of his remarks.

Short addresses were made by Brothers Khaleel Tabbat, F. Antonius, and Saleen Makarius. The latter is Senior Warden of the Lodge. He called attention to the fact that the Worshipful Master and Wardens of the Lodge were graduates of the American College at Beirut. This gave additional interest

and significance to the opportunity they had of greeting and entertaining American brethren. Most of the members of the Lodge appeared to be bright, enterprising young men. By resolution, the Past Masters of American Lodges present were made honorary Past Masters of Badr Helouan Lodge, No. 60.

The Lodge was then closed in English, haveng been opened in Arabic, as stated above. After this the brethren proceeded to the home of Past Master Makarius, where delightful refreshments were served in the pleasant grounds surrounding the residence.

The signal for departure having sounded, the party returned to the cars. Warm hand-shakings and adieus, with good wishes and God-speeds exchanged between hosts and guests, concluded an occasion which will afford many bright reminiscences to the participants, who carried away with them extremely favorable impressions of their warm-hearted entertainers.

### FINAL MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION

The last meeting of the Association occurred Monday, March 24th, on board the *Celtic*, en route from Alexandria to Naples. The meeting was called to order at four o'clock P. M. by President Shryock, who made some appropriate remarks concerning this final assembling together. Some details relative to certificates for a few who had not yet been supplied were given attention. The following resolutions were offered by Worshipful Brother A. C. Stewart and adopted:

"*Be it Resolved*, that the most earnest and heartfelt thanks of the Steamship *Celtic* Masonic Association be, and they hereby are, tendered to our friend and brother, Frank C. Clark, for the many kindly courtesies extended by him to the members of this Association on the Clark *Celtic* Oriental Cruise of 1902, and especially for his kindness in arranging for our various Masonic meetings in Jerusalem, Palestine, with the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, No. 293, and Badr Helouan Lodge, No. 60, at Helouan, Egypt.

That we sincerely commend him to all members of the fraternity desiring to visit the Orient on similar pilgrimages, under like circumstances, with the assurance that they may confidently rely upon receiving the most painstaking, intelligent and liberal consideration at his hands.

"May the Supreme Architect of the Universe ever have our brother in His holy keeping, and grant him all to be deserved prosperity and success."

The meeting then adjourned *sine die*.

### SEPARATION

No further meetings of the Association were held. After the *Celtic* arrived at Naples separations began as those, who had for nearly two months been fellow travelers, took their departure on various tours through Europe. The main purpose for which the Association was organized had been accomplished,

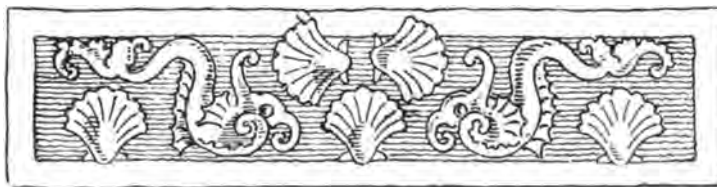
but the friendships it had been instrumental in forming, the comradeship and fraternal affection which it had fostered, will endure. Although now scattered far and wide, in all probability never again to assemble in full and unbroken number, the members, as opportunity offers, will hold pleasant little reunions, and will recall their unique experiences.

#### THE ASSOCIATION BADGE

A badge to be worn by each member of the S. S. *Celtic* Masonic Association was adopted, consisting of a lifebuoy in gilt surrounding a "White Star Line" pennant, with a blue ribbon attached, upon which was the name of the Association. This badge is reproduced on the cover in appropriate colors.

#### THE SOUVENIR MEDAL

As a memento of the occasion, Most Worshipful Brother Shryock, our honored President, has gracefully and generously presented to each member a souvenir medal. To every possessor it will be a mark whose value cannot be expressed in Jewish half shekels of silver, and it will hold a place among the most highly prized of our treasures.



## THE QUARRIES OF SOLOMON AT JERUSALEM



THE following article was prepared by the historian and published in the *Troy Budget* of June 22, 1902, a copy of which was mailed to each member of the Association. The reasons for its being are given in the opening paragraph. As several of the brethren have expressed a desire to possess it in permanent form, it is reproduced here, with a few slight additions:

Considerable interest, with resultant discussion, concerning these subterranean excavations, has developed recently in connection with the visit of American members of the Masonic brotherhood at Jerusalem in March last. Confusion of thought and not a little ignorance in regard to them have been manifested by some journals. Such terms as "erroneously called King Solomon's Quarries," "that stone yard at Jerusalem," et cetera, have been used. For these reasons a statement of the facts by one who has visited the quarries and extracts from writers of competent authority, may be of service in correcting misapprehension and counteracting misinformation.

In Appleton's American Cyclopedia, article "Jerusalem," reference is made to the "Royal Quarries" in connection with the explorations of Professor Schick. The Encyclopedia Britannica, article "Jerusalem," has a map of ancient Jerusalem, on which is indicated the "Royal Caves" at the location of the quarries.

The Rev. Dr. D. E. Lorenz, in his "Notes" on Jerusalem, enumerates among the places of interest "Solomon's Quarries near the Damascus Gate, consisting of immense caverns or catacombs extending under the city, from whence great blocks of stone for the building of the temple and walls were taken."

Dr. W. M. Thompson, in "The Land and the Book," without employing any name, graphically describes his exploration of the "excavations under the ridge which extends from the N. W. corner of the temple to the north wall of the city" and speaks of them as "most extraordinary." He thinks that in these caverns the Jews took refuge when Titus took the temple. He says the population of the whole city could be stowed away in them, and gives as his opinion that from these quarries was taken the very white stone used in building the temple.

In his interesting book, "The Holy Land from Landau, Saddle, and Palanquin," copyright by Messrs. Brownell, Silver & Co., W. Bement Lent says:

"Outside of the walls, also near the Damascus Gate, the most imposing of all, is the entrance to the subterranean excavations called Solomon's Quarries; although in neither of our guide-books were they given the kingly appellation. They strike immediately under the present city and are of vast extent, and abound in passages and large open chambers in every direction. The descent begins at once. We walked probably not more than seven or eight hundred feet, although, in the gloom, it seemed farther, saw the great blocks of stone, cut square and oblong, quite ready for removal, and many only partially ex-

cavated. The roof is supported by columns. Their extent or purpose is unknown. That they are very ancient is evident. The probability is, the stone for city walls and for the temple was here cut out and fully prepared for that strange, noiseless upbuilding. Immense quantities of material have been removed and centuries have passed since the partially cut blocks and chiselled columns were abandoned. One is oppressed and awed, in the darkness and solitude, by the suggestions of the temple in these huge blocks ready for the master builder's use. As we lost sight of the little line of light which marked the entrance, and were shut in with the darkness and gloom, broken only by our flashing taper, it grew mysterious, weird and uncanny, almost to unpleasantness. A most interesting writer says: 'For ages and ages, the darkness and silence have dwelt together in these dreary caverns, while overhead, in the city, generations have come and gone. Its streets have been deluged with blood, and its glories have been levelled with the dust. And here silence and darkness dwelt, when the cry of "Crucify Him, crucify Him," rang through the busy streets above, and a shudder ran through these gloomy regions when the cry went forth, "It is finished!" and a great earthquake shook the solid earth, while darkness enfolded the land.'"

The Rev. E. S. Wallace, for five years United States consul for Palestine at Jerusalem, improved those years in the accumulation of material for his comprehensive book, "Jerusalem the Holy," from which the following instructive description is taken by permission of Messrs. Fleming H. Revell & Co., publishers, owners of the copyright:

"Solomon's Quarry.—A hundred yards east of the Damascus Gate is a high cliff made by a wide excavation which separates Bezetha from the New Calvary hill. Just at its base where the cliff is highest is a small door leading into the largest cavern near the city. The name given to this by the Moslems is "The Cotton Grotto," because of the unusual whiteness of rock in which it is cut. The common appellation for it is Solomon's Quarry, assuming, and not without reason, that it was here that the royal builder procured the stone for his great works. For centuries all knowledge of the existence of this artificial cavern was lost. Since it was rediscovered, in 1852, it has been a place all visitors wished to see. And it is worth seeing in itself, apart from any connection it may have with any of the great builders of antiquity.

"The quarry extends southward under the city for nearly seven hundred feet. At some places the roof is so low that one has to stoop in order to pass; in other places so high that the light of the candles is swallowed up in the darkness. Here and there large natural pillars are left to support the roof, but these have not prevented the loose rock from falling, and as one passes a spot where such a fall has occurred, it sends a shudder through him at the thought of a possibility of a similar catastrophe occurring during his visit. But none has occurred that has proved fatal to visitors; through carelessness persons have been seriously injured and at least one death has resulted. As there are dangerous pitfalls from which the rock has been taken and which have never been filled up, a person well acquainted with the 'cave' should accompany every party.



FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE QUARRIES OF SOLOMON

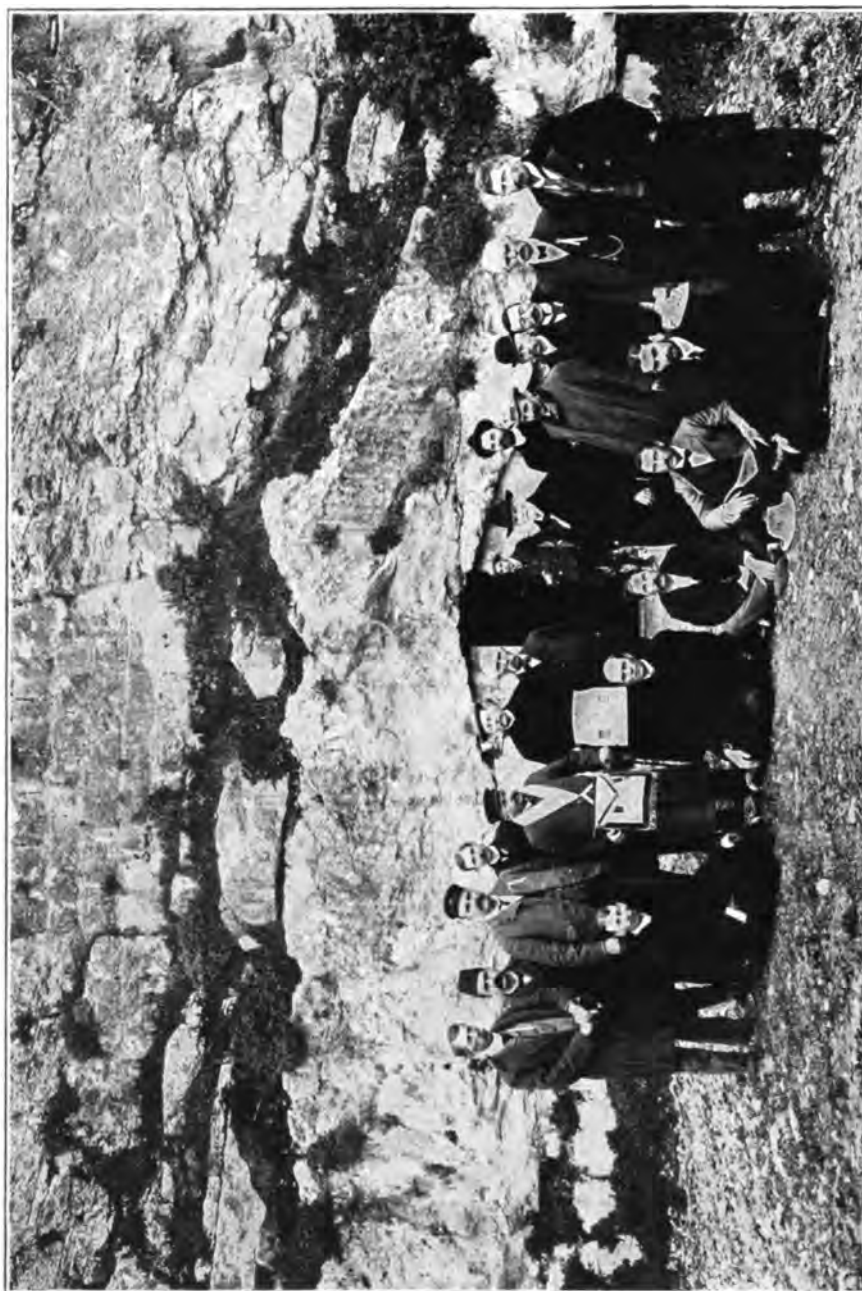
"The stone to be had in this quarry is exceedingly white and beautiful. It is soft, and hence can be easily taken out. By the markings in the rock the ancient method of quarrying may be understood. By means of a pick or similar tool, a deep groove was cut in the face of the rock to the width desired. This was followed by parallel grooves. It was then an easy matter when one stone was removed, for all the rest in its tier to be taken out. This was done by making a small niche in the rock, driving in a wooden wedge, and then pouring water on the wedge, which, as the wood swelled, split the stone. All through the quarries are small shelves on which stood the earthen lamps that gave light to the laborers.

"This cavern is of special interest to the Masonic order. Small and large parties of this fraternity visit the city every year and seem to find their chief delight in the gloomy recesses where they hold, many of them, that Masonry was instituted by King Solomon himself. Many a bit of white stone, large enough to be worked into an emblem of the order, finds its way into the trunks of the brethren and is carefully guarded till it takes its place among the sacred relics of the home lodge. Several large blocks have been lately shipped to various cities in America, destined to be worked into some Masonic Temple.

"From descriptions of the temples, which at various periods of Jerusalem's history have graced the Mount Moriah, it seems but reasonable to believe that the stone that formed them was procured here. There is no stone like it, none so beautiful, in the vicinity. The quarry is very near the place where the temple stood, and by making a surface opening in its southern extremity, the distance of transportation would be very short. We are told in 1 Kings, vi. 7, that the temple was erected without sound of 'any tool of iron heard in the house,' and was 'of stone ready made before it was brought thither.' This preparatory work could easily have been done in the quarry, almost on the very site of the Holy House, and yet no sound be heard within the sacred enclosure. There is no good reason for doubting that here the whiteness was procured that helped to produce the 'vision of snow and gold' that stood on Mount Moriah."

Supplemental to the foregoing, and in connection with the illustrations accompanying this article, I will refer to a few points not already covered. Before doing so, I would direct attention particularly to the reasons given by the gentlemen quoted for believing that from this source was taken the material for the temple, and the methods used in taking out the stone. The marks of the tools are still there, and are discernible in the flash-light picture of a portion of the interior herewith reproduced. Both gentlemen refer to the fact that the guide-books do not use "the kingly appellation," and Mr. Wallace gives one name employed, "Cotton Grotto," and the reason therefor. "The Linen Grotto" is another designation sometimes heard. Baedeker, however, states that Josephus referred to them as the "Royal Grottoes," and the term "royal" appears in the encyclopedias quoted above.

The great extents of width and height demonstrate the immense amount of material taken out, while layers and piles of chips many feet in depth and extent plainly indicate how the stone was dressed before being removed.



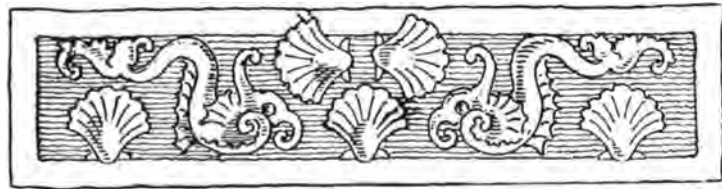
AT ENTRANCE TO SOLOMON'S QUARRIES, MARCH 16TH, 1902

Some have had the impression that Masonic ritualistic work was done and Masons made in this place by the Jerusalem Lodge. That is not so. It would be a most difficult task to transport lodge furniture into the cavern, even if the Turkish government permitted it, which is improbable. The ritualistic work was done in the city, and the "lodge in the quarries" was not for work and instruction. There are places where brethren can assemble, tile the entrance, and organize a lodge, in which prayer, addresses, resolutions or other expressions of sentiment can be had.

The location of the entrance to the quarries gives additional force to the interest which they excite. It is opposite to "Gordon's Calvary," or new Calvary Hill. Several good authorities agree with General Gordon in believing this to be the true Golgotha, the Place of a Skull. Standing at the entrance to the quarries and looking northward across a depression or excavation about three hundred feet wide, one has before him the rocky face of this eminence with the Grotto of Jeremiah beneath it. The theory is plausibly advanced by many that this grotto originally was a part of the royal quarries. General Gordon advocated the somewhat fanciful proposition that the contour of the range on which Jerusalem is situated represents the recumbent body of a woman. A contemplation of a model of the city and its surroundings demonstrates that the idea is not wholly imaginary. The hill he designates as Golgotha, Place of a Skull, represents the head. Following out his theory the royal caves or quarries would form the thoracic cavity, the repository of the heart and lungs. Continuing the poetic figure, it could be said that from the bosom of the daughter of Jerusalem" was taken the material wherewith to erect a temple to Jehovah.

In the picture of the group at the entrance, the door-like opening into the quarries can be seen in the background. On entering, the descent begins at once, not by steps, but down a rather steep slope, which continues irregularly for several hundred feet. The floor is composed of chips and pieces of stone, such débris as would naturally accumulate in a quarry. The walking is rather laborious and the journey is "rough and rugged." One needs to be carefully on his guard in order to avoid pitfalls and stumbling-blocks. The element of danger adds to the excitement and intense interest which thrill the visitor, and the vivid impressions he receives are not soon forgotten. As he progresses, his wonder and admiration increase, and a strong desire possesses his soul that the mysteries might be made plain, and that the rocks might tell the complete tale of how and why and when they were seamed, scarred and riven by the hand of man. The visitor is shown many unfinished cuttings and blocks half-chiselled, among them a large keystone partly hewn out of the rock. The arched top and at least half of the sides are quite complete, but the lower third has been broken off, which would render it unfit for use. It is a suggestive fact that this keystone resembles in size and shape the keystones in the large and heavy arches seen in the extensive vaulted structures underneath the temple area, known as "Solomon's stables." About five hundred feet from the entrance is a spacious amphitheatre-like chamber with high vaulted roof. Here several thousand could assemble. As the spacious recesses and mysterious

depths are partially revealed by the light of lanterns and torches, the effect is weird and impressive. There are indications that shafts to the surface existed, up which blocks of stone could be hoisted, as Mr. Wallace has suggested. The almost inevitable conclusion one reaches after traversing these caverns is that the rough and smooth ashlar of the first temple were here hewn, and that a portion of the traditional eighty thousand workmen were here employed. Is it to be wondered at that a proposal to visit these quarries appeals with peculiar power to the heart of every member of the craft?



## MASONRY IN EGYPT

The National Grand Lodge of Egypt, Right Worshipful Idris Bey Ragheb, District Grand Master, is an energetic and prosperous body. Under its jurisdiction are seventy subordinate lodges, and of this number twenty are located in Cairo. One of the lodges works in Turkish, two in French, two in Italian, one in English, and the remainder in Arabic. General Lord Kitchener is the representative of the Grand Lodge of England near this Grand Lodge. Besides the lodges under the jurisdiction of the National Grand Lodge of Egypt, there are a few, recognized as regular, which work directly under the jurisdiction of other Grand Lodges, such as the Grand Lodge of England, etc.

Other Masonic bodies exist in Egypt besides blue lodges. Recently a Mark Mason Lodge has been founded at Helouan, known as the Makarius Mark Mason Lodge, and in Cairo is established the Ragheb Lodge of Mark Master Masons, both working under the English Constitution. There is also the Egyptian Grand Royal Arch Chapter. Its first three grand officers are Most Excellent Companion Idris Bey Ragheb, Right Excellent Companion Ahmed Bey Lihny and Shaheen Bey Makarius. Under the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter are five Royal Arch Chapters.

Besides the regular Masonic bodies referred to are some so-called Masonic associations which are not recognized by the legally constituted Masonic authority.

For the greater part of this information I am indebted to the courtesy of Worshipful Brother Shaheen Bey Makarius, of Cairo and Helouan, proprietor and publisher of *Al-Mokattam*, a daily newspaper, and of *Al-Lataif*, a monthly periodical of Arabic literature.

# ROSTER OF MEMBERS

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Geo. B. Beardsley.....	Corinthian, No. 104.....	111 Broadway, N. Y. City
Herbert M. Lyon.....	Corinthian, No. 104.....	469 Clinton Street, Bridgeport, Conn.
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Origin Hall.....	Eastern Star, No. 44.....	So. Willington, Conn.
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A. W. Nelson.....	Union, No. 66.....	New London, Conn.

#### EGYPT

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Shaheen Bey Makarius.....	Badr Helouan, No. 60.....	Cairo

#### ENGLAND

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Albert E. Dodd.....	Dramatic, No. 1609.....	29 Oxford Road, Liscard, Cheshire, Eng.
J. E. Solomon.....	Demitted.....	54 Davis Street, Berkley Square, Parfait Semerste..... London, W.

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John C. Shirk.....	Harmony, No. 11.....	Brookville, Ind.
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Frank Champlin.....	Mt. Olive, No. 79.....	Boone, Ia.
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F. C. Rowley.	Royal Solomon Mother, No. 293.	251 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. F. Ross.	Royal Solomon Mother, No. 293.	205 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

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T. P. Moore.	Holton, No. 42.	Holton, Kan.

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E. M. Fielding.	St. Johns.	Creamer Wing Laundry Co., Boston, Mass.

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F. A. Copeland.	Frontier, No. 45.	La Crosse, Wis.
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Irving F. Craven.	Highland, No. 835.	Buffalo, N. Y.
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Daniel Hays.	Gloversville, No. 449.	Gloversville, N. Y.
W. A. Baldwin.	DeMolay, No. 498.	116 N. Main St., Pueblo, Col.
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Louis L. Wheeler.	Corinthian Temple.	Rochester, N. Y.
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Thomas Crary.	Hancock, No. 552.	Hancock, N. Y.

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Richard Stevens.	Braddock, No. 510.	Braddock, Pa.
Sam'l S. Brown.	Forty-five, No. 45.	7 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.
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## THE JORDAN, DEAD SEA AND JERICHO

BY REV. N. A. MCAULAY, WILTON JUNCTION, IA.



THE *Celtic* Samaria-Galilee section reached Jerusalem on the afternoon of March the 12th. On the following morning we started for the Jordan, Dead Sea and Jericho, twenty-six and a half miles away by the road. We pass "Gordon's Calvary" on the left, with the Damascus and Herod's Gate on the right, through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to the Garden of Gethsemane on the left. Reaching the brook Kedron, we skirt Mount Olivet. The tree upon which Judas hanged himself is pointed out, the barren fig tree that was cursed by Christ, and the stone on which Mary rested, as she began her flight into Egypt with the child Jesus; the vicinity where Christ forgave Peter his sins. Following the road which our Saviour often trod when going to and from Bethany, we go as did "a certain man" long ago "who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." Our Saviour also must have passed this way in going down to the Jordan, to be baptized.



As the top of Mount Olivet is four thousand feet above the Dead Sea, in going the entire journey is down hill. From time to time we have magnificent pictures of the Jordan valley and the mountains of Moab, while the Jordan desert, with its hills and ravines, is not without its lessons. It was somewhere in this stony valley that Shimei cursed and cast stones at David, who was fleeing from Absalom to Jericho.

Our first resting place was known as the Apostles' Spring, where our horses are watered, and we have the privilege of refreshing ourselves with coffee, luncheon and other stimulants. The spring is claimed to have been used by the Apostles, which is a very likely supposition.

The "Inn of the Good Samaritan" was our second resting place, where curios can be purchased in abundance. The proprietor of this house is a keen-eyed Arab who speaks English fluently, and is alive to a good trade. The desolation and loneliness of this valley, still infested with robbers, serve to vivify the setting of the parable of the good Samaritan.

From this point we journey through the "Wilderness" in which Elijah tarried for a time, and was miraculously fed. To the left of us runs the brook Cherith in a yawning gulf, on one side of which, half way up the cliff, stands a Greek monastery, marking the exact spot, so it is claimed, where the ravens ministered to the prophet, when he hid from the wrath of Ahab. The ravens are still there in abundance.

As we proceed the view gradually unfolds, until we come upon a view of the blue waters of the Dead Sea. Another hour's travel brings us in sight of the vast plain of Jordan. Soon we have to dismount from our carriages, for our own safety as well as for the relief of our horses.

At length we reach the plain, where we get a full view of Quarantania, the



BETHANY, HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA

mountain supposed to be the scene of our Lord's temptation. Along its face we are told are many caves, where penitents seeking absolution have lived and died in the past. St. Louis, King of France, spent some months here once, and kept Lent where he supposed Christ was tempted. We pass by the old aqueduct and the large mound which indicates the site of ancient Jericho, the first city conquered by the Jews when they entered Palestine about three thousand three hundred and fifty-three years before us. Then it was noted for its wealth and luxury, now for its absolute desolation. Antony gave it to his enchantress of the Nile, Cleopatra, as a love token rich and beautiful. We reached the modern town, a wretched collection of rudely constructed huts, tenanted by a mixed Syrian race of unsavory reputation. Some good hotels have been erected by tourist managers for the accommodation of pilgrims.

Before lunch we drove to Elisha's Fountain, where that prophet "went forth unto the Spring of the Waters, and cast salt in there, and said: 'Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters, there shall not be from hence any death or barren land.' " This beautiful fountain flows down the valley, a blessing to the entire plain.

After lunch we visited the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The distance to the former is about four miles. The house of Zacchæus, the rich tax gatherer, now occupied by the Sheik's residence, is on our way, which is over sand bountifully sprinkled with salt. Here and there are to be seen a few trees, with occasional mustardseed. marks the abode, and locusts and beach where stands a little build-Arabs.

The Dead Sea desolate abyss. It sides by barren east and south the rise to a height of hundred feet, from summits Moses, the ed King of Israel, lated. On the west tains rise about two five hundred feet. The Dead forty-seven miles long, and nine miles at its widest point. Near it is only two miles wide. Its depth is one thousand and eighty

It was a bright, breezy day visited it. A strong south wind with white caps, and the eva which is always very rapid, haze to hang over it. A large our men were not long in bathing place, where we tested to our hearts' content the never-to-be-forgotten qualities of its water. Its buoyancy is such that a human body floats without exertion; indeed it requires an effort to keep the feet submerged in swimming. Being strongly impregnated with salt, sulphur, and the chlorides of magnesium and calcium, it is exceedingly bitter and nauseating to the taste. It is sticky like glue, as well as oily, and when it dries a coating of salt and other chemicals is left upon the flesh of bathers. We got it into our eyes and hair, and in spite



1. ROAD SCENE TO JERICHO
2. GREEK MONASTERY, HERMIT DWELLING NEAR JERICHO
3. INN OF GOOD SAMARITAN

where he lived on wild honey. On the our carriages stop ing occupied by

nestles in a dreary, is enclosed on three mountains. On the mountains of Moab three thousand five one of whose lonely uncrown- was trans- the moun- thousand Sea is and a half its center m e a n feet.

when we adorned it poration, caused a number of selecting a

of repeated washings felt its presence in the latter for weeks after. Fish cannot live in it, at which we are not at all surprised, although we have heard that microbes, the bacilli of tetanus, have been found in its waters near the north shore. When viewed from a distance it is of a deep blue color, but near at hand it presents a greenish and somewhat oily appearance. We did not see a single boat upon its surface, although we were told that one made regular trips over its entire length.

After spending some time upon its shores our journey led northeast over the plain until we reached the bush covered land that lines the banks of the river Jordan. A little over an hour's ride altogether brought us to what is called the "Fords of the Jordan," the place usually visited by tourists and pilgrims. Who has not heard of the river Jordan? It is first mentioned in Genesis, in the story



PLOWING WITH MULE AND COW NEAR JERICHO

of the separation of Lot and Abraham. It was miraculously crossed by the Israelites when they entered Canaan. In its waters Naaman was cured of his leprosy. John the Baptist used it in baptizing the multitudes who came to him from "Jerusalem and all Judea"; and our Saviour himself, "He of Whom Moses in the law and the prophets wrote," received baptism here.

For ages this river has been the symbol of that which separates the known from the unknown world. It has figured in sacred song, and its crossing is represented as being typical of the passage from the wilderness of this life to the land of Eternal rest.

Isaac Watts wrote:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
All decked in living green,  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between."

And Samuel Stennet:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wistful eye,  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie."

This memorable river is one of the crookedest in the world. In going from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, a direct distance of about sixty miles, it travels over two hundred miles. Because of its tortuous windings, an Arabian poet has called

it "a gigantic green serpentine character was turn, but during our visit but green, a pale chocolate more accurately. Its at a normal stage of seventy-five to one hundred average depth from six according to the season banks we with thick the rank-grew right edge, view. Rev. burg, Pa.; Chester, of Hamil-



MOUNT OF  
TEMPTATION  
NEAR JERICO



ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN



ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN, NEAR JERICO

late describing average width water is from dred feet, and its to twenty feet, of the year. Its found lined clay mud, while est vegetation up to the water's cealing it from S. Edward Young, of Pitts- Rev. R. H. McCready, of N. Y.; Mr. J. W. Aitchison, ton, Ont., and the writer, in one group, and there were many others, braved the dragoman's objection, and took a bath in the dirty, turbulent stream. We were prompted wholly by sentiment, for cleansing, because of the approaches, is entirely out of the question. An eastern clergyman, Rev. James Gillespie, reckless beyond his companions, swam down stream and across to the other side, but with such experiences as made him afraid to undertake the return trip. Helped up the bank, the poor fellow stood shivering on the opposite bank, wondering how to get back. Finally he was rescued by the little boat and ferried back to his friends and his baggage.

A great many tourists carry away with them samples of Jordan water. If intended for keeping it is necessary to boil and filter the water, and have the package carefully corked and sealed. The writer carried away a quart bottle well filled and sealed, and had no difficulty until he reached Paris. Here the



DEAD SEA FOAM

Custom House officials came near confiscating it, under the delusion that it was a bottle of spirits.

Many Christian men and women from Europe and America are annually baptized in the Jordan. Two of our aged tourists expected to be baptized, but only one of them reached the Jordan. Some are prompted thereto merely by sentiment, while others labor under the impression that there is some special merit for the washing away of sin, in using the stream in which the Saviour of men was baptized.

Disappointed in the appearance of the river, we all esteemed it a great privilege to see it for ourselves, and to recall the many scenes enacted upon its banks in Old and New Testament times, and think of its fate as it sweeps on to the sea of death.



CAPT. S. S. BROWN, M. W. WARREN, W. S. BROWN, AT THE  
SCENE OF CHRIST'S BAPTISM, JORDAN



PLEASURES AT THE DEAD SEA

On our way back to Jerusalem we visited Bethany. The present town lies upon a spur to the southeast of the Mount of Olives. It consists of about forty or fifty houses, inhabited by Moslems only. Fig, almond and olive trees abound



STUDYING THE JORDAN



JORDAN GUARD AND WATER SEEKERS

here, and the town possesses an excellent supply of water. A ruined tower, said to have been built before the time of the Crusaders, is the most conspicuous object in the village. About twenty paces from this tower is the tomb of Lazarus, over which stands a white-domed mosque. As the owners of this mosque

prevented pilgrims from visiting the place, the Christians constructed a stairway leading thereto from without, the descent being by twenty-six steps partly through the solid rock. To the east of a square antechamber thus reached, and up three steps, is located the so-called tomb of Lazarus.

We proceed to the traditional site of the house of Mary and Martha; and to that of Simon the leper. We have drunk from the same springs, walked on the same highways, talked with our friends in the same places that Christ talked to His. Why shall we not follow in His very footsteps, and walk with Him in white beyond that beautiful sky above us?



PITTSBURGERS UNDER THE ORANGE BLOSSOMS AT JERICHO



MOABITE STONE, B.C. (ABOUT) 890.  
*[Photograph from the original.]*

## A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM

BY REV. JAMES T. DICKINSON, D.D., ORANGE, N. J.



RIGHTEST of all earth's days is one day, beloved over all the world, among all sorts and conditions of mankind. Of the gladness of Christmas little children speak among their first uttered sentences, and old men become young again at the return of this happy, holy season. It is the day for gifts and kisses and laughter and love and family reunions, the day for joy and peace and adoration of Almighty God. In the glory of the day ever shines one place pre-eminent, Bethlehem, where was born the infant Saviour. Most natural was it that our hearts were beating high Saturday afternoon, March 15th, 1902, when we started in our carriage from the Hotel du Parc, Jerusalem, for Bethlehem, six miles away. Occasional gusts of fine rain swept over the hills and the air was cold, but a light that never was on land or sea exalted our thoughts and a heavenly warmth filled our hearts. Besides the four tourists who had experienced much happiness in studying together Jerusalem's sacred sites, we had inside our large carriage the excellent guide, Elias. Out by the Jaffa Gate we leave Jerusalem, passing the ancient Tower of David, going down close to the Valley of Hinnom, fateful locality dreaded by the ancient Jews and symbolizing to the modern world the pangs of future punishment, then, ascending the hill, we look back and have a view of Jerusalem perhaps only second in excellence to that from the Mount of Olives. The macadamized road is admirably smooth and broad, and as the good horses trot swiftly southward the fields become more inviting with growing grass and grain and vineyards and orchards of olive trees. We pass many places of traditional and present-day interest—"the country house of Caiaphas," the ancient tree from which Judas Iscariot is said to have hanged himself, the seat where Mary rested on her weary journey to Bethlehem, and several churches and convents. Of all these traditional spots, of the greatest and most tender interest is the small edifice known as Rachel's Tomb. It is asserted that ever since Christ's time this very locality has been considered the place



where Jacob buried Rachel, the love of his heart, and that for many centuries earlier either this spot or one close by has been believed to be the place of the tomb of the fair, true wife of the patriarch. Four miles is this sacred memorial from Jerusalem, and yonder, two miles away, nestles Bethlehem among the hills. Back through the centuries our hearts go, and the old, ever-young experiences of love and death, of joy and anguish, seem to pulse and throb in the green leaves of the venerable olive-tree near Rachel's Tomb.

Soon upon our vision comes a remarkably fine view of Bethlehem and the surrounding country. In the far distance is the edge of the wilderness of Judea; nearer are the high, mountainous hills, nearer still green fields, and still nearer Bethlehem, with its stone houses, curious towers and balconies, narrow, winding streets, and about six thousand inhabitants. The adjacent country seems more prosperous and better tilled than anywhere else in Judea save the plain of Sharon. Vineyards, meadows, olive orchards, terraced hills, tell of patient husbandry and remind of the origin of the name of the ancient town—Bethle-

hem, place of bread. We thought of Bethlehem's wonderful history, of how it had existed for thousands of years; of lovely Ruth; of David's romantic career; of Constantine and the Crusaders; above all, of our Blessed Lord. Entering the narrow streets of the town, we drive at once to the large, open space in front of St. Mary's Church (better known as the Church of the Nativity). This large, rambling edifice has been rebuilt, renovated, added to, many times through the centuries, and is said to be the most ancient church building in the world. Since 1852 the Greek, the Latin, and the Armenian churches have each had possession of a part of it, the Greek having the largest, most imposing section and the Armenian a little corner which is pitiful in its almost ridiculous



A STREET, BETHLEHEM

insignificance. In the Greek church, as we entered, a notable service of worship was being celebrated, and for half an hour we listened and watched with growing interest. There were the men in the choir singing antiphonally with loud fervor, there the clergy and incense-bearers coming and going before the altar, there the Patriarch and other dignitaries in striking vestments, and presently a boy about twelve or fourteen years of age comes forward and in a clear, ringing voice, reads the Scripture lesson. A large audience, including more than a hundred children, listens and beholds with apparent solemnity and interest. The whole service seems full of reality and reverence, and one cannot but feel means much to the people. As we look into the eager, wistful faces of these

Bethlehem children worshipping in this holy shrine, our hearts rise upward to One who understands childhood and manhood and all of life.

"O holy child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in;  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel."

Down the dark, winding stairs we go to the cave where the sacred spot is marked by a silver star and under the star the words, *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*. There are many strong reasons for believing that this natural grotto was the very place where Christ was born. It is one of the best authenticated of the sacred sites in Palestine. Above the silver star shine fifteen lamps, which are divided among the three churches sharing the building. A few steps away stands a Turkish soldier, gun in hand, to protect the sacred spot and, alas for poor human nature, to prevent ecclesiastical quarrels, which, even here, have in the recent past sometimes resulted in bloodshed. Ascending the stairs and passing various other places of traditional interest, we leave the church and go out by a narrow lane to the hillside, whence we behold a splendid landscape of mountains and valleys and plains. In yonder fields gentle Ruth gleaned, on those hillsides David began his immortal work, and on that plain were the shepherds with their flocks when came the heavenly vision and the angelic message of the new-born Messiah.

As we walk back to our carriage, our hearts are asking "Is it all a dream? Are we really here in Palestine, in Judea, in Bethlehem, at the birthplace of the Saviour?" Then, strong and tender, and charged with heavenly authority, come to us again some of Bethlehem's messages. God's great love is ever seeking humanity. Christ comes to reign in our lives in strange, unexpected ways. In most lowly, difficult places of earth the kingdom of heaven will surely shine forth. Love, heavenly love, forevermore seeks, not to receive, but to give out of its blessed fulness. It was so at the birth of Christ, it is so with God's unceasing bounty and with the daily, hourly reinforcement of our spiritual life from the living Christ. Then, touched by this celestial love, our hearts should be ever pouring out spiritual inspiration and blessing to the world.

"Love came down at Christmas,  
Love all lovely, Love Divine;  
Love was born at Christmas,  
Stars and Angels gave the sign.

"Love shall be our token,  
Love be yours and love be mine,  
Love to God and all men,  
Love for gift and plea and sign."

Some of our party passed on to Hebron and brought us this picture of one of the most precious spots in southern Palestine.



OAKS OF MAMRE OR ABRAHAM'S OAK AT HEBRON

## FROM THE "CELTIC" TO ALEXANDRIA

BY ANNA M. MATHEWS, OAK PARK, ILL.

March 11th, 1902



HE morning of March 11th found more than five hundred enthusiastic "Celticites" at an early breakfast in order to be among the first of the party to set foot upon the land of sphinxes and pyramids. As the three large tenders chartered by Mr. Clark to insure a speedy and safe landing approached the *Celtic*, the swell of the ocean seemed to increase.



About noon a large barge for the transfer of luggage effected a mooring, and it was decided to use it also as a transport for passengers. Much to Mr. Clark's astonishment, in addition to a bewildering pile of cases and valises, more than four hundred large trunks were ready for Cairo. About half that number would cover the

deck of the barge. The process of lowering the trunks was very slow, and before the deck of the barge was half filled the passengers became so impatient that, to while away the time the memorable "chair" was made ready and fastened to a tackling of ropes and pulleys. The first candidate—a Mr. Smith, I believe—was strapped into the chair; the chief officer gave the command to "swing



TACKLE LANDING AT  
ALEXANDRIA



CELTIC LEAVING JAFFA.

away"; and away the "chair" swung out over the sea, and was lowered by the strong hands of the sailors. It seemed to be diving straight into the waves! But no; upward again, and out over the barge. Then it was seized by the half-clad native sailors and brought to the deck of the barge with a thump. What fun it was!

For two hours the "chair" ascended and descended, until one hundred and sixty passengers had been dropped upon the barge. During the lowering of more luggage the swell became heavier, causing the majority of the one hundred and sixty to seek the edge of the barge in an endeavor to appease Neptune with involuntary offerings.

Loaded at length, the barge was made fast to the sturdy little tug and towed to the dock at Alexandria.

At 4.30 the barge was again alongside the *Celtic*. Trunks were lowered until the deck was completely covered. The barge was brought a little nearer. The lower of the two familiar ladders on the side of the *Celtic* was placed in a horizontal position and partly covered by a plank, and the procession began. Below, on the barge, the chief officer, who had pushed and pulled the native sailors and by demonstration shown them how to "haul in," now stationed himself on the trunks, ready to receive human freight. Instant obedience to his command insured a successful landing. But those who hesitated until the barge had reached the crest of the swell, landed generally in a heap considerably below their expectations. The women being more accustomed to receiving assistance—and, perhaps, rendering obedience—rarely had a mishap in making the landings, but not a few men, depending upon their superior judgment rather than upon the word of command, came to grief. On this occasion, as a bruised victim crawled over the trunks and occupants in search of a vacant spot, a friend said to him:



LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA

"Why didn't you jump when the officer told you?"

"Because the barge wasn't up," he replied.

"Well, you found it was down, *didn't* you?"

At seven o'clock, every trunk on the barge was occupied and we were off for Alexandria.

Electric lights rendered visible the commodious harbor and dockage, and enabled us to read the names of vessels from many lands.

Through some misunderstanding we were not expected in Alexandria that night, and much importunity and activity on the part of the director who accompanied us was necessary to induce a non-English-speaking, pompous official to open the gate leading to the railway station.

At nine o'clock we filed into the station-yard, all eager to board the train for Cairo. But the train was "finished" for the night. The train had gone!

In a general way it is understood that business matters move slowly in the



THE CELTIC BOWING DOWN ON THE WAY TO ALEXANDRIA

Orient. Some two hundred "Celticites" can verify the statement by a knowledge born of experience. Two hours were necessary to procure a permit from the railway superintendent and his subordinates, to the effect that an engine and train might be made ready, and only the untiring energy of the directors procured it even then.



CELTIC PILGRIMS LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA

At exactly eleven o'clock the doors of the compartment cars were unlocked, and in something less than another hour the train crew had been found, the engine fired and the train was in motion.

While the above preliminaries were in progress the two hundred or more "Celticites" were waiting in the grounds adjoining the station, some seated on a pile of iron rails, and all, with the characteristic good nature of an American crowd, singing patriotic songs, hymns and jingles.

Some large, mysterious white sacks that came ashore with us were opened, and delicious *Celtic* lunches distributed. A barrel of apples and a box of oranges

appeared and quickly disappeared. But at midnight we were off, with plenty of room in the compartments to rest and be as comfortable as the chilly air would permit. We watched the morning light creep toward us, and when the sun rose beyond the Nile valley and glorified to our vision the land of Pharaoh, of Cleopatra and of Joseph, the dream of our youth was realized and all discomfort of the night forgotten.



CAIRO—THE CITY FOR WHICH WE ARE BOUND

## EGYPT

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## DAILY LIFE AND SCENES IN CAIRO, EGYPT

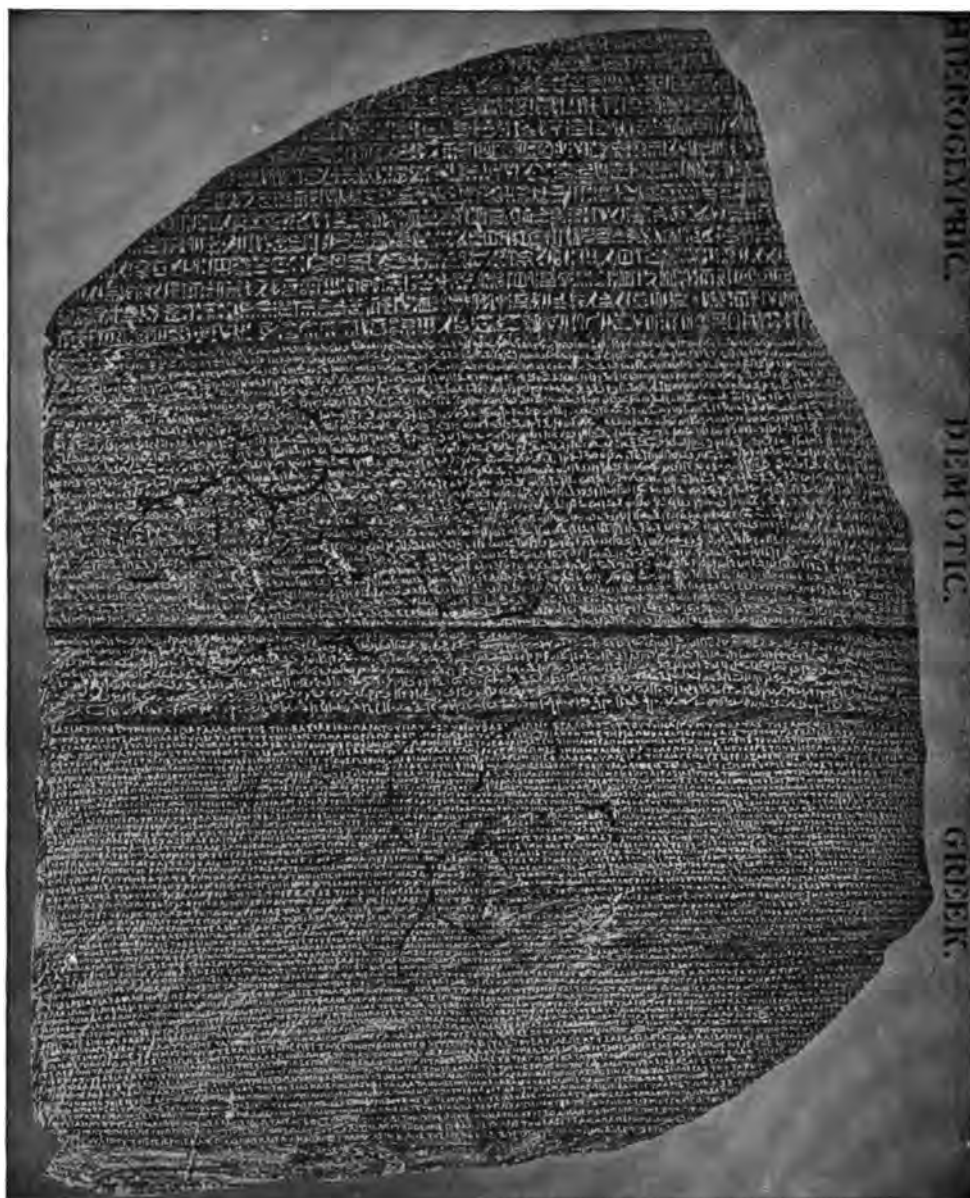
BY HON. J. CHAS. DICKEN, PITTSBURG, PA.



CAIRO, the largest city in Africa, is situated on the right or eastern bank of the Nile, about one hundred and thirty miles south of Alexandria, the chief Egyptian seaport. It contains a population of half a million people. The Arabs, with religious faith in Mahomet, predominate, while there is a mingling of people of many nationalities, differing in color, dress, language, religion and manners, forming the strangest and most interesting Oriental city in the world. The tourist, weary after a trip through Palestine, where the country is, in the main, rough and rugged, hails with joy the sunny climate of Cairo, with its bright days, dry, balmy atmosphere, blooming flowers and singing birds. Modern science and invention is finding its way into this old city and naturally working a change which, to the tourist of ten years ago, is apparent. Electric light, electric cars and up-to-date carriages for street use are there, slowly pushing aside the olive lamp, the camel and the donkey.



A daily street scene in Cairo is a wonder to behold. The push, stir, bustle and business are great. The donkey boys are in the crowd with their patient animals, known by familiar names, Yankee Doodle, Mark Twain, George Washington, etc.; the merits of each they beseech you to test by a ride for a shilling. You mount, when the fun begins, for a donkey has a will and a way of its own; like many a man, some are flighty. If trouble comes, step off quickly, but do not stand on the street. The Arabs are, seemingly, quarrelsome and cowardly, and when a group is formed on the street loud words are used, but not often does a fight occur. Added to the confusion produced by their angry words are the mingling yelps of dogs, the cries of peddlers, the supplications of beggars and the braying of donkeys, when suddenly a caravan or line of camels heavily loaded, attached by a rope, passes quietly by, followed by a juggler or snake charmer, with serpents entwined about his person, accompanied by a water carrier, with hog skin upon his back and a cup in his hand, offering a drink for a penny, or squirting the water around and about stirring up more dust than it kills. A Dervish



ROSETTA STONE—PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE ORIGINAL

The key that unlocked the mysteries of Ancient Egypt. It is a stele of black basalt  $2\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$  feet, discovered in 1799, thirty-six miles east of Alexandria, by M. Boussard, officer of French Engineers at work on a fortification.

See *Records of the Past*, Washington, D.C., vol. I, page 89, for full description.

and boy dressed in silken garb, with gold embroidery, slowly walk by; then a carriage drawn by spirited Arab horses, accompanied by footmen and outrunners dressed in gay, wide flowing garments, with long sticks in their hands, rush into the midst of the throng to clear the street for the Khedive's equipage or that of an eccentric American who has invested a pound on fun and folly. This, in part, is the amusing side seen on the streets in Cairo. More serious and real is the burial of the dead. The coffin is in black, carried on the shoulders of four men, preceded by two or more fantastically dressed boys or men with sticks in hand, who spring into the air and whirl around, wailing as they go, with relatives and friends on foot following in the rear. The burial of the wealthy is different; the procession is headed by mounted police, followed by a score of clergy, one of whom is chanting, the mourners and friends next, walking, then the decorated hearse with coffin buried in gilt tinsel, drawn by four horses covered with yellow gold embroidered robes, followed by a number

of empty carriages. The movement is slow and solemn, quieting the din on the street until the funeral has passed. Scribes are seen seated behind wooden desks on the edge of the highways, as of old, writing for all who pay for their services. Near by money changers are standing behind small boxes filled with the current coin of the land to accommodate the needy. A bell attached to the neck of a cow or a goat is tingling as the animals are driven along the streets to supply customers with milk. The milking is done by the maid of the house, who secures the needed quantity and quality. The tourist, seated on the balcony of Shepherd's or the New Continental Hotel, has an uninterrupted view of the stir and daily street life in Cairo. There can be seen the dress of people from almost every country in the world, as they pass to and fro on foot, in carriages and otherwise. The two hotels named, with the Kesirah, are the best in the city. The British Military Band from the citadel plays in the afternoon in the enclosure at Shepherd's Hotel, and is admired and appreciated. The bazaars, owned by the Turks, Syrians, Persians, Indians, French and English, although inferior to those of Stamboul, in Constantinople, contain a great variety of goods and are attractive to the ladies. The narghile



HON. J. L. M'CUTCHEON OF PITTSBURG  
AND HIS BODYGUARD, CAIRO



THE NILE BRIDGE AT CAIRO



STREET SCENE, CONTINENTAL HOTEL, CAIRO

is the pipe of the Turk in use along the streets. Black coffee and wine are served in the bazaars to those who make purchases. The day in Cairo is improved by a carriage ride to many noted places: The tombs of the Caliphs and Mamelukes, where the sarcophagi are covered with old gobelins of rare beauty and fineness. The Island of Rhodda, where Moses was hidden in the bull-rushes, and the nilometer and gardens are open to visitors, near which is an Oriental building used as a harem.

The church of Abu Sargah, in the crypt of which it is said the Virgin Mary, with Jesus, slept when they fled to Egypt to avoid the edict of Herod, is in the old part of the city.

The mosque of Sultan Hassan, built of stone taken from the pyramids, is considered the grandest in Cairo.

The citadel, with its domes and minarets, now occupied by British soldiers and guns, in which is the mosque of Mohamed



WATER SPRINKLERS, CAIRO



MOSQUE IN OLD CAIRO

Ali, lined with pure alabaster, containing within the enclosure a fount and Jacob's well (not the patriarch's, which is at Nablus, near Mount Ebal, in Palestine) is worthy of a visit. Here it was that the Mamelukes were betrayed and killed March 1st, 1811, by Mohamed Ali, save Emin Bey, who alone escaped. The view from this point is superb. The city beneath, the Nile covered with white sails in plain view, beyond the Kesirah Museum, the

pyramids and the Sphinx, on the edge of the Libyan Desert, and in the far distance to the north the palace of the Khedive and Heliopolis—the city of the sun—now ruins. To the south, on the bank of the Nile, the site of Memphis and the Serapeum or tombs of the Apis (the sacred bulls).

The services of the dancing and the howling Dervishes were novel and strange to the tourist. The opera and theatres were night attractions and largely patronized. The streets in the new part of the city are wide and well paved—in the old part, narrow, dusty and dirty.

## ON THE WAY TO MEMPHIS



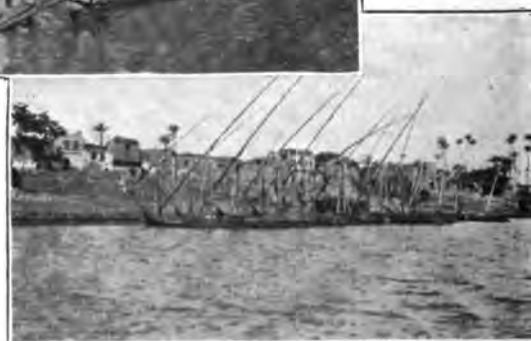
HE day brought us the usual experience with the miserable back-sheesh beggars and its amusing incidents. I laughed until my sides ached to see President Davis and his little donkey sprawling around in the soft sand, both trying to scramble to their feet at once. The dragoman had punched the donkey into a run, and

the little thing stumbled and fell all over, in the clean, dry sand. Davis went head foremost over the donkey's head and crawled away rapidly on hands and knees to get out of the donkey's way, who was doing his level best to get upon his own feet once

more. It was hard to tell which was the Davis or the there was not ference in their But they soon again, and it split the but-



best scrambler, donkey, and very much different size just then. got righted up was enough to tons off from the coat of a deacon to see Davis turn to that dragoman and in a calm but somewhat disgusted tone, and with as much gravity as he could command in such a moment, say: "What's the matter with yer donkey here?" I thought the donkey did look sorry, and hung his ears rather sheepish like, but when the president once more mounted, the little



1. IRRIGATING STRUCTURE NEAR MEMPHIS
2. REV. W. D. COLE AND COMPANY LANDING FOR MEMPHIS
3. COMMERCE ON THE NILE.



RAMESES II. ON THE WAY TO MEMPHIS

fellow—the donkey I mean—pricked up his ears and galloped away as cheery as ever.

On our way back we had the pleasure of seeing one of the far-famed Egyptian sunsets on the Nile, which completed one of the best of days since leaving America. We are now off for Rome.





MAP SHOWING ROUTE FROM CAIRO TO ASSUAN

## EGYPT IN A NUTSHELL

BY THE REV. E. W. WORK, D.D., CAIRO, EGYPT.

Cairo, Egypt, March 22, 1902.

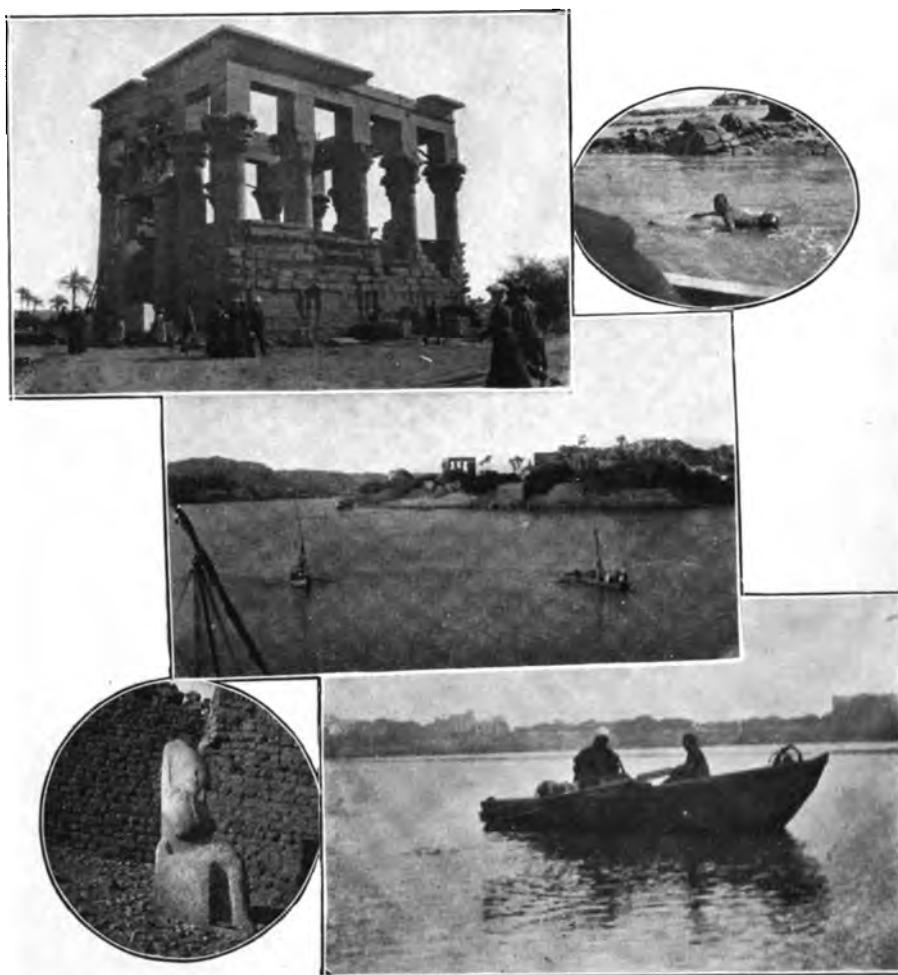


NOT "a thousand miles up the Nile," as was Miss Amelia B. Edwards's good fortune, but seven hundred and fifteen miles, a journey that has given us things to think about that will last for a lifetime. The difference of three hundred miles is the difference between the two cataracts. Our journey closed at the first cataract and the Island of Philæ, leaving the fourteen temples between the first and the second cataract unexplored, waiting until we take our next trip toward the Equator, for the Arabs have a proverb, "One drink of Nile water and you will come again."



Many days' journey beyond the second cataract lies Khartoum, where poor Gordon gave up his life, and beyond Khartoum one must travel many days more to reach the sources of the river in the region of the Nyanza Lakes. After all, our seven hundred and fifteen miles scarcely carried us beyond the fringe of the garment of Africa. And yet, if we had kept steadily on for a few days more, we could have seen the Southern Cross in the sky! So great is the River Nile, which flows out of the heart of the continent four thousand miles to the sea.

We must forever despair of reproducing for our friends in words the charm, the surprise, the stimulus of this lazy, yet ever-enlivening journey upon the yellow flood of the Egyptian river, up into the heart of the world's most ancient, most interesting civilization. On the side of pure enjoyment, it would be difficult to imagine anything nearer the ideal than boating on the Nile. We advise our friends who are contemplating a wedding journey, for instance, to arrange to take passage on one of the delightful Nile steamers, or, better still, to charter a *dahabiyeh*. The very air seems to suggest a honeymoon. The land of pyramids and of Pharaohs; the land of the Nile and of deserts; the land of lotus and of papyrus; the land of temples and tombs; the land of mummies and scarabees; the land of dark



PHARAOH'S BED. SHOOTING THE RAPIDS. THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ. STATUE OF  
PHARAOH OF THE EXODUS. ON THE NILE AT SUNSET.

skins and of golden bands; the land of Rameses and of Ptolemies; the land of camels and of donkeys; the land of palms and of pylons; the land of melons and of cucumbers; the land of sphinxes and of obelisks; the land of flies and of fleas; the land of shadufs and of sakyehs; the land of dragomen and of backsheesh! This is Egypt in a nutshell.

But what a nutshell it is! To write down Egypt as "the land of Pharaohs" is to pass the hand in one single phrase across several thousand years of history. Here and there in our country we can show a building or a ruin two or even three centuries old, while the works of the mound-builders may antedate the Christian era. An Egyptian temple that was not already hoary with age when Christ walked in Galilee is regarded as modern. One can scarcely realize the meaning of age at all, or measure in the least the long stretches of human history, until he has looked up at one of these never-crumbling Egyptian structures, and said to himself, "These stones were laid in their places hundreds of years before Abraham visited Egypt, and were gray with age when Moses received the Ten Commandments in stone." They solemnly assure us—these hardy Egyptologists—that the Great Pyramid was built nearly six thousand years ago. And as if this were not enough, they tell us that the Sphinx, with its "frozen smile," first looked out towards the East long before the Great Pyramid was built. And as if the mind had not already wearied in its long flight of imagination, they take us out into the sloping desert above the site of ancient Memphis, and show us that gray, solemn, unruined ruin, called "The Step Pyramid," and tell us that we are probably looking now upon the most ancient human structure known. And then as if all our powers of calculation and of mental realization were not already upon the verge of paralysis and collapse, they talk to us of a prehistoric period of Egyptian history that stretches so far away into the past as to be lost below the horizon of human knowledge. What a strain upon the nerves it must be to be an Egyptologist. Nevertheless, all modern research tends to confirm these bold opinions.

The journey up the Nile is like an unfolding panorama—a study in geography, history and ethnology.

There is, first of all, the Nile itself, with its varying moods and tenses, and the rich, glowing, misty atmosphere with a cloudless sky above it. The inscriptions on the temples prove that the Nile farmers are using the same methods of irrigation that were used thousands of years ago. We pass them by the hundreds, the brown and naked bodies of the natives shining in the sun as they bend in rhythmical motion with the dip of the shaduf. This method



CELTIC STUDENTS READING THE HIEROGLYPHICS  
ON THE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF KOM-  
OMBO



IN THE TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX

of irrigation is the simplest and most primitive of all, merely a pole fastened to an upright with a goat skin bucket on one end and a huge lump of Nile mud on the other. When the river is very low, and where the bank is high, the shaduf may be operated through several levels, one above another.

Then there is the sakyeh, a rude structure, consisting of a perpendicular and a horizontal wheel, with ropes descending to the water, bearing a row of earthen jars, the whole turned by donkey or camel or buffalo cow. It is customary to cover the eyes of the buffalo with a bandage. The driver may then go away and leave the beast at the task, not knowing but that the master's stick is ready to descend at any moment. Some travelers speak of the long-drawn squeak of the sakyeh as "a musical note," a subtle form of music which we are not able to detect. Lower down the Nile, in the delta, steam pumps may be occasionally seen, but, for the most part, the primitive methods still prevail. An enthusiastic Indiana manufacturer exclaimed at the waste of time and energy: "Why," said he, "we make a little machine that could irrigate more land in a year than they irrigate in a century." It is to be remembered, however, that the supply of water is often limited, and the irrigation laws set a limit upon the quantity that may be used. English enterprise has attacked this side of the problem, and is just completing a stupendous barrage, or dam, at the first cataract, which has been three years in building. The sight of this tremendous work of man in behalf of human welfare, we found fully as interesting as any of the temples built for the expression of religious feeling. The dam is a mile and a quarter long, solidly built of gray granite. It is hoped by this means to double the wealth of the country within a few years.

The beneficence of the rivers of the earth is better realized in Egypt than anywhere else.

Egypt is the Nile and the Nile is Egypt. Its rich, yellow flood, poured out by the annual overflow from June to November, and the continuous irrigation

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TOURISTS AT TEMPLE OF KOM-OMBO ON THE NILE

throughout the remainder of the year, make the valley of the Nile one of the richest regions of the world. Yonder, within easy sight, lie to the right and the left the Arabian and the Libyan Deserts, which, if it were not for the wonder-working Nile, would soon swallow up every vestige of fertility. It is at once evident to the traveler viewing the situation from the deck of a steamer, that both the modern life of Egypt and its ancient civilization as well, are wholly dependent upon this one important river.

Many and strange are the sights that pass before us in our voyage of discovery in the *Mayflower* from Luxor to Assouan. We almost lose track of the days, and the gentle goddess of sleep is kinder here than anywhere else. The usual meals are served, generous and well-cooked, albeit there are some surprises and mysteries of cooking which we are not able to fathom. A fourth meal is added, when tea is served with cakes on the deck at four in the afternoon. A paradise, the reader will



PLEASURES OF THE NILE



DR. STRONG AND OTHERS VIEWING THE FALLEN STATUE BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES II.

say, for those of marked gastronomic power. Tying up when darkness comes on, and renewing her journey in the early hours of the morning, our little steamer goes zig-zagging from side to side, now keeping a straight course in the middle, now hugging one or the other of the shores. The river in March is at a very low stage, and will soon be lower still, against the time when the flood from

Central Africa shall come down in the month of June. At the bow of the boat, close to the water's edge, stand all day long two stout boatmen poling for depth, and often singing the while. The one excitement in the journey is the sandbars, and even these are wholly devoid of the thrill of peril. Suddenly the little steamer shakes, and a scraping sound is heard at the bottom. Forthwith, a half dozen boatmen leap into the water, and placing their stout shoulders against the sides of the boat, they push and sing and push, their song sometimes an exhortation to one another to help ("Alisa! Alisa!") and sometimes a prayer to Allah to come to their assistance. The boatmen are Arabs, but the waiters



LOOKING ACROSS THE NILE TO THEBES FROM KARNAK.

at table are Nubians. All appear to be willing and patient toilers, with a weather eye open, however, in common with all Egyptian natives, for the American's "backsheesh." The Nubian waiters are picturesque enough for daily snapshots, with their tall, red tarbooshes, and with red sashes wound again and again about their white robes. The door of the stateroom opened one day and disclosed one of these Nubians on the deck engaged in his devotions. He has spread a dark robe, in place of a prayer rug, on the deck, taken off his shoes, and is prostrating himself again and again, with his face turned eastward toward Mecca, muttering always the words of the Koran. Betimes he rises and prays, and again goes upon his knees. Now he bows his head

repeatedly to the floor. Now he lifts his hands in the climax of his prayer, his voice rises, he repeats the same supplication in Arabic again and again, evidently, from the earnestness of his petition, asking for some special boon. All this time the business of the boat goes on about him, and he is not shamed!



STATUE OF RAMESES II.

In the evening the boatmen sometimes come to the upper deck, and seating themselves upon the floor, they begin their strange, outlandish songs. One beats a monotonous tom-tom, the others, seated in a circle, sing and clap their hands, rising in turn to dance a sort of shuffle that tends to grow fast and furious.

Here, as elsewhere in the Orient, both work and play are accompanied with song. The boatmen at their oars invariably sing, usually in the form of responsive chants. We are curious to know the subjects of their songs, which are sometimes intensely solemn and sometimes full of mirth. We are told that they sing love songs often, but more often they sing of sacred themes, and of subjects of devotion. A favorite song, sung so often that its **strange** Arabic words grow familiar, is about Noah and an old woman, Lasa, in which the animals of the ark figure each in turn. The songs close invariably with a long-drawn "Ah-h," as if the singer were descending to a great depth. (We observed the same in Palestine.) A refinement has been added, however, in the form of a postlude for the benefit of American tourists, whose numbers



AVENUE OF SPHINXS. KARNAK.

annually increase on the Nile. When the song is finished, and every voice has gone down to the lowest depths, the singers take fresh breath and shout, "Hip, hip, hooray! Thank you!" This is the signal for backsheesh. Immediately one of the number drops his oar, or rises from the circle, and passes the hat.

The palm groves—how beautiful they are! We have passed dozens and scores of them, some with snugly-packed, mud-built villages lying under the protection of their wavy tops. According to an Arab legend, when Allah had made the first man he found that he had a little clay to spare, and with this he made the palm tree. The wealth of the native consists in a dozen or so of stately date palms, with, perchance, a little land besides. Upon each tree, however, the owner must pay a certain tax. The palm tree is part of the Providence that watches over Egypt. It gives the native food for his children,

thatch for his hovel, timber for his water-wheel, ropes, matting, cups, bowls, and even the strong drink forbidden by the Prophet."

The villages under the palms are attractive at a distance, but a nearer view is less inviting, while also very curious. Dirt and squalor reign supreme, and disease and deformity are evident and insistent. Clothing is not superabundant. Yonder, for instance, is a small boy who seems comfortable and unconscious, with nothing but a turban about his head. Three children out of five in Egypt die, and in some districts, one person out of twenty is blind or partly so. Ophthalmia is the common curse, and the pity is that a little less superstition and a little sanitation could change this in a few years' time. It is no credit to Mohammedanism that the adherents of the Prophet's faith live in dirt and ignorance and disease in a land that, with its dry air and cloudless skies, is, naturally, one of the most healthful on the globe. The sight of little children with both eyes covered by flies, whose bite is like a sting, moves the heart to helpless sympathy. "There are three bad things in Egypt," said the dragoman to us; "the backsheesh, the sand-storms, and the flies." Nevertheless, there is a certain picturesqueness about the Arab *jellaheen* that compensates for many limiting circumstances. We see them coming across the desert, riding a donkey, or leading a camel, or walking with a masterful, swinging gait, their white turbans and flowing robes marking them for a picture. We want to level a kodak at them every time we pass a group. Indeed, the little picture-taker is kept busy on the Nile. The villages, the pigeon-towers, the birds wading in the water or marching up and down the sands, the palm trees standing against the sky, the native boats laden with hay or vegetables, and the *dahabiyehs*, the irrigators, the sugar-cane factories, the green fields, the rocky precipices, the devout Mohammedans, the crowd at the landings, the donkey-boys, the jewel-bedecked girls and women, the farmers in the field with oxen and stick-plow, the women grinding meal between the stones, the merchants sitting cross-legged in the bazaars, the patient camels, the mosques, the ruins, and the unpicturable hazy glow of the atmosphere and the bronze richness of the sunsets—all these and more, make heavy drafts upon our photographic supply.



TEMPLE OF KARNAK

Then there are the landings, which are full of interesting novelty. At intervals the little steamer draws up to a landing to visit the ruins of an Egyptian temple. Instantly the village pours out to meet us, the guides, the donkey-boys, the merchants, the children, the lame, the halt, the blind, the men, but few women. A French authority has put

Egypt into an epigram. "A donkey-ride and a boating trip, interspersed with ruins." It is certain that no trip to Egypt would be complete without a donkey-ride, not to say a camel-ride. We viewed our introduction to the Egyptian donkey with feelings of dismay and uncertainty. But fortune was on our side. What was our delight when, seated upon the animal of our choice, we discovered that it was the same donkey that was ridden by our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Mr. E. M. Thresher. At least his name was the same, "Rameses the Great." It is true that our friend visited Egypt some ten years ago, but then, donkeys are probably long-lived in this genial climate. These donkey-boys (a donkey-boy may be ten or thirty) are the keenest of the Arab race.



PITTSBURGERS AT LUXOR.

They run patiently by your side for half a day without apparent weariness, entertaining you, meantime, with their few pet English phrases, which mostly sing the praises of the donkey and the donkey-boy, all of which is intended to pave the way to a happy settlement at the end.

"Good donkey! Good donkey-boy! Donkey name Rameses, Great. Donkey name Yankee Doodle! Donkey name McKinley! Backsheesh! Good backsheesh!"

The latest name for donkeys

to reach the valley of the Nile is the name of the President of the United States. There were unmistakable signs that donkeys' names in Egypt are not as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Ridden by an Englishman the name might be "King Edward," but ridden by an American the same animal would be "Roosevelt."

This argues a degree of intellectual acumen upon the part of these children of the desert that might make them masters of men in a wider theatre. Left to themselves, our judgment would be that of the three plagues of Egypt already named, the greatest is "backsheesh." It is the refrain of life in Egypt. The men and the women vociferate it, the boys and girls repeat it, the infants lisp it, the dogs bark it, the roosters crow it, the frogs croak it. There is one Arabic word which is indispensable to the traveler on the Nile. It is the word "imshi," which means "go away." One learns to say it with such a forbidding frown, and such a threatening gesture as might make the world doubt whether any softness was left in his heart, accompanying it also with another guttural expression, "mafeesh," nothing. There is no more pitiable spectacle to be imagined than that of a people whose existence is wrapped up in the hope of "backsheesh." "It is the custom of the country," says the dragoman apologetically. It is more than a custom; it is an institution. The dragoman, by

the way, is the most interesting person you will meet, despite his faults and limitations. His English is often a hopeless mixture (we intend to write a book entitled, "English as she is spoke on the Mediterranean, by guides, dragomen, merchants, etc."), his keen Mohammedan eyes contain depths that you will not fathom, he will usually, like the rest of the natives, have a few "genuine" *scarabs* and Egyptian jewels for sale, which he brings out on occasions. Nevertheless, he knows his business better than many other men, understands the Nile like a book, can tell you the history of the Pharaohs from Menes to the Ptolemies, interprets the hieroglyphs and reads the cartouches to your entire satisfaction, and besides, is a masterful genius to select a donkey, or quell a riot among the donkey-boys, or assist in driving a bargain with Arab or Bishareen or Nubian merchants. In the evening at dinner Hasheem enters the dining-room of the boat to make his announcements to the passengers for the following day. He is then in his element, and appears in all his glory, with richly-colored turban, with white undergarment, and red cashmere overgarment. He is a Bedouin Arab, he says, and claims descent, moreover, from



THE BEGGAR



COLOSSI, THEBES

the Prophet. His announcements call for quite an extended speech, his dark face kindling and his eye twinkling with contagious humor. No matter if his *scarabees* of Thothmes and Rameses were made last week in a Luxor workshop, and fed to turkeys to give them an appearance of age, Hasheem is, nevertheless, a good fellow, and when he seats himself by your side on the deck of the steamer in the fading Egyptian light, to tell an

Arab story, it seems as if the days of the "Arabian Nights" may have come back.

Alas! Our space is consumed, and we have said little or nothing about the chief objects of interest in Egypt, the temples and obelisks, and pyramids and sphinxes. This must be reserved for another time. Suffice it to say that the temples of Upper Egypt are a revelation. Not to speak of the pyramids of Ghizeh, and the famous Sphinx, nor of the lonely obelisk that stands at Heliopolis, which Joseph and Moses must have seen, nor of the colossal statues of Rameses the Great that lie in the palm groves on the site of old Memphis, nor of the pyramids and tombs of sacred bulls at Sakkara, nor of the royal mummies of the Pharaohs that oppressed Israel in the museum at Ghizeh—

not to speak of these, which are within easy reach of Cairo. And not to speak of Cairo itself, its beautiful mosques, its howling Dervishes, its Mouski and its Khan-Khalil. Not to speak of these familiar sights, we visited ruined temples far up the Nile at Edfu, at Esneh, at Kom-Ombo, at Luxor, at Karnak, at



RAMESES' TEMPLE, THEBES

Thebes, at Assouan, on the Islands of Elephantine and Philæ, of which we had scarcely dreamed. The great Hall of Columns, the rows of sphinxes, the lotus and papyrus sculptures at Karnak; the colossal statues in front of the temple at Luxor, and the partly buried obelisk whose mate looks down upon the Place de la Concorde in Paris; the temple where rows of the cat-faced gods sit silently around the walls; the temple at Edfu, with mighty propylons



THE DARLINGTONS AT THE TEMPLE OF  
KARNAK



TEMPLE OF EDFU FROM THE TOP OF THE PYLONS

and beautiful painted capitals; the Ramesseum at Thebes, where lies the fallen and broken statue of Rameses the Great, the oppressor of Israel, and the tombs of the kings, especially of Seti I, decorated with unfaded sculptures and pictures from the Book of the Dead, and the colossal statues of the plain, one of them called the Memnonian by the Greeks, that made music when the sun's rays fell upon it; the buried temple at Esneh; the old quarry at Assouan, whence all the granite obelisks of Egypt, including the one now in New York, were hewed—the evidence lying there before us in an unfinished obelisk, which has waited, lo, these many centuries, until the workmen shall return and resume their task; the island of Elephantine, where sits alone and neglected, on an alley of the village, the children playing about it, a statue of Menepthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus; the temple-covered island of Philæ, where we ate our lunch upon the roof of the Temple of Isis, and mused upon the futility of human greatness, as we looked out upon one of the rarest scenes in the earth—how shall we ever tell of these as we saw them in the bright days of an Egyptian March?

And yet it is doubtful, if all these sights of temples and tombs and pyramids did us quite the good that another sight brought to us. It was no more than the ordinary, every-day occurrence of a sunset, but it was the finest of all, an Egyptian sunset.

Moreover, it was a sunset behind the pyramids, with palm groves in the foreground, and the moon beginning to cast her paler rays upon the yellow flood of the Nile. The west seemed on fire with a supernatural light, and soon the purplish blaze, which is ever the indefinable and elusive charm of the Egyptian atmosphere, threw a rich mantle of bronze beauty over the scene. In the midst of this bath of fire and glory stood forth those ancient monuments of man's patient toil and faith in immortality, their summits seeming to reach into those regions of light which some time we hope to explore. And beyond the pyramids, washed in purple, the burnished clouds, shining by a hidden light, seemed to build the "Holy City" of our faith, and somewhere on these glistening plains, or in those glory-covered mountains of the sky, we seemed to see the pattern of the tabernacle let down



OBELISK OF THE TEMPLE OF THE  
SUN. ORIGINAL SITE OF THE  
NEW YORK OBELISK, HELIOPOLIS



TEMPLE OF KARNAK, LUXOR



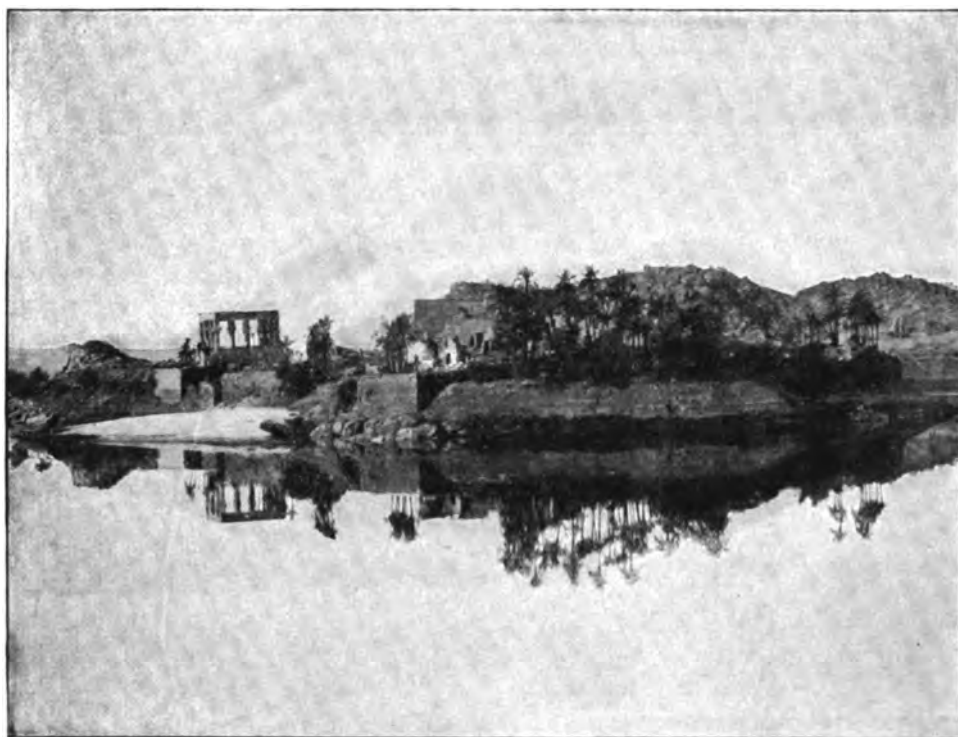
WRITING ON THE WALLS, TEMPLE OF RAMESES II.

from the mount toward which our expectation lies. On the day of this spectacle our heart gave thanks and said: "Great as man is to build such works, God is greater still to build such a sunset."

At Thebes a "Celticite" who was not over-humble, leaned against a column, and gazing about at the prostrate grandeur, exclaimed:

"Well, this takes the conceit out of me."

"I have been wondering," remarked a lady passenger, "what would be necessary to work that miracle." He collapsed among the fallen obelisks.



ISLAND OF PHILÆ



ON THE ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS, EGYPT.



RELATIVE PROPORTIONS OF MAN, SPHINX AND PYRAMIDS

## THE PYRAMIDS



THE pyramids are situated just outside the great cities, in what we would call cemeteries, and after all the guessing and careful investigation it is now conceded that they were built for tombs of the kings.

The great pyramid of Cheops, some nine miles from Cairo, was built (*cir.*) 4,200 years B. C. It was originally four hundred and fifty-one feet high, and the highly polished granite surface probably contained a hieroglyphic account of the king who built it. It covers a space of thirteen acres. It may be as an Arab "boosts" climbed with ease and safety, takes each hand and a third you up from behind.

It was on the top that I first met Miss Inez Perrin, Mich. She was the first lady to reach the dizzy height she was that morning, and seeing that alone, I expressed my surprise. She naively remarked: "I have a friend at the foot, but his heart is affected."

I found out later that her friend's heart was affected. She was married to that friend, Lieut. W. B. Day, in England a few weeks later. That was the explanation of the trouble with her friend's heart. There were evidently many matches in progress among the "Celticites," but this was the only one completed abroad.

The Sphinx is less than a half a mile from the Great Pyramid and the distance is covered by a ride on that wonderful beast, the camel.



1. AT THE PYRAMIDS AT LAST.
2. THE NILOMETER.
3. READY FOR A RIDE TO SPHINX.



THE MORTON FAMILY OF CHICAGO GATHERED AT THE PYRAMIDS

## ON THE CAMEL



Of course everybody wants a ride on the camel. Here is a description of a fellow-traveler's experience a little before we arrived:

"When you are ready to go aboard the 'ship of the desert,' the captain proceeds to make him lie down. He protests at the proposed indignity, cries plaintively, blows off steam, and finally doubles his many-jointed legs under him and comes to anchor on his keel. You climb up on the roof and make yourself as secure as possible on the ridge-pole, in a sort of saw-buck lashed to his belvidere, grasping the storm stays and stanchions which stick up fore and aft as a further security. You think the beast is asleep, but he isn't. He is simply smiling. There is a tradition that he gets up on his hind legs first, but don't you believe it. He always gets up first with the end you are thinking will be last, and his gentlest motion in doing it is like the swish of a catapult. You cannot play the foolish virgin on him—you never know when the upheaval

is going to occur, or what direction the disturbance will take when started. It may run from fore to aft, or contrariwise, or, starting diagonally, change midway at right angles and end in a spiral snap which dislocates your neck. When the convulsion terminates, you take a nap, or if you still remain aboard, he gets under way and makes you seasick. It is said that the ideal camel has a gait so easy that one may drink a cup of coffee going at full speed without

spilling a drop. But with the one that I rode, nothing short of a hot water bag and a rubber hose would have done.

"When he walked, the motion seemed something between a ship in a choppy sea and a corkscrew. When he dropped



READY FOR BUSINESS  
ON THE NILE.

into a trot, it was a cross between a bucking broncho and a pile-driver."

Oh, yes; there is the Sphinx—grim, ancient, weather-beaten and marred by the vandal Mameluke soldiers, but sublime still, in revealing the effort of the human heart to carve out a big god.

But come, we must hasten down to the Gizeh Museum, where we shall find the kings who built these marvelous monuments. There lies Seti the First and Rameses the Second, the monarchs of the oppression and Exodus. We cannot describe these historic relics. Only a visit will satisfy you, and it must be longer than ours.

We should not forget, however, that this museum is probably one of the most interesting in the world, containing the most famous deposits of ancient and Egyptian relics.

You will find Mariette Bey's marble sarcophagus at the entrance, placed there in honor of the man who had the interest to begin this museum in 1854.



MRS. EARL AND MRS. HOTT, WITH DRS. LORENZE, HUBER  
AND M'CREADY, POSING BEFORE THE SPHINX.

Some of our tourists took elaborate notes and seemed very intent on reading the hieroglyphics on the gods, the statues, the mummies, jewelry, ornaments and gems, as if they expected to publish a volume of unexploited lore. How did all these things come to be gathered into a museum as they would be in an occidental country?

It was this way: An extraordinary variety and number of Scarabi began to pour into Cairo at one time and their inscriptions excited a great deal of comment. On a little inquiry, it was found that they came from Luxor, and seemed to be controlled exclusively by three Arabs. There was trouble over their dividing the proceeds from these sales and one of them revealed the whole secret of their operations. They had found the burial place of the old Pharaohs. Then the robbery began on a larger scale. Officials brought shiploads of royal bodies and relics from these tombs to the Gizeh Museum. They had found the actual Pharaohs of Moses' and Joseph's times.

We looked upon their faces with awe, if not with reverence, and wondered what had become of the soul that had forsaken this ghastly looking temple so long before.



## A WEDDING AT CAIRO

BY MISS MARGARET WELLS, PALMER, COL.



ON Thursday, March 13th, 1902, while driving through the streets of Cairo, we passed a house which was gaily decorated with flags, lanterns and bunting. In front of it a crowd stood around, among which were musicians who were beating drums and playing on other instruments. Our dragoman told us what we saw was the preparation for a wedding to be celebrated in the evening. We five American women were immediately desirous to be present at that or some other wedding. Soliman was a man of many resources and he promised to do his best for us, of course, for a consideration, by which is meant a sum sufficient to pay for the carriage, two beautiful bouquets for the bride, and other incidentals. Soliman came for us at the time appointed and we five eager seekers after knowledge, clothed in our wedding garments, which (in view of the fact that our baggage consisted of hand-bags and shawl straps) were not very elaborate, were driven to the wedding. It was, as Soliman told us, "much richer" than the one we had purposed attending; and we found that the best he could do was far more than we had anticipated. The wedding ceremonies were celebrated at a house presented by the groom to the bride, and the contracting



1. CAIRO—MOSQUE OF MOHAMED ALI OR ALABASTER MOSQUE.  
2. ARAB WOMAN. 3. EZBEKIEH GARDENS.

parties belonged to wealthy and prominent Turkish families. Soliman led us from the carriage into a garden brilliantly lighted with colored lamps. Through this we passed rapidly to the house, where we were presented to the master of ceremonies, who left us at the door. None of our male attendants could pass this point. Inside the door we were met by the mother of the groom, who greeted us with the greatest hospitality, and several times during the evening she patted me on the shoulder, evidently thinking this would take the place of the words she would like to have spoken. The house was filled with guests; the two mothers-in-law, aunts, cousins, friends, and their servants. Women of every shade of complexion from white to ebony, but, of course, no men, were visible in this crowd of unveiled women. We were taken directly to the room where the bride was seated, surrounded by her young companions.



THE OSTRICH FARM NEAR HELIOPOLIS

She was quite good looking, and dressed in white satin with orange flowers in her hair, and her whole expression was one of perfect passivity. It seems to be the etiquette on such occasions for the bride to feign (even if she does not feel) utter indifference to all about her.

We presented in turn the bouquets we had brought for this purpose. She received them and us very gracefully; but as she could not speak a word of English and we were equally unfamiliar with the Turkish language, our conversation was not very brisk. Fortunately, a bright young lady, a cousin of the bride, who could speak a little English, came to our assistance. She interpreted for us and tried to make us feel at home. She was a most fascinating creature, who had been educated in a French school, and although she was only fourteen years old, appeared like an American girl of twenty-one. Both in dress and manner she was decidedly Frenchy.

After partaking of Turkish confectionery, which was passed to us on a salver, our charming little interpreter showed us the trousseau of the bride and groom. These garments were enclosed in square embroidered cloths, with the four corners folded in the center to form a flat case. They were very elegant. One of the groom's suits was of rich crimson velvet, heavily embroidered with gold; another was of lavender poplin, with elaborate trimming.

The corresponding garments of the bride were very dainty and elegant. While we had been looking at the trousseau, she had left the room in order to change her dress, and we passed on to another room to await her coming. Here we met another cousin of the bride, the brother of our interpreter, a boy of only thirteen, who spoke English fluently; indeed, more grammatically than the average adult American. Although a mere boy, he had the manner and self-possession of a man of society; his gestures and language were very interesting and graceful, and so *eager* was he to make us feel at our ease that we were greatly entertained. It was because of his age that he was allowed to be in the presence of the unveiled women, fifteen years being the time when this privilege would be his no longer. He explained many things to us concerning his own family and the guests about us. And he was especially kind when I told him who we were, and how we had come to be travelers and sightseers in his country. I emphasized the fact that we were not impelled by mere curiosity, but that we were genuinely interested in the people and their customs, and esteemed it a privilege to be admitted into the "sanctum sanctorum" of their home life. The room in which we were sitting was handsomely fitted up, in rather more French than Turkish style; velvet carpet, red damask portieres and curtains, and the furniture with gold frames upholstered with the same red satin, while the walls were handsomely papered; but the ceiling above, in strange contrast, with only unpainted rafters. In a corner were two high-backed chairs with a camel's hair shawl thrown over each and gaily trimmed with artificial flowers—one for the bride and the other for the groom—and our boy friend told us the ceremony would be ended when the two were seated in these chairs.

In this room were gathered the near relatives on both sides, the most of them elegantly attired. One very beautiful woman in a hand-painted Parisian gown we were told was the wife of a pacha very close to the Khedive. Turkish women, as they advance in age, are inclined to stoutness, and we saw quite a number who were not fairylike in appearance. There was a great display of fine jewelry, especially diamonds. One of the most noticeable persons was a woman whose face, neck and arms were enamelled or waxed, and wherever red or black paint could be used, it was in evidence, the effect being most startling. Her hair was abundant, black and glossy, and was fastened tight to her head, one round, flat curl hanging down the middle of her forehead, and right above it was an elegant diamond ornament. She was very stout, and her neck and arms were literally covered with diamonds. Altogether, she was a contrast to our sweet young friend, who was dressed simply and tastefully in light green silk.

While we were waiting for the bride's coming, the wedding presents were

brought into the room and displayed. As each one was presented by a servant of the donor to one of the friends of the bride, a sort of chant was intoned in a loud voice. Our interpreter told us the words were equivalent to: "This watch is sent by Ahmed Saddik; may the bride have presents finer than this; may she have a happy wedding; may her son and daughter have a happy wedding; may all her life be happy." The presents were beautiful and costly; among them several camel's-hair shawls, watches, jewelry of all kinds, dishes, and everything else suitable for housekeeping in an Egyptian home.

Then the bride appeared, attended by her friends. Her second costume was of elegant pink material with an immense train. On her head was a gold band, from which depended on each side a long bunch of fine gold tinsel reaching nearly to the ground. In the brighter light I could see that she was good looking, with black hair and eyes and brunette skin. The most noticeable



COURT OF MOHAMMED, UNIVERSITY, CAIRO

thing about her was her indifferent demeanor; not a movement did she make of her own accord. Her friend seated her in her chair, adjusted her train, crossed her hands, and even placed her feet in the proper position, her face, meanwhile, expressing no life or interest in anything or anybody. She did not seem even to wink, and, no doubt a sneeze would have been considered a great impropriety. The bride was followed by musicians and

dancing girls, who did not seem any too well pleased to see us unbelievers in their audience. One especially, as she saw us, gave her castanets a very fierce knock, evidently an expression of what she would have liked to give us. This dancer was a most striking looking person. Her dress was black and yellow, of some soft, clinging stuff, elaborately trimmed with gold spangles and beads. She was a proficient in her line and our boy friend told us to watch her. When she danced she knocked her castanets and moved her feet very slowly and regularly—it was almost a slow shuffle—and most of her movements were made with the muscles of the waist and hips. It was really a most remarkable exhibition of twisting, doubling and contortion, showing unusual muscular strength and freedom, such as would be only possible to a form which had never been compressed within bands of any kind. Now and then, while she was dancing, a tall young girl near by made a peculiar sound by placing her hand about her mouth, like the cry of some strange bird, a weird, wailing, long-drawn-out sound.

We were curious to see the groom as he caught his first view of his bride, for, of course, he had never seen her unveiled, but as it was quite late, we de-

cided to leave. So telling our young chaperon we would like to meet the groom, he conducted us to the garden, where the husband, fathers and sons were celebrating by themselves. In the tents priests were reading passages from the Koran, and outside the guests were drinking coffee, *not wine*, as we would do, and smoking cigarettes. We were introduced to the groom and his father and offered our hearty congratulations, which were received very graciously, though what they must have thought of the five women who so unblushingly looked them frankly in the face will never be known. As we departed from the place where we had been treated so kindly and been so cordially welcomed, we wondered if a party of curious sightseers would have received equally courteous treatment under the same circumstances in our own country.

The finale of our acquaintance with the brother and sister to whom we were so much indebted, was quite as interesting as the wedding. They invited us to visit them, which, of course, we said we would be pleased to do. On our inquiring of the boy if it would be difficult to find them, he said: "Oh, no! I will give you my address and my father's, and my father is very well known." So he handed me his card. On it was written: "Ahmed Saddik, Son of Aly Saddik Bey, Wakkil Mondiriele of Gizeh."



THE VIRGIN'S TREE AT HELIOPOLIS

When I showed it to Soliman he raised his eyebrows. It was the name of the Governor of the Province of Gizeh.

The next afternoon we drove to the home of our young friends, accompanied by our faithful Soliman. The carriage stopped in front of a large stone house in old Cairo, not poor Cairo, but the old as distinguished from the new or foreign part. A boy standing by the gate took our cards into the house and soon returned with an invitation for us to enter. We followed him up two flights of stone steps into a room where the brother and sister met us. They seemed pleased to see us and treated us with marked hospitality. Turkish coffee, very sweet and strong, was passed, and cigarettes were offered to us. The mother of the two young persons came in, and was evidently pleased that we found her children so interesting. The young girl, whose name was Fatima, played on the piano for us. The son, Ahmed, said he had some very fine antiques he would like to have me see and brought one he said was especially valuable and rare. He also said it was found in the Pyramid at Gizeh. After we had examined it, I handed it to him, but he said: "I wish that you would keep it." Of course I protested that it was too valuable a gift to accept, but he silenced me by saying: "It would give me great pleasure if you would keep

it." Of course, I could say no more, but accepted the curio with thanks. This little treasure seems to be a bead that must have belonged to a bracelet or necklace. It is about an inch long and half an inch wide, of green stone, probably malachite, very finely carved; and judges of Egyptian antiques have since told me it is rare and valuable. The inscription on it refers to Cheops, and it is probably as old as the pyramid built by that king. Just before we left, the father came in. He was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, most cordial in manner, and evidently up-to-date and progressive, as the education given to his son, and more particularly his daughters, of whom he had several, would prove.

The daughter came down one flight of steps with us, then said: "I can go no farther." As she was unveiled, I understood what she meant and answered "Certainly not," and with a pleasant good-by, she left us. The father and son escorted us to our carriage and stood there with hats uplifted as we drove away, feeling that we had enjoyed a most unique and interesting experience.



MISS ANNA Y. THOMPSON, OF THE U. P. CHURCH OF AMERICA,  
VISITING AT A CONVERT'S HOME.

## PRESENT-DAY RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN EGYPT

BY REV. F. ELLIOTT, REINBECK, IA.



It would be a long story to tell of the various religious bodies which have undertaken mission work here, and with varying degrees of success. There have been the Moravian Brethren, the Greek Church, the Armenian, the Church Missionary Society, and many others. Some have met with a fair degree of success. Others have failed utterly. Some still prosecute certain features of their work, others have entirely withdrawn, until at last, by a sort of churchly comity, the mission work of Egypt has been almost entirely surrendered to a single denomination of Christians, the United Presbyterian Church of North America, whose missions are best known as "The American Mission."

In spite of discouragements which might well appal the heart of the most heroic, the American Mission has made steady growth. It possesses an imposing building in the very heart of Cairo, where hundreds of children receive a thorough secular education, together with the precepts of the true faith.

Let us take a look into this large mission house and note what it contains. Here is a theological school, a large boys' day school, a large girls' boarding school, the general depository for the book work of the mission, a smaller retail bible depot, a large church, a commodious chapel, a theological seminary, having at present ten students; and besides all these, house room for four missionary families. A number of services are conducted here every Sabbath day, and also upon week-day evenings. Deserving of special mention are the girls' boarding school and the harem work, the latter of which in this great city is particularly successful.

One of our tourists was permitted to visit this harem work with Miss Anna Y. Thompson, who, next to Dr. Ewing, has been on the field the longest. Dr. McCready, who accompanied Miss Thompson, was not permitted to enter every house where a convert was found, for Mohammedan law does not allow that. But in those houses that he did visit he found a most cordial welcome. "It is a marvel," he says, "how any one can live a Christian life in these surroundings. Everything seems to be against the convert."

A number of the tourists were most royally entertained at the beautiful home of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Ewing. They live in the better part of the city, and enjoy a social position among the English-speaking people and the better class of the population that adds greatly to their influence for Christianity.

Besides these workers we found also Rev. Dr. and Mrs. A. Watson, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John Giffen, Rev. and Mrs. J. Kruidenier, Rev. and Mrs. W. R.

Coventry, Miss M. A. Smith, Miss Ella O. Kyle, Miss Grace Brown, and Miss Helen J. Ferrier.

We shall not soon forget their earnest meetings, which many of the tourists attended, and in some of which they took an active part.



STATUE OF IBRAHAM PASHA, KHEDEVE, CAIRO

The American Mission conducts also a training school or college at Asiout, where some six hundred young men and women are fully equipped for life. Besides these two points, two hundred and fifteen mission stations are occupied, from Alexandria to the Soudan, one hundred and eighty-four day schools aid in shedding abroad the light of Christ in this darkened land, while hospitals and dispensaries

perform the miracle of healing with which Christ won multitudes to himself in the days gone by.

The present-day religious condition of Egypt is hopeful in the extreme. English occupation insures religious toleration and freedom from interference.



THE MISSION SCHOOL AT LUXOR

The successes of the past are a prophecy full of promise for the future. The entering wedge meets most of resistance. Momentum is gathered with progress. The acme of missionary effort has, in some instances, already been achieved—

the self-supporting church. After a few years more of consecrated effort, the missionary problem of Egypt will do much to solve itself. Its own institutions will provide for the means of their own perpetuity.

But what is to become of Moslemism, that determined foe of Christianity and Christendom? We do not deem it unreasoning optimism to affirm that Moslem civilization is no match for Christian civilization where the two are existing side by side. The resort of Moslemism has ever been the sword, and, fortunately so, for it cannot endure a rival. But under the surveillance of the English Government, where resistance is impossible, where comparisons are invidious and results are apparent, it has but one future—a gradual and inevitable decay. We must deem it a most significant fact that of the thousands of children already within the influence and discipline of Egypt's Christian schools, *one-fifth* of the number are from avowedly Mohammedan homes. When Mohammedanism becomes the educational rival of Christianity, she places the noose about her own neck, and removes the last support of her trembling and decrepit limbs. Unless the signs of the times await some yet buried Rosetti to interpret them, the glory of Isis and Osiris, and Mohammed as well, is about to pass over to the larger Christ, the God-Man, Jesus. For certainly the clear ring of fulfilled prophecy is already to be heard from that storied land, "And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day":

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run."



THE ARTISTIC HOME

## SYMPATHY WITH EGYPT



S Dr. Josiah Strong says in that comprehensive lecture of his on "Egypt," and to which all our tourists listened with such pleasure, and insisted that it be printed in Cairo:

"Modern civilization has a marvelous transforming power which, during the twentieth century, is destined to quicken the Orient with new life.

It is our good fortune to visit it when the coming metamorphosis is only just begun.

"It is still possible to step back into the ancient world, and not impossible to breathe its atmosphere, to catch something of its spirit, and to realize that human nature was much the same then that it is now. The passion of love, the tender ties of family, the mystery and the bereavement of death, and the great hope of immortality remind us that we of to-day have more in common than in difference with this ancient people, and though far removed in time, they are one with us in the great loom of life, which, with countless threads, weaves one vast web of humanity."

Nothing is more impressive in these countries of the Orient than their needs, especially the intelligent application of sanitary laws. But that brings our thought back to our own country and



THE GRAND PORTAL AT THE RUINS AT  
UPPER NILE

leads to the question, What have we for ourselves? What have we to give them? Let us hear what our able philanthropic physician and genial fellow-passenger, Dr. L. P. Jones, of Greenwich, Conn., has to say.

## SCHEME FOR PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

BY LEANDER P. JONES, M. D., OF GREENWICH, CONN.



WHEN the Spanish War was imminent, very optimistic ideas were rife as to the risk of disease in modern warfare. It was confidently asserted in some of the leading journals, and the names of distinguished men of science were freely used as vouchers for the assertion, that sanitary science had made such wonderful advances during the last twenty years as to insure practical immunity from disease for our army, even in a pestilential climate.

Other armies had always suffered more from disease than from bullets, but now a great civilized nation would send out an army whose sanitary welfare would be an object lesson to the world. Mothers gave their sons to the service believing that they would die as heroes, or come back to them in the vigor of manhood, without the dreadful sequelæ that followed our Civil War. Some were wise enough to foresee the disappointment that awaited these expectations, and we all know it now.

Shafter's army in Cuba was reduced seventy-five per cent. by disease that in theory is regarded as preventable—a fact that startled and deeply impressed the whole nation. But it is a more startling fact that in the year 1898, the number of children that, in New York City alone, died from preventable diseases, exceeded the number of all the men who were killed or died from disease in the army.

In war time our attention is focused upon the lives of men in the field. We read the data and lament the number of the fallen whose record stands before the world, and we are righteously indignant if their interests are not duly guarded. But we are careless of those who are falling by our side, possibly through our own neglect.

According to the Declaration of Independence, all men are equally entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We have engaged in an extensive war—a very bloody war—to give to other countries, not so fortunate as ourselves, their liberty. How much of our own personal liberty and our happiness are we ready to sacrifice to protect the lives of our own people? All diseases that are communicable are preventable. The fact that they are communicable proves that they are preventable. Many of the diseases that bring patients to the hospitals are the result of communicable diseases to which the patients had



been subjected at some earlier period. Scarlet fever and measles and other communicable diseases furnish one-half of the work for the ophthalmic hospitals. It is well known that typhoid fever is communicated in the food or drink; one must either eat it or drink it, in order to get it. Bright's disease is frequently a sequel of scarlet fever. Lung trouble is equally a sequel of measles and frequently of whooping cough.

Now, if these widespread diseases with their train of terrible consequences can, indeed, be stamped out, it would seem that the State ought to relax no vigilance and spare no expense to that end.

On the theory that every disease that is communicable is preventable, every child that is born healthy and well, who dies before becoming intelligently responsible for his own acts, is killed, and some one is responsible for that death.

It is time that the health and the lives of the people received as much attention as the property and the liberties of the people. We have courts and

officers to protect the property and liberties of the people, but how many well-educated, thoroughly trained health officers to protect public health?



THE RUINS AT THEBES

If a child in our streets were assaulted by a ruffian, the police force of the town would be at once called out to hunt down the assailant. If the child were injured, or five dollars in value taken from her, the ruffian, if found, would be brought to court, tried and sentenced to prison for a term of months, and probably years; but, if a child walking our streets con-

tracts a disease, no arrests are made, probably no investigation follows. If a murder were committed, instead of an assault, a coroner would make a very patient, diligent and careful inquiry to locate the responsibility for the crime. If a child dies from a preventable disease, the health officer is not permitted to make an investigation in any degree so thorough as that of a coroner, in order to locate the responsibility of the people or of the community for the disease.

While we have adequate police force to protect life and property against violence, and sufficient laws for the restraint of those who are of evil disposition, we have only the vaguest and most unsatisfactory regulations to protect ourselves and our children in what is of far more value than any worldly possessions, and to restrain those who, though without evil intent, disseminate disease through criminal carelessness.

The need of better legislation on this matter is already widely recognized,

but our legislators themselves see the need of more intelligent understanding of the subject before it can be made practicable.

There has been great research during late years into the principles of sanitation and valuable discoveries have doubtless been made, but for what public benefit, unless the results are co-ordinated, brought to the test and in some way made ready for efficient use by the ordinary public servant?

It is not given to every city to have a man for mayor who is trained at once in medical knowledge, in military experience and in an understanding of men, as was the case with Col. Wood, at Santiago. Where are our legislators to find a basis for their judgment in these matters? Will they gather the material for it from the pages of medical journals and science reviews, or from the columns of the daily press, or will they find it floating in the air? When a State has passed wise sanitary laws, as the State of Connecticut has recently done, where



TEMPLE AT THEBES

are the health officers to be found competent enough to administer them? How are such men to be educated?

There is no place in the world where a health officer can be educated. The best authorities that we have on public health are those who have made a study of medicine with the idea of treating disease, but there is no place where the prevention of disease is specifically taught.

It is plain that the new wine needs new bottles; that the great question of public health can no longer be relegated to the private practitioner, but must be dealt with by the magistrate, the legislator, the public functionary of every grade, and by the voter. There is need of a broad, free discussion of the principles involved in public sanitation, a wide publication of tests and experiments made to this end, and concise statements of results which may have been reached.

All this should be in the hands of men competent to exercise judgment and speak with authority. A mere voluntary association of men of science would not meet the need. Such associations already exist.

The following plan has been suggested for the creation of a body which should have for its object the thorough equipment of those whose duty it may be to deal with the prevention of disease; a body which could, by diploma, or some appropriate formal recognition, declare that this one or that one has made such study of this subject as to give him expert qualifications, so that he is competent to deal with this subtle yet vitally important matter:

First: The endowment of a chair of preventive medicine in each of the leading medical colleges of the country, selecting those which have special advantages for laboratory practice.

Second: The establishment of an institute, the members of which should be the incumbents of the chairs previously mentioned.

Third: The award of prizes by this Institute for essays of special merit and for discoveries in sanitary science.

Fourth: The establishment of Fellowships for a limited number of advanced students.

The question is immediately suggested: How the means could be found to establish these chairs, as well as to provide for the publications of the Institute, the prizes and the Fellowships? The answer is that money for charitable

purposes is always seeking for channels to flow in, as money for investment is doing. Those who are ready to endow hospitals, and to spend large amounts of money for the relief of the sick and the care of disease, will be equally ready to bestow their possessions for the prevention of disease, if only they can be convinced of the need of such bestowal and insured of the wise administration of their gifts.

Let it be known that in the judgment of competent men such an establishment would be wise and useful, and, undoubtedly, men of broad charity will be found to respond to the call for its support.

If you are interested correspond with Dr. L. P. Jones, or Rev. R. H. M'Cready, Ph.D.



PORTAL AT KARNAK. REV. S. EDWARD YOUNG  
COMING THROUGH

## EUROPE



NAPLES AND VESUVIUS

Most of the photographs for this article on Naples and Vicinity are ours by the courtesy of *Records of the Past*, Washington, D. C.

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## NAPLES AND VICINITY

BY REV. T. C. EDWARDS, D.D., KINGSTON, PA.



LINY, in writing to Tacitus, said: "Happy I deem those to be whom the gods have distinguished with the abilities either of performing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read." During our *Celtic* sojourn in and around Naples, I have not learned of any great or wonderful performance, except in times long past.

When we left Alexandria, we all felt like children turning homeward after their first tramp from the fireside. And when we arrived in sight of Naples and the smoky Vesuvius, the thrill of exhilaration at beholding sunny Italy and the historic blue bay "filled us with fantastic glee, and full of merriment were we."

Whoever first said, "See Naples and then die" (*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*), ought to have died before he said it. But the Bay of Naples is really beautiful, and the situation of the city unsurpassed.

### THE CITY

Though of less area than Rome, Naples is the most populous city in Italy—about six hundred thousand souls—and, unlike any other city in the world, it is built entirely of a material within itself. This material is a soft, volcanic rock called tufa. The great terrace on which Naples nestles, a cliff hundreds of feet high, is made up of this soft rock. It is the product of some volcanic disturbance beyond human history.

The business section is level and only a little above the sea. Then the city rises, by a series of terraces, and a winding roadway, until it reaches a height of some hundreds of feet. In front, the shore of the blue bay stretches out like a half-moon. Under certain atmospheric conditions the water takes on the most beautiful color effects, in all the shades of blue, the colors being peculiar to the Bay of Naples, it is said.

The bay is always dotted with fishing-boats, and down along the sea wall, which fronts the city, groups of swarthy fishermen may be seen drawing their nets morning and evening. Along this sea wall is the fashionable drive where





NAPLES —STRADA DEL MOLO AND ST. ELMO'S CASTLE  
THE BAY OF NAPLES

the city pours itself late in the afternoon, and where is seen the fast and furious driving for which Naples is noted. After dark, when the sea wall drive is lighted and its far-reaching curve is ablaze with electric lamps the view is beautiful.

#### LIKE A HALF-MOON

The striking feature of Naples is that it is a great monotonous city of stucco—not a wooden building in it, or a brick one. It presents a fine appearance from any point, as it is made up of apartment houses, five, six or seven stories high, painted in red or yellow. There are thousands of homes which are actually hovels within, but without they are parts of fine blocks of apartment buildings. The apartments of the poor are small, dirty, often shared with the goats and the cattle, having no light except from in front and

no ventilation except from the same direction. The poorer people are indescribably squalid and dirty. They practically live on the sidewalks, and all their household litter is thrown into the street for the city scavengers to remove.

Macaroni and cheese stores abound. Macaroni is prepared in all imaginable shapes and there is a great variety of cheeses.

Nothing solid is sold by measure, but everything by weight, whether vegetables or fruit.

Fuel is mostly charcoal. It is sold by shops in small quantities, say half a pound. On the sidewalks one often sees the children fanning the little charcoal fire for cooking a meal or for heating laundry irons. This minimum of heat is very desirable in the heat of an Italian summer.

As to cold weather, there are never any ice or snow, and few homes or boarding places provide any heated rooms in midwinter.

Though it never freezes in Naples, yet it has plenty of ice, and the "Neapolitan ice cream" is famous everywhere. The *Celtic* was in port over Good Friday and Easter Sunday. This gave us an opportunity to see the religious side of the city at its most blooming season.



MILK DISTRIBUTERS AT NAPLES

The moral and religious condition of Naples is nothing to boast of. But there are some faithful Christian workers therein who have been toiling in God's vineyard for a long time, and who are consecrated to hold on to the end in the discharge of their duties.

It is not wearisome nor expensive to ramble through the city. Cabs and



CITY OF NAPLES—BAY AND SMOKING VESUVIUS

carriages of various styles are abundant and reasonable in price. Electric cars run along the shore and around the city over the hills and through the streets. Good hotels are in convenient locations and moderate in charges.

The chief object of interest in Naples is the Museum. It is so chiefly on account of the vast quantities of relics from excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which have been brought there.

Two visits should be made, one for the antiquities and the other for the pictures.

Naples has an abundant supply of good water. I heard many complaints of the wine; but only praise of the water. Though the general health on the *Celtic* was exceptionally good, yet it is a satisfaction to know that there is now in Naples a comfortable hospital where visitors can receive able medical treatment in the event of their becoming ill. It is an imposing building in a delightful location, with all the windows commanding a view of the bay or the surrounding hills. It has a large garden full of flowers, orange and lemon trees; and on all sides are blossoming orchards and vineyards. Admission is obtained through the American or British Consul.

Few of our tourists visited the reputed "Tomb of Virgil" on the hill. He died at Brundisium, 19 B. C., and expressed his desire to be buried on his estate at the Posilipo, where he had written the *Georgics* and part of the *Æneid*. (This is the hill Posilipo.) The view from Virgil's tomb is exceedingly uninspiring. The poet Statius describes it thus:

Lo! idly wandering on the sea-beat strand  
Where the famed Siren on Ansonia's land  
First moored her bark, I strike the sounding string;  
At Virgil's honored tomb, I sit and sing.  
Warmed by the hallowed spot, my muse takes fire,  
And sweeps with bolder hand my humble lyre.  
These strains, Marcellus, on the Chalcian shores  
I penned, where great Vesuvius smokes and roars,  
And from his crater ruddy flames expires,  
With fury scarce surpassed by Ætna's fires."

### THE ASCENT OF VESUVIUS

It was one of the special "side trips." Some of the company had made the climb on previous visits to Italy, and were satisfied. "Old Vesuve" has his off days occasionally, and is very uninviting. Even days of his finest moods it requires a combination of grit and grace to be happy and successful in the climb to the crater. Our party in 1902 went up by the way of the funicular railway. In 1896 I went up from the Pompeii side, which is much more laborious. Try both.

"Mrs. L. V. W." will tell her story of the day's climb.

"A cloudless morning was chosen on which to make the ascent. During most of the time, even in the clearest weather, a heavy bank of cloud like a cap rests on the summit of the volcano, obscuring the great cone, from which constantly issues a mighty volume of smoke and steam. At times this is mingled with flame, which illumines the sky to a considerable height. Many a visitor, after days of waiting, is compelled to leave without a view of the burning mountain. But that seldom occurs at this season of the year.

A drive of about nine miles, following the curved shore of the Bay of Naples, brought us to the foot of the mountain. The carriage road from thence followed a winding course, made thus necessary by the steepness of the ascent, past fruitful vineyards and cottages of the peasants.

"The soil, composed mainly of disintegrated lava, and kept warm by the internal heat, is highly favorable to luxuriant vegetation. Wild flowers are abundant. Further up we



IN THE CRATER  
OF VESUVIUS

broader and it lay spread a panorama beauty; the ters of the bay every passing the city, a glit saic resting by Capri and Sor the distance, view, resting som of the

*Celtic*, her Stars and Stripes signalling to us a wish for our safe return.

"As we looked out from the car in ascending, we saw here and there little shrines built by devout peasants, where they pray that the burning mountain will never again devastate their homes.

"When we left the railway the actual climb began. Through dry ashes and fine lava our feet sank to the depth of several inches at every step, and this,

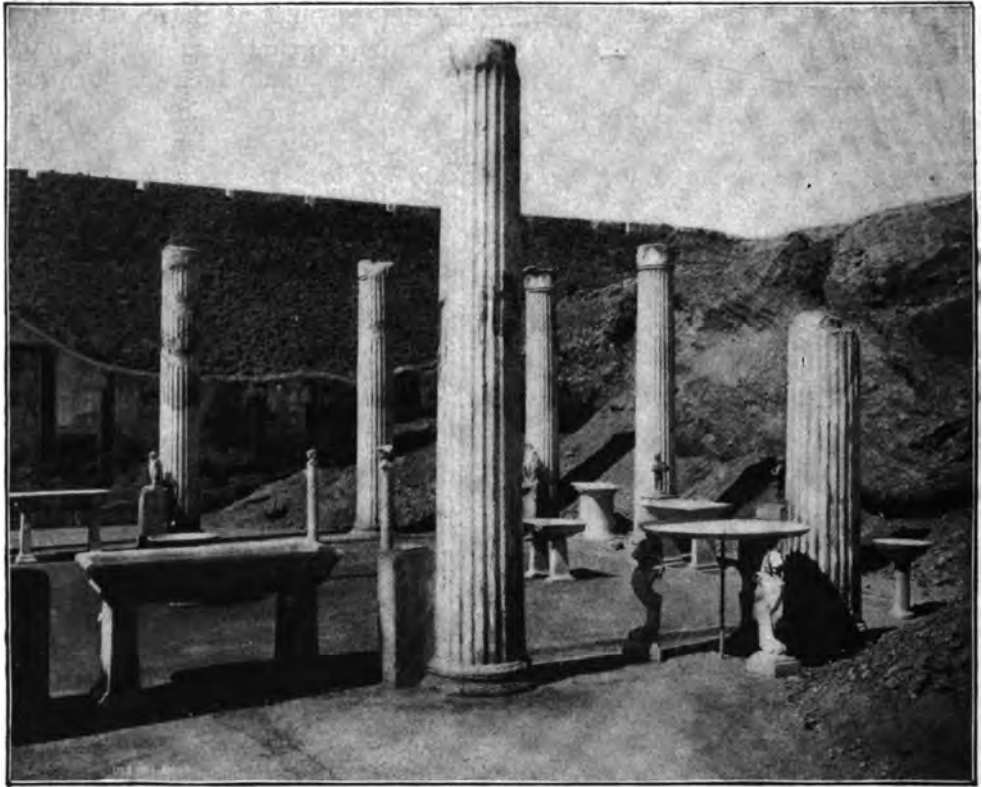
approached the barren fields of lava, which, in a molten state, was poured from the mouth of the great crater, in quantity sufficient to bury a hundred cities. In process of cooling it took a thousand fantastic forms, in some places forming caves of considerable extent. A ride of several hours brought us to the foot of the 'Funicular Railway,' by which we made a further ascent of two thousand and one hundred feet. As we rose higher and higher, the view over the

Bay and City of Naples became finer, until below us, of rarest blue wa-reflecting cloud, and tering mo-its side, rento in and in full on the bo-sea lay the



MODERN METHOD OF CLIMBING VESUVIUS—  
FUNICULAR RAILWAY

together with the very steep incline, made rapid progress impossible. This was continued until we had made a further rise of four hundred feet, when we reached the edge of the crater, which is about one mile in diameter. During this part of the ascent we passed many little orifices from which steam was escaping, and our walking sticks thrust down into the dry cinders were followed by a jet of steam when drawn out, indicating that the crust upon which we were treading was very thin. As we reached the edge of the crater and waited for the wind to carry the bulk of smoke and steam in the opposite di-



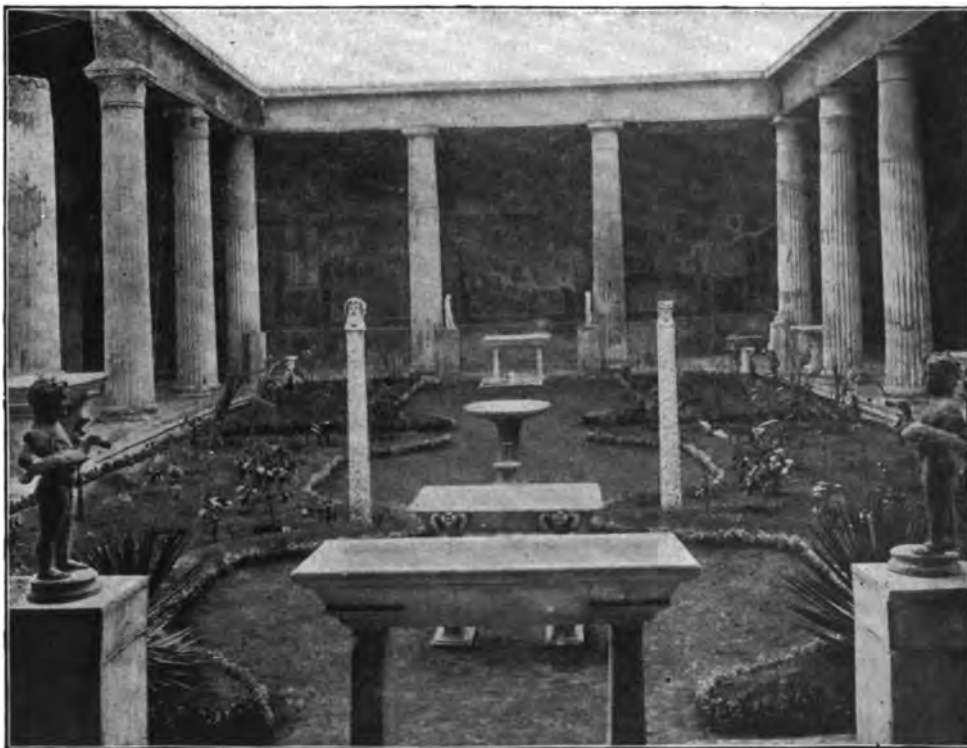
EXCAVATION OF THE HOUSE OF VETTIUS, POMPEII

rection, we could occasionally get a glimpse of the interior of that mighty basin of fire, while rumbling, as of the heaviest thunder, rose from the deep abyss beneath. As the wind veered round and brought a little of the steam into our faces, we found it heavily charged with sulphurous vapor, and we were obliged to change our position in order to avoid it. As the activity of the volcano was so great, we could not enter the crater at any point to procure specimens, as many others of the *Celtic* party did, but obtained some fine ones from our guide.

"The present crater is called a 'new one,' having been formed during the great eruption in 1872, and is considerably higher than the old one, which is a short distance north of it."

### BLUE GROTTO

It was early morning when we sailed by the Island of Capri and had our first glimpse of the Blue Grotto. No visit to the south of Italy is complete without Capri, Blue Grotto, Sorrento and Pompeii.



RESTORATION OF PERISTYLE, HOUSE OF VETTIUS, POMPEII

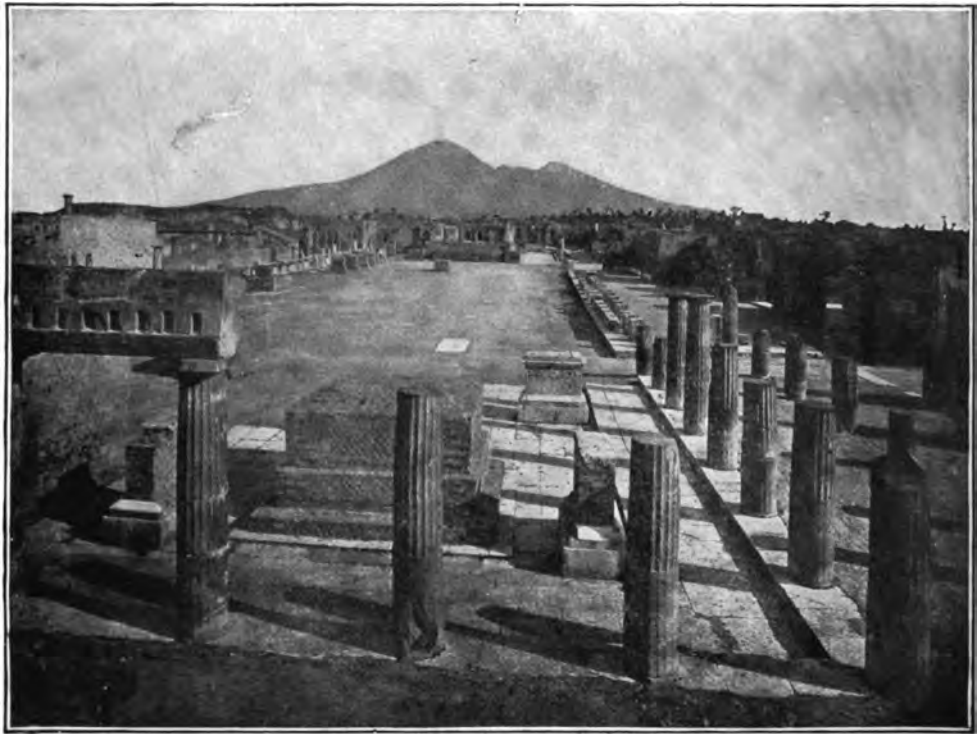
What a remarkable cavern in the rocks is this "Grotta Azzura." It is entered from the sea, in a tiny rowboat, by an opening not more than three feet high. Inside, however, it is found to be of magnificent proportions and of marvelous beauty, the gorgeous coloring said to be produced by the reflection and refraction of the sun's rays through the water. Elliptical in form, it has a length of 165 feet, a breadth of 100 feet in the widest part, and a height of 40 feet, with about 48 feet of water beneath. The boatman, for a small compensation, dives into the deep, clear water and appear therein as if coated

over with silver. I held my hand in the water over the edge of the boat and it became a silver hand immediately; *but only while under water.*

Within a few miles of the Grotto is

### SORRENTO

Thither Mrs. Van Ness, who is not a very good sailor, went with her husband for a complete rest. It is a delightful spot. It is the native home of Tasso, the greatest poet of Italy. He was born there on March 11th, 1544. Sorrento



VIEW OF THE FORUM OF POMPEII, LOOKING TOWARD VESUVIUS

is the most celebrated town in the south of Italy for dryness, mildness, and general salubrity of climate; and consequently, much resorted to by invalids and convalescents. The ravines, the gorges, the orange groves and vineyards of the neighborhood are famous the world over. Good hotel accommodations are found there. During our one night's stay there, a select party of amateur actors performed the Tarantella for our pleasure and their *profit*.

The road from Sorrento through Castellamare around the shore of the bay equals any drive in the world. Many of our party missed it, but no one who visits Naples should miss it.



WALL PAINTING, HOUSE OF VETTIUS. IXION TIED TO THE WHEEL

## POMPEII

Pompeii is no longer a buried city. Excavations have been going on for many years, and rows of business houses and residences of all classes of people are now in sight, though roofless and tenantless. This must have been a brilliant city of the first century of the Christian era. To realize this, you should visit the Museum in Naples first, and then visit Pompeii. The fatal catastrophe took place on November 5th, 79 A. D. It was the most terrible of its kind that had ever happened, and the event most like it since was the recent out-



*Photograph by Rev. Fred. Elliott*

DOMUS MILLIACRO, POMPEII

burst of the Pelee volcano on the Island of Martinique. The city was so entirely buried by the flowing lava of Vesuvius that no traces of it were discovered until 1689; but no excavations were commenced until 1721. Since then, at irregular intervals, very interesting discoveries have been made. In recent years, nearly every day witnesses fresh and interesting discoveries.

Perhaps one-half of the city has been excavated; the remainder is now undergoing the process. What wonders

have been revealed may be more than duplicated, as the work proceeds.

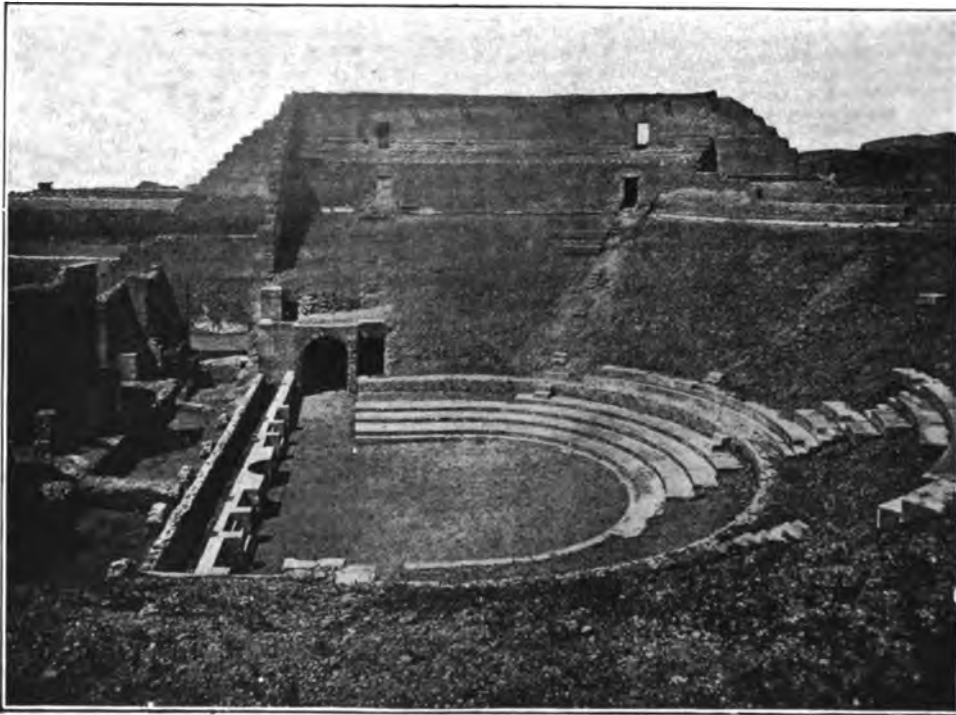
Imagine, if you can, a city of forty thousand people, built of substantial stone buildings, enriched with paintings and statuary, filled with gold and silver and precious stones, suddenly overtaken by such a tragic fate. Imagine again, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, the veil lifted, and you can understand with what strange emotions one walks through the silent, re-echoing streets of exhumed Pompeii. Moss has laid a thick carpet of green over beautiful pavements of mosaic. The rain has filled the pools where once played sparkling fountains, and again stands stagnant in the great stone jars of some long-deceased wine-merchant. Dining-room tables of marble await guests that will never come again.

Wall-paintings of fruits and fowls and fish awaken no pleasant relish in gay revellers; ovens stand cold and empty, though in many of them were found loaves—generally well-baked or, possibly, a little over-done. Eggs, vegetables, fruits, nuts and grain were found in larder and bin, but those who should have feasted upon them have mouldered into dust, or turned to stone and sleep in the glass sarcophagi of the museum.

Not less than a day should be devoted to Pompeii. Between Pompeii and Naples may be found some interesting excavations of the old city of Hercu-



BACCHUS AND ARIADNE. HOUSE OF VETTIUS



VIEW OF LARGE THEATRE, POMPEII

laneum, which was destroyed on the same day by the same flood of lava. This was discovered in 1719, ninety feet below the present level. Excavation goes on much slower here than in Pompeii, because the liquid fiery lava was of harder ingredients. The buildings of Herculaneum have to be quarried out, while Pompeii's can be shovelled out.

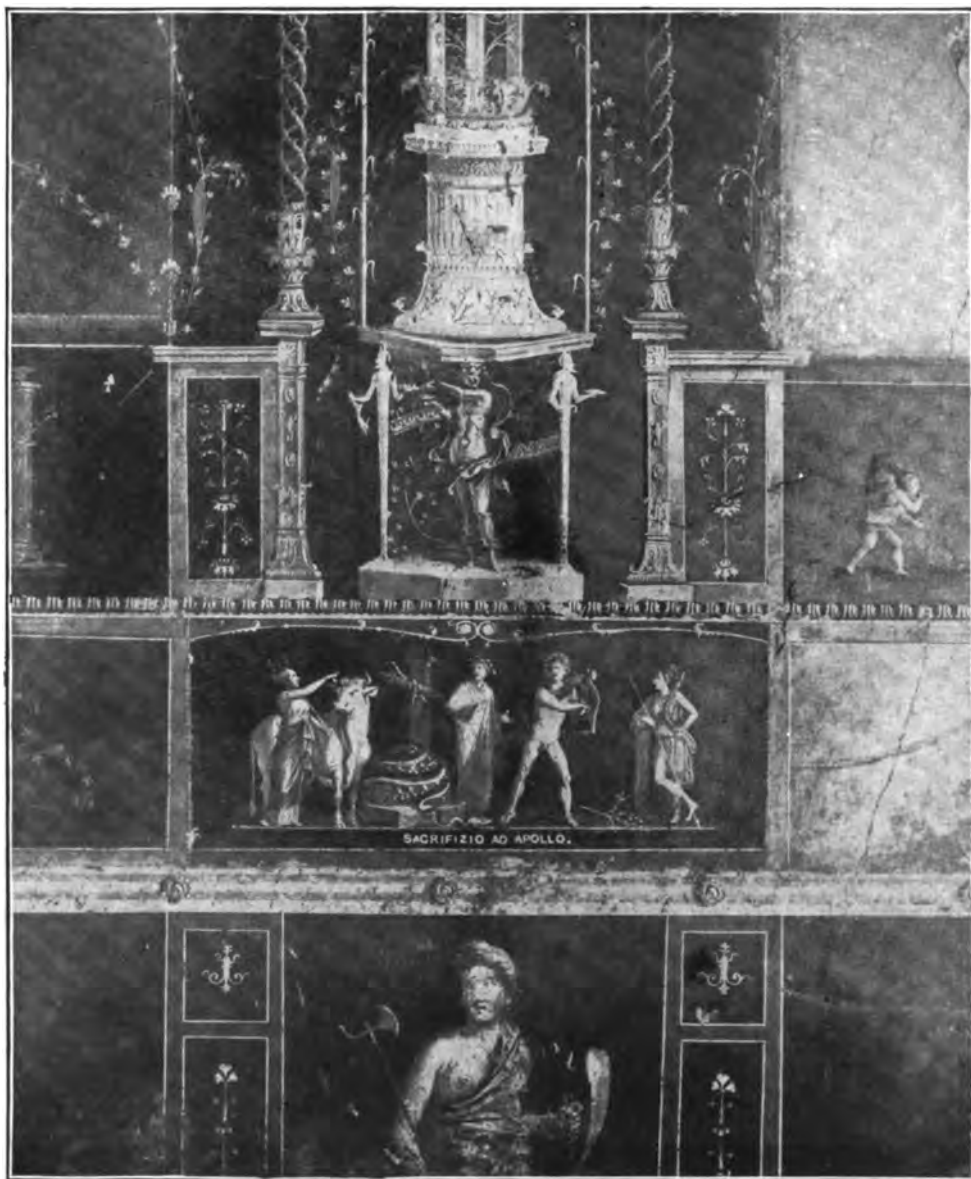
There is not time to moralize, but at every step in these cities of the dead past, it seems as if you had heard some one saying, "Woe is me."

"Cut off even in the blossoms of my sins,  
Unhoused, disappointed, unanel'd;  
No reconing made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head!"

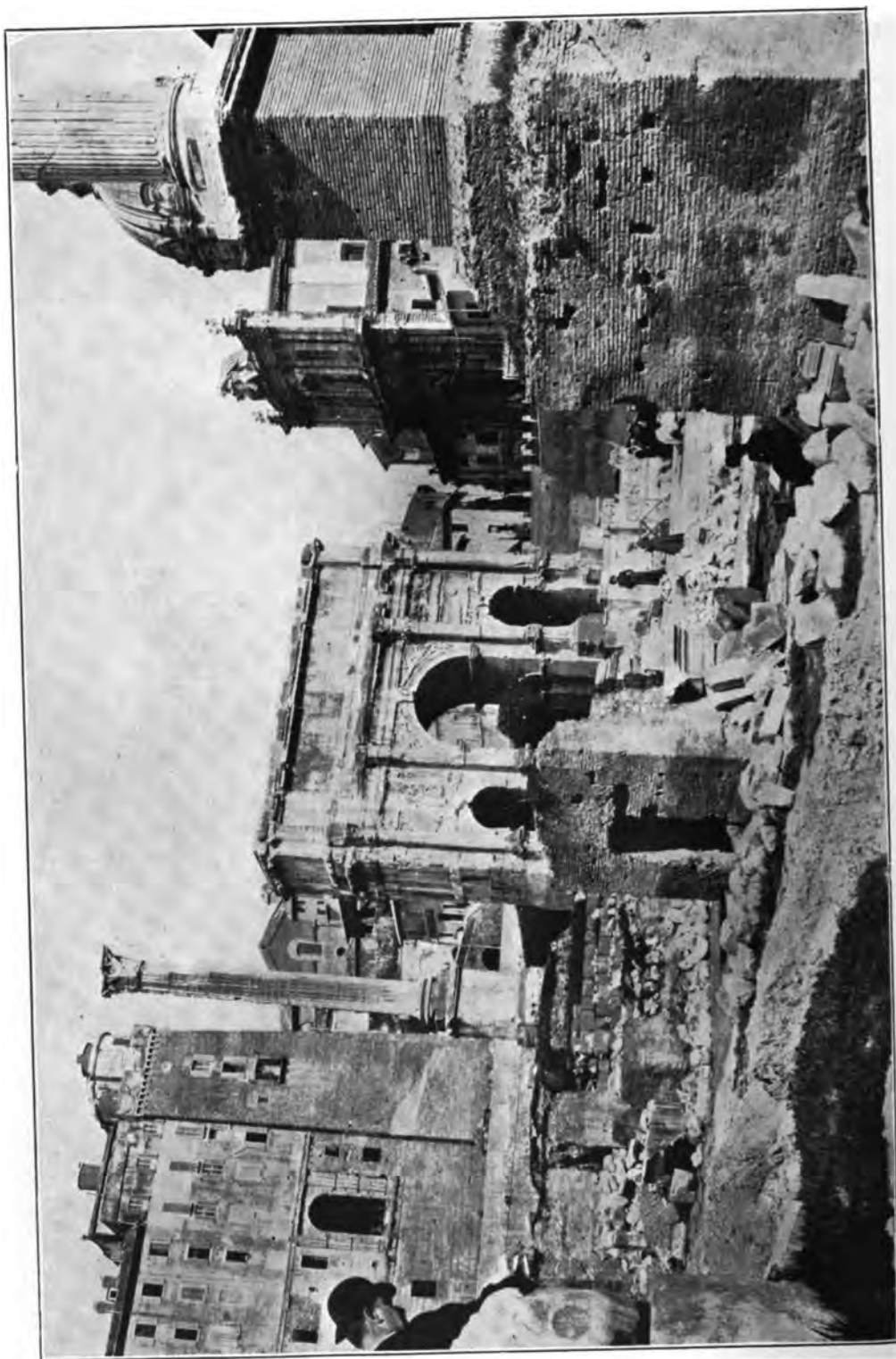
On the wall of one of the houses uncovered in Pompeii appears a fresco painting of a bird, apparently of the crow or blackbird variety, standing before a music rack or easel in an attitude of deep anticipation. A lady of the party, who was curious enough to wonder "what that bird was doing there," was gravely informed that he evidently was looking for an-ote. (a note). Whereupon deep silence fell upon the anguished listeners.



STREET VIEW IN POMPEII



DECORATIVE WALL PAINTING, HOUSE OF VETTIUS, POMPEII.



ARCH OF AUGUSTUS, ROMAN FORUM, ROME

## A WEEK IN ROME

BY REV. JOHN B. DONALDSON. D.D., DAVENPORT, IOWA.



“HERE is St. Peter’s,” we cried as the train from Naples issued from the tunnel and rolled down the mountains twenty-five kilometres away. Some were incredulous, but there hung the dome that gave the first and last view of Rome. We passed the peasants spading in the fields. Their plows had one handle, like those of Palestine rather than those of Egypt. We saw here the only American seeder of the Cruise, and it was drawn by oxen with a rope. Past the aqueducts, ancient and modern, that give Rome four times as much water per capita as London has, we swept into the station on Viminal Hill, drove by the Quirinal with its royal palaces, past the bible depository and Protestant churches, and after great confusion, found in ancient palaces our rooms. The first errand was to the Piazza di Spagna for letters, for the cashing of checks and for guide-books. Piale said frankly that he charged us more than he did Italian gentlemen.

Taking an *ascenseur* for *dieci centimes* to the top of Pincian Hill, we studied the outlines of the city. Walking toward the northern gate, we saw below us the Piazza del Popolo, from which the main streets branch out like the ribs of a fan. The farther one leads across the Tiber to the round castle of St. Angelo and to the Vatican. The next one runs near the left bank of the river. The central one is the Corso, the main street of the city, leading through the Piazza del Colonna, where the papers publish the news at night in electric letters, and through the Piazza di Venezia to the majestic monument for Victor Emmanuel, to the Forum and the Capitol. The streets at our feet lead to the Quirinal, Viminal, and Esquiline Hills, where we entered Rome.

These Pincian gardens are exquisite with palms and flowers. Here Lucullus lived like a Sybarite until he opened his veins, and here the Jezebel Messalina revelled until she put a dagger to her bosom. While we dreamed of past crimes a pistol shot rang out on the evening air; a crowd gathered; and a cab sped by, bearing the bloody victim away. In this very place a lover of Pauline





THE TRINITA FROM PLAZA SPALGUA,  
ROME

Bonaparte stabbed his rival, and the blood spurted upon the door of her coach.

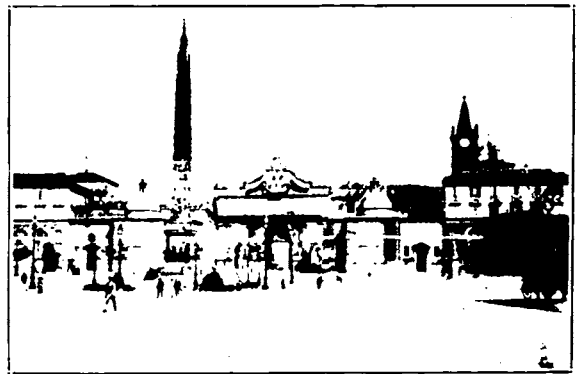
It may be convenient to rearrange our journals, so as to follow the history rather than the geography of Rome. To seek the remote beginnings we go where Romulus and Remus were rescued, like Moses, from the water.

The troubled river knew them, and smoothed  
his yellow foam,  
And gently rocked the cradle that bore the  
fate of Rome.  
The ravening she-wolf knew them, and licked  
them o'er and o'er,  
And gave them of her own fierce milk, rich  
with raw flesh and gore.

We follow Romulus to his asylum on Capitol Hill, where outlaws found sanctuary as in the Cave of Adullam; after cleansing, they crossed to the fortress, Roma Quadrata, on the Palatine. The most ancient stones in the wall are sometimes dated to the very earliest ages of Rome. They are so soft that

we easily get some crumbling souvenirs. The burial-place of Romulus was unearthed recently in the Forum Romanum.

The hostile Sabines fortified the Quirinal Hill yonder. The Romans seized the daughters of their enemies for wives. The Roman governor's daughter coveted the golden bracelets of the Sabine soldiers, and betrayed the citadel for "what they wore on their left arms," but they gave their shields instead of their bracelets and suffocated the traitress. The porter's wife showed us Tarpeia's Rock. Our guide was so portly that her skirts could scarcely keep their hold. She said the cliff was "multo profundo," and she was satisfied with coppers. Here the Sabine daughters, who were also Roman wives, made peace. So the two nations became the "Senate and People of the Quirinals and the Romans," and to this day their banners bear the letters: "S. P. Q. R."

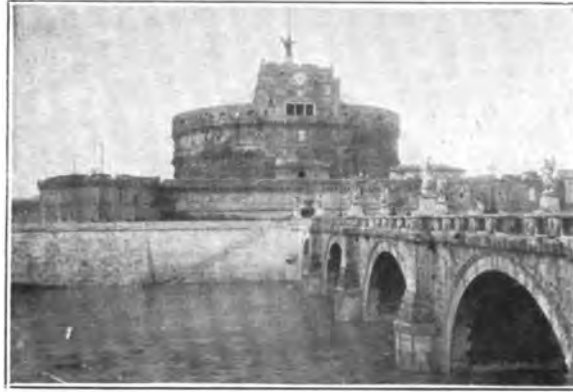


PLAZA DEL POPOLO, ROME

To recall the period of the Kings, we might look up a bit of the Servian wall by the station, or drive out to where Numa consulted the Nymph; but the Cloaca Maxima is nearer and greater. Pliny wondered at its solidity two

thousand years ago, and the arched sewer still serves a useful purpose. "Wicked street," on the slope of the Esquiline, is where Tullia drove her chariot over the dead body of her royal father as she hastened to congratulate her husband upon the murder that gave her a bloody throne. No wonder the indignant people soon ended such a kingdom.

The Capitol Hill may stand for the Republic. It still has some reminders of that epoch, when Rome conquered Carthage and became mistress of the world. Come to Mamertine Prison and see the very place where Jugurtha was chilled to death. We went down again to the lower cell, turned down all lights,



CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME



FORUM, RUINS OF BASILICA OF JULIA, ROME

imagined the stairway removed and ourselves cut off forever from sunshine and hope. It was an abysmal dungeon. There the Cataline conspirators were executed, and foolish tradition connects the apostles with these dents in the wall and this fountain.

The Forum was the center of the city in the days of the Republic, but it was rebuilt by the emperors. However, we can find the foundations of the butcher's

stall where Virginius snatched up the knife to save his daughter's honor by taking her life. No wonder that the schools were removed to a less exposed place after that tragedy. The name of the wretch who compelled this crime is kept alive by the aqueduct of Appius Claudius outside the walls.

In the excavated Forum we walked along the very lava blocks where Horace made his frantic efforts to escape from a bore; and where the people scrambled during three days for the gold that Caligula threw down from the Basilica Julia; and we followed the way where Titus went on his triumph behind milk-white horses. On the slope by his arch, workmen were repairing this ancient street.

We stood on the rostrum, where it was plain that beaks of ships had been fastened; where Cicero delivered his orations against the Triumvirate; and



THE FORUM

where his head was nailed to the platform that the wife of the victor might thrust her bodkin through his tongue and reap a sweet revenge. We saw where Marc Antony roused the populace over the assassinated Cæsar, and Prof. Reynaud pointed out below the three steps of Cæsar's temple-tomb, discovered only the August before, where the great conqueror was cremated.

Here in a row are standing three pillars of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the young men who brought good news from the battle of Lake Regillus and washed their horses in yonder spring. The other three pillars, forming a triangle, are the remains of the Temple of Vespasian. The Temple of Saturn has eight Ionic columns left, and it contained the public treasury. The Temple of Antoninus and Faustina still has the title, "*divo*," which indicates how the emperors were called gods. The Temple of Concord likewise has inscriptions. The round ruins of the Vestal Temple show where the invisible Palladium and the sacred fire were kept. Here the virgins served in queenly wealth and honor for thirty years, unless they forfeited their chastity, in which event they were buried alive.

The Palatine Hill stands for the Imperial Age. It was never inhabited by plebeians. Cicero paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his home among the patricians, and his rival, Clodius, expended four times as much. Augustus, who found Rome of brick and left it of marble, was born here, lived here for forty years, and was unwilling to remove when he became emperor. His ruins occupy the southwestern portion of the hill. The remains of the royal hall are wider than the nave of St. Peter's, and they have a semi-circular apse for the throne. His schoolroom,



TEMPLE OF HERCULES, ROME

called *pedagogium*, contained the mock crucifix and other *grafitti*.

The ruins of Tiberius are on the north side next the Forum. The nickname of Caligula, who loved his "little boots," has overshadowed the proper name of the emperor who was assassinated in that tunnel. Nero's Golden House has almost wholly disappeared. The house of Livia contains lead pipes which bear the name "*Julia Aug.*" The mural paintings are equal to anything at Pompeii, and are protected by a modern zinc



BATHS OF CARACALLA, ROME

roof. The palaces of Septimus Severus were on the southeast, fronting the Appian Way, so that his African countrymen might see the grandeur of their emperor on their first approach to the city. The altar to the unknown god reminds biblical students of the one which Paul saw at Athens.

The Flavian emperors were great builders. The Arch of Titus commemorates the capture of Jerusalem, and carries the figure of the golden candlestick



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME

on its inner surface. But the Coliseum is their great achievement. Built by twelve thousand captive Jews to hold eighty thousand people; dedicated by the death struggles of five thousand animals, it was the sporting arena of Rome. Here the gladiators were "butchered to make a Roman holiday" until men like Spartacus were roused to rebellion; here martyrs were slain for the amusement of pagans, and their mangled bodies were thrown into the Cloaca Maxima, where friends waited to rescue them for Christian burial. Ignatius led the procession of saints, declaring that he "was the grain of the field, and must be ground by the teeth of lions to become bread fit for the Lord's table." At one time one hundred and fifteen Christians were shot down with arrows. Under Hadrian, Placidus and family were exposed to wild beasts who refused to attack them; whereupon, they were put in a brazen bull and roasted to death. Here Prisca was offered



COLISEUM AT ROME



ARCH OF TITUS, ROME

to a lion, then starved for three days, put upon the rack, burned in a furnace, and, still surviving, was finally beheaded. Here a monk at last threw himself into the breach with such success that murders for fun came to an end, and the cross hallowed the spot that was soaked with sacred blood. Well might Dickens say: "It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight conceivable. Never in its bloodiest prime can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. God be thanked, a ruin!"

Early Christianity has left some remains in Rome. We are not sure that Peter was ever in Rome, but Paul certainly was. In his Roman letter he had sent greeting to his mother, to his brother Rufus, and to half a dozen kinsmen by name. Dr. Russell Forbes identifies this half-brother of Paul as Rufus Pudens. The latter was a governor in Britain and a senator at Rome, who entertained Christian pilgrims, gave his parlor for church meetings, and suffered as a martyr in the year 96 A. D. His children maintained the "church in the



ROME—THE FORUM—THE COLISEUM

house"; freed and baptized ninety-six slaves; and transformed the splendid baths into a consecrated church. A few of us looked up this Church of St. Pudentiana. Descending to the basements and sub-basements, we saw the hot air flues cut in the walls of the baths; we found what may have been the

baptismal font of the freedmen, made of travertine and resembling a goblet, two feet across, with a broken stem; we saw bricks bearing names dating to the second century; the red frescoes of that early age; the arches of the old house of Pudens; and two mosaic pavements, one level being of Christian construction, and a lower one pagan. We brought away a few bits of marble that Paul may have knelt upon in the house of his brother long centuries ago. We also visited the traditional home of Clement, where three churches are built one over the other. But, to our sore disappointment, the lowest one was full of water; and we could not descend to the place where the friend and co-laborer of Paul carried on his work.

We did not look up the "hired house" in which Paul is said to have dwelt, nor the Prætorian camp. But we found the Basilica on Palatine Hill, which was built directly over the one in which Paul was tried, and which was precisely similar to it. Here part of the imperial seat may still be seen in the semi-circular tribune. Here is a bit of the marble *cancelli* that separated the emperor from the public. Remains of the marble colonnades still standing show the unfluted columns, with holes where the bronze ornaments were affixed. In the center is the round paving stone where the prisoner stood. This Basilica, rebuilt, indeed, since Paul's day, represents the very place and structure where, with one exception, the greatest trial of history was held.

Now we must go through St. Paul's Gate, past the Pyramid of Cestius, which witnessed his departure with triumph, and go out the Ostian Way to the traditional Three Fountains, where he may have been beheaded. St. Paul's Without the Walls is the most magnificent monument to our Gentile apostle. Here sober archæologists find the very early tomb of "Paulo: Apostolo Mart." Massive, with eighty columns of granite, rich with ancient mosaics, beautiful with cloisters of twisted columns, the church is a place for thought.

Imperial splendor all the roof adorns;  
Whose vaults a monarch built to God, and graced  
With golden pomp the vast circumference.  
With gold the beams he covered, that within  
The light might emulate the beams of morn.  
Beneath the glittering ceiling pillars stood  
Of Parian stone, in four-fold ranks disposed;  
Each curving arch with glass of various dye  
Was decked; so shines with flowers the painted mead  
In Spring's prolific day.

To visit the Catacombs, where primitive Christians hid from persecution, worshipped and buried their dead, we went out the Appian Way, by which Paul first entered Rome. We passed the Church "*Domine, quo vadis.*" Here tradition says that Christ met Peter when he was escaping from persecution. Peter asked: "Lord, where are you going?" and was told: "Back to Rome to be crucified again." This gives title to a famous book. The Catacombs are drier, purer and warmer than one would suppose. Waiting until the solitary and overworked English-speaking monk could get his breath, we lighted our candles and went down the long flight of steps to St. Calixtus. The chapel of the early bishops and the burial-place of several popes came first. More interesting was the tomb of St. Cecelia, the sweet musician, who was buried

..... here in 1881 A. D. His body was found in 1801 A. D. ....

(CELTIC CRUISE, 1902.)

## The Catacombs of Rome.

BY JOHN HARVEY TREAT.

Subterranean Rome is a most interesting study. Most tourists visit the Catacombs simply from curiosity, or to see one of the sights of Rome. A hurried run through the crumbling galleries and a glance at the faded and ruined frescoes and paintings by the dim light of little tapers, naturally does not impress them at all. It is only when we study their origin and learn their great importance as illustrating primitive Christianity, that we can appreciate them. They are the Christian Pompeii, the buried church, that illustrates the life, the rites, and the belief of the early followers of Christ. The inscriptions make known to us their faith—whether we accept it or not—their belief in God, the Holy Spirit, the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity, the Communion of Saints, the Veneration of the Martyrs, the Hierarchy in its various orders, the Sacraments, the Resurrection, and the Life everlasting. They also teach us the various occupations of Christians, whether as clergy, notaries, merchants, soldiers, fossors, etc., or engaged in other callings.

The paintings contain scenes from the Old and New Testaments, as Moses smiting the Rock, Noah and the Ark, Jonah and the Sea Monster—never pictured as a whale, the Raising of Lazarus, the Healing of the Paralytic, the Good Shepherd, and other representations.

At the advent of Christianity, burning or cremating was the general Roman method of disposing of the dead. The poor, the slaves and criminals were thrown into the "putrid pits" on the Esquiline. The Roman laws did not permit burials within the city walls, and the tombs of the great lined for miles the various roads leading into the country. The laws regarded tombs as sacred and were very stringent against violators of the same. Friends could claim the bodies of the worst malefactors. Joseph of Arimathea claimed and received from Pilate the body of Jesus.

The Christians abhorred the burning of the dead, and preferred the Jewish method, and to be buried as Jesus was. The body was washed and anointed, and prepared for the tomb, generally a nich, or locus, as it was called, in the walls of the Catacombs. The arms were laid straight by the side, a cloth was spread over the corpse, on which lime was sprinkled. Precious perfumes were placed in the grave and sometimes a few relics. A vial containing their blood is often found in the tombs of the martyrs. The opening was closed with slabs of terra cotta, or marble, and the inscription was painted, cut in the stone, or rudely scratched in the fresh mortar. The earliest stones generally bear the mere name, with sometimes *In pace, vivas in Deo* (in peace, may you live in God,) and a dove, or a fish, or an olive branch. The funeral was by night, as the pagans objected to them by daylight, and accompanied by singing and torches. The services of the church were held over the body and this was repeated on the third, seventh and the ~~fortieth~~ <sup>thirtieth</sup> day after burial, and in a more solemn manner on the anniversary of the event.

The word cemetery, where the bodies of the faithful were laid away awaiting the resurrection, is of Greek origin and means a resting or sleeping place. The derivation of the word Catacomb is unknown. Various meanings have been assigned to it. The name was originally applied to the locality of the Basilica of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way, which was called in ancient documents *ad Catacumbas*, at the Catacombs. The word is now applied to all the subterranean cemeteries of Christians. They exist all over Italy, Sicily, Malta, Egypt, and in some other countries. The Roman Catacombs number more than forty, great and small, and doubtless there are many yet undiscovered. The galleries, if placed in line, would exceed the length of Italy, and served as burial places for the Christians for some 350 years. They are not of pagan origin, nor disused sand pits, as was believed not long ago, but are the work of the Christians alone, though in times of persecution, or as affording a more secret entrance to the Catacombs, the sand pits were sometimes used. This is evident from the nature of the soil in which they were constructed, which is volcanic, and of three varieties. One is too hard for excavations and is adapted for building

~~horizontal font of the freedmen made of travertine and resembling a goblet~~

stone; another is too friable and is used for cement and mortar; the third is worthless for cement and is easily excavated without danger. The galleries of the sand pits were large and wide, sometimes 16 feet in width, to facilitate the use of carts, in carrying away the sand. The walls of the vaults were elliptical, and the passages very crooked and without regular form. The Christian galleries, dug by Fossors, on the other hand, were quite straight, and so narrow that seldom two can walk abreast, the sides were not curved, and the corners were at right angles, the roof straight or slightly arched. In the fourth century these galleries became inextricable labyrinths. Sometimes they were constructed with five levels or stages. The first was generally twenty to twenty-four feet beneath the surface of the soil; the second, sometimes the most ancient, about thirty-nine to forty-two feet beneath; the third about fifty-two feet; the fourth and fifth were from sixty-five to eighty-two feet deep. At that depth the ground became too moist and wet to go lower.

The entrances to the Catacombs were not hidden, but situated on the public ways, and well known to the authorities as places of burial. For the first two centuries they were on private property, and named after their proprietors, some of them now unknown personages, as Priscilla, Maximus, Novella, Gordiani, Cyriaca, Lucina, Pretextatus, Domitilla. For two centuries no legal objections were made to the use of these cemeteries for burial and the attending rites, nor did the pagan people make any trouble, with occasional exceptions. In 203, the cry was raised at Carthage, in Africa, that the cemeteries, open to the sky there and not Catacombs, should be forbidden to the Christians. In Rome in 257, Valerian issued an edict forbidding Christians to assemble in the Catacombs because they were used for illegal meetings, and not for burial merely. There were burial colleges, or associations, among the pagans as well as with the Christians, and their rights were equally respected. But while Christianity was tolerated as a burial society, and its cemeteries rarely violated, as a religion it was forbidden and unlawful. By this time the number of Christians had greatly increased, the cemeteries had become more numerous and larger, and in many cases were no longer private property, but had come into the possession of the church, which was an unlawful body. Yet soon the Christians were allowed to bury again. Even during the fiercest persecutions, Christian burials took place openly. The great St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage in the third century, and the virgin Roman martyr, St. Agnes, were carried to their graves by night accompanied by long processions of the faithful of every class and of all ages, with the singing of psalms and hymns, so that it seemed rather a triumphal procession than a funeral cortege.

In 303, the last and fiercest persecution broke out under Diocletian, who at first had been favorable to the Christians. He determined to wholly extirpate Christianity. He confiscated the cemeteries, the churches, and the goods, books, and the early records of the Roman church were burnt and destroyed. These early records and the genuine Acts of the Martyrs, if they now existed, would be one of the most beautiful pages in Christian literature. Gregory the Great, at the end of the sixth century (Ep. viii, 27,) tells us that he knew of no genuine Acts of the Martyrs "in the archives of this church, or in the libraries of Rome, except a few collected in one volume." The loss is irreparable. But the Christians still managed to bury their dead. The old entrances to the Catacombs were destroyed and new and more secret ones constructed. The more important galleries and crypts were filled with earth and hidden.

In 311, under Maxentius, the churches and cemeteries were restored to the Christians, and in 313, the Emperor Constantine, by the edict of Milan, put an end to the persecution. Then the Catacombs began to be frequented, the crypts of the martyrs were ornamented with marbles and mosaics, and the Bishop Damasus put up inscriptions in their honor. At this day it is impossible to understand the great love and affection that the people had for the martyrs, those heroes of the persecutions. The Catacombs were thronged with the people that gathered at their anniversaries. The day on which they suffered martyrdom was not called the day of their death, but of their birth, *dies natalis*. St. Jerome, in the fourth century, and in the fifth, Prudentius, the poet of the martyrs, speak of their visits to the Catacombs.

The Christians soon began to bury their dead on the surface of the ground and very few were laid in the Catacombs after 410. When the barbarians began to invade Italy, they greatly injured the places of burial, so the Popes began to remove the relics of the martyrs into the city for protection. The ravages of the Lombards in 756 caused further removals, and in 817 Paschal I. made great translations. After the ninth century, the Catacombs were almost

... here in the ... found in ...

forgotten, and the entrances became filled up and lost, till the awakening of a new interest in the sixteenth century. The only Catacombs open during the Middle Ages were those of St. Sebastian, St. Lawrence, St. Pancras and St. Valentine.

The number of martyrs in the various persecutions which took place during the space of 250 years, God only knows. It must have been very great. The church records were destroyed and the names in most cases lost. In the Catacombs sometimes a large number were buried in a pit in heaps, when they had been killed and burnt in a mass, and the names were unknown. The ancient martyrologies speak of four groups buried near St. Cecilia in the Catacombs of St. Callistus—one of twenty-seven, one of forty-eight, one of eight hundred and eighty, and another of four thousand, burnt in heaps—*gregatim*. Under Valerian, in the third century, Crisantus and Daria were buried alive in a sand pit near the Catacombs of St. Priscilla. The next year a great company of the faithful had gathered, though this had been forbidden by the Emperor, to celebrate the anniversary at their tomb. They were discovered by the soldiers, and every avenue of escape having been closed, an enormous mass of stones and earth was precipitated upon them from an opening above, and they were buried alive. After the Peace of Constantine, the crypt was opened and their skeletons, with the silver vessels used in the Divine Mysteries were discovered. Pope Damasus was unwilling to touch the scene of their martyrdom, but made an opening in the wall, protected by a screen, with an inscription, so that the people might look upon the spectacle.

The Christians never retaliated upon their persecutors, nor did they appeal against their condemnation, which they might have done. It is a mistake to suppose that the Romans tolerated all religions. No religion was allowed that was not sanctioned by law. The Emperor Tiberius enacted new laws against the Jewish and Egyptian religions. Claudius abolished the worship of the Druids. Some religions were tolerated, though unlawful, but the law might at any time be put in force. Nero is supposed to have published a new edict against the professors of the Christian faith—*non licet esse Christianos*—it is not lawful to be a Christian. Some of the best emperors persecuted the Christians because they felt obliged to enforce the laws. Some of the worst emperors allowed them to live in peace, because they did not care enough for the laws of their country to put them in force. It is a mistake also to think that the early Christians were, as a class, from the lowest orders of the people. The early converts came from every class. Many were Jews, but the unconverted Jews were the worst enemies of the Christians and were continually inciting persecutions. Many were from the humble classes of the Romans, but many were from the highest families, as the Senator Pudens, Acilius Glabro, many of the Flavian family, the Senator Apollonius, Pomponia Græcina, wife of Plautius, conqueror of Britain, the Consul Flavius Clemens, the cousin of the Emperor Domitian, and put to death by him, and his wife, Flavia Domitilla, banished to the island of Pandataria, and a great many more whose names are now unknown.

### **A Visit to the Catacombs of St. Priscilla.**

The Catacombs generally open to the public are those of St. Agnes, St. Callistus, St. Sebastian, and St. Domitilla. The others are inaccessible, or only visited by a permission from the proper authorities. On May 25, 1902, I made a visit to the Catacombs of St. Priscilla, perhaps the most ancient in Rome, situated about two miles beyond the present walls of the city, on the Via Salaria. St. Priscilla, a contemporary of the Apostles, was the mother of St. Pudens, and the grandmother of SS. Pudentiana and Praxedis. It consists of two extensive levels or stories, and differs from all others in its concise inscriptions, generally the name only, often painted in vermilion or black, like those in Pompeii, many in Greek characters, and has for emblems generally the anchor, palm branch, dove, or fish. Here were buried the Saints Priscilla, Pudens, Pudentiana, Praxedis, Aquilla, Prisca—some of them mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistles and St. Luke in the Acts—Acilius Glabro the Consul, who was martyred in 91 under Domitian, belonging to one of the highest Roman families and probably a relative of St. Priscilla, and members of his family. Here were laid the martyrs Felix and Philip, two of the seven sons of St. Felicitas, all of whom suffered martyrdom with their mother in 164 under the Philosopher Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Many of the early bishops of Rome were buried here, as Marcellinus, who died in 304, when the Catacomb of St. Callistus had been confiscated by Diocle-

tian, Marcellus, Sylvester, bishops under the Emperor Constantine, Liberius, Siricius, Celestinus, Vigilius, and a multitude of people, the flower of early Christianity. Here the Apostles Peter and Paul ministered, and Prof. Marucchi thinks he has discovered the "Font where Peter baptized," so often alluded to by the early visitors. The name of Peter in Greek and Latin, a name exclusively Christian, and rare in other Catacombs and of Paul are often found here, probably adopted by the faithful in memory of the great Apostles. The names of Phebe, Timothy and Onesimus also occur. Here was found the painting of the Blessed Virgin, veiled, with the Child Jesus in her arms, and at her side a Prophet, perhaps Isaiah, pointing to a star, a work in the Pompeian style, and doubtless of the first half of the second century. This Catacomb was frequented and held in the greatest veneration up to the ninth century. After the translation of the relics of the martyrs into the city, it soon fell into oblivion.

On May 22, 23, 24, in the church of St. Pudenziana, the oldest church in Rome traditionally, erected over the house where St. Pudens entertained the apostles, a solemn Triduo was celebrated in honor of the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the body of the Martyr St. Filumena in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. It was announced that on Sunday, May 25, mass would be celebrated in that Catacomb at 7.30 and at 10 A. M., and that the Litany, with a Procession, would be said at 5 P. M. I attended the mass at 10. Let me say that the word mass is merely the English for the Latin *missa*, which near the end of the fourth century began to be used as the name for the Eucharist, or Holy Communion. The modern entrance to the Catacomb, constructed by the Commission of Sacred Archaeology, is directly from the street. The passage inside, leading to the crypt, was ornamented with festoons of box, and, as were all the other galleries, illuminated with candles, so that you could easily find your way about. The crypt itself was probably constructed early in the second century and must have once contained the tomb of a martyr and served for liturgical services. It is a sort of a vestibule to the celebrated Greek chapel, so called from its Greek inscriptions and is remarkable for its paintings and fine stucco work. In the crypt was a recumbent marble statue of St. Filumena, an altar, with its lights and a cross in the Greek form instead of the crucifix. The priests, in their vestments, stood behind the altar facing the people. A choir of young men, with a cabinet organ, were at one side in the Greek chapel. All about, in the various galleries, were the burial places of the early Christians, some of whom must have seen the apostles. Most of these graves were open, and you could see the fragments of bone and occasionally a skull. In one place, not far away, brick walls had been anciently erected to support the roof, threatened by the many buildings once existing above the Catacomb. The Commission had made openings in it in order that the closed tombs behind might be seen. Here among others of the first half of the second century was the name of the Martyr Vericundus, in vermillion paint and Pompeian characters, written thus: VERIC -M- VNDVS.

Just below, with a marble slab, the letters cut and painted black, with a dove and palm branch at the ends, was the inscription placed by a father to his daughters, Serena and Norica. On the opposite side occurs the name of Peter, and that of an infant named Susanna, in vermillion. Near by was the tomb of St. Filumena, with her name, and anchors and palm branches. The terra cotta slab is in three sections, and the ignorant fossor originally put them up in the wrong position, thus: LVMENA PAXTE CVMFI. We should read *Pax tecum Filumena*, peace be with you Filumena.

Seldom, or perhaps never since the ninth century, has such an event as this taken place here. The service was most interesting to me, and I seemed to be transported back to the times of the early church, to the times of the martyrs. Had the thousands of early Christians, some of them martyrs, within hearing, the tombs of many of whom had been undisturbed since they were first laid to rest with the prayers of the church, some seventeen or eighteen centuries ago, been restored to life on that Sunday morning, they would have heard the same Latin language, listened to the same Gospel and Epistle, perhaps, and the same or similar prayers, the style of the music and the altar would have been about the same, the dress of the clergy substantially the same, and the lighted passages would have been familiar to them. But the crumbling and ruined galleries, and the dress of the people round about, this would have seemed strange indeed to them.

All day long, a day never to be forgotten, we could wander through this ancient and venerable Catacomb at our leisure, and be carried back in thought to the earliest days of the Christian church.



here in 177 A. D. Her body was found in 820 A. D.,

wrapped in cloth of gold; preserved, they say, in perfect shape, in a cypress coffin which contained the linen with its blood-stains at her feet. Here at this time is a realistic wax figure, showing about her shapely neck the scarlet line where she was cruelly beheaded.

It is worthy of remark that there is no Mary-worship in the early church as represented in the Catacombs. Neither was there any sadness or revenge manifest. We saw doves of purity, olive branches of peace, palms of victory, feasts of fellowship, the Good Shepherd, and the

OUR GREAT FELLOW-TRAVELER, MR. J. HARVEY TREAT, AND HIS SUMMER HOME IN MAINE

Mr. Treat, who is furnishing Harvard College with the best library on Rome which the world can furnish, has written an excellent article on "The Catacombs."

fish, whose Greek name, "*ichthus*," gave them the anagram for "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." Such was the creed of the early church in Rome. Two of us went back to see the first representation of our Lord's baptism in art. While we lingered, the party climbed the exit stairs and the guide locked the door. We could not find our way back to the entrance. To have attempted it would have been to get hopelessly lost in the labyrinths. One candle soon burned out. With one that was left, however, we studied some monuments that had been all too hastily passed, and had not quite finished when another guide came along and released the prisoners. But what a place it must have been for the persecuted Christians to spend days, months or years, in the darkness of that subterranean cemetery, church and home!

The next great age to study is that of the Papacy. When Constantine removed the capital to Constantinople, he left Rome to the mercy of the barbarians who were sweeping down from the north. The Roman pastors, some of whom were of princely descent, became the chief defenders and rulers of the city and of the West. Leo and Gregory the Great led in this direction, and



PLAZA OF ST. PETER'S, ROME

finally, with the crowning of Charlemagne at the round stone inside the portal of St. Peter's on Christmas Day, 800 A. D., the "Holy Roman Empire" took shape. Here secular and sacred power were closely knit until 1870, when the Pope claimed infallibility and when Italy became free from the papal rule.

The Basilica of St. Peter stands both for the triumph and for the fall of the popes. The sale of indulgences to get money for its erection gave occasion for Luther's inauguration of the Reformation. It is a stately pile. It drew our feet daily to its Piazza. This Egyptian obelisk was witness to imperial persecutions. Here was the site of Nero's gardens. Here he tortured the Christians for burning the city, although he himself, perhaps, had kindled the flames. Here he clothed the saints in skins of wild beasts and set dogs upon them. Here he robed them in tar and burned them as torches to light up the

race-track where he debased himself to become a jockey.

The approaches to the vast cathedral are on a grand scale. The wide, semi-circular colonnades, the flashing fountains and the rising terraces afford a setting of dignity. A walk around the columns and walls would lead us half a mile. The dome that Michael lifted, like that of Florence, but larger, is massive and immense. We climbed a long series of inclines and stairs to reach the roof, where a village of workmen reside; then proceeded to the first gallery and on to the *ringhiera secondo*, where people on the floor below shrivelled to dolls; then we climbed on to another landing, and at last to the lantern. From



By the courtesy of F. C. Clark

ROME.—PLAZA OF ST. PETER'S. THE VATICAN PALACE

this summit we saw from the snow mountains to the sea; we counted the seven hills; looked into the papal gardens and swept a panorama that has no superior.

The leathern curtain lifts on a superb vista within. The pillars and columns that uphold the dome are colossal. Regiments may march through these aisles. Simultaneous services may be held in a score of chapels, and confessions are made in all languages. The canopy over the supposed tomb of St. Peter has been enriched with lavish art. The bronze statue of the Jupiter that has been transformed to the Jew-Peter is black with age. It gave most "Celts" a sensation to see devotees brush the great toe with their coat-sleeves or handkerchiefs, kiss it, then, perhaps, press it with the forehead and kiss it the second time. The temple, however, was uplifting.

Majesty,  
Power, Strength, Glory and Beauty—all are aisled  
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.  
Enter! its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal, and can only find  
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
Thy hopes of immortality.

Many of us were fortunate enough to be in Rome for Easter Sunday. We took a tram at an early hour and secured a good position. Those who paid ten or twenty francs got seats. An English traveler standing by us looked enviously at those who occupied the benches and remarked: "Those Americans like to be comfortable." But several thousand Italians and others stood for three or four hours. One of our party fainted from the exhaustion and the suffocating heat. Few Protestants could follow the high mass devotionally, but it was impressive as a spectacular event. The Sistine Choir, composed of nobles and eunuchs, sang with wonderful sweetness and power; the soloists, Moresci and Mori, were simply superb. Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State, was the celebrant and has a strong face. He is the power behind the Papal chair; and might be the next Pope; but he has made many enemies among the cardinals.



CAPPUCCINI CEMETERY, ROME

In the afternoon we attended vespers at St. John Lateran, the "mother and head of the churches in the city and the ecclesiastical world." The organ is of great richness; the singing seemed more worshipful, perhaps because our

curiosity was less. The incensing of altars, and the presentation of relics was unique. The heads of Peter and Paul are claimed for this church. At one point in the ceremony the canon was slow in producing his relic. The exhibitor, who turned like an automaton on a pivot, stood as motionless and stolid as a graven image; but the cantor who chanted out the descriptions was as nervous as a boy. This church was the home of the popes for long ages. Their palace adjacent is now a museum which we failed to see. Near by is the Scala Santa. We noted, climbing it on their knees, a score of people who believed that our Lord passed down these steps when He was condemned by Pilate. It was here that Luther rose from his knees, disgusted with such works of merit, for he heard a voice saying: "The just shall live by faith."

On Easter Monday the Pope gave an audience to pilgrims who were in the city, and we were fortunate enough to have letters to Monsignor Kennedy, of the American College, who procured us tickets. We went early to get front seats and to see the crowds gather. Those who were admitted to the Sistine Chapel wore full dress or ecclesiastical robes, the ladies being in black and veiled. There is no royal court which maintains as much mediævalism in costumes as that of the Vatican. The Swiss Guard stand at the bronze gates in striped red and yellow; the gendarmes are in white breeches, jackboots and bearskin caps; the Palatine guards in black tunics, gold epaulettes and shakoes with red plumes; the Bussolanti are laymen in violet cassocks and flowing streamers; the Noble Guard have brass helmets, jackboots and swords; while the Palfrenieri, who carry the Pope, have red damask liveries of the time of Louis XIV.

A long procession of students entered from various lands; pilgrims from different continents; chamberlains and cantors, canons and cardinals, prelates and patriarchs, bishops and archbishops, acolytes and generals of orders like the Black Pope, monks in all colors and monsignori; gentlemen and distinguished guests found place. Then a stir, a shout of "*Viva*," and there appeared on a platform, carried shoulder high, an aged figure, with face as thin and translucent as a wafer. The Pope rose partly to his feet, extended his hand with two open fingers in benediction, blessed all persons and all articles before him and was seated in the famous Chapel. After the services and addresses were over, he was robed from head to foot in erminé, white and warm, placed in an enclosed sedan chair and carried quickly away to rest. His face is that of a good man, able, benevolent, strong-willed; not without spiritual pride, but doubtless in good conscience maintaining the trust which he fancies has been committed to him. If, however, he could surrender his vain dream of temporal power and would unite Italy under one government, it would be vastly better for church and state. Would God that American Catholics might lead a reformation within the Italian Church.

The art of Rome is extensive and masterful enough to command the entire week in a preliminary survey. Here are the great pictures and sculptures of the world. When Napoleon compelled his brother-in-law to send his art treasures to Paris, for the Louvre, Prince Borghese dug up from his own gardens another gallery full of gems. We drove through these lovely grounds, by the

spot where Raphael used to paint, and found the suburban villa full of charm. Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, was the first striking figure as a Venus. The most famous painting is Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." Early another day we dropped into the Church of St. Lorenzo, in Lucina, to see Guido Reni's "Crucifixion." In painting it, the artist is said to have crucified his model, and Browning describes the work as "second to naught observable at Rome."

The Barberini Palace boasts the bright-eyed Fornarina and the pathetic "Beatrice Cenci," whose history the critics doubt. The Archangel Michael, trampling the Dragon, does Guido credit. The Aurora at Rospigliosi Casino delights every visitor with its reflection in the mirror. The great Horsetamers at the Quirinal Palace are worth seeing. The famous statue of Moses at San Pietro, in Vinculi, has a small head, but is a graphic presentation of the indignant lawgiver rising to crush the idols of Israel. Michael Angelo's *Pieta* at St. Peter's in the first chapel on the right is ideal in its beauty and is the more wonderful as having been made when the artist was only twenty-four years old. Bernini has a very pathetic *Pieta* in the Corsini Chapel at St. John Lateran. It stands alone in the crypt under an electric light, and offers quiet to those who will meditate awhile on its tender meaning. There are two tombs by Canova in St. Peter's that fasten themselves in memory. One was that of Clement XIII, where a waking and a sleeping lion are prone at the feet of a matchless figure called Death. The other memorial is to the last of the royal Stuart race, where genii, with inverted torches, stand in exquisite proportions and satiny finish, mourning with bowed heads the dethroned Catholic dynasty of England.



CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME

At the Capitoline Museums one sees the famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius; the antique wolf of the fifth century B. C.; the Fat Baby of Dickens; the busts of philosophers and the unexampled line of emperors; the Marble Faun that Hawthorne made famous; Cupid and Psyche; the Venus that has a perfect feminine form but not the divine character of the one at the Louvre; and the wonderful Dying Gaul or gladiator who expires on his broken shield like a hero.

He leans upon his hand; his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony;  
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavily one by one.

The Vatican, however, is the great center of art. One despairs of treating it in a page. We went almost daily to study its masterpieces. The Sistine Chapel has upon its ceiling one of the two triumphs in modern art. There, in the frescoes of Michael Angelo, the grandeur of painting culminates. The Creation, the Flight of Adam and his beautiful Eve, the Flood with its terror, the Prophets and Sibyls, the ancestors of Christ, and finally, the Last Judgment on the altar wall, demand long study. There are some grewsome figures at the bottom. The one with ass's ears is Biago, who criticised Angelo's work. Finding himself in perdition, he appealed to the Pope. His Holiness evaded him, saying that his jurisdiction extended no farther than purgatory. So the priest remains in this Inferno to this day.

In Raphael's Stanze is the supreme beauty of modern art. The conflagration in the Borgo is the most popular work, and represents the fighting of



PIAZZA NAVONA OR CIRCO AGONALE, ROME

the fire on the right, the prayers in the center, and the escape on the left. The expulsion of Heliodorus is full of intense action; while Theology and Poetry, Philosophy and Justice, are famous the world over. Raphael's Loggia consists of thirteen sections, each with four pictures. This series of scriptural scenes constitutes Raphael's Bible. It is beautiful beyond words. Raphael's tapestry is a marvel and has been widely but not so successfully copied.

The pictures are few but choice. We went again and again to the room where three masterpieces enchanted all eyes. The Last Communion of St. Jerome takes you to the bedside of the translator, where the lion and the mourners await the end. The Foligno Madonna shows the bomb falling upon the doomed city, and the supplications for its safety. The Transfiguration, however, is the greatest of all. The upper scene is faded a trifle, but it is from Raphael's own brush, the last and loveliest creation of the genius who died in youth. This canvas was borne before his body to its burial. Who can ever

forget the sweet young face of the Master, the wonderful composition and the colors of the group? The women are the best part of the lower scene about the paralytic.

The sculptures comprise a wilderness of marbles. Among them we recall a bust of Zeus, a splendid torso of Hercules, a figure of Father Nile with sixteen cupids climbing over him, an athlete scraping himself, the Niobe statues, the godlike Apollo in the Belvedere stepping forth from the sun, and the intense group of the Laocoon with his two sons strangled by the serpents. We brought away photographs of these immortal works in detail to study them at leisure.

Italy had a long struggle for her freedom from papal and foreign rule. Rienzi attempted to restore the republic, but was dashed down the steps of the Capitol. In 1789 a short-lived republic was organized, but France restored the Pope and upheld him until the Prussian War. That war gave the Italian soldiers



THE GOOD SAMARITAN. (SIEMENROTH)

admission to Rome on September 20, 1870, and by the street Venti Settembre, which commemorates their independence day, we too, entered Rome. Now the statue of Garibaldi crowns the Janiculum Hill, where he can keep an eye on the Vatican, and the king holds possession of the Quirinal.

The Pantheon has been a resting-place of Italy's great men since Hadrian. Raphael is buried here. We saw the grave of Victor Emmanuel, where the "cataract of sunlight fell through the open dome" and his monument was covered with immortelles. That of King Humbert was not far away, and was fresh with the tributes of the beloved Queen Dowager, Marguerita. In America, party fanaticism encouraged an anarchist to murder our President; in Italy papal resistance to the King may fan a fool's disloyalty to fatal fire.

We went to the royal palace without a "permesso," but some *Celtic* queens

took us under their chaperonage and we mounted the broad stairs to the royal halls. In one *sala* was the cradle which was presented by the city of Rome to the present Queen. It was of solid silver, woven like a wicker basket and bordered with gold. It was suspended from a square bronze column at one end and from a golden figure at the other. The little princess, Yolande, is but a few months old and the ladies were wild to see the "*bambino*," but Her Majesty was out with the nurse. We were admitted to some private apartments, which had been occupied by the Emperor of Germany and such guests. The smoking room was furnished in Japanese lacquer and mirrors; the bed-chambers were furnished in the softest green velvet and in the style of Louis XV.

Hearing that the King could be seen on his return from the races at about

four p. m., we drove out Appia Nuova to meet him. Past St. John's Gate; out and on until five p. m. we went, but met no king. At last we started home. A dozen automobiles or two passed; hundreds of bicycles flew by; two were double, one was driven by gasoline and only one by a young woman; carts galore, one with white wheels and a white horse; elegant equipages with the finest horses and the most beautiful women we had seen abroad; dark eyes, olive-tinted faces, shapely features and good complexions made bewitching brunettes of an animal type; but still no king. Our coach-



ROME.—RUINS OF TEMPLE. THE PANTHEON

man did not understand a word of English. Half of Roman society had gone into the city. Soldiers were on every hillock and officers dashed through every group. At last our *cocchiere* cried: "*Ecco, il Re.*" We turned and saw a fine carriage without any outriders or any distinction except an unusually tall coachman and a good-looking footman beside him. "*Do-ve? en primo carrozza?*" we asked incredulously. "*Si, si.*" In a second, Victor Emmanuel III was fairly alongside, young, slight, not bad-looking, wearing a close-fitting black jacket buttoned to the neck, and a military cap banded with black and red. The Queen sat on his right, wearing a white hat and a white wrap about her shoulders. We lifted our hats, cried "*Viva*" as they drove rapidly on, caught a smile and a bow, then fell in beside the Japanese Ambassador to follow. The other half of Rome was out to welcome us home. Colors were flying and streets were jammed; we bade *cocchiere* go "*piu presto*"; then to take "*l'autre via*"; he objected "*longa*," but yielded, and we were not very late for dinner.

We did not do such literary shrines as the place of Petrarch's coronation at the Capitol, or the scene where Dante waited for the laurel wreath until Death distanced Honor. But we visited the Church of Ara Coeli, with its pagan altar to "the first-born Son of God," where the diamond doll, Bambino, works miracles, and where

Gibbon decided to write his history of Rome's decline. We visited the cemetery where a slab commemorates Shelley's "*Cor cordium*" and his "Sea-change." We stood reverently by the nameless grave of him who lamented that his name was "writ in water," and rejoiced to see beside him the burial place of Judge Severn as "the friend of John Keats." We had a long search on streets that change their names every block or two for a place that Hawthorne made illustrious. There was no light visible. We asked if this were Hilda's Tower. "No; it is Torre del Chiama." We did not know a monkey by his Italian name any better than they knew our New England romanticist. But when our Buckeye became a Frenchman and inquired about the monkey that stole



STATUE OF GARIBALDI, ROME



FATHER TIBER

the muzzled In  
language, musi  
ters, with a  
and constant  
the beggars,  
bad as in the  
expected, but

the flower-girls; the baths where classic gentry found their libraries, galleries, club-houses and shopping arcades; the Capuchin monastery, with its chapels artistically decorated in bone; these and a thousand things beside are worthy of record, but space forbids.

Rome has no Acropolis like Athens; no site like Constantinople; no commerce like London; no beauty like Paris; no wealth like New York; no Calvary like Jerusalem; but it has a combination of artistic glory, judicial records, ecclesiastical influence and historical greatness which extend in unbroken continuity through nearly three milleniums; these make it unique and unparalleled among cities.

The last evening we went to the Fountain of Trevi. We sat and watched its triple cascades and thought of all the bewitching enchantments which this mistress of the centuries had laid upon our hearts. "I wonder who gets all these coppers," exclaimed our Rock Island dominie, who disbelieved in sentimental nonsense. He proposed to keep his coin; but the spell grew irresistible with the rising moon, and even he is said to have sipped from

the fountain with his left hand, and to have cast his soldo over the left shoulder into the fountain. Certain it is that we all dream of the day when

a child and carried him to the tower, then Giovanni's face glowed and we were able to bid them "*Buon sera*" with the satisfaction of having found our shrine.

But time would fail us to tell of all; the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Waldensian Churches thriving under quisation; the Italian cal, without silent let-syllable for every vowel reminders of the Latin; ubiquitous, but not so Orient; the fees, always infinitesimal in amount;



APPIA VIA, ROME



TREVİ FOUNTAIN, ROME

we may return to drink again of these historic chalices and to tread once more the prehistoric paths of Rome.

Therefore farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye envineyarded ruins!  
Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars, and domes!  
Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the mythic Albano,  
Seen from Montorio's height, Tiber and Aesula's hills!  
Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills and the city eternal,  
Therefore farewell, we depart, but to behold you again!



COLUMN OF MARCUS AURELIUS, ROME

## THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE, ROME



ONE of the most remarkable women we met on our whole journey was Miss M. E. Vickery, the president of the school at Crandon Hall, Via Veneto, Rome, just opposite the Queen's palace. The school numbers one hundred and seventy-five pupils, girls, representing one hundred and sixty-four families of the best classes, and stands for all that combines to make true womanhood. It is run on a good financial basis. The income from pupils amounts to over twenty thousand dollars each year. Miss Vickery says in her report:

"The Liberal Party in Rome united with us in celebrating the opening. A distinguished member of Parliament, Honorable Pinchia, gave us an inspired address, the Minister of Public Instruction, the Secretary of State and the Mayor of Rome, Prince Prospero Colonna, sent telegrams and letters of congratulation, and the Superintendent of Roman Schools and many members of the Liberal Party in Parliament were present.

'All agreed that Crandon Institute would supply a long-felt need, that at last there was a first-class school

in Rome free from the influence of the clerical party; a school where their daughters might receive the highest culture and be taught the principles of religion without absorbing that hatred of New Italy, so artfully instilled into their hearts by nuns embittered by the overthrow of papal power."



THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE, ROME  
MISS M. E. VICKERY, SUPT.

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Founded, 1897, by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the direction of Miss Martha Ellen Vickery, to bring a knowledge of the Evangelical Faith to the better classes and give Italian womanhood an opportunity for highest development.

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Total enrollment, since opening, 212—about two-thirds are Italians, daughters of professors, lawyers, doctors, etc., of the upper middle classes; one-half residents of Rome, the rest from all parts of Italy. College alumnæ attending American Archæological School are received *en pension*.

The Institute receives pupils of any religious faith. The boarders attend prayers, morning and evening, classes of Bible study and evangelical services on Sunday. The day pupils attend a short service every morning, repeating the Lord's Prayer in common.

From the first the Institute has paid its own professors and provided for all current expenses (rent and furnishings being granted by the W. F. M. S.) from its income from tuitions. Local receipts for 1901, \$11,070.

They need an Endowment of the various chairs. Furnishings for the gymnasium, physical and chemical laboratories. Bequests to aid in paying for the building. Scholarships.

Address all communications to

MISS M. E. VICKERY,

Crandon Hall, Via Veneto,

Rome, Italy.

## FLORENCE

BY REV. WALTER B. GREENWAY, LYONS FARMS, N. J.



HAVING visited Naples, "The Belle City," and Rome, "The Eternal City," we continue northward one hundred and twenty-five miles to Firenzi or Florence, the "Genteel City." "The fairest city in the world" is in the valley of the Arno at the foot of gentle hills with which it is surrounded, where everything that nature can lavish and art devise has been done to make her pre-eminently the "Beautiful City."



The glories of the Arno, whose waters intersect the city, have been sung by many a poet. Yet the observer may ask why. For if the truth must be told, it is much thicker than pure water should be. But Florence would never be Florence without the Arno. The little stream of water flowing among spurs of the Apennine Hills covered with the cypress, ilex, chestnut and pine, affords a beautiful picture, and a field rich for the botanist. It was this natural scenery, which, no doubt, existed in the first century A. D., that led the Etruscans to move from Pisa and settle on the banks of the Arno. Florence is a city of palaces, gardens, stately churches, broad piazzas, fascinating and winsome. Every street is a chapter in her history, and every house a leaf in that chapter.

"Where'er our charmed and wondering gaze we turn, art, history, and tradition wait to claim our deepest thought; statues and marble groups adorn the streets; the very stones have tongues, the holy fanes, the towers, are eloquent."

We called her the "Genteel City." This is the only word which expresses what is in truth the special quality of Florence and the Florentines. The population of nearly two hundred thousand does manifest assuredly more than any other Italian city the result of long and highly cultivated civilization.

The people are far superior to those visited in southern Italy. The Florentines are gentle and courteous in their manner, and are well disposed to those who treat them kindly. They are justly proud of their traditions, but hardly conscious that centuries of misgovernment have left them behind in the race of civilization. From their physical organization the Florentines are defective in manly courage, but peculiarly sensitive to the beautiful in art and able to reproduce all that is delicate in decoration. Such were the scenic surroundings and environment observed by three young tourists as we emerged from our hotel, whither we had gone late the previous night. Perhaps not young so much in reference to years but only in actions, as we set about to see all the Florentines' beauty with a command of no more than six words of the vernacular. First we must see the Duomo, a great cathedral built by Arnolfo Del Cambio and Giotto. The dome is said to be the widest in the world and the first double dome ever built. The cupola was a model for Michael Angelo when he was designing St. Peter's in Rome. At first the exterior appeared more attractive than the interior. The porch with pillars resting on the backs of lions is very graceful. Every step as one walks around the great building affords something of interest and beauty. Crossing the piazza, we enter the Duomo and at first are disappointed, as it seemed unusually dark and sombre. But soon the dim grandeur began to appear, as the light came exclusively through painted windows, and in beauty this is worth all the variegated marble and rich cabinet work of St. Peter's. The painted windows were the central attractions to us, for certainly the art of man has never contrived anything in beauty to be compared to this. Hawthorne says: "It is a pity any one should die without seeing an antique painted window with the bright Italian sunlight glowing through it." The campanile stands apart from the church. In its construction, Giotto was directed to surpass in magnificence anything the world had ever seen. It is built out of variegated marble, adorned with a lightness and ethereal beauty which no word can describe. The bas-reliefs on the sides are wonderfully designed. To the west is a description of events from Adam to Noah; to the south, scenes descriptive of early religious and civic development; to the east, scenes descriptive of industries; to the north, education and art. It is a study for poet, artist and architect. It is like a shrine of ivory. The story of Giotto, the shepherd boy, and Giotto, the builder of the tower, will ever be told and retold by Florentines.

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,  
The city of Florence blossoming in stone—  
A vision, a delight, and a desire,  
The builder's perfect and centennial flower.

Next we pass to the Baptistry. It also stands apart from the church as a distinct building. The principal objects of interest here were three bronze doors, two by Ghiberti and one by Pisano. As we gaze upon these great doors and observe the fertility of invention, the clearness with which each design tells its own story of biblical events, the grace of the figures, the luxuriant fancy displayed throughout, we can appreciate the praise of Michael Angelo, who said as he looked: "Those gates are worthy to be the gates of paradise." Florence contains about two hundred churches, the majority of which will repay a visit. There is the Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. The exterior is handsome, but the interior surpasses it. On your right is the tomb



BEAUTIFUL FLORENCE FROM THE PARK

of Florence's most illustrious man, Michael Angelo. He was one of the most variously accomplished men that ever lived. He was painter, sculptor, architect and poet. And nothing that ever came from his hand was mean or poor. Here, also, we saw a supposed tomb of Dante, although we were strongly of the opinion that he was buried at Ravenna. In front is a genuine tomb that all admire. It is that of Galileo.

Another church visited was San Lorenzo. The principal thing of interest here is a statue of Lorenzo. It is a most peculiar spectacle. It almost makes real for one the idea of Milton's Satan brooding over his infernal plans for the ruin of mankind, yet it is the one work worthy of Michael Angelo's reputation and grand enough to vindicate for him all the genius for which the world gave him

credit. It is awesome. It is a miracle. No such peculiar grandeur and majesty have elsewhere been put into human shape. Turning from this, the eye falls upon a beautiful statue of the Madonna and Child by the same sculptor. We now pass up the street a little way to Cer San Michele, which is one of the most remarkable churches in Florence. It was originally a corn exchange and was transformed into a church by the Guild of Weavers. Around it are some masterly pieces of art. We will mention but one, that is the statue of St. Mark, by Donatello. As Michael Angelo passed he said: "Mark, why don't you speak to me?" Every church in Florence has its own peculiar interest, and beside the many churches representing the religious disposition of the people, there are frames containing pictures of sacred subjects with lamps burning before them, commemorating the ancient usage of praying on the street corners.

We now turn our attention to the galleries, but with no attempt at description. That would take volumes. However, we must note our visit to Uffizi, Pitti Palace, and Academy of Fine Arts. Here the art wonders of the world are found. What an inspiration it is to look upon the masterly work of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo Da Vinci, Donatello, and others of this class. Every corridor is complete in itself. First let us go to the "Tribuna," a little octagonal room in the Uffizi gallery. Here are five pieces of sculpture of world-wide celebrity. Look at that Venus de Medici, but be careful, or the day will be spent while you gaze. Turn and see that Apollino, both the above by Cleomenes. There are the Wrestlers, a small but elegant piece, full of energy and skilful detail. The Grinder is also a wonderful "living" statue, with attitude most natural and the whole arrangement very effective. Last but not least, is the Dancing Faun. It is, perhaps, the most exquisite piece of art of all that remains of the ancients. In this little room are pictures no less remarkable than the sculptures. Here we saw the Venus of Nebino, by Titian; the portrait of a lady, painted by Raphael when he was only twenty years of age; the famous Fornarina; the Madonna at the Well; St. John the Baptist, by Raphael. The last named is his only painting on canvas. Here hung also the Holy Family, by Michael Angelo.

Passing reluctantly out of this little room to the adjoining one, we are surrounded by a collection from the Tuscan school. Here it is we notice the works of those whose influence upon art was felt the world over. The first to excite our interest was the head of the Medusa, by Leonardo da Vinci.

When once you have seen this terrible and fascinating picture, you can never forget it. The ghastly head seems to expire and the serpents to crawl into glittering life as you look upon it. Opposite hangs two well-known pictures by Fra Angelico, the Fête of the Virgin, and Death of the Virgin. Every creation of his pencil was an act of piety and charity; he sought alone the glory of God, but earned an immortal glory among men. Here we saw one of Del Sarto's Madonnas and at once concluded that he must have had a very beautiful wife, as we remembered that she was the subject of all his Madonnas.

What a painting is that of Credi's, the Madonna Adoring the Child. Music and painting were ever allied; their union is expressed in this lovely and harmonious picture. Retracing our steps a little, we enter the Italian collection.

Here is a number of charming pictures: The Innocents, by Dorso Dossi; The Virgin with Jesus, and St. John, by Guido Reni. In the next room is the Dutch collection. On and on they continue, the best of the Flemish, German, French and Venetian schools being preserved here.

We pass now across the wing to the Pitti Palace. Here is the finest collection of art in the world. It is useless in so limited a space to attempt to describe the contents of this palace. Through a façade of over six hundred feet one can feast the eye upon the best productions of man. Here we see The Cardinals, Pope Julius II, Madonna dell' Impannota, the Madonna dell' Sedia and the Vision of Ezekiel (a marvelous picture) and Madonna dell' Granduca, by Raphael. The last named is the finest picture in the whole group; Magdalene, La Bella de Tziano (world famed), and a head of the Saviour, by Titian; Peace and War, Nymphs Surprised, and the Holy Family, by Rubens; Venus, Cupid and Vulcan, by Tintoretti; Cleopatra, by Guido Reni, and the Madonna and Child, by Botticelli. These are only a few of what we saw. The whole building is lined with the best works of master artists. Passing out, we must make a short call at the Academy of Fine Arts. We will mention only one item here, though there are many things of interest. In the center of the cupola saloon stands the famous statue of David, by Michael Angelo. It is a work of marvelous beauty, and a good companion for the equally famous statue of Moses, by the same artist, now in Rome. The block of marble from which this statue was made had been spoiled by Bacellino. Michael Angelo obtained the refuse block and produced this masterpiece. Having spent many hours in galleries, forgetting that we are tired until the closing hour comes, we pass out to gardens and parks. The Boboli Gardens adjoin the Pitti Palace. Their dark alleys, quaint terraces, statues and fountains, are delights to the Florentines. As we sit here resting, all Florence lies before us. Now for a drive around the town through the streets. After a short drive from our hotel, we find ourselves in a large square called Piazza della Signoria. This is to Florence what the Piazza San Marco is to Venice. Here bustle to and fro the business men of the city. Here linger the artist and the student. Here alone one can get a fair idea of the wealth of art in the fair city. There stands the famous Palazzo Vecchio, which contains the old tower in which was confined the dauntless Savonarola. It was here the dependencies of Florence gathered to offer their tribute to the State. Here stood the tribunal from whence the republican orators delivered their speeches. Here in the open square was burned the body of Savonarola. A fountain now marks the spot where he was burned. We cannot linger long here. We'll recommend a reading of "Romola" for a vivid description. We must, however, refer to the Loggia dei Lanzi, standing at the end of the square. On the portico stand five pieces of statuary which Michael Angelo said could not be improved on. The five pieces are "The Rape of the Sabines," by Bologna; "Judith Slaying Holofernes," by Donatello; "Ajax with the Body of Patroclus," restored by Ricci; "Hercules Slaying the Centaur," by Bologna; "The Rape of Polyxena," by Fedi, and "Perseus with the Head of Medusa," by Cellini. Driving from place to place, every one interesting, we called at the old homesteads of Michael Angelo, Cellini, Dante, Ghiberti,

and Galileo. We cannot describe minutely all the environs, but can only say that Florence provides an object of interest for everyone of every taste. Some one has said, "See Rome and die"; we would like to advise, wait to see Florence. With liberty has come a renewed life, and yet, while all that was unworthy the "fairest city in the world" is being banished, nothing that is dear to the lover of art or student of history is desecrated. Florence is beautiful as well as interesting, gay as well as solemn, pleasant as well as instructive.

Well might Mrs. Browning have said of Milton:

"He sang of Paradise, and smiled, remembering Florence."



DR. WILLIAM R. WARD, LYONS FARMS, N. J.  
"OUR BUSY PHYSICIAN"



THE FAMOUS CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S BEFORE ITS COLLAPSE

*By courtesy of Current Literature, New York; owned by Mail and Express, New York*

## VENICE

BY REV. W. S. MARQUIS, D.D., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.



ACTUALLY in Venice! The dream of years fulfilled. This was the exclamation of many *Celtic* travelers as they stepped out of the railway station into a gondola, and glided away into the lucid stillness of Venice, "Queen of the Adriatic." Few, if any, of us entered the city in the way which Mendelssohn and Byron, Ruskin and Howells, and many other poetic and leisurely souls have laid down as the orthodox way—by boat, from Mestre, on a moonlight night, when the city rises from the waves mysteriously, "as from the stroke of the enchanter's wand"; a sea Cybele,



jeweled with flashing lights innumerable. But though we entered in the most prosaic way, the vision was sufficiently beautiful to give pleasure for a lifetime. What a contrast! to leave our hot and panting iron steed, spurning the dust from his metal feet, for the gondola, rocking peacefully like a "slumberous cradle" on the water; to pass from the wheat fields and olive orchards and vineyards clinging to trellises of living trees, to streets of liquid emerald, where you glide noiselessly amid a multitude of strange craft, and under the shadow of shops and palaces, towers and domes, which have risen as by miracle in the sea. One of those picturesque and variegated mendicants whom the Venetians call "gransieri," or crab-catchers, held our boat to the marble steps of the station as we entered it. It is a little better than begging and deserves a few *soldi*. "Stalir," to the right, cries our gondolier as he seeks a place in the moving



THE FINDLEYS AND CRARYS AT VENICE

colored vendors selling their goods; now a garden wall rises, its coping covered with vines and flowers; across the watery way stands a palace which has seen better days, and even now its hanging shutters and rent walls cannot destroy the beauty of design which its lines reveal; and here is a church, its carved pinnacles and dome rising out of the water like some gigantic growth of the sea. The wonder increases. Upon what do these walls rest? As we behold the rippling waves lap the very steps to their front doors, it seems to our unsophisticated minds as though they must dissolve into the sea. But this is the marvel; they have seen centuries come and go. Venice stands upon a hundred and eighteen islands, and her walls

rest upon piles, driven into the sand, which the sea-water preserves. The beautiful Palazzo Contarini, in which the English church holds meetings, dates back to 1504; the Palazzo Foscari, around which lingers the pathetic story of the old Doge who was dismissed from office and died of a broken heart, after thirty-five years of faithful service, just because he sobbed when his son was racked and exiled unjustly, was built in 1437; and St. Mark's can boast of foundations which were laid before the year 1000 A. D. As soon as the mind

throng. "Premier," to the left, cries another, and through the most impossible openings we glide, just missing, never colliding. Scarcely can we look upon the sights about us for keen interest in the boatman's skill.

But soon these weather-beaten walls on each hand demand attention. Here it is a great warehouse with cavernous doors and cumbersome freight hulks before them; then it is a broad quay with a dozen picturesque booths upon it, and gaily



DREAMING IN LOVELY VENICE



ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL

lays hold on these facts, what a charm it gives these walls. They may have lost their lustre, and show some furrows of decay, but who that reads the history

of their past, and has an imagination capable of re-peopleing them with the noble race that built them can fail to feel the fascination?



ANOTHER VIEW

It was our good fortune to find lodging in the Torre del Orologio, or famous Clock-Tower, which fronts upon the Piazza San Marco. Its dial of blue and gold, and its great green-bronze bell with the bronze Moors, who have pounded out the hours for more than four centuries, constitute one of the most conspicuous objects of the square. From the balcony of our window we could look down into the "heart of Venice," as Howells calls this square. It is a rectangle, paved with marble in designs, and is surrounded with a noble arcade supporting palaces that once throbbed with the proudest life of the

city. Directly in front of our balcony rise three slender shafts set on ornamented sockets of bronze. They are the flag-staffs from which the banners of the republic once floated. Around them are gathered the famous pigeons of St. Mark, feeding on the bounty, and, perhaps, from the hands, of generous tourists. Just beyond the flag-staffs stood the great Campanile which fell with such an appalling crash on July 14, 1902. It will be missed not only as a splendid outlook, but also as an architectural feature whose lofty head and massiveness added much to the picture of Venice from land or sea.

But the eye is quickly drawn from these objects of lesser interest to that which has been the passion and glory of Venice for more than a thousand years,



BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO

incomparable St. Mark's. It forms one end of this great rectangle, rising, not with massive, heaven-aspiring towers like the cathedral at Cologne, but with modest arches, springing arch upon arch, supported by clustered shafts of many-hued marble, whose delicate veins flash back innumerable gleams of rainbow light, and all growing symmetrically into graceful pinnacles and airy domes so beautiful that they seem to you more like the efflorescence of some flower of architecture than the work of consummate skill and patient toil. But even yet our fair picture from the Clock-Tower is not complete. When at last the eye is released from the arches and domes, the golden mosaics and bronze horses of St. Mark's, it falls upon the Piazzetta—the little square which stretches at

almost right angles to St. Mark's down to the glinting sea. From where we stand we can see the double colonnade of the Doge's Palace, laboriously supporting its fretted marble front. Opposite is the Libreria Vecchia, which contains the invaluable library bequeathed to the city by Petrarch. Between these, facing the lagoon, are the two huge granite pillars brought from the archipelago in 1127. The lion of St. Mark's looks down from one, and St. Theodore, standing upon a crocodile, from the other. Beyond them, at the foot of the marble steps, ride row upon row of black gondolas waiting for their



ST. MARK'S, THE FAMOUS

passengers, and yonder across the broad Giudecca rises the noble church of San Giorgio Maggiore, the masterpiece of Palladio, flashing in the afternoon sun like a ruby in a setting of emerald. Verily we doubt if there is a more unique or beautiful picture in all the world than that which lies before us. The vast majority of visitors immediately turn their feet to St. Mark's. No one need save it to the last, thinking to there reach a climax of interest in his visit. It has wealth enough to be both first and last. It must be seen again and again before the mind awakens to a just appreciation of its exquisite beauty. History, art and religion all meet you at the door and vie for your attention.



PANORAMA OF VENICE FROM ST. MARK'S

What a story those splendid bronze horses above the entrance arch could tell



THE TWO COLUMNS D'ACRES

of their journey from Greece to Constantinople, to Venice, to Paris, and back to Venice? How interesting the history of the translation of the body of St. Mark from Alexandria to Venice, as related in those mosaics over the doorway—the landing, the magistrates venerating, the enshrining; it is a most fitting introduction to the whole church. Stop next at this red and white lozenge at your feet in the vestibule. There proud Frederick Barbarossa knelt before Pope Alexander III and kissed his feet in token of his submission to the supremacy of the Papal See. In that Roman sarcophagus to the right lies the body of Vitale Faliero, in whose reign the body of St. Mark was

brought to Venice. Through that curiously wrought iron gate is the massive bronze tomb of Cardinal Zeno, erected by the republic. Hours, yes, days, are needed for the study of these mosaics in the porch, some of which were designed by Titian and executed by the famous Zaccati brothers. And all this is but a prophecy of the greater riches within. When you have passed the bronze doors and stand with uncovered head in the holy place, "there opens before you a vast cave hewn out in the form of a cross and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars." The first impression is that of gloom, for the only light falls from narrow windows about the domes or from silver lamps burning fragrant olive oil. But as the eye becomes accustomed to the twilight and begins to trace the rich decorations which cover every foot of the interior, from tassellated marble floor to the alabaster walls and golden mosaics of the arching roof and springing domes; when out of the dim recesses of some side chapel there falls upon the ear the cadences of chanted prayer, and before many a shrine you behold the kneeling forms of silent worshippers, rich and poor bowing side by side, the soul begins to feel that mysterious sense of awe which has for ages drawn multitudes from the glare and blare of the world to rest and commune with God in the solemn hush of the holy place.

I sat down in the little chapel which contains the Byzantine picture of the Madonna which was brought from Constantinople in 1206. It is greatly venerated by the people, and has been adorned by votive offerings of rare beauty and priceless value; and as I was endeavoring to worship God in my own way, I saw a laboring man come, cross himself with holy water, and stop with his eyes fixed on the image of the Virgin. His face was working, his breast heaving, his hands clutching his old hat convulsively. Evidently some great emotion was sweeping through his soul. Presently he dropped upon his knees and his lips moved in prayer. And as he prayed he grew calm, a look of peace and joy supplanted the look of agony; then he rose quietly and walked out, a helped and happy man.



SAN MARIA DELLA SALUTE, OPPOSITE GRAND HOTEL, VENICE

Who can measure the value of such a place and privilege of prayer to a soul sorely tried?

Happy are they who can take Ruskin as their guide and interpreter to St. Mark's; who can let him leisurely point out the progressive significance of those wonderful mosaics from porch to altar, which lead the catechumen up through the Old Testament history to Christ Crucified, risen, triumphant; who can go with him into the baptistry where sleeps Andrea Dandolo, one of the greatest of the Doges, and let him make its time-rent walls glow with beauty and meaning—into sacristy, and treasury, and chapel of St. Isidore—he will

not lay stress on the relics, but he will pass nothing by in marble or bronze, silver or gold, which enshrines the devout thought of the ages and artists who have labored on this wonderful church. You will come forth with a new conception of the phrase, "sermons in stone."

Venice has nearly a hundred churches, and it is said that when they were built they would hold her entire population, and still leave room for the Paduans. Many of them were built as votive offerings to express gratitude for deliverance from enemies, or the wrath of pestilence; to expiate old wrongs and propitiate new favors. After the plague in 1576, which swept



ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL

forty thousand souls out of the city, the Church of Il Redentore was erected; after the still greater plague of 1631, which destroyed sixty thousand people, the Church of Maria della Salute was built. Each is worthy of study. The latter, from its advantageous position at the junction of the Grand Canal and the Canal Guidecca, and from its dignity of outline, is, perhaps, the most conspicuous piece of architecture in the city. It boasts among its art treasures a figure of St. Mark, by Titian, and the Marriage at Cana, by Tintoretto. The Church of Saints Giovanni and Paolo, built in 1234, has been called the Westminster Abbey of Venice. Here the Doges lay in state and their funeral services were held, and here many of them rest in their tombs. They seem pondering still as they lie carved in stately marble death, contemplating the past. The great church is piled arch upon arch, tomb upon tomb; some of the monuments hang in the nave high over the heads of the people as they kneel; above the city and its cries, and its circling life, and the steps of the easy-going Venetians. Near this church stands the famous equestrian statue of Celleri, re-

garding which Ruskin makes the extravagant statement: "I do not believe that there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world."

Yet another center of art and religion is the Church of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari and the Scuola di S. Rocco. The church boasts the tombs of Titian and Canova, a magnificent altar-piece by Bellini, and some of Titian's most valued works. The Scuola of San Rocco is called "the sanctuary of Tintoretto." Here were enshrined the relics of Saint Roch, stolen from Montpellier by the Venetians to protect themselves from the plague. Tintoretto and his scholars lavished their utmost skill upon it. The great painter's masterpiece, "The Crucifixion," is to be found here. Legends gather about these hoary walls, and history is epitomized in their monuments and pictures, so that he who



VIEW FROM SAN GEORGIO CHURCH

would find his way to the heart of the past in Venice must meditate much in her sanctuaries.

And now we turn our steps to the Doge's Palace, which was the center of the civic life of the republic. As we approach the entrance we see upon our left the pillars which once formed part of the gateway of San Sabbas at Acre, and on our right a little porphyry column from which the laws of the state were promulgated. Passing through the Porta della Carta, the gate of secretaries, from which images of Courage, Prudence, Hope, Charity and Justice look down, we find ourselves in a great courtyard, and immediately before us the "Giant's Stairway," at the head of which the Doges were crowned in olden time, with the words, "*Accipe coronam ducalem ducatus Venetorum.*" As we climb these steps, which only the nobility could ascend in former days, we try



THE DOGE'S PALACE, SAN MARCO,  
VENICE

to imagine the mingled feelings of pride and fear with which those stern men assumed the crown which, with high honor, brought such burdens and dangers. Here somewhere—possibly at the foot of these steps—Doge Falerio was stripped of his robes and beheaded; and Doge Foscari laid off his ducal cap and went to his own palace to die of a broken heart. The life of a Doge of Venice was stern and strenuous. "Five of the first fifty abdicated; five were banished with their eyes put out; nine were deposed; five were massacred and two fell in battle." Enter within these old walls and roam their corridors and council chambers. Read the life told in the frescoes and paintings of the great masters, Titian and Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Cagliari, Bassano. Stand in the great council chamber where the destinies of nations were

decreed; or in the chamber of the Council of Ten, and look in the Lion's Mouth, that hole in the wall through which secret denunciations were handed



ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

in; descend to the dungeons, dark, damp, living tombs, where many a good man faded into death or was led across the "Bridge of Sighs" to judgment and execution; climb to the "Piombi," those cells under the leaden roof, where

Burning suns  
Day after day beat unrelentingly,  
Turning all things to dust and scorching up  
The brain, till Reason fled, and wild yell  
And wilder laugh burst out on every side,  
Answering each other in mockery.

and if you have any love for the drama of human life, you must be fascinated by that drama enacted of old in this ducal palace.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHs

Lovers of art will also seek the Academy, where the whole history of Venetian painting may be studied in the masterpieces from each period. The work most admired and sought, though not the most worthy, if Ruskin is to be trusted, is "The Assumption," by Titian. Many will prefer "The Virgin and Saints," by Bellini; and others who love a touch of the tragic, "Saint Mark Delivering a Slave, by Tintoretto. Whatever your taste, whatever period you

desire to study, you may find it among these priceless treasures. Is it any wonder that Venice, in the days of her glory, was the home of art, or that to-day she draws students from all the world? Here was heroic life, enthroned most uniquely in marble palaces that rose from translucent seas, under sunny skies. It was powerful, opulent, intense, passionate, and beauty-loving because surrounded by beauty. What wonder that it flowered out in sculptured stone and illuminated canvas? The wonder is that the Venetians do not still give to the world great artists. But though the hands of the masters are dust, and none rise to follow, because, perhaps, the spirit of old Venice is dead, yet she is an inspiration and joy to the world. Who can float down her liquid streets by night, listening to the soft music of the serenade, a heaven of gleaming stars above you, a heaven of gleaming stars in the limpid depths below, a shadowy city rising all around, while black boats glide by with only the swish of an oar in the water like the rustle of a wing, and not feel a strange spell steal over his spirit? You seem almost to see the shadowy forms of the heroic dead who reared this child of the sea, and love and pity mingle in your breast.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great has passed away.



PALAIS VANAXEL AUX MIRACOLI



VILLEFRANCHE

## MONTE CARLO

BY ANNA M. MATHEWS



ALTHOUGH from Naples to Monte Carlo is less than twenty-four hours by ship and carriage, a reverend and revered father on board the *Celtic* had the courage of conviction to say that from Rome to Monte Carlo is as far as from heaven to hell.

But the location of Monte Carlo and Monaco in one of the most beautiful spots on the Franco-Italian coast is physically a few acres of heaven. The terraced cliff above the sea is covered by a luxuriant growth of palm-trees and aloes, while in the gardens are a profusion of semi-tropical fruits and flowers, the eucalyptus and lemon trees.

Above the cliff rises the Casino, founded in 1860 by M. Blanc, now much enlarged and containing an office in which the visitor must leave his name and address and receive a card of admission to the gambling room; a concert room, sumptuously furnished and accommodating eight hundred, and in which, during the gambling season, daily concerts are given at 2.30 and 8.30 by eighty select musicians; the gambling room, containing eight tables for roulette and two for trente-et-quarante, and on the upper floor a comfortable and commodious reading room supplied with papers in many languages. When we reflect that there are gamblers among all nations, and that no less than

four hundred thousand guests from these nations annually visit the famous Casino, the necessity and convenience of papers in many languages is apparent.

While many points of the Cruise had been approached with intense interest, and not a few with reverence, none had aroused so great a curiosity as the name Monte Carlo.

Inside there are no sulphurous fumes! No demoniac demonstration! Everything as tame and quiet as in any well-ordered parlor.



MONTE CARLO GARDEN

Men in evening dress, and women in beautiful Parisian gowns, chatting as gaily as at an evening reception.

Ah, but the tables are a little further on! Here were seated, perhaps, one hundred and fifty gamblers, of which about one-third were women.

Here no word was spoken save the announcement of the lucky number. Sums varying from five francs to six thousand at the roulette

tables, and from twenty francs to twelve thousand at the trente-et-quarante, were repeatedly staked.

When the last coin of a man's pile disappeared, his face tightened as he quietly arose from the table to make room for another eager player.

A few faces were hard, watchful, tense. The faces of some half-dozen of the women had lost all that gentleness of expression which should characterize the face of woman, and the face of one man will ever follow me with its desperate, hopeless eyes, that expression which precedes suicide to end it all—for himself. Doubtless, he has, ere this, added one more to the list of suicides, of which there is an average of one a week.



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## SWITZERLAND

### THE MODEL LITTLE REPUBLIC



S you draw near to Lake Como, you are already aware of a better order of things. Como is a charming little city nestling in the shadow of the high cliffs and mirrored in the water of one of the most beautiful lakes that we ever beheld. The city is surrounded

by old walls flanked with towers and pierced by gates that are fine specimens of middle-age military architecture. The cathedral is of marble and contains some interesting pictures and monuments. The town hall is also of marble, and is probably three hundred years older than any public building we can show in our country. We had just time to secure a room at the hotel and pass on to the little steamer that was loading for her trip among the mountains of Switzerland. It was a charming day, and the shadows had already begun their slant toward the east as the little vessel steamed out from her landing. The lake itself was smooth as glass and clear as crystal, reflecting the sun's rays with such brilliancy as to suggest a subdued flame of fire. Away in the distance we could see the snow-capped heights of this beautiful and rugged Switzerland as they touched the sky and were lost in the vision of the azure blue.

Near by, the peasants were cultivating their



BARTHOLOMI'S FAMOUS GROUP,  
BASLE, SWITZERLAND

little patches of garden or gazing at us from under the blossoms of trees that were promising great abundance of fruit later. The landscape was most beautiful and varied, while here and there the forest or the great bare pile of rock seemed to stand like armies guarding the tender village from the cold, invading winds. It grew warmer, seemingly, until the sun was lost to us upon the water. But as the great king of day began to hide the fullness of his glory behind the western mountain there came, as if by way of compensation, that beautiful haze upon the mountain-side, of which we had so often read. The changing hues, from the dull leaden purple to the beautiful white and blue, not deep, but in their faintest, finest hues. What marvelous scenery! What splendid variety and panoramic changes we beheld all the way to Bellaggio. This gem of a village is situated where the promontory separates the two arms of the

lake and is, perhaps, one of the most delightful spots in all the lake region of Italy.

We had passed numerous gay villas of aristocracy from Milan or England or the United States. We had seen their luxuriant gardens and vineyards. Above these only a little distance, we had seen rich orange groves, groves of chestnut and wal-



A VIEW IN SWITZERLAND

nut trees, beautiful in their brilliant green and contrasting strongly with the dull-gray tint of the olive, so willow-like, in its color at least. We had gazed sheer up to the top of a mountain seven thousand feet high and had sailed over spots twelve hundred feet deep. We had seen the birthplace of the Plinys and of Volta, and as we looked at the rugged outlines of the distant peaks,



THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF SWITZERLAND

slowly fading and growing dark, we said it is enough for one day. To-morrow comes Lucerne. Some one not long ago at a dinner given in Lucerne to American visitors gave utterance to this sentiment: "I could wish nothing better for the great republic across the sea than that in proportion to her greater resources and her opportunities she should be as happy, as prosperous, and as contented as the little republic within whose boundaries we meet to-day."

These rugged, liberty-loving republicans may be able to teach us a few lessons—lessons, too, that it would be worth our while to learn.

F. E. Clark says of her politics:

"To an outsider the politics of Switzerland seem to run themselves. Undoubtedly there are internal dissensions, differences of opinion and party strife, but not acute enough to reach the ears of the outside public, and, so far as most people are aware, the machinery of the Swiss national government runs as smoothly and effectively as a Corliss engine.

The rancor, expense, disturbance of business, and party feeling of an election are all reduced to a minimum; yet the people have the freest and fullest chance to record their choice, to elect the men they want for their rulers, and to influence legislation in their interests as they can do in no other country. The initiative and the referendum had their origin and have their home in Switzerland, as well as other measures which make the people the direct source of political power.



THE LION OF LUCERNE

Republican simplicity is nowhere in the world more supreme. Nowhere else are there so little fuss and so few feathers connected with rulership and responsibility for government. The president and all the other officials are, in the real sense of the term, servants of the people, and not exalted, petted, liveried servants, either.

I doubt whether one traveler in Switzerland in ten can tell who is the president of the republic to-day. Not that he is not a most dignified, worthy, and efficient president, but simply that neither he nor his party

thinks that he must keep himself before the public all the time. Newspaper men and the citizens, generally, estimate the office at its true value, an office which any intelligent citizen might worthily fill: and so they do not surround it with the glamor and false halo or the sham dignity which doth hedge a king.

You rarely see pictures of the president in the shop windows. You do not learn what he ate for dinner yesterday, or whether he had an attack of indigestion after it. The newspapers do not inform you how much a yard the braid cost with which his wife trims her dress, or devote half a column to the way his youngest son fell down and "barked" his shin.

Such partial oblivion of personal and domestic affairs is delightful after reading some of our own papers, and still more after reading many English periodicals, in which as much space is given to half a dozen members of the royal family as to the other forty millions of worthy Britishers. In other countries the adulation of royalty is worse still. The H. R. H.'s cannot ride out, walk out, or open their lips to make the most commonplace or inane remarks but the court sycophants, crawling on their stomachs, and licking the dust at the royal feet, must parade the action or the word as worthy of a Hercules or a Solon.

Yet the modest, unnoticed president of the Swiss Republic, almost alone among the rulers of Europe, is exalted by his merits and not by the accident of birth. He is elected simply because he is an upright, able man, and can worthily fill the office.

## HER THRIFT

In another way the little republic sets an example to the big one, and that is in its neat, tidy, well-groomed appearance. Professor Hamlin has recently said in *The Forum* that "we are the most untidy among all the great nations of the world." I will by no means indorse the truth of that sweeping indictment, but it is not too much to say that we have much to learn in that particular from the republic of the Alps.

Every hillside of Switzerland looks as if it had been shaved with a razor, and the meadows as if raked with a fine-tooth comb. You see no unsightly garbage-dump, no fields made hideous with defunct tin cans and broken bot-



LUCERNE.—THE GEOLOGISTS' STUDIO

ties. The roadways are not littered with papers or disfigured by announcements of hair-res orers, patent medicines and brands of whiskey.

There seem to be no uncleanly back doors to the towns, through which the railway usually runs, as in small places in America, frowzy and unkempt and squalid, but one gets the idea of thrift and neatness everywhere, and of pride in one's own surroundings. You would think a village improvement society had been at work in every Swiss hamlet for a hundred years.

And yet, we who hurry through a country must be careful about our generalizations from a superficial observation. Any one who gets into close contact with the Swiss will find that they stable cattle and sheep in the lower part of the house while they occupy the upper, but all dwell under the same roof.

The roads, too, are superb, smooth, hard macadamized highways, with no expense spared in building or maintaining to make them among the most perfect

in the world. You could eat your dinner from the middle of almost any one of them with little more risk of dust or microbes than from your own dinner-table at home.

The Swiss are not frightened by mountains or valleys in building their highways; the one can be tunnelled and the other bridged, however much it costs.

These good roads and the good hotels to which they invariably lead, the neat villages and thrifty farms, have all contributed not a little to make Switzerland what it is to-day—the playground of the world, and indirectly, by attracting tourists from the four quarters of the earth, have added vastly to the wealth and prosperity of the country.

### HER PEOPLE

Again, Switzerland sets the world an example in her contented, industrious, prosperous common people. It is the paradise of the average man. There are few millionaires and few paupers. There are no beggars and no slums. There is plenty of poverty, but it is respectable, self-respecting poverty. Poverty is threadbare in Switzerland as elsewhere, but it is patched and darned and clean.

The children all go to school, and in many cantons there is practically no illiteracy. Great pains are taken to instruct the boys and girls in common things of every-day life, as well as in books, and in summer you frequently see regiments of happy children starting off for a mountain climb with alpenstocks and botany boxes, under the lead of enthusiastic teachers.



CASTLE OF CHILLON, LAKE GENEVA

Strangest of all, this model republic has grown up in one of the regions poorest in material resources. There is little if any gold or silver, coal or iron, copper or lead, in the Alps. There is scarcely a piece of level ground big enough for an Oklahoma boomer to squat on. There are no fisheries, no mines, no ocean commerce, no extensive and varied agriculture. Switzerland is rich only in scenery, the most perfect and varied in the world, in Alpine pasturage, and in honest, sturdy manhood and womanhood. But with these assets she has made herself not only stable and respectable, but prosperous and comparatively wealthy.

Moreover, she has not even the advantage of a homogeneous people drawn from a common stock to work upon. Her people speak French, German and

Italian, about an equal number speaking the first two languages, and a smaller number Italian. The coins of France and Italy, and half a dozen other lands, pass current in her shops. She is hemmed in on every side by powerful and, for the most part, monarchical neighbors; yet she is safe in her mountain stronghold. Her people are united and patriotic, and her liberties are, perhaps, more secure from foreign enemy and domestic feud than those of any other people in the world.

While this little model republic holds up from her Alpine heights the torch of Liberty Enlightening the World there is hope for republican institutions in any part of the earth, and there is still a sure guaranty that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" shall not perish from the face of the earth.

You understand, of course, that Switzerland is only about twice the size of the State of Massachusetts in area and population. There is a great plain lying between the Jura Mountains and the Alps, but aside from this, Switzerland is probably the most mountainous State in the world.

Switzerland. See also the article, "From Milan to Paris," by President Theo. L. Gardner, D.D.



## BRUSSELS

BY REV. MOSES D. A. STEEN, D.D., PH.D.



HE little kingdom of Belgium lies between France and Holland, and upon the North Sea. Its greatest length and breadth is one hundred and eighty by one hundred and twenty-four miles, containing an area of something more than eleven thousand square miles. The surface is generally level, and canals are numerous, but not equal in length to those of Holland. The Roman Catholic religion prevails, and the French



language is spoken. Coal mining is one of the principal productions of this country. It produces more fuel than any other nation of Continental Europe. Ostend is a port of considerable importance and a favorite watering-place. A short sea passage of four hours—sixty-eight miles—three times a day, connects it with Dover, England. Antwerp is the chief seaport of Belgium, and the commercial metropolis, with a population of two hundred and fifty thousand or more. Its cathedral is the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in the kingdom and contains many valuable paintings and works of art, including Rubens's masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross." There are several other cities of Belgium which it was our privilege to visit, of consider-

able interest and importance, such as Bruges—a little Venice—Ghent, whose botanical garden is one of the finest in Europe. Malines, whose cathedral was begun in the twelfth century and finished in the fifteenth (except the tower), and Liege, which is noted for its manufacture of weapons of all kinds. But Brussels, the capital city, is easily the queen of them all—a veritable Paris in beauty and elegance, if not in population. Paris covers an area of eighteen thousand acres, with a population of more than two million inhabitants, while Brussels already contains more than fourteen thousand acres, with a population of less than half a million people, which adds to the comfort as well as to the beauty of the place.

Brussels is divided into the high and low towns—the old and the new—and each with its own distinctive character. The ancient city, with its monuments, squares, new and wide streets, forms the great center for business. From

this old city we ascend a hill, in many places rather steep, until we reach an extensive plateau, where the new city is built, where are the public offices, the official and fashionable residences. There around a large park stand the King's Palace, flanked by smiling gardens, the Palace of the Prince of Orange, now the seat of the Academies; and the Houses of Parliament, with the various ministerial residences on each side.

The market-place is said by Victor Hugo to be the most beautiful square in the world. The City Hall, or "Hotel de Ville," occupies nearly one and three-fourths acres. The King's House stands in front of it across the square, also the House of the Dukes of Brabant, and on either side of these are the houses of the ancient guilds, most of which have been restored in accordance with their original character, making altogether a square of wondrous interest and beauty. These ancient buildings restored to their former excellence naturally attract the eye and touch the heart. Nothing can be more delicate than this lace-work in stone, which Charles Quint wanted to cover up, that it might be shown to the people only on *fête* days. The King's House on the market-place is *not* the royal palace of the present king, but a restoration of the one built by Emperor Charles V, in 1525. The market-place serves as a permanent flower market, and twice a week the gardeners of the neighborhood come to exhibit their fruits and vegetables, making it a place of practical utility.

The Place Royale is said to stand on the plateau where Godfrey de Bouillon summoned the people before setting out on the crusade. The Palace of the Nation and the different state offices occupy the whole of the side of the park opposite to that of the King's Palace. It includes the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives. The Palace of Justice, a new temple where Justice holds her court, is a most remarkable and elegant stone structure which combines several very different styles, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Assyrian and Renaissance architecture. The building covers an area of about six acres, more even than St. Peter's at Rome, and its cupola reaches a height of over three hundred feet. The palace contains twenty-seven large halls, two hundred and forty-five rooms, and eight courts, and presents a most imposing appearance from its elevated site. The Weirtz Museum is a weird and unique affair. In the Royal Painting and Sculpture Gallery we see a very fine collection, among which are two pictures by the renowned Dutch artist, Jan Steen, 1627-1679. Brussels is noted for its many and elegant lace manufactories—all hand work of the most exquisite designs—and these were intensely interesting, especially to the ladies of our party.



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## GERMANY

### GLIMPSES ALONG THE RHINE

BY MISS JESSIE J. SMITH.

**H**AVING decided that there must be German flavor in this trip also, we were bound for the Rhinelands. Germany, with the traveler grows—like onion with the cook—to be a wholesome necessity. The comparison is homely, but it was suggested by savory odors that rose from the platters in the Speisesaal of the Bodensee steamer, where we sat enjoying scenery in true German style—one eye upon nature, the other upon “beef-steak and bier.”



REV. DR. FINDLEY AND FAMILY, WITH MRS. THOMAS CRARY, AT DRESDEN

According to American notions, this divided allegiance was far from satisfactory. We regretted it when, landed at Friedrichshaven, we looked back at the foamy lake, its ample stretch of flashing blue, bordered by the mountains of Switzerland, overhead, at a second, an ethereal sea, whose azure was brighter, whose white-crested waves were lighter far. We knew that in those Constance waters hid the Rhine. Born of glacier and the sun, it comes frolicing all the way from Alpine heights, by Gueferhorn, to learn here something of breadth and

dignity before starting on again, a swift but quieter stream that rapidly grows with forcible majesty, in usefulness and beauty.

We thought to meet it at Mainz, but as a woman planned the trip no one will be surprised that, aiming at the Rhine, we hit Nürnberg, a hundred miles more or less to the east. That took a deal of skill. Not everyone could have done it. In fact we do not yet comprehend how we did it ourselves. We looked Clark's Official Railroad Guide through from cover to cover, read it upside down and wrong side out, but never did find therein the train we had taken. At length that dazzling personage, the conductor, hanging over our compartment door, made an oration; stupendous words rolled from his mouth, while his arms shot out in gesticulations fierce and rapid. To understand would have been to spoil that speech. Suddenly the round, explanatory mouth changed to one of sweet appeal and cherubic confidence, the arms folded themselves on the window-frame, as he murmured, "Trinkgeld—pour boire—tip—vat you call him?" That we understood.

The unknown train reached Nürnberg in the early evening—an ideal time to approach this ancient town surrounded still by moat and wall, for as the sun glances backward from the western sky it catches a responsive wink from the heavy-lidded eyes, those quaint window-eyes, of high-browed roof, that long have kept watch over the city. Darkness closes the gates, but tower and turret rise in olden dignity and that last gleam of day lights up the castle height above the town. One sees its impenetrable walls and massive battlements; on its single balcony Queen Cunigunda stands, looking at the fair green lands of the Pegnitz Valley. This is the time of tyrannical knights, when emperors hold sway by sheer force of arms, when burghers mask in guilds to maintain their city's rights, while Minnesingers keep alive the fire of sentiment. It is an hour when the mediæval wakes and lives again, when all that's modern sleeps.

Yet by daylight, too, Nürnberg has great charm. Though its castle loses its ghostly visitors, one may see the rooms they used to know, furnished all in antique style, but kept cleanly comfortable for living occupants. The large dining hall is an attractive room, with its inlaid floor, paneled ceilings and heavily carved furniture. It contains one striking work of art, done in gleaming tile. "Whose monument is that?" cried one of the party. "How simply beautiful it is, and Baedeker never mentions it at all. Tell me, is that a monument to somebody?" "That," said the guide, "that's a stove." Romance subsided, but revived however, when we were shown the old well, whose great depths used to comfort both thirst and anxiety. Far below, almost at the water line, one could see a dark hole, the opening, so they said, of a gallery that leads beyond the town. In case of siege, men, supplies, came in this way, while as a last resort, it furnished means of possible escape. In the tower, iron-maiden, thumbscrew and rack witness to the cruelty of mediæval power.

It was good to turn us to the town, where had dwelt men whose peaceful arts benefited their own time and ours.

Many cities of Germany sprang up from the clustering of workmen's homes about a cathedral in process of erection, the germs of many others were imperial palaces, but Nürnberg grew by her own energy, unaided except by situation.

We must admire the ambition and success of her ancient burghers. Here, within these four rooms of a second floor commanding no better outlook than a narrow street, dreamed and worked Albrecht Dürer, that "evangelist of Art"; Hans Sachs, though a cobbler, was a poet, too; Adam Krafft, forgetful of his block of stone, saw in it the delicate pyx of the Lorenzkirche; and while wretches were forging instruments of human torture, Labenwolf discovered in iron graceful scroll and quaint device of goose-man for adorning a fountain which stands to-day midstream in the street, an "isle of safety" for children in crossing, and the rendezvous of neighborly hausfrauen.

That luxury was not confined to imperial palaces is well proved by the Peller House, whose restoration alone cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The furniture firm now owning it makes a specialty of genuine antiques and their reproduction. These, fitly arranged according to elegance and purpose of the rooms, do not seriously interfere with our appreciation of the house itself. We longed for a burgher-fat purse that we might buy here pewter tankards and strange designs in brass and copper. In Nürnberg, too, we found copies of the "Bride's Cup" of the olden test. It is in the form of a maiden, whose skirts shape one cup, while a second swings from her arms uplifted over her head. From these two, in ancient times, both bride and groom essayed to drink together. If they succeeded in draining the glasses without spilling any wine, happiness and fortune were theirs forever. It is a pretty recipe; we place it in memory alongside the Nürnberger's cure for bakers who gave short weight in their bread.

Thus the prescription read: "Lock in a cage and dip three times in the river."

The city does more, however, than reproduce old conceits. It has lately been furnishing the grown up world with Kaiserzinn, whose artistic qualities of shape and luster have already won New York; for children it has toys, while everyone, young or old, can buy a box of *lebkuchen*, that toothsome mingling of "sugar and spice and all that's nice" which satisfied us on the way to Heidelberg.

Nürnberg is of more varied interest than Heidelberg, where two words represent it all—schloss, student. It has no art now, nor any industry of importance. One factory settled there a few years ago, but it was banished; its chimney out-smoked the pipes of the students. Fortunately for Heidelberg, the University is large enough to keep the townspeople busy providing for its needs, and in addition, there's the stranger. Poor stranger! He is to be pitied. "Where's his bulging wallet stout? Turn his pockets inside out!" (Apologies to Riley.) So cry all the cabmen, robber barons of to-day, whose next move is to drive to the University prison. A German student despises himself if neither prank or Pilsener put him here for at least one night of bread and water, canvas cot and the grinning companionship of cats scrawled upon the walls. Another haunt of every well balanced student is the Hirschgasse Tavern, on the farther side of the Neckar. Downstairs are drinking rooms, upon whose clumsy tables are carved many students' names; upstairs are halls, where duels protect the sacred honor of the corps. The chief articles of furniture seemed to be weapons and surgeons' tables, the caps of the different clubs giving a bit of color to the walls.

As for the defenders of the faith, we saw many of them strutting around the station to show off their slashed cheeks. The German University, as well as the American, has a system of "cuts."

Across the river from the Hirschgasse rises from out a mass of green the noble Schloss, disabled, but with one maimed tower still raised like an arm of protection over the city at its feet.



COBLENZ ON THE RHINE

It is more beautiful now by far, its old age loved of vine and grasses than it could ever have been in the early time of its strength.

A cold, raw day found us at last at Mainz. We believe the legend that this city was called forth from fields of pepper by a magician's wand. We believe, because we here

had an irresistible desire to sneeze—a most improper way of saluting the Rhine.

For those whom time hurries, though beauty holds, Mainz is the place to start down the river. The steamer passes sloping hillsides terraced with vineyards. Soon the banks became steeper, until as mountains, they lift those celebrated castles to whose ruined walls cling so many legends that charm our romantic souls. We pass Rheinstein, where Sifrid's greed made two people miserable. He had forbidden his daughter to marry Kuno von Reichenstein, whose castle contained neither gold bags nor costly treasure. The lover bethought himself of a rich old relative and secured his intercession. But when the uncle saw the girl's beauty, he said to himself, "Who wins a bride for another, is a fool." So Sifrid von Rheinstein soon accepted an elderly son-in-law and a big fat purse. One day Kuno, looking down from his castle, saw the wedding procession—Gerda on the steed he had given her, riding with the portly bridegroom, whose unsteady mount and flushed face were due to the imbibing of over-much nuptial wine. He flung himself upon a horse, dashed down the hill, and snatching the bride brought her in triumph to his eyrie. As for the uncle, apoplexy carried him off.

The day was graying, and the night wind had come, when we neared the Lorelei. On board the steamer was a group of convent girls, who, as our boat felt the swing of the current here, began singing, "Die luft is kühl und es dunkelt, und ruhig fliesst der Rhein." They will repeat the song so often as they travel this way, for no German student, man or woman, can keep his voice quiet when the Rhein-spell is on him. He loves the river, not as we do, because of its scenery or romance, history or commerce, but because having all these, it belongs to him, to Germany.

This pride is new. Until France claimed it, Germany cared little for the river from whose banks had spread the Roman culture, the English Christianity, and the French chivalry and song, that had transformed its early barbarism. During the Middle Ages the Rhine was mentioned by few writers, with praise by none. Albrecht Dürer, painter, traveled both up and down the stream, but he must have done so with mouth open and closed eyes. His diary mentions all he ate and drank on that memorable trip, but says nothing of the beauty through which he passed. Later, Goethe, the poet, traveled that same way, but though



SOLOMON'S CELTIC GROUP AT HEIDELBURG

he was himself a Rheinländer, he felt no impulse to pay it the homage of his verse. But in these present days all is changed. Travelers, men of letters, romancers, poets, artists, all people, everywhere celebrate the Rhine. In music, however, its magic beauty is best interpreted. Wagner has secured for all time the sentiment Arndt and Simrock awakened, when by their writings they stimulated a national loyalty and pride throughout all Germany. We thought of this as we approached Rhein, for here Arndt and Simrock lived. Not Rüdesheim, not Johannisberg, has produced the best vintage of the Rhine, but Bohn, whose wine is patriotism.

We were all blue-blooded on the steamer that day, but had we known that there were among us samples of royalty, people whose blood is blue in all kinds of weather, our thoughts might have run in other channels than these. At Bonn the German Emperor's sister and her husband walked quietly down the gang-plank and were welcomed home, not only by many liveried servants, but by great throngs of citizens, who thus proclaimed their town's unwavering loyalty.

Beyond Köln, Father Rhine grows old. The stream that so happily leaped the rocks of Shaffhausen, that swept by Drachenfels, that strong and sure brought peace and plenty to all the towns along its course, now goes wearily through monotonous fields to find the sea; and at the last, the force that broke through walls of God's own stone finds itself, tamed, strengthless, bound and blocked, in the man-built canals of Holland.



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