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Author: Walter Andrew Whittle

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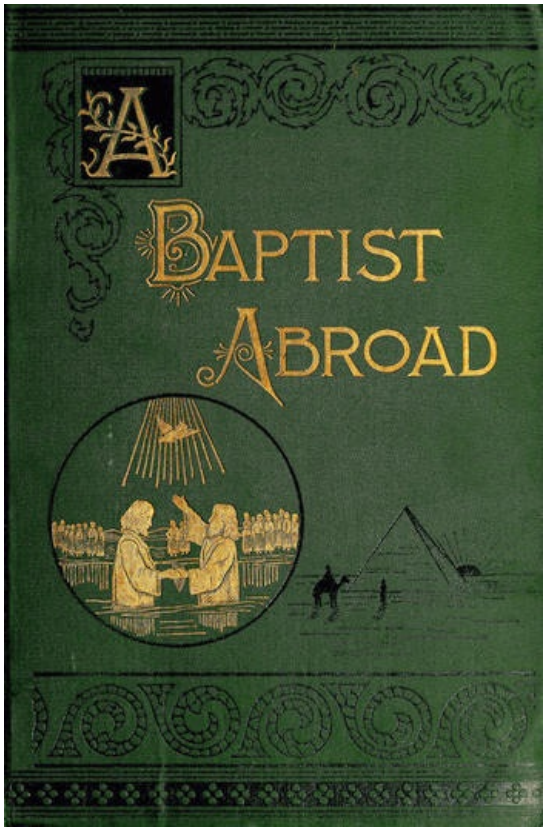
A
BAPTIST
ABROAD

Eng.d by J.L. Phillips, N.Y.

W. A. Whittle

A BAPTIST ABROAD

OR

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

IN

EUROPE AND ALL BIBLE LANDS

BY

REV. WALTER ANDREW WHITTLE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, LL.D.

WITH MAPS AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's page glassed by sunbeams on the lake."

CHILDE HAROLD

NEW YORK:

J. A. HILL & CO.,

UNION SQUARE,

1890.

MOTHER

WILL READ THIS BOOK

THROUGH

TWO PAIRS OF SPECTACLES.

ONE PAIR

WILL MAGNIFY ITS VIRTUES

WHILE THE OTHER

WILL DIMINISH ITS DEFECTS.

THEREFORE IT

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND LOVINGLY

DEDICATED TO

MOTHER.

INTRODUCTION.

Next to seeing a foreign land with one's own eyes is seeing it through the eyes of an intelligent, appreciative countryman. The word is purposely chosen, because one wishes to know what is observed and thought by a person who has tastes, sympathies and views in common with himself. A thousand things in a strange country are interesting and in different degrees. One studies historically, another socially, another politically, another ecclesiastically, while unfortunately not a few rush pell-mell bringing back the most superficial and indistinct impressions. Some find most satisfaction in architecture, while others have their chiefest enjoyment in sculpture, in painting, in natural scenery, in costumes and customs. No two have precisely the same fancies, and yet an observant, cultivated countryman is more likely to please us by what he likes and describes than is a foreigner whose point of view and whose mental habitudes are so different from our own. What is most pleasing in a book of travels is wide and varied observation, is an account of several countries inhabited by different [iv] races and distinguished by marked peculiarities.

This volume embraces a wide extent of travel, and includes an account of visits to Great Britain, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, etc. The full table of contents is a little misleading, for the chapters pertaining to Europe are short, and Palestine takes up a considerable portion of the work. The author, avoiding what is dry or didactic, manages to compress into his pages much valuable and trustworthy information. His own religious denomination, naturally and properly, is not overlooked, and from eminent men he has succeeded in obtaining monographs which give interesting facts, drawn from most authentic sources. The portraitures of men, of whom everybody wishes to know more, constitute an interesting feature of the book.

The journey was not a mere vacation tour, a hasty gallop to points visited by circular tourists, but it comprised many months of patient toil, nor were the countries seen from the windows of the car of an express train. Lubboch, in his essay on the Pleasures of Travel, says that some think that every one should travel on foot "like Thales, Plato and Pythagoras." Mr. Whittle is a pedestrian by choice, full of enterprise, activity, courage and enthusiasm, and on [v] foot he deviated often from the beaten paths, and had opportunities for careful examination of objects of interest and for much pleasant and instructive intercourse with the "common people." With an eye quick to discern what was peculiar, with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, he combined a cheerful disposition, a ready appreciation of the humorous, and has succeeded in giving the public a volume, every page of which is interesting.

Travel, as a means of improvement, of education, of broadening horizon, of getting us out of narrow ruts, can hardly be overestimated. A visit to Europe, Africa and Asia makes objective what was subjective, and gives realism to what was before vaguely in our memories. Some acquaintance with geography, with history, literature, art, enhances the interest and the profit. A young student who had visited Jerusalem was much flattered by a request from Humboldt to call and see him. The *savant* soon showed that from reading and inquiry he had more knowledge of the city than the youth had acquired by his visit. With some mortification and a little petulance the young man said: "I understood, sir, that you had never visited the Holy City." "True," replied Humboldt, "I never have; but I once got ready to go." Mr. Whittle, with wise [vi] forethought, had made preparation for his visit. He knew what he wanted to see, traveled with a purpose, and has so imparted to his readers what he learned and observed that one catches in part the enthusiasm of the traveler.

J. L. M. Curry.

PREFACE.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" has had an extensive circulation, especially in America. The title is striking. Our people like to do things quickly. Many of them would be glad to girdle the globe in forty days. They forget that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Under the patronage of Tourist Agencies it has become quite fashionable of late to *do Europe in three months*. These flying trips do perhaps result in some good to the tourist, but they are valuable chiefly to the agencies under which they are made.

Traveling is no child's play. Sight seeing when properly done is hard work, but hard work is the kind of work that pays best in the long run. To see any country aright and understand it correctly one must not merely visit its fashionable watering places, large cities, splendid abbeys and cathedrals, noted art galleries, museums, etc. He must see these things to be sure, but in addition to these he must, in order to get a correct conception, go out into the mountains, into the rural districts, and there study the soil, climate and products of the country. He must commune with the yeomanry the common people, and closely scrutinize their daily life and habits. [viii] He must see, as best he can, how climate, political surroundings, education, occupation, and religion affect their character. He must project himself as far as possible into the thoughts and feelings of the people among whom he is traveling. This prepares him to sympathize with them, and to look at things from their standpoint. The traveler is then prepared to reason from cause to effect. He has gotten hold of that golden thread of truth which leads to right conclusions. He is in condition to explain upon correct and philosophical principles the Socialism of France, the Skepticism of Germany, the Nihilism of Russia, and the Pauperism of Turkey.

Having under the providence of God been permitted to make an extensive and prolonged trip through the East, I determined from the outset to get out of the *beaten tracks of travel*. In applying the above-named principles, I walked a thousand miles through different European countries, and rode six hundred miles and more in the saddle through Bible lands. This necessarily gave me a varied experience, and brought me into close contact with every phase of nature and human nature. At times every faculty of mind and heart was stirred to its profoundest depths. I was forced to think. And, lest these thrilling thoughts should slip away from me, I determined "to fasten them in words and chain them in writing." I agree with Gray that "a few words fixed upon or near the spot are worth a cartload [ix] of *recollection*."

This accounts to some extent for the use of the present tense in the book, and also for the colloquial style in which it is written—it was composed *on or near the spot*. True, since then it has been carefully revised, re-written and enlarged; but originally it was written "on the spot." I made these pages my trusted confidant. To them I expressed my "every thought and floating fancy," and my words formed a true thermometer to my soul. But now I release these pages from all obligations of secrecy. They may tell it in Gath, and withhold it not in Askelon. I propose to take the public into my confidence. "In short, never did ten shillings purchase so much friendship since confidence went first to market, or honesty was set up to sale."

I have carefully excluded all *opiates* from these pages. Brevity is the only claim I make to wit. I have not attempted to exhaust the subjects treated. My words are intended simply to strike the reader's thoughts which may interpret further. "If you would be prudent, be brief," says Southey, "for 'tis with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn."

"Clarence P. Johnson" was my man "Friday," and from some of the jokes gotten off at his expense the reader may conclude that he is a "man-eater," as was that other Friday of Robinson Crusoe fame. But not so. This was his maiden trip out of his native city. Such [x] things happened to him while traveling as would naturally occur with any other youth under the same circumstances. He is a young man of fine spirit and extraordinary business capacity. He will some day be known and felt in the commercial world.

It gives me peculiar pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to

Professor John R. Sampey, D. D., for valuable assistance rendered while preparing this book for the press.

I have made free use of a wide range of literature, but trust that in each case due credit has been given to the author. Many of the measurements given were made by myself, others have been taken from reliable sources.

While abroad, I made it a special point to study the history and outlook of the Baptists in each of the several countries through which I traveled, and I have not failed to record the result of my observations. But, in order to have Baptist history correctly, authentically, and impartially given, I have secured chapters from eminent men on the Baptists of their several countries.

W. A. W.

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CHAPTER I.

OFF FOR NEW YORK.

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PREPARATIONS for the trip were completed when the week ended. Sunday, with its sweet privileges and solemn services, came and went. Mother and I knelt and prayed together. Rising to our feet, she looked up through her tears and smilingly said, "Son, the Lord has given me strength to bear the separation. 'Go, and 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

Monday morning, as the hands on the dial plate point to seven, Johnson and I seat ourselves in a carriage which is drawn by a horse whose path is steel, whose heart is fire, and whose speed is lightning. This impatient steed stands champing his bit, and when the word is given he starts on his long journey. At one bound he leaps the majestic river, and on, on he rushes as if he fears eternity will come before he reaches his journey's end. After traveling only a few hours, we run into a blinding snow-storm which reminds us that [24]
Winter still wields his icy sceptre, and rules with despotic sway. This storm continues for hours; in truth, it lasts until apparently the whole earth is wrapped in a mantle of white, and until the majestic mountains of Pennsylvania seem to rise up in their virgin purity to kiss the vaulted sky.

Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, as seen in their white robes, are more beautiful than ever. Winter's frosty breath has not chilled their blood. They are filled with energy and throbbing with life. From Philadelphia to New York, there is almost one continuous string of cars on each track. Along here our fiery steed sometimes runs sixty miles an hour.

Long before we reach the metropolis, the shadows of the sombre evening have shut out the light of day. As we enter this great city, it looks as if a thousand times ten thousand lamps are all trimmed and burning. New York is a marvelous city.

As much time as I have spent here, I never cease to wonder at it. Who could walk these streets without wondering at the miles of granite buildings, all joining each other and towering up from seven to twelve and fourteen stories high; at the broad sidewalks crowded from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night with one ceaseless stream of humanity; at the people rushing along at a breakneck speed, as if they were going to great fires in different parts of the city.

Notwithstanding the double-tracked elevated railway and the [25]
double-tracked horse-cars, New York can not furnish transportation for the people. She will, I think, soon be compelled to arrange for an underground railway—this is a necessity. New York is the business heart of the New World. Every American loves it. It is his pride at home, his boast abroad.

At Temple Court I receive my mail, and meet my friend, Dr. H. L. Morehouse, corresponding secretary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society. As usual, his face is bright and his greeting cordial. He is planning great things for God, and expecting great things of God. Few men have done more to honor God and build up the Baptist cause in America than Henry L. Morehouse.

A pleasant hour is spent with Dr. Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company. His reminiscences of European travel are rehearsed. He says that in London one can buy more for a shilling and less for a pound than in any other place on earth. President Green gives me a letter to his European representative, and kindly extends other courtesies that are duly appreciated.

After attending to banking business and securing our ocean

passage, we decide to run over to New Haven and spend a few days with some special friends. The double railroad track between New York and New Haven is constantly in use. When about half way [26] between the two cities, our engineer spies a handsomely dressed gentleman walking on the other track, and going in the same direction that we are going. A train is coming facing the gentleman. Unconscious of the presence of more than one train, he steps from one track to the other, just in front of our engine. Seeing the danger, both engineers try to stop their trains, but do not succeed. Both blow their whistles at the same time, but the walker, thinking all the noise is made by one train, pays no attention. Crash! Our engine strikes the man, and throws him twenty feet from the track. The trains stop. The passengers gather around the unfortunate man. The blood is oozing from his ears and nostrils. I take his head on my shoulder and raise him up to get air. He struggles—gasps for breath—and all is over. A letter in his pocket indicates his name and residence.

A carriage is waiting for us at New Haven. On reaching there, we are driven at once to the happy home of Mr. W. G. Shepard, who forthwith presents me to Master Walter Whittle Shepard. This important character is only twelve months old, but is full of life and promise. If he combines the sweet spirit and graceful manners of his mother with the strong character and bright intellect of his father, I believe he will make a great and useful man notwithstanding the fact that he bears the author's name.

New Haven, with her one hundred thousand souls and great [27] manufacturing interests, with her parks and colleges, with her broad streets and lordly elms, is one of the prettiest cities on the American continent.

When we retired last night, the snow was falling thick and fast; but we awoke this morning to find that God had snatched a beautiful Sabbath day from the bosom of the storm.

Mark Twain is in New Haven. In the course of a lecture delivered here, he said: "A certain college student got the words theological and zoological confused—he did not know one from the other. In talking to a friend, this collegian said: 'There are a great many donkeys in the Theological Garden.'"

My stay in New Haven has been as pleasant as a midsummer dream, and seemingly as short as a widower's courtship. But we must now return to New York. In less than three hours we will leave by the State Line, on "The State of Indiana," for Glasgow, Scotland. And now that the time of my departure has come, I find myself breathing a prayer to God, asking that He will direct my course; that He will guide my footsteps; that in all my wanderings He will keep me from danger and death; that He will finally bring me back in health and safety to the land of my birth, to the friends of my childhood, to those whom I love and who are dearer to me than life [28] itself. And so may it be. More heartily than ever before, I can say:

"My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above."

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CHAPTER II.

ON THE HIGH SEAS.

A Difficulty with the Officers of the Ship—A Parting Scene—Danger on the Atlantic—A Parallel Drawn—Liberty Enlightening the World—Life on the Ocean Wave—Friends for the Journey—The Ship a Little World—A Clown and his Partner—Birds of a Feather—Whales—Brain Food—Storm at Sea—A Frightened Preacher—Storm Rages—A Sea of Glory—Richard Himself Again—Land in Sight—Scene Described—Historic Castle—Voyage Ended—Two Irishmen.

STEPPING on board the steamship State of Indiana, I say to the purser: "Sir, I am from the West; I want elbow-room. Can't you take away these partitions and turn several of these compartments into one?" He replies: "You are *now* from the West, but you will soon be *from* this ship, unless you keep quiet." From this remark I see at once that the fellow is a crank, and I will either let him have his own way or give him a whipping. I choose the former; so we shake hands over the bloody chasm—or, I should say, over the briny deep.

I can never forget the scene that takes place at the wharf. The hour for departure has arrived. Hundreds of people have gathered around the vessel. As the last bell rings, there is hurrying to and fro. Friend leaving friend; husband kissing wife; fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, mingling their tears together, as parents and [30] children take their last fond embrace of each other. Ah! There are streaming eyes and heavy hearts. As the vessel moves off, one sees the throwing of kisses, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. But we are gone. Tear-bedimmed eyes can no longer behold the forms of loved ones. I dare say that many of these partings will be renewed no more on this earth.

One hazards very little in committing himself to the winds and waves of the Atlantic when he is on a goodly vessel, wisely planned and skillfully put together; when the sea-captain is faithful and experienced, and understands the workings of the mariner's compass and the position of the polar star. But my very soul is stirred within me when I think of the thousands and tens of thousands who are sailing on life's dark and tempestuous ocean without a chart or compass; without a rudder to steer or a hand to direct them; without the light from the Star of Bethlehem to guide them over the trackless waters to the Haven of Rest. They came from nowhere! They see nothing ahead of them save the rock-bound coast of eternity, beset with false lights which are luring them on to the breakers of death and the whirlpool of despair. From the bottom of my heart do I thank God for the "Old Ship of Zion," planned by Divine Wisdom, freighted with immortal souls, guided by the Star of Hope, commanded by Jesus Christ, bound for the Port of Glory!

As we leave New York, the Bartholdi Statue on Bedloe's Island is [31] one of the last things we behold. This statue has been justly called "the wonder of the century," and one feels a national pride in the thought that this statue, rising three hundred feet in the air, her right hand lifting her torch on high—that this statue, the wonder of the age, is a fit emblem of the country to which it belongs—*it is Liberty enlightening the world*!

I can not pause here to speak of the deep, strange and strong impulses that stir one's soul as he sees his native land fade from view. I must, instead, proceed to tell the reader something about

> "A Life on the ocean wave,
> A home on the rolling deep,
> Where the scattered waters rave
> And the winds their revels keep."

The first few days, if the sea is calm and quiet, and so it is with us, are spent in forming new acquaintances. No one wants an introduction to any one. Everybody is supposed to know everybody else. A hearty hand-shake, a friendly look of the eye, and you are friends for the journey. And I dare say that many who here meet will be firm friends for the journey of life. The company on board the

ship is a little world within itself, representing almost every phase of human life, from the lowest to the highest. Here a statesman, there a philosopher; here a musician, there an artist. We have one [32] wonderful fellow on board, who is here, there, and everywhere. He is anything, everything and nothing. He evidently has more life in his heels than brains in his head, and more folly on his tongue than reverence in his heart—a pretended musician, who has decidedly a better voice for eating soup than for singing songs. And it comes to pass that a certain small boy follows the example of this clown, and the two together make things lively and thoroughly uncomfortable for the rest of the party.

Naturally enough, after these acquaintances are formed, birds of a feather flock together. The Rev. Dr. Malcom MacVicar, Chancellor of the MacMaster University of Toronto, and his highly cultivated lady, are among our fellow-passengers. I first met the Doctor some years ago, when in Canada. He is an author of considerable note. For twenty-five years previous to his going to Canada, he was probably the most conspicuous figure in the educational circles of New York State. The University over which he is now called to preside is a Baptist institution with a million dollars endowment. Although raised to high position and crowned with honors, Doctor MacVicar is as humble and unassuming as though he were in the lowliest walks of life. Prof. Honey, of Yale University, places his wife under my care. Mrs. Honey is a lady of lovely character and superior attainments. Those whom I have mentioned, together with two physicians from Indiana, and Rev. Mr. Smith from Canada, form a [33] little party somewhat to ourselves, though we try not to appear clannish.

The passengers are occasionally attracted by whales, and are much interested in watching them. Frequently two or three may be seen following the vessel for miles and miles at a time, to get such food as may be thrown overboard. Then they strike out ahead of us, or to one side, chasing each other through the water. These monsters of the deep remind me of a former class-mate, who was noted more for genial nature than for strong intellect. One day, while the class in chemistry were reciting, he said:

“Professor, I understand that fish is good brain-food. Is it true?”

The teacher replied: “Yes, I am disposed to think there is some truth in the statement.”

“I am glad to know that, Professor, I am going to try it. How much do you think I ought to eat?”

“Well, Sir,” responded the sarcastic professor, “I should recommend at least half a dozen whales.”

I am sure, however, that when I last saw the student in question he had not begun the eating of fish.

The fourth day is stormy and the sea rough. The women and children are sick, very sick. The men are thoroughly prepared to sympathize with them. They all lose their sea-legs. The vessel is [34] turned into a hospital. It is really amusing to hear the different expressions from these afflicted sons of Adam.

One fellow, amid his heaving and straining, says: “I am not ‘zac’-ly sea-sick, but my stomach hurts me mightily.”

Another, in like condition, says: “If they would stop the ship only five minutes I would be all right.”

In the midst of the severest agony, an old gentleman ejaculates something like this: “I left my children and loved ones at home, and I expect to return in four months; but I would stay in Europe four years, if I knew there would be a railroad built across in that time.”

I did not hear this myself, but it is said of one clergyman on board that amid the fierceness of the storm he became exceedingly uneasy. Wringing his hands, and approaching the chief officer, he exclaimed: “O Captain, Captain, is there any danger of d-e-a-t-h?” The captain replied: “Would that I could give you some encouragement; but, my Reverend Sir, in five minutes we shall all be in Heaven.” At this, the distressed preacher clasped his hands and cried aloud, “God forbid!” A United States Minister on board said that any one who would cross the ocean for pleasure, would go to hell for amusement.

For five days the sea rages, and the vessel rolls and labors and groans. Looking out over the waters, I see ten thousand hills and mountains, each crowned with white surf, which in the distance [35] looks like melting snow. Between these mountains there are deep

gorges and broad valleys. A moment later the mountains and valleys exchange places. Now on the crest of a wave, the vessel is borne high in the air, and now she drops into a yawning gulf below, coming down first on one side then on the other. Now and then she pitches head-foremost, reeling and staggering like a drunken man.

But, as usual, calm and quiet follow the storm. The sea is now as placid as a lake. The sun is going down, apparently to bathe himself in a sea of glory. In a few minutes the gleaming stars will look down to see their bright faces reflected in the water. The sick are restored to health, the staggering walk is gone, and “Richard is himself again.”

We were in sight of land almost the whole of yesterday. About twilight last evening, we viewed the western coast of “bonnie Scotland.” I arose at an early hour this morning, to find our stately craft smoothly gliding on the placid waters of the river Clyde. It is a picture worthy of the artist’s brush—a scene well calculated to inspire every emotion of the poet’s soul.

On the north side of the majestic river, there is a sodded plain, broad and unbroken, gradually rising from the water’s edge. As we view this wooded landscape o’er, we see, here and there, farmhouses, which are as picturesque and beautiful as they are [36]
quaint and old, with the smoke from their ivy-covered chimneys coiling up and ascending on high like incense from the altar of burnt offering. Turning our eyes southward, we behold, hard by the stream, a long chain of towering mountains, whose gently sloping sides are carpeted with green grass, and girt around with budding trees. The heavy rain-drops on the grass and leaves are sparkling in the light of the new-risen sun. The mountains are echoing the merry tune which comes from the whistling plowman on the opposite shore. Now, between these two prospects, on the broad and unruffled bosom of this flowing river, our heavily-laden vessel, as though she were weary because of her long journey, moves slowly, gracefully, noiselessly, with the stars and the stripes proudly streaming from her mast-head. Indeed so motionless and queenly is our goodly vessel in her onward course, that she is apparently standing still while the mountains and plains are passing in review before her.

A little farther up the stream, we see Dumbarton Castle standing in the river. This historic rock measures a mile in circumference, and rises three hundred feet above the water. This castle was at one time the prison of Sir William Wallace, and afterwards the stronghold of Robert Bruce. From here on to Glasgow the Clyde is lined on both sides with iron-foundries and ship-building yards.

The voyage ends at Glasgow. The passengers are glad once more [37]
to press *terra firma* under their feet. I would write something about Glasgow, but I am like the more hopeful one of two Irishmen who went to America. Landing in New York, they started up town. They had gone only a few paces, when one of them saw a ten dollar gold piece lying on the sidewalk, and stooped to pick it up. The other said: “Oh, don’t bother to get that little coin; we will foind plenty of pieces larger than that.”

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[38]

CHAPTER III.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

English Railway Coaches—Millionaires, Crowned Heads, and Fools—A Conductor Caught on a Cow-catcher—Last Rose of Summer—Off on Foot to the Land of Burns—Appearance of Country and Condition of People—Destination Reached—Doctor Whitsitt and Oliver Twist—The Ploughman Poet—His Cottage—His Relics—His Work and Worth—His Grave and Monument—A Broad View of Life.

I AROSE this morning at an early hour, and, after partaking of a hearty breakfast, I at once repair to the Grand Central Depot in Glasgow where, a few minutes later, I seat myself in an English railway car. These cars are, of course, made on the same general plan as ours, yet they are in some respects quite different. The coaches are of about the same length as those used in America, but not so wide by eighteen inches or two feet. Each coach is divided into five compartments, each being five and one-half or six feet long. Each of these compartments has two doors, one on either side of the car, also two seats. Persons occupying these different seats must face each other, so one party or the other must ride backwards. They have no water or other conveniences on the train, as we Americans are accustomed to; no bell-rope to pull, in case of accident; no baggage-checks—each passenger must look after his own baggage. As for myself, I have no baggage, save what I can carry in the car with me. They have first, second, and third-class compartments, the fare per mile being four, three, and two cents respectively. I have examined closely, and can not detect one particle of difference between the first and second-class compartments, either one being fully as good as our first-class car. The English first and second-class compartments are slightly superior to the third-class. It is a saying among the Europeans that only millionaires, soreheads (crowned heads), and fools ride first-class. Being neither a millionaire nor a crowned head, and, as I am unwilling to be classed as a fool, I always take third-class passage.

[39]

I believe in talking, asking questions, and exchanging ideas with every man I meet, be he high or low, rich or poor. So, while standing at the depot this morning, amid a great crowd of people, looking at the engines, I remark to a pleasant-looking conductor standing near me, that there is quite a difference in the engines used in this country and those used in America. He wants to know what that difference is. I tell him that our engines have cow-catchers before them and his has none. “A cow-catcher,” says he, “and what is that?” I explain to him that a cow-catcher is an arrangement fastened on in front of the engines to remove obstructions from the road, to knock cows from the track, etc. “Ah, indeed! We never need those in this country, and can you tell me,” he continues, “why we do not need them?” “Well, sir,” I reply, “I can see only one reason.” “And what is that, pray?” I answer, “It must be, sir, that you do not run fast enough to overtake a cow.” This creates quite a laugh at the conductors expense, though none seems to enjoy it more heartily than he. Just at this moment, the train starts, and I am off for Ayr, some forty miles away.

[40]

CLARENCE P. JOHNSON.

As I step from the train in Ayr, the hack-drivers gather around me like bees around the “Last Rose of Summer.” “Carriage, carriage, sir?” they cry. “I’ll be glad to show you through the city, and take you to Burns’ Monument—carriage, carriage?” Tipping my hat, I reply, “No, gentlemen, I will take a carriage some other time, when I have more leisure. I prefer walking to-day, as I am in a great hurry.” So, each with a cane in his hand and a portmanteau strapped on his back, Johnson, my pleasant traveling companion, and I set out on foot for “The Land of Burns.” [41]

Luckily, we meet with some intelligent farmers who cheerfully give us much valuable information about the country. They, in turn, ask many questions concerning far-off America. Land in this part of Scotland is worth from two hundred to three hundred dollars per acre, and the annual rent is twenty to twenty-five dollars per acre. Most of the land in this country is owned by a few “lords” and “nobles,” and the “common people” are in bondage to them. They are in poverty and rags, as might naturally be expected from the exorbitant rents which they have to pay. [42]

> “Man’s inhumanity to man,
> Makes countless millions mourn.”

The principal crops raised by the farmers of this country are wheat, oats, rye, barley and Irish potatoes. They grow no Indian corn. They do not know what corn-bread is—many of them have never heard of it.

BURNS’ COTTAGE.

After a walk of an hour and a half through a most charming country, we reach our destination. I am now sitting in the room where was born Robert Burns who, Dr. Whitsitt says, was the most important personage that the British Isles have produced since the time of Oliver Twist—oh, excuse me, I should have said, since the

time of Oliver Cromwell. I would have had it right at first, if that [43]
“twist” had not gotten into my mind. This important personage was born 128 years ago. How long this cottage was standing before that time, we do not know; but, as you may imagine, it is now a rude and antique structure. It is built of stone, and the walls are about six feet high. It has an old-fashioned straw or thatched roof and a stone floor. A hundred years ago, this room had only one window. That is only eighteen inches square, and is on the back side of the house. In the time of Burns, the cottage had only two rooms, though some additions have since been made. The entire place is now owned by the “Ayr Burns’ Monument Association,” and the original rooms are used only as a museum, wherein are collected the furniture, books, manuscripts and other relics of the illustrious bard.

I have, for a long time, been somewhat familiar with the history and writings of the “Peasant Poet,” whose birthplace I now visit, and I have often read Carlyle’s caustic essay on Burns. I have just finished reading his life, written by James Currie. I have read, to-day, “The Holy Fair,” “Tam O’Shanter,” “Man Was Made to Mourn,” and “To Mary, in Heaven,” and now, as I sit in the room where this High Priest of Nature first saw light, as I sit at the table whereon he used to write, and view the relics which once belonged to him, I am carried back for a hundred years and made to breathe the atmosphere of the eighteenth century. As I sit within these silent [44]
walls, a strange feeling comes over me. I hear, or seem to hear, the lingering vibrations of that golden lyre, whose master indeed is dead, but whose music still finds a responsive echo in every human heart. Robert Burns, the man, was born of a woman but Robert Burns, the poet, was born of Nature! He stole the thoughts of Nature and told them to man. It was believed long ago that Burns was the High Priest, the interpreter, of Nature, and

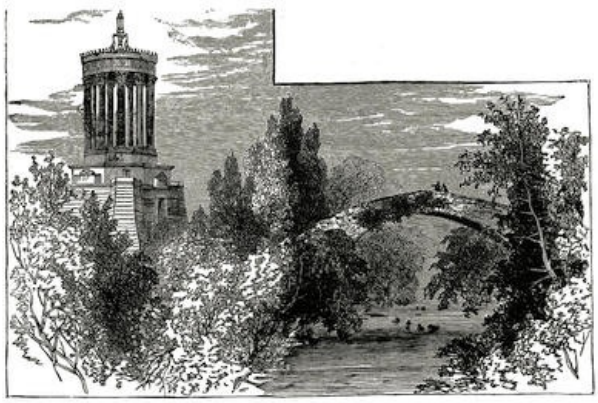
> “Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear.”

The multitudes who hither come, prove by their coming that

> “Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
> Shrines to code nor creed confined—
> The Delphic vales, the Palestines—
> The Meccas of the mind.”

Some three hundred yards beyond the cottage, we come to the “Burns’ Monument,” beautifully situated on “The braes and banks o’bonnie Doon, Tugar’s winding stream.” A more appropriate location could not have been selected for this monument, as near by are the “Alloway Kirk,” the “Wallace Tower,” the “Auld Mill,” and the “Auld Hermit Ayr,” and other localities rendered famous by the muse of the ploughman poet. I stand on the “Brig o’ Doon” before reaching the keystone of which Meg, Tam O’Shanter’s mare, “left behind her ain grey tail.”

[45]



BURNS’ MONUMENT.

From the top of this towering monument, which stands in the [46]
midst of a beautiful flower-garden, I for once take a “broad view of life.” With one sweep of the eye, I see the Doon, the Ayr, the Clyde, the ocean! The scene is made more grand and inspiring, more picturesque and beautiful, by the lakes, plains, hills and mountains which lie between, overhang, and tower above, these laughing rivers. Ah! me, how my spirit is stirred! Like Father Ryan, I have

thoughts too lofty for language to reach. In describing what I now see and feel, silence is the most impressive language that can be used. Thought is deeper than speech. Feeling is deeper than thought.

CHAPTER IV.

EDINBURGH.

A Jolly Party of Americans—Dim-Eyed Pilgrim—Young Goslings—An American Goose Ranch—Birthplace of Robert Pollok and Mary Queen of Scots—The Boston of Europe—Home of Illustrious Men—A Monument to the Author—Monument to Sir Walter Scott—Edinburgh Castle—Murdered and Head Placed on the Wall—Cromwell's Siege—Stones of Power—A Dazzling Diadem—A Golden Collar—Baptized in Blood—Meeting American Friends.

WE ARE now in Edinburgh; we have been here some days. On our way from Ayr, we fell in with a jolly party of American gentlemen. The eyes of one grey-haired brother in the crowd are somewhat dimmed with age, though he is unwilling to acknowledge it.

As the train made a graceful curve around a mountain, we came into a large, green pasture where many sheep were grazing. Now, the people of this country feed their sheep on turnips—large, yellow turnips, with the tops cut off. While in this pasture, we saw, some seventy-five or a hundred yards from the road, a great quantity of these turnips scattered over the grass for sheep food. The dim-eyed pilgrim spied the yellow objects and, pointing to them, he enthusiastically exclaimed: "Oh, what a fine lot of young goslings!" Then he added, "There are the goslings, but where are the geese?" I explained that those objects he saw were not "goslings" but turnips, and suggested that the goose was on our train. Before we separated, the two parties became fast friends. We all agreed to throw in and buy our friend a farm, to be known, not as a turnip patch, but as "The American Goose Ranch," and on this ranch we are to meet the first day of May of each year, to discuss vital questions and living issues pertaining to the life and character of "young goslings."

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EDINBURGH.

[49]

Leaving the pasture, we passed the Moorhouse farm, where Robert Pollok, author of "The Course of Time," was born, in 1798, two years after the death of Robert Burns. We came by Linlithgow, the birthplace of Queen Mary. The majestic ruins of its once proud palace are still standing on a green hillside near the town, as if to impress the passer-by with the mutability of all human greatness and all human grandeur.

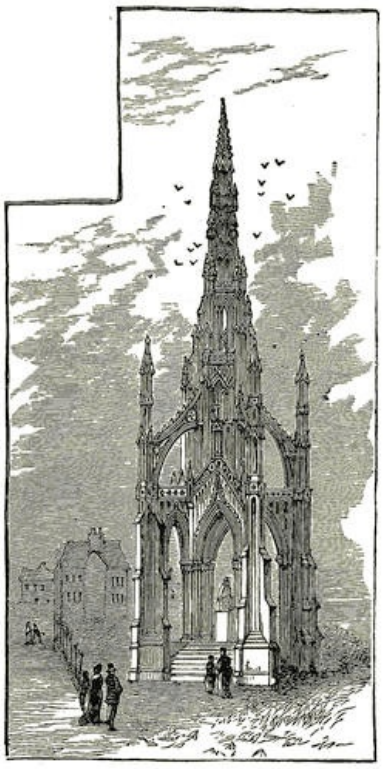
In one hour more we had reached the end of our journey. Edinburgh has two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, just half the number of Glasgow, and is a magnificent city. It is the pride of every Scotchman. It is called "The Classic City," "The Bonnie City," "The Capital City," "The Monumental City," and "The Athens of Britain." I expected to hear it called "The Boston of Europe," but the people did not seem to think of it. This was the birthplace of Sir Walter Scott, the novelist and poet; the home of Hume, the scholar and historian; of John Knox, the reformer, who never feared the face of man, nor doubted the Word of God; of Thomas Chalmers, the Astronomical preacher from whose pulpit the stars poured forth a flood of light and glory; and it was for a thousand years the home of

[50]

the Scottish Kings and state officials. It is now the political home of Gladstone, who is perhaps the greatest living statesman, and the home of Drummond, author of “Natural law in the Spiritual World.”

The city is filled with many objects of peculiar interest, only a few of which I will mention. About a hundred years ago, though the people here speak of it as “recently,” the city was greatly enlarged, and I suppose the object of the enlargement was to make room for the monuments and statues. One sees a monument on almost every street-corner, and there is a perfect forest of statuary. These Scotch people are very fond of honoring great men. I am going to leave here to-morrow, for fear they put up a monument to me. They have not said anything about the monument yet, but I notice the police have been following me about for two or three days, as though they thought of something of that sort.

On Princess street, in the prettiest and most romantic part of the city, stands a colossal monument to Sir Walter Scott which was fashioned by one of the world’s greatest artists, and which is said to be one of the most superb structures of the kind ever built. I am quite prepared to believe the statement. In this monument architectural grandeur and artistic beauty are blended in the sweetest and most perfect manner imaginable. Like a sunset at sea, it never becomes monotonous, but is always pleasing. A fit emblem this of Scott himself, in whom a strong character was so gracefully blended with smooth and polished manners. This monument may be painted, but it beggars description.



SCOTT’S MONUMENT.

[51]

To me, however, the most interesting object in Edinburgh is the Castle, located just in the centre of the city. The Castle is built on a high rock whose base covers an area of eleven acres. This rock rises to a height of four hundred feet, its summit being accessible only in one place, the other portions of the rock being very precipitous, and, in some places, absolutely perpendicular. The top of the rock presents a level surface, has an area of five acres, and is surmounted by a massive stone wall built close around on the edge of the cliff. On this storm-beaten rock, and within these moss-covered walls, stands the historical Castle, built ten centuries ago. In appearance the Castle is “grand, gloomy, and peculiar.” In his charming poem, Marmion, Scott refers to it thus:

[52]

> “Such dusky grandeur clothed the night,
> Where the huge castle holds its state,
> And all the steep slope down;
> Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
> Piled deep and massive, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town!”

According to the history of Scotland, which to me is as charming as a story of romance, this Castle has a strange and bloody tale to tell. Here James II was confined, likewise James III. Here “The Black Dinner” was given, and the Douglasses were murdered. Here the Duke of Argyle and the good Montrose were beheaded. Montrose, you remember, is a conspicuous figure in Scottish history. He was loyal to his king and country. He was courageous as a lion, and as true and noble as he was brave. Yet he was tried before a false court, whose verdict was that on the next day he should be put to death, and his head placed on the prison wall. When permitted to reply, Montrose, in his calm and dignified manner, stepped forward and, with his usual boldness, said to the Parliament: “Sirs, you heap more honor upon me in having my head placed upon the walls of this Castle, for the cause in which I die, than if you had this day decreed to me a golden statue, or had ordered my picture placed in

the King’s bed-chamber.”

[53]

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

In 1650, Cromwell besieged the Castle, for more than two [54]
months, without success. This was the home of the beautiful Queen Mary at the time she gave birth to James VI, since whose reign the whole of Great Britain has been ruled by one sceptre.

In what is called “The Crown Room” of the Castle, are “The Stones of Power,” or the “Emblems of Scottish Royalty.” These regalia consist of three articles, the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Sword of State. By a fortunate circumstance, I obtain free access to these royal relics. They are entirely new to me, hence I examine them closely. Thinking perhaps the reader would like to know something of an earthly crown before going home to wear an Heavenly one, I give the following description of this one: The lower part is composed of two circles, the undermost much broader than that which rises above it. Both are made of purest gold. The under and broader circle is adorned with twenty-two precious stones, such [55]
as diamonds, rubies, topazes, amethysts, emeralds and sapphires. There is an Oriental pearl interposed between each of these stones. The smaller circle, which surmounts the larger one, is studded with small diamonds and sapphires alternately. From this upper circle two imperial arches rise, crossing each other at right angles, and closing at the top in a pinnacle of burnished gold.

The Sceptre is a slender and an elegant rod of silver, three feet long, gilded with gold and set with diamonds. The Sword of State is five feet long. The scabbard is made of crimson velvet and is ornamented with beautiful needlework and silver.

In the same glass case with the above-named insignia, is a golden collar of the “Order of the Garter,” which collar is said to be that presented by Queen Elizabeth to King James VI when he was created Knight of that Order. In the same case, is also a ruby ring labeled as the coronation ring of Charles I. But enough about

> “The steep and belted rock,
> Where trusted lie the monarchy’s last gems—
> The Sceptre, Sword, and Crown that graced the brows,
> Since Father Fungus, of an hundred kings.”

I am having a perfect feast in re-reading the “Heart of Midlothian,” the plot of which is laid in this city. I never had such a thirst for knowledge, nor did I ever enjoy reading so much as now. I [56]
make daily visits to the Haymarket, to the old Tolbooth, to Holyrood Palace, to Arthur’s Seat, to the cottage where the Dean family lived, and to many places which have been baptized in blood, and about which Scott’s muse loved to sing.

While in the Waverly Hotel, a few days ago, I chanced to meet Reverends J. K. Pace and W. T. Hundly, Baptist preachers from South Carolina. What a happy meeting! We were together only two days. Theirs was a flying trip, and they had to rush on to London and the Continent without seeing much of “Bonnie Scotland.” We agree to meet in six weeks in London or Paris.

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CHAPTER V.

A TRAMP-TRIP THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

His Royal Highness and a Demand for Fresh Air—A Boy in his Father's Clothes—Among the Common People—Nature's Stronghold—Treason Found in Trust—Body Quartered and Exposed on Iron Spikes—Receiving a Royal Salute—Following no Road but a Winding River—Sleeveless Dresses and Dyed Hands—Obelisk to a Novelist and Poet—On the Scotch Lakes—Eyes to See but See Not—A Night of Rest and a Morning of Surprise—A Terrestrial Heaven—A Poetic Inspiration—A Deceptive Mountain—A Glittering Crown—Hard to Climb—An Adventure and a Narrow Escape—Johnson Gives Out—Put to Bed on the Mountain Side—On and Up—A Summit at Last—Niagara Petrified—Overtaken by the Night—Johnson Lost in the Mountains—A Fruitless Search—Bewildered—Exhausted—Sick.

AFTER a sojourn of ten days, I left Edinburgh, the site of Scottish nobility. While there I heard so much of Dukes and Earls, of Lords and Nobles, of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness, etc., that it became necessary for me to seek some mountain peak where I could get a full supply of fresh air. If there is such a thing, I have a pious contempt for high-sounding titles of honor and nobility, and especially when, as is too often the case, the appellations themselves are of more consequence than the men who wear them. A man may indeed have a *great name* "thrust upon him," but *greatness itself* is not thus attained. I like to see a son inherit his father's good qualities, and the more of them the better, but as for honors and titles, let him win those for himself. I saw a [58]
"Duke" the other day who reminded me of a half-grown boy on the streets wearing his father's worn-out pants and coat and hat.

Well, as I started out to say, I became so nauseated with these inherited, worn-out, loose-fitting titles of nobility that I determined to leave the rendezvous of "honor," and get out into the country among the common people. Accordingly I left Edinburgh, a week ago to-day, for an extended tramp-trip through the Highlands. I came first by rail, via Glasgow, to Dunbarton, a ship-building town of 13,000 inhabitants, on the river Clyde. Thence, a pleasant walk of three miles brought me to Dunbarton Castle, which I saw from the steamer as we were coming from America, and which was barely mentioned in a previous chapter. "This Castle," says the Scottish historian, "is one of the strongest in Europe, if not in the world." It is, as before stated, a great moss-covered rock, standing in the river, measuring a mile in circumference, and rising nearly three hundred feet high. In the first century of the Christian era, the Romans gained possession of, and fortified themselves in, this Castle. By the treachery of John Monmouth, Sir William Wallace, while on this rock, was betrayed, in 1305, into the hands of the British, who took him to London and struck off his head, after which his body was quartered and exposed upon spikes of iron on London Bridge. A long two-handed sword, once used by Wallace, and other [59]
ancient relics of warfare, are shown to the visitor.

From the top of the Castle, one gets a commanding view of the surrounding country. While there, looking northward, I saw Ben Lomond, more than twenty miles away. I could not refrain from taking off my hat to this "Mountain Monarch." And, as if to return my salute, the clouds just then were lifted, leaving the snow-covered head of the mountain bare for a moment. For this act of civility, I determined to pay His Royal Highness a visit. Hence, with felt hats pulled down over our eyes, with canes in hand, and small leather satchels strapped across our backs, my traveling companion and I set out on foot for the Highlands.

We followed no road, being guided by the river only, which flows from Loch Lomond into the Clyde. The general scenery along this route is nothing unusual; but the river itself is surpassingly beautiful, its water being transparent, and flowing deep, smooth and swift, but silent, between its level green banks.

Just before entering a small town, on the river, called Renton, we met hundreds of girls and young women homeward bound, all wearing sleeveless dresses, and carrying tin buckets. Their dyed hands and arms bespoke their occupation. They were factory girls,

employed in the paint works the largest in Scotland. In this town, is a splendid obelisk to Tobias Smollet, the novelist and poet, who was born here in 1721. [60]

By eight o'clock we reached a wayside inn, where a few shillings secured us comfortable accommodations. Next morning was dark and cloudy. A few hours' walk found us at the head of Loch Lomond, where we took shipping on the neat little steamer, "Prince Consort." We had several tourists, artists, poets, musicians, and other persons of taste and culture, on board, all of whom, like ourselves, had come to see and enjoy "Bonnie Scotland." But the clouds were so dark and low, the mist so dense and heavy, that we could see little or nothing of the beauty and grandeur by which we were surrounded. Before nightfall, though the whole day seemed almost like night, "The Prince" touched at a landing called Tarbet, where we disembarked and secured lodging. The day was damp, cold and dark; everything around us wore a gloomy aspect. We were tired. We could see nothing to interest the mind or delight the eye. So Morpheus soon claimed us as his captives for the night. But, ere those nocturnal hours passed away, God's own hand removed the clouds and curtains which, the day before, hid the works of Nature from our view.

Next morning, the sound of the clock striking eight disturbed the "spirit of my dreams." The reader can better imagine, than I can describe, my feelings when I arose and looked around me. I found that it was a warm, bright, beautiful spring morning, and that I was in the loveliest spot on earth. I was in the midst of a large flower-garden, laid out with great care and excellent taste, containing a fine variety of shrubbery and a rich profusion of delicate and fragrant flowers. Behind me was a range of mountains, high and lifted up, extending also to the right hand and to the left, leaving the flower-garden just in a graceful curve of the mountain chain. Before me, and toward the east, was Loch Lomond, the Queen of the Highland Lakes. Her waters were clear as crystal, and her bosom was unruffled by a single wave, there being just motion enough upon the mirror-like surface to cause the sunbeams falling upon the water to glisten like a sea of sparkling diamonds. [61]

Across the Loch, and just one mile away, was Ben Lomond, the lordliest mountain in all Scotland—the same that returned my salute from Dunbarton Castle. While the foot of this majestic mountain was washed by the waters of the lake, its brow was wrapped in the snow of winter and bathed in the clouds of heaven. Thus the beautiful lake is surrounded by

> "Mountains that like giants stand
> To sentinel the enchanted land."

And each towering crag and cliff and mountain peak was seen reflected in the silver mirror lying at their feet.

In addition to all these attractions, that morning when I awoke it seemed as if all the birds of the country, with their merry voices and bright plumage, had assembled to hold their spring carnival. One of their number was unlike any of the feathered tribe I had seen before. It had a dove-colored breast; night and morning were delicately interwoven in its wings, and it sang "as if every tiny bone in its body were a golden flute." A good old lady living there told me that when Dr. Thomas Chalmers stood where I was standing that morning, and saw and heard what then greeted my eyes and ears, he exclaimed: "I wonder if there will be such scenery and music as this in heaven!" [62]

Ah! this is Scotland, "Bonnie Scotland," whose picturesque scenery has waked the harp of so many bards, and has often set the artist's eye "in fine frenzy rolling." I am not surprised that the mantle of poesy fell upon Burns while following the plow; my only wonder is that all Scotchmen are not poets. In fact, when I awoke that morning and found myself in that terrestrial heaven, I did not know what was the matter with me. There was a fluttering underneath my ribs. It was a deep and strong, yet a pleasing and delightful sensation. I thought it was a poet's soul in me! Rushing to the desk with hair uncombed, I arranged my stationery, and sat with pen in hand waiting for the light to break in upon me—but—but—the spell passed off before I could get hold of the first rhyme. What a pity! [63]

After being here a short time, Johnson and I decide to take a trip through the mountains and visit Loch Long, a few miles west. We

are not at all disappointed when we arrive at the Loch. The scenery is wild, savage, grand! Beyond the lake, or loch, we see the Cobbler, a towering mountain, covered with snow. The mountain is apparently not far off, seemingly about two hours' walk. Now this, the Cobbler, is not the highest mountain in Scotland, but is said to be the hardest one in the whole country to climb.

Not knowing the difficulty of our undertaking, we determine to plant our feet in the snow glittering upon the Cobbler's crown. We are almost exhausted when we reach the base, but, after resting a few minutes, I say: "Johnson, renew your strength, and let us go." For awhile the ascent is comparatively easy; but we soon come to great walls of black rock, rough and steep, some places being almost perpendicular. We try to go around the worst places, determining, however, that when we come to a rock which we can not go around, we will go over it. This we manage to do by the assistance of the grass and twigs growing in the crevices of the rock, but the climbing is exceedingly difficult and tiresome, and often dangerous. One time in particular my escape is narrow. I am standing on a narrow shelf of rock. Below me is a yawning chasm, some sixty feet deep. Above is a wall almost straight up and down, [64] eighteen feet high. With dire apprehensions I start up. When about two-thirds of the way up, a bush, whose fastenings in the crevice of the rock are not as strong as I thought, gives way with me. Down I come on the narrow rock-shelf, and almost into the chasm below. For some minutes I am unable to move, though I am worse frightened than injured. Johnson excitedly calls out: "Whittle, Whittle, are you hurt?" I reply, "No, I am like a cat—always catch on foot. Besides, 'A man's greatness consists not in his never falling, but in always rising after a fall.'"

The day before this memorable tramp, a heavy rain had fallen and the grass, with which many parts of the mountain are covered, is very wet, hence our feet are soon as wet as water can make them. Under these difficulties, we have not gotten more than two-thirds of the way up the mountain, before my companion, who, like a mountain goat, loves to climb, gives out completely. He has neither the strength to go to the top, nor the spirit to start down. Rest is the only hope. So, with two overcoats for a pallet, a round stone for a pillow, and the blue sky for a covering, I put Johnson to bed, and he is to sleep while I am to continue my journey to the top of the mountain, and hasten back with some snow for dinner.

The summit is more distant, and the way more difficult and perilous, than we had supposed. However, I have started to the top, and I am determined to go there, "if it takes all the summer." And I [65] do. But in order to accomplish my purpose I must go around and approach the long-sought brow from the opposite side. I reach the very top! And, although my trembling limbs are so weak and weary that I can scarcely stand, yet I feel fully repaid for all my toil. The snow under my feet is five feet deep. About a half mile beyond me is another mountain towering up apparently a thousand feet above me, and covered with snow from head to foot. It looks frightful; and almost unwittingly I exclaim: "Niagara petrified! A mountain of snow falling from the clouds!" The sight is grand, but I can not prolong my stay, for obvious reasons. I am wet with perspiration, and, having left my overcoat with Johnson, I am now suffering—the cold and cutting wind pierces to the bone; and besides night is coming on.

Now a new trouble begins. I can not find Johnson. I do not know on which side of the mountain I left him. I have no idea as to where he is! But the worst of all is that Johnson, after sleeping three hours, wakens, and, as I have not returned, becomes uneasy about me. He supposes that I have either gotten into the snow and can not get out, or have fallen over some precipice and hurt or killed myself. So he, out of the goodness of his heart, sets out in search of me. Each hunts for the other until night without success. Fortunately, however, we agreed in the morning on a place to spend the night. [66] On reaching the place agreed upon, I find that he is not there—nor has he been seen! While I am making preparations to go back, with assistance, to hunt for him the door flies open and in steps Johnson, completely exhausted, and sick besides. Thus ends our first day among the mountains!

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CHAPTER VI.

A GENERAL VIEW OF SCOTLAND.

Highlands and Lowlands—Locked up for Fifteen Days—The Need of a Good Sole—A Soft Side of a Rock—The Charm of Reading on the Spot—A Fearful Experience—Bit and Bridle—Thunder-Riven—Volcanic Eruption—Dangerous Pits—An Hundred-Eyed Devil—Gloomy Dens—Meeting an Enemy—Eyes Like Balls of Fire—Voice Like Rolling Thunder—A Speedy Departure—Leaping from Rock to Rock—Silver Thread among the Mountains—Imperishable Tablets—The Cave of Rob Roy and the Land of the McGregors—Lady of the Lake and Ellen's Isle—Lodging with Peasants and with Gentlemen—Rising in Mutiny—Strange Fuel—Character of Scotch People—Scotch Baptists—Sunrise at Two O'Clock in the Morning.

SCOTLAND, as the reader knows, is a small country. Its length from north to south is two hundred miles, but east and west the country is very narrow, no part of it being more than forty miles from the sea-coast. This small area is divided into what are known as the "Highlands" and "Lowlands," the two sections being as unlike in the nature of the soil, the character of the scenery, the habits and industries of the people, as though they were a thousand miles apart. To the historian and tourist the Highlands, occupying the northern, or rather the northwestern, portion of Scotland, is by far the most interesting section. The term, Highlands, however, does not, as many people think, designate a broad, level, elevated table-land. On the contrary, the Highlands of Scotland are a wild, savage world by themselves, composed entirely of hills, morasses, [68] mountains, glens, moors, lakes and rivers.

For the last fifteen days, I have been in the heart of this enchanted land, locked, as it were, in this rock-ribbed region. I have spent the time in walking through the country; rowing on the lochs, or lakes; climbing mountains; threading glens; exploring caves; talking to the people of high and low degree, thus gaining information of every kind and character, both as to the past and present condition of this wild country and its poverty-stricken people. Hard work this. A man walking through the mountains needs a good sole (soul)—spell it as you please. To me, however, the work (I can not call it by any other name half so appropriate) has been as pleasant as it has been difficult, and as profitable as both combined. When I become very tired, and that is no infrequent occurrence, I spread myself out on the soft side of some projecting rock, high on the mountain side, and there, while resting, I alternately feast my eager eyes on the outstretching landscape, or read from books which I have along for that purpose. I read the "History of Scotland," "Heart of Midlothian," "Rob Roy," "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion." In this way I have read much of the history, poetry, and fiction of Scotland while on the spot, or in the immediate neighborhood about which it was written. It lends a new charm and gives an additional zest to [69] what one reads, when he can lift his eyes from the book and behold the places and objects mentioned in its glowing pages.

I can never forget my experience of a week ago to-day. I was up at an early hour. The sky was cloudless and the morn calm and quiet. Across the lake stood Ben Lomond in its giant-like proportions. Its brow, grey with eternal snow, looked so inviting that I determined to ascend and sniff the mountain breeze. A friend, where I spent the night, and who knew the difficulties in the way, tried to dissuade me from my purpose; but when I take the bit between my teeth there is no bridle that can stop me. Johnson, who by this time had thoroughly recovered from his maiden effort at climbing mountains, and who is as fleet as a hart and spirited as a gazelle, agreed to accompany me. So, ere the warbler had finished his morning song, and while the dew was yet sparkling bright on the heath, we set out for that towering peak, "where snow and sunshine alone have dared to tread."

For sixpence, a farmer's lad rowed us across the loch, landing us at the foot of the mountain whose rocky cliffs and thunder-riven sides we were to climb. Seven hours' toil brought us to the objective point, and rewarded us with one of the finest, wildest, and most

romantic views to be had anywhere this side that deep and yawning gulf which separates time from eternity. I found myself surrounded by a thousand peaks, crags and cliffs, whose heads were white with [70] the accumulated snows of fifty winters, they being of different heights, and of every conceivable shape, size and angle—all having been caused, apparently, by the upheaval of some mighty volcanic eruption of the under world. These iron-belted mountain sides are honey-combed with deep and dark dens, dangerous pits and caves, which once furnished shelter and security to those savage and lawless clans whose sole occupation was arms, and who, under cover of night, often swooped down upon the barns, flocks and herds of the Lowlanders like eagles upon their prey. When once hidden away in those dark recesses, it would take an hundred-eyed devil to discover their whereabouts; and, if discovered, it would require an iron-handed Hercules to rout and discomfit them.

Many of these peaks and cliffs are separated only by narrow and gloomy glens hundreds of feet deep. The glen may be ten, fifteen, or twenty-five feet wide at the bottom, but the rough and irregular sides tower up so high, and come so near closing at the top, that the rocky chasm is dark and gloomy. I have, I think, very little superstition about me; yet I confess that while walking through these silent halls, where the sun has never shone, I felt half inclined to look around me for hissing serpents, for hobgoblins and rats. While in one of these unseemingly—I had almost said unearthly—places, a dreamy, far-away spell came over me. I fell into an absent-minded mood. Just as I reached a dark, horrible-looking place, I [71] paused. I stood still, my eyes resting upon the stone floor; I was thinking about—I do not know what. All at once I heard a furious noise; and, turning suddenly around, I beheld a huge wildcat rushing down the glen, with eyes glaring like balls of fire. By this time he was within five feet of me, and gave the most unearthly yell that I have ever heard. It seemed as if it would rend the very rocks. Every hair on my head was a goose-quill, and they were all on ends. For a moment I was still as death, and pulseless as a statue, while the noise that startled me was rolling, ringing, and reverberating down the glen like the mutterings of distant thunder. As John Bunyan would say, “I departed, and was seen, there no more.”

Having gotten out of the glen, I went back upon Ben Lomond and enjoyed the picture. I said it was a grand sight, and so it was. Turn my eyes as I would, I could see mountain streams fed by melting snow, the water being churned into madness as it leaped from rock to rock, until it was lost in the abyss below. Looking beneath me, I could see several of the Scottish lakes, which were as beautiful as the mountains were grand. I saw Loch Lomond, on whose calm bosom many islands float, winding around like a silver thread among the mountains for twenty miles.

All this made a picture that I can never forget. It is indelibly [72] stamped on the imperishable tablets of memory; and there it will remain, an object of interest and admiration, until the flood-gates of life are shut in eternal rest.

We visited Rob Roy’s cave, the land of the Macgregors, the house in which Helen Macgregor was born, Loch Katrine where Scott wrote “The Lady of the Lake,” and many other places known to history and to song.

Johnson and I found no difficulty in walking twelve to twenty miles a day. We sometimes obtained lodgings with peasants, and at others with “gentlemen,” or landlords. The peasants call themselves “servants,” and always speak of the landlord as “master.” This nomenclature is suggestive of the real relationship existing between the two classes. It is none other than that of master and slave. These peasants are still plodding along in the same old grooves whose rough edges wore their fathers out. Many of them, like the dumb ass in the tread-mill, expect only their bread, and verily they are not disappointed. I almost wonder that the very stones in the streets do not rise in mutiny, and clamor for justice until their cry is heard by the dull ears of power.

While walking from Loch Lomond to Loch Katrine, I saw several peasants spading up the ground. They had dug several holes, each large enough to swallow a good-sized house. The dirt was taken out in square blocks, much the size of three bricks put side by side, or [73] about the shape of a Mexican adobe. In appearance, these blocks resembled soft, sticky, black prairie mud. Seeing them spread out to dry, I thought they were to be used as building material. Upon making inquiry, I found that it (the dirt) was preparing for fuel. The

peasants call it moss. They dry it and stack it, as we stack fodder or oats. They say it burns well.

The Scotch people, as a whole, have impressed me very favorably. They have a straightforward way of doing business. Almost every face wears on it the stamp of genuine honesty. The better classes of people are social, kind and accommodating in their nature, though somewhat stiff and dignified in their bearing.

Religiously, most Scotchmen are Presbyterians in belief and devout in spirit. They are no people for innovations or change, even though the new be superior to the old. I would as soon undertake to turn the Amazon from its wonted channel as to swerve these Scotch people from their fixed modes of thought and habits of life. As the boy said of his father's horse that would go no farther, they are "established."

Just twenty years ago, the main body of our Baptist people of this country formed what is known as the "Baptist Union of Scotland." They now have eighty-five churches and ten thousand members. Though few in number, they expect, like Gideon's band of old, to come off conquerors at last. All the Baptist ministers whom I have [74] chanced to meet have received me into their confidence, into their homes and families. They have extended to me every act of kindness and of courtesy that I could ask or wish.

In a month from now, the people of Scotland will have very little night. In the latter part of June they have twilight until eleven o'clock, and the sun rises about two o'clock in the morning. It is now almost ten o'clock at night, and I can see to write without artificial light, and the moon is not shining.

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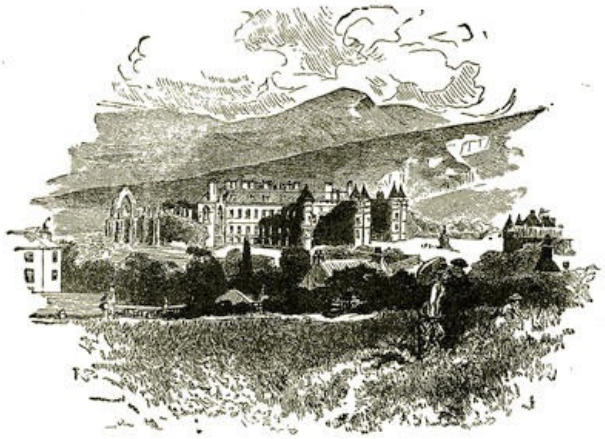
CHAPTER VII.

FROM DUNDEE TO MANCHESTER.

Scotch Presbyterians in Convention—Their Character and Bearing—On the Footpath to Abbotsford—The Home of Scott—Five Miles through the Fields—Melrose Abbey and the Heart of Bruce—Hospitality of a Baptist Preacher—Adieu to Scotland—Merry England—Manchester—Exposition and Prince of Wales—Manchester and Cotton Manufacturers—A $25,000,000 Scheme—Dr. Alexander Maclaren—His Appearance—The Force of his Thought—The Witchery of his Eloquence—His Hospitality Enjoyed—A Promise Made.

LEAVING Dundee I run down to Edinburgh to attend the annual meeting of the established church of Scotland. I am anxious to see this venerable body of men, whose deep-toned piety has pervaded the nation, and who wield such a powerful influence over the political and religious thought of the century. Whether around the family fireside, or on the public platform, most of these men are dignified, stiff and formal in their bearing. I can but think that if they were put under the water, the starch would be taken out of them, and they would be more useful to the world. I say to a friend that if I had only a little Baptist water and Methodist fire, I could get up enough steam in half an hour to set the whole convention in motion.

We set out on Friday for the home of Sir Walter Scott, some thirty miles distant. One hour brings us to Gallashields. Here we leave our baggage and take the foot-path leading along the banks of [76] the river Tweed and terminating at Abbotsford. The day is fine. The scenery is not grand, but varied and beautiful. The pedestrians are so engaged in contemplating the beauties of nature, that the walk of five miles seems rather to rest than to tire them.



ABBOTSFORD.

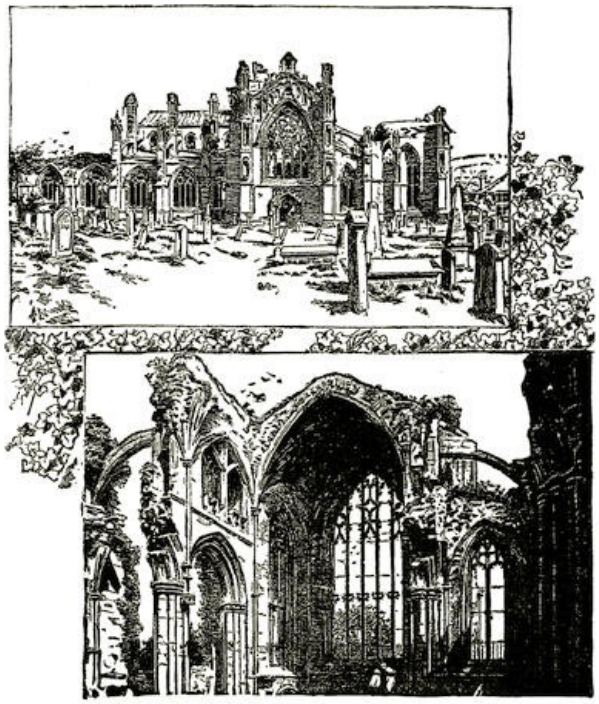
Abbotsford is situated upon a hillside about two hundred yards from the river. Between the house and the stream there are two high terraces, making two distinct flower-gardens, one being some twenty feet higher than the other. The house is large and quaint and old. It is always open to visitors, and daily many enter its portals. One feels as if he would like to remain here a week, examining the [77] clothes, furniture, books, manuscripts and curiosities once belonging to the lord of letters and of language. Here one sees locks of hair from the heads of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson. Here one sees the bones of many Christian martyrs; also guns, pistols, swords, shot, shells, canteens, and other relics of interest, gathered from the field of Waterloo by Scott himself.

But we must not linger here. I want the reader to go with me to Melrose. It is only five or six miles, and I am sure we shall enjoy the walk, as our winding path leads through fields, sheep-pastures, and grassy meadows. It will be sport for us to jump the fences, jump the ditches and babbling brooks. We will take dinner as we sit beside

the second stream, whose limpid water will fill our glasses.

Now that we have reached Melrose, let us go at once to the old Abbey, and view that ruined pile in which repose the body of Douglass and the heart of Bruce, and around which the bard of Abbotsford loved to linger. This old church, or abbey, which for hundreds and hundreds of years resounded with the songs and prayers of monks and Catholic priests, was demolished by the Protestants in the time of the Reformation, and now serves only as the dwelling-place of blind bats and hooting owls. After spending three hours in and around the Abbey, and regretting that we cannot linger three days, we leave, feeling that we can fully appreciate, and [78] heartily adopt the sentiment expressed in the second canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright.
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never seen so sad and fair."



MELROSE ABBEY.

We now retrace our steps toward Gallashields; and, on reaching [79] there, are met by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, a Baptist preacher, who takes us to his house, and treats us so kindly that I really regret my inability to accept his kind invitation to remain until Sunday and preach for him.

I sincerely regret that my stay in Scotland has ended. I am loath to leave. I have walked two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles through the Highlands. I have viewed the whole country through a veil of poesy which the hands of Scott and Burns have thrown over it. To me, it is indeed "Bonnie Scotland;" and in leaving it I can but say:

"Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud of the dead on the mountains' cold breast;
To the cataracts' roar, where the eagles reply,
And the lakes their broad bosoms expand to the sky."

The night passes; morning comes. The day is bright and beautiful. I now bid adieu to bonnie Scotland, and set my face, for the first time, toward merry England. It is Saturday. Hence, I go direct to Manchester, so as to be there on Sunday. Manchester has almost a million inhabitants. It is the greatest cotton-manufacturing city in the world. The great English Exposition was opened in Manchester by the Prince and Princess of Wales, a few days ago, and will not close for some weeks yet. I have attended exhibitions in [80] New Orleans, Atlanta, Louisville, Washington City, Philadelphia and Boston, and the main difference between an American exposition and an English one is that in America we make a specialty of fruits,

seeds, agricultural products and implements, fine wood, valuable timbers, gold and silver ore, etc., while in England the specialties are emblems of royalty, relics of antiquity, and products of the loom and spindle.

The manufacturers of Manchester know much more about cotton than do Southern planters in the United States. They know each spring how much cotton is planted. They study carefully the crop prospects. They have approximately correct ideas as to what the yield will be. They then estimate the demand, and calculate the price. Most of these men manufacture goods to order. When one buys a thousand bales of cotton, he knows exactly how much money it will cost to work it up, how much goods it will turn out, how much waste there will be, and how much profit he is to reap. The people here say that the speculators of New York frequently buy up great quantities of cotton and hold it for better prices. To counteract this, a paper is addressed to the cotton manufacturers of England, and circulated through the country. Those signing this petition agree thereby to run their factories only half the time until the next cotton crop is put on the market.

The enterprising people of Manchester have inaugurated a [81]
scheme by which they will be enabled to greatly reduce the price of their goods, and at the same time realize greater profits for themselves. It now costs them as much to send their goods by rail to Liverpool, a distance of thirty-six miles, as it does to get them from Liverpool to New York. The new scheme is to cut a canal from Liverpool to Manchester, through which the great sea-going vessels can come up to Manchester and be loaded from the factories. For this purpose, $25,000,000 have been raised. Work on the canal was begun some time ago, and will be pushed most vigorously. It will be the broadest and deepest canal in the world.

To me, however, the object of greatest interest in the city is Dr. Alexander Maclaren, who is regarded by many competent judges as the greatest living preacher. Six volumes of his sermons grace the shelves of my library. My knowledge of his personal history, and my familiarity with his style of thought, make me all the more anxious to see and hear the man whose eloquence sways the multitude as the wind turns the grass of the field.

Little before eleven o’clock on Sunday morning, I enter the elegant Union Chapel, wherein are seated some 2,500 to 3,000 persons. The preacher soon enters the pulpit. He is somewhat under medium size, measuring perhaps five feet and seven inches in height, and weighing, I imagine, about one hundred and twenty- [82]
eight pounds. His iron-grey hair is somewhat long, is combed straight back, and parted in the middle. His forehead is high and broad, and projects far over the large blue eyes which are set deep back in his head. His mouth is small; his features are hard and dry. He reminds me much of the late Jefferson Davis and Dr. Henson.

His prayer is but the overflowing of a large heart filled with love. The text is Matthew 3:16. For fifty minutes the multitude is spellbound. Dr. Maclaren’s speaking corresponds with Dr. Henson’s definition of eloquence—it is *logic set on fire*. The most striking peculiarity of his style is the force with which he projects his words. As was said of Henry Clay, each word has positive weight. As I hear the man speaking, and feel the force of his utterances, I am impelled to say: “This is naught else than the artillery of heaven besieging the citadel of the soul!” The thoughts are projected with such dynamitic force that resistance is impossible—every barrier is soon broken down, then every projectile burns its way into the soul. His words have in them scorpion-stings—they arouse an accusing conscience. Then a change comes over the spell of his preaching. He says: “You now see how poor a thing is man; how corrupt his heart; how wicked his thoughts; how vile his deeds! So turn away from self, and look to that Christ upon whom the Spirit descended, [83]
and of whom God said, ‘This is my Son.’”

I accept the Doctor’s invitation to call on him in the afternoon. He is desirous that the Baptists on the two sides of the Atlantic should know each other better—that there should be a closer bond of union and sympathy between them. He is as pleasant at home as he is forcible in the pulpit. I promise to go with him to a Baptist Association, about which we shall speak in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

[84]

BAPTIST CENTENNIAL.

Three Baptist Associations—Centennial Year and Jubilee Year—Baptists Seen at their Best—Doctor Alexander Maclaren—Matchless Eloquence—Hon. John Bright Delivers an Address—Boundless Enthusiasm—English Hospitality—A Home with the Mayor.

THE Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire Baptist Associations are now holding a joint meeting in this city of Rochdale. The Yorkshire Association was organized in 1787, and covered at that time all the territory that is now embraced within the three Associations above named, the division having occurred by common consent in 1837. This is therefore the centennial year for the Yorkshire, and the semi-centennial year for the Lancashire and Cheshire Associations.

This is also the English Jubilee year, being the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria. Hence this meeting is called “The Baptist Centennial and Jubilee Celebration.” It is said to be the grandest Baptist meeting ever held in England. It represents the brains and culture of our denomination in this country.

They are more formal in their methods of conducting the business of the body than is customary among American Baptists. The program is made out and printed beforehand. The speeches are [85] all “cut and dried.” The moderator asks a particular man to make a certain motion, and then specifies another one and asks him to second the motion. The present meeting is mainly taken up with historical and biographical discussions.

As a rule, the delegates are men of fine natural powers and scholarly attainments. Most of them are fluent speakers, though very few of their number can be called eloquent or even forcible. It is natural that on this occasion the speakers should indulge freely in self gratulations. They are proud of their history, and especially of their ancestors who made their history. And well they may be. Their ancestors were men of backbone, of nerve and stamina! Unlike many men of the present day, they *believe something*! Their convictions were deep, strong, pungent! Their convictions were strong enough to lead them to the stake. And then they had the courage of their convictions. They were not ashamed to let the world know what they believed.

In some respects, I regard the present Baptists of England as unworthy sons of their distinguished ancestors. They boast of their progress, of their broad sympathies, and liberal views; that they have gotten away from the bones of theology to the gospel of Christ; that they no longer preach of God’s avenging wrath, but rather of His forgiving mercy. These English Baptists are good men, and they preach the gospel as far as they go; but they do not go far enough. [86] Jehovah is a God of justice as well as of mercy. A body of theology without bones is as useless as a human body without bones. They seem to be sadly lacking in that deep, heart-felt conviction, and in that sturdy, lion-like courage which immortalized their forefathers. They have well-nigh ceased to preach our distinctive doctrines as Baptists, and God, I believe, as a consequence, is withholding His blessings from them. Within the bounds of these three Associations, live more than one-fourth of the population of England, and yet the Associations report only 34,000 members. A church may believe and practice whatever she pleases as to communion (and other things too, I suppose), and still secure or retain membership in any of these Associations.

The leading features of the meeting are as follows: An address on “Reminiscences of Associational Teachers in 1837,” by Rev. John Aldis; the Centennial Sermon, by Dr. Alexander Maclaren, and an address on “Sunday Schools,” by the Right Hon. John Bright, Member of Parliament.

Mr. Aldis is a remarkable man. He has been in the ministry sixty years, and still retains much of the strength and enthusiasm of youth. Possessing such splendid gifts, and having been so long connected with the Associations, there is no man living better able

to perform the task assigned to him than the venerable John Aldis. The address is a model of condensation. The speaker was almost as [87] laconic as the tramp who called, late one evening, at a country residence, and said to the lady of the house: “Madam, will you please give me a drink of water? I am so hungry I don’t know where I am going to sleep to-night.” I wonder that one can say so much in so short a time. There is scarcely a superfluous word from beginning to end. It is marked, too, by great literary excellence, and contains some delightful bits of character sketches.

Doctor Maclaren is at his best. I doubt whether he ever preached a better sermon than the one he delivers at this meeting. He warns his brethren that there is danger ahead, that false theories are creeping into their creeds, that it will never do to cut loose from the “old moorings.” He says in substance: “Brethren, the cold winds from the icy caves of Socinianism are chilling our blood and benumbing our limbs. We boast of becoming liberal-minded and broad. We should not forget, however, that broad streams are shallow, and that narrow ones are deep. Their currents are apt to be swift enough to cut up the mud and wash out the riff-raff from the channel, leaving a smooth, solid rock bed. God’s Word may lead us into deep water, but it will never leave us without a solid foundation. There is such a thing as being broader than wise, and wiser than good.” For more than an hour his audience of three thousand persons is under his magic power. At times they are breathless. The Doctor plays upon the fibres of men’s hearts like a [88] skillful musician upon the strings of his harp. He strikes any chord—every chord—he pleases. The audience can neither resist laughter nor suppress tears. Every heart is pierced by the orator’s fiery glance, and thrilled by his matchless eloquence. As Goethe said of Herder, “He preaches like a God.”

The enthusiasm of the meeting reaches its zenith Wednesday afternoon, when the Right Hon. John Bright delivers an address on “Sunday-schools.” The excitement is simply intense. One round of applause follows another until the very walls of the building are made to ring with glad huzzas. Then those who can not gain entrance to the immense hall take up the cry, and send it ringing through the streets of the city. The excitement really becomes painful. Mr. Bright is quite old and feeble—his head is white as cotton, still he is a perfect master of assemblies. As an orator, he is much after the style of the late Brooklyn divine.

One touching incident must be related. Mr. Bright stands before the audience motionless, until silence is restored. He then calls Mr. Aldis to him. As the two venerable men stand side by side facing the audience, with their hands on each other’s shoulders, Mr. Bright relates the following incident: “I first met Mr. Aldis fifty-four years ago. We were then just entering upon the duties of life. On the day of our meeting, each of us delivered an address to a large assembly. [89] Mr. Aldis was my senior. He spoke first, and I second. After the speaking was over, he took me to one side. He said that he saw in me powers that should be developed. He told me how to develop those powers. In a word, he lectured me on public speaking. This, ladies and gentlemen, was my first and last lesson in elocution.” Then, turning to his old teacher, he continued: “Mr. Aldis, if I have accomplished anything in life, and especially as a public speaker, it is due, at least in part, to your kindly counsels. We met first fifty-four years ago; this is our second meeting; our third will be in Heaven.”

The meeting has just closed. It was an unequivocal success. The arrangements were simply perfect. No weak plank was put in the platform. Every speaker was true and tried, and everything passed off with an eclat that is pleasing to contemplate. A daily paper, in speaking of the meeting, says: “The Baptists were seen at their best, and they are justly proud that it was a very good best.”

These English Baptists have been exceedingly kind and courteous to me. I was entertained by Hon. John S. Hudson, Mayor of the city. It seemed that Mr. Hudson and family could not do enough for their American guest. Their kindness will never be forgotten.

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CHAPTER IX.

A SOJOURN IN ENGLAND AND ON TO WALES.

Arrested and Imprisoned—Released without a Trial—Nottingham—Dwellers in Caves—Seven Hundred Years Old—Forests of Ivanhoe and Robin Hood—Birthplace of Henry Kirk White—Home of the Pilgrim Fathers—Home of Thomas Cranmer—A Guide's Information—Home of Lord Byron—Wild Beasts from the Dark Continent—A Sad Epitaph—Byron's Grave—A Wedding Scene—Marriage Customs—Wales and Sea-Bathing—Among the Mountains—Welsh Baptists—A Tottering Establishment.

AFTER attending the Baptist Centennial at Rochdale, I turn my face toward the east, Nottingham being the objective point. Four hours bring me to my journey's end, and the reader can scarcely imagine my feelings when, as I step off the train at Nottingham, I am arrested by a sturdy Scotchman. I say to him: "Sir, what does this mean? If you seek for some criminal, some culprit who has violated the laws of the land, you have caught the wrong bird. I am a loyal citizen of the United States of America. I have the necessary papers from government officials to prove what I say. I was never accused of an ungentlemanly or illegal act in America, and since coming to England I have behaved myself; I have kept good company; I have respected your Queen and obeyed the laws of your country."

Although I am as composed as a judge, and notwithstanding the fact that my words ring out like the notes of a silver bell, my speech [91] falls flat. The Scotchman declares that it is entirely unnecessary for me to say another word; that I am his prisoner; that I shall be locked up, but shall not be maltreated; that I shall be dealt with fairly, and, if innocent, released in due time. Strange feelings come over me as I am led captive through the crowded streets of this busy city to be locked within the gloomy prison-walls of a foreign country. Fortunately, however, the darkest hour is just before day. We have not gone far, when the Scotchman throws off the mask and reveals himself as my bosom friend, and fellow-countryman, George Robert Cairns, who is well-known and much beloved from Ohio to California, and who has sung and preached his way into the hearts of thousands of the Scotch and English people. The prison to which he is conducting me proves to be one of the most pleasant and elegant homes in the city. Hence, I feel that I can say with David, "Thou hast turned my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness."

Nottingham is one of the oldest and most historic cities in all England. It is splendidly situated on the banks of the river Trent in the midst of one of the prettiest and most romantic regions of country anywhere to be found in Her Majesty's Kingdom. The word "Nottingham" signifies "dwellers in caves," a name given to the town on account of its early inhabitants dwelling in caves and [92] subterranean passages cut in the yielding rock on which the present city is built. These caves and caverns are still open, and it affords me curious pleasure, with lantern in hand, to wander through their dark recesses.

In one of the noted forests by which the town is surrounded, stands a large and venerable oak-tree, more than seven hundred years old, with a wagon road cut through it. These are the lordly forests described in Ivanhoe—the same, also, where Robin Hood held high carnival.

This is the birthplace of Henry Kirk White, whose poetical talents brought him into prominence long before he reached man's estate. The bud was plucked before the flower was full-blown. Brief, bright and glorious was his young career. An ardent admirer from the Western world has placed a beautiful marble tablet to his memory in one of the halls of Cambridge University. Many of the Pilgrim Fathers left for America from this town and shire.

I was at the birthplace and home of Thomas Cranmer, who, in 1656, perished at the stake for the cause of Christ. The enthusiastic guide who is but temporarily of the Archbishop's palace pointed to Cranmer's portrait and said: "This is a picture of Mr. Cranberry, a

Scottish king, who, in 1009, was condemned for heresy and shot by order of Pharaoh." The traveler who believes all that the guides tell him will soon be thoroughly convinced that Moses was the grandson of Julius Caesar. [93]

I know not when I have enjoyed anything more than a day spent at Newstead Abbey, the home of Lord Byron, whose faults we cannot forget, but whose genius we must acknowledge, and whose poetry we cannot fail to admire. The Abbey is now the property of Capt. F. W. Webb, who spent many years with Livingstone and Stanley in their African explorations. In turn, Livingstone and Stanley used to spend much time with Captain Webb in his elegant home. Many of the spacious rooms and long winding halls of the Abbey are filled with stuffed lions, tigers, bears, wolves, panthers, serpents, and fowls brought by these men from the Dark Continent. The Abbey itself is about eight hundred years old. It stands in the midst of a great forest, nine miles north of Nottingham, and is surrounded by lovely flower-gardens, sparkling fountains, and artificial lakes. Here the poet wrote "Hours of Idleness." I was sad when I saw the splendid marble monument which the fond master had erected to his faithful dog. The epitaph closes with these melancholy words:

"Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies."

[94]

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

From the Abbey I went to Hucknall, three miles away, to see the grave of the poet, who lies buried in a church just in front of the pulpit. The marble slab covering the grave forms a part of the floor, and on it are these words: [95]

"BENEATH THIS STONE RESTS THE REMAINS OF LORD BYRON."

On either side of the pulpit, also, there is a marble slab imbedded in the wall, filled with inscriptions pertaining to the life and character of him who, while living, struck chords in the human heart which will continue to vibrate until the sands of time shall have been removed into the ocean of eternity. I must now quit the dead, and say something about the living. I must leave the grave, and take my stand beside the altar.

At eleven o'clock to-day, Mr. George Robert Cairns, of the United States, and Miss Annie Mellors, of Nottingham, England, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. On three successive Sundays previous to the wedding, according to the requirements of law, the engagement was publicly announced at churches, and the question, "Does any one present object to the proposed marriage?" was asked. It is the custom of the country for engagements to be made public as soon as marriage contracts have been entered into. The young people thus engaged are at once recognized as members of each other's family. Mr. Cairns' evangelistic labors have been greatly blest. Through his instumentality many, both in Europe and America, have found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write. And now that the Lord has blest him with one of the most lovely and accomplished Christian women in England, I feel sure his usefulness will be greatly increased, if not doubled. [96]

From Nottingham we came to Wales. We have been here several days, bathing in the sea, walking along the white pebbled beach, strolling through grassy meadows, gathering wild flowers, climbing wooded hills, and scaling rugged mountains. When weariness overtakes the pedestrians, they seat themselves on the shady side of some towering crag or cliff, whose shadow falls long and deep across the hill. Here they hold close communion with Nature and sweet converse with God. The pilgrims discover God's power in the lofty mountains, see His beauty in the blushing rose, behold His glory and splendor in the setting sun "vast mirrored on the sea." These rocky coasts, mountain peaks, and waterfalls have inspired many a poet's muse. Here Tennyson loves to linger. Here Mrs. Hemans sang her sweetest songs. Here Johnson and I roam and read.

> "And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything."

The Baptists are numerically strong and wield a powerful influence in Wales. They are close communionists. They are loyal to their principles and to their God; consequently, they are being wonderfully blest—they are flourishing like the green bay-tree. [97]

The Episcopal Church is fast losing ground in this country. The people are crying out against the tithe system, and are calling for dis-establishment. This once proud structure is tottering. Many predict a speedy fall; and, if it falls at all, I believe the crash will be heavy enough to jar and injure the foundation of the established church throughout the empire. I say it kindly and in the right spirit: I hope that the Episcopal Church will be disestablished. If it be of man, it ought to fall. If it be of God, it needs no human government to support it. If a church be of God, its devotees need to look to Him, and not to the State, for strength. The lack of governmental support never yet stopped the work of saving souls. Against Christ's Church, neither the powers of earth nor the gates of hell can prevail!

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
> And dies among his worshippers."

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CHAPTER X.

LONDON.

Entering London—The Great City Crowded—Six Million Five Hundred Thousand People Together—Lost in London—A Human Niagara—A Policeman and a Lockup—The Jubilee and the Golden Wedding—"God Save the Queen." and God Save the People—Amid England's Shouts and Ireland's Groans Heard.

I ENTER London for the first time on Saturday at 8 P.M. It is with the greatest difficulty that I obtain lodging. I am turned away from several hotels, boarding-houses, and private homes. I can not get even a cot, or blankets, to make a pallet on the floor. I continue to press my suit, however, and finally secure good accommodations with a private family.

Why all this difficulty? It arises from the fact that this is the week set apart for London and the surrounding country to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, this being the fiftieth year of her reign. For some days the streets have been absolutely crowded with visitors. It is said that there are more people here now than ever before. It is a difficult matter, I am sure, for one who has never been here to realize what this means.

London occupies a good part of four counties, covering an area of one hundred and twenty-five square miles. This area is traversed by 7,400 streets which, if laid end to end, would form a great [99] thoroughfare, eighty feet wide, reaching from London to New York. And yet these streets are far too few, too narrow, and too short, to accommodate the six and a half millions of people who are now crowded into the city to attend the Jubilee. There are, in London, more Scotchmen than in Edinburgh; more Irish than in Dublin; more Jews than in Palestine; more Catholics than in Rome. There are more people in London to-day than live in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans, St. Louis, Kansas City and San Francisco all combined. There are more than half as many people here as live in Mexico, and more than one-tenth as many as inhabit the whole of the United States of America.

Monday morning, at ten o'clock, I started out, like Bayard Taylor, with the determination to lose myself in this great city, and I hope that it will not be considered egotistic in me to say that I was eminently successful. Indeed, I have never been more successful in any of my undertakings than in the effort to lose myself in London. I wandered through the streets for hours and hours, going up and down, to the right and left, across, zigzag, and every other way, paying no attention whatever to the direction in which I was going, or to the distance that I had traveled. Johnson and I were soon separated from each other. I was alone, all alone! Who can describe that lonely and woe-begone feeling which comes over one as he, for [100] the first time, winds his way through the great crowd that constantly throngs the streets of the world's metropolis! A lonely, desolate, miserable, and depressing feeling takes hold of your spirit. You cannot shake it off. After walking until your weary limbs can scarcely support you, you sit down upon some curb-stone, or door-step, to rest, to meditate, to dream. Your head turns dizzy as you sit there and watch that human Niagara dashing by you! In vain, you scan the care-worn faces of the passers-by for a familiar countenance. You can only comfort yourself with this consoling thought: "I know as many of them as they do of me." Ah! who knows—who can know—that mixed multitude? Who can tell whether courage or cowardice, whether hope or fear, whether virtue or vice, whether joy or sorrow, whether peace or strife, most rules the heart? One man in the crowd continually thinks of the low, the mean, the vile, and is himself corrupt and vicious. Another has pure thoughts and lofty aspirations; he has an eye for the beautiful; he loves the true, and longs to be good.

Here is a demon of darkness, whose heart is black with the crimes of last night—yea, with the accumulated crimes of a life-time. His conscience is dead. He would now like to stifle the courage, to throttle the hope, and stab the virtue of others. There is a good Samaritan whose acts are acts of kindness, and whose deeds are deeds of charity. He is in the world, but not of the world. He is a [101] stranger. He is a pilgrim. His citizenship is in Heaven!

For several hours I watched the passing throng, and read their

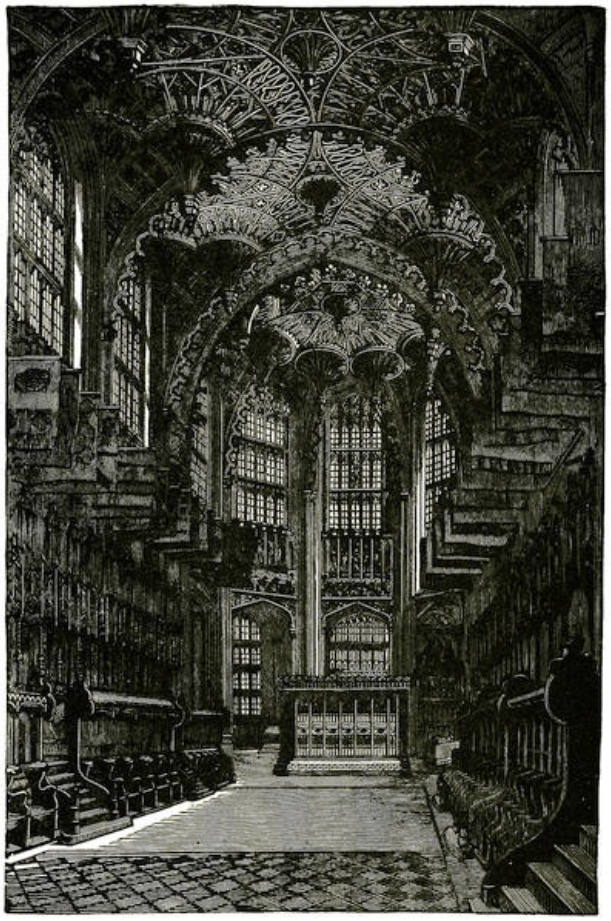
thoughts as best I could. At length I came to myself. I felt as if I had been dreaming. I found that it was seven o'clock in the evening. I discovered that I was lost! I did not know where I was. I scarcely knew who I was, or whence I came. I had forgotten the name and place of my room. I walked on, going I knew not where. The sun set in the east. Water ran up stream. I found that I had not been wise, but otherwise. My pockets had been searched. My money-purse was gone; fortunately, however, it was almost empty. I had very little small change, and nothing to make it out of. Eight o'clock came, then eight thirty—things were getting desperate! I sought a policeman, and asked him to help me find myself. Without any reluctance whatever, he took charge of me. He told me to follow him. I did so; and, just as the clock struck ten, the key turned, I heard the bolt slam, and found myself locked for the night within—my own room. This ended my first day on the streets of London.

Tuesday is the Jubilee Day, the day of the Golden Wedding, the day when Queen Victoria and her people are to be married a second time, after having lived together for fifty years as sovereign and subjects. God favors us with what the people here call "Queen's [102]
weather," a perfect day. The morning is bright, the sky cloudless; the air is pure, and the breeze refreshing. Johnson and I leave home early, and reach Trafalgar square before seven o'clock in order to secure a good position from which to see what promises to be one of the greatest royal processions ever witnessed. Although we are on the scene early, thousands and tens of thousands of people have preceded us. Some came at two o'clock in the morning that they might secure favorable positions. Many paid from ten to one hundred dollars for seats. Fortune smiles on Johnson and me. We obtain good vantage-ground, the only charge being "long standing."

By nine o'clock, the route along which the procession is to pass is the most thickly populated part of the globe that I have yet seen. The broad sidewalks and streets are a solid mass of humanity. The large parks, sometimes covering acres, are filled with men, women and children, packed to suffocation. The streets, steps, verandas, windows, and housetops are all filled. At 9:30, all are driven out of the streets proper, crowded back on the sidewalks, into the lanes, by-ways, open squares, and public parks along the route. Persons on the opposite sidewalks face each other. Just in front of the crowd, close back to the curb-stone on either side, stands a line of large, able-bodied policemen, shoulder to shoulder, elbow to elbow, the [103]
two lines facing each other.

In front of the police force, is a line of armed infantry, standing at "attention," with fixed bayonets. Still in front of these, is stationed a line of cavalrymen, all splendidly dressed and well mounted. Each has a gun and a pistol buckled to his saddle, and a glittering sabre in his hand. Thus the whole route, extending for miles and miles, is flanked on either side by three columns of armed men. Buntings of every color, and the flags of all nations, are fluttering in the breeze. The richest floral designs that art can fashion, or that money can purchase, adorn the way. The route is lined from end to end with wealth, beauty, and chivalry of the English Isles. See! Far in the distance the royal trumpeters are coming, on black chargers, flourishing their golden trumpets, and shouting to the expectant multitude, "The Queen is coming!" The shout is taken up and repeated by a thousand times a thousand voices: "The Queen is coming! The Queen is coming!" The enthusiastic cries come rolling down the avenue like waves on the ocean. It strikes the fibres of every heart. The electric current flashes along the whole line—every man feels the shock. The welkin rings with deafening cheers.

[104]



CHAPEL OF HENRY VII, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The procession itself defies description. It consists of some fifty [105]
or sixty regal carriages all filled with royal personages—kings, queens, and crown princes. Each carriage is drawn by four—some of them by eight—large horses wearing silver-mounted harness. Each carriage is attended by thirty life-guards, well mounted, and armed to the teeth. The Queen's escort consists of thirty royal princes. The procession passes on to Westminster Abbey, and there, in the presence of the congregated royalty of earth, Victoria is crowned Queen of England and of India, after having been fifty years a sovereign.

Every civilized nation under heaven has contributed to the pageantry of this occasion. For the last half century, Victoria has been weaving for herself a crown which the nations of the earth do this day rejoice to place upon her brow. She has magnified her office. Is she jealous? it is of her honor. Is she ambitious? it is for the glory of her country. Is she proud? it is of what her people have accomplished. Is she mighty? it is to succor the oppressed. She is exalted, yet humble; dignified, yet courteous; a sovereign, yet a willing subject of the lowly Nazarene. Elizabeth is called England's greatest queen; but Victoria is, unquestionably, her best. And,

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

The Victorian era will be known to posterity as "the golden period of English history." Victoria has been a mother to her children and a benefactor to her people. She has developed her [106]
country, advanced the arts and sciences, and founded hospitals and asylums. May the good Queen live long to rule righteously, to glorify motherhood, and adorn her palace with Christian virtues. And may the angel of peace long guard her realms!

NELSON’S MONUMENT.

CHAPTER XI

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Traveling in London—London a Studio—The Hum of Folly and the Sleep of Traffic—Five Million Heads in Nightcaps—Too Many People Together—Survival of the Fittest—Place and Pride—Poverty and Penury—Beneficence in London—East End—Assembly Hall—A Converted Brewer—His Great Work—Meeting an Old Schoolmate.

THE man who comes to London and is driven around in a hansom, or a carriage, as most tourists are, and sees only the museums and art galleries, the botanical and zoological gardens, the monuments and statues, the costly cathedrals and splendid temples, the lordly mansions and the superb palaces, of the city, leaves with a false, imperfect, distorted, and one-sided idea of the place. I would advise no man to come here, and leave, without visiting Westminister Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, without going to St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Tower, and a dozen other places of general interest, "where travelers do most congregate." These things one should see, as a matter of course, but other things should not be left unseen.

I love to study architecture, art and literature; I love to study poetry and science; but, above all, I love to study *man*.

[108] Some years ago, I saw a gentleman in Queen's College, Toronto, Canada, who received a good salary from the government to study cat-fish. Men spend many years and much money in studying birds. And is not one fish sold for a penny, and two sparrows for a farthing? Man is of more value than many fishes and sparrows. Then, why not study man? Nor is it enough to study men individually; but we must study them collectively as well. And, for this collective study of mankind, there is no better place to be found anywhere beneath the shining stars than the city of London.

As I sit alone in my room to-night, my conscience hurting me for disobeying the counsels of a devoted mother in keeping this late hour, and look down upon the "life circulation" of the city, I realize that it is true sublimity to dwell here. "I am listening to the stifled hum of midnight, when traffic has lain down to rest. I hear the chariot wheels of vanity rolling here and there, bearing her on to distant streets, to halls roofed in, and lighted to the true pitch for folly. Vice and misery are roaming, prowling, mourning in the streets, like night-birds turned loose in the forest.

"The high and the low are here, the joyful and the sorrowful are here; men are dying here; men are being born; men are praying—on the other side of the brick partition, men are cursing; around them is all the vast void of night. The proud grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons or reposes within damask curtains. Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers, hungerstricken, into its lair of straw. In obscure cellars, squalid poverty languidly emits its voice of destiny to haggard, hungry villains, while landlords sit as counsellors of state, plotting and playing their high chess game, whereof the pawns are *men*."

[109]

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

"The blushing maiden, listening to whisperings of love, is urged [110]
to trust him who, in all probability, seeks to rob her of that crown of glory without which woman is indeed a 'poor thing.' A thousand gin palaces are open, and are at this moment crowded with drinking and drunken men and women—perhaps far less of males than of females. Gay mansions with supper rooms and dancing halls are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts. But, in yonder condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint. The sleepless and blood-shot eyes look through the darkness that is around and within for the last stern morning. Full three millions of two-legged animals lie around us in horizontal positions, their heads in night-caps and their hearts full of foolish dreams. Riot cries aloud and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame."

"The mother, with streaming hair and bleeding heart, kneels over her pallid, dying infant, whose beastly father is drunk and cursing; all these heaped and huddled together with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; all crammed in like salted fish in their barrel, or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get his head above the others." [111]
This is as true now as it was in Carlyle's day. Such work goes on every night of the year. Having seen these things myself, I speak what I do know. I am truly glad that London is in England, and not in our beloved country. I hope we may never have a city as large as this, for I am thoroughly convinced that it is not good for so many men and women to dwell together.

If it were possible for five millions of men to come together to live and do business in the same city, each having the same amount of money in the struggle of the survival of the fittest which would follow, a few men would soon have great wealth, and others would be reduced to poverty and want. The successful ones would then become proud and haughty, overbearing and dictatorial. Some of the others would, like the ass in the tread-mill and ox under the yoke, be doomed to a life of toil and servitude. Another class of the unfortunate ones would become despondent, wretched, reckless, indolent and selfish. The hard-hearted would set dead-falls and snares to catch their weak-minded and strong-passioned brother. This would go on and on until thousands would lose their manhood and womanhood. They would abandon all hope and courage and

virtue. They would resort to treachery, lying, stealing, gambling, and murdering. They would thus degenerate into the lowest, vilest, meanest specimens of humanity.

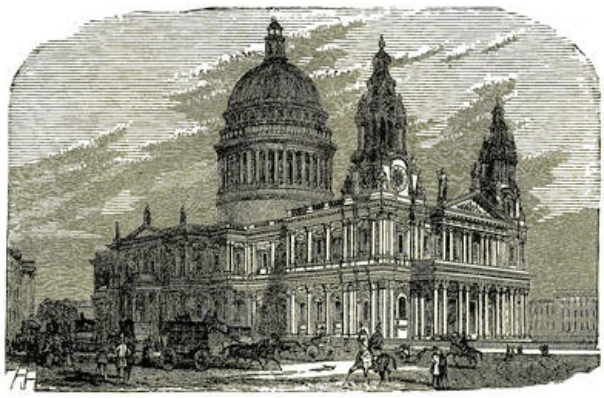
[112]

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

This is London. I have seen more wealth, more of the trappings of [113] place and pride, more worldly pomp and regal splendor, than I have ever seen anywhere else. I have also seen more poverty, suffering, vice, and ignorance than I ever expected to find in a country so highly favored as is England.

Having spoken somewhat at length of the lower strata of London life, let us now look at the praiseworthy efforts that are being made to elevate, humanize, moralize, and Christianize these hope-abandoned wretches. What is known as the “East End” is the worst part of the city. It is inhabited by a million and a half of people, most of them being the off-scouring of creation—not “the bravest of the brave,” but the vilest of the vile. Just in the midst of this den of shame and corruption stands the “Great Assembly Hall” which, for the last eleven years, has been open day and night for gospel work.

Mr. Fred. M. Charrington, the Superintendent of this Mission, has a strange and interesting history. His father was a strange man of great wealth, and one of the largest brewers in London. He had only two sons, who were the sole heirs of his immense fortune and lucrative business. The sons had all the advantages of a thorough education and extensive travel. Fred served twelve months as brewer to the Queen. But, some sixteen years ago, as Fred. [114] Charrington (then twenty-one years old) was returning from a continental tour, he chanced to fall in with a gospel minister. When the preacher spoke of man’s duty to serve God, Charrington protested. He said they had had a pleasant time together, and he did not care to have their peace disturbed, or friendship broken, by the introduction of such subjects as man’s sin, Christ’s righteousness, death, hell, and the judgment. This conversation led to Charrington’s conversion. After that, he worked in the brewery all day, taught the Bible to classes at night, and preached the gospel on the streets every Sunday. He soon saw, however, that he could not successfully teach the Bible, and preach the gospel on Sunday, to people who were drunk on the beer and whiskey that he had sold them during the week. This so troubled his conscience that he gave up a business that was bringing him an annual income of more than $25,000. He then established this Mission in East London, which has grown to be the largest and most successful work of the kind in the world. The Assembly Hall, with the property belonging to it, is valued at $250,000, Charrington having given about one-third of the money out of his own pocket. He has more than 2,500 members in his church. He is strictly an immersionist. Before one can possibly become a member of Charrington’s church, he must sign a pledge neither to drink, nor buy, nor sell whiskey, beer, or any other strong [115] drink. His Sunday audiences range from 4,000 to 5,000.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

In connection with the Mission, there are a coffee saloon, a bookstore, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, a news-boy and boot-black mission, a penny savings-bank, an emigration bureau, a house of correction for bad boys, and a reformatory for young women. All departments of this wonderful Mission move on with the regularity of clock-work. I have preached and lectured for Mr. Charrington a few times, and have half-way promised to spend a month with him next year. I love to be with him. He is full of hope. The spirit of God is upon him. Verily old things have passed away, and all things have become new to him. The things he once loved he now hates, and the things he once hated he now loves. A new song has been put into his mouth—even the song of Zion. Oh, the power, the wonderful power, of the gospel! [116]

The Christian people of London have expended, and are still expending, vast sums of money in establishing and maintaining large and successful Missions in different parts of the city especially in the East End, for the elevation of degraded humanity. And nothing but the power of God can make these people fit to live on earth, much less to dwell in Heaven. Millions and millions of dollars have, also, been, and are still being, expended in establishing and maintaining hospitals and asylums, workhouses, reformatories, and schools. Most of these institutions are comparatively new, but they are now splendidly fitted up and well cared for. They will, under God, be powerful agencies for good.

I was quite delighted, a few days ago, to meet my old friend and fellow student, S. A. Smith, of Kansas. After graduating from two of our best American institutions of learning, Mr. Smith came to Europe to continue his studies. He has spent three years in Germany, France, and England, studying the ancient languages, especially the Semitic languages. I have never known a man with a greater capacity for work than S. A. Smith. He is the author of two very valuable books, one of which is just out, and is dedicated to Professor J. R. Sampey. Such an honor was never more worthily bestowed. [117]

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CHAPTER XII.

A TRIO OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

Joseph Parker—Canon Farrar—Charles H. Spurgeon.

THERE seem to be a few men in every age and country in whom there is centred all that is purest, noblest, and best in the moral, religious, and intellectual life of their people. And, if it be true, as Pope says, that "The proper study of mankind is man," then it is a desirable thing to be thrown with these men who are religiously pure, morally good, and intellectually great. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." What can be more inspiring than to come in contact with men "on whom God has set his seal," and of each of whom it may be said, as of Brutus,

> "His life is gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world: '*This is a man*.'"

I shall not now speak of England's law-makers and political magnates, neither of her authors and literary lights; of these I shall have something to say hereafter. But in this chapter I shall confine myself to three religious leaders, who are well worthy of our careful study.

[119] Joseph Parker, Canon Farrar, and Charles Spurgeon are three preachers in whom, I think, are centred all the "gifts and graces" of the English pulpit. I listen to these men with great interest, and, I hope, not without some profit. I study them closely. I try, as best I can, to discover the secret of their power and marvellous success. No one can reasonably question their power, or deny their success. For eighteen or twenty years, Doctor Parker has been preaching three times a week in the great City Temple of London. The house holds 2,500 or 3,000 people. It is always crowded on Sunday, at morning and night. On Thursday at noon he has 1,200 to 1,800 persons to listen to him. Hundreds of the best business men in the city leave their places of employment, and go to hear him one hour each week.

Frederick W. Farrar is Canon of Westminster Abbey, and Chaplain to the Queen. The Abbey is one of the most splendid temples on earth. As the preacher stands in the pulpit, he is surrounded by the busts and statues, by the tombs and monuments, of historians and statesmen, of poets and artists. His audience is composed chiefly of the aristocracy of England. Here is where the dukes and earls and lords, the kings and queens and princes, of the nation most do congregate. To minister in holy things, from year to year, to an audience like this, one must, of necessity, be possessed of splendid powers.

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REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

Of Mr. Spurgeon, what shall I say? When we remember that there is an utter absence of what is known as sensationalism about Mr. Spurgeon, and yet that his audience has for the last thirty years averaged more than five thousand people; when we remember that his Tabernacle holds about 6,500 hearers, and yet that hundreds and hundreds are frequently turned away from the doors; when we remember that his name has become a household word throughout Europe and America, and many of the remotest Isles of the seas; [121] when we remember that he is one and the same to-day, yesterday, and thirty years ago, a living embodiment of faith in God and His blessed Word, a perfect personification of buoyant hope and simple, childlike trust,—I say, when we remember all these things, we are lost in wonder and astonishment. In writing of such a man, words lose their power.

I try as nearly as possible to view Parker, Farrar, and Spurgeon through the same glasses. I endeavor to listen to them without fear or favor, without preference or prejudice. All of them say striking things, and I give here a characteristic expression of each of the three preachers.

Parker: “Do children grow up as they should grow, without the proper care and nurture? Thistles do, flowers do not; goats do, horses do not—and there is more of man in a horse than horse in a man.”

Farrar, in speaking to the young men before him: “I earnestly conjure you now, at the beginning of your life’s career, to hang about your necks the jeweled amulet of self-respect.”

Spurgeon: “The Lord loves all of His people, but somehow methinks the meek are His Josephs; upon them He puts His coat of many colors—of joy and peace, of long-suffering and patience.”

These gems of thought are, I think, illustrative of the real difference between Joseph Parker, Canon Farrar, and Charles Spurgeon. The first impresses me as a moral philosopher, the [122] second as a Christian rhetorician, the third as a gospel minister. The first studies philosophy, the second aesthetics, the third the Bible. The first is a lecturer, the second a writer, and the third a preacher. The first shows himself, the second his culture, the third his Lord. All three of them are great men, and it is possible that I would change my mind as to their respective merits, if I could hear them oftener; but I am honestly of the opinion that, as a *gospel preacher*, Mr. Spurgeon possesses the virtues of the other two, without the faults of either. Like Saul, he towers head and shoulders above his brethren. Like the stars, the other two shine when the sun is behind the hills, but when he arises their glory is eclipsed.

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CHAPTER XIII.

NOTTINGHAM, CAMBRIDGE, AND BEDFORD.

Preaching to 2,500 People—Entertained after the Manner of Royalty—Excursion to Cambridge—What Happened on the Way—Received an Entertainment by the Mayor—Cambridge University—King's Chapel—Fitzwilliam Museum—Trinity College—Cambridge Bibles—Adieu to Friends—Bedford—The Church where John Bunyan Preached—Bedford Jail, where Bunyan wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*—Bunyan's Statue—Elstow, Bunyan's Birthplace—His Cottage—His Chapel—An Old Elm Tree.

I AM now in Bedford; but before writing about this historic place, I must go back a little and tell you something about my wayward wanderings for the last ten days. While in Nottingham, some weeks ago, I preached one Sunday night in the Albert Hall to twenty-five hundred or three thousand people. The good Lord graciously blessed the meeting. Several persons were converted—they found that peace which passeth all understanding. The people insisted that I remain and preach again, but I could not do so.

After visiting Wales, and spending a week or two in London, the minister accepted an invitation to go back to Nottingham and preach. He remained over two Sundays, preaching both days to the Albert Hall people. The happiest moments of a minister's life are when he is preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to a large and sympathetic audience, It is then that his delight reaches the highest [124] point on the thermometer of the soul.

During my stay in Nottingham, I was the guest of a model Christian family who treated me after the manner of royalty. Nottingham is a railroad centre, and each day I was taken in a carriage or by rail to see a beautiful river, placid lake, or a towering mountain; or to see some noted forest ancient hall, or historic castle. The members of the family who accompanied me on these delightful excursions were familiar with the legends, literature, and history of the country.

Yesterday I went on an excursion with this family, and sixty other Nottingham people, to Cambridge. We were up in time to hear the lark's morning song. The sky was clear; scarcely a cloud floated above us. And ere yet the bright sun had kissed the dewdrop from off the grass, we had turned our faces toward those classic halls where learning lives. We dashed through many meadows where the wild flowers were beautifully interwoven with the green grass. We leaped many laughing rivers, winding streams, and babbling brooks. We wound around among many hills, and tunneled many mountains. These tunnels were numerous, long and dark. Now, in our party there happened to be a newly-married couple in the same compartment with myself, and these tunnels were to them always a source of joy and rejoicing. They loved darkness rather than light— [125] why, it is not necessary for me to state. Johnson says it was always thus.

At the depot, we were met by the aldermen and deputy mayor of the city of Cambridge, who, in a most graceful manner, informed us that we were their guests, that they had plenty of carriages present to accommodate the party, and would first show us the sights of the city, and then return to the hotel where a public dinner would be served. We proceeded at once to the University which comprises seventeen different colleges, all having different names, having been founded at different times by different persons. Each college owns its own grounds, buildings, and endowment fund, and has its separate faculty. Some of the buildings are six or seven hundred years old. They are, however, quite well preserved, and are splendid specimens of the style of architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. King's Chapel, the Chapel of King's College, was built in the twelfth century, and it is nothing less than an architectural wonder. It is said to be one of the most remarkable structures in christendom. The Chapel is quite narrow, but is well-nigh four hundred feet long, and one hundred and twenty-five feet high. Reader, I shall not attempt to describe this building, for, unless the massive structure could rise before you in its colossal proportions;

unless you could go on the inside, and actually stand upon thrilling history as it is written in the Mosaic marble floor; unless you could [126] lift your eyes from the historic floor, and see Bible stories standing out in life-like reality as they are pictured before you in the stained-glass windows; unless you could look up and behold for yourself the exquisite carving on the vaulted Gothic roof a hundred feet above you; unless that holy calm, which these scenes inspire and which forever inhabits these sacred walls, could settle down upon your own spirit,—I say, that unless you could see, realize, and experience all these things in, and of, and for, yourself, then it were impossible for you to appreciate the beauty, the grandeur, the sublimity of this splendid structure.

The Fitzwilliam Museum is the most handsome modern building in Cambridge, if not in Great Britain. It looks as if it should be placed in a glass case and kept for the angels to inhabit.

In Trinity College Library, I saw the original manuscript of Milton's "Paradise Lost," the manuscript of Lord Macaulay's "History of England," also the first letter that Lord Byron ever penned; he wrote, in his mother's name, thanking a neighbor lady for some potatoes which she had been kind enough to send Lady Byron. I saw the telescope used by Newton in studying the heavenly bodies, and by the assistance of which he discovered new planets.

I was much interested in going through the University printing establishment, and in seeing the Cambridge Bibles manufactured. When I got back to Nottingham, I felt that I could truly say: "I have [127] been through Cambridge University, and still I may write, 'Plus ultra'—there is more beyond, more to learn."

I bade adieu to my Nottingham friends this morning while the dewdrops and the rays of the sun were yet playing hide-and-seek and seek-and-hide. Two hours later found me in Bedford. I go at once to the church where John Bunyan was pastor two hundred years ago. The church I find surrounded by a huge iron fence. After hunting for half an hour, I succeed in finding the sexton who kindly shows me through. The front door of the church cost six thousand dollars. It is molded of heavy bronze. The door is divided into twelve large panels, each panel representing a scene taken from *Pilgrim's Progress*. The first panel on the bottom of the lefthand side represents Christian with the burden of sin on his back, parting with his wife and children, leaving the city of Destruction and starting out for that city whose builder and maker is God. In the other panels we see Christian as he passes through the wicket gate; as he approaches the cross and loses his burden; as he falls into the hands of Giant Despair and is thrust into Doubting Castle; as he passes the lions in his way; as he sleeps and loses his scroll; as he enters Vanity Fair; as he stands on the Delectable Mountains from which he views the city of the blessed and hears the music of the redeemed; and finally we see him as he crosses the River of Death, and is welcomed [128] by the angels as he reaches the golden shore.

In the back end of the church, is a small room containing some relics of Bunyan. Among other things, is the chair which Bunyan occupied while in Bedford jail, and in which he sat while writing *Pilgrim's Progress*. The iron-barred door of this little room is the same door that locked Bunyan in his prison cell. My blood runs cold in my veins as I look upon the iron bolts and bars behind which Bunyan stood and preached the gospel to the listening multitudes as they gathered around the jail.

Near by the church is the place where the old prison stood. The prison was torn down in 1801, the old site now being used as a market-place during the week, and as a place for street-preaching on Sunday.

At the head of High Street, near where the old jail stood, there is a splendid bronze statue of the immortal dreamer. The statue is more than life size. It stands upon a tall granite pedestal, on which is the following inscription;

"He had his eyes lifted to heaven;
The best of books in his hand,
The law of truth was written upon his lips;
He stood as if he pleaded with men."

One hour's walk from Bedford brings me to Elstow. This is the birthplace of the man who wrote the greatest book this world ever saw, excepting only the Bible. The old dormer-windowed cottage [129] where Bunyan first saw light still survives the wrecks of time. On the village green, near by the cottage, is an old church where in

early life he was sexton. Close by this church stands Bunyan's chapel, where he first began to publish the glad tidings of salvation.

BUNYAN'S COTTAGE.

At the forks of the road, about two hundred yards from the cottage, is a lordly elm-tree, beneath whose sheltering branches Bunyan used to stand and preach the gospel to listening thousands. I climb this tree, and cut several branches of which to make pen-stocks.

Well, reader, I am tempted to go on and give you the thoughts that are passing through my mind; but I must not. Like Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, I am tired. I feel weak and faint. I must have quiet and rest, so let us close this chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

BRITISH BAPTISTS—THEIR DIVERSITIES—THE REGULAR BAPTISTS OF ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD PARKER, D. D., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Their Number and Divisions—The Regular Baptists—Their Movements and Progress.

BRITISH Baptists are not one body in the sense, or to the same extent, that American Baptists are. If a man in America says he is a Baptist, it is known exactly what he means. But if a man in England says he is a Baptist, you need further to know what sort of a Baptist he is before you can form a definite opinion of his belief or practice. All British Baptists are alike in three things. They are, of course, all Immersionists; they believe that the immersion of believers on a profession of their faith is the only baptism of Scripture. They are all Congregationalists; they believe that every separate congregation of believers is a church in itself, apart from any other congregation, and competent to manage its own affairs. They are all Voluntaries; that is, they are opposed to all connection between Church and State, and all endowments for the support of the clergy secured or allotted to them by the law of the land. They neither accept the patronage, nor allow of the interference, of the civil magistrate in matters of religion and conscience. But, while agreed on these things, there are others on which they differ. [131]

The first principal difference between them is indicated by the terms Particular and General Baptists. These terms express a difference, not of practice in regard to communion, but of creed. Particular Baptists are professedly Calvinistic in their creed; General Baptists are professedly Arminian. Particular Baptists have existed in England for a much longer period than General Baptists. The first General Baptist church in England was founded in about the year 1612, and had its location in Newgate, London. After a time, an Association of General Baptist churches was formed; and still later, in 1770, the Association was re-organized under the title of the General Baptist Association of the New Connection. The occasion for this new departure was the doctrinal degeneracy of the churches of the old association. “From general redemption,” says Dr. Ryland, “they had gone to no redemption; from Arminianism to Arianism and Socinianism.” This re-organized Association still exists, and it still bears the same name. The churches belonging to it are all Arminian in doctrine. On the question of Communion, they are divided. Some of them practice Close Communion, and some Open. Formerly, the churches were nearly all Close, but Open Communionism has made considerable advances amongst them during recent years. They have a College at Nottingham for the education of young men for the ministry. They have, also, their own Missionary Societies. [132]

EDWARD PARKER, D. D.

The Particular, or Calvinistic, Baptists of England differ in some respects from each other. Professedly, they are all alike, Calvinists, but they are not all Calvinists alike. Some of them are hyper, and some of them moderate, Calvinists. At the beginning of this century, [133] nearly all the Particular Baptists in the country were Hyper-Calvinists. This resulted from the teaching of such men as John Brine and Doctor John Gill. The teaching of and influence of Andrew Fuller inaugurated a change: and the change thus inaugurated has continued and developed ever since, so that to-day the vast majority of Particular Baptists in Great Britain are moderate Calvinists. The Hyper-Calvinists, however, are by no means extinct. In some parts of England they are rather numerous, while in almost all parts a few of them may be found. There are amongst them some very excellent people. They adhere firmly to their principles. They maintain a separateness from the world that other Christians might profitably emulate. But, speaking generally, they are not very aggressive in their spirit; at any rate in the direction of efforts to spread the truth. There is not much of the missionary spirit amongst them. They have, however, one Missionary Society called, with an emphasis, the *Strict* Baptist Mission. This Mission has two centres of evangelical work—in India and Ceylon. In India, there are sixteen stations, and twenty-eight workers; in Ceylon, there are six stations and seven workers. The income last year was nearly £700, and the expenditure about £590.

The Particular Baptists of Britain that are in doctrine Moderate Calvinists are divided into Close and Open Communionists. All the Hyper-Calvinistic Baptists are Close Communionists. The object of [134] their Missionary Society, to which reference has just been made, is stated to be “the diffusion of the Gospel in heathen lands, and the formation of churches in accordance with the principles of Strict Communion Baptists.” And the churches at home are, in respect to communion, of the same type as those which they aim to form abroad. Vast numbers of the Moderate Calvinistic Baptists are Open Communionists. But this is not universally the case. There are British Baptists that are neither extreme in doctrine, nor loose in practice. In regard alike to doctrine and practice, they may justly be designated, as their American brethren are designated Regular Baptists.

The question may naturally be asked: “What is the relative numerical strength of these different descriptions of British Baptists?” That question it is difficult, if not impossible, to answer exactly to its full extent. It is not difficult to determine the relative numerical strength of the General and the Particular Baptists. Baptists of all sorts in Britain, according to the Baptist Hand Book of 1890, number, churches 2,786; members 329,126. Of these, the “General Baptist Association” contains, churches 206; members 26,782. These figures indicate pretty accurately the numerical strength of the General and Particular Baptists, respectively. But, when we come to the different sections of the Particular Baptists,

accurate information is not so easily obtainable. There are no means [135]
of ascertaining how many Hyper-Calvinists there are amongst the Particular Baptists. They have an Association in London with fifty-six churches, and another in Suffolk and Norfolk with twenty-seven churches; but outside the limits of these Associations the churches are, for the most part, isolated from each other, and from their brethren generally. Then again, of the Moderate Calvinists it is not easy to determine how many are Close, and how many are Open, Communionists. For, while maintaining their distinctive principles, the two often co-exist in the same Association, and to a large extent cooperate in general denominational work. It must be admitted that the majority, and a considerable majority, of the Baptists in Britain who are Moderate Calvinists are also Open Communionists. And this considerable majority includes most of the largest, and nearly all of the wealthiest, churches, together with a large proportion of the ablest and best known ministers. Still there are Regular Baptists in existence; nor are they, though sometimes ignored and often reproached, insignificant in respect to either numbers or influence. If the whole of the United Kingdom be taken into account, the Regular Baptists compose a somewhat large army. They include in their ranks most of the Baptists in Scotland. The Scotch Baptists are strong Calvinists but not Hyper-Calvinists, and they are Close Communionists. They include all the Welsh Baptists. There are in [136]
Wales 625 churches, with a total of 77,126 members; not one of these is Hyper and they are all Close Communion. There are a few English Baptists in Wales that are Open Communion, but all the Welsh Baptists are Close, whether in Wales or out of it. There are some districts in England where Regular Baptists are decidedly strong. In not a few districts, to meet with a Regular Baptist church is an exception; while in other districts it is an exception to meet with anything else. The Rossendale district, in the County of Lancaster, is about ten miles in length, and five or six in breadth. It contains sixteen Regular Baptist churches. In the Huddersfield district, Yorkshire, which covers an area of only a few miles, there are thirteen Baptist churches, and eleven of them are Regular Baptist.

The Regular Baptists of England proper, though not obtrusive in their character, are sturdy and robust. They know what they believe, and why they believe it; and they are prepared in all circumstances, and at all hazards, to stand by their faith. They are not a people that the bewitchings of flattery can delude, or the terrors of opposition daunt. Though often condemned because of their narrowness, they are respected by those who condemn them, because of their firmness and consistency. They are men that can be relied upon. In important crises, both religious and political, they have proved themselves the very backbone of the Baptist [137]
denomination. To those around them, their ability has been strength and their courage inspiration.

The denominational work of the Regular Baptists is done, to a very large extent, through the existing denominational Societies. Their work in foreign missions is done through the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. The first secretary of that Society was a sturdy Regular Baptist—Andrew Fuller. And Regular Baptists still love the Society, and are generous and hearty in their support of it. Their Home Missionary work is done partly through the Baptist Union, but to a greater extent through the county Associations. In most of the counties of England, there is an Association of Baptist churches, distinct from the Baptist Union, though often affiliated with it; and in connection with these Associations there is generally a Home Missionary Society; and, through these different Home Missionary Societies, Regular Baptists work with others to plant Baptist churches and spread Baptist principles through the land. Years ago, the Regular Baptists sustained a separate Missionary Society for the Continent of Europe; but the growth and development of the missionary work in Germany, under the late Mr. Oncken, led them to transfer their operations to the German Baptist Mission, which mission they continue to support. A prominent Regular Baptist layman, Martin H. Wilkin, Esq., of London, is the English treasurer of it.

In addition to the work they do through the agencies that have [138]
been named, the Regular Baptists of England have two Societies that are distinctively their own—"The Baptist Tract and Book Society," and "The Manchester Baptist College." *The Baptist Tract and Book Society* came into existence nearly fifty years ago.

Previously to that time, there had existed in England no Society, or agency, for the printing and disseminating of Baptist literature. This was much regretted by some good men, who met together and formed a Society whose object should be “to make known” the glorious gospel of the blessed God, “by the publication of small treatises and tracts; and especially to disseminate the views of Baptists relative to the doctrines and ordinances of the New Testament.” The Society in its very beginning, was condemned and opposed by some, by some Baptists even; and, strange to say, because it was Baptist. With the Religious Tract Society in existence, they contended, a denominational organization was, to say the least, uncalled for. There are some amongst Baptists still who, if they do not oppose the Society, look askance at it, and stand aloof from it, not ostensibly because it is Baptist, but because as Baptist, it is not sufficiently “broad.” Nevertheless, the Society has held on its way. Originated by Regular Baptists, and formed on Regular Baptist principles, it is still under the control of Regular Baptists, and worked on Regular Baptist lines. It is the same Society [139]
to-day that it was at first, except that it is larger and stronger, and fills a more extended sphere of usefulness. Its tracts have been circulated, not only in Britain, but also in almost every part of the world. And the committee report that “encouraging communications are constantly being received, containing testimonials to the value of the Society’s publications, and the signal blessings attending their circulation.”

The Manchester Baptist College grew out of an old society, first called the Strict Baptist Society, and afterwards the Baptist Evangelical Society. This Society was formed in the year 1844. One of its principal objects was the education of young men for the ministry. All the denominational colleges in England at that time were practically Open Communion. Professedly, they were neutral on the Communion question; but, as a matter of fact, all their neutrality was on one side. All the professors and tutors were Open Communion, and so, with few exceptions, were the ministers sent out from them. If the young were Close Communion when they entered college, they, in most cases, became Open before they left. The Regular Baptists were therefore made to feel it incumbent upon them to establish an educational institution of their own: first, that they might protect their young men who devoted themselves to the work of the ministry from influences unfriendly to their stability in the faith in which they had been taught; and, secondly, that their [140]
churches might be relieved from the necessity of choosing either an uneducated man for their pastor, or a man whose views were not in harmony with their own. Hence the action they took in the formation of the Society just referred to. The plan adopted by this Society was that of placing students who had given satisfactory evidence that they possessed grace and gifts suitable for the ministry of the gospel, and for pastoral work, separately, or in twos or threes, for a period of two or three years, under the tuitional care and guidance of some able and experienced pastor. Joseph Harbottle, of Accrington, uncle of Dr. Joseph Angus, of Regent’s Park College, London; John Shearer, of Glasgow; Dr. John Stock, of Salendine Nook, Huddersfield; and, pre-eminently, Thomas Dawson, of Liverpool, were amongst the pastors chosen for this purpose. By their personal influence, and by their devoted labors, all these good men laid the students of the Baptist Evangelical Society, and the Society itself, and the Regular Baptist cause in England generally, under deep and lasting obligation.

But, excellently as this plan worked for a while, a new departure was eventually found to be necessary, and steps were taken to establish a college. After much thought and prayer, Chamber Hall, Bury, Lancashire (the birthplace of the *great* Sir Robert Peel) was secured as the home of the college, and it was opened in October, 1866, with the Rev. Henry Dawson, who had been for more than [141]
thirty years the devoted and successful pastor of the Regular Baptist church, Westgate, Bradford, Yorkshire, as its president and theological tutor. Soon afterwards, the Rev. Dr. Evans was engaged as lecturer in Ecclesiastical History, and the Rev. James Webb as classical tutor. In Chamber Hall, the college was conducted successfully, though with some disadvantages, for more than seven years, when it was removed to handsome premises, which had in the meantime been erected in Brighton Grove, Rusholme, Manchester. The building in Brighton Grove, where the college has had its home for the last seventeen years, is the property of the college. It cost

more than 11,000 pounds. Previously to the removal of the college from Bury, Dr. Evans died; and, about four years after the removal, in the year 1877, Mr. Dawson and Mr. Webb both resigned their respective posts, owing to the infirmities of age. Dr. Edward Parker was appointed president and theological tutor in place of Mr. Dawson, and the Rev. John Turner Marshall, M. A. (London) was appointed classical tutor in succession to Mr. Webb, positions which they both still hold.

This college is the only one in England on Close Communion lines. It has had to struggle for its existence. Regular Baptists are comparatively poor, and Open Communionist friends have not looked kindly upon it. They have hindered it in more instances than they have helped it. Still all its needs have been supplied. It has [142] gained for itself a respectable position among other colleges for the thoroughness of its educational training and the scholarship of its students. In the competitive examinations, last May, of the Non-conformist colleges of England and Wales a student of Manchester Baptist College came off first with honors, and another student stood fifth in the first division. What is more important, the College has fulfilled the expectations of its founders in conserving and advancing Regular Baptist principles. It has arrested the progress of Open Communionism in Regular Baptist churches. It has filled the pulpits of more than seventy churches, a large proportion of which were formerly filled by ministers of Open Communion sentiments. The College is, in a very eminent sense, the hope of the Regular Baptist cause in England. It has done a great work for that cause already. If it is still encouraged, as there is every reason to believe that it will be, by the same devoted generosity that its friends have extended to it hitherto, it will yet do still greater things.

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CHAPTER XV.

LAST OF ENGLAND AND FIRST OF THE CONTINENT.

Windsor Castle, the Home of England's Queen—Queen Victoria—The Home of Shakespeare—Across the Channel—First Impressions—Old Time Ways—Brussels on a Parade—Waterloo Re-enacted—A Visit to the Field of Waterloo—A Lion with Eyes Fixed on France—Interview with a Man who Saw Napoleon—Wertz Museum—"Napoleon in Hell"—"Hell in Revolt against Heaven"—"Triumph of Christ"—Age Offering the Things of the Present to the Man of the Future.

WINDSOR Castle, the winter residence of England's Queen, is situated on the Thames about twenty miles from London, and possesses many interesting features. The property of the Castle comprises a number of towers, gates, mansions, barracks, chapels, and other structures. The principal portion occupies two courts of spacious dimensions, an upper and a lower, there being a large round tower (or keep) between, in which the Governor resides. This tower rises 220 feet above the Thames, and it is said that on a clear day twelve counties can be seen from its summit.

St. George's Chapel is an elegant Gothic edifice where the royal family occasionally attend divine services. The Albert Memorial Chapel is another place of worship, which was fitted up by Queen Victoria in memory of her late husband. Here is his tomb, although his bones are buried three or four miles away in the royal park. The Chapel is inlaid with costly marbles of various kinds, and it is said that the Queen spent an enormous sum in beautifying the place.

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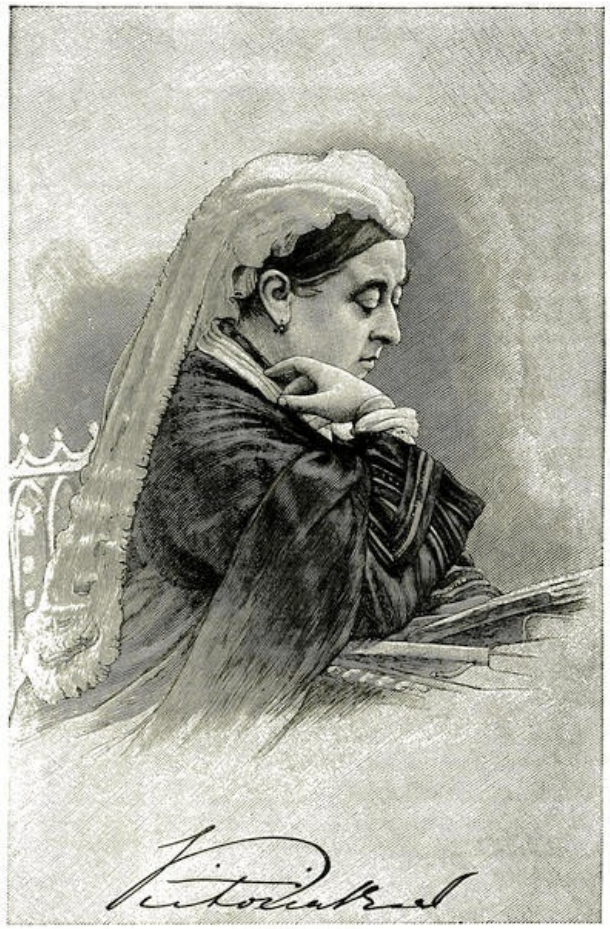

QUEEN VICTORIA.

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The greatest interest of the Castle centres itself in what is called the State Apartments. These are a series of large rooms richly decorated, some of them with gildings, paintings and tapestry, others with a collection of warlike armor and weapons of former centuries. It must be borne in mind that these premises have been occupied by the royal family for many centuries. These walls have several times surrendered their royal inmates to the executioner, who came in the name of law to avenge political wrongs.

The large park adjoining the Palace grounds is almost a fairy garden. It contains many artificial lakes and flowing fountains, a great variety of shrubbery, and a rich profusion of flowers. Statuary abounds. Deer, elks, antelopes, and other wild animals, are numerous.

Standing in front of the Palace, one looks down the “royal avenue” stretching out in a straight line for five miles before him. This splendid boulevard is flanked on either side by lordly elms whose swaying boughs are so interwoven as to form a graceful and almost unbroken arch above the drive from one end to the other. On a hot summer day, the thick green foliage of the trees, flings a grateful shade upon the drive.

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WINDSOR CASTLE.

This is a gala day at Windsor. The Castle is decorated, and filled with royal guests. Twenty thousand people are assembled in the park. At two o’clock the Queen and her visitors form a procession at the Palace, and pass slowly down the avenue between the two rows of elm-trees. Reaching the far end of the boulevard, they turn to the left and, after driving one mile more, they arrive at the place that is to be the scene of action.

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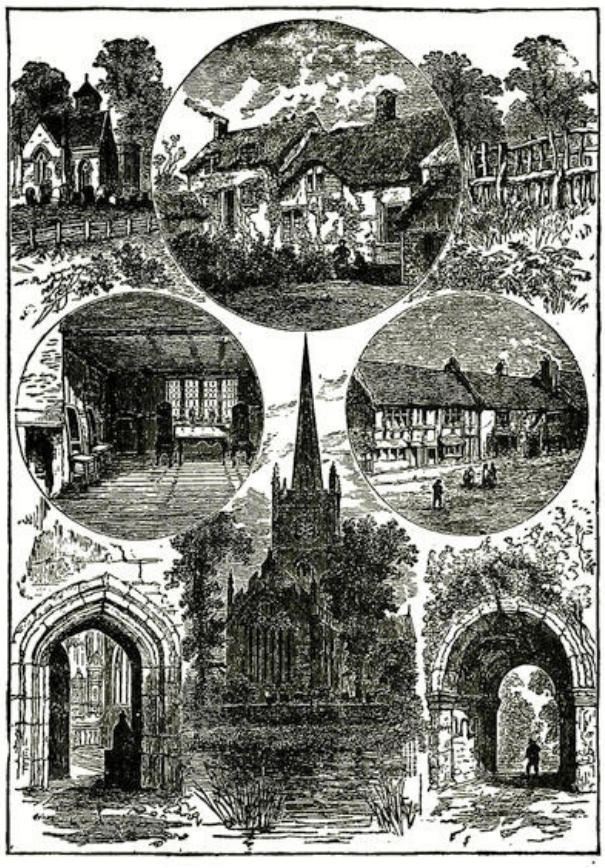
The two thousand persons who preceded the royal procession have formed a circle about a hundred feet in diameter. The size of the circle is determined by a rope stretched around. The open space is spread with a rich carpet. The Queen, attended by her family and royal friends, enters the charmed circle and proceeds to its centre. After a speech, which it takes her fifteen minutes to deliver, she proceeds to lay the cornerstone of an equestrian monument to the late Prince Albert Consort. This impressive ceremony being over, the Queen approaches the crowd, shakes hands with and speaks kindly to those persons standing next to the rope on the outside.

I could shake hands with Her Majesty, and would do so, but my American spirit is too proud to bend the suppliant knee to any earthly monarch. I honor Victoria for her useful life and deep piety, for her wifely devotion and maternal instincts; and I would take off my hat to her as I would have her son take off his hat to my mother. But as for bowing the knee to her, I never can. My knees are too stiff for that kind of exercise.

[148]



Charlecote Church.	Anne Hathaway's Cottage.	Charlecote Park Palings.
Shakespeare's House Interior.		Shakespeare's House Exterior.
Entrance to Stratford Church.	Stratford Church.	Porch Charlecote.

Two hours after leaving Windsor, I find myself in Stratford-on-Avon, the home of our own "priceless Shakespeare." I spend the night here. "A sweet English village is this Stratford, seated on the edge of a silvery river green with turfy banks and woody slopes, picturesque with cottage houses and cottage gardens; crowned with a village church, ivy-clad, surrounded by moss-grown graves, approached by a lime-tree avenue, and its slender spire tapering towards Heaven." Here Shakespeare first saw light. Here his boyhood was spent, his education received, his youth passed, his [149] marriage consummated. Here his children were born and brought up. Here, too, he yielded to that "bribeless harvester"—Death. So this humble village has given to the world "the greatest name in our literature, in all literature." Hence, Henry Bell said:

> "His birthplace came to be famous,
> And the grave where his bones were laid;
> And to Stratford, the ancient borough,
> Nations their pilgrimage made."

Strange thoughts pass through my mind, and deep emotions stir my heart, as I wander through the house wherein was born the man who wrote not for an age, but for all time; as I stand in the church of the Holy Trinity, and look upon the grave, the tomb, and bust of him who analyzed character as chemists analyze material substances. He probed to the heart, and by the light of his own genius read unuttered thoughts and discovered the secret motives of men. Human faces were to him so many books wherein he could "read strange matters." About a mile from Stratford is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, who first initiated Shakespeare into that sweetest and most delightful of all human mysteries—love.

> "That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
> If with his tongue he can not win a woman."

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Yes, he won her, and afterwards he could say:

> "She is mine own,

> And I as rich in having such a jewel
> As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
> The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.”

It is a matter of congratulation that our people appreciate Shakespeare as much or more than Englishmen. The register at the poet’s house shows that at least one-half of the number who visit his grave are Americans. Nor are our people slow to give material proof of their love for the myriad-minded bard. Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, whom to mention is but to praise, has, within the last twelve months, erected in Stratford a costly and beautifully designed fountain to the memory of Shakespeare.

We might write many other things about our mother country, but we must away to the Continent. So, adieu, adieu; but I hope not a final farewell to merry England. The English Channel is only twenty-five miles wide, but it is usually rough and boisterous, and is an object of terror to travelers. As we start across, Johnson says:

> “Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea
> For an acre of barren ground.”

But the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. The Channel for once is all that could be desired. The weather is pleasant, the sea placid as a lake.

As I land on the Continent at Ostend, the thing that most impresses me is the fact that I can not impress any one. The custom- [151]
house officers surround me. I tell them who I am, where I am from, and what my business is; yet this does not satisfy them. I repeat my statement once, twice, three times, and still they do not seem to comprehend. I say: “Gentlemen, I have told my story as plainly as I can speak. Do you now understand?” And when I come to find out, they do not understand what “understand” means.

Buildings on this side of the Channel wear a century-old, time-touched appearance. The people have strange, odd, and old-time ways of doing things. For instance, they work one horse to a two-horse wagon—not in shafts, but on one side of the tongue. Frequently they work one ox and one horse together. This is what Johnson calls being unequally yoked.

From Ostend I go direct to Brussels, the capital of Belgium. I happen to arrive in the city on the day of a national celebration. Everything is decorated for the occasion. At night the city is beautifully illuminated, and great crowds of enthusiastic people throng the streets. The fireworks display is especially fine, representing, among other things, the eruption of Vesuvius, the Falls of Niagara, and the Battle of Waterloo. As the standing army of Belgium is present, the officers giving commands, and the soldiers going through the manual of arms; as the royal bands are filling the air with martial music; and, as in the midst of the brilliant scene, are the bronze statues of Wellington and others who fought by his side [152]
on the field of Waterloo,—it really seems as if the memorable battle of 1815 is being re-enacted before my eyes! I can but think of Byron’s thrilling lines descriptive of the original battle.

Next morning I am up early, and am soon on my way to the scene of action, nine miles from Brussels, where the powers of earth came together to wrestle for the thrones of Europe. Napoleon was at a very great disadvantage, as Wellington had by far the best position. On the hill where Wellington’s army was stationed, there is now an artificial mountain, about six hundred yards in circumference and two hundred and fifty feet high. This mountain is crowned with a granite pedestal, about twenty-five feet high, on which stands a huge bronze lion, his right foot resting on a great iron ball representing the earth. This king of beasts has his eyes turned toward France and has a proud, triumphant look on his face. There are several small monuments on the field, marking the places where different officers and heroes fell. The large one of which I speak was built seven years after the battle, or one year after the death of Napoleon on St. Helena. There are several trees, also one small brick house surrounded by a wall of the same material standing on the field, just as they were on the day of the battle. Of course, they are much riddled and shattered by shot and shell.

I am much interested in a conversation with an old man who lives [153]
where he was born, about four miles from the battle field. He is now ninety-one years old, hence he was nineteen years of age when the memorable battle was fought. He saw Napoleon on the day of the fight, and the day afterwards was on the field and helped to bury

the dead. He saw Wellington several times, and remembers distinctly how he looked after his greatest victory. The old man is approaching the end of his journey, and I am truly glad to have met him before he crosses the river.

Let us now return to Brussels and enter the Wertz Museum. We find here a picture which is truly illustrative of Belgium hatred of Napoleon. It is a most wonderful picture. It represents Napoleon in hell. He is in the bottomless pit, clad in his uniform. A great number of worn and haggard widows and childless mothers, of ragged, weeping orphans, of old men crippled, maimed and halt, are crowding around Napoleon, scoffing, jeering, and grinning at him, holding up before his eyes and under his nose shattered hands and arms and feet and legs, and broken heads and bleeding hearts. The sulphurous flames are coiling up around the unfortunate victim, while on his face there is a double expression of agony and remorse. When asked if I believe this picture really represents Napoleon's present condition, I reply: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

One could write a volume about this splendid collection of pictures, but I will mention only two or three more. I am especially [154] impressed with two companion pictures, twenty by thirty feet each. The first represents hell in revolt against Heaven. All the fiends of hell and all the powers of darkness are arrayed against Christ and His holy angels. Christ dismisses His angels; they fly away, leaving Him all alone. This emboldens the enemy, who rush on to the conflict. The second picture is "The Triumph of Christ." He has hurled the fiends back headlong to their native hell. And yet in this moment of victory stands pitying His enemy rather than glorying in His own achievements. I can but think: "Surely, His ways are not our ways; neither are His thoughts our thoughts."

Another picture that impresses me very much is "Age Offering the Things of the Present to the Man of the Future." An old man is holding out to a young lad flags and sceptres representing Power and Dominion; also glittering diamonds, a golden harp, a name and a book, emblematic, respectively, of wealth, pleasure, fame and knowledge. He can take any one, but only one. I am so afraid that the inexperienced youth will make a wrong choice, that I want to whisper in his ear: "Take wisdom; take understanding; forget it not. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom. Exalt her, and she will promote thee, she will bring thee to honor."

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CHAPTER XVI.

FROM BELGIUM TO COLOGNE AND UP THE RHINE.

Brussels—Its Laces and Carpets—Belgium a Small Country—Cultivated like a Garden—Into Germany—Aix-La-Chapelle—Birthplace of Charlemagne—Capital of Holy Roman Empire—Cathedral Built by Charlemagne—A Strange Legend—Shrine of the Four Relics—A Pulpit Adorned with Ivory and Studded with Diamonds—Cologne—Its Inhabitants—Its Perfumery—Its Cathedral—A Ponderous Bell—A Church Built of Human Bones—Sailing up the Rhine—A River of Song—Bonn—Its University—Birthplace of Beethoven—Feudal Lords—The Bloody Rhine—Dragon's Rock—A Combat with a Serpent—A Convent with a Love Story—Empress of the Night—Intoxicated—Coblentz—A Tramp-Trip through Germany—Sixteen Thousand Soldiers Engaged in Battle—Enchanted Region—Loreli—Son-in-Law of Augustus Caesar—Birthplace of Gutenberg, the Inventor of Printing.

BRUSSELS is noted the world over for its fine laces and superior carpets. The Kingdom of Belgium is very little larger than the state of Connecticut, and yet it maintains a standing army of 50,000 men, while the whole of the United States has a standing army of only 36,000. The large army, together with the maintenance of the royal family, impose upon the people a very burdensome taxation. The people here know very little about improved implements of any kind, their work being done mostly by main strength and native awkwardness. Belgium is cultivated like a garden, and is as pretty as a picture.

We now leave Belgium. As the train dashes across an imaginary line, "a change comes o'er the scene." The soldiers wear a different [156] uniform, the people speak a different language, pay homage to a different king, and handle a different money. Money, however, is a scarce article in this portion of the moral vineyard.

I have always associated the name of Charlemagne with Aix-la-Chapelle. It is, therefore, with no little interest that I visit this ancient and historical city. I find this place of 80,000 inhabitants beautifully situated in the midst of a fertile valley surrounded by gently sloping hills. This was the birthplace and favorite residence of Charlemagne, the Julius Caesar of the eighth century. This venerable place was the second city of importance in the holy Roman Empire, its being the capital of Charlemagne's dominions north of the Alps. Here thirty-seven emperors were crowned; here ecclesiastical convocations assembled, and from here imperial edicts went forth.

The Cathedral, or Muenster, built (796-804) by Charlemagne still stands, and is one of the most interesting objects in the city. On the right of the principal entrance to the Cathedral is a brazen wolf. According to the legend connected with this quadruped, the funds for the erection of the church having run short, the devil offered to supply the deficiency on condition that the first living being that entered the house should be sacrificed to himself. The magistrate entered into the compact, but defrauded the devil of his expected [157] reward by admitting a wolf into the sacred edifice immediately on its completion.

I seat myself in the Imperial Throne of Charlemagne, in which also his remains reposed for more than 350 years, having been found by Otho III, who opened the tomb in the eleventh century. In the Cathedral Treasury is the famous "Shrine of the Four Relics." It is composed of the purest gold, and is studded with fifteen hundred precious stones. This shrine is said to contain the robes of the Virgin Mary, the swaddling clothes of the infant Christ, the bloody cloth in which the body of John the Baptist was wrapped, and the linen cloth with which the Savior was girded on the Cross. The relics are shown only once in seven years, on which occasion thousands of people flock to see them notwithstanding the exorbitant charges made. It has now been six years since the last exhibition took place. The next time for robbing the superstitious people is close at hand.

The pulpit, presented by Henry II, of Germany, is a gem of beauty, being richly adorned with gold, carved ivory, diamonds, and other precious stones. I dare say, however, that this Romish pulpit,

as splendid as it is, has seldom been adorned with the precious truths of God's blessed Word.

In three hours after leaving Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne is in sight. Coleridge sarcastically says:

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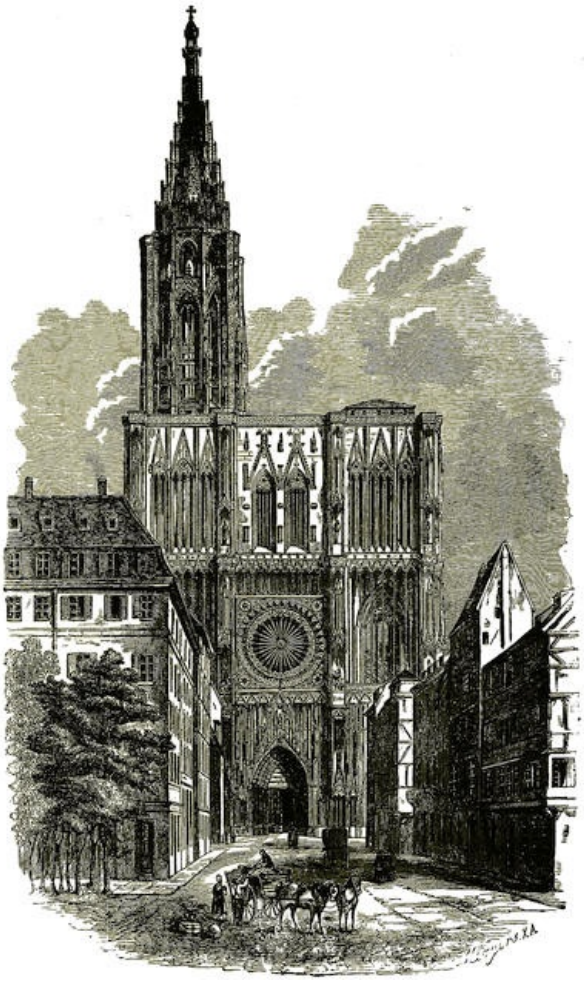

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

"Cologne has nine separate and distinct stinks; [159]
It is washed by the river Rhine,
But what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

It is not at all inappropriate therefore that Cologne should lead the world in the manufacture of perfumery. The city boasts 140,000 inhabitants, the most of whom are Roman Catholics. A bridge of boats connects Cologne with a large city on the opposite side of the river.

To the visitor, the object of the greatest interest in the city is the Cathedral, which is said to be the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world. It certainly takes the palm over anything I have seen. It is wholly unnecessary for me to describe this wonderful building to those who have seen it, and it is impossible to describe it to those who have not seen it. I hardly know whether one is most filled with admiration, or struck with awe, as he beholds this great temple whose foundation stone was laid six hundred years ago. To go around it, one must walk an eighth of a mile; and yet he forgets the distance as he looks upon the massive walls rising one hundred and fifty feet above him; as he views the arched roof more than two hundred feet high; as he eyes the tapering spires which seem to pierce the bended sky. And yet there is hardly a square foot, even of the exterior of this architectural wonder, that is not carved and chiseled in the most exquisite manner imaginable. The principal [160]
entrance to the Cathedral is a doorway, thirty-one by ninety-three feet. On the inside, one sees a forest of pillars, fifty-six in number, apparently thirty or forty feet in circumference, and rising, some one hundred and others two hundred feet high. The aisles are twenty, thirty, and sixty feet wide. Some of the windows are twenty by fifty feet. These stained-glass windows and marble pillars have

been presented by the kings and queens and emperors of different countries. The inside is profusely adorned and decorated with statues, carvings, paintings and sculpture work of every kind and character.

The Cathedral bell is seventeen feet across, and weighs twenty-three tons. To ring it requires fifteen men. As I stand upon the tower, five hundred and thirty-seven feet above the earth, men in the streets look like little children, and the business houses resemble play-things. This elevation affords a fine view of the surrounding country. I can trace the Rhine and its tributaries for more than twenty miles. Winding around among the hills and grain fields, these streams, gleaming in the sunlight, look like silver threads. I say to my friend: “Ah! behold the ‘silver threads among the gold.’” Although I have climbed this spire to the enormous height of 537 feet, yet above me is a delicate golden ladder; and, as it was placed here to enable the angels to ascend and descend, I quietly descend.

The church of St. Ursula is one of the curiosities of the city. St. [161] Ursula was an English princess who, according to the tradition, when on her return from a pilgrimage to Rome, in the second century after Christ, was barbarously murdered at Cologne with eleven thousand other Christians, most of whom were young women. They were all buried in the same grave. Some time in the eleventh century the grave was opened, the bones taken out, and, on the spot of the grave, the present church was built to the memory of these martyred virgins. These bones form part of the walls of the church; some of them, also, are preserved in glass cases, and placed around in the audience-room. Johnson supposes this is done to inspire in the worshipper a devotional spirit, or, perchance, to remind him of Ezekiel’s valley of dry bones. Near the pulpit is a beautiful monument to Princess Ursula. The statue is of alabaster, with a laurel wreath about her brow and a white dove at her feet.

The Rhine is, indeed, a majestic river. Its broad bosom floats hundreds of vessels, laden with the produce of its fertile valley, and thousands of tourists from all parts of Europe and America. At Cologne, we embark on the “Victoria,” and start up the “legendary stream.” As our graceful bark glides off over the smooth waters, we turn our eyes back toward Cologne for a last, long look. And what a pleasing picture it is to behold the city with its “girdle of fortifications,” to see the splendid cathedrals and numerous towers [162] outlined against the sky! Cologne has scarcely vanished from our sight when Bonn appears. Here we disembark. A few hours suffice to go through the University, to inspect the Cathedral, to see the bronze statue, and visit the birthplace of the great musical genius, Beethoven, born in 1770 and died in 1827.

After leaving Bonn, the scenery is more picturesque and beautiful. On either side of the swiftly-flowing stream, the overhanging cliffs rise high, one above another, each being crowned with a ruined castle, whose long, winding corridors and pictured walls once resounded with mirth and music. High perched upon these basaltic rocks, and surrounded by almost impregnable walls, feudal lords once held despotic sway. It really seems that the once thirsty swords have been beaten into plowshares, and the spears into pruning hooks, for the fruitful vine now flourishes along the “bloody Rhine,” from its water’s edge to the height of the castled crags. Even the crevices in the high cliffs are planted with the vine. This scene inspired Lord Byron to sing the following beautiful song:

“The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine
Whose breast of waters broadly smiles
Between the banks which bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossom’d trees,
And fields which produce corn and wine,
And scatter’d cities crowning these, [163]
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew’d a scene which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.”

We land at Konigswinter (King’s Winter), and ascend the bluff, nine hundred and eighty feet above the Rhine, to the Castle of Drachenfels, or dragon’s rock. This Castle commands the most extensive view of any on the Rhine. In descending, we visit the curious cave which, according to a mythical story, was once the

dwelling-place of a huge serpent who jealously guarded the pass and allowed no one to ascend the cliff. A brave knight slew the dragon, and after bathing himself in its blood, became invulnerable and mighty in strength. He then built the Castle on the uplifted rock, and made himself lord of the surrounding country.

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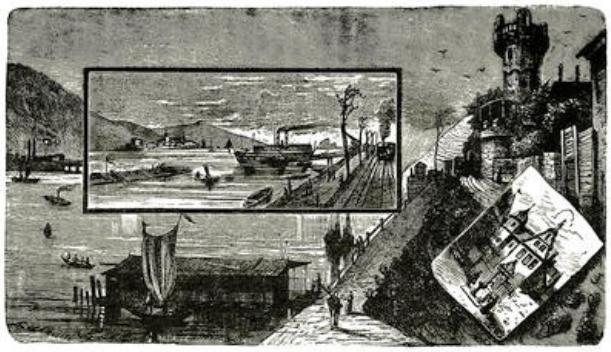

A VIEW ON THE RHINE.

[165] Just as the sun sets, we approach the beautiful island of Nonenwerth where, half hidden beneath the rich foliage, we see an old convent. Just above this floating island, rises a huge rock whose summit was once crowned with a splendid castle, of which only one crumbling arch now remains. The legendary history connecting the castle and convent is as beautiful as it is touching. Just after the time of Charlemagne, a brave and gallant knight, by the name of Roland, paid court to the beautiful and accomplished Princess Hildegude. The affection was reciprocated, and the two soon became affianced lovers. At this time, Roland was summoned by his king to the Crusade. Time sped on, and anxiously did the devoted Hildegude look for his return. But, alas! she received tidings of his death. Straightway for her all beauty faded from every earthly object. She therefore gave her heart to God, and her body to the convent on the adjacent island. The sad news, however, proved untrue. Roland had been wounded but not fatally. All during his absence the fires of love burned brightly upon the altars of devotion. With joyous anticipation, he returned to receive the hand of her whose radiant smile was the light of his life. But, alas! poor Roland! He found that his lady-love was in that living tomb from which death alone could set her free. Broken-hearted, he built the castle, one moldering arch of which still stands, and there lived in solitude and wretchedness, catching an occasional glimpse of his imprisoned love. After her death, he spoke no more until he passed beyond the stars to meet her who anxiously awaited his coming.

The last rays of the setting sun light the lamps of night, and it seems as if each star tries to outshine every other one. The moon, with these brightly-beaming stars as her attendants, comes forth as “Empress of the Night.” Standing on deck and looking out over the scene, I find that moon and stars are pouring a perfect flood of glory over tower, and castle, and crag, and cliff, and wooded hill.

[166] By this time we are so completely intoxicated with pleasure that we think it best not to indulge any longer. So, as the clerk of the boat calls out, “Coblentz,” we step ashore, and one hour later we are dreaming about what we had seen during the day. Next morning, as the sun first peeps over the eastern hills, he finds the pedestrians on their way to Ems, a beautiful little city nestling among the wooded hills of Germany. The walk proves a delightful exercise; and before the dew is off the grass, we are seated in Ems on the bank of the river which flows through the city. This was a favorite resort of the late Emperor William during the summer. On the way to Ems, we have the pleasure of witnessing a sham battle between several thousand German soldiers. No one is killed. One officer is badly hurt by his horse falling on him.

Before eleven o’clock, we are again gliding up the river. We seem now to have entered an enchanted region. No description we have ever read of the Rhine could equal the sight itself. Here

> “The noble river foams and flows,
> The charm of the enchanted ground,
> And all its thousand turns disclose
> Some fresh beauty varying round.”

The channel now becomes narrow, the stream swift and deep. As we pass castle after castle and behold the wrecks and ruins, we feel that we are “passing back down the stream of time.” Here on the [167] left is the Loreli, a great rock rising up more than four hundred feet. According to the legend, a nymph had her dwelling in a cavern of this rock, and, with the music which issued forth from her golden harp, she enticed sailors and fishermen to their destruction in the terrific whirlpools and rapids at the foot of the precipice.

Passing the national monument erected in honor of Germany’s victory over France, in 1870, and Bingen, “fair Bingen on the Rhine,” we come at length to Mayence, a frontier town of fifty thousand inhabitants, strongly fortified with a garrison of thirty thousand soldiers. Mayence was founded B. C. 14, by Drusus, the son-in-law of Julius Caesar. Here the grandsons of Charlemagne met to divide his mighty empire into Germany, France, and Italy. This is the birthplace of Gutenberg who, in 1440, invented the art of printing. Mayence has shown her high appreciation of that gifted son of genius by erecting the handsome “Gutenberg Statue.”

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CHAPTER XVII.

FROM FRANKFORT TO WORMS.

Frankfort-on-the-Main—Met at Depot by a Committee—Frankfort, the Home of Culture and Art—Birthplace of Goethe—"He Preaches like a God "—The Home of Rothschild—A Visit to his House—Worms and its History—Luther and a Bad Diet—Luther Monument—Theses Nailed on the Door—Fame of Luther and his Followers more Imperishable than their Bronze Statues.

FROM Mayence, I run up to pay my respects to Frankfort (ford of the Franks)-on-the-Main; and right royal is the reception extended me. The good people of this classic city seem really glad to see me, *especially the hotel keepers*. Reader, you can scarcely imagine what a pleasure it is to a way-worn pilgrim, as he enters a great city in a foreign country, to be met by a committee consisting of a full score of hotel clerks and porters, and half a hundred hack drivers! As the traveler steps off the train, he is approached by the different members of the committee, each of whom tries to be more kind and obliging than any of the others. Indeed, the honored visitor is well-nigh overcome with gratitude, as he sees these committeemen crowding round him on all sides, each with an expectant look, a face wreathed with smiles, and a palm itching to get hold of his purse strings. Such was the welcome given me at Frankfort-on-the-Main, which city, though it dates back from [169] the time of Charlemagne, 775, is now as fresh and fair as a sixteen year old maiden with blue eyes and golden hair.

Frankfort is about the size of Rochester, New York, is a place of great commercial importance, and, according to population, is by far the wealthiest city in Germany. It claims two hundred millionaires.

The museum and art galleries here are of the highest type. I can not use the brush, palette, and easel myself, but some pictures throw a spell over me that I can not shake off. Murillo's "Madonna Enthroned," Overbeck's "Triumph of Religion in the Arts," Rembrandt's "Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard," are indelibly stamped on the imperishable tablets of memory; their gilded frames I have entwined with a garland of forget-me-nots, and with golden cord of appreciation I have hung them up in the art gallery of the soul. And, if as Keats says, and as I believe, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," then will my visit to Frankfort-on-the-Main be a blessing to me until the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl of life broken.

This is the birthplace of Goethe, the Shakespeare of Germany. His splendid monument stands in the centre of one of the public squares of the city. The pedestal on which the bronze statue rests is relieved by raised figures, those on one side being taken from "Faust," and the other from "Hermann and Dorothea." The first is one of the most masterly productions that ever emanated from the [170] human brain, and the second one of the sweetest love stories ever embalmed in verse. Carlyle says of Goethe: "There was none like him; he knew everything." If Germany ever produced Goethe's equal, it was his bosom friend Schiller, whose life-like statue adorns another of the public squares of Frankfort. Seeing these two statues, I involuntarily look around for that of Herder. I always think of Goethe, Schiller and Herder as the inseparable trio.

The well-known millionaire, M. A. Rothschild who, I believe was at one time the richest man on earth, was born in Frankfort. The family still lives, and do a large business here. Through the influence of a friend, I gain an entrance to Rothschild's house and private museum, which one may well imagine contains an elegant collection of curiosities from all parts of the world. One gold vase alone, set with diamonds and other precious stones, is said to have cost 800,000 marks or $200,000.

The next place the traveler hangs his hat on the wall is here in Worms. Ah, what a history has this quaint old German town! How many thrilling incidents have taken place on its narrow streets during the last fifteen hundred years! But Worms is of more than a

general interest to the world, since it was the scene of Luther's fiercest struggle with Rome. In March, 1521, Luther was summoned to appear before the Diet, or Supreme Court, of half the World, [171] assembled at Worms, under the presidency of Charles V. With Napoleonic courage, Luther answered the call in person. As the bold reformer on his way to trial passed through Eisenach, where he had sung carols on the street for bread, his friends met him with the warning; "They will burn you as they did John Huss;" to which he replied; "Though they should build a fire from Worms to Wittenberg and reaching to the sky, I would pass through it in the name of the Lord." As he was approaching the city, Spalatin sent a messenger with another warning. This time the monk responded: "Go tell your master that if there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the housetops, I would enter." He did enter, and the next day became a turning point in the world's history. It was then that this "Christian Hercules, this heroic cleanser of the Augean stable of apostacy," went forth in the arena of debate to shiver lances with kings and popes and princes. Being severely in earnest, grandly right, and divinely appointed to his office, he hurled his arguments like withering blighting thunder-bolts. And, if the enemy now and then put in hard licks, Luther, being possessed of a cool head, quick wit, and boundless resources, revived like the vigor of vegetation after the stunning blow had fallen. He stood until there was not a man to meet him. The haughty hierarchy which he assailed had "bound kings in chains, and nobles in fetters of iron; but before the [172] fire of his quenchless zeal those fetters fell, fused as by the lightning touch of Heaven."

It is only in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things," therefore, that we find in Worms a monument memorializing this severe conflict and brilliant victory of the intrepid reformer.

As we enter the town from the railway station, we pass through the Luther-Platz (place or square), in the center of which stands the Luther Monument, which was erected in 1868 at a cost of $85,000. The monument is on this wise. There is a massive platform of granite, forty-eight feet square and nine and one-half feet high, bearing in its centre a large pedestal, also of granite. This pedestal is surmounted by another in bronze, adorned with reliefs representing four scenes in Luther's life. In the first, we see him administering the communion as a Catholic priest; second, he is nailing his theses on the church door in Wittenberg; next, we see him defending himself at Worms; and, last, he is translating the Bible into his native language.

Now, upon this pedestal, whose sides are thus adorned, stands the bronze statue of Luther, eleven feet in height, a commanding figure. In his left hand he holds a Bible, on which his right hand is placed emphatically, while his face, on which faith is admirably portrayed, is turned upwards. John Huss, Savonarola, John Wycliffe, and Peter Waldus are sitting at the four corners of the large pedestal on which Luther stands.

From the four corners of the large platform, rise four granite [173] pedestals, not so large as the central one. On these four pedestals stand bronze statues of Luther's fellow champions, Malanchthon, Reuchlin, on one side, and Philip of Hesse and Frederick the Wise of Saxony, his princely protectors, on the other. The four last-named statues are each nine feet high. Taken all in all, this is one of the finest and most impressive monuments I have seen. And why should it not be so? These men have justly been called the thunderers, the cloud compellers, the world uplifters, the hammers of the Lord, the pioneers of progress, the liberators of mankind,

> "Whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue,
> Like sound upon the falling of a force;
> Who play upon our hearts as upon a harp,
> And make our eyes bright as we speak of them."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

GERMAN BAPTISTS.

BY WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

A Weak Beginning—Persecutions—Firm Faith—Rapid Growth—A Trio of Leaders—Theological Schools—Publishing House—Hopeful Outlook.

THE American traveler in Germany has to seek for the Baptist churches, if he is to find them. His Baedeker has no star to point them out, and their commanding spires will not arrest his eye as he strolls through the streets. The church at Hamburg is the only one that is notable as a piece of architecture; and its arches, though the delight of lovers of the Gothic, are the despair of preachers. Many of the churches still worship in halls, and some of these halls are none too prominent. The writer of this sketch remembers looking for the Baptist church in a large city of Southern Germany. He followed his clew into a narrow street, then through an overhanging archway into a still narrower court, up two flights of stairs to a door from which his knock drew no voice nor sound of an answer. The Baptist church at Leipzig has its place of worship in one of the suburbs, about three miles from the centre of the city, and away from the bulk of the membership. How many of [175] those who have studied there know that there is a Baptist church in Leipzig? Of course our Baptist Brethren do not choose obscurity and inconvenience from any predilection for them, but from due deference to the ever-present question of rent. Ground is high, and Baptist money scarce.

However, many of the churches have gradually worked their way to the possession of chapels of their own. But even these present no very churchly appearance. The ground has to be utilized carefully. Dwelling apartments have to be built over, or under, or in front of, or back of, the auditorium of the church, sufficient at least to house the pastor, and often sufficient to bring an income that will carry the interest on the debt. But the work is growing. Better accommodations are being secured. Even now there are chapels seating over a thousand people. Several churches in the large cities, for instance, at Berlin and Königsberg, have two church buildings, without, however, on that account dividing the church organization.

The “statistics” for 1889 reports 106 churches with 20,416 members in Germany proper, and 123 churches with 23,976 members in the entire “Bund,” which includes the churches in Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Roumania and South Africa, all of which are organically connected with the German Baptist Mission and off-shoots from it. Fortysix churches in Russia with 12,448 [176] members, and 21 churches in Denmark with 2,711 members, which formerly belonged to the German “Bund,” have recently formed organizations of their own. It is wonderful to think that such a growth has been attained within so short a time. It was only in 1834 that the first seven believers were baptised in the Elbe by Professor Barnas Sears. Twenty-five years later, they had grown to a thousand times seven.

The first twenty-five years were full of privations and persecutions. The reader will understand that in Germany the maintenance and regulation of religion is considered one of the duties of the State, and a disturbance of religious order was punishable by law, just as a disturbance of social order would be with us. It seemed outrageous and detrimental to the interests of society that artisans and laborers should assume to teach and preach, and even to administer the ordinances. Existing laws were applied to them, or new laws were framed to meet their case. As late as 1852, a law was enacted in the principality of Bückeburg, a small state in northern Germany, providing that any emissary of the Baptists found within the boundaries of the principality should be

imprisoned for four weeks, and that the punishment should be doubled on a repetition of the offense. Any one attending the meetings was to be imprisoned for four weeks; any one conducting them, for eight weeks; any one baptising, or administering the [177] Lord's Supper, for six months. One of the old veterans of those days has counted up that he was imprisoned thirty-three times, and in nineteen different jails. Nor were the jails very pleasant places to be in. But sometimes they turned even the prisons into places of joy and prayer. There is just a smack of holy malice in the story of one brother who tells how six of them were imprisoned together for holding a Baptist meeting. As soon as they were lodged in jail, they used the government's own house and the government's chairs to hold a glorious Baptist protracted meeting that lasted for four weeks.

Still these imprisonments are pleasanter to tell about than to go through. They told on the health of the brethren. Their property was seized to pay fines. Their wives and little ones were left unprotected. Their earnings ceased during the imprisonment, and when they came out of prison they often found their occupation gone. But the men bred by those times were strong in the Lord, nothing daunted by the adversary, conscious that they were the soldiers of God, called, like Gideon, to do battle with a handful, but with the Lord on their side. Three men stand out as a kind of trio of leaders during those early years, Oncken, Lehmann, and Köbner. Mr. Oncken was thirty-four years of age when he shared in that baptism by night in the Elbe. God had taken him out of the rationalistic religion of his own country when he was nineteen years [178] old, and had sent him to England. He was converted there, and returned a few years later as a missionary of the British Continental Society. He labored most faithfully for some years before he became a Baptist. He understood the Scriptural doctrine of baptism several years before he had the opportunity to follow Christ in baptism. After that time, he pushed the work with great executive ability and intense earnestness. He was a leader of men. He did great service to his brethren by his knowledge of English, which enabled him to represent the cause in Great Britain and also in the United States, and to gain for it the financial and moral support of England and America which has been so helpful to the work. In 1879 he was paralyzed, and spent the last years of his life in forced retirement in Zürich. The active brain had become feeble. The only thing which rekindled the old fire in the dying embers was prayer and the words of the Bible. He entertained his visitors by reciting, with evident spiritual enjoyment, a verse from some familiar hymn, and a few moments afterward he would repeat it over again, forgetting what he had just said. He died at the age of eighty-four, and was buried with all honors at Hamburg, on the eighth of January, 1884. His name will remain the great name in the early history of the Baptists of Germany.

Another of the men just mentioned was G. W. Lehmann, born in 1799, an engraver and etcher by trade, and a missionary by divine [179] vocation. He was one of the first six baptised by Oncken, in Berlin, in 1837. He believed in a special manner in the power of the union of believers. He organized; he drew the churches together in associations; he constituted himself a link between them by ceaseless itinerant missionary labor. He died at Berlin in 1882. The writer met him there shortly before his death. His powers, also, had been broken by age. But his face was of rare sweetness, and his prayers, though broken and full of repetitions, still had the unction of former days.

The third of this noble triumvirate was Julius Köbner, born in 1807 in Denmark. He was a Jew by birth. His father was a Chief Rabbi, and saw to it that his son was instructed in all the learning of the law. But the young man heard the message of the crucified Messiah and believed. He was baptised in 1830, and rendered valuable service to the cause, both in Denmark and Germany. He was not a man of action so much as of thought and feeling. There was a mystic glow of love and devotion in all he said. His poetic talent was of a very high order. He has greatly enriched Baptist hymnology. His chief work is a volume entitled "Das Lied von Gott," describing God's creative and redemptive work. It contains passages of great power, and has been highly commended by such literary authorities as Karl Gerok. His last years were spent at Elberfeld and Berlin. He had a little daughter born to him in old age. [180] It was very touching to see the old man with the sweet oriental face

looking down at the little maid by his side as they took their walks together, each anxious to lead and care for the other. He, too, has now passed away. So has Claus Peters, who was a kind of bishop in all the region of Schleswig; so have Bues and Cramme. Others of the first generation are now old. A new generation is growing up to solve new problems. There are many strong men among them, so many that it might be invidious to single out any for special mention. Those American travelers who have sought out the German pastors in the places where they stayed, have felt that they were amply rewarded by the contact with these faithful men of God.

The men of the older generation were called directly from their trade to the ministry of the Word. They were taught in the school of life, and instructed by adversity. Attempts were made years ago to train the preachers. They were gathered by Oncken, or Köbner, or Berneike, for a few months of teaching. In 1880, a permanent school was established with seven pupils, and the late Reverend Moritz Geissler as professor. The school now has twenty-six students, two instructors in the secular branches, and two professors, J. G. Lehmann, a son of the older Lehmann, and J. G. Fetzer, of Rochester Seminary. The school has a four years' course, and an occasional [181] partial course of one year for older men. The students were for a long time housed in very insufficient quarters near the Hamburg church; but, in 1888, a handsome building was erected in Horn, a suburb of Hamburg, and the school is now well equipped and sure to influence the future of the German Baptists.

The other great institution for the furtherance of the work is the publishing house. The dissemination of Christian literature has, from the first, been one of the chief aims of our brethren. At first, Mr. Oncken obtained grants of Bibles and books from other societies; but the need of having a publishing house under his own control soon became apparent, and the first tract was published in 1834. Through its connection with American and British tract and Bible societies, the society has been able to do an extensive work. The number of Bibles and Testaments sold during 1887 was 35,586 copies. Over three million pages of tracts were issued during the same year. A number of periodicals also issued from the press of the society. Sunday-school lesson papers are published. There is a paper called "Wort und Werk" for the young men, and another called "Tabea" for the young women. The most important paper is the "Wahrheitszeuge," the regular organ of the denomination, which has recently become a weekly, and has a circulation of over five thousand copies. Since 1878, the business has been managed by Reverend Philip Bickel, D. D., formerly editor of the "Sendbote" at [182] Cleveland, Ohio. He has, by the most painstaking work, diminished the indebtedness of the business, and steadily increased the scope of its work. The colporteurs and volunteer workers of the German Baptist churches constitute an agency for the dissemination of Christian literature which, for cheapness and effectiveness, is scarcely equalled anywhere.

The work is bound to grow. It is opposed by the conservatism and prejudice of the people, of the strength of which no one can have a conception who has not put his shoulder against it and tried to budge it. The government, at least in the larger states, has taken a far more tolerant attitude; but complete religious liberty does not exist in Germany, nor will it exist until the State Churches have been disestablished, and the German nation has stripped from its limbs the last shackles of political absolutism and caste prerogative. Our churches are increasing in number in spite of the constant drain of emigration which takes from them their most prosperous and wide-awake members. But, aside from the actual gain of converts, our churches are doing the work of leavening thought by their literature, by their demonstration of the power of Christian fellowship as presented in a church of believers, and by the very general and extensive system of lay evangelization. In 1889, 190 churches reported 1409 stations where the Word is preached at regular intervals. Our churches are the conductors of the [183] evangelical thought and church methods of England and America. They have been pioneers of Sunday-school work in Germany, and they are bound to influence its entire religious future.

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CHAPTER XIX.

OUT OF GERMANY INTO SWITZERLAND.

A Lesson from Nature—Tramp-Trip through the Black Forests—Heidelberg Castle—Basle, Switzerland—Met by a Friend—Emigrants off for America—Delivering an Address to the Emigrants—The Grave of Erasmus—Gateway to the Heart of the Alps—Snowy Peaks—Rendezvous of the Nations—Beautiful Scene—Moonlight on the Lake—Sweet Music—Pretty Girls—Mountains Shaken with Thunder and Wrapped with Fire.

I BELIEVE it was Zeno who said, “We have only one mouth, but two ears; whereby Nature teaches us that we should speak little, but hear much.” So, having two eyes and only one pen, I must see much and write little. I shall not therefore pause, as I should like, to speak of a few charming days spent in walking through the “Black Forests” of Germany, nor of a visit to Heidelberg, beautiful for situation and famous for its university,

> “Half hidden in a gallery of pines,
> Nestling on the sunny slope.”

There is no more impressive sight in Germany than the ruins of the Heidelberg Castle. The remains of its frowning battlements, ivy-covered walls, and hanging gardens speak most eloquently of its former greatness and grandeur. I can never forget the moonlight nights that Johnson and I spent in Heidelberg, wandering up and down the banks of the Neckar, listening to the music of her waters [185] as they flow on to join the legendary Rhine, a few hundred yards below.

Leaving Heidelberg at four o’clock in the morning, we travel all day through a comparatively uninteresting country, reaching Basle, Switzerland, in time to break bread with a friend (?) who kindly sent a committee to the depot to meet us. The committee insisted on carrying us up from the station in a carriage, but we told them that as we had no exercise during the day, we preferred to walk and carry our own satchels.

The day after arriving in Basle, we see a hundred and twenty-five German and Swiss emigrants starting for America. At the request of the emigration agent, who was possessed of much intelligence and good information, I make a speech to the emigrants the hour before their departure. I tell them not to stop around New York and Boston, but to go West. After speaking briefly of the advantages of the country, I tell them that America is not an Eden, but a wilderness; not a wilderness, either, where people are miraculously fed with manna, as were the Israelites of old, but one where the horny-handed sons of toil have to dig their bread out of the ground; yet it is a wilderness which, when watered by the sweat of the brow, is transformed into a waving harvest field. I tell them that we invite immigration, not that we want foreigners to fill easy places and control political affairs; that a few years ago there were some men [186] in Chicago, who went there with this false idea in their brains, and, in trying to run the government, they made a mistake and ran their heads into a halter. I insist that earnest, honest, persistent, and intelligent laborers are the kind of men we want; that such men are protected by law, and rewarded with a comfortable living. After expressing the wish that they might be freed from sea-sickness while crossing the ocean, and from home-sickness after landing on the other side, I bid them adieu.

A few days suffice to show us the parks, monuments, and public buildings of the city. Among the latter, is the time-honored cathedral in which rest the bones of Erasmus, the scholar of the Reformation.

It was two hours after leaving Basle, before we could realize that we were in Switzerland. Now, however, a great mountain rose up before us. It was too long to surround, and too high to surmount; hence, we had either to stand still, retreat, go under, or else go through the mountain. After boring our way through the solid rock for two miles, we come into the light on the opposite side. We find

that this tunnel is only a gateway admitting us into the land of wonders, and to the heart of the Alps, a description of which will occupy the next chapter.

We are now wild with delight, running first to one side of the car, and then to the other, to catch a momentary glimpse of the mountains as they dash by us. The snowy peaks now burst upon our [187] vision, and, just as Johnson is getting ready to stand on his head, the brakesman shouts, “Lucerne! All out for Lucerne!” This announcement, of course, interrupts the proceedings of my traveling companion; hence, leather does not “go up,” as I expected.

We find Lucerne to be the general rendezvous of thousands of tourists who, in the search of health or pleasure, have come hither from Russia, Turkey, Greece, Hungary, and Asia Minor, from Germany, France, Italy, England and America. Sometimes, at the evening hour the different nationalities are represented in one room, and there follows a Babel of confusion.

How beautiful and varied is the scene before me at this hour! It is a lovely moonlight night, and the lake shines bright and tranquil as a polished mirror. The laughing stars lie buried in the blue depths below. On the bosom of this fairy lake are scores of lover-laden row boats, shooting, turning, gliding, in every possible direction. As the oars strike the water, they gleam in the moonlight like paddles of silver. There are two, four, or six persons in each boat. Several boats have now grouped together, and all have joined in singing “Moonlight on the Lake,” and the soft music floats over the still waters until it dies away in the distance. There is a momentary pause. And now, just in front of the long line of four-story hotels, which are set back about one hundred feet from the lake, the [188] Hungarian Band breaks forth and its wild melodies are echoed from the surrounding hills. Next the Neapolitan Quartette causes a perfect uproar of laughter as it discourses the latest Italian comic songs with banjo accompaniment. As the clock from the cathedral tower announces the hour of eleven, a change comes over the scene. The street lamps are extinguished, and the good-humored multitude pour forth their extravagant praises of the brilliant display of fireworks which are now filling the air with noise and showers of falling stars. Thus do tourists and visitors spend their summer evenings in this little town of Lucerne, this “Swiss Lady of the Lake.”

All through the month of August, thunder-storms of unusual grandeur have been prevalent in Switzerland. Twenty-four hours ago, I witnessed a thunder-storm that made a lasting impression. It was twelve o’clock at night. The evening before all nature was in confusion. The angry clouds were like seething volcanoes, shooting up their thunderheads as if they would strike heaven in the face. Behind these cloud-battalions, which were constantly forming and reforming in ranks of war, the sun was skirmishing. Now and then his fiery darts would pierce the serrate columns, but immediately they would close up the gap and shut out the sun. As if given up in despair, he retired behind the western hills. The world was then locked in the embrace of night, and given over to the remorseless [189] storm-god. The angry clouds began to gather from the east and west and north and south, growing denser and darker as they came. Muttering thunder could be heard in the distance. At last the crisis came. One blinding flash of lightning followed another. The lakes roared. The earth moved. The mountains reeled! Thunder answered thunder! Deep called unto deep! The peaks, like mountain monarchs, seemed to be quarreling with each other; each peak had a voice and each glen an echo! One moment all was painfully dark, and the next a mighty sheet of flame could be seen falling from the clouds upon the mountain tops. There it lingered for a moment, and then, rolling itself into billows, it came dashing down the rocky steeps like cataracts of fire, turning night into day and revealing a hundred snow-capped peaks around.

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CHAPTER XX.

SWITZERLAND AS SEEN ON FOOT.

Alpine Fever—Flags of Truce—Schiller and the Swiss Hero—Tell's Statue and Chapel—Ascent of the Rigi—Beautiful Scenery—Famous Falls—Rambles in the Mountains—Glaciers—The Matterhorn—Yung Frau—Ascent of Mount Blanc—An Eagle in the Clouds—Switzerland and her People—The Oldest Republic in the World—"Home, Sweet Home"—High Living—Land Owners—Alpine Folk—Night Spent in a Swiss Chalet—Johnson in Trouble—Walk of Six Hundred Miles—Famous Alpine Pass—A Night above the Clouds—Saint Bernard Hospice—Overtaken in a Snow-Storm—Hunting Dead Men—The Alps as a Monument—Geneva—Prison of Chilon—How Time was Spent—Tongue of Praise.

I HAVE been in Switzerland only a few days before I take what the people here call the Alpine fever. It affects my blood; it gets into my very bones. I can feel it in every limb at every breath. I consult no physician—I need none. I know full well that the only cure for my disease is to get out among the mountains and there commune with Nature and Nature's God. I did not come to Switzerland to hear fine music, or to be initiated into the mysteries of fashionable hotel life. I came to enjoy the wild and rugged scenery of the Alps. It seems, too, that it takes more to satisfy me than it does most people. They tell me they came here for the same purpose that I did, and yet they are quite content to remain in the cities and behold the mountains afar off. Not so with me. The moment I behold the gleaming snow on the uplifted mountains, I see [191] that it is not a scarlet ensign indicative of wrath, war, and bloodshed. No, the signal is white, the flag of truce, the emblem of peace, of innocence and purity. Hence, I am not repelled but wonderfully drawn by the mountains. I can but repeat the language that Schiller put into the mouth of his Swiss hero, William Tell:

> "There is a charm about them, that is certain—
> Seest thou yon mountains with their snowy peaks
> Melting into and mingling with the sky?"

I think, too, of the wifely warning that Hedwige gave Tell:

> "Thou never leav'st me but my heart grows cold
> And shrinks, as though each farewell were the last—
> I see thee midst the frozen wilderness,
> Missing, perchance, thy leap o'er some dark gulf,
> Or whirl'd down headlong with the struggling chamois;
>
> "I see the avalanche close o'er thy head,
> The treacherous ice give way beneath thy feet—
> And thee—the victim of a living grave!
> Death, in a thousand varying shapes, waylays
> The Alpine traveler. 'Tis a hazardous and fearful trade!"

The husband's reply was:

> "He who trusts in God, and to those powers which God hath given him,
> May guard himself from almost every danger.
> These mountains have no terrors for their children."

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GIESSBACH FALLS.

And I am for the time being a child of the Alps. I have a [193]
mountaineer's spirit in me, and I say: "I will go!" The next thing is to secure an Alpine outfit, which consists of spiked shoes, an Alpenstock, an ice ax and a rope. These things in our hands and neatly strapped on our backs, Johnson and I leave the social haunts of men, and start out to "do the Alps." On the "Rainbow," we sail over Lake Lucerne from end to end. We then walk to Fluelen and Altdorf, where is laid the scene of Schiller's immortal play, "William Tell." We see Tell's statue, erected on the spot where with crossbow he shot the apple off his son Walter's head. We visit the place where during a raging storm, Tell sprang from the boat upon a projecting rock, thereby saving himself from the dungeon, and rescuing Switzerland from the hands of tyranny. We climb the Rigi, the mountain that gave Mark Twain so much trouble. Standing upon its elevated summit, we look down upon eleven silvery lakes spread out in the valleys 5,000 feet below. We now strike out over Brüning Pass for Brienz and Interlaken. The most interesting object during this delightful sail was the famous Griessbach Falls. As the steamer approaches, all eyes are fixed upon the rushing torrent whose foaming waters, eager to escape from their mountain prison, burst forth from the mountain side, and leap from rock to rock until they mingle with the placid lake 1,200 feet below!

Interlaken, as its name indicates, is between the lakes, Brienz and Thun. This is not a city, but a small, characteristic Swiss village, [194]
hemmed in by two lakes, and two mountains, whose precipitous sides are feathered over with fir trees. Indeed, the surroundings are so picturesque and beautiful that we make Hotel de Nord headquarters for several days, during which time we make several delightful excursions on and around the lakes. Our stay is made more pleasant because of the company of L. Woodhull and J. A. Worthman, of Dayton, Ohio; but theirs is a flying trip, hence we are soon separated.

We now penetrate the very heart of the Alps. We spend a month, and walk more than five hundred miles, creeping through the windings of the mountains; in following up streams to their sources;

in crossing narrow chasms whose yawning depths even now make me dizzy when I think of them; in climbing rugged peaks where one false step would have dashed us against the jagged rocks, two, three, and sometimes four, thousand feet below; in letting ourselves down by ropes into deep gorges on whose rocky floor ray of sun or moonbeam has never fallen; in traversing seas of ice or glacier fields, two of which, the Rhone and the Aletsch glaciers, are the most extensive in the Alps, being fifteen miles long and from one to three miles wide.

Reader, stand with me for a moment upon the banks of this Swiss river, and we shall find it worthy of the world of savage grandeur through which it passes. The river is quite narrow. Its rocky bed is [195] full three hundred feet below the banks on which we stand. The water dashes by us with such force and velocity that, as it strikes the rocks and bowlders in the stream, the spray rises up for a hundred feet or more. The light of the sun shining through the rising mist flings a radiant rainbow on the opposite wall of rock.

Mountains rise up abruptly on either side of the river. On the opposite side of the stream from where we stand, a mountain rises up steeply for six, eight, nine, thousand feet. Away up there 9,000 feet above the world, on the broad top of the mountain, there is an everlasting lake filled from Heaven's founts, baring its blue bosom to the blue sky. Around this "lake of the gods," and also from its centre, Alpine peaks lift their grey and ghastly heads up against the sky, as if to support the blue dome of Heaven, lest the moon and the stars extinguish themselves in the crystal sea. And that is not all. The water, as if tired of its home in the skies, breaks over its rocky prison walls; and, in a perpetual stream eighteen inches deep and thirty feet wide, it comes, churned into madness and foam—comes madly dashing and splashing down the mountain side for 9,000 feet at an angle of seventy-five degrees. Finally with the swiftness of an arrow the maddened stream leaps into the river, and we stand on the banks and look down on the "hoarse torrent's foaming breath below."

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> "We gaze and turn away and know not where,
> Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
> Reels with its fullness, there—forever there—
> Chain'd to the chariot of Nature's triumphal Art
> We stand as captives, and would not depart."

Baedeker truly says: "The glacier—the most striking feature of the Alpine world—is a stupendous mass of purest azure ice." No scene in Switzerland is so strikingly and so strangely beautiful as when, in some fertile and wooded valley, the glittering pinnacles of a glacier are suddenly presented to our gaze, in the immediate proximity of wheat fields, fruit trees, smiling meadows and human habitations. These extensive glaciers are long arms of solid ice, resembling a thousand frozen cataracts, occupying entire valleys, and attaining a thickness estimated at 1,500 feet. The surface of these glaciers is by no means smooth and regular. Here one frowning terrace rises above another; there the glacier swells and rises into huge pinnacles and towering pyramids of purest ice. Again the surface is torn into every conceivable shape by great crevasses which sometimes sink to an enormous depth. In crossing these glaciers, guides, spiked shoes, Alpenstocks, strong ropes, and ice axes are indispensable.

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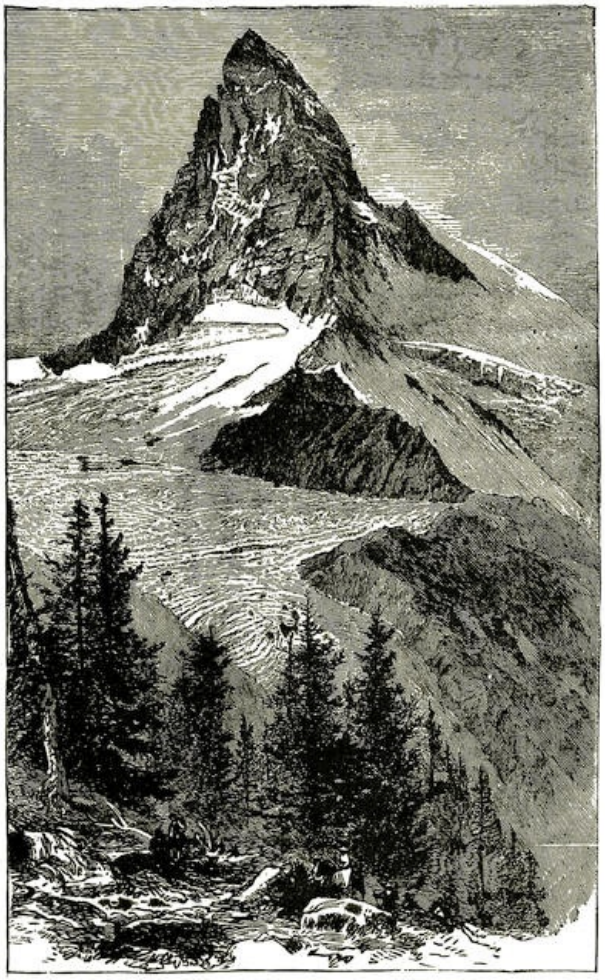


A GLACIER IN SWITZERLAND.

The rope is tied around the waist of each one of us, guides and [198]
all, leaving eight or ten feet of rope between each two persons, one guide at each end of the rope. Thus we, “with cautious step and slow,” start across a sea of ice, all following the foremost guide and stepping in his tracks. Sometimes every foothold has to be cut with an ax. Now we come to a deep crevasse into which we are let down by a rope. Once safely down the guide cuts our way in the ice until we gain two ladders, one above the other, that have been placed there for that purpose. Notwithstanding one’s double suit of underclothing and heavy wraps, he becomes so chilled and benumbed that he gradually loses his native activity. Hence the greatest caution is necessary to get back without broken limbs. As one sees these pinnacles and pyramids of purest azure ice bathed in the golden splendor of the setting sun, their shining steps look like a crystal stairway reaching from earth to heaven. A glacier reflecting the sun’s evening glories could perhaps not be better described than by saying, it looks like heaven hung out to air.

> “There are things whose strong reality
> Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues
> More beautiful than our fantastic sky.”

We must now quit the glacier field, and go up on the Aeggischhorn. Reader, you must know that the way is long and rough and steep and hard. But what man has done, man can do. The object is worth the labor. What were a month’s climbing, even though it be doubly difficult, when it is to be rewarded with the prospect from yonder imperial height? We cross chasm after chasm, struggle from cliff to cliff, go from height to height, until we stand [199]
14,000 feet above the world! Around us are a thousand snow-capped peaks rising up until they “melt into and mingle with the skies.”

> “The sun seems pausing above the mountain’s brow
> As if he left reluctantly a scene so lovely now.”

The rays of light like arrows pierce the ice-covered rocks, and set the Alpine world on fire. The bended heavens not far above us blush to behold the sight. Gods, isn’t it glorious! Slow wanes the day from these sequestered valleys. As the tourists watch the sun gather up

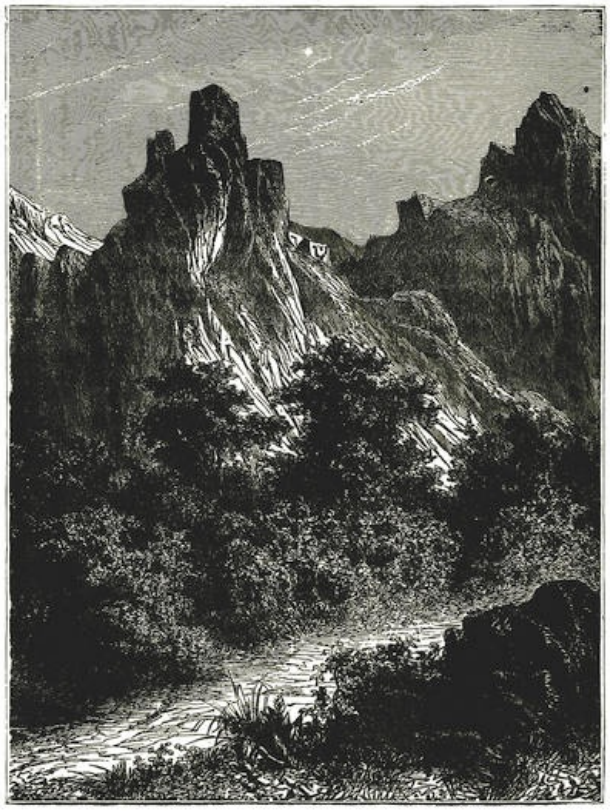
his spent shafts and put them back into his golden quiver, they involuntarily take off their hats and contemplate the “afterglow” in silence.

I might as well rest my pen, for I might write until my hand would become palsied from use, and you might read my writing until your eyes would grow dim with age, and yet I could convey to you no just conception of the Matterhorn whose brow really seems ambitious of the skies! nor yet of the majestic Jungfrau whose head goes careering ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, thousand feet towards heaven. It is noonday when I first stand at the foot of the Jungfrau, the young wife. The clouds have come down and settled upon and around the mountain until at least half of it is obscured from view. But my eyes are something like daggers piercing the clouds through, for I want to get a glimpse of the mountain as near to [200] heaven as possible. All at once the clouds begin to rise. They lift themselves clear above the mountain’s brow. Ah, me! I have to shut the door close on my fluttering, my rising, soul, lest it pass outward and upward in astonishment. This is the Jungfrau, vailed in her dazzling shroud of eternal snow, and I am sure Ruskin was correct when he said: “The seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful, or more awful round Heaven the gates of sacred death.” Now, as if the mountain’s brow was too sacred to be bared long at a time, the clouds, like a mighty sheet, begin to unfold and come down. The mountain is soon wrapt again in thick clouds, but she lifts her ambitious head aloft. Above and beyond the clouds her icy crown glistens in the light of the sun.

The people here say this is the best place in Switzerland to see an avalanche. I am determined to see one, if I have to remain here all summer. I see none the first day. As night approaches, I cross a frightfully deep and yawning chasm, and come over on the Wengernalp, 3,000 feet high, which leaves me still 13,000 feet below the top of the Jungfrau. Next morning, about half-past seven o’clock, I hear a strange noise, apparently in Heaven, as though the angels had revolted. The noise is in the direction of the Jungfrau, whose head is still hidden in the clouds. The noise is heard, but the cause is unseen. It seems that a thousand cyclones and thunder-storms have combined into one. It comes “nearer, clearer, deadlier” [201] than before. All eyes are turned in one direction, and now we see a world of white snow bursting forth like a thunderbolt from the bosom of the clouds. It comes leaping down the mountain side from crag to crag, from peak to peak, across crack and glen and crevasse. Gathering momentum with each successive leap, it sweeps down the mountain side with such deafening noise and terrific force that nothing on earth could stay its onward progress. The earth trembles and the mountains reel as it leaps into the yawning chasm below.

> “These are the Alps,
> The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
> All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
> Gather around these summits, as to show
> How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.”

[202]



AMONG THE PEAKS.

After ascending Mount Blanc, I can but say, I have scaled thy [203]
heights, I have sniffed thy breeze, I have planted my feet upon thy glittering crown, but who, oh who, can comprehend thy glory! Oh thou monarch of mountains! I see thee in all thy majesty. Thy proportions are so vast and gigantic, thy form so regal and grand, that the eye in vain attempts to estimate them. Distance is annihilated by thy vastness, for thou art towering above us as if thou wouldst bear thy burden of virgin snow back to its native heaven. Yet above thy regal brow I see an eagle. For a moment he pauses with outstretched wings, as if to contemplate thy glory, and then screaming with delight and whirling himself in the air, he continues his onward, upward flight, as if he would clutch his talons in the fiery sun itself.

"Wave, eagle, thy pinion
Supreme in the air!"

But leave, ah leave, me alone on the mountain top amidst the frozen wilderness. I love to roam among the mountains. I love their pure air, their jagged heights, their snowy peaks, and their foaming cataracts tumbling down. Yea,

"For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod:
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God."

This little country of Switzerland, locked in by the Alps, and surrounded by Germany, France, Italy, and Austria, boasts the oldest republic in the world, its present form of government having existed half a thousand years. It is inhabited by 2,700,000 people, speaking three different languages. One million and a half speak German, one million French, and the remainder Italian. Unlike the [204]
people of other European nations, four-fifths of these Switzers are land owners. They love to sing

"Home, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home!"

And, verily, their homes are humble, especially in the wilder parts of the country. Their rude, structures are, for the most part, built of fir poles and rough stones, and are often perched on the steep

mountain side, thousands of feet above the valley. Sometimes nearly the whole house is hidden away in a blasted rock, only the end facing the valley being visible. These mountaineers live high—I can not say *well*. They have elevated thoughts, that is if they have any thoughts at all; they look down upon kings and ordinary mortals, and only look up to eagles and to God. Despite the extraordinary precaution taken to have their houses shielded by the rock, many of them are annually swept away by avalanches. It is difficult to trace out the dim and winding paths by which these people reach their mountain huts.

I said most Switzers are land-owners, and so they are, on a small scale. It is only a little here and less there; an acre in one place, a half acre in another, and so on. They have few or no horses, but nearly every family has two or three cows and a half dozen goats. They milk both goats and cows; both are as gentle as cats, and each [205] one appears to know its name. Switzerland is a great country for honey, cheese, vegetables and fruit. Pears and grapes of the finest quality everywhere abound. Wine is plentiful and almost as cheap as water, though I do not take advantage of the "reduced rates."

There is something about the plain, simple, and unpretentious ways of these Alpine folk that challenges admiration. They are earnest, honest, pious, truthful, and industrious. Indeed, they can not be otherwise than industrious. Necessity is their stern master. He treads upon their heels, and cracks his whip over their heads. They have no machinery—they want none. They know nothing, and care less, about what progress the world is making. To them, "the world" means Switzerland, and that is about the same from age to age. "Contentment is the price of happiness;" they have paid the price, and enjoy the prize. The iron-belted and thunder-riven mountains have lent strength of character and force of will to the men. They are hardy mountaineers. They love their country next to their God.

> "True as yon Alp to its own native flowers
> True as the torrent to its rocky bed,
> Or clouds and winds to their appointed track;
> The Switzer cleaves to his accustom'd freedom,
> Holds fast the rights and laws his fathers left him,
> And spurns the tyrant's innovating sway."

The crystal streams, silvery lakes, and smiling valleys, have [206] reflected their beauty in many a maiden's face. True, these daughters of the forest wear no high-heeled boots nor Paris bonnets, but they are beautiful, nevertheless. I think Johnson will not soon forget a girl whom we met in a Swiss chalet where we stayed a few nights ago. And who can blame him? She was eighteen years of age, of medium height, and had a faultless figure. She had a Grecian face, smooth features, fair complexion, large brown eyes, and flowing auburn hair. A radiant smile wreathed her innocent face. She looked at Johnson. He looked at her. Neither one spoke. Neither one could speak so the other could understand. But what is the use of words

> "When each warm wish springs mutual from the heart,
> And thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,
> When love is liberty, and nature law?"

That night Johnson came to our room claiming that he was ill. When I inquired as to the nature of his trouble, he said he did not know what it was. He did not know whether he had the rash, whooping-cough, measles, small-pox, or cholera; but he had something, and had it bad. Whereupon I applied a flaxseed poultice to the back of his neck. Next morning found him convalescent, though not entirely relieved. I see from history that such occurrences were common in the middle ages.

We have now been in Switzerland forty days. It has been forty [207] days of hard work, and yet forty days of intense delight. We have walked nearly six hundred miles, and the last mile was stepped off with as much ease as the first mile. The last step had in it the same elasticity and firmness as the first. My youth was renewed like the eagle's. I constantly felt like mounting on the wings of rejoicing, and gliding over the country as a disembodied spirit.

In some places, the angles we made in ascending and descending were not less than sixty to seventy-five degrees! One time, when nightfall came, I was thoroughly tired—completely exhausted. Pain trembled in every limb. My knees denied their office. Hearty supper,

warm footbath, bed, oblivion! Strange as it may appear, the next day was spent, not in walking but in reading history.

In our Alpine experiences, we walked from Switzerland into France and back again; over Napoleon's famous Alpine pass from Switzerland into Italy and back. One time, while crossing the Alps without a guide, we lost our way. For several hours we wandered around—we knew not whither. All at once the clouds dropped down upon us, and with the clouds there came a blinding snow-storm. It seemed as if we would freeze. I knew we could not survive the cold till morning. I thought, "Is it possible that this white snow is to be my winding-sheet, and some rocky chasm my lonely grave?" Just before dark, our hearts were gladdened by the sight of six men not [208] far away. We called to them. Across the fields of snow, the cold wind brought their cheering reply. The men, clad in fur and wrapped in black gowns, proved to be Augustine monks, who keep the St. Bernard Hospice. They took us with them to the Hospice which was only two miles away. On reaching there, Johnson and I were almost frozen. We were soon seated by a glowing fire, and were comfortably shielded from the cutting wind and falling snow during that memorable night above the clouds.

HOSPICE IN THE ALPS.

We spent some time with the monks of the Hospice. This noble institution has been standing nearly a thousand years. It is in the heart of the mountains—the highest winter habitation in the Alps. [209] Snow falls here nine months in the year. The Hospice is kept by eighteen or twenty Augustine monks, whose sole business is to search for, assist and rescue, Alpine travelers who have lost their way in the snow. We saw here about a dozen of the famous St. Bernard dogs. They are, by all odds, the largest and finest dogs I have seen. They are thoroughly trained to assist the monks in their work. In the morning, when they are let out of the house where they have been locked during the night, the dogs seem wild with delight. They go bounding through the snow in every direction. With fore feet on some huge bowlder, and heads high in the air, they sniff the cold mountain breeze, and off they go again. For miles around, they search the mountains for travelers who, on account of cold and snow, have fallen by the wayside. In this way these philanthropic monks and their noble dogs have saved many lives.

It is impossible at the Hospice to dig graves in the rock and snow and ice, so they have a "dead house" where the bodies which are found in the snow are placed and kept. The atmosphere is so pure and intensely cold that decomposition takes place very slowly. There are about fifty bodies in the dead house now, the last two having been placed there about eighteen months ago. I went into this house, and I really believe that if I had ever known the two persons last placed there, I could have recognized them then. Any traveler is [210] kindly received by the monks and entertained for the night without any charge. Each visitor is expected, however, to "drop something in the box." Napoleon once stopped here, and hundreds of his soldiers, as they passed over the mountains with the cannon,

partook of the hospitality of the monks. Afterwards, the great Frenchman sent one of his generals here to be buried, that he might have the Alps as a monument.

I visited the prison of Chillon. It is a gloomy old castle with five great towers, built upon a rock projecting some two hundred yards into Lake Geneva. Byron says of it:

> “Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar; for ’twas trod
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,
> “For they appeal from tyranny to God.
> There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
> In Chillon’s dungeon deep and old,
> And in each pillar there is a ring,
> And in each ring there is a chain.”

The description is perfect. The whole thing is there as of old.

I must stay my weary hand. I have already perhaps, written too much about Switzerland. But I have no apology to offer. I am in love with the country, that’s all. Love Switzerland?

“Who could help it that has a heart to love,
And in that heart courage to make its love known?”

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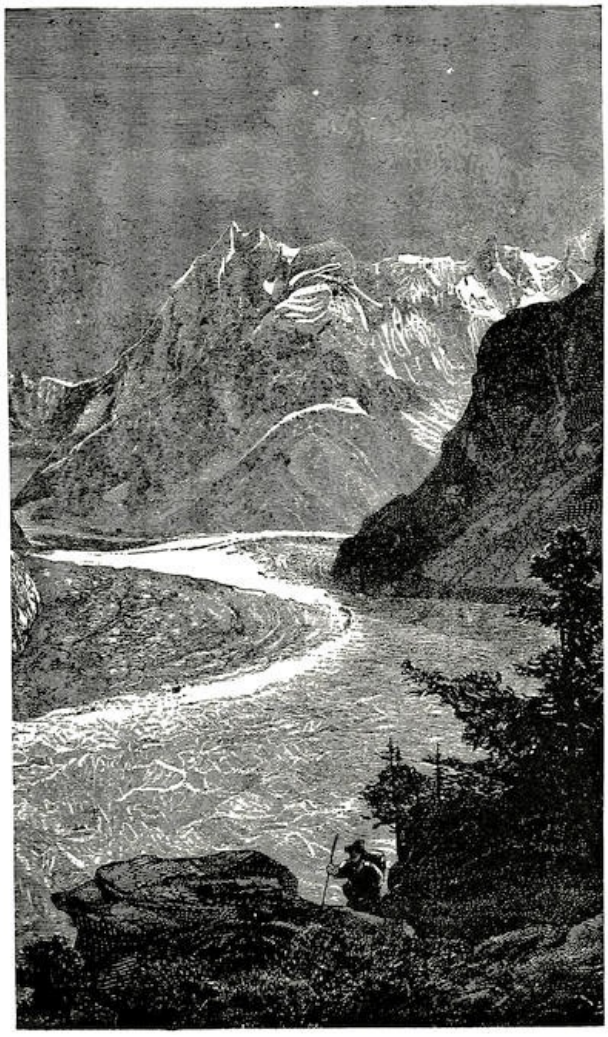

SWISS MOUNTAINS.

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To get up regularly at 5 A.M., and see the first grey streaks of morning, to watch the grey turn to pearl, the pearl to copper, to amber, to gold, and then to see the whole heaven flecked with blushes and gattled with fire; to watch the rising sun slowly climb the eastern hills and see the first gleam of light glistening on the snowy peaks around you; to start on your day’s tramp while the air is fresh and bracing, and while all Nature is smiling as though earth held no tomb; to walk for hours and hours, climbing peaks and crossing glens; to sit down at noon on the flower-fringed bank of a limpid stream, and listen to the music of its rippling waters while you eat your cold lunch; and, after dinner is over, to lie in the sun

for an hour or two and read the legends, poetry and history inseparably linked with the mountains, lakes and valleys that you have been admiring all the morning; to walk on until night, and then eat with an appetite that reminds you of your schoolboy days of old, when you ate all that was cooked and then called for more; to go out after supper and reflect on God’s handiwork, with floods, snows, rocks, mountains, glens, forests round and heaven’s bright stars above you,—to enjoy all this, and more, as I have done, were enough to put the tongue of praise in the mouth of the dumb, to wake well-springs of joy in the desert places of the heart, and send never-failing streams of rejoicing through the garden of life.

CHAPTER XXI.

BAPTISTS IN FRANCE.

IN the early part of this century two English Baptists began to preach the Gospel in Switzerland and France. The burden of their preaching was free salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, and to their joy something of a religious revival began to manifest itself. It seems however, that these brethren did not give Believer's Baptism its proper place, and hence many of their disciples, looking upon it as a matter of no special importance, for the sake of peace kept it constantly in the background. The result was, that though many were converted and gathered into churches through the labors of these good Baptist brethren and their disciples, in 1830 only two little churches in the northern part of France were willing to be known as Baptists.

About this time Prof. Rostan of Marseilles, left his home for the United States, where he became a Baptist. In 1832 he returned to France under the auspices of the Missionary Union, intending to spend his life in preaching the Gospel to his own people. He opened a hall in Paris, and a goodly number of attentive and serious hearers gathered about him, some of whom often accompanied him to his home to receive further instruction. Mr. Rostan also sought [214] interviews with prominent and influential men, to explain to them the object of his mission. He was generally well received, and was invited to give a series of lectures on Christianity before the "Society for Promoting Civilization." Being pious, cultivated and zealous, there was every reason to hope that he would accomplish a great work, but his lamented death in December 1833 put an end to his earthly labors.

The Missionary Union at once sent out an appeal to young ministers, and Mr. Isaac Willmarth, then of the Newton Theological Seminary, who loved France, and especially Paris, because there, while a medical student he was led to Christ, presented himself, and was at once appointed to carry on the work. He reached Paris in June 1834. The following year a small church was organized and soon after two theological students were received into the church, and placed themselves under Mr. Willmarth's instructions. Through a Colporteur whom he knew in Paris, Mr. Willmarth was brought into relation with the few Baptists of Northern France, who were much gratified at receiving a visit from the American Missionary, and who were not a little surprised to hear from him of the large number of Christians in America, who not only held to Believers' Baptism, but, as a result of this, to restricted Communion also.

In the latter part of 1835 the mission was reinforced by two other [215] American Missionaries, Rev. E. Willard, and Rev. D. N. Sheldon, both of Newton Theological Seminary. The chief object of this reinforcement was the establishment of a mission school, with special reference to the training of candidates for the ministry. Mr. Sheldon remained in Paris and in June 1836, Mr. Willmarth and Mr. Willard, wishing to be near the few Baptists of Northern France, removed to Douai, a town near the borders of Belgium, having a population of twenty thousand, and containing a small Baptist church. The following year Mr. Willmarth, on account of failing health, found it necessary to return to the United States, and two years later Mr. Sheldon returned also. Mr. Willard, left alone in France, continued his labors, giving special attention to training of young men for the ministry, in which work he was very successful.

In 1840 the mission numbered seven churches, five out-stations, six ordained ministers, five assistants and about two hundred members.

The period between 1840 and 1848 was one of trial and persecution, the chief difficulties resulting from the opposition of the government, which made it unlawful for more than twenty persons to meet together for any purpose, without the written permission of the magistrates. Brethren began holding private meetings in their own houses, but very soon a law was enacted subjecting any person who opened his house for public worship to a [216] fine of from sixteen to three hundred francs. The execution of these laws was committed to the mayors of the communes, who were generally Roman Catholics, and thoroughly under the influence of the priests, who, as ever, were not slow to avail themselves of this

opportunity to persecute these Baptist brethren, with the hope of preventing further progress, and of destroying what had already been accomplished. In several places chapels were closed, one remaining unopened for thirteen years, and consequently brethren were forced to meet together secretly in private houses, or in the quiet woods. But it was not without danger that they thus assembled, for Preachers and Colporteurs were often arrested and fined, and but for the liberality of some good Baptists of New York, who willingly paid these fines in order that these faithful and courageous disciples might go forth from prison to preach the Gospel, their work would have been greatly hindered.

In 1847 a famous trial took place. The pastors of Chauny and La fere (Aisne) together with a Colporteur, were sentenced each to pay a fine of three hundred francs, having been found guilty of the crime of preaching the Gospel. Many of their hearers were also subjected to fines. The case was carried to a higher court, and the sentence was somewhat modified. But feeling the injustice and illegality of the sentence, even in its modified form, it being a direct violation of the French Code, adopted in 1830, which contained a definite [217] provision for freedom of worship for all religious denominations, an appeal was made to the highest court in the Empire. However, before the final trial, the Revolution of February 1848, overthrew the throne, and religious liberty was proclaimed throughout the whole of France.

One of the chief obstacles being removed, the work was prosecuted with lively hope and fresh zeal, and the following year, 1849, proved a season of special blessing, forty-five baptisms having been reported. In 1850, the Baptist church in Paris was re-organized with four members, the first pastor being Mr. Dez. For thirteen years the church worshipped in a small inconvenient room, during which time the number of members increased from four to eighty-four. A better room was then obtained, where the brethren continued to meet till 1873, when the present marble-front chapel was provided. Work was carried on successfully in several of the large towns of northern France, and in the villages and the country immediately adjoining them. The members of the churches are generally poor, and often much scattered, but they are most faithful and regular in their attendance on the Sunday services, some of them walking even ten miles. From all accounts French Baptists are noted for their piety and self-sacrificing efforts in spreading a knowledge of the Truth.

Since 1857, when Mr. Willard returned to the United States, the work has been under the direction of a committee of French [218] ministers, the means being largely furnished by the Missionary Union. The cause has made constant and substantial progress, and gives good promise for the future. A Theological School has been established in Paris. Besides the chapel in Paris, several others have been provided. The services are generally well attended, and the people seem to manifest a growing tendency and desire to hear the Truth. In Chauny, where persecution was once so rife, the chapel has been enlarged, in order to accommodate the growing numbers who wish to hear the Gospel. Baptisms are of frequent occurrence. The little periodical called "*L'Echo de la Verite*" has met with unexpected favor and success, the number of its subscribers being nearly twice that of the Baptists themselves. A small but valuable Baptist literature has been provided. If we include those not connected with the Missionary Union, the Baptist force of France numbers at present about twenty pastors and evangelists, about twenty organized churches, some forty or fifty sub-stations, and about one thousand members. During these sixty years of effort and suffering much precious fruit has been gathered for the heavenly garner, and a good foundation has been laid. Religiously, France and Italy are very much alike, and the difficulties of the one, are, in the main, the difficulties of the other. In each case Romanism, with its attendant and inevitable evils, is the chief obstacle. But the [219] darkness of Romanism is sure to recede before the light of God's Word, and we may confidently hope that the land so often crimsoned by the blood of martyrs, the land of the Huguenots will yet throw off the shackles of the "Man of Sin" and bow to the sway of Immanuel.

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CHAPTER XXII.

FROM VIENNA DOWN THE DANUBE TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

A Black Night on the Black Sea—A Doleful Dirge—Two Thousand Miles—Vienna—Its Architecture—Its Palace—Its Art Galleries and Museums—Through Hungary, Servia, Slavonia, and Bulgaria—Cities and Scenery along the Danube—Products of the Countries—Entering the Bosphorus amid a War of the Elements—Between Two Continents—Constantinople—Difficulty with a Turkish Official—A Babel of Tongues—The Sultan at Prayer—Twenty Thousand Soldiers on Guard—Multiplicity of Wives—Man-Slayer.

I AM now far out on the Black Sea. Night has settled down on the face of the deep, and darkness broods over the wide, wide world. This is, however, far from being a “still and pulseless world” at present. We are not having a storm, but the wind is blowing a perfect gale. I have just been pacing the deck and watching the heaving bosom of the ocean. I love the ocean; I love its vastness; I love its doleful music; I love its foam-crested waves and white-capped billows. But I had to leave the deck to-night; it is too cold and rough and dark to remain out any longer. Hence I came to the saloon; and, as there are a few thoughts floating through my mind, I take up my pen. I am tired, and would wait until morning; but memory is a treacherous creature, and the only way I can secure these thoughts is to fasten them in words, and chain them in writing. The thoughts I propose to manacle pertain to places I have visited and objects I have seen since leaving Geneva, Switzerland. During this time, I have traveled more than two thousand miles, sometimes on foot, sometimes on trains, and sometimes on the Danube river.

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THE BELVIDERE, VIENNA.

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Vienna, the proud capital of haughty Austria, has more than a million inhabitants, is splendidly situated, and is one of the prettiest cities in Europe. The city abounds in monuments and statues, in large parks, lovely flower gardens, and playing fountains. But Vienna’s crowning glory is her superb architecture. The Emperor’s Mansion, the Palace of Justice, and the Houses of Parliament, are especially fine. They are immense structures, and are elaborately sculptured not only from the ground to the roof, but the roof itself is covered with sculptured work. For instance, there are standing on the House of Parliament alone, eighty life-size marble statues. In addition to these, there are, on the same roof eight large gilded chariots, each drawn by four flying horses, and driven by a winged goddess. As one approaches these buildings, they present a most striking appearance.

I went through the Palace, and saw the Emperor and the crown jewels of Austria; through the royal riding-school, where the imperial family are daily instructed in the art of horsemanship; through the art galleries and Museum, which contain too many fine

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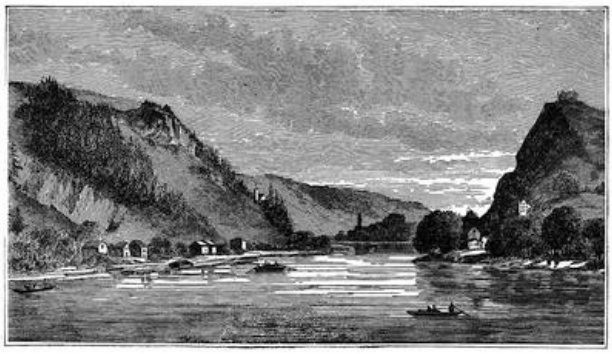
pictures and objects of interest to be mentioned here.

Since leaving Vienna, I have traveled through Hungary, Servia, Slavonia, and Bulgaria, stopping at Buda-Pesth, Belgrade, Rustchuk, and Varna. For two days and nights I was on the majestic Danube. Most of the time the river was broad, and the country level and uninteresting. But this was by no means uniform; occasionally the river would burst through a rocky mountain ridge, and I remember I opened my umbrella and stood on deck in the cold wind and rain for three hours, rather than go down to the saloon, where I could only half see the rugged cliffs and peaks overhanging the river. Do you say, “That was expensive pleasure?” Well, be it so. But I love nature. Besides, it has been said, and truly, I believe, that we enjoy everything in proportion to what it costs us. I am going to make a strong statement, and yet one that is as true as strong. I know that it will sound like blasphemy to some, but I believe in the old proverb, “Honor to whom honor is due;” hence I now declare that the scenery along some parts of the Danube is finer than anything on the Rhine.

The principal productions of Servia, Slavonia, Roumelia, and Bulgaria, seem to me to be ignorance, turnips, soldiers, poodle dogs, and an annual crop of semi-royal, throne-seeking dudes. I would rather own a thousand acres of black land in Texas, or be a well-to-do farmer in Blue Grass, Kentucky, than to have ten such thrones as [224] all these petty kingdoms combined could offer. I settled the Bulgarian trouble, and left the country. (I close for the night).



THE DANUBE.

I fell asleep last night little dreaming what the morning held in [225] store for me. About 7 o’clock, A.M., though I was up long before that time, we entered the Bosphorus. We were sailing directly towards the rising sun. Along the eastern horizon great banks of purple clouds lay piled one upon another like Pelion upon Ossa. The clouds rise higher and higher, as now and then the sun climbs up to peep over, like an imprisoned giant from behind the frowning battlements.

We were apparently between the two arms of a great horseshoe, and were gliding slowly on into its curve, with the land on all sides sloping up gently from the water’s edge. We were between two continents—Europe on the right, and Asia on the left. Our narrow passage was lined on either side with great torpedo boats, and ironclad men-of-war, trembling for service. These, in turn, were flanked by two lines of impregnable forts, planted with grim and frowning cannon. As we pass the batteries and enter the bay, we behold the great city of Constantinople, crowning the heights that sweep around the curve of the horseshoe. We see its palaces, mosques, towers, and spires, all outlined against a dark background of cloud. Just at this moment, the sun rifts the purple clouds, and pours a flood of golden glory over the whole scene.

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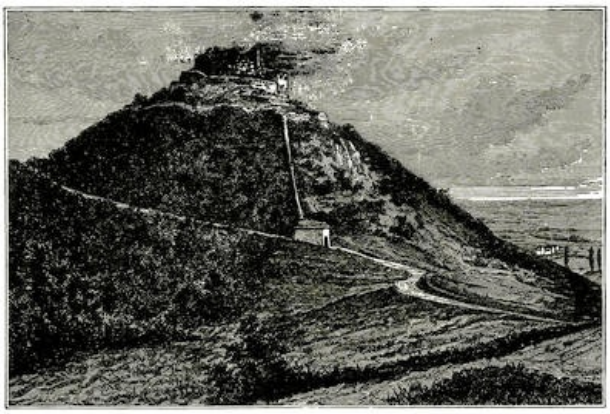

CASTLE ON THE DANUBE.

By this time the “Urano” casts anchor, and we are soon surrounded by two or three hundred row-boats that have come to take the passengers ashore. Just as I am about to step on shore an armed soldier cries out: “Halt, stand!” I do not know what the reader would have done, but I—well, I obey the gruff voice. I am informed that no man is allowed to set foot on Ottoman soil without [227] legal papers from his native country. Whereupon, I draw from my pocket a passport. The officer admires the American eagle, but has some difficulty in reading the document. When he comes to “*E pluribus Unum*” he stalls; and, turning to me, he asks: “What does this mean?” I reply: “That simply indicates my high rank and official position at home. It says I am *one among many*.” The Turk now uncovers his head, shows his teeth, and bows.

I can say to-day, more truly than ever before, “I am a stranger in a strange land.” I have just been out in the city. The streets are crowded. I saw Turks, Greeks, Jews, Americans, Russians, Bulgarians, and Slavonians, all speaking strange languages, all wearing different, strange, and grotesque costumes, all looking and staring at me as though I was some wild animal in Barnum’s show. Nothing can be more strangely hideous than a tall, stoop-shouldered, long-haired, black-eyed, copper-colored Ottoman in his native dress, if dress it may be called. The women go with their faces veiled, their eyes being “too pure” to look upon “Christian dogs,” as they call us.

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CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, so I went at noon to-day [229] to the “Imperial Mosque” to see the Sultan as he entered to say his prayers. And I saw the Sultan, the man who is the husband of 500 wives, the political ruler of the Turkish Empire, and the spiritual head of the Mohammedan world. The ceremonies attending the Sultan’s parade to the Mosque were conducted with an Oriental splendor that was simply dazzling to human sight. Twenty thousand armed soldiers—horse and foot—lined the way and surrounded the Mosque. The soldiers all wore red caps, and they looked like a veritable sea of blood, on which were floating thousands of gleaming bayonets and glistening sabres. The Sultan’s approach was announced by blowing bugles, playing bands, beating drums, and booming cannons. As the Sultan—I had almost said as the Satan—passed, the heathen people shouted: “Kalif, Humkiar,” “Zil-Ulla,” “Alem Penah,” which being interpreted means, “The successor of the Prophet,” “Vicar of God, shadow of God,” “Refuge of the world.”

When I saw and heard these things, I said to myself: “I would rather be an ass—crazy, crippled, blind, and dumb—doomed to serve in a tread-mill for a thousand years, than to be a two-legged mass of putrefaction, and yet adored as a god by an ignorant and corrupt heathen people.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO ATHENS.

A Stormy Day on Marmora—Sunrise on Mount Olympus—Brusa, the Ancient Capital of Turkey—Ancient Troy—Homeric Heroes—Agamemnon’s Fleet—The Wooden Horse—Paul’s Vision at Troas—Athens—A Lesson in Greek—The Acropolis—The Parthenon—Modern Athens—Temple of Jupiter—The Prison of Socrates—The Platform of Demosthenes—Mars Hill and Paul’s Sermon—Influence of the Ancients.

THE clouds are low thick and heavy, and the rain is falling fast; but the time of our departure has arrived, we must start. In one hour after we set foot on deck, our gallant ship is gracefully gliding over the smooth waters of the Sea of Marmora. Constantinople, the city of Constantine the Great, soon fades from our view, and we are again “rocked in the cradle of the deep.”

The night brings welcome rest. I am up with the morning. About sunrise we pass Mount Olympus, in Asia Minor, at the foot of which is the city of Brusa, the ancient capital of Turkey. We now enter the Hellespont, and pass close to ancient Troy, the city of Priam. Here, too, are the tombs of Ajax, Hector and Achilles. On our left, is the bay where Agamemnon’s fleet once lay at anchor. There, also, is the island of Tenedos, where the treacherous Greeks concealed themselves when they pretended to abandon the siege of Troy. The ghost of Virgil’s wooden horse now rises up before me, and I quote to a Greek naval officer, standing by my side, this sentence from the Latin poet: “Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.”

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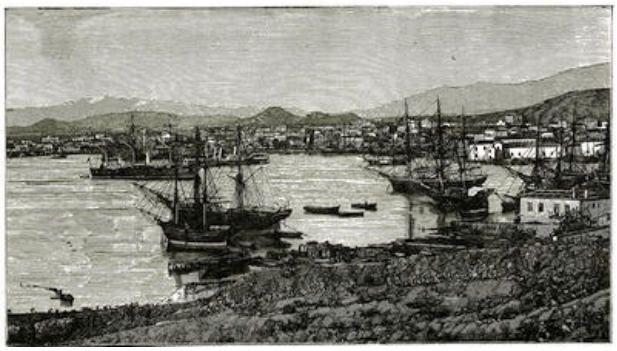

MODERN ATHENS.

It was here that a vision appeared unto Paul by night. “There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, ‘Come over into Macedonia and help us.’ Therefore loosing from Troas (Troy), we came with a straight course to Samothracia, and next day to Neapolis, and from there to Philippi.” Then followed the imprisonment, earthquake, etc. (Acts XVI). We are sailing close along the coast of Macedonia, but Philippi is not visible. We have a delightful day on the Archipelago, and about eight o’clock on the second morning we land at Piraeus. Here we take train, and twenty minutes later we are in Athens. Here the newsboys crowd around with Greek papers to sell. The bootblacks speak Greek, hotel porters speak Greek, the streets are named in Greek—everything is Greek. I am in a new world, and the trouble is that the Greek of to-day is so very different from that used by the classic writers, that my knowledge of the language helps me but little.

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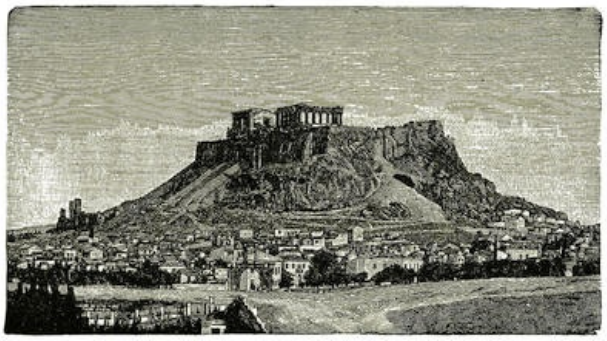

THE ACROPOLIS.

Breakfast being over, I start out to “do the city.” Where do I go? I care little for the present museums and art galleries, and still less for King George, his Palace and the Royal Park. I came here not to see modern Athens, but that city

> “On the Aegean shore,
> Built nobly; pure the air and light the soil,
> Athens, the eye of Greece, the mother of arts
> And eloquence.”

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THE PARTHENON OF THE ACROPOLIS.

Hence I go at once to the famous Acropolis. The Acropolis is a hill, or a great rock three hundred feet high, jutting out of the valley in which Athens is situated. This rock is oblong in shape, measuring 1,100 feet north and south, and about 500 feet east and west. Its sides are everywhere steep, and on the north perpendicular. This Athenian rock, the Acropolis, was once crowned by five marble temples, the most splendid of which was the Parthenon.

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THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS AS IT WAS.

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The Parthenon has justly been called “the finest edifice on the finest site in the world, hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart.” This wonderful temple was 100 by 250 feet, built of the purest Pentelic marble, and surrounded by eighty huge columns. The Parthenon, like most of the other Grecian temples, is now partly in ruins. It has been standing twenty-five hundred years, and yet, despite the combined onslaught and united ravages of the Persian, the Turk, time, war, earthquake, flood and

fire, these stately walls and lofty columns still stand to attest the energy, taste, skill and culture of the ancient Greeks. They were

> "First in the race that led to glory's goal,
> The Parthenon, the Parthenon!
> Look on its broken Arch, its ruined wall,
> Its chambers desolate and portals foul.
> Yes; this was once ambition's airy hall;
> The dome of thought, the palace of the soul."

Standing on the Acropolis and looking toward the north, I see modern Athens, with its seventy-five thousand inhabitants. To the east, are the remains of the "Temple of Jupiter." This immense structure was once surrounded by one hundred and fifty Corinthian columns, seven feet in diameter and sixty feet high. Sixteen of these columns, and one triumphal arch, still stand in a perfect state of preservation. They are wonderful to behold.

Looking in the same direction, but beyond the temple of Jupiter, I [237] see the Stadium, which consists of a natural amphitheatre, formed by three hills, united and modified artificially. This is where the gymnastic contests and Olympic games took place.

Southwest of the Acropolis, is the rock-hewn prison of Socrates where the grand old philosopher drank the fatal hemlock. Directly west, is the platform with a stone pulpit from which the destinies of Athens were swayed by the matchless eloquence of Demosthenes. Between this pulpit and the Acropolis is the Areopagus, or Mar's Hill. When Paul was in Athens, "they took him and brought him to the Areopagus, saying, 'May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?' Then Paul stood in the midst of Mar's Hill and said, 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription: 'To the Unknown God.' Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.'" (Acts xvii: 15-32.) I stood "in the midst of Mar's Hill," and read Paul's speech in Greek to some "men of Athens," who, in all probability, had never heard it before.

I have now been in this classic land many days, during which I have lost no time. I have seen much of the people. On Tuesday and Saturday afternoons of each week, the royal band discourses music from a grand stand occupying the centre of one of the public squares. During these concert hours, from five to ten thousand [238] Greeks assemble in this open square. Here they meet and mix and commingle and commune in the freest and easiest manner imaginable. They sit, stand, promenade, or dance, as they like, but all of them are all the time laughing and talking. I never saw a better-natured crowd. I miss no opportunity like this to study Greek life and character. One cannot be thrown among this crowd for an hour without observing among the women the same traits of female beauty that we have been studying all our lives in models of art and sculpture. The men, I take it, have degenerated more than the women. A modern Diogenes might walk the streets of Athens for a week, *without finding a man* like those of olden times. I am glad to add, however, that the present king is doing much to elevate his subjects.

I have wandered through and around these majestic ruins all day, and then gone back at night and viewed them by the pale moonlight. As I sit in the quiet stillness of this midnight hour and think of the past,

> "Memory approaches,
> Holding up her magic glass,
> Pointing to familiar pictures,
> Which across the surface pass."

In the stately procession which sweeps across the stage of my imagination, I see Socrates, Zeno, Plato, and Xenophon; I see Aristotle, Solon, Pericles, Sophocles, and Demosthenes. These are [239] the men that gave Greece her glory; these are the men who, with the fulcrum of thought planted their feet upon the Acropolis and moved the world. Borrowing the thought from Canon Farrar, though not using his exact language, I may say, "Under Greek influence human freedom put forth its most splendid power; human intellect displayed its utmost sublimity and grace; art reached its most consummate perfection; poetry uttered alike its sweetest and sublimest strains and philosophy attuned to the most perfect music of human expression, its loftiest and deepest thought. Had it been

possible for the world, by its own wisdom, to know God; had it been in the power of man to turn into bread the stones of the wilderness; had perfect happiness lain within the grasp of sense, or been among the rewards of culture; had it been granted to man's unaided power to win salvation by the gifts and graces of his own nature, and make for himself a new Paradise in lieu of that lost Eden before whose gates still wars the fiery sword of the Cherubim,—then such ends would have been achieved by these old Athenians. Nor did their influence die with their bodies; it is alive to-day, and it will be transmitted from generation to generation, until the stars grow dim and moons shall wax and wane no more."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ASIA MINOR AND THE ISLAND OF PATMOS.

Smyrna—Its Commerce—Its Population—Famed Women—Home of the Apostle John—One of the Seven Asiatic Churches—Martyrdom and Tomb of Polycarp—Emblematic Olive Tree—Out into the Interior of Asia Minor—Struck by Lightning—Visit to Ephesus—Birthplace of Mythology—Temple of Diana—Relics of the Past—Homer's Birthplace—A Baptist Preacher and a Protracted Meeting—John the Baptist and the Virgin Mary—Timothy's Grave—Cave of the Seven Sleepers—Return to Smyrna—Sail to Patmos—Patmos, the Exiled Home of the Apostle John—The Island of Rhodes and the Colossus—Death and Disease on the Ship—Quarantined—A Watery Grave—Hope Anchored within the Vail.

SMYRNA is the most important city in Asia Minor, and one of the principal commercial points of the Ottoman Empire. I am told that the annual exports and imports amount to more than $15,000,000. The population of the city is estimated at 200,000, representing seven different nationalities and speaking, therefore, seven separate and distinct languages. From appearances, one would judge that the city was built soon after the flood, and that it had seldom been repaired. The houses are old and dilapidated, the streets are narrow, crooked and filthy. The people generally are ignorant, superstitious and fanatical, and wear various strange and grotesque costumes.

I have often heard that Smyrna was noted for her pretty women, but I protest. I have seen nothing in this city that even approximates female beauty; and, if I see a pretty woman at all, her face is so [241] completely covered and wrapped up in muslins and shawls that I can hardly tell whether she is a Greek or an Ethiopian.

One of the seven Asiatic churches was located in this place. An old, old rock church still stands, and is pointed out as the one in which the Apostles used to preach. Near by the church is the tomb of Polycarp, who was a pupil of the Apostle John, and who was martyred A. D. 160, because he preached "the Gospel of Christ." I have often read the touching account of Polycarp's martyrdom. When asked to recant, he replied: "For eighty and six years have I served my God, and He has never forsaken me; and I can not now forsake Him." The green boughs of a lone olive tree wave above his tomb, and I say to my friend: "Verily that tree is emblematic; its leaves are green, so is the memory of Polycarp still fresh in the mind of the Christian world. Above his tomb waves the olive branch of peace; and his sainted spirit, I believe, has gone on and up, and has long been in the full enjoyment of 'that peace which the world knows not of.'"

From Smyrna I go out into the interior of the country, which generally is neglected and barren. I believe, however, that if the Turkish government was struck by lightning, and some other power could come in, that would encourage and protect honest labor, these fertile valleys would again yield abundant harvests, and that peace and plenty would reign where discord and pinching poverty [242] now hold sway. In my opinion, the Turkish government is a reproach to the civilization of the nineteenth century; and I think the Lord lets it stand simply to show the powers of earth how deep down into degradation and despair, into vice and vagrancy, a nation can sink, when it wanders away from and forgets God. "Sin is a reproach to any people."

On the way to Ephesus we meet several caravans, or trains of camels. These "ships of the desert" are all heavily laden, some with fruit, dried figs, dates, pomegranates, others with hand-made silks, Turkish rugs, Russian carpets, and other fancy goods. These caravans go back and forth between Smyrna and the far interior of the country. Camels are very obedient, and it is really amusing to see the humble creatures kneel down to receive their burdens.

Ephesus is chiefly interesting because of its historical associations. Next to Athens, it was once the most magnificent city in the world. Ephesus is as old as the hills. It is the birthplace of mythology. Apollo and Diana were born here. Bacchus and Hercules once struggled with the Amazon in the streets of Ephesus. These

hills were once covered with twenty-five marble temples dedicated to heathen gods, that of Diana being one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Ephesus is one of the nine cities which claim to have given birth to Homer.

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TURKISH LADY.

Some of the greatest names in history are connected with Ephesus. Alexander the Great visited here; so did Hannibal and Antiochus Scipio, Scylla, Brutus, Cassius, Pompey, Cicero, and Augustus. Antony was once judge of the court of Ephesus. It was from here that Antony and Cleopatra sailed for Samos in gilded galleys with perfumed silken sails and silver oars, drawn by beautiful girls whose gleaming paddles kept time to soft strains of music.

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Some time ago, a very strange and serious difficulty occurred in this city of Ephesus. The trouble arose in this fashion: A stranger came into the city. The new-comer was possessed of a strong character and a superior education. He was by birth a Jew, by nature a gentleman, by education a scholar, by faith a Christian, and by profession a Baptist preacher. According to his custom, this strange Baptist preacher entered into the synagogue and reasoned with the Jews. From what I can find out, this man made a favorable impression in Ephesus, for the Jews “desired him to tarry longer with them,” but “he consented not.” He promised, however, to “return to them, if it be God’s will.” The Lord kindly permitted this man to return to Ephesus; and when he got there he found “certain disciples.” He asked them if they had received the Holy Ghost. They replied: “We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Spirit.” Strange to say, I have heard professing Christians in America say the self-same thing. These Ephesians, be it said to their credit, acted wisely and were re-baptised. The preacher then went into the church and spoke boldly for the space of three months. Now there arose a disturbance in the church, or synagogue, as it was called, so that it became necessary for the preacher to change the place of meeting to the school-house, or college chapel. Here, in this school-room, he held one of the most wonderful protracted meetings I have ever heard of; it lasted two years and three months, “so

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mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.” The town was stirred to its very depths. Among the converts were many infidels, diviners, soothsayers, fortune-tellers, etc. These people who “used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all their fellow-townsmen; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver,” equal in American money to $15,000. This was the grandest day in the long history of Ephesus.

At this juncture, the silversmiths, who made shrines for the

Temple of Diana, and the other heathen temples of Ephesus, came together and decided that something had to be done to break up the protracted meeting. They said that if Christ continued to be preached, and Christianity to spread, men would cease to bow down to shrines, to stocks and stones, and then their craft would be gone and the temple of “Diana despised.” Then the excitement became intense, “The whole city was filled with confusion.” Some, therefore, cried one thing, and some another. For two hours all with one voice shouted: “Great is Diana of the Ephesians.”

For the benefit of those who have so much business to attend to, or who have so many newspapers to read, that they habitually neglect the the Bible, I will add in conclusion that the Baptist preacher who conducted this revival was Paul, the Apostle (Acts xviii and xix). According to tradition, the same Apostle was imprisoned here, and the cell in which he is said to have been confined is still pointed out. [246]

The church at Ephesus is the first one mentioned in Revelation (ii: 1-8). John is believed to have retired to Ephesus after his release from banishment to Patmos, and thither the Virgin Mary came to reside with the beloved disciple. Here, says tradition, both of them died and were buried. Their tombs are still shown to the traveler; so, also, is the tomb of Timothy. Near by these graves is the celebrated Cave of the Seven Sleepers.

This once fair and populous city is now nothing more than a lonely, desolate, bleak, and barren heap of ruins. By the remaining aqueducts, foundation stones, archways, broken pillars, and marble columns, the tourist can recognize the location of some of the temples, theatres and public buildings. These have recently been excavated by Captain Wood, of England.

Returning to Smyrna, I immediately come aboard the good ship “Mars.” She at once lifts her anchors, and spreads her sails to the breezes; and soon Smyrna, like Ephesus, Constantinople, and Athens, is among the places that “I have left behind.” The first landing is Chios (Acts xx: 15;) then passing by Samos we come next morning, about eight o’clock, to the island of Patmos, known throughout Christendom as the exiled home of the Beloved Disciple. The island is a solid and irregular mass of rock, bleak and barren. It is ten miles long, and five miles in breadth. The cave, or grotto, in which John is said to have written the Apocalypse is used as a chapel. In this chapel, numerous lights are kept burning, and on its walls are rudely depicted various scenes taken from the Apocalypse. Patmos is now inhabited by 4,000 Greeks, who have two sources of income. One is fishing, while their second main occupation is stealing.

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ISLAND OF PATMOS.

On the island of Rhodes (Rev. xxi; 1), we visit the place where once stood the celebrated “Colossus of Rhodes,” known as one of the wonders of the ancient world. The Colossus was a bronze statue 105 feet high. It stood across the narrow harbor, so that ships entering the port would pass between its legs. The statue is said to have cost a half million dollars. [248]

We are now anchored at Larnaca, the principal town on the island of Cyprus. Cyprus was the home of Barnabas, and the scene of some of Paul’s missionary work. We have anticipated much pleasure in traveling over this historic island. But alas, alas! thoughts of pleasure have fled, and dread suspicions are now entertained. Some fearfully contagious disease has broken out on

our vessel. The doctor says it is small-pox, but some of us fear it is cholera. Small-pox is prevalent in Constantinople, and people have been dying from it in Smyrna, whence we came, at the rate of one hundred and fifty per day. Malta, which is only some few hours away, is suffering most fearfully from cholera. We have been here [249] now twenty-four hours. We are quarantined, and are not allowed to land or even to discharge the sick. The passengers are panic-stricken. The most intense excitement prevails. The flags of disease and death are floating at our mast-head. It does not make one feel at all pleasant to see these flags, especially when one remembers that he is many thousand miles from home and loved ones. I should not like to be buried in the sea, nor yet in a foreign land among strangers. When I have finished life's work, and the watchers shall fold my pale hands upon my breast and softly whisper, "He is dead," I want to be carried back to my own native land, and there buried in some quiet church-yard, where those whom I have known and loved in life can occasionally come and plant evergreens and forget-me-nots over my grave. The only consolation I have at present is that God, who doeth all things well, knoweth best. I therefore cheerfully commit my body, soul and spirit, to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, now and forever.

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CHAPTER XXV.

FROM BEYROUT TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Landing at Beyrout—Escape from Death—Thankful Hearts—Seed Planted—Desire Springs up—Bud of Hope—Golden Fruit—"By God's Help"—Preparations—New Traveling Companions—Employing a Dragoman—A Many-Sided Man Required to Make a Successful Traveler—"Equestrian Pilgrims" A Great Caravan—Ships of the Desert—Preparations for War—A Dangerous Mishap—National Hymn—Journey Begun—Mulberry Trees—Fig-Leaf Dresses—An Inspiring Conversation—The Language of Balaam—City of Tents—General Rejoicing—Tidings of Sadness—Welcome News—First Night in Tents—Sabbath Day's Rest—Johnson and his Grandmother—A Wedding Procession—Johnson Delighted—Brides Bought and Sold—Increase in Price—Inferiority of Woman—Multiplicity of Wives—Folding of Tents—Camel Pasture—Leave Damascus Road—Noah's Tomb, Eighty-Five Feet Long—Perilous Ascent—Brave Woman—"If I Die, Carry Me on to the Top"—The Cedars at Last—Emotions Stirred—"The Righteous Grow like the Cedars of Lebanon"—Amnon.

WE have reached Beyrout at last. It is a gracious relief to escape from that disease-stricken ship. I feel like kneeling down and kissing the earth. I think every passenger lifts his heart in grateful praise to God for deliverance. I can but say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name." I praise Him because He has brought me through many countries and over many seas; I praise Him for deliverance from danger and death; I praise Him because in landing I am permitted to step on sacred soil; I praise Him for the prospect I now have of traveling through this Holy Land.

I can not tell—I do not know—when the seed was planted, but some ten years ago the plant of desire sprang up in my heart. I did not pluck it up. Gradually its rootlets intertwined themselves with the fibres of my very being, and finally they took deep root in my soul. Five years later the buds of hope appeared. I was happy. The plant was nurtured with patience and with care. The buds grew into flowers, and now the fruit appears. First, the desire, then the hope, [251]

and now the realization. Yes, for years I have thought of traveling through Palestine. This trip became my thought by day and my dream by night. I have often made nocturnal visits to Bethlehem and Calvary. While asleep I have wandered through the streets of Jerusalem; in my dreams I have seen Nazareth nestling on the hillside, and Damascus reposing in the valley. That desire grew stronger and stronger. It became the ruling passion of my life, and I said: “By God’s help I will go.” I set my face like a flint towards the Holy Land, and hither I have come. I feel profoundly thankful that that which was my youth’s fondest hope is now my manhood’s first glory to realize.

I have already begun the journey “through Palestine in the saddle,” and if the reader will exercise some of that “patience” which “beareth all things,” I will tell him who my companions are, and what the mode of traveling is in this country. Afterwards I may say something concerning the appearance and condition of the country; also something about the customs and habits of the people. [252]

I have become quite a pedestrian, and I had hoped to go through Palestine and Syria, as I went through several European countries—on foot. But since arriving here I find that a “tramp trip” is quite impracticable, if not altogether impossible. I never undertake impossibilities, hence I give up my scheme of walking.

While Johnson and I were traveling in Bulgaria, we met Mr. Wm. Y. Hamlin and two ladies from Detroit, Michigan. The two ladies were sisters. One of them was unmarried; the other was Mr. Hamlin’s deceased wife’s mother. We met them again in Constantinople and some time afterward in Smyrna. We spent several days together around the islands and on the waters of the Mediterranean. The two parties proved mutually agreeable. So we have now resolved ourselves into one party for a trip through Syria and Palestine. We employ the same Dragoman who furnishes everything, and pays all expenses of the journey from one end to the other. We are to ride on horses and camels, and sleep in tents. Four days are required to make preparation, nor are four days any too many. Camels, and horses, and donkeys, and mules, and bridles, and saddles, and whips, and spurs, and tents, and beds, and provisions, and cooking utensils, are to be made ready. Packing is to be done, letters are to be written, and costumes purchased. The American [253] Consul is to be seen officially, Turkish passports are to be gotten, and a number of other things to be looked after. What I have to do during these four days reminds me of the man who was, at one and the same time, a lawyer, a merchant, a druggist, a dentist, a physician, a shoemaker, a miller, pastor of four churches and general missionary besides!

At two o’clock on Saturday every thing is pronounced ready, and from that good hour we are to be known as the “Equestrian Pilgrims.” What a formidable turnout is ours! A veritable caravan! To accommodate and serve *five pilgrims* we have seven tents—I have to sleep in two tents—fifteen body-guards, or muleteers, and thirty head of camels, mules and donkeys! Nor is this all. Chairs and tables, tents and trunks, beds and blankets, and a hundred other things, are tied together and strapped on the backs of the animals. Thus laden, each little donkey, as he goes jogging along, looks like a veritable Jumbo; and the camels, with these great packs on their backs, look almost like walking mountains! These are all strung out one after another—one after another, the front end of the rear camel being tied to the hind end of the one before him, and that one to the next, and so on. I have been reading about caravans all my life and now I have one of my own. I am told to choose any one of the animals I want to ride, whereupon I select a small donkey, mouse-colored, except for the numerous stripes that wind around [254] him—these give him something of a zebra-like appearance. I want to show the natives how supple I am, and, going up to the donkey and putting my arms on his back, I try to leap up. But, unfortunately, I leap over, and come down on the other end of my neck. Amid the loud acclamations of the natives, the stately procession moves off. The stars and stripes flutter in the breezes, while the music of the national hymn is borne away over the sea on the wings of the wind.

The narrow streets of Beyrout are soon quitted, and we at once begin the ascent of Lebanon. The first thing that attracts our attention is a wide world of mulberry trees—it looks about seventeen thousand acres on either side of the road. The trees appear to be about eighteen feet high. Half naked boys and girls, men and women have climbed up the trees and are plucking off the

leaves here and there. I don't know what to make of it. The first thought that suggests itself is that "fig-leaf dresses" have come in fashion again. But Tolhammy my dragoman, says: "This is a great country for silk culture, and mulberry trees are cultivated, and the leaves gathered for the silk worms." In Damascus he says we shall see plenty of silk manufactured by hand.

We meet a great many Arabs going into the city that we have just left. Several miles back I stopped one of these sons of the desert for a conversation. I think we talked about an hour and thirteen [255] minutes, more or less, and would, no doubt, have talked longer, but neither one of us understood a word the other said. Occasionally there was a lag in the conversation. While I was gathering this valuable information from the stranger, the other part of the caravan slacked never a pace. And now, looking aloft, I see high on the mountain-side a white city—a city of tents. This reminds me of Balaam who was traveling in this same country not far from here, and, seeing a sight just like this, he exclaimed: "How goodly are thy tabernacles, O Jacob and thy tents, O Israel!"

The road, gleaming in the sunshine, looks at one time like a clothes-line hanging on the mountain-side; again it resembles a winding serpent crawling zigzag up the mountain as though it wants to swallow the tents. Climbing the hill, we pass a number of dilapidated villages on the right and left of the road. Just as the sun goes down to cool his hot face in the Mediterranean, we reach the tents pitched on Mt. Lebanon! At last the city is before us. Dismounting, and going into our new apartments, we can hardly believe we are in tents. The walls and ceiling look like white marble newly painted and beautifully frescoed. The rock floor is spread with rich Persian carpets and mats. Here are rocking-chairs, tables, bedsteads, washstands—every thing! "What style!" I say to the party.

While we are rejoicing, in steps an Arab and says: "Solimat [256] neharicsiade emborak." Joy departs at these words. With a look of surprise and a feeling of regret I say, "Sir?" He responds, "Solimat neharicsiade emborak." Rising to my feet I say, "Repeat that remark, please." Gesticulating wildly, the Arab repeats with great emphasis, "*Solimat neharicsiade emborak!*" I thought he said my horse was loose. But after a while, however, the Arab, by means of signs, gives me to understand that nothing serious has occurred; that he came in only to let me know supper is ready. I feel relieved and delighted. After a long ride over a rough country, we all have good appetites, and the announcement of supper is therefore joyful news. The evening meal being over, the pilgrims draw their chairs close together and sit for an hour or more talking about friends at home, about the past history and present condition of this country, and about Him whose footsteps have hallowed its soil. The prospect of traveling through this country thrills us all. Substituting the word Hill, for Grail, I can appropriate the language of Tennyson:

> "Never yet has the sky appeared so blue, nor earth so green,
> For all my blood dances in me, and I know
> That I shall light upon the Holy Grail."

Night brings sweet rest to our tired bodies. Early in the morning, bright rays of cheerful sunshine steal into our tents and drive sleep away. We awake to find a bright, beautiful Sabbath day; and while [257] with our bodies it is to be a day of rest, we pray that with our souls it may be a Sabbath day's journey towards the New Jerusalem. Stillness pervades the air. The solemn silence is broken only by the mournful music of yonder restless sea. All the pilgrims except Johnson spend the day reading and meditating. He occupies the time in writing to his—to his—grandmother.

Late in the afternoon our attention is attracted by an unheard of medley of sound. The noise that falls upon our ears is not more strange than the sight that greets our eyes is curious. The dragoman tells us not to be alarmed, and says it is only a wedding procession. Johnson is glad of that. I stand it for his sake. The procession consists of about a hundred persons, ninety-eight on foot and two riding grey horses, all singing and dancing as they come. Ten or twelve of the footmen are in front of the horses, while the others are behind. The leader of the van is an Arab of unusual length and gracefulness, clad in the most fantastic robes imaginable. In his two hands he holds a stick about six feet long, wrapped around with gay and fancy colors. The leader is coming backward, facing the advancing throng and keeps about ten paces in front of them. He is

first on one side of the road and then on the other. He leaps; he bobs up and down: he bows and bends. At one moment his face is almost on the ground, and the next his head is tossed high in the air. [258] The stick is waved like a magician's wand. The man is active as a cat and every movement is graceful. As he leads, the others follow his example. They all hop and skip and bow and bend and rise and fall together. Some sing while others blow or knock discordant sounds out of their rude instruments of music.

Never before did Johnson behold a sight like this, nor until now did such a babbling confusion ever strike his ears. The procession draws close. The two persons on horseback are riding side by side. One is the bride, decked in colors gay and wreathed with flowers many. There are two tall men walking, one on either side of the horse, with their arms locked around the bride; I suppose to keep her from falling. Johnson touches me in the side and says: "Whittle, if that were my bride, I wouldn't let those fellows do that." The bride's face, according to the custom of the country, is covered by a long, flowing veil. The man by her side is not the groom. A man in this country will not condescend to go after a woman—not even after his bride! Woman is an inferior creature—she must humble herself and go to the man. The groom sends his friend or his servant for her, and I understand she is always willing to come. Johnson says it is very different in America. He says one refused to go with him when he went after her in person.

Brides are bought and sold here now as they were in olden times, [259] though there has been a great increase in price. Hebrews are good traders and always have been. In Bible times they bought wives for twenty-five dollars, but now brides in this country sell for from seventy-five to one hundred dollars. I believe the men would buy them even if the price should be still higher. Of course they would buy them. Women are slaves. They are man's burden-bearers and nothing more! The Mohammedans have two, four or a half dozen wives. The Sultan has five hundred, and the people follow his example as far as possible.

The wedding festivities, consisting of music, songs and dancing, last for a week, and then the bride is converted into a slave for her husband. In a few months she will probably be a slave for his next wife!

Monday morning bright and early, we fold our tents and renew our pilgrimage. Lebanon continues steep, rocky, rough and bare. Not a bush, not a blade of green grass, nothing but a long mountain range covered with loose stones, is to be seen. The hills are very productive—of rocks. Now and then we come to large camel pastures. As these long-legged, high-headed, two-storied animals are fat and flourishing, I conclude that they live on wind and stones. In the road we meet hundreds and hundreds of big camels and little camels, dun-colored, mouse-colored, white and black camels, laden with all kinds of oriental merchandise. Late in the afternoon, we for [260] the first time catch a glimpse of snow-capped Hermon, some fifty miles away to the southwest. We take off our hats to this mountain monarch, promising him a visit later on. We now descend into the green valley, sixteen and a half miles wide and some sixty miles long, lying between Lebanon and anti-Lebanon. We want to see the Cedars of Lebanon; and in order to do this we are compelled just here to quit the Damascus road, and travel for three days up this beautiful valley, keeping close to the Lebanon side.

On the second day, traveling up this valley, we come to what tradition says is Noah's tomb. Strange to say this tomb is *eighty-five feet long*. It is built of stone and is eight feet wide, seven feet high and eighty-five feet long! Seeing this, I am at once reminded of an incident that is said to have occurred with an American preacher. At the close of the Saturday service, the clergyman announced that he would preach again on Sunday, after reading a certain portion of scripture. Before the hour for Sunday service, some mischievous boys slipped into the church with a bottle of glue and pasted two leaves of the Bible together, so that in reading the minister would miss connection. Eleven o'clock came, and with it came also a large concourse of people. Ascending the pulpit, the reverend gentleman opened the sacred book and began to read. On the bottom of one page he read: "And Noah, when he was an hundred and twenty [261] years old, took unto himself a wife who was"—and then turning over the leaf and missing connection, he continued, "who was an hundred and eighty-six cubits long, forty-seven cubits wide, built of gopher wood, stuck with pitch inside and out." With trembling knees

and confused head, the minister, with stammering tongue said: “Brethren, I have been preaching twenty years and yet I confess that I have never seen this in the Bible before. But it is here and I accept it. Yes, brethren, I accept it as an undying evidence of the fact that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.” So, since I find that Noah’s tomb is eighty-five feet long, I am not much surprised to learn that Mrs. Noah was one hundred and eighty-six cubits long.

Day has succeeded night again. This is the third day since we left the Damascus road. We are now camped in the valley at the base of Lebanon, which is at this point 10,000 feet high and almost as steep as the roof of a house. Many loose rocks and bowlders of all shapes and sizes are scattered promiscuously over the mountain side. There is no road to be seen—nothing more than a cow trail or hog path. And yet in order to see a single Cedar we are compelled to climb to yonder giddy heights. Well, we all start—three gentlemen and two ladies. One woman soon gives out, but the other is the kind of a woman who, when she says, “I will,” means with a twist on it, “*I will!*” She says that she started and she is going. She reminds me of [262]
the French woman who started to the top of Mont Blanc. Twelve hundred feet before reaching the summit she gave out, and, being dragged by guides, she kept crying: “If I die carry me to the top.”

To climb Lebanon at this place is barely within the limits of possibility. The way is steep, high and rough, and at times perilous. To be sure, on foot one could climb it without danger, but not without great physical exertion. On horseback, however, it is a hazardous undertaking. No four-footed animal, save a mountain goat or an Arabian steed, dare undertake the ascent. If I live to get down, I shall christen my Arabian pony “Amnon, the reliable, the sure-footed.” The mountain is scaled, the summit is reached, and no Cedars yet. I am now standing on the heights of Lebanon, looking down upon the blue Mediterranean 10,000 feet below me and only three miles away towards the setting sun. The gray clouds, lying along the western horizon, look like white-winged ships floating on the bosom of the sea. For aught I know, they are ships freighted with whirlwinds and thunder-storms; or perchance they may be—I hope they are—freighted with rain to refresh this parched earth.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Leaving the summit and coming down three thousand feet on the western side, I find myself resting under the venerable Cedars of Lebanon, seven thousand feet above the sea. It is a perfect day. The sky is of a rich, deep, azure blue and seems only a few feet above me. The atmosphere is pure and crisp. It is a glorious thing to be here. Look where you will, you find something to admire. The air is delightful; the earth, sea and sky are beautiful; but the waving Cedars are the one central object of interest and admiration—their [264]
age, their history, their beauty! Then come the sacred associations that cluster about the Cedars of Lebanon. All my life I have been reading of these trees. Before I could read, my mother used to sing me a sweet song about the Cedars of Lebanon. All of mother’s songs were sweet, but especially sweet, I thought, was this one about the Cedars. And now I am here looking at them with my own eyes. Of all trees on earth those are by far the most renowned. Of all the vegetable kingdom they are the crowning glory.

From this mountain Solomon got the timber to build his temple on Mount Moriah. In all probability some of these trees that I am now looking at were here in Solomon’s day. I feel that I am in the

presence of Age. These venerable Cedars are not ringed round by years or decades, but by centuries! And yet their wrinkles may be counted by the score. These trees are mentioned more than twenty-five times in the pages of Sacred Writ. They are called “goodly Cedars.”

As I see these historic trees bowing and bending in the cold and cutting breeze, I am naturally reminded of a thought beautifully expressed by the “sweet singer of Israel” where he says: “There shall be an handful of corn in the earth on the tops of the mountain; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon, and they of that city shall [265] flourish like grass.” We are told also that “the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree and grow like a Cedar of Lebanon.” I wonder why and how it is that the righteous can grow like a Cedar in Lebanon. Upon examination I find that these Cedars grow on a mountain top; that they grow out of a rock; that they are rooted in barrenness. I find that every crack and crevice in the rock is filled with their roots and fibres. The roots of the trees shoot themselves deep down through the rended rocks and take a firm hold upon the eternal hills. And when earthquakes come and the mountains reel and totter on their bases; when cyclones come with death and destruction locked up in their wings; when the storms howl and the sea is lashed into rage and fury,—the Cedars of Lebanon do then bow and bend gracefully in the breezes; but they are uprooted never. They say,

> “Let the winds be shrill,
> Let the waves roll high,
> We fear not wind or wave.”

And when the earthquakes have ceased and the mountains no longer reel; when the cyclones have passed; when the sea is lulled to sleep and the winds are only a whisper, then the Cedars of Lebanon lift themselves up in their pillared majesty, spread wide their broad arms and look up smilingly in the face of God as if to say: “We thank thee, O Lord God Almighty, for the firm footing that [266] thou hast given us in the eternal rocks—in the everlasting hills.” I thank thee, O God, that the righteous grow like the Cedars of Lebanon. I bless thee that the righteous grow on a mountain top—on mount Calvary; that they grow out of a rock—Jesus Christ, the Rock of Ages.

Wherever the nails have torn His hands and His feet, where the cruel spear has pierced His side, these are the cracks and crevices where the roots and fibres of my heart can so fix and fasten themselves that when earthquakes social and cyclones moral shall come, I will be uprooted never. I may bow and bend with the breezes, but when the earthquakes have passed and the storms are no more; when the waves of infidelity have passed, as always passed they have and always pass they must, then I will look up smilingly in the face of Jehovah and say: “I thank thee, O God, that none of these things move me; that I can say with Paul of old, ‘I am rooted and grounded in Christ;’ that I stand now and forever unmoved and immovable, like the Cedars!”

Reader, I have just stated that Solomon secured timber from this mountain to build the great temple in Jerusalem. It is quite possible that some of the trees before me were here in Solomon’s day, and that because of their knots and roughness they were rejected by his workmen. We are told that God is building another temple in that other Jerusalem, and that our characters are to furnish the sticks of timber out of which it is to be built. We should see to it that our [267] characters will not be rejected, but that they will be smoothed and polished ready to be wrought into that spiritual temple which shall stand throughout the endless cycles of eternity!

The Cedars of Lebanon have almost become sacred, holy trees. I am therefore grieved to find so few of them left. This long mountain range that was once covered with them is now as bare as if it had never known any vegetation. Seeing that only a few hundred of the old Cedars remain, I am reminded of the language of Zechariah: “Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy Cedars. Howl, fir-tree, for the Cedar is fallen. Howl, O ye oaks of Bashan, for the forest of the vintage has come down.” Most of the Cedars have indeed “come down,” but some of the remaining ones are splendid enough to make up for those that are gone. One of these patriarchs of the forest is forty-eight feet in circumference. Some of them rise up in their pillared majesty for eighty, one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five feet high, I suppose. Some of the largest ones are

probably one hundred and fifty feet across, from bough to bough. The limbs usually grow out from the trunk at right angles. Other limbs grow out from those at right angles and so on, until even the smallest branches and twigs are horizontal like arbor vitæ, except that arbor vitæ stands up and the Cedar lies down flat like a shingle. One limb of the Cedar is very much like a square of shingles on a flat-roofed house, and when limb is placed above limb they form a roof that turns water very well, and shuts out much of the sunlight. Another peculiarity of the Lebanon Cedar is that it bears a cone something like our pine burrs, except that it never opens.

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Again, I say it is a grand, a glorious, a sweet privilege to sit beneath the wide-spreading branches of these time-honored trees and read what holy men of old wrote concerning them. But the day is far spent. Amnon is saddled. I must mount and see if he proves worthy of his new name.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM THE CEDARS OF LEBANON TO BAALBEK.

Returning to Tents—Mountain Spurs and Passes—A Modern Thermopylae—Two Caravans Meet—A Fight to the Death—How Johnson Looks—Victory at Last—Into the Valley where the King Lost his Eyes—Playing at Agriculture—Squalid Poverty—Baalbek—Its Mighty Temples—Men, Mice and Monkeys—A Poem Writ in Marble.

LEAVING the Cedars, and descending to the base of the mountain where the tents were left, we start across the beautiful valley lying between the long mountain of Lebanon and anti-Lebanon. Before reaching the valley proper we are compelled to cross some rough mountain spurs and to go through some narrow mountain passes. It so happens that we meet a train of heavily laden camels. The fanatical and blood-thirsty Arabs managing the camels stop their caravan and obstinately refuse to give any part of the pass. Our body-guards come up. A quarrel ensues. A war of words leads to blows, and we have, enacted before our own eyes, a second "Battle of the Giants." It looks to Johnson like the first one. The two parties, consisting of about forty Arabs, curse, threaten, close on each other, clinch, fight like fiends, grapple like giants. They fall to the earth in each other's embrace, roll over, first one on top and then the other. They bite, kick and [270] scratch each other. Together they fall and together they rise again—one bites the dust and then another. Javelins are used. Stones fly, sabres flash—gods! how they fight! Heads are mashed and limbs are broken. Hair flies and blood flows. The horses scare, the women scream and Johnson looks as if he wants to say:

"Lay on, MacDuff,
And damned be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

At last the enemy is repulsed and victory perches upon our banner. The dust and din of battle are no more. We are relieved; for danger was imminent and suspense correspondingly great. It is the greatest wonder, and also the greatest blessing imaginable, that no one was killed. If one of the natives had been killed, I am sure the whole community would have been aroused, and would have poured out their indignation and wrath upon our Christian heads —"Christian dogs," they call us. I see from the *London Times* that only a few weeks ago twenty-four Christians were killed in a fray with the Arabs, not far from this place. We would not willingly harm a hair of their heads. All we wanted was room to pass, and having secured that we continue our journey.

The mountain gap lets us once more into the valley which is, as before stated, fifteen to eighteen miles wide and some sixty miles long. In this valley, and not far from here, is Riblah, where [271] Nebuchadnezzar had his headquarters during the campaign against Jerusalem. When the holy city fell, Zedekiah, King of Judea, fled to Jericho where he was captured, thence he was brought to Riblah. Here, after witnessing the murder of his sons, poor Zedekiah was subjected to the painful ordeal of having his eyes put out. To this place, also, Pharaoh Necho, after his brilliant victory over the Babylonians, summoned Jehoahaz from Jerusalem.

The valley is now used as pastures and farming lands; wheat, oats and grapes being the principal productions. The river Leontes flows through the plain, and the fields are watered mostly by irrigation. Yet these people are only playing with agriculture. The valley is rich and fertile, and would abundantly reward honest labor. But honest labor is unknown in Syria. These trifling people anger the soil with their rude implements of agriculture, and the soil answers with a crop of thorns and thistles. She thrusts out her claws and thus frights off the lean, lazy, leisure-loving Bedouin. The people sow the seeds of idleness and reap the legitimate fruits—hunger, want and starvation. I never before knew what squalid poverty meant. But if it is to go half naked, and almost the other half, too; if it is for human beings to live in the same rock-pens with cows, goats and asses, and that, too, without a fireplace, without

chairs, tables or bedsteads; if it is to live on half rations of “husks and hominy,”—if this is squalid poverty, I have seen it and know what it means. Each family seems to be blest with a dozen or fifteen [272] heirs—heirs of filth and poverty! I am reminded of the old adage, “poor people for children and negroes for dogs.” These people and their ancestry have inhabited this country only 4,000 years, and yet within that short time they have managed to accumulate a mass of filth and ignorance that is truly astonishing.

We are now encamped in the citadel of Baalbek. This place has much interest for the traveler and the historian, because of its once mighty temples. The temples were three in number. They were all built on the same stupendous substructions. The rock foundations go deep into the ground, and are traversed by great subterranean passages which look like railroad tunnels through mountains of granite. The Temple of the Sun was three hundred feet long, one hundred and sixty feet wide, and was surrounded by fifty-four columns, six of which are standing at present. These six are enough for twelve months’ study. They are solid marble, eight feet in diameter, and together with the entablature which joins them at the top, ninety feet high! How shapely, how graceful, how towering and sublime! The carving on the entablature is exquisite. It looks like stucco work. The other columns are fallen and broken, but these six look as if they were put up only yesterday.

The Great Temple is better preserved; its potent walls, and twenty-three of its Corinthian columns, still stand. There is no wood [273] about the building. Even its vaulted roof, one hundred feet above you, is marble. The under side of this marble roof is beautifully chiseled. As one views it with the natural eye, it look like delicate lace work; but by the aid of field glasses one can trace the designs of the artist, and see that “there is method in his madness.” One can see men, animals, leaves, flowers and fruits delicately carved in the high lifted stone. One sees, or fancies he sees, oaks and acorns, moons and mares, men, mice and monkeys, doves, dogs and donkeys, bulls, boars and bears, pigs, ‘possums and puppies, boys and bonnets, ladies and lizards, all beautifully carved and sweetly blended one with the other. “‘Tis a vision, ‘tis an anthem sung in stone, a poem writ in marble.”

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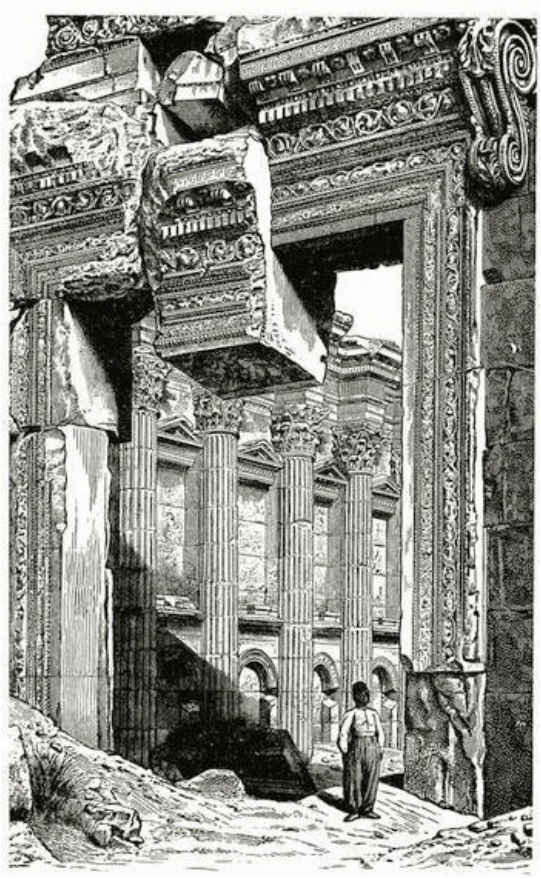

RUINS OF BAALBEK.

But probably the thing that most impresses one about the ruins [275] of Baalbek is the enormous size of the stones used in its buildings. I

have never seen or read of such stones as were used in building these temples. Many of them are as large as one of our ordinary freight cars. Three of these stones, lying end to end in the walls of the temple, measure two hundred and ten feet. I go to the quarry, half a mile away, from which these colossal stones were taken. There I find a companion stone to those in the buildings. It is fourteen feet high, seventeen feet broad and seventy-one feet long. Who ever heard of such stones being handled! Two six mule teams might be driven side by side on the stone, and there would be room for a foot path on either side the wagons. No pigmies they—those builders of Baalbek. A race of giants or of gods must have handled these stones! No one knows when, how, or by whom these temples were built. We know this, however, they were built, not for an age, but for all time.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DAMASCUS.

A Beautiful Valley—Flowing Rivers—Mohammed at Damascus—Garden of God—Paul at Damascus—Mohammedan at Prayer—Valley More Beautiful—Damascus Exclusively Oriental—Quaint Architecture—"Often in Wooden Houses Golden Rooms we Find"—Narrow Streets—Industrious People—Shoe Bazaars—Manufacturing Silk by hand—Fanatical Merchants—"Christian Dogs"—Cabinet-Making—Furniture Inlaid with Pearl—Camel Markets—A Progenitor of the Mule—Machinery Unknown—Ignorance Stalks Abroad—Fanatical Arabs—A Massacre—The Governor Gives the Signal—Christians Killed—French Army—Abraham Our Guide—Brained before Reaching the Post-Office—Warned not to Look at the Women—Johnson's Regret—Vailed Women—Johnson's Explanation.

AT four o'clock, on the second day after leaving Baalbek, I spy one of the prettiest objects that ever greeted human vision. It is Damascus, the oldest city in the world—Damascus, laid out by Uz, the great-grandson of Noah. For days I have been riding over a ruined and desolate country, and now my eyes fall and feast on a broad, rich valley, through which flow Abana and Pharpar, two rivers of pure water. The whole valley is one great garden, or orchard, in which flourishes almost every tropical plant. Here are the orange, olive and oleander, the peach, pear, palm and pome-granate, the banana, the apple, apricot and myrtle. Amid the rich green foliage of these trees, their golden fruit is seen. Autumn, which is only summer meeting death with a smile, has seared the [277] leaves of some of the more delicate plants of the valley. Red leaves are beautifully interwoven with the green, and they gleam in the rays of the setting sun like sheets of purest gold. Here and there tall and slender silver poplars rise high, and are gracefully swaying to and fro in the evening breezes.

Damascus is situated in the midst of this luxuriant garden. Looking down from the hilltop I see the taller houses, the mosques and minarets, rising from amidst the luxuriant foliage of the trees. Ah, what a picture! According to tradition, when Mohammed reached this point and looked down upon Damascus for the first time, he said: "Man can enter only one paradise, and I prefer to enter the one above." So he sat down here and feasted his eyes upon the earthly paradise of Damascus and went away without entering its gates, that hereafter he might be permitted to enter the portals of the paradise of God. A stone tower marks the spot where the prophet stood. From that early period Damascus has been regarded by all Arabs as an earthly reflection of paradise, where a foretaste of all the joys of heaven are obtainable. In accordance with the description given in the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible, Arabs picture to themselves paradise as a limitless orchard, traversed by streams of water, where the most delicious fruits are ever ready to drop into the mouth.

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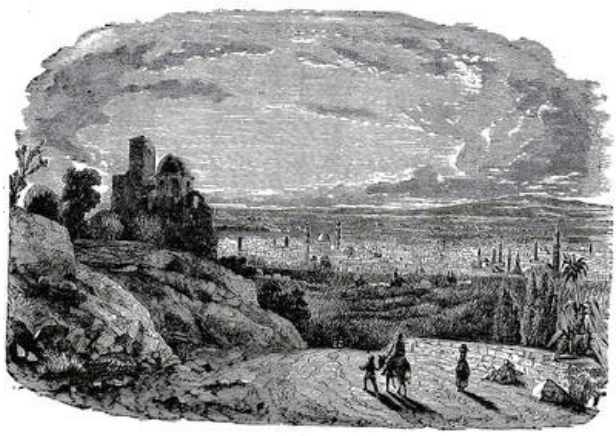

DAMASCUS.

When we remember that Damascus is situated on the edge of the

great Syrian desert, that it is surrounded on three sides by hills, high and lifted up, and that the whole country for miles and scores of miles around is bleak, parched and desolate, we can not for a moment be surprised at the pleasing effect the sight of this smiling garden produces in the heart of the Arab. Probably these swarthy sons of the desert have been traveling for ten days or a fortnight, coming from Palmyra or Bagdad, coming from central Arabia or Persia, coming across the arid plain where naught but broad oceans [279] of sand stretch out before them, with not a blade of green grass to enliven the scene or to "rest the dazzled sight." Finally the fortnight has past; the journey has ended; and the Arabs stand at last upon this hilltop and look down upon yonder green garden of God. In contemplating such a scene, after such a journey, these sons of Ishmael are moved by emotions strong and deep. They have found trees in the wilderness, springs in the desert; and they can but say: "Though old as history itself, thou art fresh as the breath of spring, blooming as thine own rosebud, and fragrant as thine own orange-blossom, O Damascus, pearl of the East."

This is the scene that Paul was looking upon when suddenly a great light shone round about him from heaven, and he fell to the earth as dead. Only a few feet from where I stand, tradition points out the place where he fell. Paul, you remember, was taken up and carried into the city. Desiring to follow him, I leave the mountain top and approach the valley. Damascus is surrounded now, as in Paul's day, by a stone wall twenty-five or thirty feet high. Entering the city through the Jerusalem gate, I am at once attracted by a man prostrate on the river bank. Placing his palms on the ground, and lifting himself the length of his long arms, he looks down upon the glassy surface of the river as though he were gazing at his image reflected in the water. Then, bending his elbows, he once more lets his breast to the earth. This is repeated over and over again. While [280] going through this strange performance, the man is constantly mumbling and muttering in some unknown Eastern tongue. Rising to his feet, and lifting his face to the sky, the Arab repeatedly smites himself upon the brow, breast and mouth. Then waving his hand towards Heaven, he cries aloud: "Suah baha, yalla Mohammed, Mohammed, Mohammed!" I ask, "Tolhammy, what means this?" "Why, sir, that is a sacred river. The man was worshipping the river, and then, rising, he called upon Mahomet, his god, to accept his worship. He says 'O Mahomet, accept my worship, and (placing his hand on his brow) I will think of thee with this mind; (on his breast) I will love thee with this heart; (with hand upon his mouth) and with these lips I will speak thy praises abroad. Hear me, O Mohammed, Mohammed, Mohammed!'" Who could see a sight like this without thinking of Him who said: "Pray not upon the street corners, to be seen of men; but pray secretly, and your Father who seeth in secret, will reward you openly."

The valley was charming, even when viewed from the hilltop; but the laughing water, the green foliage and the golden fruit have grown more and more beautiful as we have approached nearer to them. "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus," are each divided into eight artificial channels, so there are sixteen small rivers flowing through the city, bringing fresh and sparkling water into [281] almost every yard. The luxuriant vegetation of this well-watered valley is never scorched by summer's fierce heat, nor chilled by winter's frosty breath. It is a perpetual growth. Flowers and fruits are always on the trees, fragrance and music always in the air.

Damascus is the capital of Syria. It has one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, and a large manufacturing interest. As a commercial and distributing centre, it has no equal in the Orient. Great camel caravans are constantly arriving from, and departing for, Palmyra and Bagdad, and all the other more important cities of Persia and central Arabia. Being an inland city, hence unaffected by European thought and civilization, Damascus is exclusively Eastern; and is, therefore, the best place on earth to get correct conceptions of Oriental life and ideas.

Coming into the midst of the city, we find the houses are quaint and characteristically Eastern. From their appearance, one would suppose that they were built 1,500 or 2,000 years ago. Most of them are one story high, and are built of stone, and large sun-dried brick made half and half of straw and white clay. Sometimes a dozen or twenty houses are covered by the same roof. On going into some of these miserable-looking huts, we are reminded that "often in wooden houses golden rooms we find." Some of these wealthy

Damascene merchants live in style—not in American or European style, but in style after the Eastern idea. Their houses, though small, [282] and rough of exterior are richly furnished. Frequently they are lined with marble. The walls and ceilings are beautifully frescoed, while the floor is laid with rich Persian carpets. And yet in these houses we find no chairs, tables or bedsteads. The merchants, though dressed in silks, sit flat on the carpet or on small mats. Their beds consist, usually, of pallets made of soft and beautiful Persian rugs. “A strange way for wealthy people to live,” you say. Well, yes, it is decidedly strange to you; but you must remember that your way of living would be just as strange to these Damascene folk.

The streets are exceedingly narrow, being not more than from nine to twelve feet wide. The stores or shops on either side of the street are little more than holes in the wall, usually about six feet wide and eight feet deep. The floor of this stall is twelve to eighteen inches above the ground. The end facing the street is open, while on the two sides and the back end, shelf rises above shelf. Goods are arranged on these, and also suspended from the ceiling. The customer, should one chance to come along, stands in the street and bargains with the merchant, who sits flat on the floor in the centre of the stall. With a hook in his hand, he, without rising, reaches to one shelf or another, and drags down such goods as may please the purchaser’s fancy. These people eat no idle bread. As soon as the customer is gone, the merchant continues to manufacture saddles, [283] shoes, silks, or such goods as he may deal in.

I was never before so impressed with industry. Damascus is a great manufacturing centre. The people have no machinery—all work is done by hand, and nothing is done within walls or behind curtains. Caps and carpets, saddles and sabres, shoes and shawls, silks and safes, beds and baskets, and a hundred other things, are manufactured on the streets in the open air before our eyes. One entire street is given up to a single industry. For instance the street here to my right is called the shoe bazaar. It is probably a quarter of a mile long; and on either side of the street, from one end to the other, are men, women and children, seated on mats or flat down on the ground with their limbs folded under them. All are as busy as bees, sewing and stitching leather, making shoes. If one wants to buy a pair of shoes, he trades with the man who makes them. The merchant does not stop work, but talks without looking up.

Most of the manufacturers are eager to trade with Europeans and Americans, but some of them are so fanatical that they will not receive money from “Christian dogs.” Numerous poles are thrown across the streets, twelve or fourteen feet from the ground, from which strings are hanging. When the shoes are finished, they are tied to these strings and left suspended. Looking down the street, one sees hundreds and hundreds of shoes dangling in the air, about [284] four feet from the ground.

Silk bazaars are numerous. Looking down these several streets, one sees many weavers seated on the ground, plying their shuttles. Above their uncombed heads is silk of every grade and color, suspended in the air and trembling in the wind. As with shoes and silks, so also with carpets, saddles, and other departments of industry.

The leading industry of Damascus is cabinet-making. The furniture made here is of the finest woods, and is inlaid with mother-of-pearl; hence it is perfectly exquisite and quite costly. Skilled artisans are to be found in these different departments of work. The best of them receive only from sixty to eighty cents per day, while craftsmen of equal skill, in our country, command four to five dollars per day.

Thursday of each week presents a busy scene at the donkey and camel markets. Hundreds of half-dressed and hard-looking camel raisers from the desert drive their patient beasts, old and young, into an open square in the midst of the city. Sellers, buyers and traders, wearing different costumes, representing different tribes and countries, meet. Going in among the camels, they catch, ride and drive them. The animals are priced, and trouble begins. The purchaser offers the seller one-third, or one-fourth of his price. This is taken as an insult. They quarrel, curse each other, and sometimes fight, the friends on either side taking part. Finally the difficulty is [285] settled by an agreement to “split the difference;” so the camel is sold at half of the first price—frequently for less. Late in the evening they adjourn in much disorder. Turbaned Arabs now lead long trains of camels down different streets to the several gates of the city. To-

morrow morning, at an early hour, these much abused “ships of the desert” will be loaded and started out on a long voyage across an ocean of sand.

The donkey-markets create less confusion. Donkeys, however, have no unimportant part to play in the daily life of Damascus. They are indispensable. They take the place of our drays, carts and market-wagons. One may look up the street at almost any moment, and see a pair of ears coming. This is regarded as a sure sign that a progenitor of the mule will be along after a while.

I repeat that all goods manufactured in Damascus are made by hand, machinery being unknown. Probably three-fourths of the people here never saw or heard of a daily newspaper. They know nothing of the outside world. They never learn anything, never invent anything. They repudiate and scorn anything that is new. They regard an invention as an offspring of the devil. A Christian they hate as they do a serpent. Ignorance is the most prevalent thing in Damascus. It walks the streets; it sits in the shops; it drives camels; it stares the traveler in the face, go where he will. Here, [286] too, as elsewhere, ignorance has borne her legitimate fruit—superstition and fanaticism. The people are, I believe, as fanatical as the devil wants them to be. Only a few years ago, their fanaticism arose to such a pitch that they, without the slightest provocation, pounced upon, and killed, five thousand Christians in the streets of Damascus! Men, women and children were butchered indiscriminately like sheep. Their mangled bodies were piled up in the streets, and scattered through the city, for days and days. The Mohammedans would not defile their pure (?) hands by putting them on “Christian dogs”—they had killed them—that was enough. From Damascus the thirst for blood spread throughout all Syria, and no less than 14,000 Christians perished.

One would naturally suppose that the government would protect life better than that. But the Pasha, or governor, of Syria was the man who gave the signal for the massacre to begin. And it continued until the French government interfered. Napoleon III, whom the world is so fond of condemning, dispatched a body of ten thousand well-armed troops here to stop that human butchery. The Pasha and other officials were arrested and beheaded in the city. The French soldiers, following the custom of the old Romans, constructed a military road from Beyrout to Damascus. This road, which is still in good repair, is the only guarantee of safety Christians now have among these heathen people.

My guide in Damascus is named Abraham. I have not met Isaac [287] and Jacob, but have become somewhat intimate with Abraham. He tells me that his father and mother were victims of that horrible massacre; that when killed, their blood and brains spattered upon him; that his escape was little less than miraculous; that he, with a number of other Christians, was shut up in the citadel for three days; that for three days and nights the Mohammedans stood there with their battering rams, thundering against the walls and gates of the citadel, which were just ready to totter and fall when the French army came up and put a stop to the whole inhuman business.

Several persons who were eye-witnesses to the whole scene have given me a full and detailed account of the massacre. Mohammedans from their beginning may be tracked through history by a trail of blood. They seem to have a thirst that nothing but human gore will satiate. This massacre of Damascus is their last and crowning act. It is worthy of their bloody history. They destroyed “even till destruction sickened.” I have just read a history of this fearful slaughter which closes with this sentence: “Unfortunately, since the massacre matters have improved but little.” I dare not walk the streets of Damascus to-day with a Bible in hand, and let the people know what book it is. I would be in danger of being brained before reaching the post-office.

The guide-book warns us not to look at the women. This goes [288] hard with Johnson. I regret it on his account. There is a custom in this country, which practically amounts to a law, that the women shall keep their faces vailed. Yesterday, while walking up a narrow and gloomy-looking alley, we saw a woman coming towards us. Touching me in the side with his elbow, Johnson said: “Whittle, I am going to look at her a little, anyhow.” When we met the woman, she piteously cried: “Howazhu, howazhu, bachsheesh, bachsheesh,” which being interpreted means, “O, gentlemen, gentlemen, money, money.” Johnson responded: “Lift your vail, then.” When the ill-favored female drew her vail aside, Johnson gave her three piasters

(about nine cents) and immediately said: “Put down your vail quickly, and I will give you three more.” I was sorry for my traveling companion. He looked disappointed. He said that the reason the women had to keep their faces covered was, that they were so ugly that to expose them would subject men to sore eyes—if not to blindness.

The early religious history of Damascus is of peculiar interest to all Christians. A great persecution arose against the Christians in Jerusalem. Saul of Tarsus made havoc of the church; entering into every house, and, haling men and women, committed them to prison, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord. He obtained letters from the Jewish authorities, authorizing him to arrest and carry to Jerusalem all [289] Christians whom he might find in Damascus.

As he journeyed, he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from Heaven, and he fell to the earth. When Saul asked of the Lord, “What wilt thou have me to do?” the Lord said unto him, “Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.” Saul rose from the earth and they brought him into Damascus, and he stopped with Judas, who lived on the street that is called Straight. The Lord directed Ananias to go to Saul, and instruct him what to do. The scales fell from Saul’s eyes, and he arose and was baptized; and straightway he preached Christ, that he was the Son of God. This created a great disturbance in Damascus, and the Jews held a mass meeting and decided to kill Saul. For this purpose the Jews watched the gates of the city day and night. In order to save his life, the disciples took Saul by night and let him down by the wall in a basket.

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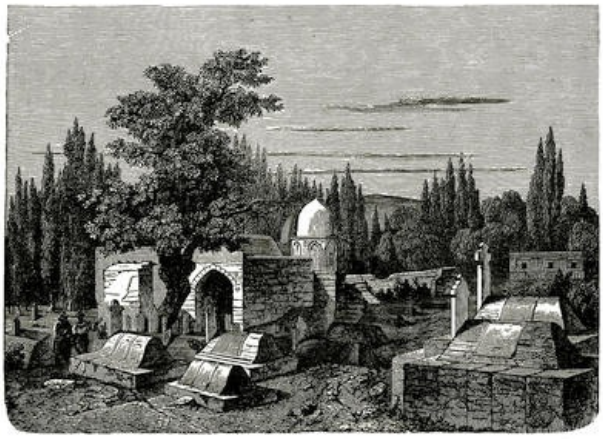

TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS, DAMASCUS.

Damascus is now pretty much as it was eighteen hundred years [291] ago. The places mentioned in connection with Paul are still pointed out—with what degree of certainty, I can not say. Of course I visited the places where “he fell to the earth,” and where “he was let down over the wall in a basket.” At this point the wall is some thirty feet high, and is surmounted by a house which is occupied by a Christian family. The reputed houses of Ananias and Judas are partly underground, and are built of huge stones. These strongly built houses are certainly very old; and it has been suggested that if Ananias and Judas did not live in them at the time of Paul, some other people did.

If I should to-day begin to proclaim the gospel of Christ with the same zeal and earnestness that characterized the ministry of Paul, I would have to be let down over the walls in a basket, or else be butchered on the street.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NAAMAN HOSPITAL FOR THE LEPROSY.

Naaman, the Leper—His Visit to Elisha—The Prophet's Command—Naaman Cured—House Turned into a Leper Hospital—Off to the Lepers' Den—Origin, History and Nature of Leprosy—Arrival at the Gloomy Prison—Abraham, "I Didn't Promise to Go into the Tomb with You"—"Screw your Courage to the Sticking Point"—Johnson's Reply—Suspicious of the Arab Gate-Keepers—A Charge to Abraham—Life in Johnson's Hands—Mamie and the Currant-Bush—Among the Lepers—Judgment Come—Graves Open—Living Corpses—Walking Skeletons—Strewing out Coins—An Indescribable Scene—An Indelible Picture—Horrible Dreams.

NAAMAN lived in Damascus. "Now Naaman, captain of the host of Syria, was a great man" with his Master, and "honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria; he was also a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper." So Naaman left Damascus, and went down to Samaria to see Elisha, that the prophet might heal him of the leprosy. Elisha told Naaman to go and dip himself seven times in the Jordan. The haughty Syrian became indignant at the idea, and it was natural that he should. The people of Damascus are now, and have always been, proud of their rivers. They sing about Abana and Pharpar, as also about the shades, fruits and flowers of the valley.

Old Naaman was a true Damascene. So, when told to bathe in the [293]
Jordan, he said: "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are they not better than all the waters of Israel?" He wanted to go back to his own native city, and there bathe in the fountain of the gods, whose pearly waters had rolled themselves through his heart and cut their channels there. Finally Naaman was persuaded to follow Elisha's directions, and was healed of his leprosy. But, strangely enough, his house in Damascus was turned into a leper hospital, and remains one to this day.

Having heard so much of this loathsome disease, I am anxious to see it. So I call out, "Abraham, Abraham."

"Sir?"

"Bring out the horses, and let's go to the hospital."

"Yes, sir."

He brings out three horses—ears about fifteen inches long—and Johnson, Abraham and I are off for the "lepers' den." On the way, Johnson says: "Whittle, how long has the leprosy existed?" My reply is, "History traces the disease back to twelve or fifteen hundred years before the Christian era."

Johnson. "Where did it originate?"

I explain that the origin of the leprosy is, to some extent, shrouded in mystery; that I was reading the other day from Strabo, a Greek author, who says that leprosy was generated in Egypt among the Jews, while they were in bondage under the Pharaohs. [294]
He says the Jews were banished to rock-quarries, where they had been getting stone to build pyramids and walled cities; that, having double burdens to perform, and half rations to live upon, they killed and ate diseased hogs which gave rise to a disease among the people known as the leprosy. For this reason the Jews passed a law that all Hebrews should ever after abstain from eating flesh of swine. That law, we know, is still observed, but Strabo's account of the origin of the leprosy is probably a myth.

Johnson asks: "Does the Bible throw no light upon this subject?"

"None at all. The Good Book has much to say about the disease, and the ceremonial law concerning the treatment of lepers is strict and explicit. As to its origin, however, not a word is said."

Leprosy is the most fearful disease that was ever visited upon the human family. Never yet has a case of it been cured without the direct intervention of God. Man's skill is powerless to stay its ravages on the human frame and system. If there were no leprosy on earth to-day, probably there never would be any. It is not now, so far as can be ascertained, generated anew and afresh. It is inherited from one's parents, and in this way it is handed down from

generation to generation. It is absolutely impossible for leprous parents to give birth to a child who will not die of leprosy, unless, [295] perchance, the babe die before the disease breaks out. The child may possibly remain sound and healthy until he is six or even sixteen years old; but the fearful disease is in his bones and blood and system, and it is coming to the surface—it is coming to stay, to eat up the body and "steal away the life o' the building."

Leprosy warns its victim of its approach by a cold and chilly sensation, which alternates with fever. Then a purple fleck or blotch, with a hard lump under it, comes on the face. The blotches now come thick and fast. Blotch meets blotch, until the bloated face is covered, and the cheeks look like purple clusters of grapes. The blotches finally swell, itch, fester, burst and pour forth an immense amount of pus and corruption. Then they heal up for a while, only, however, to itch, swell and burst again.

About a mile and a half from the centre of the city, we see a great rock wall, enclosing twenty or more acres of land, rising up like the walls of a penitentiary, twenty-five or thirty feet high. Pointing to this wall, Abraham says: "There is the hospital."

I respond, "Yes, there it is, but I want to go in it."

"Want to go in it?" said he.

"Yes, Abraham, and I want you to go with me."

With a strange look in his face, and a tremor in his voice, he answers, "You don't mean that, do you?"

"Most emphatically, I do. I want you to go in with me." [296]

"Well, sir," he continues, "I can't do it."

"But," said I, "look here, Abraham, I have paid you my money. You are my guide. You have promised to show me through the city."

"Yes, sir, but I didn't promise to go into the tomb with you," was his response.

Turning to Johnson, I request him to accompany me. I show him a book which says that it is questionable whether leprosy is at all contagious; that it is possible for one to shake hands with a leper without any ill effects. Besides, I tell him that we will arm ourselves so as to keep them away from us—that we will fill our pockets with coins, and, if the lepers come close to us, will strew them like seed corn on the ground, and while they stop to gather them up, we will get a good look at them. I explain further to my companion that even if the lepers were disposed to come up to us, we could fight them off with our heavy canes.

After placing these arguments before him, I make a final appeal; "Johnson, don't desert me. Nerve yourself and go in with me." Seeing that he is wavering and hesitating, I say: "Johnson, screw your courage to the sticking point, and let's go in."

He responds: "It won't stick."

"Try it again!"

He repeats, "*It won't stick!*"

By this time we are at the heavy, iron gate which is locked, and [297] guarded by two strong and stalwart Arabs. I say to one of them: "Will you let me in?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Will you let me out?"

After a long pause, he responds in a deep, husky voice, "Y-e-s."

I repeat the question, and receive the same significant frown and gutteral sound as an answer. I hardly know what is meant. I do not know but that the idea is to get me in, and then lock the gate and exact so much money before letting me out. I have not "so much money" to give.

Turning to my guide, I say, "Abraham, Abraham, I charge you by the money I have paid you, by your sense of honor and manhood; I charge you by him whose name you bear, let not this gate close until I come out."

With an honest emphasis, he responds, "I will guard the gate."

Laying my hand upon my companion's shoulder, I address him thus: "Johnson, I, to some extent, commit my life into your keeping. I charge you by the sacred memory of mother, home and Heaven, by the golden ties of friendship, I charge you, Johnson, let not this gate close until I come out."

With tears in his eyes, and his great heart welling without him, he replies: "Whittle, if necessary, I will block this gate open with my [298] dead body until you come out."

My mind is now made up. I am determined to enter. You naturally ask, “Why go into such a place?” I can hardly tell you why, unless forsooth, I am something like Mamie. Mamie wanted to go into the garden and see the flowers. Her mother said, “Well, my child, you may go into the garden to see the flowers, but you must not eat any of those berries on the currant-bush.”

“No, ma’am, I won’t.”

Twenty minutes later Mamie emerges from the garden, licking out her tongue and smacking her lips, while her face is stained with the berries.

“Did you eat any of those berries, Mamie?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Come, my child, don’t tell me a story.”

Crying and trembling with fear, Mamie says, “Well, mamma, I did eat a few of ‘em.”

“Why did you disobey mother?”

“Because I couldn’t help it,” was Mamie’s response.

“Why could you not help it?” said the mother.

“‘Cause the devil tempted me.”

Mother. “Why did you not say, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan’?”

Mamie. “I did say, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan,’ and he got behind me and pushed me right into the bush.”

So I am tempted, not like Mamie, by one, but by a half dozen devils. I say: “Get thee behind me, satans.” At this, some get behind, [299] while others get before me. The spirit of adventure, or something else, catches hold of the lapels of my coat. Now they push and pull and shove and drag me in, until finally I wake up on the inside of a living tomb.

Going in some distance from the gate and around one or two houses, I see a great number of lepers, lying on the ground, sunning themselves. A few of the miserable creatures are sitting up. Seeing me, they make a strange and hideous noise. This arouses the others.

They rise—three here, four there, a half dozen, yea, a dozen, yonder—still they rise. It looks almost as if judgment had come; as if the tombs are opening and the graves are giving up their dead skeletons. They form a semi-circle about me. Ah, what a ghastly sight! Men, women and children in all stages of the leprosy. Some of them look more like fiends than human beings. Skin and flesh gone from their hands and arms, from their brows and cheeks! The working of their jaw-bones can be seen, as they vainly attempt to talk.

Here they are—gums swollen, teeth gone, palates fallen, one eye, or one ear missing. One finger—two fingers—may be all the fingers gone from one hand, or, perchance, the hand itself is off at the wrist, or the arm at the elbow. What arms and limbs and fingers they have, are frequently gnarled and twisted like grape-vines. They are close enough. Rushing my right hand into my pocket, I strew the [300] coin far and wide like seed wheat. The poor diseased creatures, with pewter plates in hand, hobble around here and there as best they can, pushing and shoving each other right and left, each trying to get all the coins and to keep his neighbor from getting any.

Stepping forward, I strew out more coin and then recede. On come the victims of this loathsome disease. Oh, what a ghastly sight! Flesh gone, bones exposed and all twisted out of shape, great knots protruding from the face and body, joints decaying and dropping away,—human beings coming unjointed and falling to pieces! On they come, until I find myself half surrounded by hideous, dreamlike spectres! horrible hobgoblins! living corpses! walking skeletons! green-eyed monsters! fiery-eyed fiends! coming up, crowding up around me, thrusting out their long arms and bony fingers, apparently eager and anxious to hug me, like a phantom, to their loathsome and rotting bosoms!

For the first time in life, I am rooted to the earth. My blood, like Hamlet’s, is curdled in my veins. My knees, like the knees of Belshazzar, smite one against the other. My hair, like the quills of the fretted porcupine, stands on end. My mind wanders, my heart sickens, my body reels, and I stand “like a ruin among ruins, meditating on decay.” In gesture, as well as in words, I say: “Avaunt! avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide you! Your [301] bones are marrowless; your blood is cold; and ye have no eyes in those sightless sockets with which ye do glare at me!”

I feel that I would give all that I have, or hope to have, if I could, once for all, blot this awful scene from my mind. But no; it is there. It is indelibly stamped upon the landscape of memory. And often, instead of sleeping soundly, I will dream about it. I will dream that I am still in here; that the gate is locked and barred, and that I am a doomed man; that these decaying folk have entirely surrounded me, and are intertwining their arms and limbs with mine, almost like hissing serpents in the hair!

O, my dying fellow mortal, do you know that leprosy is typical of sin? How, oh! how, would a man feel, if, while sitting in his parlor, a half dozen lepers should come in, reeling and staggering—falling to pieces? He would shrink back and call upon the earth to swallow him, or the mountains to fall upon and hide him from the face of nature.

How, then, I ask, would God and the angels feel, if one unconverted soul should enter into Heaven, into the presence of that God who can not look upon sin? One sinner, walking the golden streets, falling to pieces with moral putrefaction, would cause the redeemed to shudder, the angels to flee away; at his approach, darkness would surround the throne and Heaven would be turned into hell.

But, O friend, my heart thrills with joy akin to that which the angels feel in Heaven, when I say: [302]

> “There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Emmanuel’s veins,
> And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains.”

So, when the gospel is proclaimed in your hearing, go not to the Jordan, as Naaman did; but go fling yourself into that stream opened up in the house of David for the cleansing of the human family. After Naaman had dipped in the river, his skin and flesh grew back as the skin and flesh of a little child. So you, when you have bathed yourself in the stream of God’s forgiving mercy, will be clad in the spotless robes of Christ’s righteousness. You will be sinless as a little child. And I am sure the angels will strike their golden harps, and the music will go ringing and reverberating adown the aisles of eternity, as they shout, “Halleluiah, halleluiah, one more sinner redeemed—washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

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CHAPTER XXIX

FROM DAMASCUS TO THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Sick, nigh unto Death—"Night Bringeth out the Stars"—Mount Hermon and the Transfiguration—Beautiful Camp-Ground—Amnon, the Reliable—"Thou Art Peter"—Fountain of the Jordan—Slaughter of the Buffaloes—Crossing into Galilee—Dan—Abraham's Visit—A Fertile Valley—Wooden Plows—A Bedouin Village—Costumes of Eden—A Gory Field—Sea of Galilee—Sacred Memories—The Evening Hour—A Soliloquy—Bathing—Sailing—Fishing.

I HAD not been feeling well for some days and while at Damascus I was taken ill with varioloid fever. This was just twelve days after I was directly exposed to the small-pox and the cholera. The varioloid, with which I was suffering, was so severe that my friends really feared it would develop into small-pox proper. It was a dark hour for the sufferer. The shadows of twilight—the twilight of life, as well as of day, seemed to be gathering around me. Even then I could say: "I have lived, and have not lived in vain: my mind may lose its force, my blood its fire, and my frame perish even in conquering pain, but there is that within me which shall tire Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire."

One night when I was suffering most intensely, when my brow was all scorched with fever and my body racked with pain, Mr. Hamlin, whom I have already mentioned, and whose income is more than a dollar an hour, came into my room and lay down on the side [304] of the bed. With his hand on my brow he said: "Whittle, we are fellow travelers for this journey through the Holy Land; we are friends for the journey of life, and now that you are ill, I want to say that you shall have my sympathy, my presence and my purse. I am your friend and helper. You may have cholera, small-pox, or what not, yet I will stand by you to the last. I shall not leave your bedside until you are well, or as long as you need a friend." I said to myself: "Truly, night bringeth out the stars," and "every cloud has a silver lining." I fell asleep; the fever cooled off, and in a few days "Richard was himself again." Now that it is over, I am glad that I was ill. It revealed to me the character of the man with whom I am traveling. It is not an unpleasant thing, when one is ten or twelve thousand miles from home, to have a friend talk to him in that way. Hamlin is a whole-souled fellow.

The second night after leaving Damascus the "Equestrian Pilgrims" camped at the foot of Mount Hermon, whose regal brow was crowned with purest snow. It was a glorious sight to see that lonely, lordly mountain, bathed in the golden splendor of the setting sun. One almost ceases to wonder that it has become an object of vigorous adoration. The word Hermon itself means "the holy," "the unapproachable." The Arab word for Hermon means "the old," "the grey-bearded," "the venerable." The inspired writers of old often [305] refer to Hermon. It appears to have formed the northern boundaries of the children of Israel. Solomon speaks of Hermon as the haunt of wild beasts, and strangely enough my guide-book says, and the natives here confirm the statement, that bears, wolves and foxes still abound here. The Psalmist says brotherly love is as pleasant as the "dew of Hermon;" as the "dew that falleth on Mount Zion." I have been much impressed with heavy dews since coming into this Eastern country. I have seen the dew falling before the sun goes down in the evening, and for an hour after the sun rises in the morning. In this country it rains six months, and is dry six months. During the dry season vegetation withers and all nature suffers for moisture. Every night the falling dew is like a gentle shower of rain, refreshing the parched grass and "reviving the vigor of vegetation." But for these heavy dews nothing would grow, and the people could scarcely exist. How impressive it must have been to these people, therefore, when David said: "Brotherly love is as pleasant as the dew of Hermon, as the dew that falleth on Mount Zion." God hasten the day when "brotherly love shall abound:" when men shall say: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Hermon is, in round numbers, ten thousand feet high and twenty-nine miles long. Its base is rich, and, for this country, well cultivated. Higher up it supports several large almond groves, the [306] fruit of which is most excellent. It is generally conceded by scholars that one of the slopes of Hermon was the scene of the

Transfiguration. By some this honor was once claimed for Mount Tabor, but this idea has been exploded. It is impossible that Christ should have been Transfigured on Mount Tabor, for Josephus tells us that Tabor was at that time crowned with a city, and we know that the Transfiguration occurred, not in the midst of human habitations, but out in the solitude of nature. The last time we see our blessed Lord before the Transfiguration was at Caesarea Philippi, near the base of Hermon. "And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John, his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart and was there transfigured before them; His face did shine as the sun and His garment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias, talking with Him. Then answered Peter and said unto Jesus: 'Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles—one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.'"

We were high on the slopes of Hermon. It was to me a sacred place. When the evening hour came, I stole away from my companions. I went out all alone "where nought but the gleaming stars looked down upon me in silence," where I could commune with my own heart, with nature and "nature's God." I gave myself up to meditation and prayer. I said: "Can it be possible that I am now [307] standing on, or near, the spot where the divinity of my Lord revealed itself; where He wrapped Himself with celestial glory as with a garment; where the veil was drawn aside, and Peter, James and John caught a glimpse of that other world and the splendor thereof?" and an unearthly feeling possessed me—I verily felt that I was standing on the Mount of spiritual Transfiguration. For me the scene was re-enacted before my eyes. To me the Master's face did shine as the sun, and His garment was white as light. I could almost hear the Father's voice as He said: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am pleased; hear ye Him." I felt like Peter that I could say, "It is good to be here;" I felt like Paul that I was caught up into the third heaven; I felt like Bunyan that I was standing on the top of the Delectable Mountains, viewing the City of God and listening to the music of angels. I felt like

> "Some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
> Around whose base, while rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

We folded our tents in the morning, to pitch them at night twenty miles away, by the side of a flowing fountain, in the midst of an olive grove and amongst blooming oleanders. There was beauty, there was poetry, in this place. It was so sweetly calm and serenely [308] beautiful, that we were strongly tempted to "lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes" of our tents and remain here a few days. But we were blessed with perfect weather, and therefore thought best to press towards "that summer land of the vine and fig tree."

Next morning "Amnon," the reliable, the sure-footed, was pronounced "ready." I vaulted into the saddle and rode away. Evening brought us to Caesarea Philippi, now called Banias. Little—practically nothing—remains of the stupendous temple that Herod the Great built here. The guide-book says, and the pilgrims believe, that this was the precise place where Christ said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." But turning to Matt. 16:13, I read, "When Jesus came unto the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, He asked His Disciples," etc.

Again, Mark 8:27, "And Jesus went out, and His disciples, into the towns of Caesarea Philippi, and by the way He asked His disciples saying: 'Whom do men say that I am?'" From this we see that Caesarea Philippi was a district containing more towns than one. True, this was the principal city of the district, but no man has the moral right to select a certain town and say, "*This is the place*." Nor do I care to know the precise spot. It is enough for me to know that Peter said: "Thou art the Christ." Jesus replied: "Thou art Petra (a rock), and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of [309] hell shall not prevail against it." There is no passage in all the Bible that is so much discussed as this one, for this scripture is claimed as the foundation of the Romish Church. True, the "gates of hell" have not prevailed against "papal power," but the *power of God* will prevail against it, and the world shall yet know that Christ, and not Peter, is the chief "corner stone;" that Christ, and not Mary, is the sinner's Savior.

One hour from Banias brings us to the fountain of the Jordan—

the birth place of the sacred river. The spring is large, the water deep and beautifully clear. We could not resist the temptation; we had to bathe in the “fountain of the gods.” We could count the pebbles in the bottom of the swiftly flowing stream. With our eyes we could follow its windings through the fertile valley, by noticing the flowers and green bushes fringing its banks. Near this fountain we rode close upon a herd of buffaloes before they saw us. There were twelve in the bunch and a dozen of them got away—we killed the others.

We now cross into Galilee. High on the hill, and before us, as we face the west, is the city of Dan. O Dan, what a history thou hast had! What memories gather around thy ancient, thy venerable head! As thy name indicates, thou wast once a judge. Thy sons were born to positions of honor. But Ichabod!—“thy glory has departed!” Thou art no longer a sightly city, but a ruined and disheveled village. [310] Thou no longer rulest, but art now thyself ruled with a rod of iron.

> “There is the moral of all human tales;
> ’Tis but the same rehearsed of the past,
> First Freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
> Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last!”

In olden times Dan was an important place—the most important city in north Galilee. We often see the expression, “from Dan to Beersheba,” which means from the extreme north to the extreme south of Palestine, a distance of one hundred and sixty-five miles. “From Dan to Beersheba” meant to Jews of old just what “from Maine to Mexico” and “from New York to San Francisco” means to Americans—the uttermost limits of the country.

I give in the following lines an account of a nocturnal visit that Abraham, the father of the faithful, made to this city of Dan. “And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive, he armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and he pursued them unto Dan. And he divided himself against them, he and his servants by night, and smote them, and pursued into Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus. And he brought back all the goods, and also his brother Lot and his goods, and the women also and the people.”

Coming into Galilee, we find ourselves at once in a beautiful valley lying between two mountain ridges running north and south. [311] The valley is apparently ten miles wide and fifteen to eighteen miles long. The soil is as black as a crow and fertile as the alluvial deposits of the Nile. It is so rich that it looks as if it would sprout a shadow—I am afraid to stand still long in a place. Only small patches of this fertile valley are cultivated and these in the most primitive and imperfect manner. The land is scratched over with wooden plows, drawn, as I have sometimes seen, by a donkey and a skeleton of a milk cow yoked together, or by a camel and an ox harnessed side by side. Thus they tickle the soil which in turn smiles with a sickly, sentimental harvest, and the people live in filth, penury, and poverty; whereas, if they had western vim and push and shove and energy, if they had improved implements of agriculture and would send them deep into the ground and turn up the soil, “the desert would blossom as the rose,” and these trifling sons of want would soon have to “pull down their old barns and build greater ones.” Peace and plenty would usurp the place now held by pinching poverty, and Jerusalem once more would stand

> “Girt by her theatre of hills, and would reap
> Her corn, and wine, and oil; and plenty would leap
> To laughing life, with her redundant horn.”

Here and there, scattered over the plain, we see a Bedouin village. Village did I say? Yes, a village; though there is not a log or a plank, or a board, or a shingle, or a stone to be seen. One of these [312] villages consists of 300 to 500 Bedouins, living in 75 to 100 tents huddled together without law or order. The Bedouins take the bark of the papyrus plant and plait or weave it (by hand of course) into a coarse, rough matting with which they make their houses. The same material serves as roof, walls and floor. These sons of the desert hide their nakedness with robes made of camel’s hair, and their children dress as did Adam or Eve before fig-leaf dresses came into fashion.

In the southern part of the valley is Lake Huleh, or the waters of Merom. Some years ago the plain surrounding this lake was a

bloody battle field. Six or eight kings “went out, they and all their hosts with them, much people, even as the sand that is upon the sea shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many. And when all these kings were met together, they came and pitched their tents at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel. And the Lord said unto Joshua, be not afraid because of them; for to-morrow I will deliver them up all slain before Israel; thou shalt hough their horses and burn their chariots with fire. So Joshua came, and all the people of war with him, against them by the waters of Merom suddenly and they fell upon them. And the Lord delivered them into the hand of Israel.” Lest some people should suppose that I witnessed that battle, I will state that Joshua lived some 1400 years before Christ.

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SEA OF GALILEE.

Long before night our tents were stretched on the shore of the [314]
Sea of Galilee. This is the most hallowed spot to which we have yet come. No place we have visited is so fraught with holy memories. Arriving here, I dismounted, went into my tent, and there for the first time knelt down and kissed the earth. I knew it was a sacred place. Around this lake our Blessed Lord spent most of His public life. Every thing here wears a holy aspect; every thing is suggestive of the Savior. When I see the men in their row boats, toiling at their nets, I am naturally reminded of the miraculous draught of fishes, of the worldly occupation of those whom Jesus, walking on these very shores, called to follow Him, saying: “I will make you fishers of men.” Probably the ancestors of these half-clad people before me were among the “multitude whom Jesus fed with a few loaves and fishes” on the opposite bank of the lake, or among that other multitude who thronged the beach where I now stand, and, pressing the water’s edge, listened with bated breath to Christ as He spake from Simon’s boat, built, no doubt, like these on the lake.

Before me are the sites of three ancient cities whose very names have become a reproach; and who can wonder! They rest under the direct curse of Him who said: “Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for I say unto you that in the day of judgment it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon than for you, Chorazin [315]
and Bethsaida!—and thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto Heaven, shalt be brought down to hell.” Yea, truly; Capernaum, the home of Christ, has been cast down to hell. The city rejected Christ and ever since that time the curse of God has rested upon it. A word to the wise is sufficient. I will therefore only add; reader, be sure you do not reject Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write.

Standing on the western edge of the lake, near the northern end, and looking in a north-westerly direction, I see, about 300 yards away, a man plowing with a wooden plow, drawn by a milk cow and a donkey. In the same field, and close by the plowman, is another man with a basket on his arm full of seed corn (wheat) which he is strewing broadcast over the ground. This reminds me that once upon a time our Lord was standing on these shores, near where I now am. A great multitude of people had assembled to listen to His gracious words. The press was so great that our Lord stepped into a little boat and pushed it out a little way on the water. As the people stood on the shore Christ sat in the boat and preached to them. He began His sermon, “The sower went forth to sow. Some seed fell by the wayside, some among thorns and some in the rocks.” This scene was being re-enacted before my own eyes. How delightful are such experiences! How it carries one back to ancient days! This lake furnished the subject for the parable of the net. And on the left are [316]
the hills and fields whence was drawn the comparison to the leaven,

the hidden treasure, the pearl of great price. Around this lake the lilies grew and the ravens fed, which the Lord bade us remember.

Galilee is a beautiful lake. It is ten to twelve miles long and six to eight miles wide. The rocky walls surrounding the lake rise, in some places, several hundred feet above its surface. Most of the country around is rough and barren. A few fig and other fruit and shade trees grow near the water's edge.

But if you would see the beauty—the poetry of Galilee, wait until the glare of day has mellowed into twilight; wait until a holy calm broods over the lake and its surface has been transformed into a silver mirror. Then the great stars above you gleam like nuggets of gold in the blue depths below. Now go "silently and alone" and walk on the beach. You find that distance is annihilated. The lake may be six, sixty, or six hundred miles wide—you can not tell—you do not care. You are not thinking of time or distance, either. The beauty of the scene rivets your attention. Sacred memories crowd upon the mind, and you can but say: "Oh! Galilee! Galilee! For thousands of years have thy pure waters been surging against these historic shores—these sacred shores. Upon thy watery surface Jesus did walk, as though it had been marble pavement. When the storm did come and thou wert lashed into rage and fury, when thy waves were [317] tossed like mountains to the sky; when the frail bark was threatened, and human life endangered; the Son of God whispered: 'Peace, be still.' The winds obeyed Him and thy waves, O Galilee, crouched at His feet. For these reasons thou hast become a holy—a sacred sea.

"And now I, even I, a humble disciple of that same Jesus, am permitted to walk on thy shores and sail on thy waters."

Being unable to break the chain of fascination which binds us to this place, we have remained here several days. Swimming in Galilee is truly delightful. We have had several messes of fish from the lake, but as yet we have caught no fish with a "silver coin in his mouth."

Tiberias, the only place of importance on the lake, we find to be a walled city of some 5,000 souls, the most of whom are Jews. We find much in the city to attract our attention, but nothing to excite admiration. The Jews living here are a reproach to their race. They are as sorry looking specimens of humanity as one can reasonably expect to find this side of the grave. They are as filthy as monkeys, ugly as gorillas and as poor as Job's turkey. Extravagant expressions are usually out of place, but I am honestly of the opinion that these people are as poor as a church mouse or a Baptist preacher.

Most of our time here has been spent, not in Tiberias, but in visiting the mouth of Jordan and some ruined cities around the lake, [318] in sailing, swimming and fishing, in reading the Bible and talking of Christ, its central figure.

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CHAPTER XXX.

FROM THE SEA OF GALILEE TO NAZARETH.

A Seven Hour's Journey—A Rough Road and a Hot Sun—Gazelles—Nimrods of To-day—Historic Corn-Field—Cana of Galilee—First Miracle—Cana at Present—Greek and Roman Convents—Conflicting Stories of Greek and Latin Priests—Explanation—An Important Fact—Marriage Divinely Instituted—Woman Degraded—Woman Honored—Description of Nazareth—Childhood Home of Jesus—Jesus and the Flower-Garden—Studying Nature—He Goes to the Mountain Top—Without Bounds or Limits—A Fit Play-Ground and Suitable School-Room for the Royal Child—Rock Bluff where the People Tried to "Cast him down Headlong"—The Carpenter Shop—The Virgin's Fountain—Nazareth at Present—Protestant Missions—A Short Sermon and a Sweet Song.

FROM Tiberias to Nazareth is a seven hours' journey. Our way lies across a rocky, hilly country. The sun is hot. The heat seems to have positive weight. Icarus would not have had to soar very high beneath this fierce sun, before his "waxen wings" would have "melted" and let him down with a crash. The reflection from the rocks is almost like the hot breath of a furnace.

Look! yonder to the right, and not far away, are eight or ten gazelles dashing down the steep hillside. Their tongues are lolling out; they have been up on the elevated table-lands, and now, dry, hot, and thirsty, they are making their way to the Sea of Galilee. How swift they go! And yet Asahel, we are told, was "as light of foot as a wild gazelle." The men of Gad, who swam the swollen river to [320] join King David, had the "faces of lions" and the "feet of gazelles." Isaiah, when speaking of the beauty of Babylon, could bestow no higher praise than to say: "She is as the gazelle of kingdoms." Solomon says: "My beloved is as beautiful as a gazelle leaping up the mountains, skipping upon the hills." To see this swift-footed animal, going with parched lips to the sea, reminds one of the Psalmist's earnest words: "As the hart (the gazelle) panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

The Arab word "gazelle" is not used in the Bible, yet it is generally understood that the "roebuck" of Scripture is the same animal. They are plentiful here, and may be found in all sparsely settled sections of the country. South of Hebron they are sometimes seen in droves of from fifty to a hundred. They are not so large, but are otherwise very much like our American deer. Their flesh, like the antelope and venison of America, is considered delicious, and the Nimrods of to-day are constantly on their track. The gazelle, however, having a swift foot and a keen eye, is seldom hung up before an Arab's fire.

We are now upon what is thought to be the corn-field referred to in Matthew 12:1. "And at that time Jesus went on the Sabbath day through the corn, and His disciples, who were an hungered, began to pluck the ears of corn and to eat." The field is still worked and it will soon be seed-time again. The corn referred to was of course wheat, as our Indian corn was not then, and is not now, known to Eastern people.

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PALMS IN BUSH FORM.

After five hours and a half in this scorching sun, we are [322]
thoroughly prepared to appreciate the grateful shade of the great olive and palm trees under which we are now resting. We are in Cana, of Galilee, whose history is sacred and whose name is familiar to all Bible readers. Yes, here on this rough, rocky hillside, is Kefr Kenna—the village of Cana—where Jesus made wine of water. Few passages of Scripture impress me more than the account of this wedding feast. I read, “And the third day there was a marriage in Cana, of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there, and both Jesus and His disciples were called to the marriage.” It was during this wedding feast that Christ turned water into wine. “This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana, of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory, and His disciples believed on Him.” Christ’s first miracle, wrought at the beginning of His public career, was, we see, turning water into *wine*. And the night before His crucifixion, He took *wine* and said: “This is my blood,” and “without the shedding of blood there is no remission.” I see a significance, therefore, in the fact that the first miracle was making wine. That miracle was prophetic. It pointed to something yet to come. That miracle was, in Christ’s thought, closely connected with the Cross and Man’s Redemption.

Having finished the account of the wedding-feast, the evangelist [323]
continues: “After this He went down to Capernaum (about five hours’ walk); He, and His mother and His brethren and His disciples.” Jesus had already taken up His abode in Capernaum. Probably Mary had never been there. It is quite probable, also, that Christ had not seen her for some time. It may be that the hope of meeting her son was the main thing that induced her to attend the wedding. Her hope was realized. What a joyful meeting that must have been! Somehow I love my Savior more, because He loved His Mother so well. How beautiful this is: after the wedding is over Jesus goes back to Capernaum, *taking His Mother with Him*. She wanted to see how her “preacher-boy” was situated in His new home by the sea. No doubt when they reached Capernaum, at the north end of the Sea of Galilee, Jesus took His Mother up on the flat-roofed house and pointed out different places of interest.

At present, Cana is of little importance and is not at all inviting.

Large beds of tall, thorny cactus plants are everywhere to be seen. The houses of the village are few in number, and rude of structure. Here, as elsewhere in this country, the people are filthy, ignorant and half naked. The two best houses in the place are convents; one belonging to the Roman and the other to the Greek Catholics. We now visit these convents in the order named. Clad in a black gown, with a rosary fastened around his waist and hanging from his side, [324] the Latin Priest approaches us, invites us in, and kindly shows us through his convent. He rehearses the history of Cana, and speaks of the wedding that Jesus attended as though it had taken place only yesterday. We come now to the sacred chamber; the Priest pauses; he is deeply moved (?). With tears in his eyes and pathos in his words he says: “In this room the marriage occurred. Just there, ‘pointing to the side of the room opposite him,’ just there the wedding couple stood. Christ, Mary, and John stood here on my right, while the other guests occupied the portion of the room to my left. Just here, where I am, stood the Catholic priest who pronounced the wedding ceremony. Here, gentlemen,” the good priest continued, “here are some of the identical water pots that our Lord used in making wine. Yes, sirs, these are the veritable water-pots that Jesus used. Come up here and handle them and see for yourselves.” We express no doubt and I suppose we really appear somewhat credulous. The superstitious priest now becomes enthusiastic. “There were,” he says, “originally six of these jars or pots; but one was broken, one we sent to Jerusalem, one to Rome, and here are the other three. Come, come, and handle them yourselves that you may tell your friends when you get home.”

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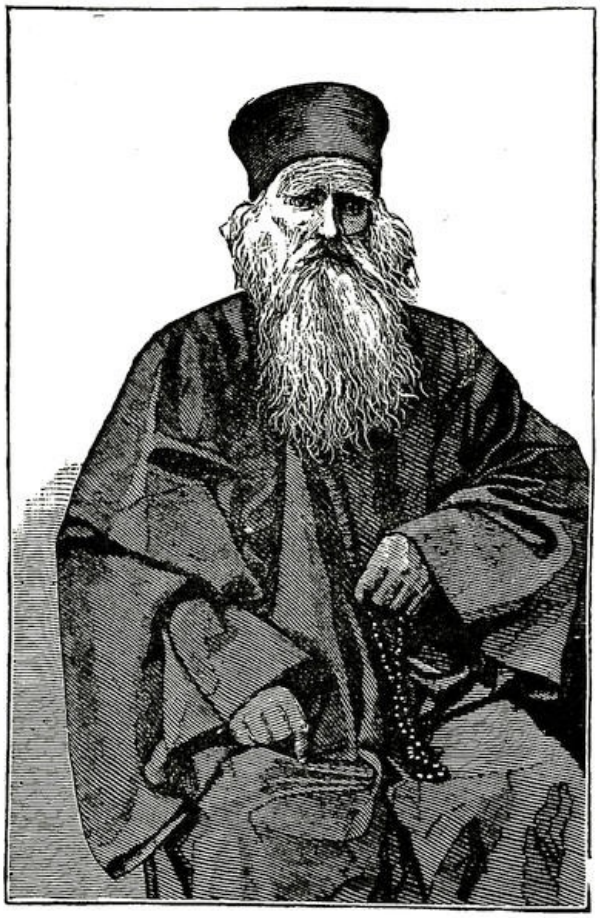

PRIEST OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

As soon as we get out of the door, Johnson, with his characteristic sense of humor, touched me in the side and said: “Chestnuts! Chestnuts!!” At this moment a short, heavy-built, broad-shouldered, bushy-headed Greek monk, wearing a hat whose broad, board-like brim was at the top of the crown instead of the bottom, comes up to us. He introduces himself, and after a few words says: “Now, gentlemen, please come with me. I have something of very great interest to show you.” He leads us into, and conducts us through, the Greek convent, reciting and explaining the history of the village as we go along. He shows us into a large room whose walls are lined with pictures. The Greek pauses, uncovers his head, [326]

strikes an attitude; sorrow seizes his soul, a heavenly look settles on his troubled face. With noiseless step and slow, he approaches us and whispers: “The wedding that we read about in the Bible occurred in this very room. Yes, gentlemen, this is a sacred place—this is where the marriage was solemnized. Christ, with His Mother and disciples, stood on the left, the other guests on the right. The wedding couple stood there in the centre, and the Greek priest who married them stood here.” Johnson is dumb as an oyster. But I have to speak—I can hold in no longer. I say: “Did Jesus attend two weddings in this place?” “No, sir; only one, sir, only one!” “Well,” I continue, “I was a few minutes ago in the Latin convent and the Romish priest told me that the wedding took place there, and now you tell me that it occurred here. How about that, sir; how can you explain this?” “The explanation, the explanation, sir, is very easy. It is simply this: the other priest lied! Yes, sir, he lied—only one wedding here, and that one took place in this room. And here are the identical water-pots that He used—these are the very jars that held the water which was turned into wine.”

I speak of this at length to bring out an important fact. On almost every sacred spot in Palestine, wherever Jesus lived or spent the night, wherever He preached a sermon, or wrought a miracle, there we find two convents—one Roman and one Greek. Each claims to [327] stand upon the exact spot where such and such a thing occurred. Occasionally the two convents are some distance apart; again they stand hard by each other. As one might naturally suppose, this engenders strife, and provokes jealousy among the priests, and greatly perplexes most travelers. But all this confusion among the priests does not trouble me for a moment. What do I care whether the marriage occurred here or there? I know full well that I am in Cana. I know it is a sacred place. I know that Christ, with His presence, sanctioned in Cana what God, in His wisdom, instituted in Eden—the marriage relation, which has come along down the ages, elevating man, purifying society, strengthening the State and honoring God. The wisdom of this law strongly argues its divine origin. I have traveled in many countries, among many nations, kindreds, tribes and peoples; and I have never yet traveled in a country where the Bible was a sealed book, where God’s law of marriage was unknown or disregarded, but that the women of that country were in a low, vile, degraded and servile condition! In such places woman is regarded as man’s inferior; she is neglected, imposed upon and down-trodden; hers is a life of shame and drudgery; she is man’s burden-bearer and nothing more! In Palestine, and some other countries where I have traveled, it is considered a disgrace for a mother to give birth to a female child! [328] and for this cause men frequently ill-treat and forsake their wives!

And on the other hand, I have never been in any land where the Bible was known and read, where God was worshipped, and His law obeyed, but that woman was loved and honored and elevated to her true position in the family and in society. The Bible teaches that woman was taken, not from man’s heel that he might trample upon her, not from his head that she might rule him with a rod of iron, but from his side that she might walk beside him—that she might be his companion; perchance from his right side, that his strong right arm might lift her burdens and fight her battles; or, forsooth, from his left side, near his heart, that he might love and sympathize with her. Blessed Bible! thou hast shattered woman’s shackles; thou hast brought the aureole of glory, and placed it upon woman’s matronly brow!

One hour from Cana brings us to a scene of greater interest. The day is far spent when my eyes fall for the first time upon Nazareth, nestling on the sunny slope of a high hill which gracefully swings itself around and forms something of a horseshoe. The city, situated near the centre of this curvature, is built partly in the valley and partly on the hillside. The lower part of the city is half hidden amid a rich profusion of pomegranates, orange trees, olive groves and vineyards. “Jack Frost” has brought no tidings of autumn; [329] consequently the leaves are still green and the luscious fruits are still hanging upon the boughs of the trees.

Leaving the hilltop we come down into the valley, and pitch our tents under some large orange trees on the edge of the city. Oh, what a privilege it is to be here! Nazareth is a holy city. It was the childhood home of the Savior. Here is where Luke says “He was brought up.” Again, “And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned unto Galilee, to their

own city, Nazareth. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him. And He went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but His mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Dutiful child! Model son! A mother would naturally keep such a boy, as well as his "sayings, in her heart." No doubt He, in childish glee often played with other children, only He never lost His temper. He never got angry and called His playmates hard and ugly names. He was always kind and gentle; consequently all His acquaintances and fellow playmates liked Him, and the more they saw of Him the more they loved Him; for we are told "He *grew* in favor with God and man." We are only human; and yet, with God's help, it is possible for us so to conduct ourselves that we, like Jesus, may grow in wisdom and in favor with God and man.

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VALE AND CITY OF NAZARETH.

[331] Yes, Nazareth was the home of Christ. Here He played, here He worked, here He studied Nature in all its loveliness and manifold beauty. One who visits Nazareth can well imagine that in spring-time Jesus would pluck the rose-buds and orange blossoms, and weave them into bouquets for His mother. We know He loved flowers. He was so fond of them that the betrayer knew where to find Him at the evening hour. It was he who said: "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Knowing as we do His fondness for solitude, nothing is more natural than to suppose that the youthful Christ would often forsake the busy scenes of street-life and climb to the top of the hill back of the city. In the valley He had studied nature and human nature; on the mountain He could study God and revelation. From here His view of the country was something like the catechism definition of infinitude—"without bounds or limits." Here, seated on a rock, leaning against an olive tree, with the old Hebrew Bible unrolled on His lap, He could read and think and plan to His heart's content. Here He could read about almost any event, whatsoever, and at once lift His eyes from the parchment and let them fall upon the spot where the scene took place. Did He read of the fish swallowing [332] Jonah, He could look out upon the heaving bosom of the Mediterranean, flecked with white-winged ships, some of them no doubt bound for Tarshish. Did He read about Elijah praying for rain, there was Mt. Carmel projecting into the sea and standing out in such bold relief that one could almost see a man standing on its summit. Did He read from the parchment of Elijah's contest with the priests of Baal, He could look there at the base of Carmel where the altars were built. Looking to the north, He could see Mt. Hermon where a few years later He was to be transfigured, and was to meet Moses and Elias from the other world. In the same direction was the hill where He was to preach a sermon to a great multitude; there, also, and not far away, was Cana where His first miracle was to be wrought. Eastward, He could see around the Sea of Galilee, where He was to make His future home, and where He was to do "most of His mighty works." With His face still to the east, He could see Mt. Tabor, six miles distant, rising up like a sugar-loaf to the height of two thousand two hundred feet. Seeing this, He would naturally read of Deborah and Barak with an army of ten thousand men on Tabor while Sisera, with an armed host including nine hundred chariots of war, stood at the base of the mountain. Just south of

Nazareth is the broad and fertile plain of Esdraelon, which has been the "battle-ground of the nations." From the hilltop behind [333] Nazareth, Christ could see, flowing through the midst of this plain, the river Kishon, whose swift and swollen current swept so many of Sisera's men on to the "Great Sea" and to death. Beyond this plain He could see Nain where He, in after life, was to raise the widow's son. Near Nain is Endor, where Saul called up the witch by night. There, also, are the heights of Gilboa, where the same King breathed his last. There, too, is Shunem, where Elisha often spent the night; and Jezreel, where Jezebel, the wicked Queen, was flung from the upper window of the palace, and dashed to death upon the stone pavement below.

I am standing upon this same hilltop with an open Bible in my hand. As I read of these different incidents, and then look from place to place where the different scenes occurred, I am deeply moved. These several passages seem to sink into my heart. I am not surprised that Jesus knew the Scriptures so perfectly. This was the best place in all the world for Him to have been brought up. Surely these valleys were spread out, and these hills lifted up to form a fit play-ground and a suitable school-room for the Royal Child.

It was from a high bluff, on this mountain also, that the heartless populace, who rejected Christ's teaching, tried to "cast Him down headlong. But He, passing through the midst of them, went His way." To be thrown from this cliff, one would fall a hundred and [334] twenty or thirty feet before striking the jagged rocks below.

Tradition still points out the place where Joseph and Mary lived. It is a plain, simple grotto, hewn in the side of the hill near the city. Joseph's carpenter-shop is also shown, and some work is still done in that shop. Of course one is to use his own judgment as to how much or how little of these traditions he will believe. The spring, the only water supply of the town, is called "Mary's Fountain," "The Virgin's Fountain" and "The Fountain of the Queen." During all hours of the day, and far into the night, one sees scores and scores of women and children, with their jugs and goat-skins, crowding around the spring for water.

It is a great privilege to be here and see these things that were once so familiar to the Savior; to mingle and talk with these people who live and dress and think now, just as their ancestors did in the time of Christ. Of course they crowded around this fountain then just as they do to-day, and no doubt He often came with His mother to this same spring for water. Being here and seeing these things is almost like being introduced into the family circle, and becoming acquainted with the home life of Jesus.

At present Nazareth has 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants. The houses, with a few exceptions, are small, ancient and forbidding in appearance. The narrow streets are crooked, and filthy in the extreme. The people have little or nothing to recommend them to [335] the traveler. When one views this aspect of the city, one is naturally reminded of Nathaniel's question: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

The English and Presbyterian churches have missions here. The former is in a flourishing condition, but the latter is at a stand-still because of some trouble with the Turkish government. The English have an Orphans' Home here in which they feed, clothe, and educate one hundred orphan girls—as some go out others come in. Some of these girls are almost grown, and many of them are bright and beautiful. I have just had the sweet privilege of preaching to them. Oh, how it stirs one's heart to stand here in Nazareth and preach! to stand here where *Jesus was brought up*, and preach *His gospel* to *His people*—the Jews! After preaching I sang several songs for the people. In turn, the orphan girls in a sweet tone of voice sang for me a beautiful song which touched me deeply, and which I have translated, that the reader may also enjoy it.

"We are little Nazareth children,
And our Father placed our home
'Mid the olive trees and vineyards
Of His earthly childhood home.

"For the Lord who loves the children,
And was glad to hear their praise,
Cares that Nazareth children know Him,
Do His will and choose His ways.

"Cares that they should keep in memory [336]

All that sacred life spent here;
Try in heart to walk beside Him,
Safe and happy in His fear.

“And we know that He is coming—
Every knee to Him shall bow—
And the joyous shouts to meet Him
Shall begin in Nazareth now.

“Jesus, Savior, dwell within us,
Make a temple of each heart,
Pure and loving, true and holy,
For thy service set apart.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN THE ORIENT.

Shepherd Tents—Many Flocks in One Sheep-Cote for the Night—Many Merchants from Different Countries—Ships Anchored—Arabs at Meal—Arabs Smoking—Shepherds with their Reed-Pipes—Merchants' Response—Music and Dancing at Night—Bustle and Confusion in the Morning—Fight Like Madmen—Over-Burdened Camels—Camp Broken up—Dothan and Joseph's Pit—Money-Loving Mohammedans—Crafty Jews—Return to Tents—The Shepherds Awaken—Crook, Sling and Reed-Pipe—David and Goliath—Shepherds under the Star-Lit Sky—"Glory to God in the Highest."

NOTHING could present a scene more characteristic of Oriental life than a half dozen shepherd tents, black and dingy, pitched, not like Jacob's tent on the mountain top, but like Isaac's tent in the valley, in the midst of an olive grove, by the side of a flowing fountain. Here by the tents is a corral, or sheep-cote, enclosed by a rock wall, on top of which is a rough hedge of dry, thorny bushes, placed there to keep the robbers, as well as the jackals and wolves and other wild beasts, from molesting the sheep.

Many flocks, both of sheep and goats, are brought to this one cote for protection during the night, and the swarthy shepherds, each with a loose garment of coarse camel's hair carelessly thrown around him to hide his nakedness, occupy the tents in common.

Just across the ravine, on the opposite hillside, is a rough stone house eight or ten feet high with a low, flat roof. This is a "Kahn," or an inn—a kind of lodging house to accommodate caravans which are always passing between Egypt, Jerusalem, Damascus, Palmyra and Bagdad.

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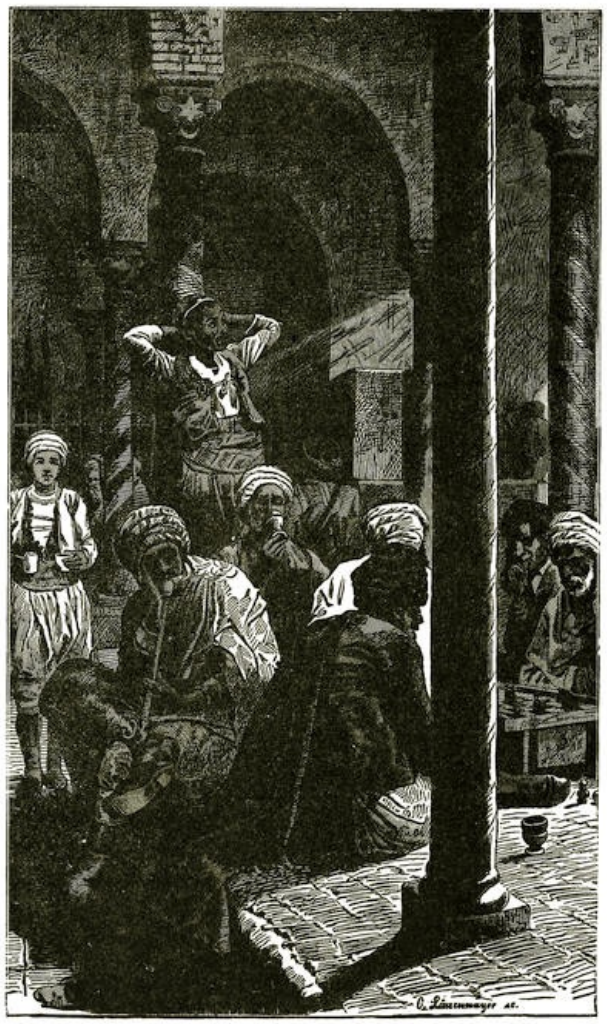

INTERIOR OF A CARAVANSARY.

From an hour before the sun goes down, until eight o’clock at night, one can see caravan after caravan of camels—sometimes a string of them a half mile long—coming across the hills, laden with wines, carpets, dried fruits, hand-made silks, Persian carpets, and all manner of Oriental merchandise. Slowly, but patiently, these “ships of the desert” move on beneath their immense cargo of freight. One caravan after another comes in, until from 100 to 200 camels may be seen around one Kahn. The burdens are removed, the several merchants putting their goods in separate piles. The ships are anchored. The tired brutes lie down and are fed. The merchants and camel-drivers gather round the fire, seating themselves on the ground, folding their limbs up under them as though they had no bones in them. [339]

Beans, peas, dates, olives, mutton or kid—and sometimes both—are put into one pot and all boiled together. When it is done, as many of these hard-featured, grim-visaged, wrinkled-browed, shaggy-haired Arabs as can, huddle around one bowl. They have no knives or forks. Sometimes you see a wooden spoon, but usually they thrust their horny hands into the bowl, and then cram their fists into their countenances—they are the most open-countenanced people I ever saw. They are the most ravenous eaters I ever saw. My dragoman offered to bet ten dollars that one Arab could drink a quart of coffee, eat a roast turkey, two loaves of bread, and three pounds of rice at one meal! And I am quite sure that one who is acquainted with an Arab’s capacity for stuffing will never make a wager like that. [340]

The meal being over, a certain weed, used as tobacco, is brought out and smoking is indulged in. Now the shepherds across the branch, with their reed pipes strike up a plaintive tune which floats over the valley and echoes from the distant hills. It strikes also a responsive chord in the hearts of the merchants and camel-drivers. They now bring out their rude instruments of music, and play and sing, chant and dance, for hours, much after the order of wild Indians. In their ideas of dress and propriety, in their customs and habits of life generally, these children of the desert are as primitive, as rude and uncultivated, as were their fathers 4000 years ago.

When they wake in the morning there is great stir, bustle and confusion. As the merchants curse the camel-drivers, they in turn curse and fight each other, and beat the camels. From the noise made one would think that two great armies had met in deadly combat. They slap and beat and kick each other around like madmen—I had almost said “like fiends!” They sometimes put as much on one camel as two or three ought to carry. The poor, faithful brutes can not speak audibly, but as these double burdens are placed upon them, they lie on the ground and bellow in a most pathetic manner. The pitiable cries of the dumb brutes are almost enough to move the surrounding stones to tears, and yet the heartless Arab is untouched. The more the camels bellow, the more their masters beat them with sticks, and prick them with sharp spears. Finally the ships are loaded, and soon you see them strung out across the hills, some going south to Egypt, others going north to Damascus and Beyrout, or east to Palmyra and Bagdad.

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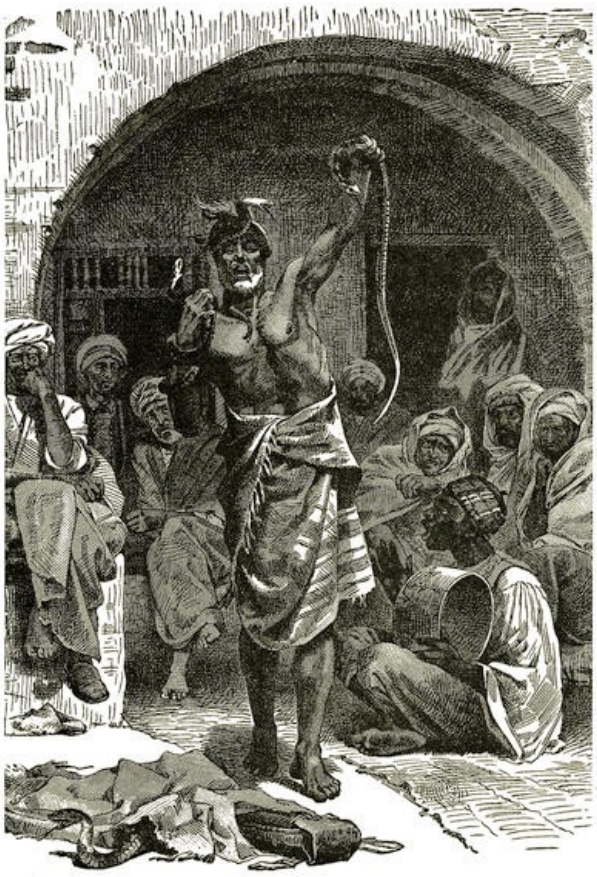
DANCING GIRL.

As often as one sees a night like this, and especially when one [342]
sees it near Dothan (the city of two wells), he thinks of the time when Jacob’s sons stripped Joseph of his coat of many colors, and cast him into the dry pit. And while yet on the plain of Dothan “they lifted up their eyes and beheld a company of Ishmaelites, with camels, going down to Egypt.”

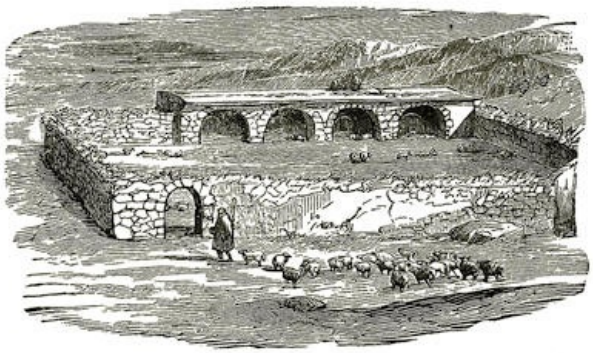
[343]



THE SNAKE CHARMER.

“Then there passed by Midianites, merchant-men, and they drew [344]
and lifted Joseph out of the pit, and sold him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver, and they brought Joseph into Egypt.” Around

me now are many money-loving Mohammedans, many cunning and crafty Jews, who, I think, would willingly sell their younger brothers for twenty pieces of silver, or ten pieces either. Yea, I have seen men in this country, and in my own country, too, who would gladly sell their souls for money. As in Joseph's day, so in ours, "the love of money is the root of all evil."



AN ANCIENT SHEEP FOLD.

Let us now return to the camp where the merchant-men spent the night. I spoke of the shepherds, of their tents and flocks. The herds, both sheep and goats, of different shepherds have been housed during the night in the same fold. At dawn of day the shepherds awake, and, unlike the thief and robber who climb up over the wall, they enter in by the door. Each shepherd putteth forth his own flock, counting them as they pass slowly out under his rod through the one doorway. As they pass out, the sheep and the goats are separated—the one being turned to the right hand, the other to the left. "Each shepherd calleth his sheep by name and leadeth them out. He goeth before them and his sheep follow him, for they know his voice." The sheep string one behind another, and as the [345]
shepherd, with his sling and leathern pouch filled with stones strapped about his shoulders, with a crook in one hand and a reed pipe in the other, leads his trusting flock out into the "green pastures and beside the still waters," he makes the welkin ring with his simple, artless melodies. Who could behold a scene like this without thinking of that robust shepherd lad who killed Goliath with his sling, and charmed Saul with his music? Yes, it was among the sheep, here on these purple hills of Judea, that David, the sweet singer of Israel, first learned those Hebrew melodies that have been sung around the world!

I have several times, on beautiful moonlight nights, seen shepherds out in the fields with their flocks under the star-lit sky. It must have been at a time like this that with upturned face David said: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

How forcibly does this remind one of the time when the angelic host undulated above the plains of Bethlehem crying: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace and good will to men." This has been a different world ever since that song fell upon the drowsy ear of night.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

A Man “Fell among Thieves”—The Way still Lined with Thieves—Guards Necessary—Across the Mount of Olives—Bethany and its Memories—David’s Flight from Jerusalem—“Halt! Halt!”—Seized with Terror—Splendid Horsemanship—“A Hard Road to Trabble”—Inn where the Good Samaritan Left the Jew—Brigands on the Way-side—Robbers and Guards in Collusion—Topography of the Country—Dangers and Difficulties—Perilous Places Passed—Plain of Jericho—Writhing in Agony—The City of Palms—Trumps of Joshua—Jericho in the Time of Herod—Iron-Fingered Fate—Jericho at Present—A Divine Region—Pool of Moses—Antony and Cleopatra.

I READ in my Bible that a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. When this announcement was made, I am sure that every ear was all attention, for the people naturally expected some startling revelation to follow. And why? Because the way was then, and is now, lined with thieves, insomuch that it would be impossible, to-day for any Frank (Arabs call white men Franks) to go unprotected from Jerusalem to Jericho without falling among thieves. This danger is recognized to such an extent that the government (the Turkish government of course) keeps a garrison of Turkish soldiers in Jerusalem, whose sole business is to conduct tourists to Jericho, to the Jordan, and over into Arabia. And the tourist is compelled to employ these government guards. Oh well, you are not legally bound, but if you go on this trip without these extra guards, and are killed on the way, you are not allowed to sue the government. But if you take the guards, and are killed, after you are buried you may sue the government twice, if you like. I am not easily frightened, myself, but I took the guards on Johnson’s account, for I saw plainly he did not want to die here. I honestly believe that it would almost kill Johnson to die anywhere! So with four government guards, all well-equipped with broad-swords, bowie-knives, and javelins, and all splendidly mounted, we start off for an Eastern trip. [347]

As we cross the Mount of Olives, a sacred feeling comes over us, for we know that every foot of this road was once familiar to our Divine Lord. It was here He prayed in the garden. It was here He was betrayed with a kiss. It was on this Mountain He cursed the fruitless fig-tree. It was from here, also, that He beheld and wept over the sinful city. Passing over the brow of Olivet, we come, on its eastern slope, to that sweet little village where Jesus often spent the night. Here He wept with the sisters who wept, and raised the brother who was dead. Ah! blessed household was that where Mary and Martha and Lazarus lived. Blessed household is that to-day, whose spiritual atmosphere is attractive to the Son of God. Oh, what a joyous time there must have been with those two sisters and their brother—“when the Lord to Bethany came!” Darkness fled at His approach. The shadows lifted when He came. O gentle reader, make your home a Bethany, and Jesus, who forsook the city for a quiet, country village, will take up His abode with you! He will weep with you when you weep. He will revive your hopes when they are buried.

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MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Continuing our journey eastward, we soon find ourselves in a deep and narrow ravine. The floor of this wady, or ravine, is twelve or fifteen feet wide, while its rocky sides lift themselves up very steeply for three or four hundred feet, getting wider and yet wider towards the top. I now turn to my Bible, and find that once upon a time David ruled and reigned in Jerusalem. But Absalom rebelled against his father and drove the King from the city. Fleeing towards Jericho, David passed through this ravine. Then Shimei, one of Absalom's servants, who was also one of the household of Saul, ran along on the edge of the precipice and cursed David, and rolled great stones down the steep bluff, trying to kill him, saying to him: "Come out, come out, thou bloody man, and thou man of Belial!" [349]

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AN ARAB HORSEMAN.

Passing on through this historic wady, we come now to where it opens wide its broad arms and forms a splendid valley of a hundred acres or more. "Halt! Halt!" cries one of the guards. "Halt!" Every horse is motionless. Every man is seized with terror. We expect the robbers to attack us at any moment. But we soon dismiss all hope on that line, for we see we are to be deprived of that privilege. Our guards simply want to exhibit to us their splendid feats of horsemanship. And ah me! how graceful they are. Each rider seems a part of his Arab horse. The guards rush at, and fight each other, to show us how skilled they are in this method of warfare, and how impossible it would be for us to resist, or escape from an attacking party of Bedouins. Each horse feels his keeping. He moves like a bundle of steel springs. It seems that he will leave the earth and fly through the air. These superb horses remind us of the beautiful story we have all read in the Arabian Nights, about those splendid Arabian mares that used to prance through the streets of Damascus, until break of day, and "then fly away towards Bagdad on enchanted carpets." [351]

Leaving here, the way is so rough that I can but say to my companions: "Pull off your coats, boys, pull off your coats, and roll up your sleeves, 'for Jordan am a hard road to trabble.'" No saying was ever more true: *Jordan am a hard road to travel*!

We are now stopped for luncheon at a Kahn, or inn, half way from Jerusalem to Jericho, about eleven miles from either place. Once more I read in my Bible that a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. The thieves beat the man, dragged him out to one side of the road, and left him for dead. But the Good Samaritan came along, took the poor Jew who had been beaten, put him on his donkey and carried him to an inn, and paid the inn-keeper to take care of him. Now, reader, what will you think when I tell you that I suppose I am stopping at the same inn

where the Good Samaritan left the unfortunate Jew? Let me take you into my confidence and tell you why I think so. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho is the same now that it was 2,000 years ago. We know this from the remains of the old Roman aqueduct along the roadside. There is only one fountain on this road, and that one is close by this Kahn. I take it that every Kahn, or hotel, must, of necessity, be built near some fountain. Now if the road was the same in our Lord's time as it is to-day, and if then, as now, there was only one fountain on the way, and if the inn, or Kahn, spoken of in the Bible was built by a fountain, then we are forced to the conclusion that it was near the spring from which we have just drunk.

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A BEDOUIN.

[353] Be this as it may, we can not tarry here; we must continue our eastward journey. About an hour after leaving the inn of Good Samaritan fame, we see several half-naked, ill-favored, hard-featured, cadaverous-looking Bedouins on the hillsides near the road. They are Brigands, highwaymen, and their very appearance is enough to make a civilized man shudder. They are wearing sandals. Their legs are wrapped with straw and bark of trees, which is tied on with rawhide strings. They have coarse, filthy clothes loosely drawn around the lower part of their bodies. Their arms and breasts and chins and cheeks are tattooed in figures of eagles and serpents and wild beasts. They are tall, lean, swarthy, snuff-colored, grim-visaged, wrinkled-browed, shaggy-haired, and fiery-eyed. Around each one is a leathern girdle, looped here and there with gay colored ribbons or rags. Each belt holds a bowie-knife and two horse-pistols, and supports a broad-sword suspended from it. In one [354] hand the Brigand holds a javelin, while the other grasps a long, single-barreled, flint-and-steel shot-gun. They live in the clefts of the rocks—in the dens and caves of the earth, and the cave-scent clings to them still.

These are the robbers against whom we have to be protected. They are numerous along this route, and I repeat that without the government guards it would be impossible to escape them. And yet our guards are a part and parcel of the same clan, who would have robbed us if we had not employed them. We pay the guards so

much, and it is a fact that they divide spoils with the Brigands! It is a kind of division of labor. The robbers infest the road, making the way dangerous, so that travelers will be compelled to employ protectors, and then the protectors and robbers share and share alike in the profits of the business. It is strange, and yet as true as strange, that the government itself is in league with highwaymen! A certain sheik, here, pays the Turkish government so much money each year for the privilege of robbing travelers! If Peter the Hermit could come forth from his tomb, he would speak these words in Europe: "where hearing would hatch them." I am sure that his words against the Turkish government would "murder as they fell." This is enough to arouse another "Crusade for Freedom in Freedom's Holy Land." "How long, O Cataline, wilt thou thus [355] continue to abuse our patience!"

The country has been dreary and the road rough from the beginning of the journey, but it grows worse as we continue. We now see nothing but a succession of deep gorges, stony ridges, and rocky peaks. Imagine a thousand tea-cups turned bottom upwards, separated by a thousand deep wadys and narrow ravines, the cups, some of them, rising to the height of several hundred feet, and the yawning chasms sinking to an enormous depth, and you have a picture of what now greets my eyes. I suppose that this mountain side once supported a luxuriant forest, and that afterwards it rewarded the yeoman's toil with abundant harvests. But ages ago the hillside ditches were neglected; hence gutters were formed, the soil was washed off, fertility gave way to barrenness, beauty to deformity. Of course the ravines have from age to age washed deeper and deeper, until now nothing is left but deep, winding chasms, bare and desolate hills. The road winds around here and there like a serpent. Now it hangs high on the bluff upon a narrow shelf of rock, which projects over the valley. Johnson and Hamlin dismount. They know that one false step would dash them to death. With more of daring than wisdom I shout to them:

"I wish your horses swift and sure of foot.
And so I do commend you to their backs."

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VIEW ON ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

We now descend into the valley, only to rise again, and skirt [357] along the bluff where the narrow road is cut into the rock.

But, praise the Lord, perilous places are past, and the scene changes. We pass out of the Wady Kelt, and lo, the broad valley, the sacred river, and the Salt Sea burst upon our vision! These things within themselves are not so attractive to the eye, but, compared with the hill-country behind us, they are as beautiful as "apples of gold in baskets of silver." For ten miles above the Dead Sea the Jordan valley is fourteen miles wide, and is divided by the river which flows through its centre. This part of the valley west of the river is called the Plain of Jericho, while that portion beyond the river is known as the Plain of Moab. So the valley, practically level, stretches out for seven miles on either side of the river. Then on either side of the river, seven miles from it, and parallel with it, there rises up a frowning wall of rock whose savage grandeur might well typify ruin and desolation. For ages the winter torrents have been coursing down their sides, until now they are seamed and furrowed, cut and scarred in every possible manner, and the mountains seem to writhe in pain and agony!

But we have left the hills. We are now in the valley, and here

before us, seven miles from the river, at the edge of the plain and at the base of the mountain, stands Jericho, old hoary-headed Jericho —"The City of Palm Trees." She is venerable, indeed! It was Jericho [358] that Moses looked down upon from the heights of Nebo. It was Jericho that furnished shelter to the "young men" who came from Israel's camp to "spy out the country." It was Jericho that Joshua first attacked "after crossing over the Jordan." Her fortifications then were strong, her walls high. Her people thought "Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn." But the bold spirit of Joshua was undaunted. It was God's to command and his to obey. He surrounded the city. He sounded the tocsin. The walls fell! Now, reader, let us realize that when God commands you or me to do anything, we should move forward though confronted by walls of adamant! What is opposition to us? We move in obedience to the behest of Him who could besiege a city with "trumps of Joshua," and route a host with the "lamps of Gideon!"

After Joshua's day, Herod the Great rebuilt the city on a grander scale than ever. Stately castles were erected, marble palaces arose on every hand. Great wealth was lavished upon the city. She was robed in rich apparel and decked with "rubies rare." Here Herod held high carnival. Here he ruled and reveled, and

> "All went merry as a marriage Bell."

But Time has dealt harshly with Jericho. Fickle Fortune has played her false. She has passed through all the vicissitudes of fortune. Iron-fingered Fate has torn off her royal robes, and she sits [359] to-day clad in sackcloth and ashes. "Gray lizards, those heirs of ruin, of sepulchres, and desolation, glide in and out among the rocks, or lie still and sun themselves. Where prosperity has reigned and fallen; where glory has flamed and gone out; where beauty has dwelt and passed away; where gladness was, and sorrow is; where the pomp of life has been, and silence and death brood in high places,—there this reptile makes his home and mocks at human vanity. His coat is the color of ashes, and ashes are the symbol of hopes that have perished; of aspirations that have come to naught; of loves that are buried. If he could speak he would say, 'Build temples: I will lord it in their ruins; build palaces: I will inhabit them; erect empires: I will inherit them; bury your beautiful: I will watch the worms at their work; and you who stand here and moralize over me: I will crawl over your corpse at last.'"

The locations of ancient and of modern Jericho are not exactly the same, though not far apart. The present village is inhabited by about 600 Arabs who are huddled together in less than seventy-five houses. Houses, did I say? They are unworthy of the name. They are wretched huts, constructed, for the most part, of rough, unhewn, undressed stone. As these stones are put together without the use of mortar, the walls are broad at the bottom, and get narrower and a little narrower towards the top, which is about six feet from the [360] ground. In each of the four corners of this rock pen, is driven a stake which is usually about eight feet high, or some two feet higher than the top of the wall. Long, straight poles reach from one stake to another, then other poles are placed like lattice work all across the top of the pen. A thick layer of grass and weeds and cane tops having been placed on these cross poles, dirt, or earth, is then piled up to a depth of from eighteen to twenty-four inches. Thus the roof is formed. The floor is more simple in its construction, as it is composed of the native earth or bare rock. Doors are simply gaps in the wall. Windows and chimneys are unknown, and indeed unnecessary—air-holes are abundant, and the smoke can escape anywhere. The rude houses are separated from each other, and the whole village is surrounded, by a low, rough hedge of dry, thorny bushes. This is a fair representation of the present architecture of Jericho. And the inhabitants are as lazy and trifling, as filthy and ignorant, as the huts they live in would naturally suggest. The children dress in sunshine, while the parents hide their nakedness with rags and loose wraps of cloth.

The Plain of Jericho, seven by ten miles in extent, was at one time, according to Josephus, "a divine region, covered with beautiful gardens, and groves of palms of all kinds, the whole splendidly watered." The water supply, no doubt, came then, as it comes now, from the Sultan's Spring, or, as it is sometimes called, the Spring of [361] Elisha. This bold and beautiful fountain bursts forth from the foot of the Judean hills some two miles from Jericho, and, flowing across the plain in a southwesterly direction, empties into the Jordan. From

the main channel, a large number of small streams flow out in different directions into the valley, and thus fructify a considerable portion of the plain. The half cultivated patches we find here now, though only partially irrigated, are exceedingly rich and productive. The climate in this valley is suitable to the growth of almost any tropical or warm-natured plant. But the meagre crops are confined to wheat, millet, tobacco, cucumbers, and beans. On this plain, near the Wady Kelt, through which we entered the valley, is a large stone reservoir, 471 feet by 564 feet, called the Pool of Moses. Going across the plain to this mammoth pool, is an old aqueduct which evidently supplied it, at one time, with water. Then smaller aqueducts carried the water to all parts of the valley. This pool, and these aqueducts, were probably built by Mark Antony just before he gave this region of country to Cleopatra, or by Herod the Great, whose base life was ended at Jericho in a fit of agony. By this means of irrigation the valley became what it might be made again—“the glory of the Jordan.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEYOND THE JORDAN.

Plain of Moab—Children of Israel—Moses's Request—Moab a Rich Country—Lawless Clans—A Traveler Brutally Murdered—A Typical Son of Ishmael—Dens and Strongholds—Captured by a Clan of Arabs—Shut up in Mountain Caves—Heavy Ransom Exacted—The Moabite Stone—Confirmation of Scripture—Machaerus—John the Baptist—Prison Chambers—Character of John—How to Gauge a Life—Hot-Springs—Herod's Visit—"Smell of Blood still"—Mount Nebo—Fine View—Life of Moses—From Egypt to Nebo—An Arab Legend—Death of Moses.

THE Plain of Moab, east of the Jordan, is, in character of soil and state of cultivation, very much like the Jericho plain described in the last chapter. The Plain of Moab is bounded on the east, as before stated, by a wall of rock which lifts itself up at some places almost perpendicularly, several hundred feet above the valley. From the top of this mountain ridge there stretches far away toward the east, a broad, elevated table-land, sloping gently as it recedes. This table-land is traversed here and there by deep wadys and narrow ravines, most of which have a general westwardly, direction, and empty their waters into the Jordan and Dead Sea. This goodly land of Moab is about fifty miles long by twenty broad, and this rolling plateau, though 3,200 feet above the sea level, is remarkably rich and well watered. The country only needs a wise head and an energetic hand to make these plains once more blossom as the rose. [363]

In order to enter the promised land, it was necessary for the Israelites to pass through this delightful region of country. Accordingly Moses "sent messengers unto Sihon, King of the Amorites, saying, Let me pass through thy land: we will not turn into the fields, or into the vineyards; we will not drink of the waters of the well: but we will go along by the king's highway, until we be past thy borders." A reasonable request this; but instead of granting it, "Sihon gathered all his people together" and went out to fight against Israel; went out to meet Moses and—death! Having routed the foe and possessed the land, Israel marched into Heshbon, the imperial city. Heshbon, now called Hasban, is situated among the hills of Moab, a little to the north, and about eight miles to the east, of the Dead Sea. The ancient city, as the present ruins clearly show, was situated on two high hills some distance apart, east and west from each other, and on the saddle connecting the two.

The inhabitants of this fair land ought to be gentlemen living like kings and princes. But instead of that they are separate, independent, and lawless clans or tribes of Arabs who live now, as in ancient times, not altogether, but chiefly, on plunder and the spoils of war. These clans east of the Jordan are now, and have always been, a curse to Palestine. Frequently at night they swoop down like eagles upon the inhabitants west of the river, rob them of their grain, and drive away their camels, their flocks and herds. This practice frequently becomes so common that the government is forced to protect the people by keeping an armed body of soldiers along the river. [364]

Lest the reader should think me unduly prejudiced against these sons of the desert, I here introduce a quotation from the "Desert of the Exodus." Be it remembered that this splendid work was written by Prof. E. H. Palmer, a member of the faculty of Cambridge University, England. Perhaps no man has lived during the present generation who knew more than he about Arab life and character. The fact that Prof. Palmer was afterwards brutally murdered by these people shows that his estimate of their character was correct and just. He says: "Robbery is not regarded by the Bedawin as in the least a disgraceful thing, but 'a man taketh his sword, and goeth his way to rob and steal' (Esdras IV., 23), with a profound feeling of conscious rectitude and respectability. Several plans have been tried, from time to time, to make him a respectable member of society, but have signally failed; missionaries have gone to him, and, so long as they could supply him with tobacco and keep open tent

for all comers, have found him sufficiently tractable. But they have made absolutely no impression upon him, after all. Indeed, the state of desert society has but little changed since the messenger came in [365] to the tent of Job, and said: 'The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword'" (Job I., 17).

"Agriculture might be made a means of improving the condition of the Arabs; indeed, the only other method of attaining this end would be to civilize them off the face of the earth altogether. By Arab I mean the Bedawi, the typical son of Ishmael, 'whose hand is against every man,' and who is as much hated and feared in the towns and villages of Central Arabia as in Palestine. Wherever he goes, he brings with him ruin, violence, and neglect. To call him a 'son of the desert' is a misnomer; half the desert owes its existence to him, and many a fertile plain from which he has driven its useful and industrious inhabitants becomes in his hands, like the 'South Country,' a parched and barren wilderness. He has a constitutional dislike to work, and is entirely unscrupulous as to the means he employs to live without it; these qualities (which also adorn and make the thief and burglar of civilization) he mistakes for evidences of thorough breeding, and prides himself accordingly upon being one of Nature's gentlemen." (pp. 240, 241, 243).

There are so many dens and caves and strongholds in the mountains of Moab that it would be next to impossible for the government to rid herself of these Arab clans. I am told that now, [366] and for many years past, the most powerful of all these lawless tribes is the one called Beni Sukrh, whose head quarters are the famous city and fortress of Kerak. This stronghold is situated on the banks and near the mouth of the river Arnon, which empties into the Dead Sea on the west side, and about fifteen miles from its north end. This clan some years ago captured Canon Tristram and party, and exacted from them a large sum of money as a ransom. In his "Land of Moab" Tristram has given a peculiarly striking description of the fortress Kerak, in which he, himself, was prisoner. It is built on an isolated rock which rises high in the air, and whose level summit is surrounded on all sides but the eastern by chasms from 800 to 1,000 feet deep, and 100 feet wide, with perpendicular sides. A well-built wall surrounds the brow of the precipice on all sides, and the only two places of entrance are through arches tunneled in the solid rock from the side of the precipice to the level within. These narrow and well-guarded entrances are approached by rock-hewn paths, barely wide enough for men or asses to walk on in single file. This is one of the most impregnable strongholds on earth. Gibraltar is not to be compared with it. In this citadel one could safely say:

> "I will not be afraid of death and bane
> Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane."

This is the Kir-Hareseth of Scripture, and here it was that Mesha, [367] King of Moab, took refuge after his army was destroyed by the combined forces of Israel, Judah, and Edom. These three kings cut Mesha's army to pieces, but they knew it was folly to besiege his castle. Coming to this, they gave up in despair and went home. After their departure, Mesha, filled with gratitude for the safety that this fortress afforded him, "took his eldest son, that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt offering upon the wall."

Probably it would be well in this connection to mention a celebrated stone that I saw in a museum in Paris. Do you ask, "Why introduce that stone here?" Because this is the proper place to introduce it. It is the famous Moabite Stone that was found among the ruins of Dhiban not many miles from this place. Dhiban (the Dibon of Scripture), situated on two hills, is now only a ruined village, although the numerous traces of buildings existing in the community indicate that it was once a flourishing town. In 1868 Rev. F. A. Klein, a missionary of the English church, while digging amid the rubbish of Dhiban, made the fortunate discovery. This basaltic rock, two by three feet in size, with one side covered by a Moabite inscription, has a strange history and tells a wonderful tale.

When the stone was discovered a great ado was made over it. The Prussian government sought and obtained permission to remove it. The Bedouin tribe in whose territory it was found was [368] offered an enormous sum of money to part with it. Indeed, the amount offered was so great that the Arabs thought the stone must

be of untold value. The news spread. Another tribe near by, hearing of the new-found stone and the great price offered for it, marched over and claimed it as their own. As about the “Slave Stone,” a quarrel and a war ensued between the tribes, during which many men were slaughtered on both sides. The Stone was broken, but afterwards the pieces were put together, and the inscription was translated.

“The inscription,” says Prof. Palmer, “commemorates the reign of a certain Mesha, King of Moab, and records the triumphs obtained by him over Israel in the course of a long and sanguinary struggle. It begins by setting forth his name and titles, and briefly recounts his successful effort to throw off the yoke of the King of Israel; then follows a list of bloody battles fought, of towns wrested from the enemy, and of spoil and captives fallen into his hands. For these conquests he returns solemn thanks to Chemosh, his god—‘the abomination of Moab’—and glories with a religious fervor, that sounds strangely to our ears, in having despoiled the sanctuary of Jehovah.”

The inscription concludes by setting forth the names of towns rebuilt or fortified by the Moabite king, of altars raised to Chemosh, of wells and cisterns dug, and other peaceful work accomplished. [369] This portion of the record is a most valuable addition to our knowledge of sacred geography; for the names, as given on the Moabite Stone, engraved by one who knew them in his daily life, are, in nearly every case, absolutely identical with those found in the Bible itself and testify to the wonderful integrity with which the Scriptures have been preserved. So far we have the history of King Mesha’s rebellion from his own Moabite point of view, and so far we read of nothing but his success; but, if we turn to 2 Kings III: 5-27, we may look upon the other side of the picture. In that passage we have a concise but vivid account of the rebellion and temporary successes against Israel of this same monarch. There we learn how the allied kings of Israel, Judah and Edom, went against the rebellious prince; how they marched by way of Edom, that is, round by the southern end of the Dead Sea; how they devastated the land of Moab, and drove their foeman to take refuge in his fortress of Kir-Haraseth, in Wady Kerak. The passage referred to above speaks of the author of the Dhiban inscription in the following terms:

“And Mesha, King of Moab, was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the King of Israel an hundred thousand lambs and an hundred thousand rams with wool.” (2 Kings III: 4). Here, again, the Bible receives fresh confirmation from geographical facts; Moab, with its extensive grass-covered uplands, is even now an essentially sheepbreeding country, although the “fenced cities and folds for [370] sheep,” of which mention is made in the Book of Numbers (XXXII: 36), are all in ruins. But in its palmier days, when those rich pastures were covered with flocks, no more appropriate title could have been given to the king of such a country than that he “was a sheep-master.”

In this same mountainous region, about six miles north of Kerak, near the head of a deep wady which empties into the Dead Sea, is situated Machaerus, where the head-man’s ax ended the earthly life of John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ. Machaerus, like Kerak, is a natural fortress—one of Nature’s strongholds. Josephus describes it as follows: “The nature of the place was very capable of affording the surest hopes of safety to those that possessed it, as well as delay and fear to those that should attack it; for what was walled in was itself a very rocky hill, elevated to a very great height, which circumstance alone made it very hard to be subdued. It was also so contrived by nature that it could not be easily ascended; for it is, as it were, ditched about with such valleys on all sides, and to such a depth, that the eye can not reach their bottoms, and such as are not easily to be passed over, and even such as it is impossible to fill up with earth. For that valley which cuts it on the west extends to three score furlongs; on the same side it was also that Machaerus had the tallest top of its hill elevated above the rest. But then for the valleys that lay on the north and south sides, although they be not [371] so large as that already described, yet it is in like manner an impracticable thing to think of getting over them; and for the valley that lies on the east side, its depth is found to be no less than a hundred cubits. It extends as far as a mountain that lies over against Machaerus, with which it is bounded. Herod built a wall round on top of the hill, and erected towers at the corners a hundred and sixty cubits high; in the middle of which place he built

a palace, after a magnificent manner, wherein were large and beautiful edifices. He also made a great many reservoirs for the reception of water, that there might be plenty of it ready for all uses" (Wars VI: 1-2).

Inside of this impregnable fortress, the traveler of to-day finds two prison chambers cut in the solid rock. These rock-hewn dungeons once echoed the tread, and resounded with the songs and prayers, of that strong-charactered and iron-willed man of God who came to prepare the way of the Lord—to make His paths straight! It makes one shudder to stand here amidst the solemn grandeur of these storm-beaten rocks, and contemplate the tragic history of this great man. A great man? Yes. It was John the Baptist who first had the courage to stand before his fellow-countrymen, and, looking them squarely in the face, say: "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." With stentorian voice he cried: "O, generation of vipers;" "the ax is laid at the root of the tree;" "God is able of these [372] stones to raise up children unto Abraham." "He that cometh after me shall baptize you with fire, He will thoroughly purge His floor and will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." It was John the Baptist who buried Christ the Lord in yonder rolling river. It was John the Baptist who pointed to Him and said: "Behold, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

I thank God for the life and character of John the Baptist who, after all the honors heaped upon him, could say, I am nobody—I am simply the *voice* of One crying in the wilderness. He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He must *increase* but I must *decrease*. Yes, John said that he was nobody—that he was only a *voice*, and yet Jesus says: "Among those born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist." Oh, to be *nobody*! Oh, to be only the *voice of Jesus*, calling men unto righteousness, and warning them to flee the wrath to come! Oh, that the writer and the reader of this chapter may "rise upon the stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things!" O, God, graciously grant, I pray thee, that both writer and reader may realize that the *magnitude of any life is to be determined by the distance of self from the centre*!

In the same chasm with Machaerus, and not far away, there is a group of ten hot springs bursting forth from the side of the wady one hundred feet or more from its rocky bed. Although in close [373] proximity to each other these springs vary in temperature from 130 to 142 degrees. According to Josephus, some of these fountains are bitter and others sweet. The waters are said to possess great medicinal properties and healing virtues. The maimed, the halt, and the blind resort hither in search of health. While living at Jericho, just before his death, Herod the Great, according to Josephus, came to these springs hoping to drown his disease. But the wicked, adulterous, murderous Herod was not so sick, I trow,

> "As he was troubled with thick-coming fancies
> That kept him from his rest."

Herod was a murderer; and wash his guilt away he never could. He might wash, and wash and wash, and cry: "Out, out damned spot!" But there was the "smell of blood still." He might have said as Macbeth afterwards did:

> "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

North of Machaerus, and not far from Heshbon, is Mt. Nebo from which Moses viewed the land of promise, and upon which, also, he breathed his last. This peak, as one would naturally suppose, commands a fine view of the surrounding country. For twenty miles to the south and southeast, one's eyes sweep over an elevated table- [374] land of unusual richness and beauty. The range of vision toward the rising sun extends to where the blue sky and the sandy desert meet. Looking westward one sees the valley of the Jordan, and traces the wanderings of the river from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea. Beyond the Jordan is the land of "milk and honey" that Moses was never allowed to enter. Moses came up hither from the plain of Moab, and the Lord showed him the country and said unto him, "This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it

with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

As the reader sits in his swinging hammock beneath the wide-spreading branches of some great oak and pronounces these words to a listening friend, they may sound light and trifling. But if he could stand here where I am, and lift his eyes from the sacred page and let them fall at once upon the surrounding hills and valleys, methinks these words would then each *weigh a pound*. I have never studied the life of any mortal man with the same degree of interest [375] that I now study the life and character of Moses. Probably it is all the more enjoyable because I have been down in Egypt where Moses was born. I have been sailing up and down the Nile where Moses once floated in the ark of bulrushes. As I sat in a boat on the broad bosom of that majestic river, and looked out upon its banks, I half-way imagined that I could see Moses's mother weaving the ark. Reader, would you know how that ark was made? Well, it was on this wise. Moses's mother took a bulrush, and a prayer, and faith, and a tear, and plaited them together. Then more faith, and tears, and bulrushes, and prayers, and plaited them together. When a mother has thus woven an ark, she can trustingly launch her babe upon any waters! And I am persuaded that if we, in our Christian work, would use more faith and tears and prayers and less bulrushes, it would be far better for our Redeemer's Kingdom.

I repeat that I have been in Egypt where Moses was born; on the Nile where he floated; to Pharaoh's court where he was educated; I have been out on the desert where Moses killed an Egyptian because he imposed upon a Hebrew. I then climbed to the top of the regal pyramid, and looked out over the land of Goshen where Israel served four hundred years in bondage. I followed Moses down to the Red Sea where he led Israel across. I looked up to the frowning brow of Sinai where Moses met God face to face, and talked with [376] him as man to man; where he reached up and received from the hand of God the tables of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments.

After following Moses around in the wilderness to some extent, I have come now to where his eyes were closed in death. The inhabitants of this country have no written history, but they know a great deal traditionally about the life and character of Moses. Many weird stories and beautiful legends concerning him have been handed down from generation to generation, and are as fresh in the minds of the people to-day as if he had died within the recollection of some now living. Frequently in these stories Scripture history and legendary lore are beautifully interwoven. For instance, the people here say that Moses with three million Jews had camped on the plain of Moab. And God said unto him, "Moses, get thee up into yonder mountain, and I will show thee from thence the land of promise." When God spake Moses obeyed—he started at once. Standing high upon the mountain side he looked back upon the tabernacle and the tents of Israel. The people followed him with their prayers and blessings. He paused, looked back at his brethren, and waved them a last adieu, as if to say,

> "Fare thee well, and if forever,
> Still forever fare thee well."

Then with his face turned toward the mountain top, and his heart [377] lifted to heaven, he continued his onward, upward journey, climbing higher and higher, until after a while there was nothing at all above him save eagles, and stars, and God. Away up here above the earth Moses saw two men—two angels in the form of men, and said unto them, "Brethren, what are you doing?" "We are digging a grave, sir." "For whom are you digging the grave?" "We know not for whom it is. God told us to dig it, and we are simply doing His bidding. And, Moses," they continue, "the man for whom we are digging this grave is the best creature in all the earth—God loves him well. He is just about your size, and, Moses, we do not know whether this grave is long enough and deep enough. Will you please lie down here and measure it for us?" Moses responded, "Yea, brethren, if you request it." "We do request it." So Moses lay down to measure the grave for them, and they stooped over and kissed him to sleep, and Moses was dead.

These people have other legends about Moses as pathetic and beautiful as the one just given. But we have seen enough to know that

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the Angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

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"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun—

"Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

"This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

"And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

"In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought—
[379]
Before the Judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

"Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
Oh, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways we can not tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well."

If we would learn a lesson from the life and character of this great man, let it be this: In all things we are to obey God, both in the spirit and the letter of the law, remembering that for *one disobedience Moses was not allowed to enter the promised land*.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE JORDAN.

Two Thoughts—From Nebo to the River—Thrilling Emotions—Historic Ground—A Sacred Scene—An Earnest Preacher—Christ Baptized—Awe-Stricken People—A Sacred River—Bathing of Pilgrims—Robes Become Shrouds—The Ghor of the Jordan—The Valley an Inclined Plane—The Three Sources of the River—The Jordan Proper—Banks—Tributaries—Bridges—River Channel—Velocity of the Water—Its Temperature—Its Width and Depth—Vegetation along the Stream—Wild Beasts—Birds.

I AM now, as never before, impressed with this thought; that God's plans and purposes never depend upon any one man. When Moses was no more, Joshua took up, and carried on to completion, his unfinished work. We also have here a beautiful example of how the labors of God's servants are interlinked with each other. Moses liberated Israel from Egyptian bondage, but it was left for Joshua to lead them into the promised land. Forty years they had wandered in the wilderness, warring with the different tribes through whose territory they had passed; forty years they had been miraculously fed with manna; forty years they were guided by a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night,—but at last the gladsome day came when they were to exchange the stony wilderness for the land that flowed with milk and honey. There was joy in the camp. With happy hearts and strong hands, three million Hebrews folded their tents and marched side by side, shoulder to shoulder, to the river's brink. And I am sure that while there they sang in spirit, if not in letter:

"On Jordan's stormy banks we stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where our possessions lie."

THE RIVER JORDAN WHERE IT IS SUPPOSED CHRIST WAS BAPTISED.

[381] It is well to walk in the footsteps of great men; so having followed Moses out of Egypt, let us now follow Joshua into Canaan. Leaving Nebo's summit, and coming down on the north side of the mountain, we find at its base a bold spring which bears the name of the great law-giver. Around this spring of Moses the hosts of Israel, it is supposed, pitched their tents. Still following Joshua, we soon find ourselves standing on the banks of the Jordan. Ah, sacred river! How it thrills me to be here! "Thy banks, winding in a thousand graceful mazes, are fringed with perpetual verdure; thy pathway is cheered with the sight and song of birds, and by thy own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy. There is a pleasure in the green-wooded banks, seen far along the sloping valley; a tracery of life, amid the death and dust that hem thee in, so like some trace of gentleness in a corrupt and wicked heart."

[382] I have crossed many important streams. I have been on the Rio Grande; I have sailed up and down the Mississippi and the Ohio, the Hudson and the St. Lawrence; I have sailed on the Thames through London; on the Seine through Paris; on the Tiber through Rome; on the Rhine through Germany; on the Danube through all western

Europe; and the Nile through Egypt,—and yet I freely acknowledge that I was never so moved by any stream as by the sight of this historic river. It was the Jordan that divided and let the children of Israel pass over on dry ground. It was the Jordan whose waters cleansed Naaman of his leprosy. It was the Jordan whose stream floated an ax at the prophet's command. It was the Jordan, also, on whose banks another prophet stood and preached repentance, and in whose waters he buried Christ in baptism. John the Baptist was a man after my own heart. He came on the stage of action filled and fired with a purpose. He was conscious of a commission from God. He believed, therefore he spoke; and, as he spoke, the people left their homes and hovels in Jerusalem, Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and flocked to hear him.

Reader, we are on historic ground. Stand here with me on the banks of the stream, and let us behold a sacred scene together. The river here makes a graceful curve towards the east, and is at this point about fifty yards or one hundred and fifty feet wide. The western bank, on which we stand, is low and level, not more than eighteen inches or two feet above the surface of the river, and gently slopes down to the water. The opposite bank is a wall of rock, [383] rising up perpendicularly for eighteen or twenty feet, then receding beautifully in a terrace, another terrace, and another one still. Terraces rise above and beyond each other like seats in an opera-house. These terraces gracefully stretch themselves along the rocky bluff of this river for two hundred yards or more, until at least a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand people could be so seated along the terraced bluff as to look down upon its watery surface. Let us in our imagination re-people all these terraces with the Jews of old, with their quaint, Eastern costumes, with their hard faces and beaming eyes. There they sit, rising tier above tier.

Now on this low bank, not far from us, stands the preacher in the midst of a great concourse of people. Every ear is all attention, every eye is on the preacher. See! his bosom heaves, his face glows, his eyes sparkle, his words burn. His sentences strike, swift and glittering, like lightning flashes midst the roll of judgment-day thunders. Terrors of the day of wrath roll over his hearers as the foremost thought; sounds of hope break in, like soft music, to keep the contrite from despair. The moral world seems to shake. The people realize as never before their sin, their guilt, their need of a Savior. In their hearts they want, they yearn for, the promised Messiah.

Now, lifting his eyes above the motley multitude, John beholds a strange personage coming towards him. Rough and rugged, bold [384] and heroic, John is not a man to shrink from his fellows. He is no reed to be shaken by the wind. But, see! he trembles as the stranger approaches. Spiritual greatness wears a kingly crown which compels instant reverence. John, a moment ago as bold as a lion, is now as meek as a lamb. Shrinking from the new-comer he says, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" Jesus, answering, said unto him, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."

Then leading Jesus down into the river he baptizes Him; and immediately the heavens are opened, the Spirit of God, like a dove, descends and lights upon Him. There is the Son with the Spirit resting upon His head, and, lo! a voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." The vast multitude who witness this strange sight are deeply moved. They are profoundly impressed. What means this strange baptism, this descent of the Spirit, this voice of God? What means it all? Who is this new-comer? John answers by pointing to Jesus and saying, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." As if to say, "This is He of whom Moses and the prophets did write—of whom I have told you, and before whom every earthly monarch shall bow." This day have the people witnessed one of the most wonderful events in the history of the world—a direct manifestation of the Triune God. There has this day begun an agitation and stir among the people [385] that shall end in a tragedy on Calvary.

These scenes have made the Jordan a sacred river. From the days of Constantine, to bathe or to be baptized in this river has been regarded a great privilege. We are told that "in the sixth century, marble steps led down into the water on both sides, at the spot where it is believed our Lord was baptized, while a wooden cross rose in the middle of the stream." Nor has reverence for this river diminished. On the contrary, it seems to have increased. Each year,

during the week preceding Easter Sunday, thousands and thousands of people, from all parts of the world, assemble in Jerusalem and pitch their tents on the surrounding hills. They continue to come until the hills round about Jerusalem look like one far-reaching city of many-colored tents.

Easter Sunday, with its strange ceremonies and joyous songs, is over. Monday morning, bright and early, there is great bustle and confusion in the camp. Every tent is folded. Camels, mules, and donkeys are packed ready for travel. The people mount—sometimes whole families of five or six on one camel. Some of the number stride the animal, while others are suspended in baskets which are tied together and hang on either side. Leaving Jerusalem, the pilgrims, in one great caravan, under the protection of the Turkish government, start out for the "Sacred River." The Kedron valley and the side of the Mount of Olives are filled with inhabitants of [386] Jerusalem and the surrounding villages, who have come out to see the annual procession pass. On they go, an escort of Turkish soldiers with a white flag and sweet music leading the way. Then come camels and asses laden with pilgrims of every age and condition, of every clime and country, clad in costumes of every variety of cut and color, while a second group of soldiers, with the green standard of the prophet, closes the long procession.

As the shadows of evening begin to fall, the pilgrims pitch their tents by Elisha's Fountain in the plain of Jericho. At night the whole plain is dotted with cheerful camp-fires. Gathering here, in groups of two or three hundred, the people engage with great enthusiasm in a weird kind of ceremony which is to prepare them for the next day. At a late hour they fall asleep.

The scene that follows their waking is vividly described by Lieut. Lynch of the U. S. Navy. He says: "At 3 A.M., we were aroused by the intelligence that the pilgrims were coming. Rising in haste, we beheld thousands of torchlights, with a dark mass beneath, moving rapidly over the hills. Striking our tents with precipation, we hurriedly removed them and all our effects a short distance to the left. We had scarce finished, when they were upon us:—men, women, and children, mounted on camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, rushed impetuously by toward the bank. They presented [387] the appearance of fugitives from a routed army.

"Our Bedawin friends here stood us in good stead;—sticking their tufted spears before our tents, they mounted their steeds and formed a military cordon around us. But for them we should have been run down, and most of our effects trampled upon, scattered and lost. In all the wild haste of a disorderly rout, Copts and Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, from Africa, and from far-distant America, on they came; men, women and children, of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume; talking, screaming, shouting, in almost every known language under the sun.

"Mounted as variously as those who had preceded them, many of the women and children were suspended in baskets or confined in cages; and, with their eyes strained toward the river, heedless of all intervening obstacles, they hurried eagerly forward, and dismounting in haste and disrobing with precipitation, rushed down the bank and threw themselves into the stream. Each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times, below the surface, in honor of the Trinity; and then filled a bottle, or some other utensil, from the river. The bathing-dress of many of the pilgrims was a white gown with a black cross upon it.

"In an hour they began to disappear; and in less time than three [388] hours the trodden surface of the lately crowded bank reflected no human shadow. The pageant disappeared as rapidly as it had approached, and left to us once more the silence and the solitude of the wilderness. It was like a dream. An immense crowd of human beings, said to be 8,000, but I thought not so many, had passed and re-passed before our tents, and left not a vestige behind them."

These pilgrims come in such haste and confusion that frequently some of their number are drowned. And yet so great is the fanatical enthusiasm of the crowd that little or no concern is awakened by the ill-timed death of the unfortunates. The usual bathing-dress is a long, loose-flowing, white gown. After bathing, the pilgrims carefully fold up these robes, thus consecrated, and carry them home with them to far-distant lands, in different parts of the world, and use them as burial-shrouds.

I have never seen a better place for bathing and swimming. From the west side one wades down into the river, getting deeper and deeper the farther he goes from the bank. When about half way across, the water becomes too deep for wading, and close to the eastern bank it is so deep that one can hardly dive to the bottom. One finds water any depth from two to twelve feet. The bottom, being composed of sand and smooth rock, is all that could be desired. We are so delighted to be here that we hardly know how to [389] leave. We remain, day after day, reading, fishing, swimming. We catch several messes of sweet, fresh fish, and fry and eat them on the banks of the stream.

Having spoken somewhat at length about that place in the Jordan where it is supposed, with reasonable certainty, the Savior was baptized, and which is also the bathing-place of the pilgrims, I now proceed to describe the river from one end to the other. But, before speaking of the river proper, I desire to say something concerning the Ghor, or *valley*, of the Jordan.

Beginning at the upper end of the Dead Sea, the Jordan valley extends one hundred and ten miles directly northward. It varies from three to ten miles in width, and has an average width of six miles. Now this valley, one hundred and ten miles long and six miles wide, is shut in on the east and west by great walls of rock. The eastern bluff is bolder than the one on the west—that is, it is more nearly perpendicular. It is also more regular as to altitude, the height ranging probably from 1,800 to 2,000 feet. The western wall, though less regular than the other, is sometimes as precipitous, and has some peaks that are as high, if not higher.

The entire valley is very deep, its northern end being 700 feet lower than the Mediterranean, while its southern end is 600 feet lower still. The whole valley is therefore one vast inclined plane, sloping from north to south. Through this valley, somewhat nearer [390] to the eastern than to the western side, the Jordan winds its serpentine path.

The river has its source in three bold springs near the upper end of the valley. One of these springs bursts forth from the side of Mt. Hermon, 2,200 feet *above* the Mediterranean. A second strong spring gushes out from under a bold rock-cliff at Caesarea Philippi. These two springs are on the eastern side of the valley, while the third, which is of itself a small river, issues from the foot of the western hills, near the city of Dan. All of these fountains are large and beautiful. All of them send forth copious streams of fresh and sparkling water. Any one of them could run a half dozen mills, or factories, or irrigate the whole valley. These crystal waters, after flowing gently, and sometimes rushing madly, along their separate courses, unite for the first time in the little Lake of Huleh, or the waters of Merom, as it is often called.

Huleh, about two by four miles square, is in the southern end of an exceedingly rich and fertile plain. In this plain, and around these waters, Joshua had some of his hardest-fought battles. Leaving this lake, the waters flow rapidly through a narrow, rocky gorge for eleven miles, and then empty into the Sea of Galilee, which is, in round numbers, 700 feet *lower* than the surface of the Mediterranean. Remember, one spring came out from Hermon’s side 2,200 feet above the Mediterranean. In the short distance of thirty-six miles, therefore, the waters have fallen 2,900 feet!

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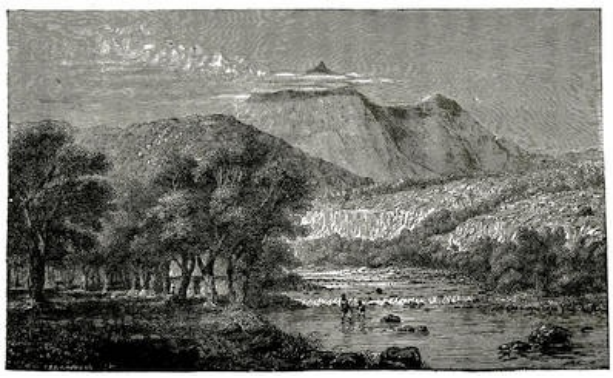

A FORD OF THE JORDAN.

The Jordan proper is the stream connecting the Sea of Galilee [392]

and the Dead Sea. These seas are only sixty-five miles apart; but the river, as if reluctant to enter that bitter Sea of Death, winds and twists so like a serpent that the water, in going from one sea to the other, flows two hundred miles, and empties at last into the Dead Sea, 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean!

The Jordan has three sets of banks, which are marked with more or less distinctness according as the hills approach near to, or recede from, the river. Ordinarily, of course, the stream is confined within the lower banks. But during the annual rise the water overflows these lower banks, and spreads out over the valley between the second terraces, or banks. No important tributaries are received from the west; but the Hieromax and the Jabbok, each a small river, empty into the Jordan from the east. The river is crossed by four well-known fords; one just below the Sea of Galilee, another just above the mouth of the Jabbok. The third and fourth are respectively above and below the pilgrim's bathing-place, which is about two and a half miles north of the Dead Sea. No bridge spans the river at present, but the remains of old Roman bridges may still be seen at some of the fords.

In some places, the channel of the river is shut in by rock banks, steep and precipitous. At others, the banks are of sand, or rich [393] earth, and rise only a few feet above the surface of the water. Sometimes one bank is a bold rock cliff, rising abruptly, while the other slopes gently up from the river, and stretches out to join the fertile plain.

Since the Jordan has its source in a fountain bursting out of a mountain side 2,200 feet above the Mediterranean, and since it empties into the Dead Sea 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean, a great many people falsely conclude that the river must, of necessity, be very swift. I grant that this seems a strong argument. Think of a river 136 miles long having a fall of 3,500 feet! The natural supposition is that such a stream would be exceedingly swift. But not so. The facts will not bear out the supposition. To be swift, a stream must have not only a great fall, but it must have, also, a comparatively straight channel. The Jordan is probably the most crooked river on earth. In a space of sixty-five miles of latitude, and five or six miles of longitude, it traverses at least two hundred miles. In some places, to be sure, the current is swift, as there are thirty or more falls, or rapids, in the Jordan. Some of these are quite marked, while others are less so. While near these falls, the stream is swift. In other places the water is deep, and moves sluggishly.

In speaking of the velocity of the water, it might be well to mention that a few years ago Lieut. Lynch, under appointment of [394] the United States government, navigated the river from one end to the other. He met with many difficulties and some dangers. Shooting the rapids was perilous work. One of his boats was dashed against the rocks and went to pieces. Lieut. Lynch's official report to the United States Navy department is the fullest, most accurate, and reliable description of the Jordan that has ever been published in this country.

Again. Inasmuch as the Jordan rises in the mountains, and is constantly fed by the melting snows of Hermon, some philosophical students have argued that the water must necessarily be very cold at all times. But a few facts are worth a cartload of theories. And, as a matter of fact, the water of the Jordan is not cold, except during the winter season; and even then the temperature is by no means low. I bathed in the Jordan repeatedly; once as late as the Fifteenth of December, and the water was even then of a delightful temperature for bathing.

The river valley is so deeply depressed that scarcely a breath of air is felt during the hot season. On this point, Dr. Geikie says: "The heat of the Jordan plains is very great in summer, and oppressive even in spring; while in autumn it becomes very unhealthy for strangers. In May, the thermometer ranges from about 86 degrees in the early forenoon to over 100 degrees in the beginning of the afternoon, standing, even in the shade, at over 90 degrees." The annual mean temperature of the lower Jordan valley is between 70 and 75 degrees Fahrenheit. From the above facts, the reader will readily see that it is quite impossible for a stream flowing through this valley ever to reach a very low temperature.

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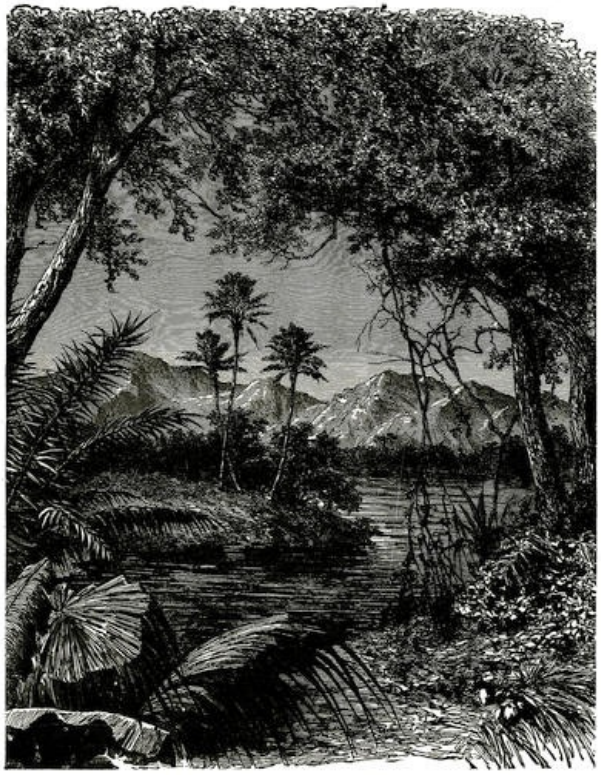

VIEW IN THE VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

The stream is from seventy-five to three hundred feet wide, and [396]
probably has an average depth of six and a half feet, or more, even during the dry season. At some places, however, the depth is much greater than this. Here and there, islands, robed in garments of living green, and decked with flowers of every hue, float, fairy-like, upon the bosom of the river.

The terraces along the river are frequently one mass of vegetation. The weeping-willow grows on the banks, and dips her flowing tresses in the sacred stream. As one follows the windings of the historic river, his way is continually cheered by the gushing sound of some crystal rivulet, by the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, by the sight and song of birds. The tangled vine, the matted cane, the thick-growing forest trees of considerable size, and a great variety of undergrowth, form a general rendezvous for wild animals, and a perfect paradise for birds. Hyenas, tigers, wild boars, and bears abound here, especially on the eastern side of the river. Here hawks, herons, pigeons, ducks, doves, and swallows build their nest and raise their young. Here also the bulbul and the nightingale sing their songs of praise.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DEAD SEA.

A Wonderful Body of Water—Receives 20,000,000 Cubic Feet of Water per Day—Has no Outlet—Never Fills Up—In the Sea—Johnson's Suggestion as to my Identity—Why One Cannot Sink—"Salt Sea"—Caught in a Storm—Danger of Death—Dreary Waste—Sea of Fire—Johnson's Argument—New-Born Babe—Child Dies—Lot's Wife—Her Past History and Present Condition—The Frenchman's Book—Why the Sea is so Salt—Why it Never Fills Up—Sown with Diamonds—Origin of the Dead Sea—God's Wrath—The Sodom Apple—The Sea an Emblem of Death.

THE Dead Sea is, in many respects, the most wonderful body of water known to history. It is the lowest body of water on earth. Its surface is 1,300 feet lower than the surface of the Mediterranean, though the two seas are only sixty-five miles apart. It receives 6,000,000 tons, or 20,000,000 cubic feet, of water each day; and, while it has no possible outlet, it never fills up. It is no fuller now than it was a thousand years ago. This Sea of Death is wonderful for another reason. While it is forty-six miles long, thirteen miles wide, and while the water is 1,310 feet deep, I can walk across it and never get wet above my waist! I walk out into the sea for a mile or more—I walk not on the water, but in it. I fold my hands across my breast, stretch them out over the water, or lock them over my head, as I choose. I try to sink and can not. I never felt so much like a gourd in all my life. I sit down upon the water [398] like a feather-bed. When tired I lie down. Some men lie when they stand up; but when I lie I am prostrated. I lie on the water, roll over, kick my feet in the air,—but all my attempts at sinking meet with an inglorious failure. Johnson says a man who will not sink in clear water must be of little weight in the world. Determined to make one more effort, I climb to a projecting rock from which I plunge head foremost into the sea. A moment later I am tossed into the air like a cork. Again I strike the water, and again rebound. I am, seemingly, about as heavy on the stomach of the Dead Sea as Jonah was on the stomach of a live whale. He was spewed up—so am I.

Coming up out of the water I find myself completely covered with a thin crust of salt. I hardly know who I am. Johnson suggests that I may be Lot's wife. One thing is sure; I have a better complexion—at any rate I am whiter now than ever before. Johnson asks why it is that one can not sink in the Dead Sea. The specific gravity of the water is very great. This, of course, makes the water very buoyant, and renders it impossible for one to sink. The extra weight of the water is caused by the great amount of salt in the sea. It is a much easier matter to swim in the ocean than in a running stream, because the former is salt and, therefore, buoyant. This is true, notwithstanding the fact that only four per cent of ocean water is salt. Four per cent is enough to make the ocean very salt and [399] buoyant. But of the Dead Sea water twenty-six to twenty-eight per cent is salt. It has, therefore, six or six and a half times as much salt as the same amount of ocean water has. Then how great its specific gravity! How buoyant its waters! How impossible to sink!

THE DEAD SEA.

This is sometimes called the “Salt Sea,” and, while the name is quite brackish, it is not at all inappropriate; for, as has been said, “the water is a nauseous compound of bitters and Salts.” When I stiffen myself and stretch out on the waters, about half of my person remains above the surface. The water produces something of a stinging sensation; not severe enough, however, to be especially objectionable, unless you should chance to get some of it in your eyes. The buoyancy of the water makes its navigation both difficult and dangerous. Lieut. Lynch, in the following lines, gives us a vivid description of his experiences on this Sea of Death. [400]

“A fresh northwest wind was blowing as we rounded the point. We endeavored to steer a little to the north of west, to make a true west course, and threw the patent log overboard to measure the distance; but the wind rose so rapidly that the boats could not keep head to wind, and we were obliged to haul the log in. The sea continued to rise with the increasing wind, which gradually freshened to a gale, and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands and faces; and while it conveyed a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes. The boats, heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first; but when the wind freshened in its fierceness, from the density of the water, it seemed as if their bows were encountering the [401] sledgehammers of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea. The wind blew so fiercely that the boats could make no headway, and I began to fear that both boats would founder. Finding that we were losing every moment, and that, with the lapse of each succeeding one, the danger increased, kept away for the northern shore, in the hope of being yet able to reach it; our arms, our clothes and skins coated with a greasy salt; and our eyes, lips, and nostrils, smarting excessively. How different was the scene before the submerging of the plain, which was ‘even as the garden of the Lord!’

“But, although the sea had assumed a threatening aspect, and the fretted mountains, sharp and incinerated, loomed terrific on either side, and salt and ashes mingled with its sands, and foetid sulphurous springs trickled down its ravines, we did not despair: awe-struck, but not terrified; fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best, we prepared to spend a dreary night upon the dreariest waste we had ever seen.”

The foreign substance in the water gives it a peculiar appearance at night. Under the influence of a full moon, the sea has a strikingly bright and beautiful phosphorescent glow. The breakers dashing against the rocks, and beating against the shore, look like waves of consuming fire. The whole scene resembles a restless, turbulent sea of flame vainly trying to devour the very rocks that mark its limits! Going around the sea next morning, the rock-bound coast, and the bleak desolate hills around, look as though they might have been scorched with fire the night before.

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LOT’S WIFE.

In seeking for a satisfactory explanation of why this water is so salt, Johnson argues thus; “Sodom and Gomorrah once stood at the north end of this sea. From here Lot fled with his family when the cities were destroyed. On one of the surrounding hills Lot’s wife was standing, when she disobediently looked back and was immediately turned into a pillar of salt.” Johnson becomes more and more animated as he contemplates the subject and expresses his views. [403]

His face is radiant with gladness, and his soul is all aglow with emotion, as he closes with this sentence: “Now, Whittle, since Mrs. Lot was turned to a pillar of salt upon one of these hills, we may safely account for the present salty condition of the water simply by supposing that she has melted and run back into the sea.” This thought was born in Johnson’s brain, and he nurses it with all the love and passionate fondness that characterize the young mother as she tenderly caresses her new-born babe.

It is therefore with sincere regret that I raise the golden hammer of truth to break the young child’s head, but the false theory must die. I say, “Johnson, come with me.” Going around on the east side, not far from the north end, of the Dead Sea, we come to a broad shelf of rock, probably 1,000 feet above the water. Arriving at the [404] edge of this stone table, and pointing to a colossal statue of salt-rock standing on its centre, I say, “Johnson, your theory is not true. Mrs. Lot has not melted; for, behold, she still stands!” This famous pillar is a slender, isolated needle of salt-rock, thirty or thirty-five feet high. This, we are told, is *actually Lot’s wife*. And I readily see how a man with a diseased imagination could fancy this a woman; for, as Professor Palmer remarks, “It does really bear a curious resemblance to an Arab woman with a child upon her shoulders.” The rock lifts itself up solitary and alone, something like a giantess, wearing tattered garments and disheveled hair, while her furrowed face is slightly turned over her left shoulder, as though she were still looking back on the desolate plain where the ill-fated cities once stood.

The Arabs point to this pillar as Lot’s wife. M. de Saulcy has written very ingeniously to prove that it really and truly is Lot’s wife. And, to do the Frenchman justice, I should add that he really did prove it—to his own satisfaction. I dare say, however, that he utterly failed to convince any of his readers. There have been men in all the ages who found in this pillar, or some other one like it, the veritable Mrs. Lot. Josephus relates the Scriptural incident of Lot’s wife being turned into salt, and then says of the pillar of salt: “I have seen it, and it remains to this day.” Clement of Rome, Irenaeus, and Leland all speak of Lot’s wife still standing as a pillar of salt. One [405] says she still “retains her members entire,” and another says that as fast as any part of this pillar is washed away, it is supernaturally restored. That Lot’s wife disobeyed God, and was forthwith turned into a pillar of salt, I do not doubt. That this pillar of salt will ever be located and identified, I have no hope.

Let us again recur to the question, “Why is this sea so salt?” Around the east side and southern end of the sea, the whole country seems to be composed largely of salt. “The salt hills run round for several miles nearly east and west, at a height of from three hundred to four hundred feet, level atop, and not very broad; the mass being a body of rock-salt, capped with a bed of gypsum and chalk. Dislocated, shattered, furrowed into deep clefts by the rains, or standing out in narrow, ragged buttresses, they add to the weird associations of all around. Here and there, harder portions of the salt, withstanding the weather while all around them melts and wears off, rise up as isolated pillars. In front of the ridge, the ground is strewn with lumps and masses of salt, through which streamlets of brine run across the long muddy flat towards the beach, which itself sparkles in the sun with a crust of salt, shining as if the earth had been sown with diamonds.”

A sea whose bed and beach are salt would naturally be brackish, even if it had an outlet. During the rainy season this sea has [406] probably a thousand tributaries, all of which bring in more or less salt. It is always receiving salt. Bear in mind the fact that this Sea of Death has no outlet. All of the water is taken up by evaporation. In midsummer the heat around it is fearful to contemplate. The rays from the noon-day’s sun are almost like streams of fire. The heat is simply intense. The water vaporizes, is taken up into the air, and is there condensed and poured out in showers of rain on the parched hills around, to revive the vigor of vegetation. As Thompson would say, “The clouds pour their garnered fullness down.” Of course the sun takes up only the oxygen and hydrogen, leaving all salt and other impurities behind. Hence the sea never fills up; hence also the water that is left behind is becoming more and more salt as the years pass by.

Just a word about the origin of the Dead Sea. It is currently believed, and I think with good reason, that at one time there was an unbroken body of water, not very deep, extending from the

southern end of the Dead Sea, up through what is now known as the Ghor or valley of the Jordan, to the base of Mount Hermon, a distance of some two hundred miles. The volcanic fires, which were then raging, and the effects of which are still to be seen, consumed the material underlying the southern end of what was then the vast sea. All at once, during the fierce rumblings of an earthquake, and [407] the sudden outburst of a volcano, there was a tremendous cleaving and lowering of the crust of the earth. Thus was formed, it is supposed, the great rock-hewn basin, or deep depression, which we now call the Dead Sea, and whose bottom is 4,000 feet lower than the surface of the Mediterranean.

This great natural cavity, forty-six miles long, and thirteen miles wide, was so very deep, and had such an enormous capacity, that it drank up or drained off most of the water that formerly extended to the foot of Hermon. So instead of one vast sea, two hundred miles in length, as it then was, we now have Lake Huleh, the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, lying in a straight line, directly north and south, the three joined to each other by the river Jordan. There are many evidences to show that the Jordan valley was once covered with water—that it was once the bed of a great sea.

Yes, the Dead Sea was evidently caused by some fearful convulsion of nature. It is, indeed, a bitter Sea of Death. It is a perpetual emblem of God's avenging wrath! No living thing inhabits these waters. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a blade of grass, grows on, or near, the beach. Here and there crystal rivulets attempt to bring life down to the water's edge, but a few hundred yards from the sea Death meets Vegetation and says: "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther." The thing that grows nearest to the water's edge is what is known as the Sodom apple, or Dead Sea [408] apple. The bush is about as high as my head, the apples grow in clusters. When ripe, they are red, and about the size of an apricot or a peach. The apple has nothing in it but seed and air. It pops when crushed. Hence the old saying that it turns to ashes on the lips.

Again I say this sea is a fit emblem of Death. Its water is bitter, and destitute of life. It is locked in by fire-scorched and storm-beaten rocks. Above it are a fierce sun and a brazen sky. Silence reigns supreme. As the traveler walks around the sea, his shadow is the only moving thing he sees. If he chances to be attracted by the song of a bird, or by a crow flying over the water, it is only that the contrast may make death and silence all the more impressive. Here is a sea whose hollow fruit is ashes, whose miasmatic breath is poison, whose moonlit waves are fire, and whose significant name is Death!

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

TWO RUSSIAN PILGRIMS, OR A PICTURE OF LIFE.

A Steep Mountain—Rough Base—Beautiful Summit—Russian Pilgrims —Journey up Mountain—Life's Hill—Courage in Heart—Marriage Altar—Long Pilgrimage—Star of Hope.

NEAR the north end of the Dead Sea, there rises up, towards the west, a mountain steep and high. The base of this mountain is hideously rough. Chasms and pitfalls are numerous. Loose rocks and boulders are scattered promiscuously around, while thorns, thistles, and cactus plants everywhere abound. Higher up the mountain there are not so many pitfalls; the rocks and boulders are fewer and smaller, and the thorns and thistles are by no means so numerous. Here is a sprig of growing grass, and yonder is a cluster of opening flowers. Straggling olive trees are occasionally seen. In climbing the mountain, one finds that the roughness gradually ceases, while the grass, flowers and trees gradually increase respectively in freshness, fragrance and foliage. Continuing the ascent, the atmosphere becomes purer, the prospect grows broader, and the vision is increasingly beautiful.

Standing in the valley, I see two Russian pilgrims, husband and wife, climbing this mountain. They are all bowed down beneath the weight of three score years and ten; their heads are white with the [410] accumulated frosts of seventy winters. Their steps are slow and feeble, but on and up they go. Now they are side by side; and now the husband goes in front to remove, as best he can, the rocks and boulders, the thorns and thistles, from his wife's pathway. See, they both stop! What is the matter? They have come to a boulder that they can not well surmount. What is to be done? The wife puts her hand under the husband's elbow, and pushes him up on the rock. Then he reaches back, and, catching hold of her hand, pulls her up. Again he removes the rocks and thorns from the wife's pathway. Again she helps him over some rough place, and he draws her up after him. Now he goes out to the right and left of the path, and plucks flowers for his companion. Yonder they stand, high on the mountain side, leaning on a rock, and resting underneath an olive tree. They enjoy the pure air and the wide expanse of vision. They talk about the hardships they have undergone, and the difficulties they have encountered. They look back whence they have come, and then turn their faces and their footsteps on towards Jerusalem, whither they are going.

That is a picture of life. That's the hill of life. Pilgrims of life are we all. The base of life's hill is rough. Rocks and boulders are strewn broadcast. Thorns and thistles grow promiscuously around. Numberless traps and pitfalls beset the way. Many a young man [411] knows all about these rough places in life. His feet have been pricked and pierced by the thorns and thistles. Traps have been set for him. Chasms have yawned before him, and pitfalls have gaped at his feet. The moral atmosphere surrounding him is bad. But no weakling he. There is iron in his blood, phosphorus in his brain, fire in his bones, and courage in his heart. He is a man! He says:

> "The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
> Shall never sag with doubt or shake with fear."

He asks the girl of his choice to wear his name, and share his joys and sorrows. They have nothing but a firm faith in God, and a loyal love for each other. He leads her to Hymen's altar, and there the twain are made one. Now they start up the hill of life, on the long, long pilgrimage. They walk side by side—

> "Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one."

The way becomes rough. The husband goes in front to ward off the danger, to remove rocks and boulders, thorns and briers. He does all he can to smooth his wife's pathway. Now and then he comes to some formidable obstacle that he can not surmount. Here the wife,

with her kindly counsels, with her sympathy, co-operation and prayers, pushes her husband up on the rock. The poet says:

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> “Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!”

The woman helps the man to “erect himself above himself.” Then the man, if he be a man, draws the woman up to his level.

As they climb life’s hill together, the roughness decreases, the way becomes smoother. Instead of the thorn, comes up the fir-tree; instead of the brier, comes up the myrtle-tree. The moral atmosphere grows purer, and the prospect more pleasing. He constantly plucks flowers from the garden of the heart, and weaves them into bouquets for his companion. And, as Byron beautifully says,

> “These flowers of love make glad the garden of life.”

Standing high on life’s hillside, they lean on the Rock of Ages, and rest under the olive-branch of peace. Together they speak of their rough places in life, about their sufferings and sorrows, their troubles and triumphs. They look back at the valley whence they have come, and then turn their faces on towards the New Jerusalem, city of the soul, to which they are journeying. Their steps are growing slow and feeble. They lean on each other, and both lean on Christ. They are approaching the end of their pilgrimage. The shadows of evening are falling long and deep around them. Their white locks are streaming in the winds of winter. Their latest sun is sinking fast; but, sinking, he lights up the Star of Hope, and flings it [413] out like a glorious chandelier to light the pilgrims home to glory and to God. Ask *me*, “Is life worth living?” I say, there’s the answer. That’s the poetry of life. That’s

> “The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
> That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.”

Do you say this is an ideal picture? Well, yes; the latter part of it is; but ‘tis a fancy resting on fact. Besides,

> “The beings of the mind are not of clay;
> Essentially immortal, they create
> And multiply in us a brighter ray
> And more beloved existence.”

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM JERUSALEM, VIA BETHLEHEM AND THE POOLS OF SOLOMON, TO HEBRON.

Rachel’s Tomb—Bethlehem—Ruth and Boaz—David the Shepherd Lad —Cave of the Nativity—Pools of Solomon—Royal Gardens—The Home of Abraham—Abraham’s Oak—Abraham’s Mummy.

FIVE miles south of Jerusalem, there are two deep ravines, about a quarter of a mile apart, running east and west, and parallel to each other. The flat-topped ridge between them, which is several hundred feet in altitude, is terraced by nature on both sides. The terraces are usually about ten feet high, and fourteen feet deep. Not content to remain in the valley, the ambitious olive climbs from terrace to terrace until its green foliage crowns the historic brow of the narrow ridge. Yes, historic is the right word. On this ridge, Boaz lived; and in yonder broad valley at its northern base, Ruth, the Moabitess, “gleaned in the wheat fields.” Here Jesse lived and David played. At the command of God, the prophet Samuel came hither and annointed the youthful shepherd lad as future king of Israel. From here he went forth to fight Fate and Fortune, Sin, Saul and Satan.

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RUTH.

But there is yet another reason why this place is historic, “for thus it is written by the prophet: And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people, Israel.” Caesar’s decree brought Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem. While they were there, God laid Jesus in Mary’s arms, and on the world’s heart. That was a memorable night. The stars dropped a bright light, and the angels a sweet song, from the skies. The valleys were flooded with light, and the hills were vocal with praise. Shepherds left their flocks and went in search of the new-born babe. The wise men of the East mounted their white camels, and were guided across the trackless sea of sand by the Star of Bethlehem. O, Bethlehem! thou

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art indeed the “house of bread;” and to thee the people of earth look for spiritual food. As the nations learn wisdom, they follow the example of the wise men of the East, and seek thy child.

At present, Bethlehem has about 5,000 inhabitants, most of whom are Catholics. The chief industry of the place is the carving of pearl, wood, and bitumen. These cunningly wrought relics are sold to tourists from every clime and country. All work is done by hand, and with the simplest tools; and yet it is curious to see how nearly these craftsmen have approximated perfection in their art. Carving is nothing less than an art with them. The town, antique, dilapidated and filthy, though superior to most places in Palestine, is built along [418] on top of the ridge from east to west. The most prominent object in the city is the *Church of the Nativity* which occupies the eastern terminus of the ridge.

CAVE OF THE NATIVITY.

This immense structure, which was erected by Helena, the [419] mother of Constantine the Great, is built over a natural grotto in the rock in which it is generally believed Jesus was born. The building is entered through the west end. The door is small and very low; but no knee, I trow, is too stiff to bend when entering a place so dear to memory, and so closely related to human redemption. Once through the door, we straighten ourselves and walk slowly across the building. Near the east end, we come to a flight of steps which leads us down to a rock grotto, called the *Cave of the Nativity*. This is forty by sixteen feet, and ten feet high. The cave, no longer in its natural or rude state, is now paved and lined throughout with marble, many-colored and costly. Darkness is driven out, and the underground room is illuminated, by a score and a half of gold and silver lamps that are kept perpetually burning. There are niches, or recesses, in two of the walls of the grotto. In one, there is a silver plate bearing this inscription in Latin: “*Here was born of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ the Savior of the World.*”

In the other niche, there is a golden star, which is said to mark the place above which the Star of the East rested when the wise men sought for the infant Christ. The feelings that a Christian experiences, when standing or kneeling in this sacred place, can not be translated into words. The great deep of his soul is stirred to its profoundest depths; his eyes become safety valves, through which [420] the overflow of emotion escapes.

BETHLEHEM.

That Jesus was born in this cave, there is very little room to doubt. On this point, Dr. Geike expresses himself thus:

"As far back as the middle of the second century—that is to say, [421]
within less than 120 years of our Lord's death, and within thirty or forty years after that of the last of the apostles, the beloved St. John —Justin Martyr, himself a man of Nablus, speaks of the Savior's birth as having taken place 'in a certain cave very close to the village;' and this particular cave, now honored as the scene of the Savior's birth, was already so venerated in the days of Hadrian that, to desecrate it, he caused a grove sacred to Adonis to be planted over it, so that the Syrian god might be worshipped on the very spot —a form of idolatry peculiarly abhorrent to the pure morals of Christianity. Origen, in the opening of the third century, speaks of this cave as recognised even by the heathen as the birthplace of their Lord. And to this spot came St. Jerome, making his home for thirty years in a cave close by, that he might be near the birthplace of his Master; Hadrian's grove had been destroyed sixteen years before his birth, to make room for the very church now standing. There is no reason therefore so far as I can see, to doubt that in this cave, so hallowed by immemorial veneration, the Great Event associated with it actually took place.

"Nor is there any ground for hesitation because it is a cave that is regarded as the sacred spot. Nothing is more common in a Palestine village, built on a hill, than to use as adjuncts of the houses, the caves with which all the lime-stone rocks of the country abound; making them the store-room, perhaps, or the work-shop, or [422]
the stable, and building the dwellings before them so as to join the two. Canon Tristram speaks of a farm-house he visited, north of Acre, which was a granary and stable below and a dwelling-place above; and many stables in the neighborhood of Bethlehem are still recesses cut in the rock, or mere natural caves. In Egypt, I have often seen houses where goats, sheep, cattle, or an ass, were in one part, and the human beings in the other. Had the piety of the monks left the alleged site of the Nativity in its original state, there would have been no presumption against it from its being a cave."

We go only two miles, after leaving Bethlehem for Hebron, before coming to the justly celebrated *Pools of Solomon*. These are three immense reservoirs, situated in a narrow ravine called *Wady Urtas*. This wady passes Bethlehem, and finally empties its waters into the Sea of Death. The first and smallest of the three pools is situated at the head of the valley. It is 380 feet long, 235 feet wide, and 25 feet deep.

The second reservoir is about one hundred and fifty feet down

the valley from the first, and the third the same distance below the second. Perpendicularly, the second is twenty feet lower than the first, and the third twenty feet lower than the second. All three of these pools are walled and paved with rock, and cemented. There are broad stone steps leading down into each pool. The three pools combined would equal a lake six and one half acres broad, and thirty-eight feet deep.

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POOLS OF SOLOMON.

[424] These pools are supplied with water from a perennial fountain that bursts forth from the side of a hill about two hundred yards northwest of the upper pool. From this copious fountain, the water is carried to the pools by means of an aqueduct, the same aqueduct, by the way, that carries water to Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The most successful and scientific engineers of the nineteenth century could suggest but little improvement in these *Pools* and *Aqueducts of Solomon*, which were constructed between three and four thousand years ago.

The road from Jerusalem to Hebron leads directly by these pools. Having satisfied our thirst, and that of our beasts, let us press on toward Hebron, which is eighteen miles south of us.

The soil and climate of southern Palestine seem peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of grapes. Of course, the vine is everywhere to be found in this country, but between Bethlehem and Beersheba it is cultivated with more care, and yields more abundantly, than anywhere else.

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MOSQUE AT HEBRON.

[425*] Hebron, more than any other city in the Holy Land, is associated with the name of Abraham. This was the home of the Father of the Faithful. The Arabs call Hebron *El Khalil—the friend*—because Abraham lived here, and was *the friend of God*. This was one of the chief cities of Palestine during the Old Testament period; and, though we hear nothing of it in the New Testament times, it has again come into prominence. If called on to name five of the largest and most prosperous cities in the Holy Land, one could not fail to mention Hebron. It has a population of ten or twelve thousand souls, about half of whom are Hebrews. Some signs of life are here. Traffic is not dead in Hebron, as in most portions of the country. The villages south, east, and west of here do their trading in Hebron.

Camels and asses are constantly coming in, laden with wine, raisins, dates, figs, wool, camels' hair, and goat skins. Out of these skins, leather bottles and buckets are made. There is also a glass factory here which is devoted chiefly to the manufacture of colored beads, necklaces, bracelets and other articles of female attire.

Hebron, which is half a mile long, and a quarter of a mile wide, is built on the base of a mountain which rises 2,000 feet above the upper edge of the city. More interest attaches to the mosque than to any other object in the place. But Jews and Christians are alike excluded from this sacred edifice. Because of the regal diadem suspended above his brow, the Prince of Wales, was as a mark of special honor, allowed to enter this Mohammedan Holy of Holies. Dean Stanley who was with the Prince of Wales, was also permitted to tread the sacred court; and from his pen has come the most complete and accurate description we have of this mosque, which, some writers suppose, was built by Solomon. [425]

A mile and a half from the city is *Abraham's Oak*. We are told that this is the tree under which Abraham entertained the angels. This story takes our credulity; but, while we can not believe that this tree was here in Abraham's day, we must acknowledge its age. It is venerable in appearance. It is, indeed, a patriarch of the forest.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA.

Palestine—Its Situation—Its Dimensions—Its Names—Its Topography—Its Climate—Its Seasons—Its Agriculture—Its People—The Pleasure of Traveling through Palestine.

LYING between the Dead Sea and the river Jordan on the east, and the Mediterranean on the west, and extending from Mount Hermon on the north to the desert of Arabia on the south, is a country whose influence has been more far-reaching than that of any other country on the globe. The influence that this country has exerted upon the world is truly remarkable when we consider the limited extent of its territory, and the previous servile condition of the people who made it famous. From the southern end of the Dead Sea to Gaza, on the Mediterranean, the distance is only sixty-five miles, while it is not more than twenty-three miles from the Sea of Galilee to Mt. Carmel. The average breadth of the country does not exceed forty miles. Dan and Beersheba stand respectively for the northern and southern limits of Palestine; and these two cities are not more than one hundred and sixty-five miles apart.

"The whole area of the land of Palestine," says Dr. Robinson, [427] "does not vary greatly from 12,000 geographical square miles,—about equal to the area of the two states of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Of this whole area, more than one-half, or 7,000 square miles, being by far the most important portion, lies on the west of the Jordan."

This small land, inhabited by a feeble folk, who for four hundred years had their necks galled by the yoke of Egyptian bondage, has given to the world a Church, a Creed, and a Christ! The Church has carried the Creed into every land under every sky. The Christ of Palestine has become the Christ of the world; and wherever He is enthroned idols fall and nations bow.

Small is the country, but important is the geographical position. It has been called "the very out-post on the extreme western edge of the East, pushed forward, as it were, by the huge continent of Asia." Cut off from Asia by the desert, and from Europe by the sea, Palestine stands alone. And yet it was the door through which Asiatic and European nations had to pass in order to visit, trade with, or fight each other. There was a constant stream of commerce flowing through the country. Hostile armies frequently met upon her hillsides, and watered her fertile valleys with each other's blood. It was therefore of the very greatest importance as a strategical point. Thus, by their unique geographical position, the inhabitants of Palestine could, by staying at home, wield a most powerful influence [428] upon the people of Europe, Asia and Africa.

Again, close study reveals the fact that Palestine is as unique *within itself* as it is in relation to other countries. Within this small area, the antipodes are brought together—the extremes of earth meet. Palestine is a little world within itself. In the valley of the Jordan there is perpetual summer; and, consequently, tropical fruits, a profusion of flowers, and a great variety of birds and wild beasts are found. Only a few miles away, Mount Hermon rises into the region of perpetual snow. There the bear, and other animals natural to a cold climate, take up their abode. Palestine has its highlands and lowlands; its hill country and valleys; its fertile plains and barren deserts; its oceans, rivers and lakes; its fresh water and salt; its flowing rivers and Dead Sea. Within these narrow limits, therefore, is found every variety of climate, soil and production, of habit and occupation, of bird and beast.

We can see the wisdom, therefore, that God displayed in selecting this as the home of His chosen people. Here they were to live and learn; here they were to mould national character, and influence adjacent peoples; here they were to commune with God, and write that Book which was to be read on land and water, by fishermen and farmers, by travelers on the desert and sailors on the

sea. Whether chilled by polar snows, or scorched by tropical suns, we can all read that blessed Book with interest, pleasure and profit, [429] and feel at home with the writer.

This wonderful country is known by three names. The first is Palestine from Palestina, the land of the Philistines, literally, “the land of the strangers, or of wanderers.” Originally, this name was applied only to that part of the country known as the marine plain, say from Jaffa to Gaza, as that was pre-eminently the land of the Philistines. Gradually, however, the word Palestine was accepted as the name of the whole country.

Canaan, or the Land of Canaan, is a second name given to this particular country. Canaan signifies “the low land,” or “the low country,” as opposed to the “land of Gilead,” that is, the high table-land the east of Jordan. It may at first seem strange that a country so hilly and rough as this should be called “the low land”; but it should be borne in mind that the hills are a kind of a mountain-chain running through the country from north to south. Approaching the country *from the west*, one is greatly impressed with the low, broad, level marine plain which begins at Mt. Carmel and extends far south of Gaza, getting broader and broader towards the south. On entering Palestine *from the east*, one is even more impressed with the low valley, or deep ghor, of the Jordan.

But no name seems so appropriate for this country as “the *Holy Land*.” No explanation is necessary; every one understands the [430] reason for, and recognizes the appropriateness of, this appellation.

Enough has been said, even in this chapter, to give one some idea of the topography of the Holy Land. Imagine a broad, level country one hundred and sixty-five miles long, sixty miles wide at one end, and twenty at the other. On one side this country is bounded by a sea, and on the other by a river. Now imagine that you build a house through the centre of this long, narrow country from one end to the other. Let the roof come down to the ground on either side of the house, leaving a broad plateau on either side, that is, a wide valley between where the roof comes to the ground and the borders of the country. From the top of the house, or mountain ridge, to the Mediterranean is 3,000 feet, while from its top to the Jordan or Dead Sea is 4,000 feet. This gives an approximately correct idea of Palestine. But no one must for a moment suppose the mountain ridge to be regular like the comb of a house, or its sides smooth like a roof. From the central ridge, a succession of peaks rise up to various heights. Beginning at the south, the peaks are Hebron, 3,029 feet above the Mediterranean; Jerusalem, 2,610, and Mount of Olives, 2,724, Bethel, 2,400; Ebal and Gerizim, 2,700; “little Hermon” and Tabor (on the north side of the plain of Esdraelon) 2,000; Safed, 2,775, and Jebel Jurmuk, 4,000. To find the elevation of any of these peaks above the Dead Sea, just add 1,300 [431] feet to the height already given. These several peaks mentioned are just about the centre of the country from east to west. Sometimes the central ridge is level on top, and we find a broad, elevated table-land.

During the rainy season, which usually begins with November and ends with March, a great deal of water falls upon this mountain ridge. It can not stay there, so, rolling itself up into torrents, it courses down the steep sides with great swiftness. This has continued for thousands of years, until now the ridge on both sides is seamed, threaded, cut, worn and ditched by these torrents into almost every conceivable shape. The wadys and ravines are not far apart, and are frequently quite deep. So all through Palestine there are a succession of ravines, running from east to west, with rocky ridges steep and high between them.

One would naturally suppose that a country like this would be barren and worthless; but not so with Palestine. These mountain ridges are of a lime-stone formation. In the summer, the climate is exceedingly oppressive; the rays of the sun are almost like streams of fire. The thermometer rises in the day to 126 or 128 degrees. The nights, even in midsummer, are cool and pleasant. At noon day the mercury registers 128 degrees, and at night it falls to forty and forty-five degrees. In the day, when the lime-stone rocks become heated, they expand; and at night, when cooled, they contract. They [432] continue to expand and contract until after awhile they fall to pieces —disintegration takes place. This begets a great quantity of finely pulverized lime-stone dust, which is extremely rich and fertilizing. Nature, with her ever watchful care, has so arranged these hills as to enable them to catch, retain, and appropriate most of this

fertilizing dust. The hills are naturally terraced. From base to summit we see one terrace rising above another. They look like huge steps placed there to enable giants to ascend. If the people would only build up the defective places in these terraces, they would catch practically all of the dust caused by the decaying rocks, and the country would become richer and richer as the years pass by.

Palestine is still the “land of the vine and fig-tree.” Every hillside is garnished over with olive trees, as also with figs, dates, palms, and pomegranates. The decaying rocks feed the hungry trees they bear. This suggests a very important question: What do the people of Palestine live on? Now, as in Joshua’s time, “the tree of the field is man’s life” (Deut. 20:19). The people live largely on fruits. Olives, especially, are the salvation of that country. The people here eat the olive as we eat peaches. They also pickle them; but the olive is chiefly valuable for the excellent oil it yields. Olive oil is the only seasoning these people have. Figs and dates are likewise plentiful at all seasons of the year, in one form or another. The grapes of the [433] Holy Land are especially fine. They are abundant in quantity, large in size, and deliciously flavored. There is a grape here that makes very fine raisins, and another that yields a superior quality of wine. Wine here is usually mild. It is also plentiful, and is used freely.

There are many valleys in this country that are as rich and fertile as the alluvial deposits of the Nile. Such, for instance, is the plain of Esdraelon and the valley around Lake Huleh. These garden spots are annually sown in wheat. To be sure, the yield is not large. We can not expect it to be large when we remember that these sons of idleness use the same rude implements of agriculture that their fathers used three thousand years ago. A camel, or a yoke of oxen, a forked stick, and a half-naked Arab, make a first class plow team for Palestine.

The fact that these people are primitive in their mode and manner of life, makes it all the more delightful to the equestrian pilgrims to be here. The student of history, especially of sacred history, finds the same pleasure in traveling through the Holy Land that a miner does in traversing a rich gold field. The shining dust glittering in the light of the sun stirs every faculty of his being; and now and then, when he finds a nugget of the precious metal, his soul is all aglow with emotion.

Palestine is more than a gold mine, it is a diamond field, to the [434] student of Biblical history. New truths are constantly discovered, and old ones are seen in a new light. Each additional ray gives more beauty, and adds new lustre, to the already resplendent gem.

To those who like novelty, and love Nature, nothing can be more interesting than “tent life in the East.” Here one is introduced into a world of novelties. True, the country is old; but its very age becomes a novelty. The mountains, though shorn of their pristine beauty, though “rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,” have an interest all their own. If the valleys were lakes, and the hills clothed with verdure, Syria would be only a repetition of the highlands of Scotland. If the purple hills of Judea towered to the skies, if they were covered with snow, and studded with waving forest trees, the Palestine world would be another Switzerland. If these people were Christianized, civilized, and cultivated, they would differ but little from Europeans and Americans.

But such is not the case. The lakes were never here, and the primeval forests disappeared a thousand years ago. Here the snow scarcely ever falls, and the mountains are only hills, Hermon and Tabor being the only exceptions. As for the people, they are mostly Mohammedans and Jews. Many of them never heard of Christ, nor do they want to hear of Him. Nineteen-twentieths of them are so illiterate that, if they were to see a daily newspaper printed in their own language, they could not read it. Not one in fifty could write his [435] name on paper if it would save his neck from the halter.

Nor is this all. The following sentence is as applicable as if it had been written with special reference to this special country: “A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without history. But twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and, be that land bleak, barren, and beautiless, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow.” Palestine is a land of ruins. It is strewn with ruins from one end to the other. How could it be otherwise? Has it not been the battle-ground of the nations. Did not Belshazzer come hither from Babylon

and Cyrus from Persia? Did not Alexander come from Greece and Hannibal from Carthage? How often did the Ptolemies of Egypt, and the Caesars of Rome, march their devastating legions through this fair land? Think, too, of those brave knights of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, who fought as never men fought before, trying to wrench this Holy Land from the iron grasp of the Saracen and Moslem. That was the darkest and bloodiest period of this world's history. This was the scene of action. The very dust is historic. Every tree has heard the tramp of armies, and felt the shock of battle. Every stone has a tale to tell. In every community there are stories many, and legends not a few. Yes, Palestine is a "land of ruins." It has not a "few," but many "sad cypress leaves twined around its [436] brow." And, truly, it has become "lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow."

And more. All history is interesting, yet "crosses and crucifixions take the deepest hold on the hearts of men." The word Palestine is inseparably associated with that "name which is above every name." Here Christ was born; here he lived; among the ancestors of these people he "went about doing good." In these waters He was baptized; these hills were the pulpits from which he preached His own everlasting gospel; while the stones of the valley, the birds of the air, and the lilies of the field, furnished Him with apt illustrations to explain and enforce divine truth. So in this Holy Land there are "memories which make it holier, and a cross which is even in itself an immortality!"

Hence I ask, "can any one who likes novelty, and loves nature, who appreciates history, and worships the Lord Jesus Christ, who has a head on him, and a heart in him, fail to enjoy tent life in the East," or "five hundred miles in the saddle through Palestine and Syria?" If any, speak; for him have I offended. Not one; then none have I offended. So let us be up and going, taking a different route, and moving more rapidly this time than before.

There were five in the original party, but I gladly welcome the reader into our midst, saying to him, "Come thou and go with us and be as eyes unto us, and we will do thee good." Yes, "be as eyes unto [437] us." We need some one to point out the road, as much so as Moses did when he addressed this language to his gray-headed father-in-law. Indeed there are no roads in this part of Asia, only dim bridle paths such as have been worn in the rock by constant use for ages. Very few of these people ever saw a wheeled vehicle of any kind. Excepting four towns, there is not a buggy, or a wagon, or even a wheel-barrow, in all Palestine and Syria. There are no roads for them nor for us. Hence we must travel on horseback. Now that the reader has joined us, we are six in number. Making calculations for the new comer, we have eight tents, eighteen servants and muleteers, and thirty-six head of horses, mules, and donkeys. Of course, the mules and donkeys are laden with tents and trunks, and beds and baggage, and other things, for our comfort and convenience, and their own board besides. They look like young elephants with all this luggage on their backs. Each of us has a riding suit, a broad-brimmed hat, and a white umbrella.

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GOVERNMENT GUARDS.

While we eat breakfast in the morning, the muleteers fold the [439] tents and get things ready for the road. Now Tolhamy, our Syrian dragoman, mounts his Arabian steed and cries out, "Yal-la, yal-la,"

which means come on, come on. We follow suit, and soon all are strung out across the country like a band of wild Indians. The procession is half a mile long. For a while the pilgrims ride up and down the line, singing and talking with the natives; then, plying the whip, they leave the caravan behind. At noon, Abdo, our Arab waiter, stretches the lunch tent, or spreads the carpet under the grateful shade of an olive grove. Lunch being over, we sit for an hour or two reading the Bible and profane history, talking about the battles fought in this neighborhood, about what Christ and His apostles did here, and about the confusion their miracles and teaching must have caused among these people. And, whether we lunched on Mt. Tabor, whose heights are crowned with the ruins of a crusader's church, and at whose base Barak and Deborah met Sisera in battle (Ju. 4: 14 and 15); or at Endor where Saul called up the witch (1 Sam. 28); or at Joseph's pit, from which he was sold into Egypt (Gen. 27: 24-28): or at the spring where Gideon's brave band of three hundred lapped before going against the Midianites (Ju. 7): or at Cana, where our blessed Lord turned water into wine (John 2: 1-11); or at Nain, where He raised the man who was the only son of a widowed mother (Luke 7: 11-17); or at Jacob's well, where He sat and told the woman all things that ever she did (John 4: 6-26); whether we lunch at one of these places, or the other, or wherever we stop, we have a Bible in one hand, and a history in the other, and always find enough to interest and instruct us.

[440] While we are resting, reading and talking, the caravan passes by; so, when we come to the camp in the evening, our tents are up ready to receive us. We usually camp near a village, so as to get water and to place ourselves under the protection of the Sheik of the village. As soon as our tents are pitched, the village is deserted —its half-naked, filthy, and ignorant population having gathered round our camp.

Supper being over, the muleteers, together with the villagers, give some kind of an entertainment. One night they have a marriage ceremony, then an assessment and collection of taxes, an Arabic tableau, or musical concert, without the music. There is no music in an Arab's soul! By this we are on good terms with the natives; we go home with them, go into their houses, talk with them, find out how they live, what they think about, so on. It is very seldom that we find a family of five to eight occupying more than one room, and often the goats, dogs and donkeys live in the same room with the other part of the family.

The people have no tables, no chairs, no bedsteads. They sit on mats, and sleep on pallets of straw. Whole families, sometimes ten to twelve in number, eat out of the same bowl or pan. Knives and forks are unknown. They live chiefly on bread and fruits. Olives, figs and grapes are the salvation of this country. The yield of olive oil has been greater this year than usual. I spoke a moment ago of an Asiatic village; but I am persuaded that it deserves more than a [441] mere mention. I speak of the average village. It consists of a hive of rough, rock huts one story, say six or seven feet, high, circular, oblong, or triangular in shape. The same low, flat roof frequently extends over half or three-fourths of the town. There are covered streets and lanes, winding around and among the houses. A former traveler, whose book a friend has just handed me, writes as follows:

"A Syrian village is the sorriest sight one can fancy. When you ride through one of them at noonday, you first meet a melancholy dog that looks up at you and silently begs that you will not run over him, but he does not offer to get out of your way. Next you meet a young boy without any clothes on; and he holds out his hand and says, 'bachsheesh;' but he really does not expect a cent, for he learned to say that before he learned to say 'mother,' and he can not break himself of it. Next you meet a woman with a black veil drawn over her face, and her bust exposed. Finally, you meet several sore-eyed children, and children in all stages of mutilation and decay; and, sitting humbly in the dust, and all fringed with filthy rags, is a poor human ruin whose arms and legs are gnarled and twisted like grape vines. These are all the people you are likely to see. The balance of the population are asleep indoors, or abroad, tending goats on the plains and on the hillsides."

[442] If it is a little cold and damp, we gather around the camp fire at night, and watch the glowing flames as they crackle and leap into the air, and fling their wild and weird shadows right and left. Ah! what an artist these flames are. With one bold stroke, they draw the outlines of a perfect picture on the black canvas of night.

When it is clear and pleasant, as it usually is, we go out in front of the tents, and talk and sing and “consider the heavens.” And often, “as I sit and gaze into the silent sky at night, and see the myriad stars, they seem like camp fires, kindled upon the plains of heaven, to light some wanderer over the wastes and desolations of earth.”

It may be wrong, I suppose it is, but somehow I envy the astronomer the pleasure he has in reading the thoughts of God, as written in the language of the stars. I wonder if the stars are inhabited; if so, by men or angels? What becomes of these creatures when a star “falls?” Dr. Broadus would say that this is a good subject for a public debate, as it can never be determined.

At ten o’clock, when the others retire to rest, I take up my pen to record what has transpired during the day. Often the swift footed hours pass by before I know it, and I find myself writing on “the other side of midnight.” But I can not help it. In Palestine there is so much to see and think about that one can not afford to sleep more than five hours out of the twenty-four. When at last my eyes grow heavy, I drop my leaden pen and fall asleep; and often I dream [443] about the objects and places I have seen during the day.

At six, often at five, o’clock, I am up to hear the morning warbler’s first hymn of praise. I find that morning, rosy-fingered now as in the days of Homer, “has yet a new and distant smile at every rising.” Payne has well said that “no true lover ever yet trysted with Nature in her own woods, and by her own fountains, without seeing some new beauty never seen before.”

We have been in this country now for months. We have been many weeks on horseback. We have made more than six hundred miles in the saddle through Palestine and Syria, and yet it has not become monotonous. Indeed, it grows on us; there is a fascination about it. Each day is different from the day before. The roads are different, the people are different, the scenery is not the same. New historical interests, new biblical characters and sacred associations are hourly coming up for conversation and thought. Josephus is no longer dry and prosy. You read “Ben Hur,” and “The Prince of the House of David,” with more interest than ever before; last, and greatest, the Bible—the Bible becomes a new book to you. Its pages are brighter, its truths simpler, and its Christ is more personal and real to you, than before you came here. Palestine is a relief map of the Bible. In our western world, a man may be honestly skeptical; but, if he comes to Palestine as an earnest seeker after truth, he will [444] soon dismiss all doubt, and, like Thomas of old, cry out: “My Lord, and my God!”

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

JERUSALEM.

Approaching Jerusalem—Coming Events—Dreams—Light Breaks In—Serenade—Zion, the City of God—Prayers Answered—Gratitude—A Vision of Peace—Blighted Fig-Tree—Still a Holy City—Prominence of Jerusalem—Its Influence among the Nations—A Melted Heart—Tents Pitched—Walk About Zion—Situation of the City—Its Walls—Its Gates—Afraid of Christ—Crossing the Kedron—Tomb of Virgin Mary—Gethsemane—What it Means, What it Is, and How it Looks—Superstitious Monks—Jerusalem Viewed from the Mount of Olives—Architecture of the City—Prominent Objects—Entering the City—Its Streets—Its Population—Jewish Theologues—Remaining Portion of Solomon's Temple—"Wailing Place" of the Jews—Kissing the Wall—Weeping Aloud—Fulfillment of Prophecy—Only One Conclusion.

TO-MORROW the equestrian pilgrims will pitch their tents on the holy hill of Zion. It will be a time of rejoicing. I think that each one of the party will put down in his diary. "This is the happiest day of my life."

The nearer we come to our journey's end, the more intense becomes the excitement. The night before reaching the city, our tents are pitched in a valley. "Coming events" have already begun to "cast their shadows before them." Each one of the company is excited; each one filled with life, hope, and anticipation. We all sing: "I'm a pilgrim; I'm a stranger; this world is not my home," "I seek a city whose builder and maker is God," and "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, my happy, happy home." At length, "weariness spreads her ever welcome couch," and we fall asleep. Some of us dream that [446] Jerusalem is a "golden city."

The leaden-footed hours of the night pass by. About five o'clock in the morning,

> "Light breaks in upon my brain.
> 'Tis the carol of a bird—
> The sweetest song ear ever heard.
> And mine are so thankful
> That my eyes run over with glad surprise."

It is a nightingale, the queen of songsters. Perched on a swaying limb, not far away, she flings her merry notes into the sleeper's tent. The little warbler sings as if the heart of melody has been broken on her tuneful tongue. Methinks it is the sweetest song ever wafted to human ears on the perfumed breezes of the night. It reminds one of the time when the angel host sang to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. I can not sleep. The morning star has dropped such a bright light from the sky that it looks like day.

The pilgrims are up early enough to see the stars, one by one, fade away. The sun rises clear and bright above the eastern hills, and flings his rays of light across a cloudless sky.

We are off earlier than usual. At ten o'clock we ascend the brow of a hill, and "Zion, the city of God," bursts full upon our vision! Every horse is stopped. Every head is uncovered. Not a word is spoken. I can never forget the flood of "sweetly solemn thoughts" that comes to me during the calm of this holy hour. Oh! the thrill of [447] joy that goes through the soul of man when he finds his prayers answered; when he realizes that the toil and sacrifice of years have not been in vain; when he sees the bud of hope ripen into golden fruit! Only one person on this earth knows what it cost me to come here. Would you calculate the cost in money? As well undertake to fathom the ocean with a fishing cord, or to count the stars of heaven on your fingers and toes! It cost——!! But I forget all that, when I behold Jerusalem, "The city of the great King, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth."

The Hebrew word, Jerusalem, probably means "vision of peace," and I have no doubt but that in olden times the beauty of the city and the surrounding country fully justified the name. It was then "the joy of the whole earth;" but the Lord hath covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud, in his anger, and cast down, from heaven unto the earth, the beauty of Israel. Jerusalem is withered, like its emblem, the blighted fig-tree. It was once a monument of the goodness, now of the severity, of God. The city has been twenty-seven times besieged, often taken, pillaged, and burnt. Occasionally the very ground has been plowed up! And yet "it is good to be here"—it is still a holy city. Mount Moriah has not been removed,

Calvary is still on its base, and the Mount of Olives is now just as it was when from it our blessed Lord “was received up into heaven.”

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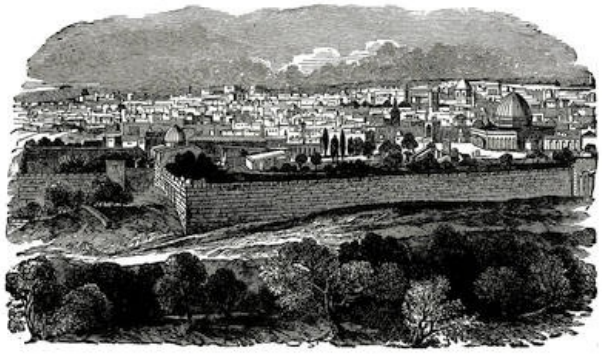

JERUSALEM.

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It has been said, and truthfully, too, that Jerusalem has occupied a more prominent place in history than Athens, with all its arts, or Rome, with all its arms; than Nineveh, with all its overgrown power, or Babylon, with all its nameless abominations. Jerusalem has done more to mould the opinions, to animate the hopes, to decide the creeds, and to influence the destinies, of humanity than all other cities combined. Here Solomon reigned. Here David sang, and Isaiah prophesied. Here Christ the Lord lived, and taught us how to live. Here, too, he was nailed to the tree, there to die, “the Just for the unjust.”

Mrs. Watson, an earnest, devout, Christian lady from Detroit, is a member of our party. As we stand upon this hill and look upon Jerusalem for the first time, she is completely overcome. Her heart has melted within her, and is flowing freely through her eyes. She weeps like a child, and her tears do credit to her heart.

We camp in a beautiful olive grove on the north side of the city. Our mail is soon brought. After devouring letters, newspapers, and a hearty lunch, I say to the party: “‘Walk about Zion; go round about her; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces,—that ye may tell it to’ your friends in America.” With Bible in hand, with prayer and praise in our heart, we are now ready to begin our “walk about Zion.” It takes four eyes or more to see the beauty of a picture, and four ears or more to extract the melody from music. I shall therefore ask the reader to join us in this walk about the “city of the great king.”

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HILLS AND WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

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We find the city perched, like an eagles nest, among the hills of Judea. “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him.” It stands 2,650 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and 3,800 feet above the Dead Sea. Imagine two ravines, deep and narrow, coming together so that the table-land between them forms the letter V, the sharp point of the letter being to the south, while the open part extends northward. Jerusalem is built on such a V, though it does not run down into the sharp point of the letter. The ravine, or brook, on the east is Kedron, that on the west is Hinnom. We find the city surrounded on all sides

by massive walls of stone, rising forty to sixty feet above the ground. The east and west walls run close along the edge of the chasms, so that, coming up out of the valley to either one of them, one would find it steep and difficult. The south wall cuts off the sharp part of the V. The north wall is much stronger than any of the others, because that part of the city is not protected by ravines, as are the other three sides.

We have now completed the circuit around the walls of Zion, and in so doing we have walked two and a half miles, and compassed an area of two hundred and nine acres of land. These walls, some [452] portions of which probably date from the time of our Lord, are pierced by four gates; the Damascus gate, on the north; Stephen's gate, on the east; on the south is the Zion, and on the west, the Jaffa gate. Each one of these gates is guarded day and night by Turkish soldiers.

Until recently there was another entrance to the city—the Golden gate. This "gateway of glory" entered the sacred enclosure from the east. It was through this, supposedly, that our blessed Lord made His triumphal entry into the Holy City. This gate, a work of art, has been closed up. And why? Because the Mohammedans fear Christ. The Jews say that He is soon to come out of the East, across the Mount of Olives, through the Golden gate, into the Mosque of Omar. Then He will overthrow the Mohammedan government, proclaim himself king of the Jews, and, subsequently, of the world. These Jewish prophecies have aroused dread suspicions in the Mohammedan mind, and to keep Christ out of the city, the devotees of the false prophet have actually barred up the gate with great stones. These are fastened together with bolts and bars of iron, steel, and brass. I am told that the Mohammedans, especially during Jewish feasts, even station guards at the Golden gate to prevent the Messiah from entering the city.

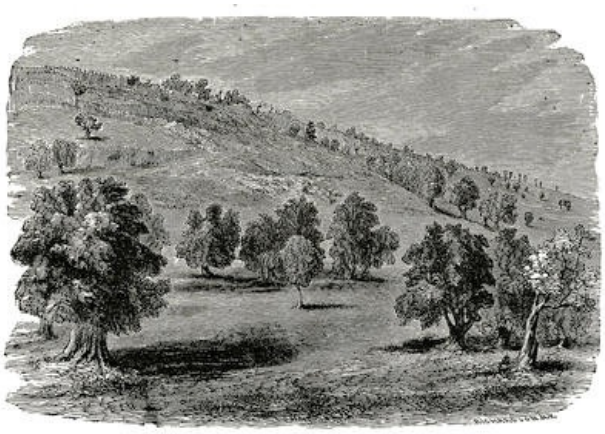
I am rejoiced to know that I worship a Christ who, when His time is fulfilled, will come. But, blessed be His name, He will come no [453] more as the Babe of Bethlehem; no more as the lowly Nazarene; no more as the despised and rejected of men. He will come as the glorified Son of God, as Judge of all the earth. He will come crowned and sceptred; robed in splendor; seated upon the clouds, as a chariot of fire drawn by angels of light. It was He of whom it was said: "He openeth, and no man shutteth; he shutteth, and no man openeth." So, why need they try to keep your Lord and mine out of His own city?

Before entering the gates, it will be well for us to cross the brook Kedron, go over to the Mount of Olives, and from there get a bird's eye view of the holy city. On the left, just after crossing the Kedron, we come to the so-called tomb of the Virgin Mary, over which has been built a Catholic cathedral. In the cathedral, and around this tomb, many candles and lamps are kept burning day and night. By the flickering flame of these tapers, turbaned monks constantly count their beads and swing their censers. A hundred yards down the valley, to the right, are the tombs of Absalom, James, and Hezekiah.

From base to summit, the Mount of Olives is garnished over with olive trees. Now, as through past ages, the olives are gathered and poured into a rock-hewn vat in the mountain side. The vat before me is well filled. In it are an old, gray-bearded man and a sprightly young maiden, walking round and round, side by side, treading the [454] olives with their bare feet, pressing out the oil. This is rather a homely sight, but it suggests a holy name. A name around which cluster many tender and sacred associations. The word, Gethsemane, means *oil-press*. Lifting my eyes from the vat, I behold, about half way up the mountain side, and a hundred yards to the right of the road, the garden of Gethsemane, or the garden of the oil-press.

This garden of prayer is at present surrounded by a substantial rock wall ten or twelve feet high. The entrance is through the upper or eastern wall. The door, or gate, is scarcely three feet high; but one is willing to bow and humble himself on entering a garden so filled with holy memories. Here Christ suffered and agonized and prayed until "his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground." Here Judas betrayed the Master with a kiss. This garden, which is 150 by 160 feet, is laid out in six large flower beds, beautifully designed and well kept. There are a dozen, or more of fir and olive trees enclosed within these walls.

The superstitious monks, keeping the garden, assure us that these are the identical trees under which the Lord knelt and prayed. But my incredulous mind entertains serious doubts on this subject. In the first place, we are not sure that the present garden is identical with the one that our Lord frequented. We know, however, if the two are not identical, they certainly are not far removed from each other. Ever since the days of Constantine (330, A. D.), the present garden has been recognized as the place of agony and betrayal. [455]



OLD OLIVE TREES IN GETHSEMANE.

I grant that our Lord was betrayed in this garden, or another, probably not a stone's throw from it. I grant, also, that the olive trees are remarkably long-lived, and that these within this enclosure stand like patriarchs of their race, like sentinels of the centuries past and gone. But Josephus tells us that during the siege of Jerusalem by Titus (A. D. 70), the Roman soldiers cut down all of the trees around about Jerusalem. Josephus was present during this siege. He wrote from personal knowledge. And we can not accept his statements without discrediting those of the papal priests. But what care I? I pin my faith to no rock, nor hang it upon the bough of any olive tree. Somewhere on this mountain side, probably near where I stand, the blessed Lord drank the bitter cup. That is enough for me. [456]

Bear in mind the fact that we are on the eastern side of Jerusalem. We find the summit of Olivet crowned with a large Russian convent. We go up on the top of this convent. With our backs toward Jerusalem, and our eyes toward the rising sun, we look down upon the Dead Sea, 4,000 feet below us, and in a straight line, only eighteen miles away. The valley of the Jordan is plainly seen, but its waters are not visible.

"About face." We are now looking down on the "City of David." I say "down," because the Mount of Olives is two hundred feet higher than Jerusalem, and the convent gives us an additional elevation of fifty feet. Jerusalem is now spread out before us like a map; and, although it is three-fourths of a mile away, the atmosphere is so pure that we can see it as plainly as if we were standing on a tower in the midst of the city. It is built on two hills, Mt. Zion and Mt. Moriah, the former being a little to the west of, and a few feet higher than, the latter. The intervening valley, once very deep, is now so nearly filled up that the two hills are practically one. [457]

There is little variety about the architecture of Jerusalem. The houses, generally, are built of white stone, and are usually ten or twelve feet high, with flat, stone roofs. Frequently one roof extends over many houses. So, when viewed from the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem has the appearance of a broad sea of low, level, white roofs. The monotony is relieved by five distinct objects that lift themselves up above the surface and stand out in bold relief.

These five objects of prominence are, first, the Mosque of Omar on Mt. Moriah; second, the Jewish Synagogue, beyond Moriah, on Mt. Zion; third, Pilate's Judgment Hall, or the Tower of Antonio; fourth, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; fifth, the Tower of David, near the Jaffa gate. These five towers and buildings lift their haughty heads high above the humble structures around them, and are clearly outlined against the golden splendors of the evening sky.

The Mosque of Omar, standing on Mt. Moriah, in the

southeastern corner of the city, is by far the most conspicuous of all. This marks the sight that was occupied by the old Jewish temple. [458] The Mosque is truly a gem of architecture, but the Christian heart revolts at the idea of this Mohammedan ensign of bigamy and bloodshed standing where once stood the splendid temple of Solomon. Alas! it is too true. But more of the Mosque hereafter.

We came here to see the city; and when we behold the churches and cathedrals, the mosques and synagogues, the towers and minarets, rising up here and there above the white stone buildings around them, we are half inclined to believe “Zion” is yet wreathed round with some of her ancient glory. But candor compels me to say that here, as at Constantinople, “distance lends enchantment to the view.” I love a pretty picture, and am always loath to break the mirror of admiration into fragments of analysis; but it now becomes us to descend the Mount of Olives, recross the Kedron, and, entering by the Stephen’s gate, to begin an inspection of the city.

[459]

STREET IN JERUSALEM.

We find the streets, which are from six to twelve feet wide, paved with round stones, varying all the way from a goose egg to a man’s head. These stones are half buried in filth, the other half being left exposed, and have been trodden over until they are almost as smooth as glass. No wheeled vehicle can enter the city, for the reasons that the streets are too narrow to allow a chariot or wagon to pass through; and if they were wide enough, the stones are too sleek and slippery for a camel to walk on, and, with safety, draw a vehicle. You can follow one of these streets, or lanes, only a short distance without facing every point of the compass. In many places you have to hold your nose, and carefully pick your way through the dirt and filth. These narrow, corkscrew streets (?) are lined on either side by a lot of stalls, from five to ten feet wide, called shops, or bazaars. Traffic seems to be at a stand-still. The people are mostly idle. They produce nothing, and consume—very little! Filth, ignorance, and poverty, those emblems of Mohammedan rule, more [460] unmistakeable than the Star and Crescent itself, everywhere abound!

The population of Jerusalem is variously estimated, the estimates ranging anywhere from 25,000 to 45,000. I think the city probably has 35,000 inhabitants, proportioned as follows: 18,000 Mohammedans, 12,000 Jews, and 5,000 Christians, each occupying separate and distinct quarters of the city. All the Christians, except a hundred or more, are Catholics. While there are a few wealthy Jew merchants and bankers in Jerusalem, most of the Hebrews here are mainly supported by a systematic benevolence, Jews in all parts of

the world contributing to this object.

There are many synagogues here, but only one worthy of special note. The Jews have fifteen or twenty theological students who daily assemble in the chief synagogue, and seat themselves on mats at the feet of their instructor, who sits on a thick, deep-tufted cushion in the centre of the circle. But there is no Gamaliel among the teachers, no Paul among the pupils.

[461]

WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

The Mosque of Omar is surrounded by a wall, some thirty feet high, which cuts off thirty-five acres, or one-fifth of the city. One part of this wall has been identified, with more or less certainty, as a portion of Solomon's Temple—the only remaining portion. It is believed that this is the nearest approach to what was once the Holy of Holies. Every Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, the devout Jews of the city, old and young, of high and low degree, assemble around these sacred stones for worship. Here they chant the Psalms of David, and read aloud from their prayer books and Hebrew Bibles. They kiss, and press themselves against, these stones for hours. They weep and lament and pray and cry aloud, as if their hearts would break. Hundreds of these unfortunate children of Abraham assemble at the "wailing-place." When each one has kissed the stones for probably a hundred times or more, they all seat themselves flat down on the stones in the dirt and filth.

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Here they are, all seated in rows on the ground, facing the wall, row behind row, until the last row is forty or fifty feet from the wall. In the crowd I see a mother and babe who remind me of Hannah and Samuel. There, to the right, is a tall, stoop-shouldered, old man, with grey hair and a wrinkled brow. His long, white beard hangs gracefully over his breast, and falls in his lap, as he sits with uncovered head and bowed. That, methinks, is a perfect picture of Abraham as he sat weeping o'er Sarah's grave. Here I can pick out a Paul, yonder a John, an Andrew, and a Peter. Ah! these are the remnants of a race that have left their imprint upon every page of human history. They sit and pray and weep, and will not be comforted.

Close to the wall stand six Rabbis eight or ten feet apart. With their palms upon the wall, they repeatedly bend their elbows and kiss the stones. And then, in a voice as sad as sadness's very self, they in concert cry out: "O Lord God Almighty, thou has smitten us and scattered us abroad among the heathen nations of earth; yet, O God, will we praise and adore thee."

The people, seated on the ground, sway to and fro and cry out: "A-m-e-n, a-m-e-n."

The Rabbis, still standing, kiss the wall and exclaim: "Oh! for the Temple that is no more——"

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Swaying to and fro, the people say: "We sit in solitude and mourn."

Rabbis. "Oh! for the Palace that is torn down——"

People. “We sit in solitude and mourn.”

Rabbis. “Oh! for the walls that are demolished——”

People. “We sit in solitude and mourn.”

Rabbis. “Oh! for the great stones that are burned into dust——”

People. “We sit in solitude and mourn.”

Rabbis. “Oh! for our kings and mighty men that have fallen——”

People. “We sit in solitude and mourn.”

Rabbis. “Oh! for the glory that has departed; oh! for the delay of thy coming——”

People. “We sit in solitude and mourn.”

Rabbis. “Come, yea, come, O Messiah! come quickly. Enthrone thyself in Jerusalem. Reign thou over us. Be thou our God. We will be thy people, and thou shalt subdue the heathen nations of earth.”

These Jews now, as did those in olden times, cling with a death-like tenacity to the idea of a temporal ruler. They forgot that Christ said, “My kingdom is not of this world.” He once “came to His own, and His own received Him not;” and now they “sit in solitude and mourn.”

I have visited this “wailing-place” several times. It is a pitiable sight. I see men, old men, men patriarchal in appearance, barefooted, dressed in sackcloth and covered with ashes. They put [464] their mouths in the dust, and cry aloud unto God in a most distressing manner.

It were enough to wring tears of blood from the heart of a stone, to see a *nation* “smitten” and “scattered” and “cursed” of God, as are the Jews. Verily, they are cursed. They said, “Let His blood be upon us and our children,” and so it *is* upon them. They are homeless wanderers. They have no common country, no flag they can call their own. Wherever man has gone on land, or ships on sea, the face and figure of the Jew are seen; and always and everywhere he rests under the curse of God. The blood is still upon him. Truly, “it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”

Strange as it may appear, all these visitations of wrath are in direct fulfillment of prophecy. In his lamentations over the city, Jeremiah says: “The Lord hath accomplished his fury; He hath poured out His fierce anger, and hath kindled a fire in Zion, and it hath devoured the foundations thereof. How doth the city sit solitary! How hath she become a widow! The Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions. She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks. Jerusalem hath grievously sinned; therefore is she removed. Her filthiness is in her skirts. Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her. *All her people sigh and seek bread.*”

Reader, notice carefully the above sentence, and then hold your [465] breath as I tell you that every morning, about nine o’clock, hundreds and hundreds of Jews assemble at one place in the city, and each receives a loaf of bread gratis; and that bread, with what fruit he can get, keeps soul and body together until next day. “Yea, they sigh and seek bread.”

The prophet continues: “The Lord hath cast off His Altar; He hath abhorred His sanctuary; He hath given up into the hand of the enemy the walls of her palaces. The elders of the daughters of Zion sit on the ground and keep silence. They have cast dust upon their heads. For the sins of her prophets and the iniquities of her priests, that have shed the blood of the Just One in the midst of her, they have polluted themselves with blood, so that men could not touch their garments.”

We should remember that these prophecies of Jeremiah, and others just as striking from Isaiah, were uttered hundreds of years before Christ was born. And yet, as we read this Scripture to-day, it sounds like history written yesterday. It is literally fulfilled. The Hebrews *did* “slay the Just One.” They *did* “pollute themselves with blood.” Because of this, God *has* “poured out His wrath upon them,” their city, and their country. Jerusalem *has* been “removed,” and its “foundations” *have* been “consumed with fire.” Her “filthiness” *is* “in her skirts.” God *has* “cast off His altar, and abhorred His sanctuary.” He *has* “given into the hand of the enemy the walls of [466] the palaces,” and to-day the children of Solomon have to petition the rulers of a heathen government for permission to approach the remaining wall of their father’s Temple. To-day the people *actually* “sit on the ground” with “tears on their cheeks.” They *do actually* “sigh and seek for bread.”

Now I submit the question. Can any man, who has a mind to think and a heart to feel, read this Scripture, in the light of the present condition of Jerusalem and of the Jews, without seeing in it an unanswerable argument in favor of the *inspiration* of the Bible? If the Old Testament writers were not inspired, if they wrote as men, and only as men, how was it that they could write of future events, of events thousands of years in the future, as though they were present or past? There is only one rational conclusion to be reached, and that is, that these men of old wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit—that they climbed high upon the Mt. of Inspiration, and from there they, with the field-glass of prophecy, scanned the whole horizon of knowledge.

CHAPTER XL.

JERUSALEM CONTINUED—MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Haram Area—Its Past and Present—Wall—Gates—Stopped at the Point of Daggers—Legal Papers and Special Escort—Mosque of Omar—Its Exterior and Interior—A Great Rock Within—History and Legends Connected with the Rock—Mohammed's Ascent to Heaven—Place of Departed Spirits—Their Rescue—Ark of the Covenant—Golden Key.

AS previously stated, an area of thirty-five acres in the southeastern corner of Jerusalem is surrounded by an extra wall. The plot of ground thus cut off from the rest of the city is, approximately, a parallelogram, and is known as the Haram, or Sacred Inclosure. The surface of the area is not exactly level, and was formerly less so than at present. It was originally highest at the northern end; thence it sloped southward. From a longitudinal line running through the centre of the inclosure, the surface sloped also eastward and westward. This northern elevation, which was of solid rock, has been cut down twenty feet or more. The southern end, and also the east and west sides, of the inclosure have been considerably filled up. So, evidently, the appearance of the Haram is materially changed from what it once was.

The massive wall surrounding the Haram serves as the rear wall of many of the dwelling-houses of the city. These houses join each [468] other, and are all built close back against the Haram wall, the top of the wall forming part of the floor of the second story of the buildings. When the houses are only one story high, the top of the Haram wall is on a level with their flat roofs.

There are eight gateways leading into the Haram, five through the western, and three through the northern, wall. The numerous entrances, however, by no means argue that the Haram is easy of access. To enter this sacred inclosure, a Christian must secure permission from the Turkish authorities. Not knowing this, I, all alone, start to the Haram through one of the gates in the north wall. Just as I am about to step in upon the sacred area, up spring three Arabs with javelins in their hands, and daggers in their eyes. As the Arabs draw their javelins, I *with*draw my head.

Before making another attempt to enter, I obtain, through the American Consul, the necessary permission. The Consul also kindly sends his Cavass, that is, his official body-guard, with me. Going down David Street, we enter the Haram through a gate about midway of the west wall. Standing at this gate and looking directly eastward, we see, about a hundred yards in front of us, a broad, level platform paved with smooth, white, marble-like lime-stone. The platform is higher than we are, and must be reached by ascending two long flights of marble steps. The first flight brings us up on a [469] broad, level terrace which, to our right, supports several old olive and cypress trees. Ascending the second stairway, we find ourselves standing on the edge of the paved platform already mentioned. We are now face to face with the famous Mosque of Omar, or, to speak more correctly, the Dome of the Rock. Next to Mecca, this is the most sacred shrine in the Mohammedan world. And, before leaving, we shall find that it is not without interest to the Jew, and also to the Christian.

The building is octagonal, each of its eight sides being sixty-six feet long, and forty-six feet high. Hence it is five hundred and twenty-eight feet in circumference, and one hundred and seventy-six in diameter. The walls, for the first sixteen feet above the foundation, are made of, or incased in, different-colored marble, the colors so blending as to form beautifully designed panels. The walls above the marble casing are built of enamelled, or porcelain, tiles of various colors. The blue, black, yellow, white, and green tiles are interwoven with great artistic taste and skill. Above the marble casing, each of the eight walls has five tall, arched windows of richly-stained glass. The walls are adorned here and there with numerous quotations from the Koran, beautifully inwrought in the tiles.

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MOSQUE OF OMAR.

[471] The most striking feature of the external appearance of this Mosque is the splendid dome that gracefully rises from the centre of its flat roof. The base, or drum, of the dome is twenty-seven feet high, and is pierced by sixteen mosaic windows. For oddity of design, delicacy of workmanship, and beauty of effect, I have seldom seen anything to equal these windows. McGarvey, with his usual grace and eloquence, says: “This dome is 65 feet in diameter at its base, and 97 feet high from the base to apex. The apex is 170 feet high from the ground. It is covered with lead, almost black from exposure, and is surmounted with a large gilt crescent. The peculiar grace of the curve with which it springs from the drum on which it rests, and that with which it reaches its crescent-crowned apex, distinguish it for beauty of outline from all other domes, perhaps, in the world. From whatever point it is viewed, whether from the Haram area, the city wall, the Mount of Olives, or any other height about the city, it is the most prominent and pleasing object in Jerusalem.”

The Mosque has four doors, before reaching any one of which, we must pass through a vestibule. We enter from the east side. On reaching the door, a tall Arab, patriarchal and reverential in appearance, approaches and informs us that no Mohammedan, much less a Frank, is allowed to enter this *Haram es Sheriff*, this “Noble Sanctuary,” with his shoes on. The patriarchal Arab has a supply of slippers on hand which can be had for a few piasters. Taking off our boots, we put on the rented slippers, and continue to [472] examine and admire the mighty structure.

The building, being eight-sided, is practically round. Since coming on the inside, this is even more noticeable than when we were without. Within the building, and thirteen feet from the wall, there is a large circle composed of eight huge square piers and sixteen round columns—there being two columns between each two piers. The piers, or pillars, are built of different-colored marble arranged in showy panels. The columns are of the finest marble, and are so highly polished that they reflect like mirrors. Each is crowned with a Corinthian capital overlaid with gold. From column to column, and also from column to pier, there springs a beautifully rounded arch built of marble blocks, alternately black and white. These several arches furnish a strong support to the roof above.

Nearer the centre of the building, and thirty feet from the pillars just mentioned, there is an inner and smaller circle, formed by four piers and twelve columns, there being three columns between each two of the pillars. The centre of each column and pier in the outer circle is thirteen feet from the wall. The columns of the inner circle are likewise thirty feet from those in the outer one. As from the columns and piers of the outer circle, so also from those of the smaller one, marble arches spring. These latter arches support the [473] mighty dome, the exterior of which has already been described.

Look now at the vast structure around you, at the sunny dome above you! Look at the paneled piers, at the mirror-like columns, at the gilded capitals, at the marble arches adorned with rich mosaics and bordered above with inscriptions from the Koran beautifully wrought in interlaced letters of burnished gold. It is evening. The sun is sinking. Banks of golden clouds are floating over the city. The airy dome above us seems suspended in the air and belted with fire. The stained windows in the dome receive, transmit, and reflect the glowing light, until every part of the “Noble Sanctuary” is flooded with golden fire. In the language of Dr. Geikie, “There could, I

suppose, be no building more perfectly lovely than the Mosque of Omar, more correctly known as the Dome of the Rock."

"Why is it called the Dome of the Rock?" the reader asks. I am now ready to answer this question. Within the inner circle of columns, and directly underneath the dome, a huge rock rises up through the floor. It is seven feet high, and is fifty-three feet across! The whole edifice about us was built in honor of this stone, and hence the name of the structure—"The Dome of the Rock."

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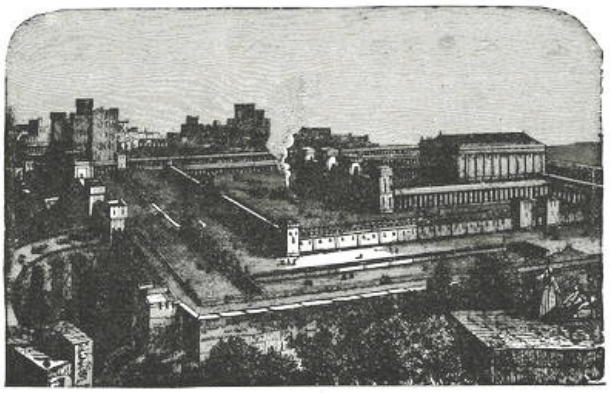

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE AS IT WAS.

"Why should this rock be so highly honored?" For many reasons. It is honored alike by Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan. According to tradition, this rock was the summit of Mt. Moriah, and on it Abraham offered up Isaac. It was on this rock that Jacob saw the ladder extending from earth to heaven on which angels were ascending and descending. This rock was David's threshing-floor that he bought from the Jebusite. On it David built an altar and [475] offered the sacrifice that stayed the wrath of the angel, and thus saved the city. Over this rock Solomon built his Temple. On this rock Christ stood, when twelve years of age, and confounded the doctors with His questions and answers. On this same rock He stood, in later life, and preached the riches of His own everlasting gospel.

Since these traditions are wide-spread, and currently believed, it is not at all strange that this rock has imbedded itself in all Jewish and Christian hearts. "But" says the reader, "there is nothing in these stories, be they mythical or historical, to enkindle in the Mohammedan heart a reverence for this rock." I admit your argument. "Why then," you ask, "did the Mohammedans build the 'Dome,' and why does the Koran teach that one prayer offered here is worth a *thousand* offered elsewhere?"

Your questions are reasonable, and I will solve the mystery for you. According to Moslem belief, Mohammed was an incarnation of deity. From this rock he ascended to heaven. He being a divine personage, the rock did not want to leave him. So, when Mohammed began the ascent, the rock started up also. It would have gone on to heaven with him, but Gabriel happened to be present, and when the rock was only seven feet high, he laid his hand upon it and stopped its upward flight. Since that time the rock has remained just where Gabriel left it. God performs a perpetual miracle by keeping the [476] sacred rock suspended in the air.

The superstitious followers of the false prophet really believe these marvelous stories. They show us the imprint that Gabriel's fingers made on the rock when, with a touch of his hand, he stayed its upward flight. They show us also deep impressions in the rock which, they affirm, were made by Mohammed's feet as he leaped from the rock into the air! The fact that each impress is as large as a peck measure causes Johnson to remark Mohammed must have had at least a half bushel of feet.

The Moslems believe, as before stated, that this rock is suspended in the air, and we shall see how the credulous creatures are taught to believe such absurdities. Underneath the uplifted stone there is an artificial chamber, twenty-four feet square, and eight feet from floor to ceiling. The stone walls are whitewashed, but the floor and ceiling are left bare. This cavern is reached by a flight of stairs which leads down from the edge of the rock above. When devotees of the Arab prophet come into the building, they are shown the famous rock and told that it is suspended in the air. To

convince them of the truth of this statement, they are brought down into this underground cavern. Now, waving the burning candle above his head, the attending dignitary says to the stranger: “Behold! See for yourself! The rock above you has no support. It rests on nothing. It is perpetually kept up by the Almighty God in [477] honor of Mohammed, His prophet.”

Stamping my foot upon the stone floor of this rock-hewn chamber, and noticing the strange echo, I say to the Mohammedan guard: “What means this hollow sound? There is evidently another cavern still below us. For what is it used?” The astonished guide replies: “What is it used for? Why, sir, the opening beneath us is the pit of departed spirits. When a true believer dies, his soul goes into this pit, and there he stays until Mohammed reaches down and draws him out by the hair of the head.”

Let the author remark, in this connection, that an Arab regards it as the worst calamity that could possibly befall him to marry some Delilah, and have her clip his hair, or *pull it out*, and for him to die before it grows out again. Should this happen, Mohammed could get no hold upon his slick head, and he would be lost forever. Mark Twain comments on this, and closes by saying: “The wicked scoundrels need not be so particular, from the fact most of them are going to be damned, matters not how they are barbered.”

It is not at all improbable that this secret chamber contains objects of great interest to the Christian world. When Herod’s temple was destroyed, Titus, we are told, carried the golden candle-stick to Rome. But the Ark of the Covenant was not mentioned. The Ark was the most highly prized thing on earth to the Hebrews. It is natural, therefore, that they should have done everything possible to [478] keep it out of the hands of the Romans. To do this, it is supposed that the pious Hebrews hid the Ark in some niche, or corner, of the honey-combed rock underneath the Temple. The Christian world would be glad to explore the secret caverns under the Mosque of Omar. But the Turkish government stands here, like a fiery fiend waving a sword of vengeance, saying: “Hands off. Stand back, or I will let this sword fall upon your unprotected head.” And we do stand back. But I believe the day will come when the golden key of science will unlock all of these closed doors, and when the electric light of civilization will be turned on. Then will these dark passages yield up their hoarded treasures to the Christian Church, to the lovers of history, of truth, and of God.

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CHAPTER XLI.

IN AND AROUND JERUSALEM.

Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Peculiar Architecture—Strange Partnership—The Centre of the Earth—The Grave of Adam—Unaccountable Superstitions—An Underground World—Pool of Siloam—Kedron Valley—The Final Judgment—Tomb of the Kings—Valley of Hinnom—Lower Pool of Gihon—Moloch—Gehenna—Upper Pool of Gihon—Calvary—The Savior's Tomb.

IN giving a bird's eye view of Jerusalem, I stated that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was one of the most prominent objects in the city. This famous building is located about midway the city, from east to west, but not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the northern wall. It is, therefore, near the Damascus gate. Although thus centrally situated, although it covers an area of 200 by 230 feet, and although it lifts its double dome high in the air, this church is frequently passed by without attracting the slightest notice.

The reader naturally asks, "How is it possible that a building at once so historic and prominent as this attracts little or no attention?" The question is easily answered. Except a few feet on the south side, the structure is entirely surrounded by other buildings that join close on to it. These houses, which serve both for business purposes and residences, are built one upon another, until [480] they reach high in air. The church is thus almost entirely shut out from the view of the street walker. To be seen externally, this edifice must be viewed from the city walls, from the Tower of David, from the Mosque of Omar, from the hill on the west, or from the Mount of Olives, on the east. When viewed from any one of these elevations, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is indeed prominent. From an architectural standpoint, the building is "without form and void." But there it is, its two blue domes, like ever-open eyes, of unequal size, continually staring you in the face.

The building is owned jointly by the Latins, the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Copts, each sect having its separate chapels and apartments, neither one being allowed to trespass upon the rights of any of the others. The building proper is owned by so-called Christian sects, as stated above, but the *door is the property of the Mohammedans*! And jealously do they guard their property. The ponderous door works on rough hinges, and is fastened with bolts of iron. But to open it, the worshippers and even the priests who minister at the altars, are compelled to use a golden key. When the gold glitters, the door opens. To avoid this unparalleled imposition, many priests have actually taken up their abode in the sanctuary, their meals being passed to them through small apertures in the wall. The people are not so fortunate as the priests. They can not live in seclusion. They must work for bread and blanket, for Church [481] and children. It is all they can do to keep soul and body together, yet will they divide their scanty living with the Mohammedans who own the door of the Sepulchre.

Does the reader ask, "Why do they not worship elsewhere, and save their money?" The answer is twofold. The priests are in the church; and with a catholic there is no prayer without penance, no pardon without a priest. Besides, they are taught to believe that this church is a peculiarly sacred place; that within this building is the geographical centre of the earth. A stone pillar marks the central spot. Here God got the dust to make Adam. Here, also, is Adam's grave. Here was caught the ram that Abraham sacrificed on the altar of burnt offering instead of Isaac. Within this building is a stone prison where Christ was confined, Calvary, where he was crucified, the Sepulchre, where he was buried. They point out the graves of Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea. These places are all crowded together under one roof; and yet they are pointed out by the Latin priests with an air of certainty that seems to say: "I have told you the truth. To doubt is to be damned."

The building is not *on* Calvary, but *over* it. As if one would turn a tea-cup bottom upwards, and then turn a large glass globe over

that. The floor of the building accommodates itself to the rough surface of the mount. So the mount is entirely covered up, and one no more realizes that he is about Calvary than if he were in Tremont Temple, in Boston. Entering the door from the south, one sees the Stone of Anointing directly in front of him, and about fifteen feet away. This marble slab is raised about twelve inches from the floor, and rests on a wooden block. It is also covered by wooden planks, so only the edge of the stone is visible. The stone had to be covered to keep the superstitious Catholics from kissing it away.

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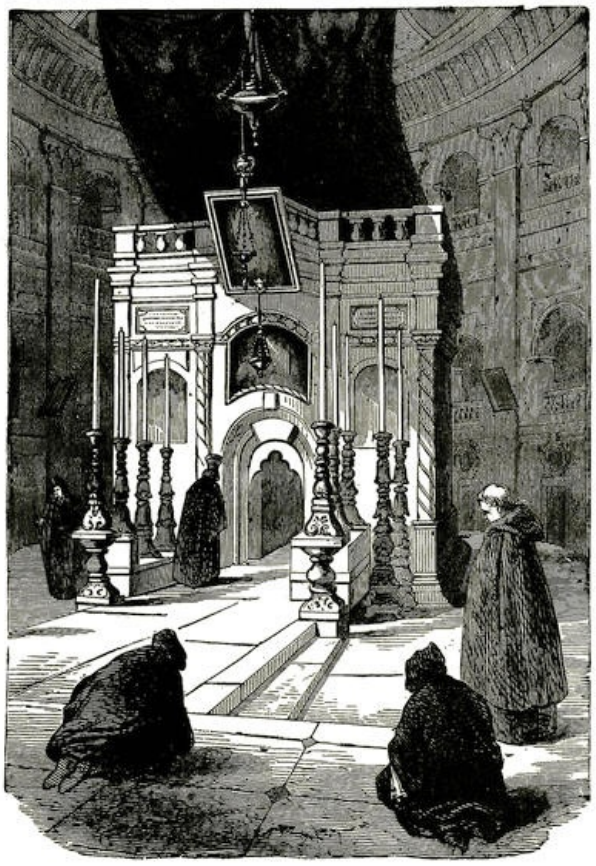
Turning now to the left, we find that the building resembles a large rotunda. Near the centre of the rotunda we see a small building, twenty-six by sixteen feet, and fifteen feet high. This small building is a thing of beauty. It is made of many-colored marble, richly polished and elaborately carved. It looks like the model of some magnificent cathedral. It is divided into two rooms, the first being sixteen feet, and the second ten feet long. The larger room is called the Chapel of the Angels, while the second is said to contain the Sepulchre of our Lord. The two rooms are lighted day and night by fifty-three gold and silver lamps. Numerous candles are also kept burning.

[483]



HOLY SEPULCHRE.

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Christmas morning, thousands of Greek Christians crowd in and around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek Patriarch enters this small structure, and extinguishes all the lamps and candles. Silence and awe fall upon the multitude, each of whom has an unlighted candle in his hand. Suddenly the Patriarch from within announces that he has received fresh fire from Heaven. The Patriarch stands at a small opening in the marble wall with the sacred fire in his hand. The frenzied crowd vie with each other, each trying to light his taper first. One man ignites his candle from the Patriarch’s fire, and a dozen others light from him. Presently, a deafening shout goes up from the excited multitude. Every man waves a burning taper above his head. The whole scene resembles a restless sea of flame. Expert horsemen now leap upon swift-footed coursers which have been held in waiting. The new-fallen fire is conveyed to different parts of the country. Ships are at Jaffa to bear the Heavenly gift to Greece and Russia. This sacred flame burns continually in the Greek churches until next Christmas, at which time this shameful imposition will again be practiced on the superstitious people.

Ascending a flight of stairs, we find ourselves on what is falsely

called Calvary. Removing a few planks in the floor, the priest shows the bare top of Calvary, the round holes in the mountain where the three crosses stood, and the rent in the rock, which was caused by the convulsion of nature at the time of the Crucifixion. And many other things they show us, whereof if I should write, this book would not hold all I should say.

Now, if we had time, we might spend two or three days, [485] pleasantly and profitably, *down under* the city. For, be it understood, that these hills on which Jerusalem is built are honey-combed with ancient stables, caves, caverns, quarries, catacombs, and other subterranean passages. Captain Warren, chief agent of the Palestine Exploration Fund, is my authority for saying that Jerusalem, so far as catacombs and underground passages are concerned, is far richer than Constantinople, Paris, or even Rome itself.

Just outside of the north wall, and a little to the east of the Damascus gate, we enter through an iron-barred door into a great cavern, known as Solomon's Quarry or the quarry out of which Solomon got the stones to build his Temple. With a strong body-guard, and a dozen or more burning tapers, we wander for hours and hours in this underground world, which in many respects rivals Mammoth Cave. It is co-extensive with the city above. A forest of natural columns support the ceiling, which in many places is exceedingly high. Here and there, we find huge blocks of detached stone, which were long ago dressed, but never removed from the quarry. They were probably dressed by Solomon's workmen, but were never honored with a place in his splendid Temple. That this was at one time a quarry, is evident from the abundance of stone chips and fragments that everywhere abound. In this cave, it is claimed, the Masonic order was organized. It has no river of eyeless fish, as has the Kentucky Cave, but it boasts a never-failing spring of [486] pure and sparkling water. Think of all this underneath the Holy City! O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, there is none like thee in all the earth!

POOL OF SILOAM.

On the white ceiling above me, I wrote with the smoke of my candle, "God is love." I sang, and the music went ringing and [487] reverberating adown the long, winding labyrinths of rock as I sang:

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee."

Leaving this cave, let us now go down south of the city. Just where the two ravines meet, we come to the Pool of Siloam. Here our Blessed Lord once spat upon the ground, made clay of the

spittle, anointed a blind man's eyes, and told him to wash in this Pool of Siloam. The man did wash his eyes, and at once received sight for blindness. The Pool is preserved to this day. Its length is fifty feet. It is fourteen feet wide at one end, and seventeen at the other, and has a depth of eighteen feet. It is walled up with rock. A flight of stone steps leads down into it from the southern end. Rev. Mr. El Kary, of Shechem, the only Baptist preacher in Palestine and Syria, was baptised in this Pool. It is now partially filled up with mud; still it contains a considerable quantity of water, and I go down into it and bathe my face.

In the valley, below the Pool, is a large vegetable garden and olive orchard. Vegetation luxuriates in this rich valley, which is constantly supplied, by means of irrigation, with water from the Pool of Siloam.

The ravine east of Jerusalem, the one which separates the city from the Mount of Olives, is known as *The Brook Kedron*. But the lower end of this "brook," near the Pool of Siloam, is called The [488] Valley of Jehoshaphat. This is the Jewish cemetery. The valley and the mountain sides on either side of the brook is one vast graveyard, and it is bristling thick with white stone slabs, which serve as head-boards to the graves. Jews from all parts of the world are constantly coming back here to be buried. According to their belief, the Final Judgment will take place in this Valley of Jehoshaphat. They say the name is significant—Jehoshaphat, "Jehovah judgeth." They quote Joel III: 2 and 12—"I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat." "Let the heathen be awakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat; for there will I sit to judge all the heathen around about."

Continuing up this valley, we soon come to the tombs of Zachariah, Absalom, and St. James, which were mentioned in a previous chapter. Passing these by, we follow the valley northward for a mile or more, and finally come to the celebrated *Tombs of the Kings*. The peculiar construction of these tombs, as well as the historical interest attaching to them, entitles them to a more elaborate description than my limited space will allow.

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TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF JUDAH.

Reader, imagine that you are standing with me on a broad, level shelf of rock. Approaching its centre, we see what might be called a huge cistern, ninety feet square, hewn into the rock to a depth of twenty feet. A long flight of broad, stone steps leads us down into this excavation, whose rocky walls are perpendicular. A door, cut in the south wall, conducts us into a series of rock-hewn chambers. With lighted candles, we pass into the first room, thence through a small door to the second, the third, and so on. All these chambers are honey-combed with vaults, cut in the rock, for the reception of the ancient dead. This underground mansion of the dead extends [490] seventy-five feet from north to south, and fifty feet from east to west. It is a perfect network of rooms. The ceiling is elaborately adorned with carved wreaths and roses, with vines, leaves, trees, and fruits. Everywhere the chisel has left undeniable evidence of the sculptor's skill. The outside door is usually closed by a large flat, circular stone, which looks much like a wheel, or a block sawn off of the end of a log. Before entering, we have to "roll the stone away from the door of the Sepulchre."

Let us now return to the Pool of Siloam, and walk up the other ravine, which is known as the *Valley of Hinnom*. Of this valley, Doctor Geikie, who is always a safe man to quote from, says: “Israelites once offered their children to Moloch, and these very rocks on each side have echoed the screams of the innocent victims, and reverberated with the chants and drums of the priests, raised to drown the cries of agony. It is well called the Valley of Hinnom—‘the Valley of the Groans of the Children:’ a name which perpetrates the horror once excited by the scenes it witnessed; especially, it would seem, in this lower part. Here, under Ahaz, Manasseh, and Amon, the hideous ox-headed human figure of Moloch—the summer sun in his glowing and withering might—was raised in brass and copper, with extended arms, on which were laid, helplessly bound, the children given up by their parents ‘to pass through the fire’ to him; a heated furnace behind the idol sending its flames through the [491] hollow limbs, till the innocents writhed off into a burning fire beneath. Ahaz and Manasseh had set a royal example in this horrible travesty of worship, by burning alive some of their own children; and what kings did commoners would be ready to copy. In later times the very words Ge-Hinnom—‘the Valley of Hinnom’—slightly changed into Gehenna, became the common name for hell. The destruction of Assyria is pictured by Isaiah as a huge funeral pile, ‘deep and large,’ with ‘much wood,’ ‘prepared for the king,’ and kindled by the breath of Jehovah, as if by ‘a stream of brimstone.’ Jeremiah speaks of ‘high places’ in this valley, as if children had been burned on different altars; and he can think of no more vivid image of the curse impending over Jerusalem than that it should become an abomination before God, like this accursed place.”

In this same valley are two pools, known as the Upper and Lower Pools of Gihon. The lower and larger of the two is near the southwest corner of the city. This immense reservoir is, approximately, 600 feet long, 160 feet broad, and 40 feet deep. It has a capacity for 19,000,000 gallons. The other pool is about three hundred yards farther up the valley. It, also, is very large, but not so capacious as the lower one. From this Upper Pool of Gihon, water is conveyed through an aqueduct to the different pools in the city, of which there are quite a number.

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BURIAL OF CHRIST.

[493] Standing on the city wall just above the Damascus gate, and looking directly north, we see, about two hundred yards away, a mount rising up somewhat higher than we are. It looks like the upturned face of a man. We see first the chin, then the eyeless sockets, and then the forehead beyond. It is Golgotha, the place of a skull. Here is where the world’s greatest tragedy occurred. No mark is left to show where the cross stood; yet Calvary has become the centre of the world’s thought.

Some two hundred and fifty yards west of Calvary, there are some tombs cut in the solid rock. One of these has been pointed out by Captain Conder as the probable one in which our blessed Lord lay for three days and nights. When we remember that Captain Conder is a scientist of a high order, that he has been in Palestine twenty years, sometimes with twenty and sometimes with forty men with and under him, searching out ancient names, places, and history, we must acknowledge that he is good authority on these subjects. Of this tomb, he says: “It would be bold to hazard the suggestion that the single Jewish sepulchre thus found, which dates

from about the time of Christ, is indeed the tomb in the garden, nigh unto the place called Golgotha, which belonged to the rich Joseph of Arimathaea. Yet its appearance, so near the old place of execution, and so far from the other old cemeteries of the city, is extremely remarkable."

I believe God has wisely and purposely hidden these places from [494]
His children. He knows our imperfections. He knows we would make too much of crosses and tombs. He wants us to think more of Him who died on the cross, and rose from the tomb, who ascended on high, sat down at the right hand of the Father, and ever liveth to make intercession for us.

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CHAPTER XLII.

EGYPT.

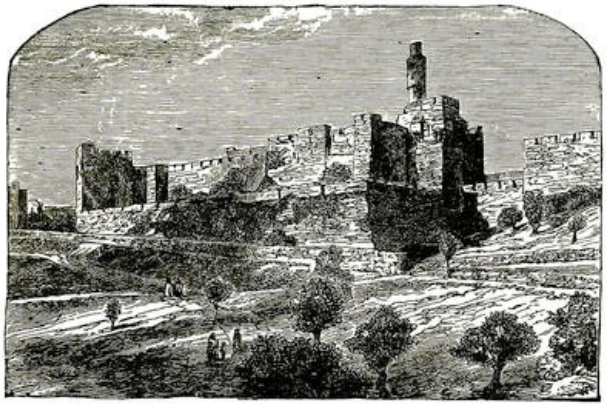
Jaffa—Its History and its Orange Orchard—On the Mediterranean—Port Said—Suez Canal—The Red Sea—Pharaoh and his Host Swallowed Up—From Suez to Cairo—Arabian Nights—Egyptian Museum—Royal Mummies—A Look at Pharaoh—A Mummy 5,700 Years Old—A Talk with the King—Christmas-Day and a Generous Rivalry—Donkey-Boys of Cairo—Wolves around a Helpless Lamb—Johnson on his Knees—Yankee Doodle—The Nile—The Prince of Wales—Pyramid in the Distance—Face to Face with the Pyramid of Cheops—Ascending the Pyramid—Going in it—Johnson Cries for Help—The Sphinx, and what it is Thinking about.

JAFFA, "the high," or "the beautiful," situated on the Mediterranean, forty-two miles from Jerusalem, is the principal seaport in Palestine. It has always been a favorite shipping point. From here, Jonah started on that famous voyage that ended on the inside of a whale. Not until the time of the Maccabees, second century before Christ, did Jaffa, ancient Joppa, fall into the hands of the Jews. Soon, however, it was wrenched from them by the Romans. Augustus returned it to them. "Since then," Doctor Geikie remarks, "its fortunes have been various; now Roman, next Saracen, next under the Crusaders, then under the Mamelukes of Egypt, and next under the Turks, to whom, to its misfortune, it still belongs."

It was here that Napoleon I. had several thousand Arab prisoners of war shot. The great chieftain has been severely censured for this [496] "cold-blooded murder." I am not sure, however, but that his "cold-blooded" critics are as heartless in stabbing him with the pen, as he was in ordering those Arabs executed. He was thousands of miles from home. He had no provisions to feed, and no men to guard, the prisoners. To turn them loose was to strengthen the enemy, who already outnumbered him ten to one. In the name of Mars, I ask, what else could Napoleon do?

While in Joppa, staying with one Simon a tanner, who lived by the seaside, Peter went upon the housetop and, in a vision, saw a sheet let down from Heaven, filled with all manner of four footed beasts. There is to-day in Jaffa a tannery, by the seaside. The stone vats are exceedingly old. The most pleasant place in Jaffa is on the housetops. Standing upon the flat roof of the house in the tan-yard, I easily throw pebbles into the Sea.

Jaffa is worthy of her name. Situated in the midst of an extensive orange orchard, which slopes at first steeply, and then gently, up from the water's edge, she may well be called, "The Beautiful." I have eaten oranges in different countries, but nowhere have I found them so delicately and deliciously flavored as here in Jaffa. The orchard stretches itself along the seashore for two miles, or more, and extends about the same distance back towards the hill-country. Not oranges only, but figs, dates, pomegranates, pears, peaches, [497] bananas, apricots and other tropical fruits flourish about Jaffa. This is a great summer resort for the people of Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem. And why should it not be? The sea breeze is refreshing, the foliage of the orange trees is always green, and the blossoms always fragrant. The ten thousand people who live in Jaffa walk through filthy streets, and live in sorry houses, many of them in miserable huts. They are not, however, so poverty-stricken as are their kinsmen in other portions of the country, for the showers of golden fruit are constantly bringing streams of golden coin into the Beautiful City.



THE CASTLE OF DAVID AND JAFFA GATE.

With pockets full of oranges, and hearts full of gratitude that God has graciously permitted us to traverse the Holy Land from Dan to [498] Beersheba, and from the river to the Great Sea, we take shipping at Jaffa for the land of the Pharaohs. The voyage is rendered thoroughly uncomfortable because of a cargo of sheep. The helpless creatures are crowded together almost as if they were cut up and salted down as mutton. During a rough sea, they are so shaken up and jostled together that they, like Peter's wife's mother, lie sick of a fever. The fumes arising from these fevered victims have a most distressing effect upon the passengers. But for the sea breeze, we should all go crazy, or should ourselves die of the fever. Night brings no sleep to our pillows, no relief to our throbbing temples. I feel that I would almost be glad to be thrown overboard, like Jonah, and trust to some passing whale to carry me ashore. It is therefore with great pleasure that we step off of this sheep-cursed ship on Egyptian soil, in Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal. Port Said, which now has five to eight thousand inhabitants, has been built since the opening of the Suez Canal which, as the reader knows, connects the Mediterranean and Red seas. It is, perhaps, according to its length, the most important stream or "connecting body" of water in the world.

Leaving Port Said on a steamer, I soon find myself gliding through this Canal, whose construction is regarded as one of the grandest triumphs of modern science. Great banks of sand rise on [499] either side, and the blue sky stretches above our merchant ship. We are constantly passing large merchant ships going to south Africa and to India, and meeting others coming from there. Every few hundred yards, we see a dredging machine at work deepening and widening the Canal. The desert sands are ever encroaching upon it. I believe it will finally have to be walled up with rock. The Suez Canal was opened, more than twenty years ago, in the presence of representatives of nearly every civilized government. It is 110 miles long, 26 feet deep, 72 feet wide at the bottom, and 140 feet at the top, and was constructed at a cost of almost one hundred million dollars. "The great advantage of the Canal," says the *London Times*, "is, of course, the decrease of the distance to be traveled between Europe and India; for, while it is about 11,200 miles from London or Hamburg, by the Cape of Good Hope, to Bombay, by the Suez it is only 6,332. This reduces the voyage by twenty-four days. From Marseilles or Genoa, a saving of thirty days is effected, and from Trieste thirty-seven." The rates at which steamers are allowed to pass is from five to six miles per hour.

While the French furnished the brains and the money for the construction of the Canal, it is at present chiefly owned by Great Britain, Disraeli having bought up a great part of the stock, when considerably below par, for 4,000,000 pounds. Since that time, however, the value has increased to nearly 11,000,000 pounds. It [500] was, therefore, a paying investment. Out of every one hundred vessels passing this way, seventy-five of them belong to England. The Canal is jealously guarded by English forts and English men-of-war. The British Lion has laid his paw upon Egypt, and ere long a change will come over the spirit of somebody's dreams.

Passing through the land of Goshen, where Israel dwelt, then through a series of lakes, and finally by the town of Suez, we enter the Red Sea. There is more life in or on this sea than around its waters. Nevertheless, it is of surpassing interest to the students of sacred and profane history. The place where Moses led the children

of Israel across the sea can not be determined with certainty. The authorities are about equally divided between each of two places. Pharaoh and his host were swallowed up by the sea, and no one has ever thought enough of them even to fish for their chariot wheels. A thinking man, with a devout heart in him, trembles as he stands upon the shore of this sea, and reads the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Exodus, and especially when in the vicinity of Mount Sinai he reads the nineteenth and twentieth chapters.

Returning to Suez, we find a rude contrivance, by courtesy called a train, which makes occasional trips to Cairo. It is by all odds the most uncomfortable “clap-trap” I have ever been in. It is constructed much after the order of our cattle-cars. During the trip, [501] we encounter a sand storm and are almost suffocated. I suppose, however, I should do like other folk, and praise the bridge that brings me over safely.

At all events, I am now in Egypt, the oldest country in the world, the cradle of civilization. It is here that the god of thought first waved his enchanted wand, and separated intellectual light from the long night of ignorance. I am in Cairo, the capital of Egypt, and, next to Damascus, the most exclusively Oriental city in the Levant. It is still the city of “Arabian Nights.” It is as Eastern and as odd now as when “Raselas” roamed through its streets. I should like to describe Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, with its flower gardens and palm groves, with its narrow streets and curious bazaars, thronged and crowded with a moving mass of turbaned men and veiled women.

I should like especially to speak of my trip up the Nile, of my visits to the place where it is said Pharaoh’s daughter “came down to wash herself in the river,” and found Moses in the ark of bulrushes (Ex. XI: 1-10), to the Virgin’s tree, in the ward where it is claimed that Joseph and Mary lived during their stay in Egypt, to the petrified forests, and to other places of interest; but Time, that restless, sleepless, ever-watchful tyrant, forbids. If I were Joshua, I would command the sun to stand still while I finish this chapter. As that is impossible, I will do the next best thing—turn my watch back half an hour, and write on.

[502]

NUBIAN.

Peculiar interest attaches to the museum of this place, because [503] of its mummies. The old Egyptians could not paint a beautiful picture, or chisel a graceful statue, but they certainly knew how to embalm and preserve the human body. Let us pass by the “common

dead," and go at once into the Hall of Royal Mummies. Here we find the almost perfectly preserved bodies of twelve or fifteen of Egypt's kings. Among them is the mummy of Rameses II., the Pharaoh who ruled at the time when Moses was born. All these mummies are, of course, in air tight glass cases, but are plainly visible. Rameses II. was a man of powerful physique, a small head which is full in front, heavy features and hard. Albeit, his face betokens strength of character and an iron will. There is a far away, dreamy appearance playing over his countenance. He looks as if he is thinking about the past. We will not disturb his peaceful slumbers. We come next into the presence of His Royal Highness, King So Karimsap, who is thus labelled: "This is the oldest known mummy and is probably 5,700 years old." As the king has rather a pleasant and familiar looking face, I presume to speak to him. I say:

"If your Royal Highness will have the goodness to excuse a stranger, I should like to ask you a few questions."

"Quite excusable, sir, proceed," is the fancied reply. [504]

Question. "While ruling Egypt of old, you were much honored and revered by your subjects. Why, then, did you decide to change your mode of existence?"

Reply—

> "The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Pow'r,
> And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
> Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
> The paths of Glory lead but to the grave."

"Do you receive the same reverence and homage now as when you occupied the throne of Egypt?"

"No; in the world of departed spirits, where I now dwell, there is no difference between prince and peasant."

"What! Did not your title and regal attire secure you a seat of honor?"

"Ah! no. Purple robes and jeweled crowns are no passport to honor here. The robe of Christ's righteousness is the only garment that admits one into the presence of the pure."

"But is the robe of righteousness you speak of a sure guarantee of Divine favor?"

"Never yet has it failed. In your world, a man may live in poverty and die in distress; yet, when he comes into this world with that spotless garment on, all the fiends of hell shrink back in horror at his approach, and all the angels of Heaven greet him with shouts of joy and anthems of praise. The Master places a crown of gold on his [505] brow, and silver slippers on his feet."

"But I see you have great riches in your coffin with you; could you not bribe the doorkeeper, and buy your way in?"

"Your questions mock me. What were my paltry sum to Him who holds the world in His hands. My advice to you is to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; to seek peace and pursue it; to buy the truth and sell it not. These will be worth more to you than wealth and titles of honor and power and dominion all combined. I would rather be a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ than wear the brightest diadem that ever graced a monarch's brow, and know Him not."

Thanking the king for his kindness, and his words of wisdom, I bow myself out of his presence. The people here talk of "King So Karimsap" as though he had lived yesterday, when the truth is his light of life went out more than fifty centuries before we were born! It is said that "the railroads in Egypt use mummies for fuel; and on wet days the engineers are heard frequently to cry out?: 'These plebeians won't burn worth a cent; hand me out a king!' On express trains, it is claimed, they use nothing but kings."

Christmas morning I am up before the lamps of night are dimmed by the rising god of day. There seems to be a rivalry among the stella host, each trying to outshine its neighbor. Each star twinkles [506] and smiles and laughs and pours a flood of glory down. I never saw anything like it—there is less of earth than of Heaven in the scene. I say "Surely, these are creatures singing the praise of their Master—of Him whose birthday they fain would celebrate." While yet these balls of fire gleam bright from the blue sky above, Johnson and I are in the saddle on our way to the Pyramids. Yes, in the saddle. In Cairo, saddles are street-cars. Egyptian boys, each with a fresh-barbered donkey, bridled and saddled, throng the streets. The

moment a traveler steps on the sidewalk, he is doomed. These boys leading their donkeys, crowd around him like hungry wolves around a helpless lamb. He can not get away. The boys are irresistible. They take hold of you, and throw you into the saddle, and instantly the donkey moves off. Then all the boys throw up their caps and halloo, except the one whose donkey you are on. He, of course, follows you, one hand grasping the donkey's tail and the other clutching a stick. The tail is used as a rudder to guide the animal, and the stick as an argument to persuade him to quicken his already flying steps. Every one rides as if he were carrying the mail. Indeed, he can not help it. The donkey is running for life—he must move, or be brained on the spot. All persons give way for the coming donkey as if he were a steam engine.

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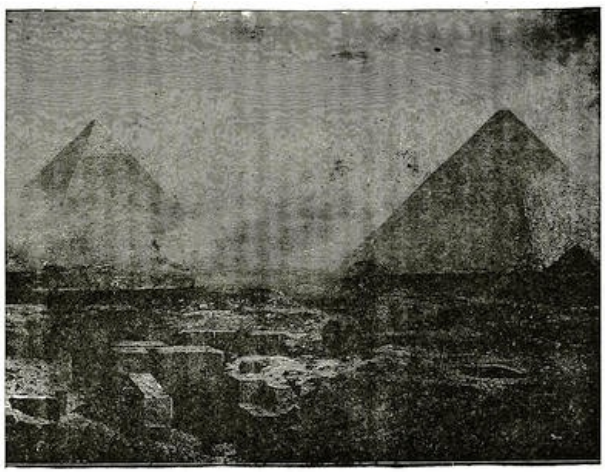
DONKEY BOYS OF CAIRO, EGYPT.

[508] Christmas Eve was our first experience. We had gotten here the night before. I had heard of the donkey boys, but had forgotten all about them. Well, as soon as we stepped on the streets, "they came, they saw, they conquered!" They capture Johnson first. In five minutes, they had him on a zebra-looking ass, and were rushing him down Palm Avenue at a two-forty pace. I was bringing up the rear, but the zebra was all the time gaining on me. I would, probably, soon have been left far behind, if things had moved on smoothly. But Johnson's "flying Dutchman" fell—he spilt his rider on one side of the street, and he took the other. When I rode up, the boy was trying to bring the donkey to by twisting his tail. Johnson was on his knees—not at prayer—and his hat was gone. In five minutes more, we were on our way again. We reached the American Consul's office in due time, and without any broken bones. On our way back, "Yankee Doodle" stumbled, and I fell straddle of his neck; but on he rushed, faster than before. In vain I struggled to get back to the saddle. All other efforts having failed, I, in order to regain my position, placed my feet on the embankments rising up on either side of the rock-hewn path. With my feet upon these embankments, I lifted myself up for a moment, expecting at the right time to sit down in the saddle. But the donkey was too quick for me; when I sat down on him he was not there. A moment later found my head in the ditch, and my heels in the air. We called at the drug store, and got [509] some salve—Johnson is better now.



THE PYRAMID AND SPHYNX.

Well, as I was going on to say, we get an early start to the Pyramids. We meet hundreds of camels coming off of the great desert, and donkeys without number going into market, laden with hay and clover, fish, fuel and vegetables. Where we cross the Nile, [510] both banks are lined with tall, majestic palm trees, the finest I have ever seen. The rising sun throws the palm shadows on the river's broad bosom. The shadows sink into the blue depths below; we see two palm groves standing end to end—one above, and one below the water.

Now, leaving the Nile, and turning directly west, we travel along a road that was constructed a few years ago by the Khedive for the use of the Prince of Wales and party. Unfortunately, I am not informed whether the Prince made this trip on a donkey or not. I know this, however, whether he walked, rode an ass, or was driven in a carriage of state, he enjoyed the Pyramids not one whit more than I do. I can not help enjoying them. They are already looming up before me, clearly outlined against the sky. At first, they seem to swim in a sea of mirage that rises up from the surrounding country —they are composed of such stuff as dreams are made of. But, as I come nearer, that airy nothingness assumes definite shape, and takes on colossal proportions. At last I stand face to face with a Miracle in Stone, the only remaining one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It is at once the most massive and mysterious, the most towering and majestic, the oldest, and yet the most enduring, of all the works of man. It bursts upon me, at once, in all the "flower of its highest perfection." I go "back down the stream of time," and breathe the atmosphere of five thousand years ago. I see, in my [511] imagination, thousands and thousands of human slaves, deep down in the bowels of some far off mountain, blasting these stones. I see them piling the stones upon rough barges, and floating them a thousand miles down yonder Nile. I see them out here on the desert, clearing away a thirteen-acre base, on which to erect a hand-made mountain. On this thirteen-acre foundation, I see the Pyramid rise, block after block, course upon course, up, and still up, it goes. These blocks of rock, one of which it takes on an average two hundred men to raise the eighth of an inch from the ground, are lifted high up in the air and swung into their destined places with an exactness that varies not the fraction of an inch. Yes, here is the Pyramid, with its broad base, sloping sides, and cloud-piercing summit; but who were its builders? and where are they? Echo answers, "who? where?"

"Forty centuries look down upon us from the Pyramids," and speak to us in trumpet tones of the folly of human ambition. Think of the straining, the suffering and the sorrowing, that those foolish Pyramid-builders caused, in order to have their bodies preserved, and their memories perpetuated. Their work still stands, but long ago their very bones have been ground into powder, and even their names are unknown to man.

The Great Pyramid is 730 feet square at the base, and is 460 feet high. "The usual process in Egyptian Pyramid building seems to [512] have been to start with an upright column, or needle, of rock, and enclose it in a series of steps formed of huge blocks of stone. Fresh series of steps were added to the outside, till the requisite dimensions were obtained. Then the steps were filled up with smooth polished stones, covered with sculpture and inscriptions." Deep down in the Pyramids were left open chambers and passages, as the burial places of the illustrious builder and his family. Of course, these interior chambers were closed and hermetically sealed. From the Great Pyramid, or the Pyramid of Cheops, the outer polished stones have been removed, so now there remains a series of colossal steps, up which some visitors climb to the top.

To ascend the Pyramid, one must pay a fee to the Sheik, who furnishes him with two strong Arabs—some travelers require four—to assist him up. It would be both difficult and dangerous to attempt the ascent alone. The steps are often five feet high. There is no chance to catch a hand hold, and you have only twelve, and sometimes six, inches to stand on while you struggle to get up. We had two assistants each, yet Johnson came very near falling. I was amused, and excited, too, when I heard him cry out to the Arabs, "Hold me! *hold me!*"

At the top of the Pyramid, there is a level platform, about thirty feet square, from which one gets a fine view of the surrounding country. Looking eastward, I can trace the majestic Nile, in its [513] onward sweep toward the ocean, and its fertile valley, once the

granary of the world. Turning toward the setting sun, I look out for miles and miles over the arid desert. Not a living thing do I see, but a caravan of camels, those ships of the desert, just starting out on their long journey. After descending almost to the ground, we have then to slide on our stomachs up an inclined plane, on the inside of the Pyramid in order to reach the interior chamber, which was long ago robbed of its mummied kings.

A few hundred yards from the Pyramid of Cheops stands the colossal Sphynx, which, if possible, is a greater wonder than the Pyramid itself. The Sphynx is a huge lion with a human head. It is therefore an emblematic sovereign, combining the greatest earthly wisdom with the greatest possible strength. I said the Sphynx is colossal. Look at it and see for yourself. Its paws are fifty feet, and its body one hundred and forty feet in length. Its massive head is of proportionate size. This image is hewn out of solid stone, and stands out before us in giant-like proportions. And yet it is so graceful and symmetrical, withal, that we half-way forget its size. We are wondering why it does not move and walk, why we can not see it breathe and roll its eyes. If God would only touch the Sphynx, it would instantly become a living creature! Its countenance has been described as wearing “an expression of the softest beauty and most [514] winning grace.” This, however, must have been in the days of its youth. At present, it has a furrowed brow and wrinkled. Its eyes are deep back in its head, and its jaws are firmly set. It wears a pensive, thoughtful look.

I speak to the Sphynx, but, paying no attention, it stands “staring right on, with calm eternal eyes.” As an old man in his dotage, forgets all that took place during the days of his strength and manly glory, and thinks only of those things which occurred in early life, so this Sphynx stands, with memory stretching like rainbow from old age to childhood. It is thinking about the confusion of tongues that took place around the tower of Babel; about the morning when the city of Damascus was laid out by Uz, the great-grandson of Noah; about the day when God appeared to Abraham, and told him to leave the land of Ur and go into the land of Canaan. It is thinking about the time when Joseph ruled Egypt; when Moses was found in the ark of bulrushes, on the bosom of yonder Nile; when Pharaoh was swallowed up by the Red Sea. In middle life, this “eternal statue” saw Troy fall and Athens rise. In old age, it saw Rome flourish, fade and fall.

Standing side by side, are the Sphynx and the Pyramids, both huge in dimensions, both graceful in appearance, both impressive to behold, both “ancient as the sun,” and both I believe, will be among the last earthly objects to yield to the “wasting tooth of Time.”

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CHAPTER XLIII.

A BURIED CITY—POMPEII.

Long Shut Out of Civilization—Four Days in Gehenna—Paul's Experience Co-Incides with Ours—Dead—Buried—A Stone Against the Door—Raised from the Grave—Under an Italian Sky—"See Naples and Die"—Off for the City of the Dead—Knocking for Entrance—Earthquake—Re-Built—Location of the City—Boasted Perfection—City Destroyed by a Volcano—Vivid Description by an Eye-Witness—Rich Field for Excavation—What Has been Found—Returns to Get Gold—Poetical Inspiration—Pompeii at Present—Mistaken Dedication.

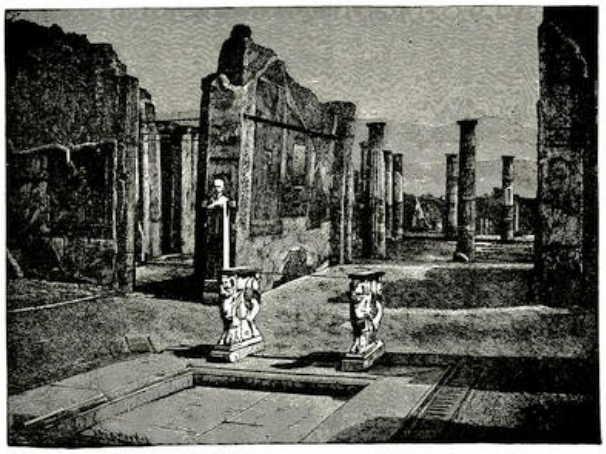
FOR some months past I have been breathing the atmosphere of Asia and Africa. While there I was completely shut out from civilization. I have not received a paper or the scratch of a pen from any one in many weeks. I must have a letter soon, if I have to write it myself.

Since leaving Egypt I have been four days on the Mediterranean —I had almost said "four days in Gehenna." I flattered myself that I was a moderately good sailor, but this time I lost my sea legs in half an hour after going on board the steamer, nor did I discover their whereabouts until twelve hours after landing. I thought of Paul's experience when making a similar voyage. In Acts 27:6 we are told that Paul was put in a ship "sailing from Alexandria to Italy." So was I. Paul's vessel was struck with a "tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon," and was "exceedingly tossed with a tempest." So was mine. Paul sailed close by the islands of Crete and Clauda. So did I. I [516] was sea-sick—so was Paul, I suppose. Indeed it was a voyage long to be remembered. I am a splendid sailor—on land—but I can not navigate a "tempestuous sea."

Europe again! I feel as one who has been keeping company with the dead, and has now been raised from the grave and brought back to the land of the living. Verily, the people of Asia and Africa are dead—dead spiritually, dead in trespasses and sin, dead to literature and learning, dead to the progress the world is making. Not only dead, but buried—buried in conceit, in selfishness, in filth and ignorance. Yes, these people are dead and buried in a sepulchre, and against the door of that sepulchre Poverty has placed a stone which naught but the angels of God can remove. Come, O winged angel, come quickly. Roll away this stone, that these benighted people may be raised up to the nineteenth century and to God!

I am now on Italian soil in Naples, under a soft Italian sky, and God's bright and cheerful sunshine, streaming through my window, is falling in golden ringlets upon the floor. Naples boasts 1,000,000 inhabitants, and possesses many charms for the traveler. In approaching the city from the bay the scene is peculiarly striking. It was perhaps this charming picture that gave rise to the saying: "See Naples and die."

[517]



STREET OF CORNELIUS RUFUS, POMPEII.

A fine day this to visit Pompeii, which is only fifteen miles away. It is situated on a narrow table-land which on one side slopes gently down to the bay, and on the other side rises up steeply to the crest of Mt. Vesuvius. We go by train. In half an hour after leaving Naples, we hear the conductor shouting: “Pompeii! Pompeii!!” Fifteen minutes later we are standing before “Porta della Marina,” [518] knocking for entrance.

While waiting for the keeper to open the gate, let me relate as briefly as possible the history of this “City of the Dead,” as Sir Walter Scott calls Pompeii. This city (pro. Pom-*pay*-ee) was in a flourishing condition hundreds of years before the Christian era. It was founded by the Oscans, but soon fell under Greek influence and civilization. The Greeks, in turn, were subdued by the strong hand of the Caesars and Pompeii became a Roman town.

In A. D. 63, there came an earthquake and a slight eruption of Vesuvius, which together destroyed the greater part of the city. As soon, however, as the earth ceased to tremble, and the mountain to smoke, the work of re-construction began. As in Chicago, after the great fire, the debris was removed, the city was enlarged, the streets were laid out with greater care and more regularity than before. Streams of gold now flowed in from every direction. The magician waved his wand, and lo! from the wreck and ruin of the past, there rose a city of palatial residences and marble temples. Art flourished. Every wall was pictured, every niche held a statue, every column was wreathed with a garland of sculptured roses. Fountains played, monuments arose in honor of Augustus and Nero, triumphal arches were flung across the principal entrances to the city, the marble forms of mythological gods filled the public squares and stood at every street corner. On the fifteenth page of “The Last Days [519] of Pompeii” the author says: “Pompeii was the miniature of the civilization of that age. Within the narrow compass of its walks was contained, as it were, a specimen of every gift which Luxury offered to Power. In its minute but glittering shops, its tiny palaces, its baths, its forum, its theater, its circus, in the energy yet corruption, in the refinement yet the vice of its people, you beheld a model of the whole empire. It was a toy, a play thing, a show-box, in which the gods seemed pleased to keep the representation of the great monarchy of Earth, and which they afterward hid from Time to give to the wonder of Posterity!”

This “miniature city,” rising from the midst of a luxuriant vineyard, stood on a beautiful table land and was girt around with a strong wall. Back behind the city, and close at hand, rose the awful form of that sleeping volcano. The ambitious vine had climbed up and spread its fruitful branches over the crater itself. Purple clusters of luscious fruit silently slept in the sunshine, high aloft on the mountain side. Just below the city, in front and to the south, was the glassy Bay of Naples covered with vessels of commerce, and gilded galleys of the rich. All in all, Pompeii and its surroundings formed one of the most pleasing pictures that ever greeted the human eye.

Pompeii had just reached its boasted perfection when, on the 24th of August, A. D. 79, fifty years after the Crucifixion, it was destroyed by Vesuvius. Pliny, whose mother was among those [520] buried alive, wrote two letters to his friend, the historian Tacitus, in which letters he gives a graphic description of this fearful scene. He speaks of “the premonitory earthquakes, day turned into night the extraordinary agitation of the sea, the dense clouds overhanging the land and sea, and riven by incessant flashes of lightning, the emission of fire and ashes, the descent of streams of lava, and the universal terror of men, who believed the end of the world had arrived.” At the time of the eruption many of the houses were closed; hence they were not filled, but simply surrounded by and covered with ashes. This of course excluded all air. Thus many houses were hermetically sealed, as was also the city itself. Of the 30,000 souls dwelling in Pompeii, 2,000 or more perished with the city. Pompeii, being built entirely of stone, marble and granite did not burn, but was simply buried beneath this incumbent mass. For 1,700 years it was wrapped in ashes and hid from the face of the earth. For centuries its very site was unknown, and even its name forgotten. “But earth, with faithful watch, has hoarded all,” and during the last few years much of the buried city has been unearthed and brought to light.

What a rich field for excavation! It has proved an inexhaustible store-house of wealth, and a perfect treasury of art. Great quantities

of gold and silver coins and jewelry, frescoes, pictures, statuary, household furniture, and cooking utensils, have been found; also [521] several large loaves of bread in a perfect state of preservation, and jars of pickled olives. How strange to have one's appetite tempted by articles of food that were prepared for those who lived 1,700 years ago!

Many dogs and horses, and not less than three to four hundred human bodies, have been discovered. Eighteen bodies were in one room. You see to-day the contortions their bodies were in, and the expression their countenances wore, at the moment of death. Their tangled and disheveled hair is clotted with ashes. In the excitement and confusion of that awful hour, the terror-stricken inhabitants of the doomed city ran to and fro through the streets, calling upon their gods for safety and deliverance. They were over-powered by the falling shower of ashes and cinders. They threw themselves upon the ground, their faces upon their arms. At this moment, the sluggish stream of wet ashes which poured forth from Vesuvius passed over them. Many no doubt welcomed death. For seventeen centuries their quiet slumbers were undisturbed.

One man was found with ten pieces of gold in one hand, and a large key in the other. Gold, however, was no bribe to the fiery fiend. But for that gold, the owner might have escaped; but no, he must return to get it. He would not leave it. Hence he did not leave at all. I know many men who are acting as foolishly to-day, as this citizen of Pompeii did ages ago. Many a man says: "I will make my [522] fortune; I will get my gold first, and then look to my soul's welfare." O reader, the day of judgment is at hand! "Flee from the wrath to come;" "flee for thy life." "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and then get your gold.

Some of these bodies are adorned now as on the day of death, with rings and bracelets and necklaces.

The most poetical thing, perhaps, that Pompeii has yielded to modern research is two bodies, male and female, who died in each other's arms. Let us imagine these persons in the spring-time of life, with the dew of youth still fresh upon their brows; that the girl was beautiful and accomplished, the man strong and true and brave; that their hearts had been touched by Love's magic wand, and made one; that when on that August day darkness came, when the earth shook, and the volcano poured forth molten streams of fire and consternation, he could have escaped, but he would not go without her. He sought her and she sought him. But when they found each other she was weak and exhausted and could go no farther. She said: "Go, loved one; go save, save thyself!" He replied: "Leave thee, never! Let the thunder roar and the lightnings flash; let the earth reel and the mountains pour forth their fiery streams of death; I die with you rather than live without you!" So saying, they embraced [523] each other and perished. That embrace is still unbroken.

As I gaze upon the bodies of these faithful lovers, I fancy, for the time, that I am a poet with the harp of Apollo in my hand. Heavenly breezes sweep across the strings of that golden lyre, and wake for me a song which, for pathos and sweetness, rivals the minstrelsy of angels.

At present Pompeii is protected by the same wall that surrounded it when Christ was born in Bethlehem. The city is laid bare. Every thing is clean and neat. The streets are narrow, but straight and well paved with broad flags of lava. These stone-like pavements are worn in some places eight or ten inches deep by the chariot wheels that used to thunder along these busy streets.

All houses of Pompeii are now roofless, though otherwise most of them are perfectly preserved. They are usually one story high. The walls were, and are still, covered with beautiful frescoes. Mythology was a favorite subject for the painter—everywhere we see pictures of Minerva, Apollo, Jupiter, Bacchus, and Hercules performing his twelve labors. The floors, clean as any parlor, are inlaid with rich mosaics, representing historical events, gladitorial contests, etc.

As one walks the streets of Pompeii on a moonlight night, the ghost of the past rises up before him. He has read in history about the luxury, pomp, and splendor of ancient Rome, but here he sees a [524] Roman city as it was in the golden days of Nero. One who has a vivid imagination, can stand here at night and easily people these palaces, streets, and theatres with the pleasure-loving Romans of 2,000 years ago. Ah, how they thronged these streets! How eagerly they crowded into the amphitheatre to see the gladiators measure

swords with each other; to see men pitted against ferocious lions and tigers, against wild bulls and boars!

When their city was finished and the wall around it completed, the Pompeiians decided that they needed a protector. Finally the honor was accorded to Minerva. Accordingly a huge and magnificent marble statue of this Goddess was prepared and erected near Porta della Marina—the Marine Gate—the principal entrance to the city. This faultless statue was itself about twelve feet high, and stood upon a pedestal of equal altitude. In her left hand the Goddess held a shield, her right grasped a spear, while her brow was graced with the victor's wreath. The appointed day came. The people assembled around the statue, while the best orators of Rome and the world pronounced glowing eulogies upon the new city and the wise Goddess. Thus Pompeii was dedicated and formally turned over to Minerva for her protection. And protect it she did as long as it needed no protection. But wait until that fatal night. The protector was then insensible to the trembling earth, deaf to the pealing [525] thunder, blind to the flashing lightning that wreathed her brow. She heard not the cries of her terror-stricken people. She raised not her shield nor lifted her spear to stay the calamity. The heavens darkened, the ocean heaved, the mountain reeled, cataracts of fire came leaping down the steeps and rolling on towards the city. Yet there stood Minerva blind, dumb, mute, and motionless, able to protect neither herself nor the city!

If the Pompeiians had dedicated their city to the Great I Am, who "guides His people with His eye," and whose "ear is ever open to their cries," its history might have been different. Now reader, allow the author to suggest that you dedicate your life, not to the blind goddess of wealth or of fashion, but to that God who is "a very present help in every time of need"—to that God who delivered Peter from prison, and rescued Daniel from the lion's den.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

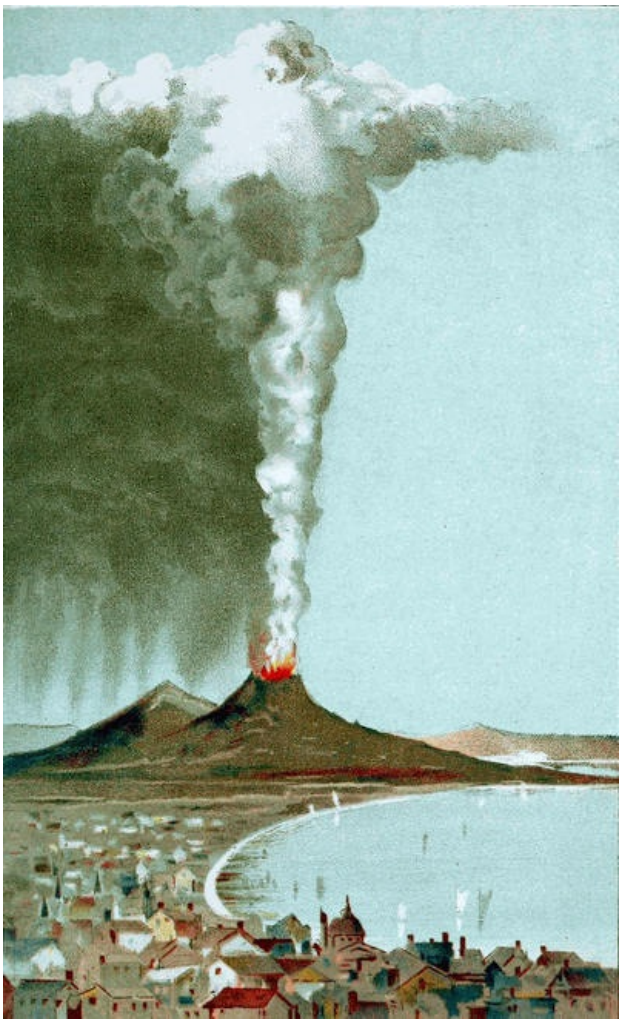
VESUVIUS IN ACTION—AS IT LOOKS BY DAY AND BY NIGHT.

As it Looks by Day and by Night—Leaving Naples—First Sight of Vesuvius—Description—The Number of Volcanoes—Off to See the Burning Mountain—A Nameless Horse—Respect for Age—Refuse Portantina—Mountain of Shot—A Dweller in a Cave—A Slimy Serpent for a Companion—Jets of Steam—Vulcan's Forge—Exposed to a Horrible Death—Upheavals of Lava—Showers of Fire—Fiery Fiends—Winged Devils—Tongue of Fire—A Voice of Thunder.

ITALY, as the reader will remember, is in the shape of a boot, and you find Mt. Vesuvius on the instep of that boot.

Leaving Naples by train we skirt along the beautiful bay by the same name and step off, as in the last chapter, at Pompeii, some fifteen miles from the starting point. Mt. Vesuvius now lifts its majestic form before us, and I am sure that if we should live to be as old as Methuselah, we can never forget its awful, yet picturesque and beautiful appearance.

Take if you please a deep soup plate and turn it bottom upwards on your table. Next get a tea-cup and turn that bottom upwards on the center of the plate. Now imagine the table to be a broad, fertile field covered with vines. Imagine the plate to be fifteen miles in circumference, and that it swells from the plain and lifts itself up until the cup, rising sharp-pointed like a huge pyramid, reaches to the height of 4,200 feet. This is Mt. Vesuvius, and you must know that it is as black as charcoal and rough as a tree that has been a thousand times struck by lightning. It is hollow like a cup and is open at the top as the inverted cup would be if the bottom were out.



MOUNT VESUVIUS IN ACTION.

[527] As I stand gazing at Vesuvius, it is slowly emitting a huge volume of white, sulphurous smoke or steam which rises straight like a mighty shaft of marble for a thousand feet above the crater, then gracefully curving, the column stretches itself across the glassy bay of Naples for ten miles or more until finally it joins itself with the fleecy clouds. What a picture it presents! There is the great city throbbing with life; the silvery bay flecked with white-winged and smoke-plumed vessels; there is the broad, fertile plain, covered with fruit-bearing vineyards, and dotted here and there with small, rude and dilapidated peasant villages; there are the black mountain and the white column of steam, clearly outlined against the rich blue, Italian sky. Such a scene, I am sure, could not fail to wake a song from the poet, or inspire the artist to put forth his best endeavors.

There are about 650 volcanoes in existence, but Dr. Hartwig says, “For the naturalist’s researches, for the traveler’s curiosity and the poet’s song, Etna and Vesuvius surpass in renown all other volcanic regions in the world.” Knowing that Vesuvius is so noted, I am anxious to observe the phenomena closely, and to do this I must cross the plain and ascend the mountain. We can not go alone and it is too far to walk. Securing our horses and a guide, we set out on the journey.

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CLIMBING MOUNT VESUVIUS.

[529] Johnson’s horse is named Maccaroni; mine has no name; he had one once, but has long ago worn it out. I am at a loss to know what to name him. I can not conscientiously call him Baalbek, for he is not a “magnificent” ruin. But I can with perfect propriety, and without a sacrifice of principle, call him Pompeii, “an ancient ruin.” He looks as if he might have been in the doomed city on that fatal day, and as if he has not yet recovered from the ill effects of that day’s experience. His teeth are out, his mane is gone, he has no tail. His backbone is so much in the shape of a razor blade, that it has split the saddle wide open, fore and aft. The two parts are roped together, and carelessly thrown across the skeleton. This protects me somewhat, and I would be moderately comfortable if the saddle did not hang too far to the starboard side. Albeit I have great respect for that horse—his age demands it. No horse can go higher than the foot of the cone—the cup. Here dismounting, I am at once

accosted by a swarm of Italians who want to assist me up the cone. It takes four of these swarthy athletes to carry one pilgrim up. They put him in a “portantina,” a kind of chair made for the purpose. The four men, taking this chair on their shoulders, begin the ascent, [530] stopping quite frequently to rest. Other assistants have straps or ropes, which they put around the pilgrim just below the arms; then two men, each holding one end of the rope, walk in front and thus draw their victim up. Many Italians earn a livelihood in this way. I do not avail myself of their proffered help—I can not bear to impose on good nature.

Yes, I go alone, but I frankly confess it is hard work. The ascent is very steep. In my schoolboy days I climbed many trees, tall, smooth bodied and limbless, after young squirrels, grapes and chestnuts. Since then I have climbed many mountains. I have climbed the Rocky Mountains. I have climbed mountains in Mexico, in Virginia, West Virginia, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Canada. I have climbed mountains in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; in Germany and France, in Switzerland and Italy, in Austria and Hungary, in Servia and Roumania, in Bulgaria and Slavonia, in Greece, Russia and Asia Minor, in Palestine, Syria and Arabia. I have climbed the Pyramids of Egypt. But I have never climbed anything that wearied me as does the ascent of Vesuvius. It is like climbing a mountain of shot. I sink at each step half leg deep in charcoal and ashes. I frequently stumble and fall. It is uphill business. I am walking on snow and sniffing the mountain breeze, yet the perspiration rolls off of me like rain—a light shower of [531] course.

By this time we come to where the footing is more firm and solid, but the way not less trying and difficult. There are many narrow and yawning crevices to cross, many deep openings to shun on the right and left—some of them large enough to swallow a good-sized house. Perchance it was one of these dark caverns wherein dwelt that lazy hag, with a fox and a slimy serpent as her sole companions—I mean that weird witch who cursed Glaucus and Ione and helped Arbaces, the Egyptian, to work out his diabolical purposes. This part of the cone is composed of black and hardened lava, hideously rough and jagged, porous as honeycomb. Here and there small jets of smoke and hot steam, some of them no larger than my thumb, others as large as my arm, or twice as large, can be seen spouting from the crevices and openings. We frequently stop and warm our feet at these “flues,” but the flames are so strongly impregnated with sulphur that we can not stand it long at a time. We are now within two hundred yards of the top. It looks dangerous to go farther, but our guide says we have only to follow him, and follow him we do. After scaling with great difficulty and some danger the steep and rocky sides, we reach the crater’s brink and look down into Vulcan’s Forge, into that deep and awful abyss from which clouds of sulphurous vapors are rising as from the gates of perdition. A strong [532] wind blowing from the north drives the smoke and steam in the opposite direction. This enables us to see better and induces us to venture too near the edge. All at once the wind changes and suddenly we are enveloped in dense fumes of sulphur. To retreat in the dark is perilous—to remain long in this sulphur is death. I swallow some of the steam which is so strong with sulphur that it instantly scalds my throat and lungs. What can be done! Johnson and I have hold of each other’s hands. I fall to the ground pulling him with me. Thus by keeping our mouths close to the ground, we manage to get fresh air enough to keep from being suffocated. When the wind shifts and the smoke lifts, we lose no time in changing to a less dangerous place. Some time ago a German was unfortunate enough to fall into this fearful chasm. What an awful death! How thankful I am for God’s preserving care!

By this time night has come, and as we stand in darkness, looking down into this fearful abyss, we can see the lurid flames writhing and leaping, casting up great quantities of glowing brimstone and red-hot lava hundreds of feet into the air. The next moment the lava is falling around us in showers of living fire. The pieces are of all shapes and vary greatly in size. While some of them are no larger than a marble, others are large as a saucer—perchance as large as a plate.

Deep down below us we hear the boiling caldrons of lava [533] grinding, gurgling, growling. Now we hear the report of big guns and little guns, of musketry and of cannon, as if the damned are bombarding each other with the artillery of hell! Report chases

report through the subterranean caverns like deep thunder galloping after thunder. The angry flames continue to leap and crackle. Occasionally the whole crater, which looks like the veritable mouth of hell, glows with intense brilliancy and glitters and sparkles with ten thousand points of dazzling light. The volume of steam, or “the mighty column of wreaths and curling heaps of lighted vapor,” continue to pour forth with frightful rapidity. Every moment witnesses a new upheaval of red-hot lava and consequently a fresh shower of fire.

The guide now informs me (I did not know it before) that the night is far spent, and yet there are other things to see. Going round on the northeast side of the mountain and descending a few hundred yards from the top, we come to a stream of red-hot lava—an actual river of fire—bursting forth from the mountain side and flowing down into the valley. It looks like a stream of melted iron slowly winding its way adown the blackened mountain-side, bearing upon its heated bosom great quantities of glowing brimstone and red-hot rocks. Ever and anon the rocks in the stream dash against each other with such force as to break themselves to pieces, then follow a slight explosion and blaze. The angry flames like fiery [534] fiends leap into the air and vanish. As one stands enveloped in the blackness of the night, contemplating this wonderful phenomenon—these flames, suddenly bursting and vanishing, chasing each other in quick succession, look like the incessant flashes of lurid lightning! Flame rises after flame, vanishing away in the darkness like winged devils chasing each other! I am filled with admiration, and at the same time struck with awe and chilled with fear. I do not know at what moment the whole volcano may boil over and pour forth a thousand cataracts of fire, as in 1872. I feel that I want to go, that I must go, yet I can not leave. I go a few paces and stop, looking first at the glowing column above me, then at the winding, fiery stream below.

I have seen many mountains, some of them rising to heaven, covered with snow, and at night crowned with stars; but never before have I seen one smoke-plumed and wreathed with flame, one belching forth fire and brimstone, one whose iron-belted sides poured forth a river of fire—a moving flood of flame. But why continue? Why describe the indescribable? For, reader, I assure you that unless I, like Vesuvius, had a tongue of fire and a voice of thunder, unless words were gems that would flame and flash with many-colored light upon the canvas and throw thence a tremulous glimmer into the beholder’s eyes, it were vain indeed to attempt a description of God’s imperial fireworks.

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CHAPTER XLV.

ROME—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The Mother of Empires—Weeps and Will not be Comforted—Nero's Golden Palace—Ruined Greatness—Time, the Tomb-Builder—Papal Rome—The Last Siege—Self-Congratulations—Better Out-Look—The Seven-Hilled City—Vanity of Vanities—The Pantheon—Nature Slew Him—The Shrine of All Saints.

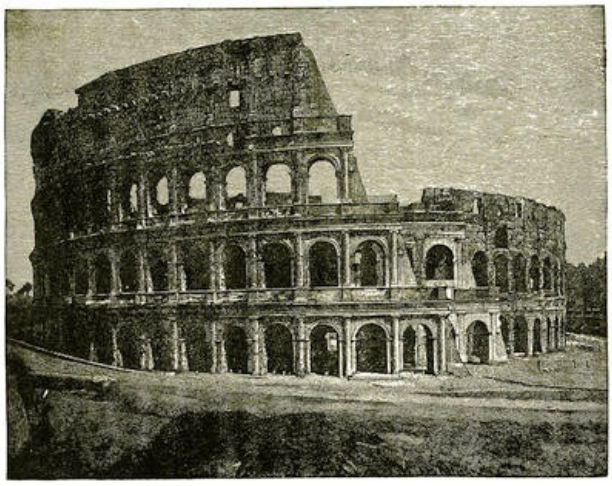
CAESER and Cicero, Horace and Hadrian Claudius and Cataline, have all passed away, but "the mother of empires" is still enthroned upon her seven hill. "Still enthroned?" Yes, but her regal brow is no longer crowned with glory. From her right hand has fallen that golden scepter which once ruled the world, and from her left, the palm branch of victory which she once proudly waved on high. The luster has faded from her eyes. She sits to-day upon her seven hills, not as a queen, but as a mourner. She is as a widow in her weeds, as a mother broken-hearted and sad. Like Rachel of old she weeps for her children, she weeps and will not be comforted, for they are not.

No, "they are not." In vain the traveler searches for Julius Caesar and Augustus. He finds where the one fell at the base of Pompey's statue, and where the ashes of the other were laid to rest in that splendid mausoleum. Nothing more. Only enough of that precious [536] metal was rescued from "Nero's golden palace" to gild one page of history; that is all.

Modern Rome, compared with the imperial city, is nothing but a confused mass of "ruined greatness" thrown into the deep, dark chasm lying between the past and the present. "If we consider the present city as at all connected with the famous one of old," says Hawthorne, "it is only because it is built over its grave." Imperial Rome was a corpse that no survivor was mighty enough to bury. But Time—"Time the tomb-builder"—did not despair. Age after age passed by, each shaking the dust of his feet upon the ruined city, until now the "Rome of ancient days" is thirty feet below surface. Time silently boasts of his triumphs, but the day is coming when even Time himself will be swallowed up by eternity!

Gibbon can tell you more about ancient Rome than I can. I shall therefore deal with the past only in so far as "the very dust of Rome is historic," and that dust inevitably settles down upon my page and mixes with my ink.

Until seventeen years ago Rome was an independent city; it belonged to no government and formed a part of no country; it was "Papal Rome." In other words, it wholly belonged to, and was entirely controlled by, the Pope of Rome—the spiritual head—I had almost said the "spiritless head"—of the Catholic church. Thirty thousand French soldiers were stationed in Rome to protect the [537] Pope and defend the city. When, in 1870, the Franco-German war broke out Napoleon the Third was compelled to recall his troops from Rome, that they might join the army against Germany. As soon as the French withdrew, Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, marched an army against the Papal city, saying, "Again, I swear the Eternal City shall be free!"



THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.

Resistance was of short duration. The national flag was soon [538]
unfurled from the dome of the Pantheon and from that day Rome has been the home of the king, the capital of United Italy. The Rome of that period (1870) was described as a city of “sunless alleys,” and “a thousand evil smells mixed up with fragrance of rich incense, diffused from as many censers; everywhere a cross, and nastiness at the foot of it.” “The city is filled,” the writer continues, “with a gloom and languor that depress it beyond any depth of melancholic sentiment that can elsewhere be known.” One-seventh of the city was occupied by convents and monasteries. Rome at that time had a population of 216,000 souls, more than half of whom could neither read nor write! This, then, is Catholicism—ignorance clothed in rags, living in poverty, walking in filth, praying to saints and bowing to an ambitious Pope! If this be religion, the less I have of it the more I congratulate myself. For centuries the city belonged to the church, and it is natural to suppose that Popery created for itself an atmosphere that was most congenial to its own spirit. Ignorance is the handmaid of Popery. Indeed, a man to be a good Catholic must be ignorant. He may, perchance, be legally learned, he may be thoroughly versed in the laws of logic and language; but to be a devout Romanist he must at least be ignorant of the Bible. As civilization advances, as the light of God’s truth becomes more
widely diffused and the warmth of His Spirit more generally felt, [539]
darkness will flee away, truth will be revealed in its purity, and Christ, Christ the Lord, will be elevated to the position which the Papal world of to-day assigns to Peter.

Great changes have been wrought in Rome within the last seventeen years. A number of the streets have been broadened and straightened and others are being worked on. Most of them now, though still narrow, are well paved and clean. The population has increased to 350,000, sixty schools have been established with 550 teachers and 25,000 pupils. Most of the improvements and inventions of the age have been introduced into the city, a healthy trade with the outside world has been established, and last, and greatest, the gospel of Christ has again been brought to these people. The populace welcome these changes.

Victor Emmanuel, who died ten years ago, is called the father of his country; and his son, the present king, is the idol of Italy. The Pope and the king are at enmity. Each is jealous of the other. The king is fast gaining favor. Papacy must go.

Now, turning from the moral, I must tell you something about the physical appearance of the city at present. Of course every one knows that Rome is situated on seven hills, that it is divided into two
parts by the river Tiber and that it is surrounded by a massive wall [540]
thirty feet high and sixteen miles long.

Let us now go into the midst of the city and take our stand on the Capitoline Hill. From there we can easily “view the landscape o’er.” Beneath us, as we stand on this elevation, the city spreads wide away in all directions. We look out over a sea of red-tile roofs, above which rise hundreds of imposing palaces, of tall and stately mansions. Of church spires and cathedral towers there is no end. Yonder to the south is the Mausoleum of Augustus, a huge circular building with a low, flat dome of glass. After death the emperor was burnt. His ashes, which were here laid to rest, have long since been

scattered to the four winds of heaven and the mausoleum is now used as a theatre. There, too, in the same direction, but beyond the Tiber, is the tomb of Hadrian, looking like an old castle perched high upon an uplifted rock. The unscrupulous Italians of the present have no respect for the dead of ancient days. Their desecrating hands have turned this tomb into a military stronghold—a citadel. What is fame? Once upon a time Augustus ruled the world. To-day the populace assemble in his mausoleum; there they wildly clap their hands, and, stretching their mouths from ear to ear, they shout aloud and grin like apes as they see the vile actor dancing over Caesar's ashes. Hadrian, once adored as a God, is no longer respected. The half-paid soldiers of to-day have entered his very [541] tomb; there they fight, drink and curse and play cards. If they could find it they would use his skull as a soup-dish or a billiard ball, and his thigh bones they would use for drum-sticks or as mallets to crack nuts! "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

Turning our eyes in a northwest direction, we see the Antonine column rising majestically above the red roofs. In close proximity to this column, we see the circular dome of that world-renowned Pantheon "looking heavenward with its ever open eye." We leave the Capitoline Hill for a few minutes while we go to visit the Pantheon. It commands our respect. It was built almost a half century before the angel host visited the shepherds upon the plains of Bethlehem, and yet it is as perfect to-day as though it had been finished yesterday. It looks as if it might stand until Gabriel comes. It is the noblest structure that the old Romans bequeathed to posterity. Its massive walls and solid, which are twenty feet thick, rise to an immense height, and yet the dome, broad as it is high, towers 140 feet above the walls.

The portico (110 feet wide and 45 feet deep) is borne by sixteen Corinthian columns of granite, thirteen feet in circumference and forty feet high.

The spacious interior, lighted by a single aperture in the centre of the dome, produces in the beholder a most pleasing sensation. Indeed, it is by some supposed that the beautiful effect produced [542] upon the interior by the light streaming in through this one opening, is what first suggested the name of Pantheon—a resemblance to the blue vault of heaven. But of course the current belief is that the purpose for which the building was used determined its name —*Pantheon* (Pan, all, and Theos, god)—a temple dedicated to all gods. The smooth surface of the walls is broken by seven niches, in which stood marble statues of Roman divinities, among which may be mentioned Mars and Venus. And after his assassination, Caesar himself was elevated to the dignity of a god. His statue graced one of the niches, and was, no doubt, worshiped by the same fickle multitude who rejoiced when the dagger drank his blood.

This splendid edifice, built by the ancients, and dedicated two thousand years ago to the worship of heathen gods, is now used as a Christian Church. To the left of the door as we enter is the tomb of Raphael, the greatest of all painters. In accordance with his will, a marble statue of Madonna has been placed above his splendid tomb. The following beautiful inscription shows the high esteem Italians have for this divinely gifted artist:

"Beneath this stone rest the ashes of Raphael,
the greatest of all painters.
Nature, becoming jealous of him
lest he should surpass her,
Slew him while he was yet young."

[543]

Victor Emmanuel, and many other men of renown, are also buried within these time-honored walls. Of the Pantheon Lord Byron says:

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;
Looking tranquillity while falls and nods
Arch empire each thing round thee and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!
Relic of nobler days and noblest arts!
Despoiled, yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—To

art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honored forms, whose busts around the close.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

ROME—ITS ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

A Question Asked—Answer Given—Nature as Teacher—Italians as Pupils—Great Artists—The Inferno—The Cardinal in Hell—The Pope's Reply—A Thing of Beauty—The Beloved—The Transfiguration—Architecture—Marble Men Struggle to Speak—Resplendent Gems.

"WHAT are the chief features of Rome?" was the second question asked me by a friend whom I met yesterday. "Art and Architecture," was the unhesitating reply. Indeed hesitation was unnecessary; my mind was already made up on that point, and there can be no question as to the correctness of the answer.

Nature seems to have implanted a love for Art in the sons of Italy, and whispered its secrets to them as to no other people. She teaches them by object lessons. At night she embosoms the moon in her soft blue sky like a silver crescent in a velvet cushion, and the stars with their new polished lustre seem to bestud God's diamond throne. In the morning the same azure sky is "flecked with blushes and gattled with fire." As the Italian at the evening hour stands under the sunny vine, on the green hillside, looking at the glowing, lighted west through the molten bars of twilight; as he sees the purple clouds, lying along the horizon, fade from rich purple to pale blue—from blue to lavender—to pink—to scarlet—then to banks of [545] molten gold; as he beholds the imperial splendors of the setting sun "vast mirrored on the sea,"—he gathers inspiration—his soul catches the fire—the whole scene is photographed on the landscape of his memory. He there learns how best to blend his colors, and next day as he stands before his canvas beauty hangs upon his brush like sparks of livid light.

Angelo, Raphael, and Di Vinci were pupils of Nature. Once upon a time Socrates, after listening to his pupils discourse on philosophy, arose and, pointing to them, said: "What greater honor could a teacher ask than to have such pupils as Plato and Xenophon?" And methinks after seeing the Final Judgment of the first, The Transfiguration of the second, and The Last Supper of the third, Nature herself would rise and, pointing to them with pride, say: "What greater honor could I, even I, ask than to have such pupils as Angelo, Raphael, and Di Vinci!"

After Dante had written "The Inferno," the people of Florence as they saw him walking through the streets, would shrink from him and whisper, "*That is the man who was in hell*." "It were impossible," they said, "for one to write about the infernal world as Dante did, without having seen it." The same thought impresses itself upon one as he beholds The Final Judgment. One says, "that picture was surely painted by an eye-witness." Indeed you see no picture—you see the final judgment itself. You see Christ as judge, [546] coming on the clouds, preceded by Gabriel and followed by a legion of angels. You see the assembled multitude, people from every nation, kindred, tribe and tongue, standing in the back ground breathless, awaiting the decision of the Judge. You see the remorse, the anguish, the misery, the woe of those who are led to the left and hurled headlong into the fiery pit below! Their expression convinces you that they realize in their hearts that no rainbow of hope will ever again brighten their skies, no note of mercy will ever more peal in their ears. You see the pleasure, the joy, the rapture, the ecstasy, that gladdens the hearts and illuminates the faces, of those who hear the welcome plaudit—"Well done, good and faithful servants—enter ye into the joy of your Lord." After seeing this picture one can but say: "Michael Angelo saw the final judgment, and showed it me."

Soon after this picture was begun, one of the Cardinals of Rome, objecting to the artist's design, interfered with the work. Angelo refused to make any alterations in his plan. The Cardinal demanded a change, whereupon Angelo gave up the engagement. The Cardinal then sent for other celebrated artists and requested them to finish

the picture. Each and all of them declared that the work was beyond their scope and power. They all agreed that Michael Angelo was the only living man who could finish so perfect a piece of work. The [547] Cardinal now sent for Angelo but he refused to have any further communication with that prelate.

Finally the Pope himself interviewed the artist on the subject and agreed that he might finish the picture according to the first design, or according to any other design that he might choose. The Pope further agreed that the artist should not be interfered with in his work, and when once finished the picture should never be altered or changed. With this understanding Angelo resumed, and in due time finished, his work.

When the day of exhibition came, thousands of people gathered to see the picture. When the curtain was drawn aside the astonished multitude recognized the Cardinal in hell. “In hell he lifted up his eyes.” When the Cardinal saw himself among the damned his wrath was kindled more than a little. He went to the Pope in a rage and asked to be rescued. The Pope replied to the Cardinal, “If you were in purgatory I could get you out, but you know that according to the Catholic faith, when a man is once in hell he has to stay there. I can do nothing for you.” So the poor Cardinal is in hell—according to the picture.

This wonderful picture sixty-four feet in breadth covers almost the entire south end of the world-famed Sistine Chapel. This is a private chapel in the Vatican, the Pope’s palace. “Sistine,” because built by Sixtus, and famous because of the picture just mentioned, [548] and the frescoes on the ceiling by the same gifted artist.

These frescoes represent Bible scenes, large as life, impressive as death, yet beautiful beyond description. The artist begins at a time when everything is “without form and void.” The first picture represents God, with motion of his arms, bringing law and order out of chaos and confusion. In the second, God with outstretched hands creates the sun and moon. We see the creation of Adam and the formation of Eve, then the temptation in and expulsion from Eden. Finally we see the ark floating on the waters with several small boats clinging to and following after it. Some of the mountain-tops, not yet submerged, are crowded with terror-stricken multitudes, who, in their excitement, wildly but vainly stretch out their hands and silently implore Noah to take them in. Each of these pictures is realistic and life-like. And yet the entire series is so arranged as sweetly to blend into one harmonious whole. And whether contemplating one of its parts, or the scene as a whole, you involuntary exclaim—“It is a thing of beauty,” and must therefore be “a joy forever.”

Raphael was to the painters of Italy what John was to the Disciples of Christ, “The Beloved.” I think, too, that as John was the disciple, so Raphael was the painter “whom Jesus loved.” Though strong and determined as a man, he was mild and gentle as a woman. He had the “Sunshine of life” in his heart, and the “look of [549] eternal youth” in his face. Methinks he was like David, “a man after God’s own heart.” Such a man could not paint hell. He had not seen it and knew nothing about it. His mission was to paint angels and innocence, Heaven and holiness, God and glory; and his fitness for this high calling amounted almost to divine inspiration. Never did the fires of genius burn more brightly upon the altar of devotion, than in the breast of Raphael. Never before, nor since, has divine glory been so perfectly pictured on canvas as in The Transfiguration. You see Christ at that supreme moment when “His face did shine as the sun, and His garments were white as the light.” Moses and Elias, from the other world are there with their happy hearts, bright faces and glorified bodies. Below them are Peter, James, and John, reverently bowing to the earth, and shielding their faces from the light. Above all, but half enveloped in clouds, you see God the Father whose very expression says: “This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him.” Hawthorne makes one of his characters in the *Marble Faun* say: “It is the spectator’s mood that transfigures The Transfiguration itself.” This may be—I suppose it is—true, to some extent, but somehow I was in the mood. I admired this picture, I sat down before it “until it sank into my heart.” I said: “Lord, it is good to be here, it seems only one step from Heaven and Home.”

The beloved painter came to do what the beloved Disciple left [550] undone. John in his gospel failed to mention the Transfiguration, so Raphael was sent to fill up the omission with a picture.

While it is true, as stated in the outset, that Art and Architecture are the chief features of modern Rome, yet Art is of primary, and Architecture of secondary consideration. Italians build fine houses, not for the sake of the houses themselves, but that they may display their “tasteful talents” in ornamenting and decorating them. I speak especially of churches, from the very fact that the Italians have not, nor do they want, fine Court-houses and costly Capitol buildings, as we have. They exercise their taste, and lavish all their wealth and art upon the churches or cathedrals. There are eighty odd cathedrals in Rome dedicated to the Virgin Mary alone. Besides these there are scores of others dedicated to men, and monks, seraphs, saints and sinners—one, I believe, a small one, to Christ. Some of these, St. Peter’s and St. Paul’s especially are reckoned among the finest cathedrals in existence; and yet the external appearance of these buildings is not so imposing as one might imagine. It is their interior that has rendered them famous.

Without entering these palaces of worship, one can have no just conception of their resplendent glory. They shine with burnished gold. They glow with pictures. The mirror-like pavements are a mosaic of rare workmanship. The walls, columns, and arches seem a [551] vast quarry of precious stones, so rich and costly are the many-colored marbles with which they are inlaid. Their lofty cornices have flights of sculptured angels, and white doves bearing green olive branches gemmed with pearls and emeralds. And within the vaults of the ceiling, and the swelling interior of the dome, there are frescoes of such brilliancy, and wrought with such artful perspective, that the sky, peopled with sainted forms, appears to be opened only a little way above the spectator.

Any one of the four churches mentioned has at least a dozen altars—St. Peter’s has twenty-nine—and upon each altar princely fortunes have been lavished. Each is a marvel of artistic beauty; each glows with burnished gold, and sparkles with precious stones. The evening sun, softened and mellowed by the many-colored glass through which it is reflected, falls like golden fire upon these shrines. The statues standing around and the angels hovering above the altars seem warmed into life by this radiant glow; the marble men struggle to speak, and the sculptured angels spread their wings and try to rise in the glorified atmosphere. One would naturally think that, in these shrines, the unspeakable splendor of the whole edifice would be intensified and gathered to a focus, but not so. It would be true elsewhere, but here they are of no separate account. They all “melt away into the vast, sunny breath,” each contributing [552] its little toward “the grandeur of the whole.”

Imagine “a casket, all inlaid in the inside with precious stones of various hues, so that there would not be a hair’s breadth of the small interior unadorned with resplendent gems. Then conceive this minute wonder of a mosaic box increased to the magnitude of a miniature sky,” and you have the interior of the greatest structure ever built by the hands of man, the Cathedral of St. Peter.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

BAPTIST MISSION WORK IN ITALY.

BY JOHN H. EAGER, ROME, ITALY.

Why Italy is a Mission-Field—Beginning of the Work—Difficulties—Increase of Forces—Growth of Work—Sanguine Expectations

THIS subject will awaken doubts in many minds, and give rise to numerous questions. Why should Italy be a mission-field? Did not Paul preach the gospel there? Did not Christianity flourish vigorously in Italian soil during the early centuries? Has not Italy been prolific of good men, men unsullied in character, invincible in the midst of persecution, and unflinching in the presence of death? Is not Italy the home and headquarters of a great ecclesiastical organization, calling itself *par excellence* the Christian Church of the world? Are there not in Italy to-day thousands of magnificent churches, hosts of religious teachers? Then why speak of Italy as a mission-field? Because the great mass of the people are really without the Gospel. The pure form of the truth once preached in Rome and other parts of this sunny land has undergone such radical changes since the early centuries that it is no longer the Gospel, but a threefold mixture of Christianity, Judaism and Heathenism. Religion has degenerated into a mere [554] form of Godliness without the power thereof. All attempts at reform, however promising in the beginning, have failed. The spark that began to glow so brightly in the days of Luther, that seemed about to kindle into a brilliant flame destined to bring light and peace to many a troubled soul, was soon crushed and smothered, for those in authority loved darkness rather than light, and desired neither reform nor reformers. The long-continued and fatal supremacy of Romanism has made Italy a needy and most difficult mission-field.

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REV. JOHN H. EAGER, ROME, ITALY.

As early as 1850, the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention began to turn its attention to Europe. In 1869, the Board, in its annual report to the Convention, expressed the conviction that a solemn obligation was resting upon Baptists to give a pure gospel to Catholic Europe, and Italy was recommended as probably the best place for a new mission, and as a field in

special need of Baptist principles. In the spring of 1870, Rev. W. M. Cote, of Paris, was appointed to take charge of the Italian mission. This was a momentous period in the history of Italy, and marvelous things were about to take place. The great Ecumenical Council of the Catholic Church was then in session in Rome, and on July 18th the dogma of Papal Infallibility was proclaimed to the world. A few days later the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and the French troops were withdrawn from Rome, where for years they had been the strong defense of the Pope. Seizing the God-given opportunity, Garibaldi, ever ready for an emergency, again sounded the tocsin of war, and the Italian army marched forth and pitched its tents before the walls of the Eternal City. The siege was brief, for on September 20th the victorious army entered the city amid the cheers and congratulations of the entire population; the Pope, by a popular vote, lost his temporal power, and became the self-imposed prisoner [556] of the Vatican; Rome was proclaimed the permanent capital of Italy, thus making the long-cherished dream of Italian patriots a blessed reality. This victory opened Rome and the whole Italian Peninsula to the preaching of the Gospel, and Christian workers from many quarters hastened to the rescue. Dr. Cote entered the city at once and began his novel work. Tracts were distributed, Bibles and Testaments were sold in large numbers, and hundreds flocked to hear the Gospel. It seemed that the people were about to renounce Romanism and its errors, to become true Bible Christians, and the missionaries fondly hoped that they were on the eve of a great revival. Would that their hopes had been well-founded!

In 1872, Rev. Geo. B. Taylor D. D., of Virginia, was chosen by the Foreign Mission Board as the man best suited to meet the crisis through which the Italian mission was then passing. He brought to his arduous task rare wisdom and patience, and, undaunted by almost insuperable difficulties, conducted the affairs of the mission with much prudence and great self-denial. After several years he succeeded in buying a valuable mission property in Rome, not far from the Pantheon, which gave American Baptists “a local habitation and a name.” The good work was vigorously prosecuted in other parts of Italy, new stations were opened, other Italian evangelists were appointed, new churches were organized, a religious journal was established, and substantial progress was [557] made all along the line.

In November 1880, Rev. John H. Eager and wife, appointed as missionaries to Italy, reached Rome, where they have since resided and labored, realizing more and more that mission work in Papal Rome presents peculiar difficulties and discouragements. Yet each year finds them more resolved to make it their life work, assured that they preach the same gospel which wrought such wonders in pagan Rome, and believing the Scripture which saith, “Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.”

While results have not corresponded with the sanguine expectations of earlier years, still God’s people have not labored in vain. The present working force of the American Baptist mission consists of two missionaries, thirteen native preachers, and three colporteurs, who are preaching the Gospel in more than thirty cities and towns, extending from the snow-capped mountains of the North, to the vine-covered plains of the South. Among the thirteen native preachers are men of more than ordinary ability. One, educated in Geneva, is a fine linguist, being acquainted with six or seven languages, and able to preach in three of them. He is said to be one of the best Hebrew scholars in Italy. Another was once a priest in high standing, the director and father-confessor of a monastery, and a friend of the present Pope. One, though uneducated, is deeply [558] versed in the Scriptures, and can quote almost any passage at will, giving book, chapter, and often verse. This knowledge he uses most effectually in public and in private. Two were educated at Spurgeon’s College. One is perhaps the only native Sardinian who ever became an evangelical minister. These brethren preach to thousands during the year, for people are coming and going during every service. Some enter by accident, or through curiosity, drawn in by the singing or speaking, then pass on to be heard from no more. But who can tell what influence such a visit may have upon their future life?

Churches have been organized at all the principal stations, and in addition to the mission property in Rome two other chapels have been secured, one in Torre Pellice, about thirty miles above Turin, and the other in Carpi, not far from Bologna. At all other stations

services are held in rented halls. Two churches have been organized on the Island of Sardinia, where the work is peculiarity interesting and promising, but greatly in need of other laborers to sow the seed and reap the harvest.

(Persons wishing further information about Sardinia or Italy, can write to Rev. John H. Eager, via Arenula, Palazzo Gualdi, Rome, Italy.)

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BAPTIST CHAPEL, TORRE PELLICE, ITALY.

English Baptists have long had a mission in Italy. In 1866, Mr. [560] Clark established himself in Spezia, where he has succeeded in building up an excellent school, a good church and an orphanage. He has associated with him eight Italian evangelists, who occupy about twenty stations. This mission is independent, being supported by private contributions. The mission force of the Particular Baptists of England consists of four missionaries, Rev. James Wall and Rev. J. C. Wall, of Rome, Rev. W. K. Landels of Turin, and Rev. Robt. Walker of Naples, assisted by nine native preachers. They have two medical dispensaries, a religious journal, printing-press and other auxiliaries to mission work. The General Baptists of England also have two mission stations in Rome, under the superintendence of Rev. N. H. Shaw, who brings to bear upon his work Anglo-Saxon energy, and the varied experience acquired in a successful pastorate at home.

Besides these, several individual Baptists are consecrating their private means to the evangelization of Italy. Among them may be mentioned Count Papengouth, who expends large sums annually in Naples and vicinity; and Miss Emery, an English lady of fortune, who devotes the whole of her time and income to Christian work in Italy, especially the publication and distribution of tracts.

In estimating the success of mission work in Italy, one should be careful not to lose sight of the peculiar difficulties that confront the missionary. Under the old regime, in the days of papal supremacy, good schools were rare and great ignorance prevailed. Even as late as 1881 nearly five per cent. of the entire population of Italy were unable to read, which means that about twenty million Italians can [561] be reached with the Gospel only by means of the living voice, the tracts and the Bible being to them a dead letter.

Prejudice is another serious hindrance. Some of the best and most sincere among the people honestly believe that protestantism is rank infidelity. A priest once said to a young man, in the writers hearing, “Ah! beware of protestantism, beware of protestantism! Why, don’t you know that protestantism was founded by Voltaire and Tom Paine?” The abuses of Romanism have yielded a rich harvest of materialism and infidelity. The salt has lost its savor and men have cast it out and trodden it under foot. One of our greatest difficulties, especially in Rome, lies in the stolid indifference of the great mass of the people to all spiritual things. Thousands have been taught to depend on forms and ceremonies, and to relegate all personal responsibility to the Church and the priest, and to such our doctrines are by no means acceptable.

In a land like Italy, where a great system of error has kept the people in ignorance and spiritual darkness, and bound them with fetters of iron, one must not expect too much. A few days ago, we were asked by a Christian woman, “How are you succeeding in your work?” And on hearing the response she replied: “I know Rome well, and I can assure you that it is a great marvel that you can do

anything at all.” But despite difficulties and Satanic hatred and opposition much has been done. Italy has become a united and free country and liberty of speech is everywhere enjoyed; the Pope has lost his temporal power, and with it the right to interfere with the missionary of the Cross; hundreds and thousands of tracts and Bibles have been scattered among the people, as silent but powerful witnesses for the Truth; prejudices have been overcome, and public opinion has been greatly modified and enlightened with reference to protestants and protestantism; more than three hundred Christian workers have been raised upon the field, and not less than 10,000 persons have professed faith in Christ. It should not be forgotten that previous to 1848 not one publicly declared Italian evangelical could be found in Italy, and that before 1870, to preach or profess evangelical doctrine in Rome, meant certain imprisonment and possible death. While praying and hoping and earnestly laboring for much greater results, we can but exclaim, “The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

FROM ROME, VIA PISA AND FLORENCE, TO VENICE.

Peasants—A Three-Fold Crop—Elba, the Exiled Home of Napoleon—Pisa—Leaning Tower—An Odd Burial-Ground—Florence—The Home of Savonarola, Dante, and Michael Angelo—Art Galleries—On to Venice—A Flood—Johnson Excited—Storm Raging—Lightening the Ship—Venice, a Water-Lily—No Streets but Water—No Carriages but Gondolas—Shylocks.

WITH our face to the northward, we are now skirting along the western coast of Italy. The air is crisp and cold, the sky soft and clear. Yonder, scattered over the bare hillside to our right, are many rude huts and humble peasant homes. The smoke slowly rising from the low chimneys curls up and on, and still up, until it stands like so many slender columns leaning against the sky for support.

The peasants are at work, one feeding the chickens, the second holding the cow to grass, while the third is milking the goats. Everywhere the country is cut up into one, two, and three-acre plots by narrow ditches and low hedges which serve as fences to divide one peasant's patch from another. Each plot of ground is a vineyard, a wheat field and a mulberry orchard, the three growing together.

The wheat is, of course, sown broadcast. The trees, twelve to eighteen feet high, are planted in straight rows, fifteen feet apart. [564] The healthy vines clamber up the mulberries, and wreathe themselves into huge and rich festoons from tree to tree. The ground rapidly glides from under us, the orchards, the villages and peasant homes, one by one dash by us. Now the sun is bending low in the evening sky, and, looking out over the broad expanse of waters on our left, we see not far away the island of Elba, the first exiled home of Napoleon Bonaparte. But this beautiful island was too small for so great a spirit. After one year's confinement here, Napoleon, rising up in his madness and might, broke the political fetters which the allied Powers had placed upon him, returned to Paris, gathered an army and marched to Waterloo. There his already waning star went down in blood to rise no more (1815).

As the dying day begins to wrap herself in the sombre folds of evening, we find ourselves in Pisa, a quiet little town of 26,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on both banks of the Arno, six miles from the sea. The night comes and goes. Next morning I am standing on the top of Pisa's "Leaning Tower," in time to see the sun rise. This tower is one of the wonders, not of the ancient, but modern world. It is some thirty-three feet in diameter and one hundred and eighty feet in height, and leans thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. This oblique or leaning position gives it a very peculiar appearance. It looks as if it were falling; you expect every moment to see it dashed to pieces against the ground. But it has been in this position some 650 years, and, if we may argue from the past, many moons will wax and wane before it strikes the ground. No one knows whether the original design was to build a leaning tower, or whether in the course of construction one side of the foundation gave way, and thus left the tower in an oblique position. It was by dropping balls from the summit of this tower that Galileo verified his theories regarding the laws of gravitation. It was the swaying of the bronze lamp which still hangs in the cathedral at the foot of this tower that first suggested to Galileo the idea of a pendulum.

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THE CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

The Campo Santo, or burial-ground, of Pisa is interesting [566]
because of its history. After the Crusaders were driven out of the Holy Land, in the year 1190, Archbishop Ubaldo had fifty-three ship-loads of earth brought hither from Mount Calvary in order that the dead might repose in “holy ground.” What men need to-day is not the earth of Calvary for their dead bodies, but the Christ of Calvary for their living spirits.

Three hours after leaving Pisa, I am walking through the streets of Florence, looking at her monuments, statues, palaces and cathedrals. Among the monuments, if so it might be named, is a splendid water fountain which marks the site of the stake at which Savonarola was burned, in 1498, six years after the discovery of America. Like Elijah of old, Savonarola went from earth to Heaven [567]
in a chariot of fire. The flames that wafted his spirit to the glory world are still burning brightly upon the pages of history. The martyr’s ashes were thrown into the Arno, and were carried thence to the ocean. So the stream of Time will bear his influence on to the ocean of eternity.

Of the many statues in the city, I will mention only Dante’s. This excellent statue of white marble is nine feet high, on a pedestal twenty-three feet high. It was unveiled with great solemnity, in 1865, in commemoration of the 600th anniversary of the immortal poet. Dante’s greatest work was the “Divine Comedy.” I also visited the house in which he was born in 1265. The house in which Michael Angelo was born in 1475 is now used as a picture gallery. He died in Rome in 1564. His ashes were brought back to his native city, and now repose in a vault in the church of Santa Croce.

The art galleries I found worthy of their fame, so beautiful in architectural design, so vast in extent, so rich in the productions of the best artists of every school. “Each street of Florence contains a world of art. The walls of the city are the calyx containing the fairest flowers of the human mind; and this is but the richest gem in the diadem with which the Italian people have adorned the earth.” Florence has been the home of many of the greatest artists that have lived since the twelfth century. The main centres of art in [568]
Florence are the Pitti and the Uffizi galleries; these, being on the opposite sides of the Arno, are connected by a suspension gallery which spans the river. Thus one passes from one gallery to the other by means of this swinging corridor, which is itself flanked on both sides with faultless statues and lined with pictures that no money could buy.

I wandered, one day after another, through the stately halls of many-colored marble in Florence. Many of these pictures I should like to show you, but I know full well that words can not copy them. To copy Raphael’s “Madonna” would require the hand of genius, and paints as beautiful, and as delicately mixed, as are the colors of the rainbow.

“Variety is the spice of life,” and truly it is refreshing to come to this land of Art and Music after spending a few months in Asia and Africa. Since leaving home, more of my time has been spent among the mountains and around the lakes than in the cities; or, in other words,

> “I have been accustomed to entwine
> My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields
> Than art in galleries.”

“On to Venice” is the war cry. To reach there, we tunnel mountains, dash through a blinding snow-storm, and encounter a

heavy rainfall. Presently we are surrounded by water. The train stops. Johnson is excited; he thinks the bridge is washed away. [569] Looking out of the window, and pointing to the water, I ask a by-stander, “Is that the ocean?” The reply is, “No; it is Venice.” “A flood!” exclaims Johnson; “if it continues to rain in this way two hours longer, the whole city will be washed away, and we, where will we be?” By this time, as there is a gondola near, we, like Jonah, pay the fare thereof, and go down into it. We are soon on the way to the hotel.

The storm is raging, the waves are dashing high. The gondola, which is black, and really reminds one of a hearse, seems to be bearing us away to a watery grave. The boat must be lightened, or we will all go down. What to do, I know not. Hope wanes. “My latest sun is sinking fast.” In the extremity of that hour, I say: “This I will do. I will throw overboard all hatred, envy and strife, all contention, malice and jealousy, all egotism, selfishness and pride.” When I have emptied my heart of all these, a surprising change occurs. It is as if some divine one has whispered, “Peace, be still.”

Reader, this experience points a moral, if it does not adorn a tale. We are all voyagers on the Sea of Life. Tempests frequently come, and our frail bark is often threatened; but if we will only throw overboard our ignoble feelings and baser selves, a holy calm will settle on the face of the deep, and in our hearts we will have that “peace which passeth all understanding.”

Venice, you remember, is situated two miles from the mainland, [570] in a shallow part of the Adriatic. Its 15,000 houses and palaces are built on 117 islands. Streets are unknown. There are 150 canals and 380 bridges in the city. The population is 130,000, one-fourth of whom are paupers.

Yes, here is Venice rising above the surface like a water nymph, and floating like a sea fowl on the ocean wave. She was once the ruler of the waters and their powers. Those days are past, but beauty is still here. “States fall, arts fade, but nature doth not die.” There was never a horse, carriage, or wheel-barrow in the city. I presume there are half grown persons here who never saw any of these. The Venetians go visiting in boats, they go to market, to church, to the theatre, to the grave, in boats.

The houses rise up out of the water; the gondola, graceful in its motion as a serpent, glides up to the door, the people step in, and off they go. The gondola is a contrivance peculiar to Venice. It is twenty-five or thirty feet long, and is deep and narrow like a canoe. Its sharp bow and stern sweep upwards from the water like the horns of a crescent, with the abruptness of the curve slightly modified. The bow, which rises some six feet above the water, is ornamented with a steel comb and a broad battle ax. In the centre of the boat is a little house something like the body of a carriage. This is elegantly fitted up with cushioned seats, silk curtains, and glass windows. The gondolier, who is usually a picturesque rascal, [571] stands erect in the stern of the boat, and with one oar he manages to guide and propel his boat with an accuracy and a speed that are truly surprising. Almost every moment you expect your gondola to collide with some other; but by some timely turn the two glide gracefully by each other without touching. All the gondolas are painted black—the color of mourning. Well may Venice mourn. Her glory has departed. She is great only in history.

The chief industry of Venice is glass manufacture. The first glass mirror that was ever made was manufactured here about the year 1,300. The Venetians are yet ahead in this kind of work. They now make men and monkeys, horses and houses, doves and donkeys, of glass. I saw them spinning glass; and without handling the thread one could not tell it from silk. They fashion glass into buds and blossoms which need little else than perfume to make them as perfect as those wrought by Nature’s hand. Perhaps the most delicate glass work I saw going on was the manufacture of human eyes. This, you may rest assured, requires skilled workmen. It is a large and remunerative business. God and Venice furnish eyes for the world. In bargaining with the glass dealers, one soon finds that now, as in the days of Shakespeare, many Shylocks live in Venice, and each one contends for his “pound of flesh.”

If I had time to write another chapter concerning this “Ocean Queen,” I would tell you something about the Bridge of Sighs “with [572] a palace and a prison on each hand,” about St. Mark’s Cathedral, which “looks more like the work of angels than of men,” about the

granite columns, one surmounted by “the winged lion and the other by St. Theodore, the protector of the republic.” Of course it is a great pity (?) that you can not read what I would write on these subjects if I had time, but, as this is impossible, perhaps the next best thing you could read would be “Childe Harold,” “Stones of Venice,” and “St. Mark’s Rest.”

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE:

—Obvious print and punctuation errors were corrected.

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