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The cruise of the Celtic around the Mediterranean, 1902

Robert Houston McCready, H. M. Tyndall

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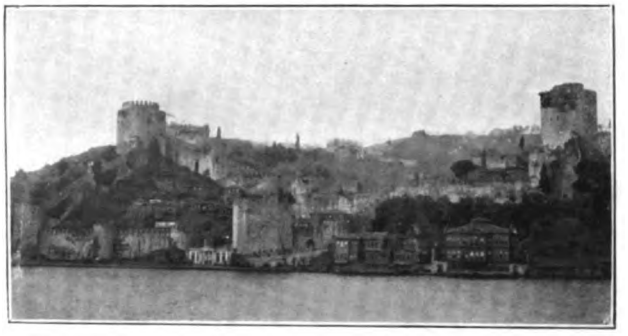
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The Cruise of the Celtic Around the Mediterranean 1902

Souvenir Volume



BY

R. H. McCready *and* H. M. Tyndall

THE WINTHROP PRESS, NEW YORK CITY

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John Harvey Treat

To the Friends who
so kindly encouraged

OUR SOUVENIR



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

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

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PREFACE

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

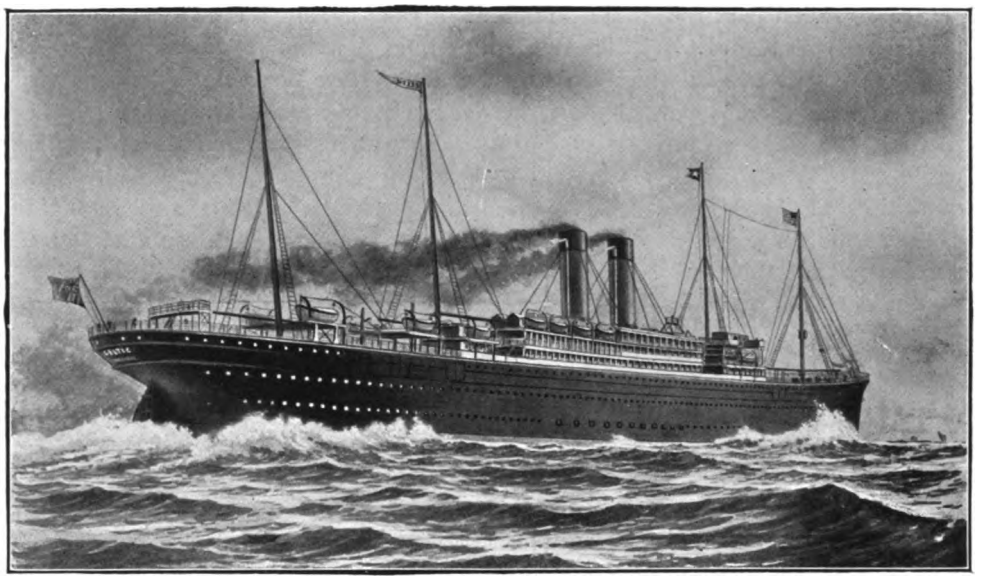


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SHOWING ROUTE OF THE CELTIC

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THE START

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



WAVE BREAKING BY THE CELTIC

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

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

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

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

WILLING AND YET UNWILLING

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

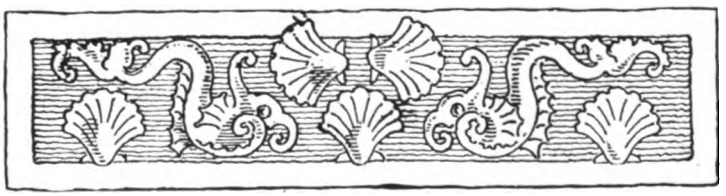
O'er the boundless, heaving main.
I'm a subject of disdain,
As I strive yet naught retain
'Neath my vest.

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

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



EXPOUNDING A HARD PROBLEM TO THE FISH



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LIFE ABOARD THE CELTIC

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



THE REV. S. EDWARD YOUNG



MRS. S. EDWARD YOUNG

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Judge E. L. Bonfils, Denver, Col.

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

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

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

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

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

Hon. George F. Washburn, Boston, Mass.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hon. Daniel Hayes, Gloversville, N. Y.

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

Mr. D. H. Ayers and wife.

Mr. W. H. Bates and wife.

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

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

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

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



F. C. CLARK, MANAGER

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

THE WAIL OF THE WOEFUL!

DEDICATED TO THE UNCOMFORTABLE.

I

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

II

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

—*Harriet L. Shoemaker.*

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

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

ANY REMEDIES?

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

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

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

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

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

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

—*A.*

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THE GENERAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE CRUISE

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

THE MEDITERRANEAN TRIP, Noah Brooks. Handy and compact.

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

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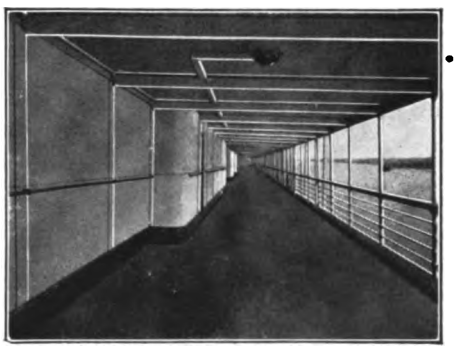
THE CELTIC—THE GREATEST CRUISER ON THE OCEANS



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

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

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

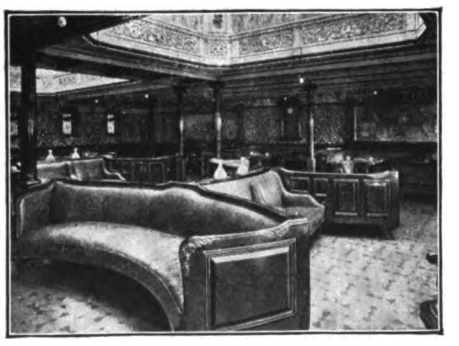


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prospectus set forth that a ship capable of accommodating at least one hundred and fifty cabin passengers would be selected and the company limited to three-fourths this number; that the steamer would be provided with every necessary comfort, including library and musical instruments. The fare for steamer passage alone was $1,250, and each passenger was compelled to provide for his own shore excursions, which cost from $1,500 to $2,500 more. Now note the contrast, which serves also as an illustration of the progress in ship-building during the past thirty-five years. Their ship was 2,500 tons with sixty-five passengers; ours, 20,800 tons with 800 passengers. They had only the stuffy accommodations of a small ship. We have ample space in our state-rooms and on deck, and all the luxuries of a metropolitan hotel. Their library consisted of a few books and magazines, while ours numbers hundreds of choice books. Their musical instruments consisted of an old-fashioned melodeon. Ours, a splendid orchestra, brass band, and several pianos. By reason of the smallness of their ship they all suffered from the horrors of sea-sickness, while by reason of the immensity of ours, sea-sickness is practically eliminated. With all these additional advantages, we pay from $400 to $800 for what cost them from five to seven times as much. This is the largest and best appointed excursion of its kind ever attempted, and everybody is perfectly satisfied with the management thus far."



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

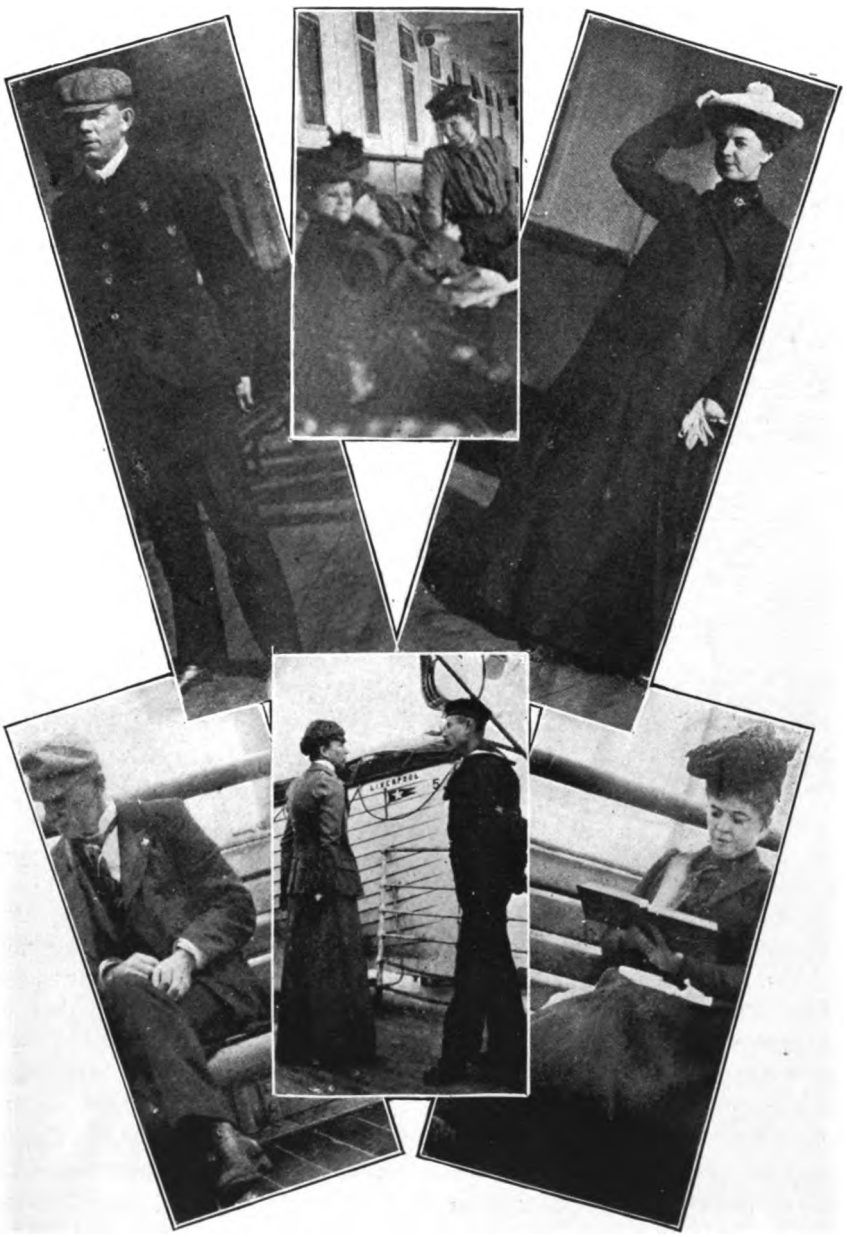


There are altogether nine decks and named as follows: Lower Orlop, Orlop, Lower, Middle, Upper, Bridge, Upper Bridge, Boat and Sun decks. To jump from her mast would be like jumping from one of the tallest "skyscrapers" in New York.

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

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



BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

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Her speed is 17 knots, or 19½ miles an hour, and in order to move a body of her displacement with such a velocity necessitates the application of an engine of 14,000 horse power, or the same energy as would be expended in raising 38½ tons one hundred feet high every second.

The development of this power requires two independent sets of quadruple expansion engines, with cylinders 33, 47½, 68½, and 98 inches diameter, and stroke 5 feet 3 inches, making 75 revolutions per minute.

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

The engines are of the modern "balance" type, in which the enormous weights and resultant forces of the rapidly reciprocating masses are so proportioned and distributed along the crank shaft, and their crank angles so related, that at any given moment during rotation all parts of the engine are evenly balanced.



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

The power of the engines is transmitted by two shafts 20 inches diameter, made in sections, and 210 feet long. The rudder for controlling the ship is 30 feet high and 6 feet wide. The total number of engines in the ship is 75, with 130 cylinders. The forced draught for the boilers and ventilation of the saloons and cabins is produced by four fan wheels 10 feet in diameter.

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

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

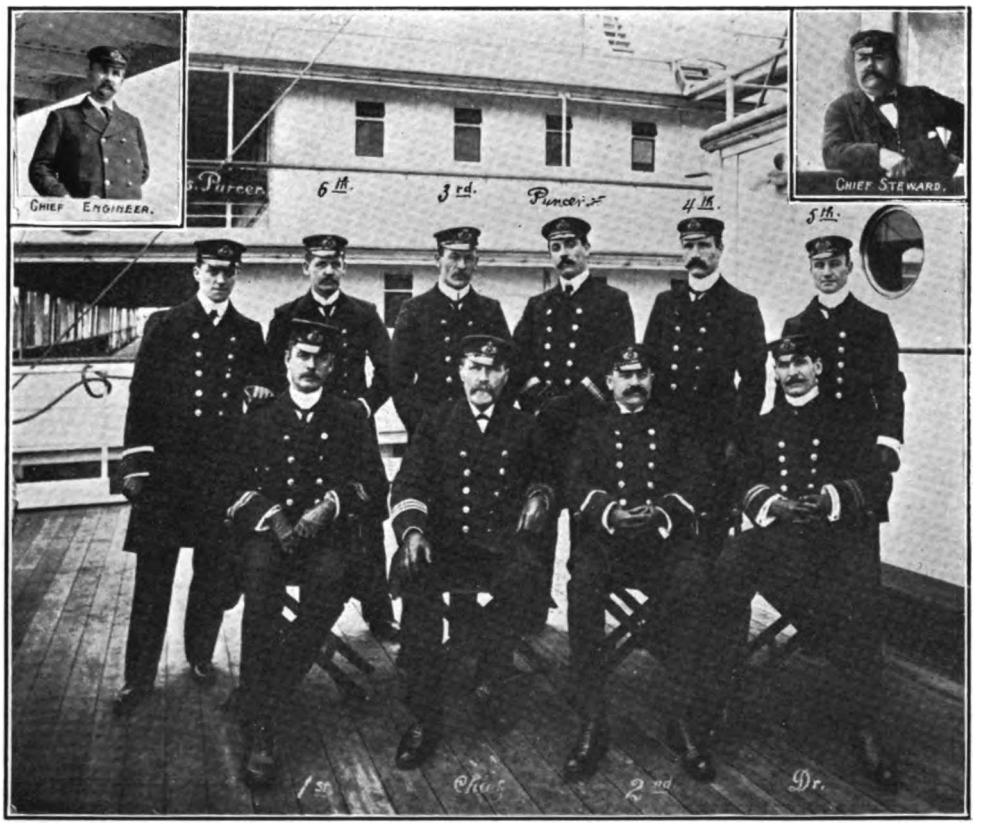
A laundry equipped with modern machinery is also installed and operated with marvelous success. Some of our passengers thought that garments, accounts and stewards were badly mixed, but think of an ordinary laundryman keeping the garments and accounts of twelve hundred people straight.

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

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

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



OUR SPLENDID OFFICERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Purser himself, H. B. Palmer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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MADEIRA

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Programme for Madeira

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

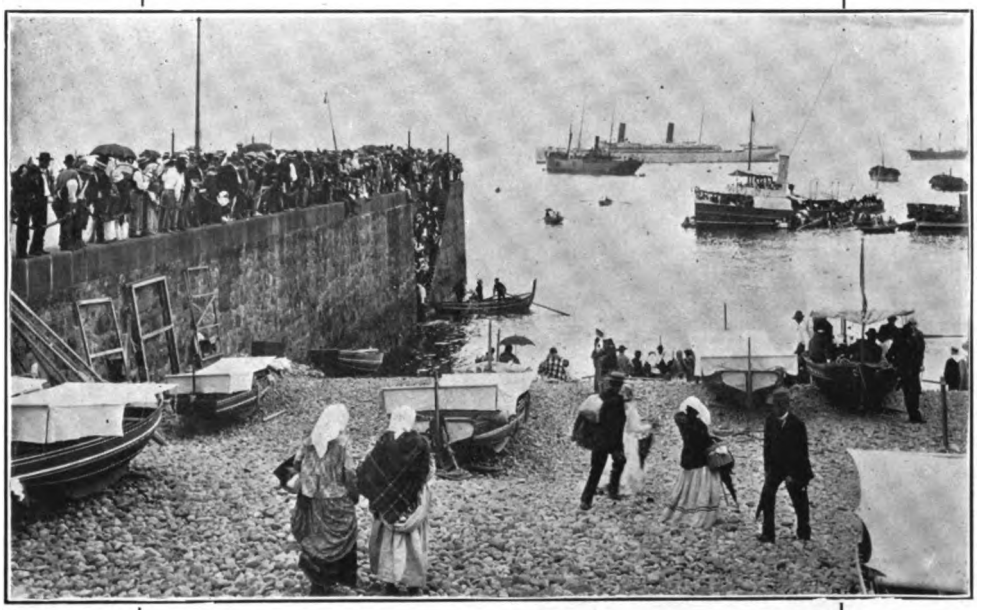
Avoid crowding at the gangways.

DINNER 6 AND 7.30 P. M.

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

LUNCH AT 1 AND 2 P. M.

F. C. Clark.



S. S. "Celtic"

LUNCH MENU

Clam Chowder — Lambs Head Broth

Lobster — Fresh and Pickled Oysters — Sardines

Corned Pork and Boston Baked Beans

Macaroni au Gratin — Baked Jacket and Puree Potatoes

COLD

Braized Beef à la Gelee

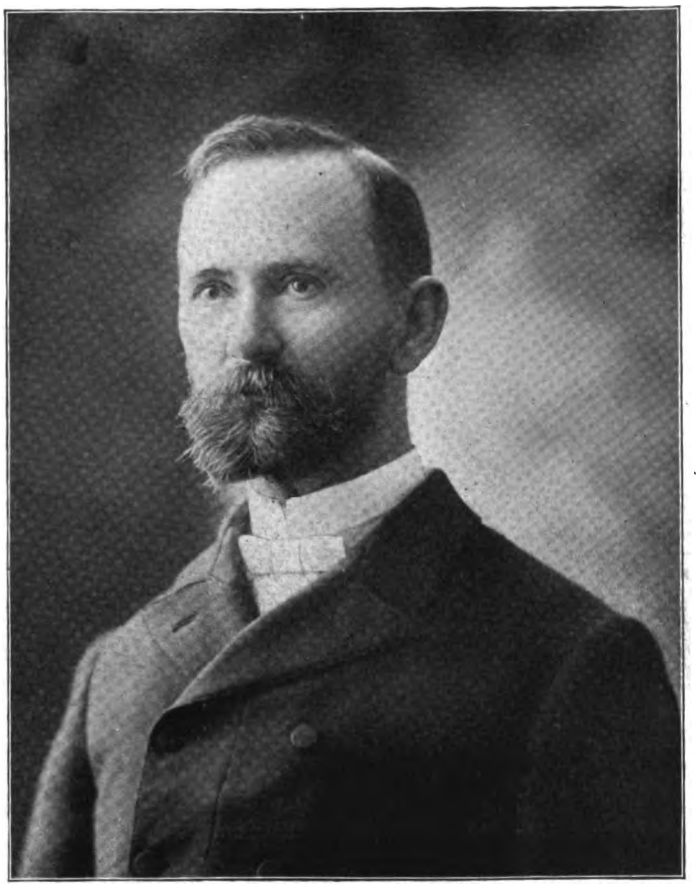
Cumberland Ham	Roast Beef	Bologna Sausage
Corned Ox Tongue	Roast Mutton	Brisket of Corned Beef
Head Cheese	Chicken	Brawn
Salad-Lectuce	Radishes	Beetroot
Cheese—Cheshire	Stilton	Gorgonzola

Baked Apples — Cerealine Pudding — Pastry — Coffee

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THE CELTICS AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA ISLANDS

By Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D., Rochester, N. Y.



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

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

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with its quaint little houses, white-walled and tile-roofed, and with its extremely foreign appearing and picturesque people, and to its only city of size, Funchal, we would like to devote a volume instead of the few words that remain to us in the space this chapter is intended to fill. The country we studied through field-glasses as we came along; but the city of Funchal we studied by an active mingling with the people and by rapid visits to the streets, the markets, the bazaars, the churches and cathedrals, the hotels, the hospital, the cemeteries, and all the leading places of interest.



PUBLIC GARDEN

There are really five islands in this group, of which Madeira is the largest, being 33 miles long, 150 miles broad, with a population estimated at 150,000.

The island is, no doubt, beautiful and one of the most picturesque spots on the globe. But it has its limitations.



THE CITADEL



HARBOR AND CITY OF FUNCHAL

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

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

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



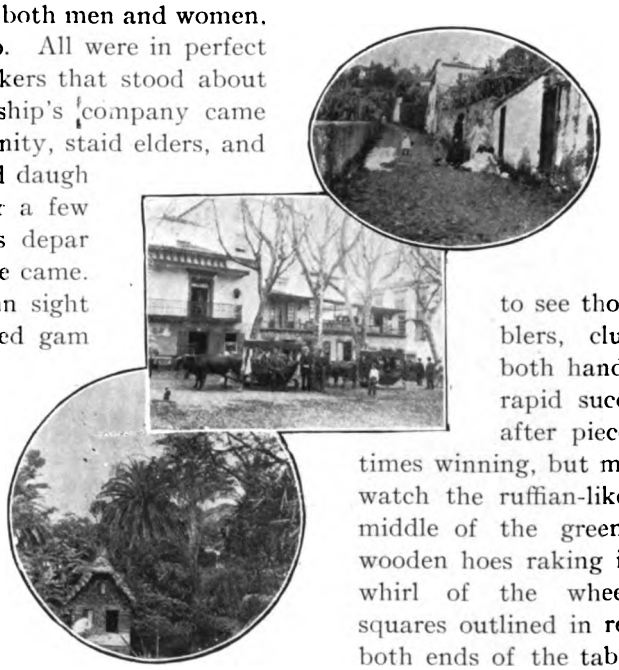
MISSIONS AND GARDEN

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

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

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taining oil, and with a little wick on a hanger near the bottom. These lamps, hung in festoons and pendants from the trees, were in clusters among the shrubbery and in artistic designs along the walks. Hearing music, we went into the Casino, or Club House, to find that a dance had been gotten up in honor of the *Celtic's* passengers. The room was filled with handsome Spanish looking women and banditti looking men, all dressed in ultra fashion, and they were engaged in a Sunday night ball. We are happy to record that the *Celtic's* passengers did not patronize the dance, though hundreds of us were there looking on. After watching a few moments, we were about to leave when one of the ship's party told us that the roulette tables were upstairs. There we found two tables, in separate rooms, filled with Portuguese and other foreign looking people, both men and women, gambling *à la* Monte Carlo. All were in perfect silence, as were the onlookers that stood about the tables. Many of our ship's company came in, dignified doctors of divinity, staid elders, and others, with their wives and daughters, each looking on for a few minutes and then taking his departure more solemn than he came. For it was indeed a solemn sight to see those silent, nervous, tense-faced gamblers, clutching their purses in both hands and laying down in the rapid succession of the game piece after piece of gold or silver, sometimes winning, but more often losing, and to watch the ruffian-like, snake-eyed men at the middle of the green tables with their little wooden hoes raking in the money, after each whirl of the wheel, from the numbered squares outlined in red, black and white at both ends of the tables.

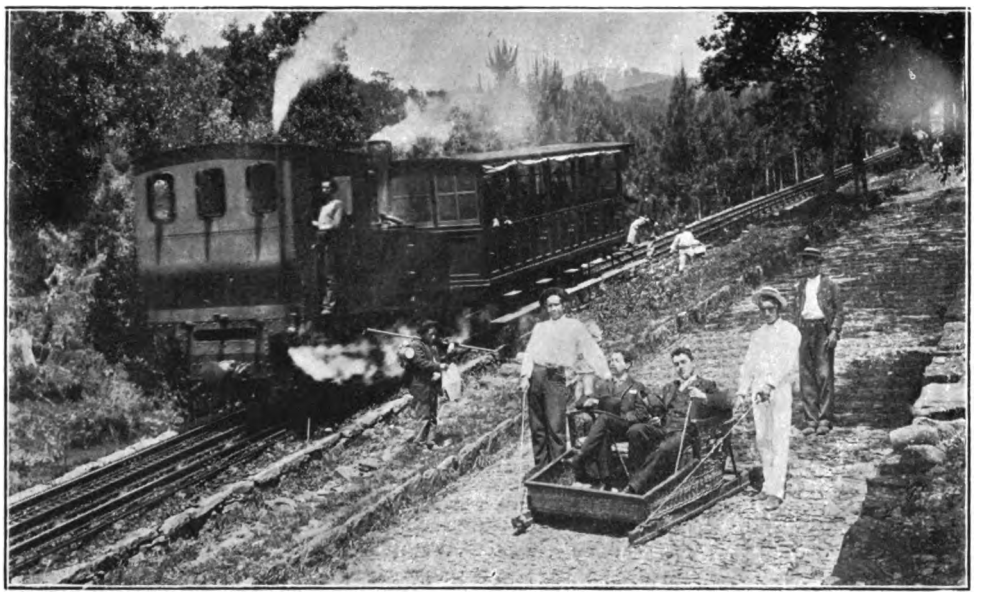


SCENES AT FUNCHAL

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

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



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

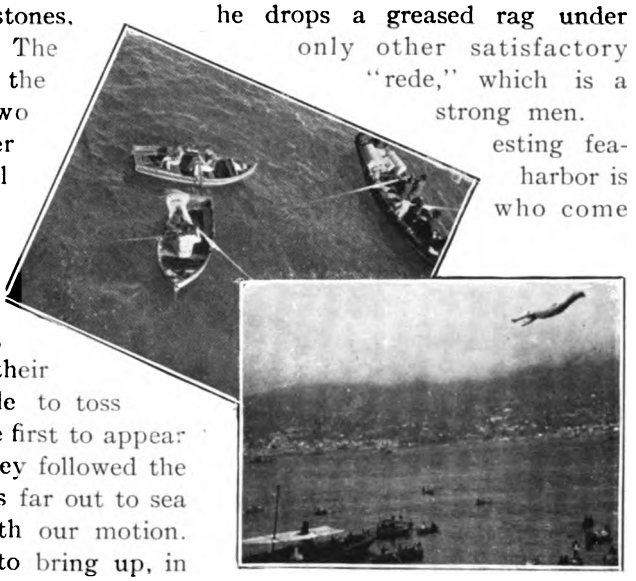
never visited a place more quaint and queer and foreign in its scenes, its people and its customs.

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

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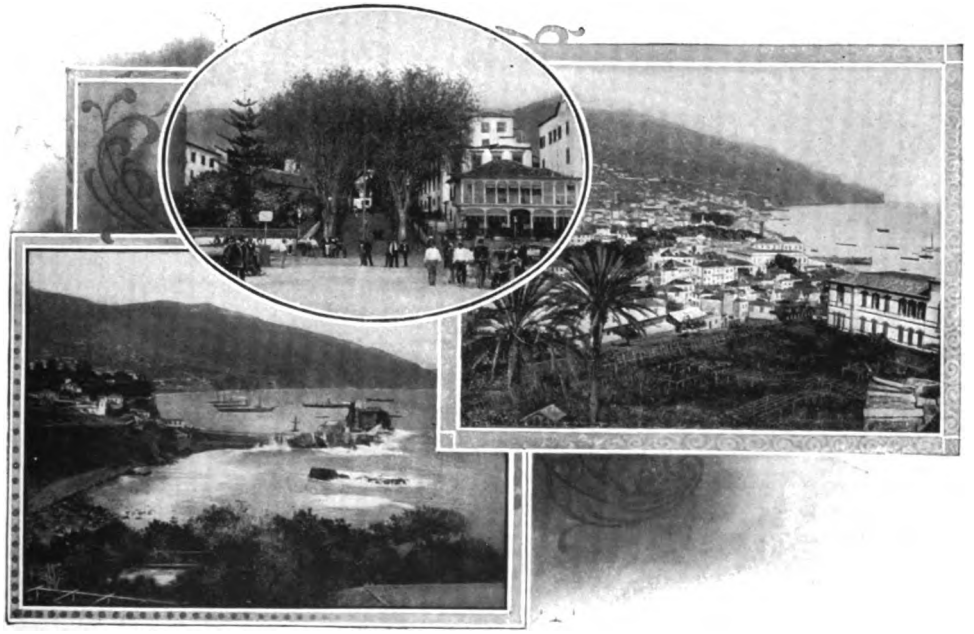
she takes one, and when "his majesty" with his waxed moustache goes to business or to make a social call, he does the same. Each "caros" has a driver who walks, holding a strap in the bull's horn, and when the load begins to drag heavily on the cobble-stones, he drops a greased rag under each runner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

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



DIVING FOR SILVER COIN

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



FUNCHAL. LANDING PLACE. FUNCHAL FROM THE WEST.

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THE CAROS

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with a temperature never below 52 nor above 88; of the history of the island where Columbus found his wife and got his impulse toward world-voyaging; of the old fort in the centre of the city of Funshal, and of the famous Loo Rock, a fortified island in the harbor; of the homes of the people, with their little irrigated gardens and the abundance of flowers everywhere; of the exorbitant taxes they pay and the awful poverty of nearly all the people; of the sad condition of things educationally and religiously. The ignorance of the people, as a rule, is beyond comprehension. Only about one-eighth of the population can read and write. And yet, we must not forget that this is one of the well-known spots of the world. Here Columbus lived. Here he gathered his information that led to the discovery of the New World. Here, some, he wooed and won his beautiful wife. This led some of our tourists to express a desire to their guides to see the house in which Columbus lived. They said it was on Rue Direita. A guide started to find it, consulting the best informed that he met on the way.







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









THE BULLETIN BOARD

losses and It was a sight to behold. The of various finds, the meetings and programmes landings, societies, the lectures, services, permission starts, were stuck by tain, thick of the purser and caper than the signs on a London omnibus.

The fact that this had been announced as a bible students' cruise seemed to make the captain a bit anxious about his vessel being turned into a Methodist camp meeting tent. Consequently, prayer-meetings were not a success. We learned

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

AMUSEMENTS

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



SUNSET OFF PORTUGAL

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GIBRALTAR

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GIBRALTAR

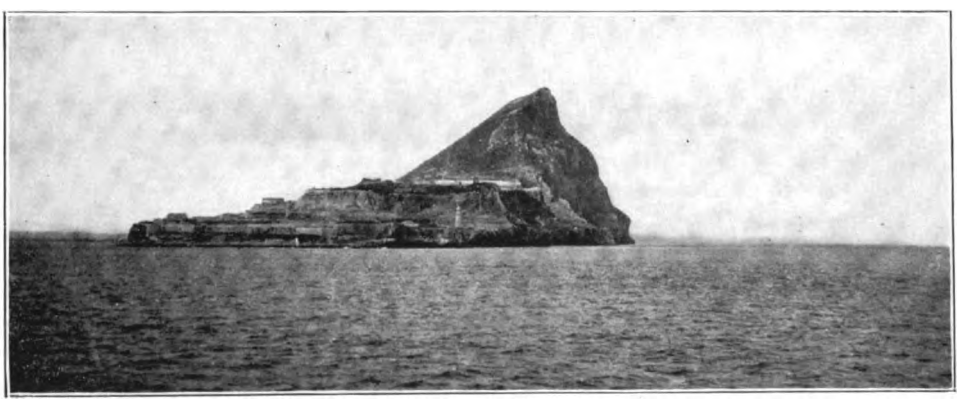
"HONEYCOMBED with galleries and bristling with cannon." We had looked at this rock so often on the advertisements of the insurance companies, that we were a little disappointed at first as we gazed through the mist of the morning at it on February 19th. But when we came closer, the lion-like proportions of the great rock stood out boldly. As Mark Twain says: "One side and one end of it come about as straight up out of the sea as the side of a house." Still, between the sea and this very straight up part nestles the town which we looked at in a drizzling rain. Everybody who lives at Gibraltar seems to want to live in that cramped up, creased spot at the foot of the great fortress. There are about twenty-five to thirty thousand people in the town, whose streets run every which way, and often terminate in a point toward the sky.



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

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

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



GIBRALTAR

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



GIBRALTAR AT CLOSE RANGE

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

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

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

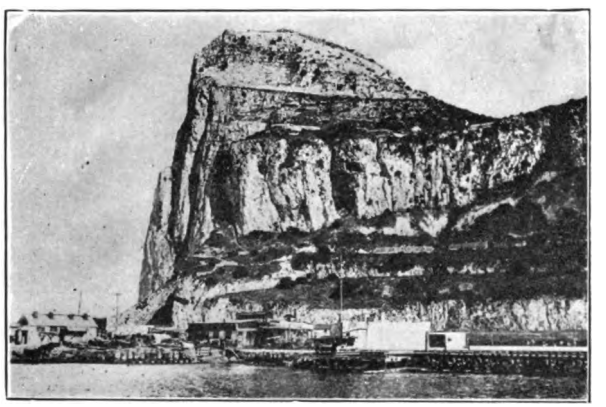
Great portholes through which immense guns thrust their noses and stand more faithfully even than the guards behind them, cover the approach from two seas.

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

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

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



GIBRALTAR, SHOWING PORT HOLES

Just opposite is the city of Algeciras, while to the east is Trafalgar, where the greatest of English admirals fell in his victorious naval battle against the combined forces of Spain and France. The naval forces of these two countries were larger than his. But putting mettle into his heroes with those memorable words, "England expects every man to do his duty," and leading in the thickest of the fight, he won the crown of victory.

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

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

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

—*Death of Lord Nelson.*

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ALGIERS

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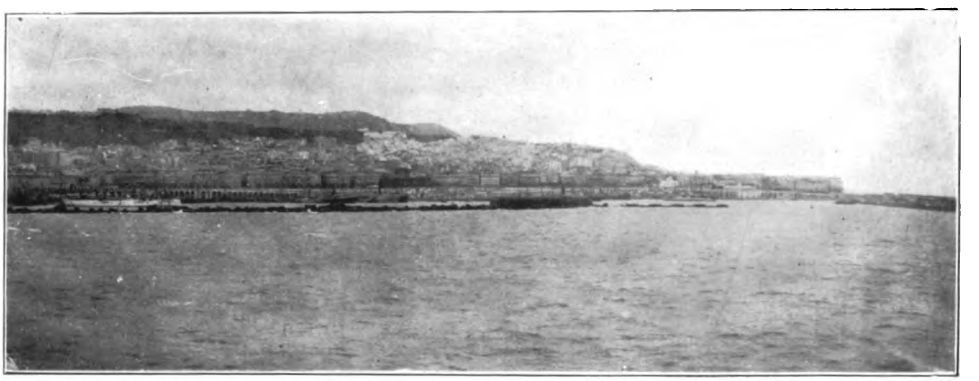
ALGIERS

By Rev. T. Chester Hyde, M.A.

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

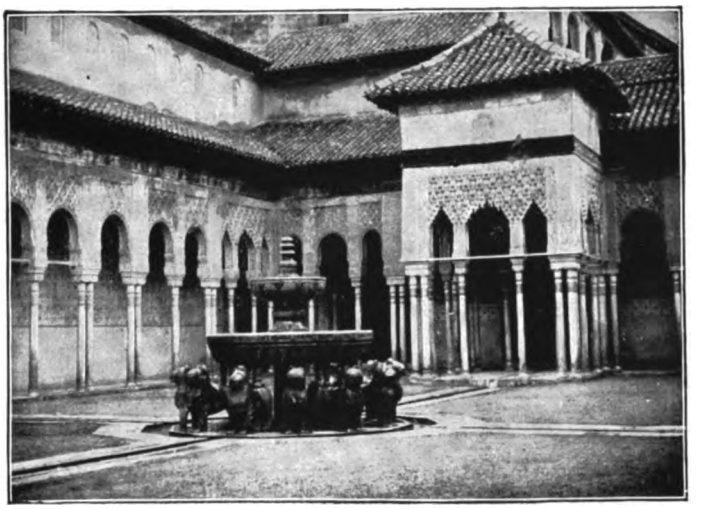


We were sailing, too, in the blue waves of the famous Mediterranean Sea, famous because upon its waters have sailed the heroes of the world. Here great warriors have marshalled mighty navies and fought battles which have stained its waters with blood. Hannibal, Cæsar, Marc Antony and Cleopatra raised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

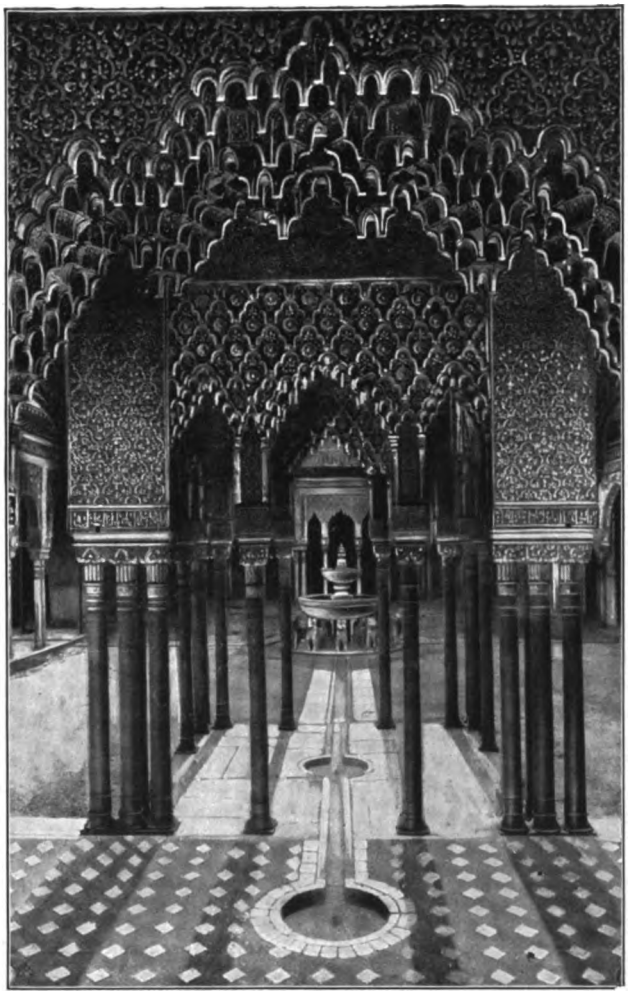


THE APPROACH TO ALGIERS

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COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA



ALHAMBRA—INTERIOR

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

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

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

But the people—many dressed in the very latest European fashion; others dressed in all the fantastic garbs of the Orient—where did they live? Whence came they? Go up in some of those streets in the upper part of the city. You dare not go alone. But take a guide with you and keep your eyes open as you go. Look at the streets, so narrow and crooked here and there that some one said, "he met himself five times in trying to go as many blocks." Guide, do you mean to tell us that human beings live in those holes—eat and sleep and cook and wash and rear children and do business in those holes?" "Yes, that is the only home and the only place on the earth that they have." How can they live in such places?



PUBLIC SQUARE AT ALGIERS

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

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

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

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

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

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



SCENES IN ALGIERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



ALGIERS.—FACING THE QUAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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



PUBLIC SQUARE, ALGIERS, SHOWING STATUE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



NATIVES IN COSTUME

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

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

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

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Five minutes later Hamilton was addressing the Commissioner of Pensions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



ALGIERS

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MALTA

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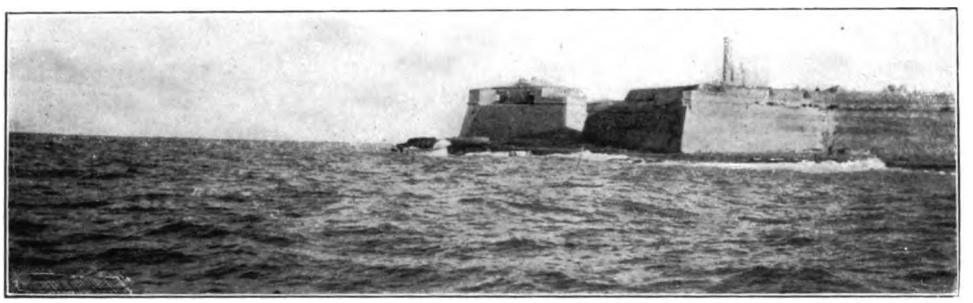
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MALTA

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

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

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



HARBOR OF MALTA, LEFT SIDE SHOWING FORT

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

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



SCENES AT MALTA

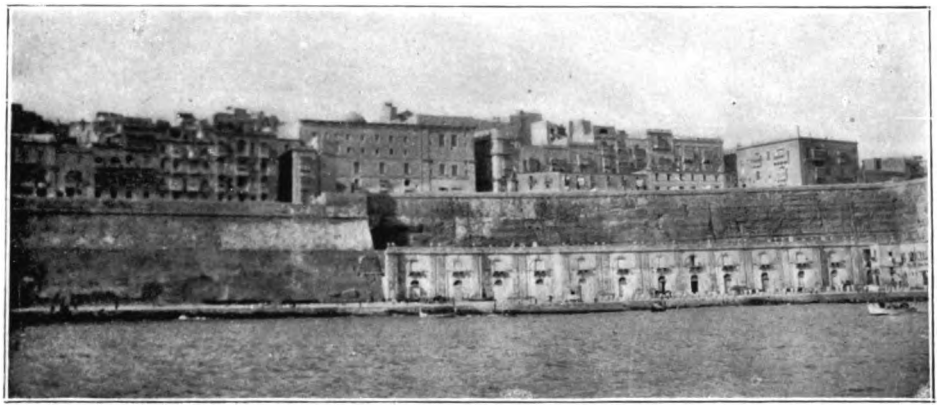
those familiar with the ways of the sea, two seas would really meet during the prevalence of a storm. It is said that six British sea captains starting from Cæsarea, the place of embarkation of St. Paul, on his famous journey to Rome, went over the route indicated in the narrative in the Acts through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

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

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

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



MALTA HARBOR, GOING IN

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

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

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

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

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

An entire day without sunshine is very rare.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



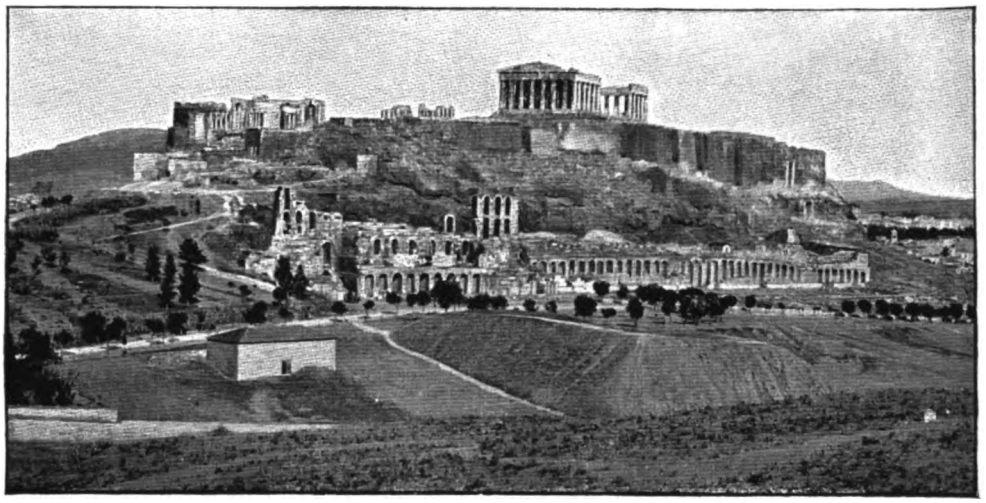
CLOUD EFFECT AT MALTA

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OVER SEA AND LAND TO ATHENS

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

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

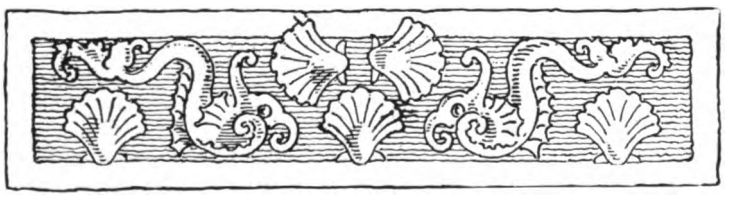


ATHENS.—THE ACROPOLIS

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

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



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GREECE

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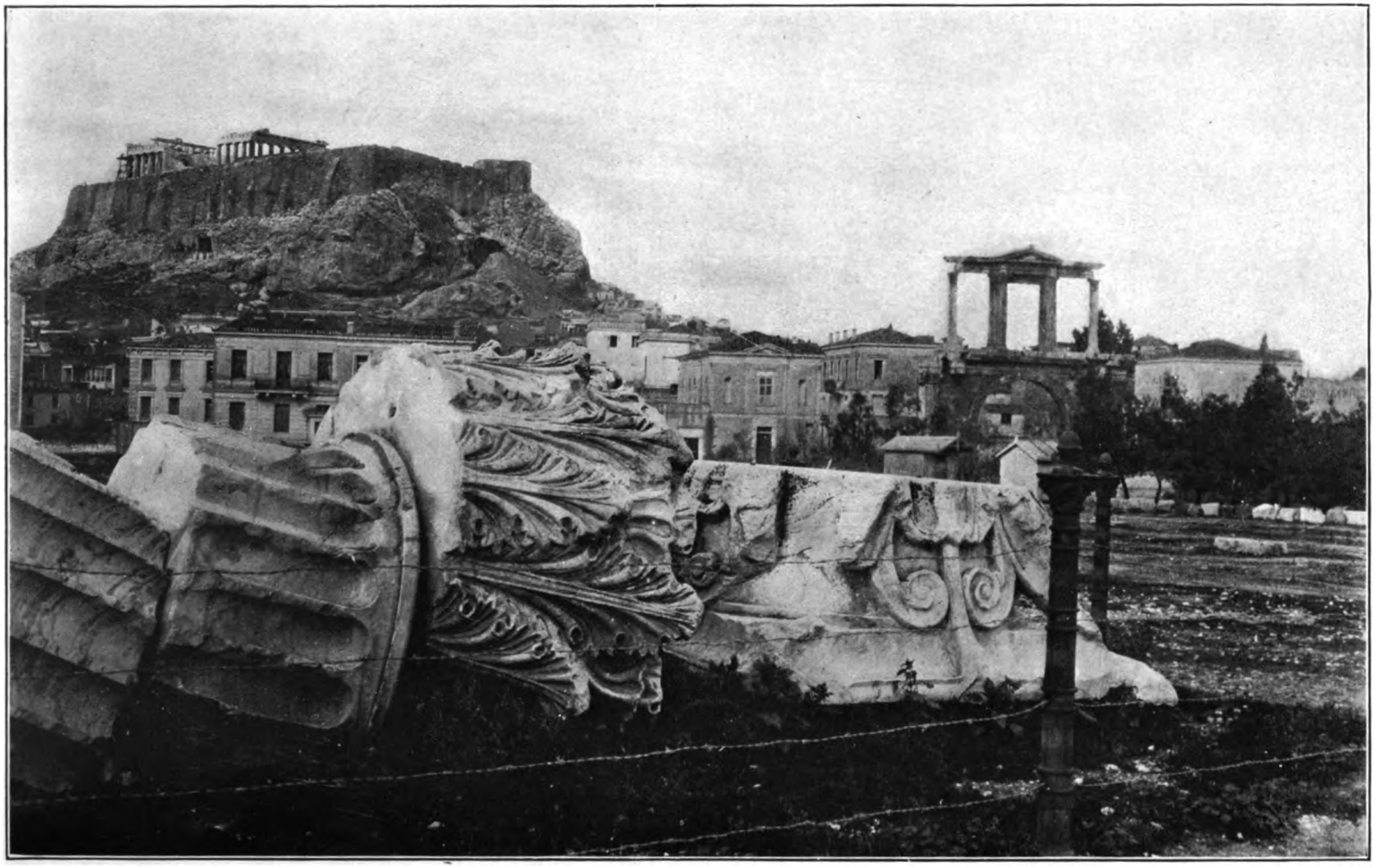
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FALLEN COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER. ARCH OF HADRIAN TO THE RIGHT. PROTESTANT GREEK CHURCH—KALLIPATHIKES, PASTOR—IN THE CENTER

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ATHENS, THE "EYE OF GREECE"

By Rev. D. E. Burtner, M.A., Swampscott, Boston, Mass.

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

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

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



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Euripides and Aristophanes were delighting Athenian audiences with their matchless plays. The remorseless old scythe-bearer, however, heeded not our wish, but passed calmly on and we were obliged to follow him. We climbed the circled tiers of seats, said to accommodate thirty thousand persons, to the ruins of the Temple of Æsculapius, whose two remaining columns stand like sentinels on guard at the southern base of the Acropolis. Picking our way over many a carved temple ornament, we reached, in a few moments, the Odeon of Herod, similar in form to the Temple of Bacchus, but much smaller, seating only five or six thousand people. Much of the front wall, with its arched doors and windows, still stands, and its marble-paved stage is wonderfully well preserved. We listened, as we sat down to rest in one of the rock-hewn seats of the upper circle, but the Muses were all mute and no voice of drama or song drifted across the silent centuries. Entering through the Beule Gate to the Acropolis, Prof. Richardson, of the American School, told us about its past and present, and pointed with his hand to the different parts of Athens's greatness wrought out in marble. On the right stood the exquisite little Temple of Nike or Wingless Victory, perfect in its proportions and full of the grace of the master sculptor's art.

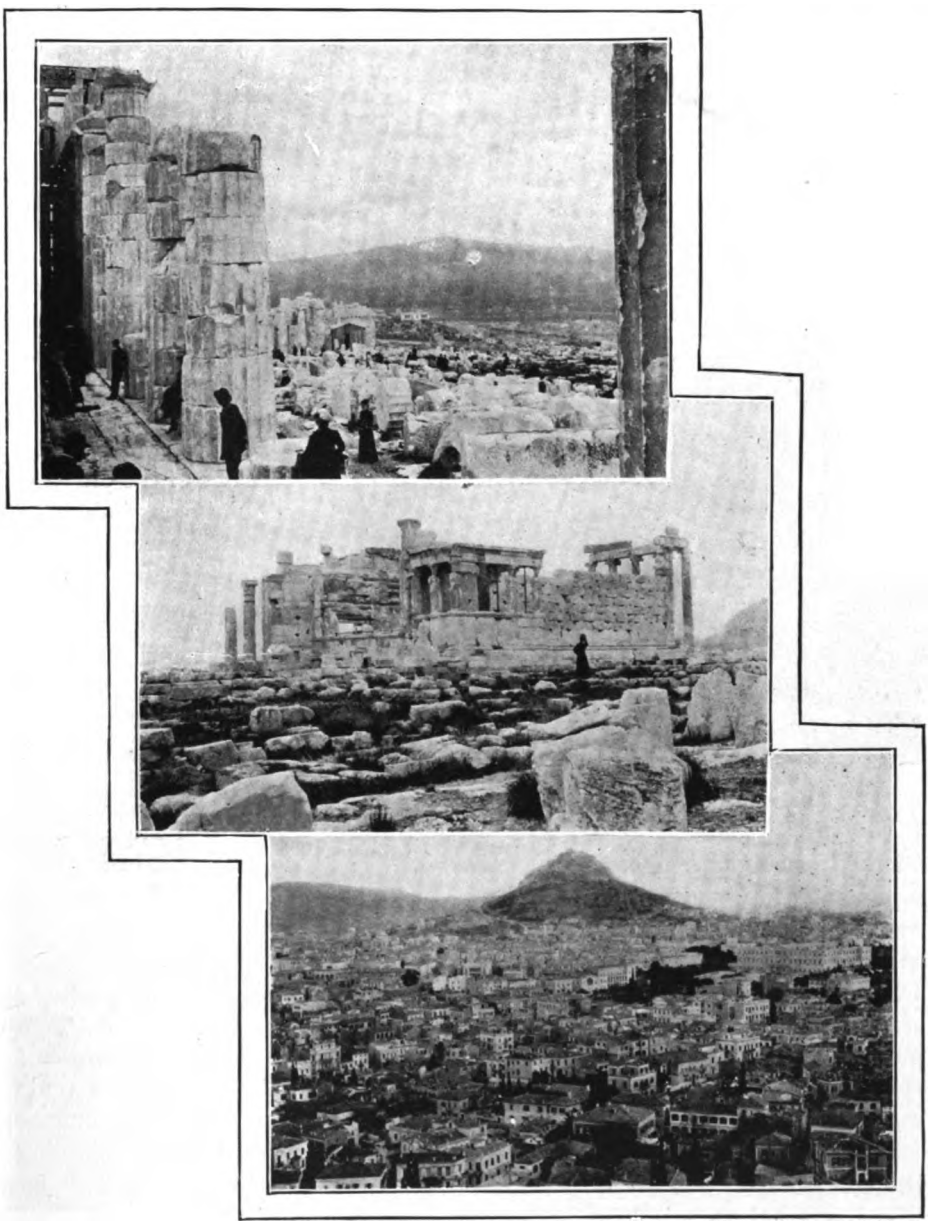


TEMPLE OF NIKE

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

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



ON ACROPOLIS ERECTHEUM CITY OF ATHENS

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ruin; even the golden brown of the weather stains upon the white marble adds indescribable picturesqueness to its appearance. And when we remember that a little more than two centuries ago it was still comparatively perfect, we can scarcely forgive the vandalism of Christian and Turk, the carelessness of Greek, and above all, the deliberate aim of the German gunner who sent a shell into the powder magazine placed within it during the Venetian War of 1687, and tumbled into irreparable ruin so large a portion of it. Of the original ninety-eight columns, forty-six are still standing; their delicate flutings and graceful taper present a singularly pleasing effect to the eye, and harmonize most perfectly with the building as a whole. In the center of the raised pavement of the interior stood Phidias's second masterpiece, the chryselphantine statue of Minerva, patron goddess of the city; to his genius and that of Callicrates and Ictinus, under the patronage of the renowned Pericles, Athens and the world are forever indebted for this architectural wonder of the ages. Some fifty or sixty paces directly north of the Parthenon and in striking contrast to its noble simplicity and dignity stands the Erectheum, with its portico of the Caryatides, or Maidens, probably representing the figures of virgins connected with the temple service; with airy gracefulness they seem to make light of the task of bearing up the heavy blocks of stone which form the roof of the portico. And when we recall the recklessness and carelessness of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we are quite ready to forgive the "scientific ravages" of Lord Elgin in carrying off one of the Caryatides as well as a multitude of other art treasures to enrich the British Museum. Was not even a member of the *Celtic* party heard to say that "if he had the money which was expended on this hill, he would not care a continental what became of the old ruins?" And another to offer the observation "that if these buildings were in America, they would be kept in better repair." Possibly, some of our number also followed the example of the two jolly fathers who, on another occasion, were enjoying a sumptuous meal together at an Athenian hostelry; on being asked if they were not going to visit the Acropolis, they replied: "No; what's the use; it is just as it is described in the books." The Erectheum occupies the place where the famous



ERECTHEUM, SHOWING CARYATIDES

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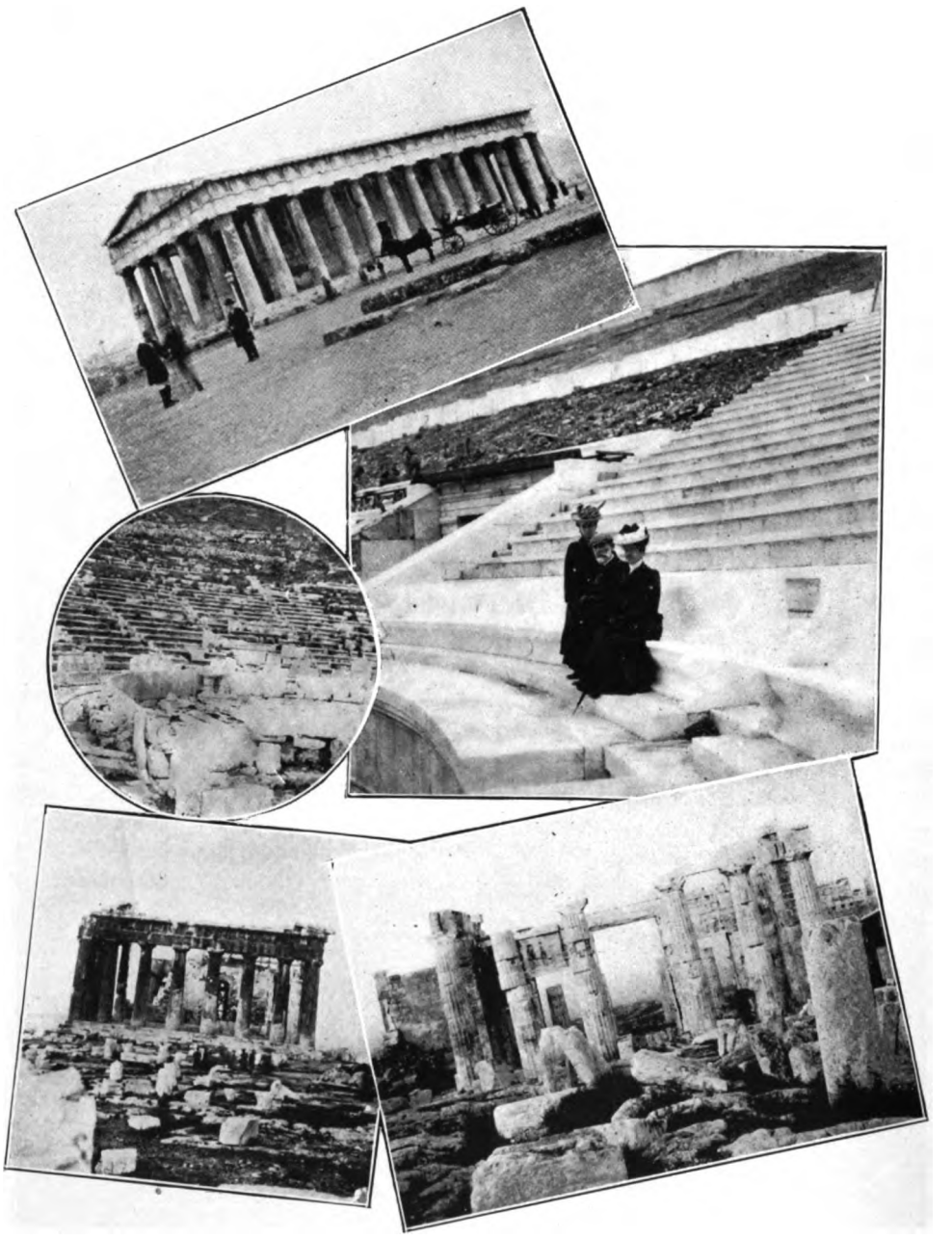
contest between Neptune and Minerva for the possession of the city occurred. Neptune's proffered gift of the war-horse was rejected for Minerva's gift of the peaceful olive-tree, and the salt spring near by marks the spot where the disappointed god thrust his angry trident into the soil. In the unpretentious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



MARS HILL

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

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TEMPLE OF THESEUS
THEATRE OF DIONYSIUS
PARTHENON

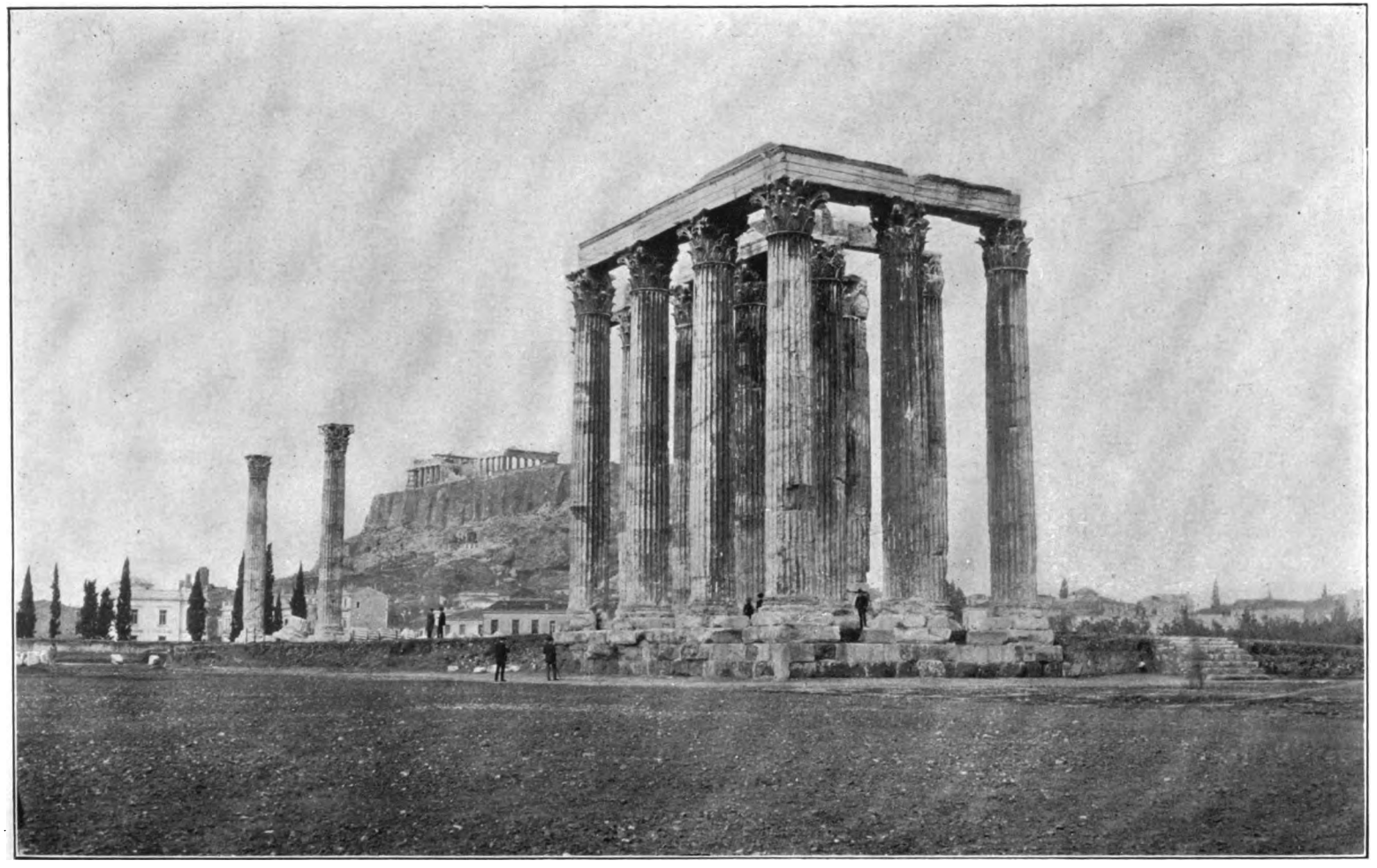
STADIUM.—DR. STRONG, MRS. MEAD AND DAUGHTER
PROPYLEON

AT ATHENS

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

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TEMPLE OF JUPITER AND ACROPOLIS

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still unsatisfied, or else the young officer is anxious to know more of the American lady who loves even the tassel of his sword. Many of us were deeply impressed with the fine courtesy and chivalrous thoughtfulness of the people, who showed the *Celtic* tourists many kindnesses. Thousands of them were at the wharf to see the great ship off. All day Thursday, until we weighed anchor, there was a constant stream of visitors to her deck. Profoundly grateful for what we had seen and experienced, but with many an unsatisfied desire, we saw the purple-wreathed city with its temple-capped Acropolis and environing mountains gradually fade out of our sight, and our vessel turned her prow eastward toward that untempled land made forever sacred by the footsteps of One greater than all earthly temples.



ROYAL PALACE



ATHENS



ARCH OF HADRIAN

The king and queen visited the *Celtic* at anchor. Full a thousand Greeks gathered to wave her passengers adieu, and her pas left the pier, the and as we sunlight rested tenderly upon the distant Parthenon, a cloud descended till it touched Hymettus, like the Shekinah on the Mount of the Commandments, the Bay of Phaleron shimmered like a sea of glass and the prayer came almost involuntarily to our lips, "Let this be the prophecy of thy future, Oh, storied Greece. The light of God upon thy heathen altars, His glory on thy mountain tops, and afterward heaven and the sea of glass. Amen."

AN ATHENIAN EPISODE

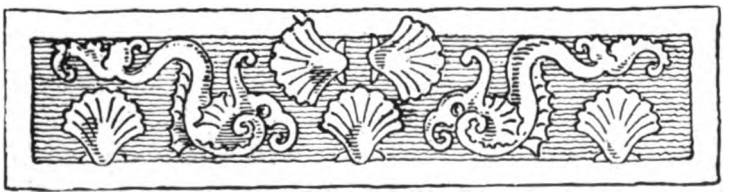
As I was leaving the king's palace in company with Mrs. Wm. C. Grant and her sisters, all of Chicago, one of the attaches asked me to give him my

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

DR. W. W. HEWLETT.

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



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ON TO CONSTANTINOPLE

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



AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS, SCUTARI, CONSTANTINOPLE

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

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

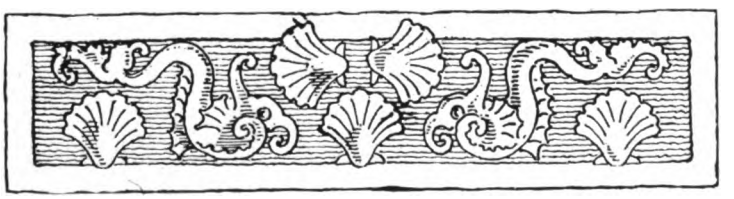
On the right of the Bosphorus is the part of Constantinople which is in Asia, and which is also modern, called Scutari. Here is located the American College for Women, a missionary college.

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

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

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



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CONSTANTINOPLE

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CONSTANTINOPLE, THE CAPITAL OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE

By President Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph.D., D.D.

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



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

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

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

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

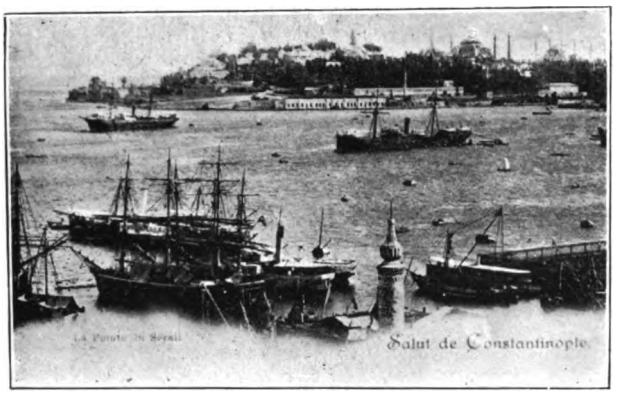
Here in this position of natural beauty the artistic and æsthetic Greeks built their little city of Byzantium in the seventh century before the Christian era. Here for ten centuries these sturdy sons of the omnipotent Zeus sang the stories of their mythology and waged their wars of independence and supremacy.

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

Here before us, indeed, is

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

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



As from the ship's decks we saw the sun sink behind the western hills and the darkness gather over the scene which an hour before was so fascinating, and as we learned from our genial conductor, Mr. Clark, that much time must be consumed in negotiations with the representatives of the Sultan before we could go ashore, we began to get glimpses of the darker side of Constantinople. It is humilating to most Americans to be suspected of Anarchy. And the Sultan's suspicion that our mission in Constantinople was to accomplish his assassination did not increase our respect for him or for his country.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA

It is not merely a splendid Mohammedan mosque; it is, first of all, a Christian church —a great cathedral. Long before Mohammed the Prophet was born, its great dome swept heavenward as grandly as it does to-day. The present structure was begun in 533 by the Emperor Justinian, who determined to rebuild Sancta Sophia on a scale of magnificence such as the world had never before seen. The most skilful architect of the century was chosen to elaborate and develop in detail the plan, which an angel was supposed to have revealed to the Emperor in a dream.

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

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

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

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

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



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA

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

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

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

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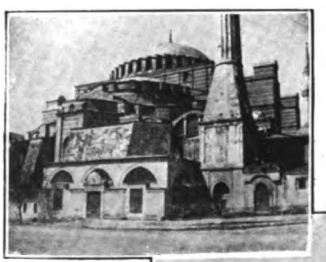
Architects and art critics would doubtless experience less painful disappointment in visiting Saint Sophia than the novice.

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

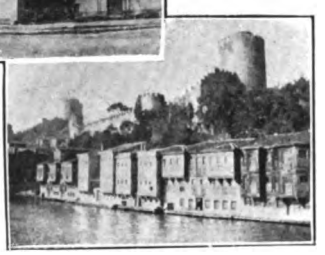
There are numerous other ancient structures now used as mosques, that were once loved and cherished as Christian churches; many of them have great attractions because of historic associations and richness of design and construction; but in this brief chapter we cannot enter upon their description.

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

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



ROUMELIA HASSAN



BOSPHORUS

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

The four gilded steeds of Corinthian brass,

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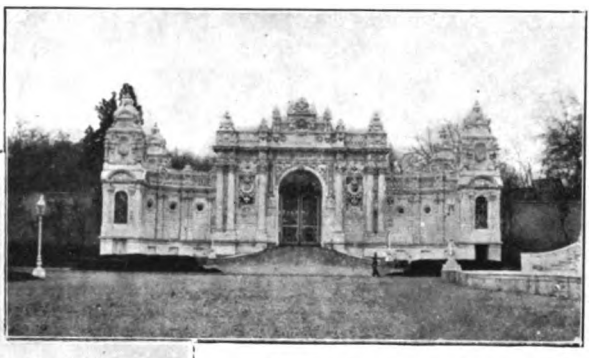
that now for nearly a hundred years have guarded the main entrance to St. Mark's in Venice, were taken from their pre-Christian home in Corinth, to adorn the Roman capital. Thence they were taken by Constantine to the Hippodrome, where they remained until the crusades of the 13th century.

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

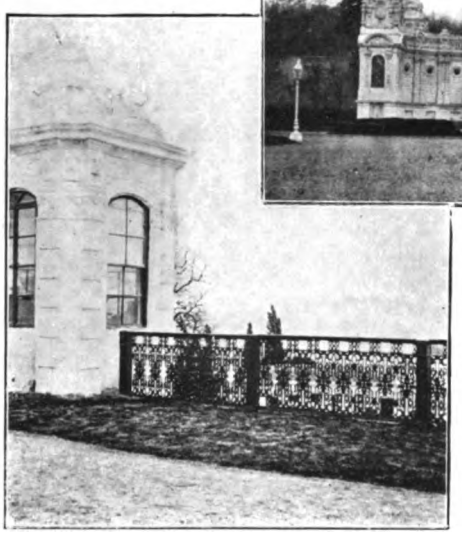
Combats between contending factions or rival parties often saturated the Hippodrome with blood. At the revolt of Nika, in the reign of Justinian, after the mob had fought for days with the emperor's forces, thirty thousand human beings lay dead in the Hippodrome.

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

Between these two columns stands the Serpent Column, formed of three bronze serpents, on whose coils are engraven the names of the thirty-two Greek States which were engaged in the wars against the Persians. It was erected by the Greeks at Delphos to commemorate their victory over the Persians in 479 B. C. It was eight hundred years old when it was carried away by Constantine and placed in the Hippodrome, where it has stood now nearly



GATEWAY TO SULTAN'S PALACE



SERAGLIO POINT, PALACE GROUNDS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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OUR DONATION TO THE GIRLS' COLLEGE AT CONSTANTINOPLE

Soon after the *Celtic* dropped anchor at Constantinople we were honored with calls from Consul General Dickinson, President Patrick of the Girls' College at Scutari, and Professor Van Millengen of Robert College. The latter, according to the prearranged programme, gave us a lecture on "The Capture of Constantinople by the Turks," after which President Patrick was introduced and said a few words concerning the Girls' College, making mention of the debt of $1,000 with which it was burdened. General Dickinson, who presided, spoke warmly of the college and its work, and offered $50 toward the debt, provided the "Celtics" would wipe out the remainder of it. An offering of something more than $350 was made at the time.



GALATA BRIDGE, THE MOST COSMOPOLITAN BRIDGE IN THE WORLD

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

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

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

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AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS

DR. MARY MILLS PATRICK, PRESIDENT

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY,
April 21, 1902.

DR. JOSIAH STRONG,
New York City.

Dear Dr. Strong:

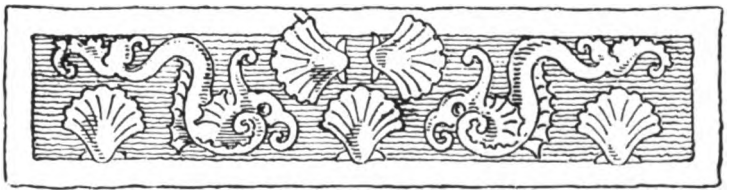
I have wished so much to write to you, but you did not give me any European address, and so I have been waiting to write to New York. I think that I shall still be too early, and that the letter will get there long before you do.

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

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

Very sincerely,

MARY MILLS PATRICK.



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SMYRNA AND EPHESUS

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SMYRNA AND EPHESUS

By Evangelist M. B. Williams, Chicago, Ill.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



THE FOUNDATION OF THE TEMPLE OF EPHESUS

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

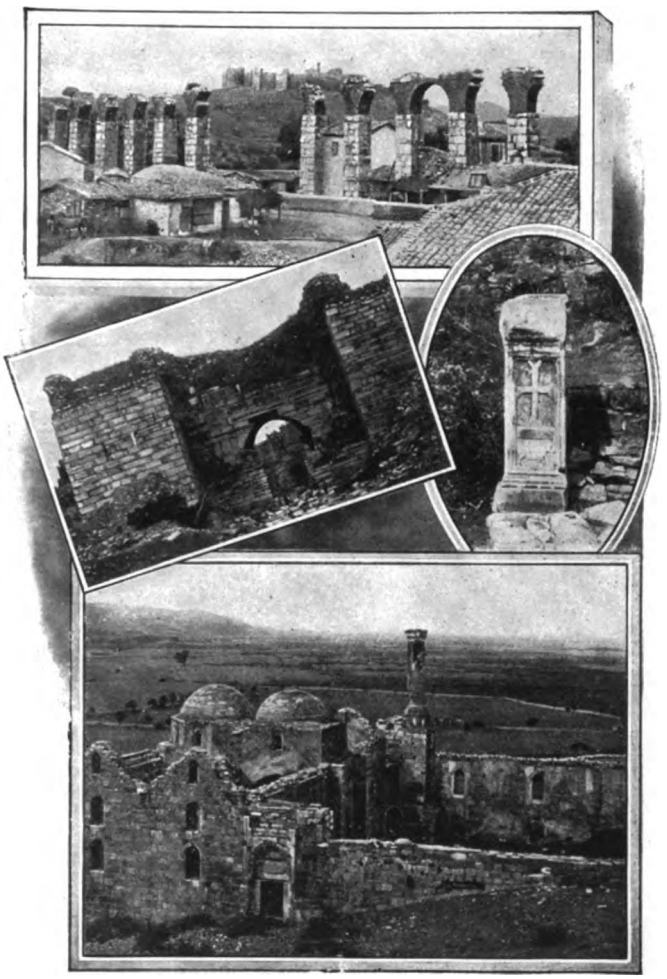
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but accepted her tirade, believing he deserved it. The point to the incident is that the Kasba is an old Moorish castle at Algiers, a place we had passed, and not in Constantinople. Neither the lady nor the guide knew this fact. But the spot is very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

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

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

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



SCENES AT EPHESUS

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

A little further we find an ancient mosque which has been a church in other years; it also is in ruins. They point in the distance to the ruins of an old fort which they erroneously call St. Paul's prison, and if you are fortunate enough to find an intelligent guide, he may show you the ruins of St. Luke's tomb, discovered by Professor Wood while excavating for the Temple of Diana; at least he believed it to be such at the time. His mission, however, was to find the long lost ruins of the temple which was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world; Herodotus tells us that each column was the gift of some king or prince, and the splendor of its architecture was scarcely excelled by the Parthenon itself. Professor Wood began his work in 1863 and continued it with from sixty to two hundred workmen for eleven years, under the auspices of the trustees of the British Museum, and at an expense of about $180,000, during which time the ruins of the temple, of the theatre, the Odeum, three churches, the tomb of St. Luke and several other important public buildings were brought to light.



ONE OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

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

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

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



ANCIENT MOSQUE AT EPHESUS

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

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



WHAT REMAINS OF EPHESUS.

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

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



SCHOOL CHILDREN AT EPHESUS

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THE REVERIE OF ST. JOHN

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

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

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

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

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SYRIA AND PALESTINE

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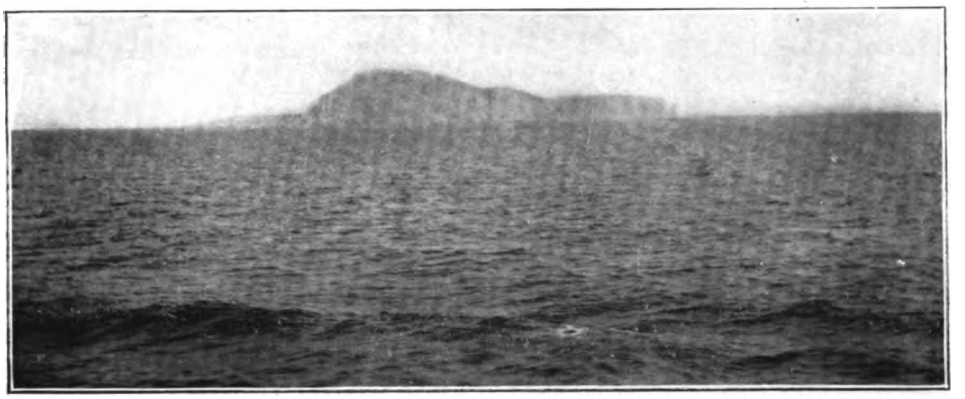
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SAILING ONWARD TO PALESTINE

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

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



PATMOS

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

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

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

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

By William E. Barton, D.D., Oak Park, Ill.

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

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



MOUNT CARMEL FROM THE SEA

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

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

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

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

"Henna gael,
Henna, henna!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CAMP EXPERIENCES

By the Reverend Charles W. Fritts, D.D.

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



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

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



AT CAMP

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

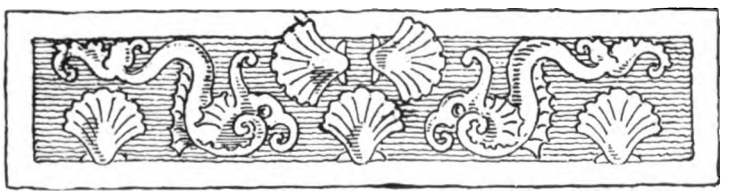
One is always prepared to receive a compliment or a legacy, but a sudden introduction to a Galilee rock—no! The Doctor had been in the army all through the great Civil War, and as an officer had almost lived in the saddle, and then to be thrown and badly lamed by a wretch of a Syrian pony was an awful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

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

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

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

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



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SAMARIA AND GALILEE

By the Rev. John Bunyan Lemon, Manchester, N. H.

FROM HAIFA TO NAZARETH

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



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

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

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

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

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

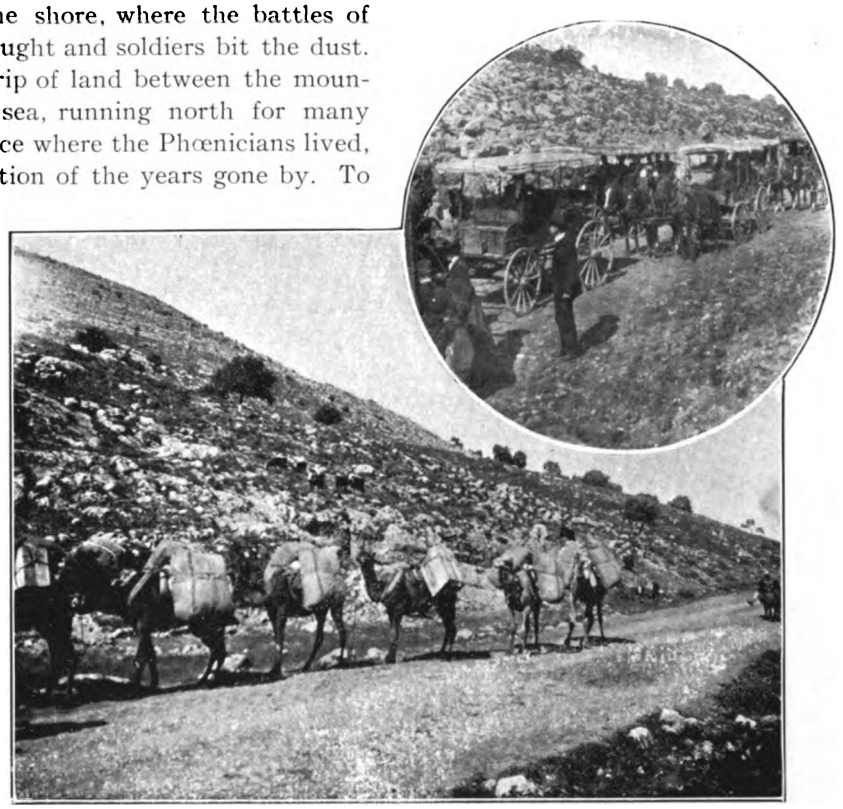
Our face was toward the rising sun and directly in line with the ancient boundary between the countries of Samaria and Galilee. On our left were the hills of Lebanon, running back to the towering mountains whence King Solomon obtained cedar-trees, fir-trees and algum-trees (2 Chron., ii., 8–18) for the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

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

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

From this survey of the lofty things about us, our eyes turn to the mundane sphere along the shore, where the battles of nations were fought and soldiers bit the dust. That narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea, running north for many miles, is the place where the Phœnicians lived, that mighty nation of the years gone by. To them the ancients gave the honor of the invention of the alphabet. They discovered how to make dyes, and to manufacture glass. They taught the Greeks wisdom and the Romans law. They fortified their cities until even Alexander the Great knew not how to take them except at great expense and terrible loss. They controlled yonder little city of Acre and fortified it under the name of Accho (Judges, i. 31) until not even Joshua and the children of Israel were able to take it. Ptolemy Soter, of Egypt, once captured it and named it Ptolemais, but it retained neither the name nor the allegiance demanded. Cleopatra fought against it and took it, but could not hold it. It was never a large city, but the strength of its position in commanding the approaches to the land of Abraham



A NATIVE FREIGHT LOAD LEAVING CARMEL

OUR CARRIAGE FROM MT. CARMEL TO NAZARETH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our ride to Nazareth, twenty-three miles, was in carriages. The road was good, and for the most part the carriages were drawn by three horses each. The drivers were Arabs, Syrians, and mixed breeds of every description. The horses and carriages were in a fairly good condition, but on account of the size of the party some vehicles were drafted into service which appeared as though they had been resurrected from the Valley of Dry Bones. Every driver was ambitious to be at the head of the long procession, and some of the passengers appeared to be also. The best vehicles were seized immediately, or mortgaged in advance, by some of the finest people of our whole company. In fact, after so long a voyage by sea, and after the strange experiences of landing on these historic shores in small boats rowed by men of dusky faces of Syrian-Moslem stamp, after passing through the custom-house and the crowds of beggars who stood with open, outstretched hands blocking the streets with their miserable presence, we all felt like school-children on a picnic pushing on to the open country and the purer atmosphere of the hills.



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

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

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

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

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

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

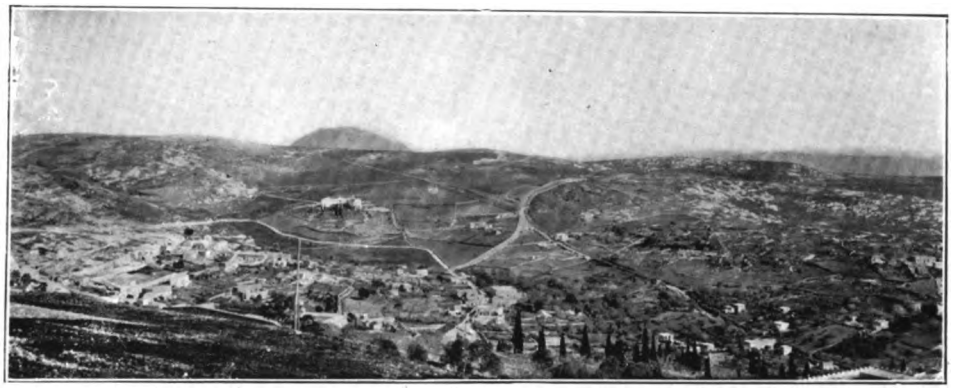
Our road brought us up again to the hill-tops and we journeyed on up and down, down and up, until at last, after several hours' enjoyment of a delightful drive, we came to the crest of a hill leading down into a valley which runs east and west in a waving line about a mile long. Along the lower edge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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN

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

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

FROM NAZARETH TO GENNESARET

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

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

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



CLIFFS OF THE DOVES BY THE SEA OF GALILEE

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

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

NAZARETH

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

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year many are turned away, but the most needy are taken and cared for. Religious instruction is given, cleanliness taught, as well as cooking, baking, ironing, etc. Miss Fanny L. Roberts, the superintendent of the orphanage, has been engaged in mission work in Palestine for many years and is well qualified for this work. Her whole heart is in it. The children assembled in their chapel and sang beautifully to some twenty of us who had found our way into the orphanage. Dr. M'Cready and Dr. Van Cleve addressed the children and the writer led in prayer, closing with the "Lord's Prayer," in which all joined.



CHURCH OF ENGLAND SCHOOL AT NAZARETH

A most interesting incident was Dr. Van Cleve, of our party, finding two little girls, in whose support he and his church of Erie had been interested. Some tears were shed, some pictures taken, affectionate farewells said, a collection and rich benedictions left behind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



TIBERIAS

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

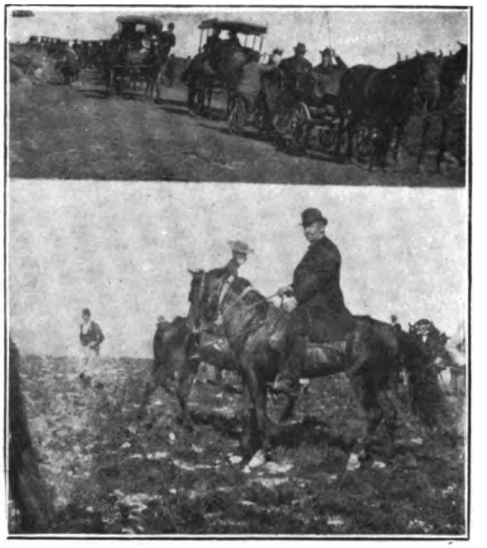
One of our party observed that the Bedouins were on foot and our horses were fleet, and that the way south through a field of wheat nearly ripe for the harvest was not yet taken by the Bedouins. It was proposed that we gallop off in that direction and make our escape to the main road, where they would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

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

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

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



GOING TO NAZARETH

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

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

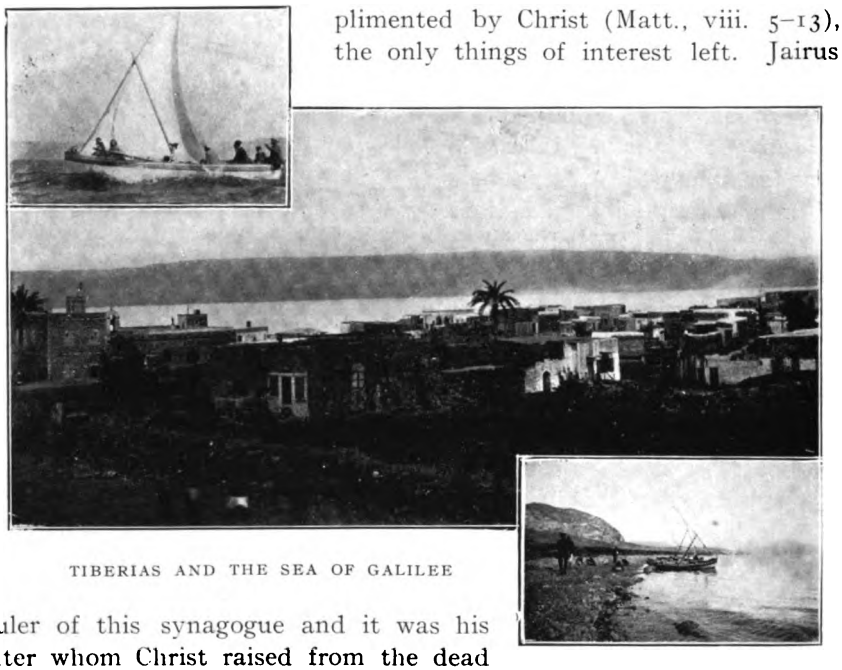
The boats prepared for us are all of nearly equal size and similiar construction. They can comfortably carry from twelve to fifteen persons, and they resemble the American dory except that they are somewhat longer and are all provided with a sail. They are rowed by four when near the land, but when out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

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

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

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



TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE

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

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

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

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



SUPPOSED SITE OF CAPERNAUM.—LINTEL OF SYNAGOGUE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OVER AND OVER

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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HOT SPRINGS AT TIBERIAS

in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion (Luke, xxiii. 7), and the son of Herod the Great, who was king in Jerusalem when Jesus was born. This Herod Antipas was the "tetrarch of Galilee and Perea" and he made this city of Tiberias the largest and most important city of his dominions. Even the sea formerly known as Gennesaret was during his time called the "Sea of Tiberias" (John, xxi. 1) rather than the "Sea of Galilee." This city was the capital of his kingdom and here he had his palace and lived with Herodias, his brother's wife, in peace until the voice of John the Baptist came ringing up the Jordan valley protesting against his sin (Mark, vi. 18). From this city the order went forth for John's arrest. Here Herod had his birthday feast, when the daughter of Herodias danced before him (Mark, vi. 14–29) and asked for John the Baptist's head in a charger. But this city, though it was so great and so near to Capernaum, was a city which our Lord seems often to have avoided and never to have visited.

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



CANA OF GALILEE

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

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held the water that was made into wine. It was a curiosity worth seeing, both the jar and the priest. A Latin Chapel is erected on the spot where the jar stood when the miracle took place. These minute details, which seem carefully gotten up for the purpose of making money out of travelers through the exhibition of sacred relics, are the most disgusting experience with which a well-informed Bible student has to contend everywhere in Palestine. As a matter of fact, it cannot be proved that this is even the city in which that miracle took place. An old tradition locates Cana of apostolic times at Kanat-el-Jelil, nine miles north of Nazareth, and there is good authority for preferring that site, which is twelve miles distant. If the site of the city itself is uncertain, how much more uncertain is the foundation of a memorial church! And if the Scripture says that the water-pots were of stone (John, ii. 6), how ridiculous it is for an ordained priest to show us an earthenware jar for our veneration and backsheesh!



HALTED JUST BEYOND CANA



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

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

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

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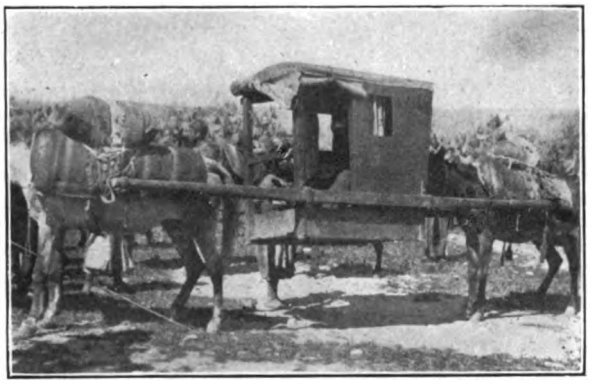
assertion that there are no whales in the Mediterranean Sea. Nevertheless, the eight hundred and thirty passengers on the *Celtic* can testify that we saw whales in this sea and that they were large enough too, to furnish hospitality for a dozen Jonahs at a time and for a longer period than three nights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

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

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

FROM NAZARETH TO NABLUS

Nazareth is not a city where the hurried tourist wishes to spend a great deal of time. Nevertheless, it was here that the angel Gabriel appeared unto Mary to announce that Jesus should be born (Luke, i. 26–38); in this place the Child Jesus was reared (Luke, ii. 39–40); from this city, when He was twelve years of age, He went to the Feast of the Passover in Jerusalem and astonished the doctors of the law (Luke, ii. 41–50); here He was subject to His parents for the next eighteen years after that Passover (Luke, ii. 51); from this city Jesus went to be baptized of John in the Jordan (Mark, i. 9–11); in the synagogue here He made the first public announcement of the work He had come to do on earth (Luke, iv. 16–30); here the first attempt was made upon His life and to this city He came once again to save it (Mark, vi. 1–6). But the people here were "offended in Him" and "He marveled because of their unbelief." Then He spoke those words that have gone around the world as a proverb, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house" (Matt., xiii. 57). Having been rejected the second time, He left Nazareth forever.



PALANQUIN FROM NAZARETH TO JERUSALEM

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



NAZARETH

Early on this Sabbath morning, March 9th, 1902, we left this city that rejected our Lord, and which still dishonors Him, and started our journey to Jenin, twenty miles distant. It was not our purpose to travel on this Sabbath day, but our ship was detained by fog and we must reach Jerusalem on time by reaching Jenin to-day. The road is rough, exceedingly rough, over the hill down into the plain. But when once we are on the plain of Esdraleon we have a good road and a long, pleasant ride before us.

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

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

On the eastern extremity of this plain are the mountains of Tabor, Little Hermon and Gilboa, standing like God's three sentinels of the ages watching this battlefield. What stories of great conflicts they can tell, and what terrible human agonies they have seen! Between them the plain dips down into the Jordan valley like the long fingers of a giant's hand. On these mountain-sides and finger-tips are the cities of Endor and Nain. While Saul's army was camping on this side of Little Hermon waiting for the day of the great battle to dawn, the king took off his royal apparel, disguised himself, and went in the night to the back streets of that wretched little city of Endor to inquire of a witch on one side of the mountain what to do with the great army on the other side (1 Sam., xxviii. 3–25). Thereby he was degraded, disheartened, and defeated. The city of Nain rejoices even yet because Christ once came into its gates and met a widow weeping about the bier of her only son while the funeral procession was moving on to the burial-place near by. That son was raised from the dead by Jesus (Luke, vii. 11–16) right there in sight of Nazareth where He had been rejected.



SHUNEM

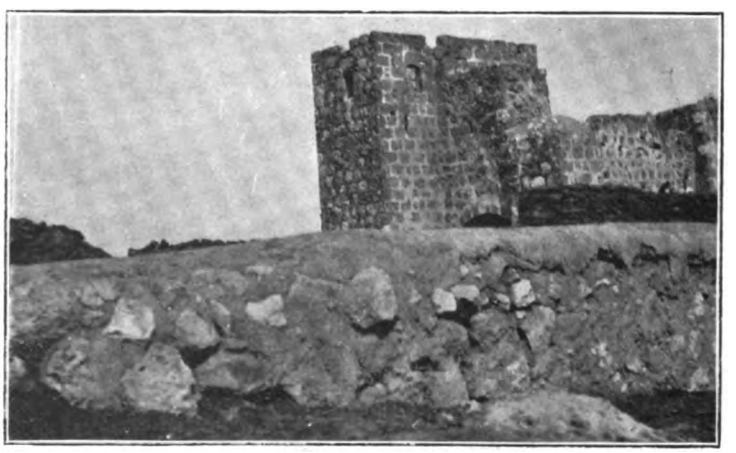
On spurs running out from Little Hermon and Gilboa to meet the plain are the cities of Shunem and Jezreel. There was once a great woman who lived in this Shunem. And she made for the prophet Elisha a little chamber and furnished it with "a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick." Elisha often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

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

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

The history of this city is inseparably connected with that of Jezebel, the daughter of the King of Tyre. This King of Tyre was a priest and great worshipper of Baal. When King Ahab married Jezebel, he brought into the kingdom of Israel an influence toward idolatry from which it never recovered and which was the chief cause of the captivity and of the final overthrow of the northern kingdom. Ahab retained the city of Samaria as the capital of his kingdom, but he built this city of Jezreel for Jezebel and she was the controlling spirit in all of its affairs. She put the prophets of God to death, but Obadiah, her servant, hid one hundred of them in a cave (1 Kings, xviii. 13). She had a grove near this city, probably on yonder mountain-side, where Baal was worshipped with great demonstrations. She supported eight hundred and fifty prophets, four hundred of them in this one grove, and she fed them at her own table (1 Kings, xviii. 19). Because of this, a great drought came upon the land for three years and six months. Elijah, the greatest of the prophets, at the last came and called for a contest on Mount Carmel to see whether his God or Baal was to control in the affairs of the kingdom. On yonder mountain—Carmel—fifteen miles away, is where



JEZREEL.—JEZEBEL'S WINDOW

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

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

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



CAMP AT JENIN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



DOTHAN.—JOSEPH'S PIT

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

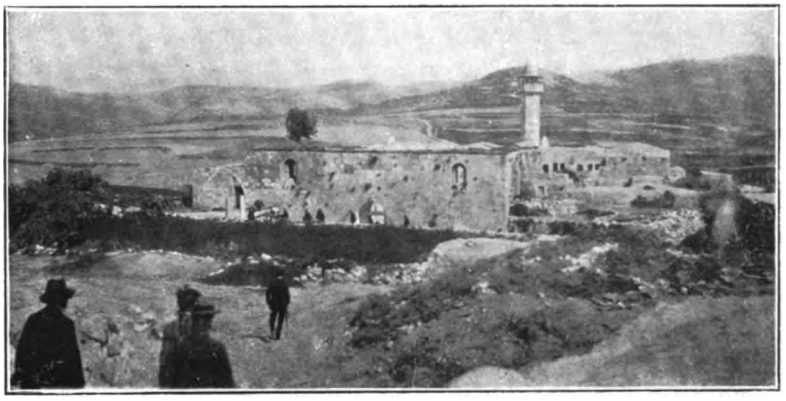
Dothan was the place where the prophet Elisha lived and where the king of Syria surrounded him at night with a great army. The next morning Elisha's servant saw this mountain full of heavenly horses and chariots of fire (2 Kings, vi. 8–18). The Lord smote the Syrian army with blindness and Elisha came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

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

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

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



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

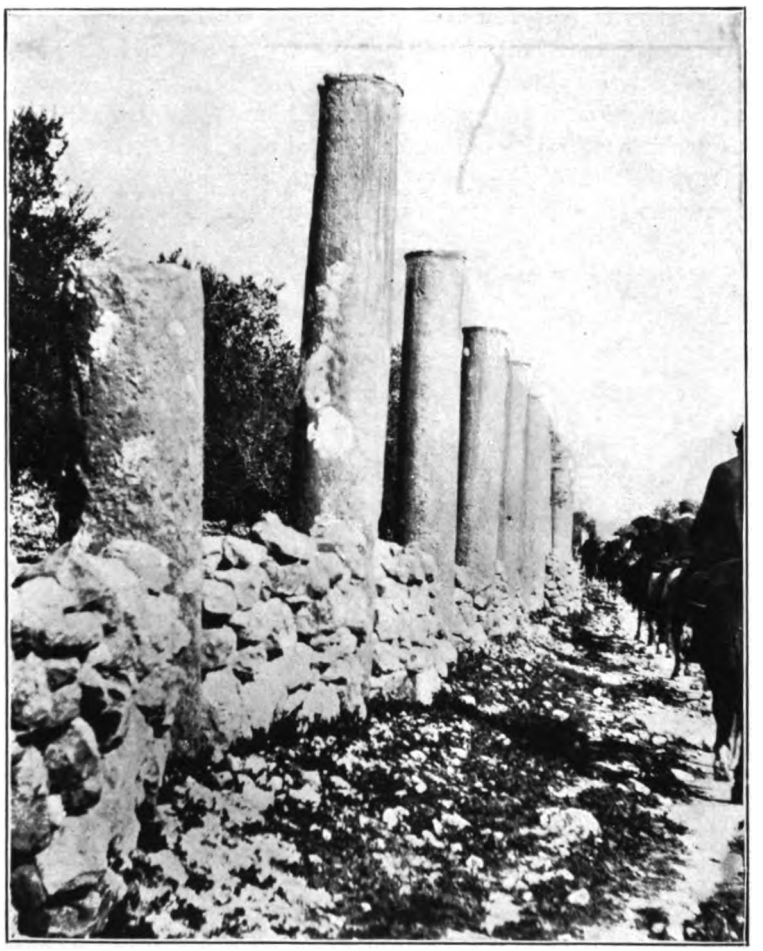
bowls" and "invented to themselves instruments of music, like David." They dwelt "at ease in Zion, and trusted in the mountain of Samaria."

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

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

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



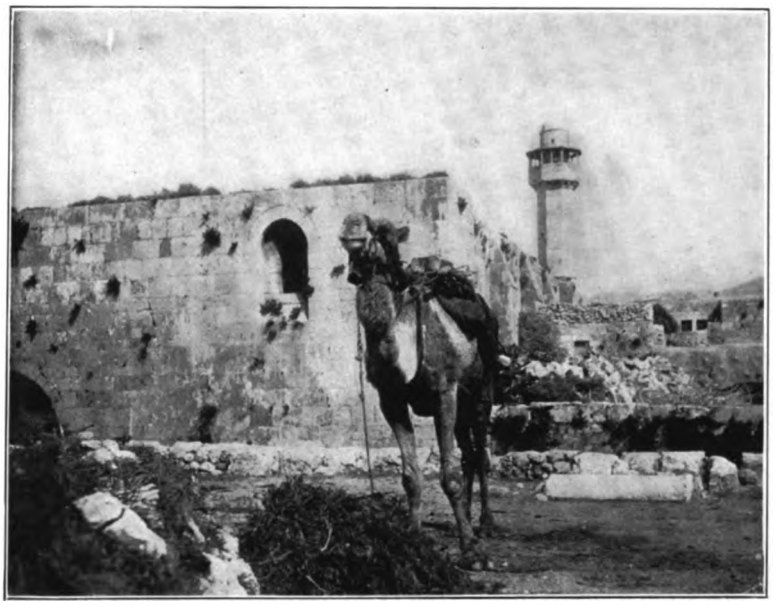
COLONNADE AROUND THE PALACE OF SAMARIA

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

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

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



MOSQUE AT SAMARIA.—POOL BETWEEN CAMEL AND WALL

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

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

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

FROM NABLUS TO JERUSALEM

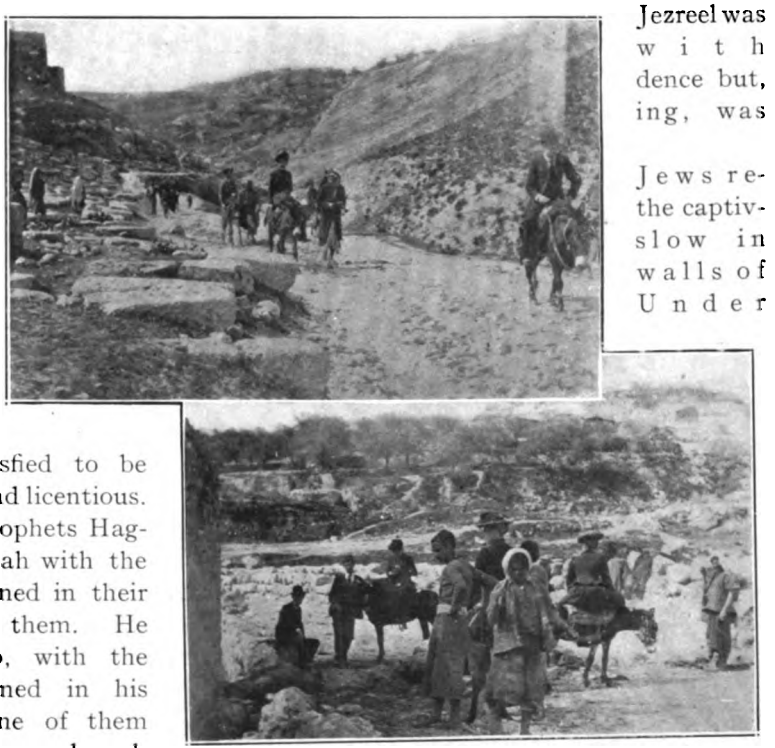
Nablus, or Nabulus, is the modern name of the city which in the Bible is called Shechem. It has a population of twenty-four thousand. It deals largely in the manufacture of soap from olive oil. Its modern name is a corruption of Neapolis, the name given to the city by Titus, the Roman general who destroyed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

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

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

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



TRAVELING AND RESTING FROM SAMARIA TO JERUSALEM

When the Jews returned from the captivity, they were slow in building the walls of Jerusalem. Under Zerubbabel, they constructed a cheap temple and were then satisfied to be idle, and poor, and licentious. God sent the prophets Haggai and Zechariah with the messages contained in their books to arouse them. He sent Ezra also, with the message contained in his book. But none of them had the courage and push and determination necessary to reform this people until Nehemiah came into power. But he, when he found that these Jews had married wives of Ashdod, Ammon and Moab, came down upon them with a vengeance and "cursed them, and smote them, and plucked off their hair, and chased them from him" (Neh., xiii. 23–29). One of these was the son-in-law of Sanballat, then military governor of Samaria. Josephus says that when Manasseh came to his father-in-law, Sanballat, and told him that although he loved his daughter, he was not willing to be deprived of his sacerdotal dignity on her account, and must, therefore, give her up and be divorced, Sanballat protested. But when his protest was of no avail in Jerusalem, he promised to satisfy his son-in-law by erecting on

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

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

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



JACOB'S WELL

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

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



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

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

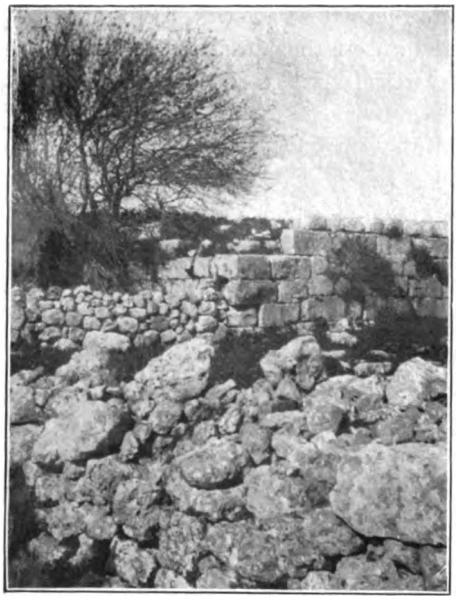


DRAGOMEN AT LUKBAN, NEAR SHILOH

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

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

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SHILOH'S DESOLATION

the Shiloh of Scripture. Here it was where Jehovah set his name at the first (Jer., vii. 12), where Joshua first set up the tabernacle in Canaan (Joshua, xviii. 1–10), and where he divided the land between the tribes. Here the tribe of Benjamin caught the dancing girls and carried them away for wives (Judges, xxi. 16–25). Here the sons of Eli did wickedly (1 Sam., ii. 12–36) while Eli judged Israel from this place, and while the boy, Samuel, waited upon him before the Lord. Here Hannah prayed (1 Sam., i. 9–28), and in answer to that prayer her son, Samuel, became the Judge of Israel (1 Sam., iii. 1–21.) From this place the ark was taken into the battle with the Philistines and captured by them (1 Sam., iv. 1–23), breaking Eli's heart and slaying his sons. Here the wife of Jeroboam in disguise sought the prophet Ahijah and was given a message that surprised her husband and foretold the destruction of his kingdom (1 Kings, xiv. 1–20).

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



SAMARIA PARTY'S LAST CAMP, TURMUS AIYA

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



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

Here Jacob erected an altar (Gen., xxxv. 1–8), and here Rebekah's nurse died and here she was buried. This was one of the three places to which Samuel went once every year to judge Israel (1 Sam., vii. 16). Jeroboam made it a place for worshipping a golden calf (1 Kings, xii. 26–29), and because of this sin a "man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord came to Bethel" and withered the hand of Jeroboam and was then slain by a lion on his return (1 Kings, xiii. 2-34). In Elijah's time there was a school of the prophets here which he visited before his translation (2 Kings, ii. 1–4). Here the children made fun of Elisha and two she-bears came out of the woods and destroyed forty-two of them (2 Kings, ii. 23–25). King Josiah destroyed the altar which the idolatrous Jeroboam had erected there, took the bones of dead men out of the tombs and burned them on the place where the altar stood (2 Kings, xxiii. 1–20). When



BETHEL, SCENE OF JACOB'S DREAM

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

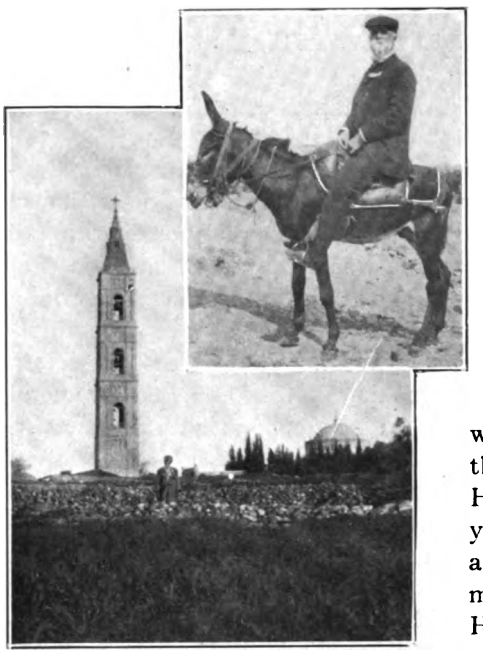
Bethel is on a hill and is a miserable village of about three hundred population. The view, however, is excellent. From this point one can look down into the Jordan valley, see the hill on which the city of Ai was situated and understand Joshua's ambush which he laid for its capture (Joshua, viii. 1–29).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

As we were leaving Bethel, we noticed thousands of forget-me-nots blooming all over the place, as if to remind the visitor of the lessons taught on this historic ground. Slowly we came down the hill and were soon at El-Bireh, the ancient Beeroth (2 Sam., iv. 2) where our lunch was waiting for us. There is a tradition that this was the place where the parents of Jesus first missed their boy on their return from Jerusalem (Luke, ii. 41–50) when He was twelve years old. Ramallah is just over the hill from here, and the convent section of our party was entertained there last night in that clean and beautiful place. There is a good carriage road from here to Jerusalem, and the manager of our *Celtic* cruise, Mr. Clark, thinking that some of us might be very weary with our long journey, was kind and generous enough to send a number of carriages to meet us here. It was a great comfort, especially to the ladies, to drive these last twelve miles in good carriages. For we were now in the land of Benjamin, Beeroth having been assigned to that tribe, and our Galilee-Samaria trip was ended. But our eyes were longing for a sight of Jerusalem and we hastened on till we came to the hill of Scopus, where the city burst upon our view in all its historic splendor. The sight of it caused many of our party to involuntarily begin to sing "The Holy City" and other similar sacred pieces treasured up in the heart of men with the visions of this place. The sun was yet high and the day beautiful. Therefore we turned aside to Mount Olivet. And from the summit of this sacred



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

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VISITORS AT MOUNT OLIVET

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

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

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

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

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THE CONVENT PARTY OF PALESTINE

By the Rev. James J. Howard, Worcester, Mass.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

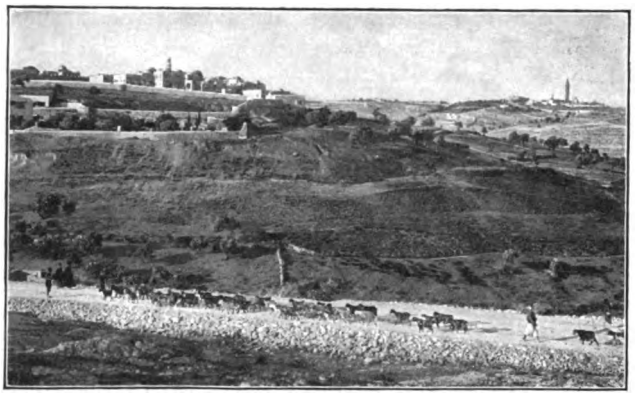
In all of these places, besides their ordinary duty as clergy of the parish, they have schools for the instruction of the young, they have asylums for the care of orphans or abandoned children. They keep in addition to these, industrial schools, in which the youth of the country are taught useful trades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

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

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

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TO JERUSALEM

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

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

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THE ANCIENT JERUSALEMS

By Ruter William Springer, A.M., LL.M., Chaplain Artillery Corps, U. S. Army.

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

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



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

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

*Baedecker.
†Newman, "Dan to Beersheba," p. 5.

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

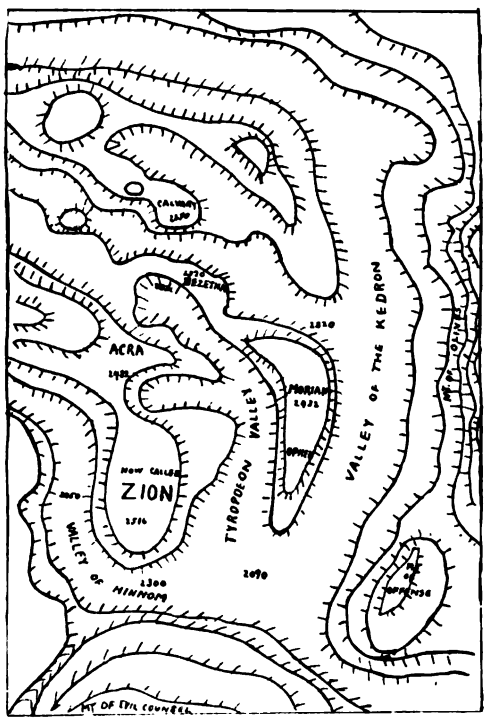
We should first remove the exclusively modern portion of the present city, being the residences and stores within the walls and the modern graves just outside; and would then find ourselves among the ruins of mediæval Jerusalem, as it stood under the sway of Egyptian, Saracen, Christian and Turk. We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

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

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

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



THE SITE OF ANCIENT JERUSALEM

After the New Testament Jerusalem has been thoroughly explored, we will have to build a large museum—or series of museums, one for each age—and remove this city thereto, in order to view the earlier ruins below. Here we will find ruin upon ruin of the first four centuries before Christ; and, most important of all, will get our *first* glimpse of the ancient topography of the place. We will find, probably, the citadel built on Akra by Antiochus Epiphanes; possibly some remains of the old castle of Baris, on the site later occupied by Herod's castle of Antonia. We will find where Simon Maccabæus filled in the Tyropoeon valley; and what it looked like before that. We will find, close below, the city as rebuilt by Nehemiah; and learn how those southern walls ran and whether or not they included the pool of Siloam and all of Mt. Ophel. In Nehemiah's structures, we will find many stones of David's and Solomon's times, for the rebuilding was done very hastily and under great opposition.

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

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

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

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

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THE GEOLOGY OF PALESTINE

By John Fulton, Mining Engineer, Johnstown, Pa.

THE historical geology of Palestine is quite complicated, and would require an extended study in its relations with Sinai and Egypt.

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



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

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

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

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

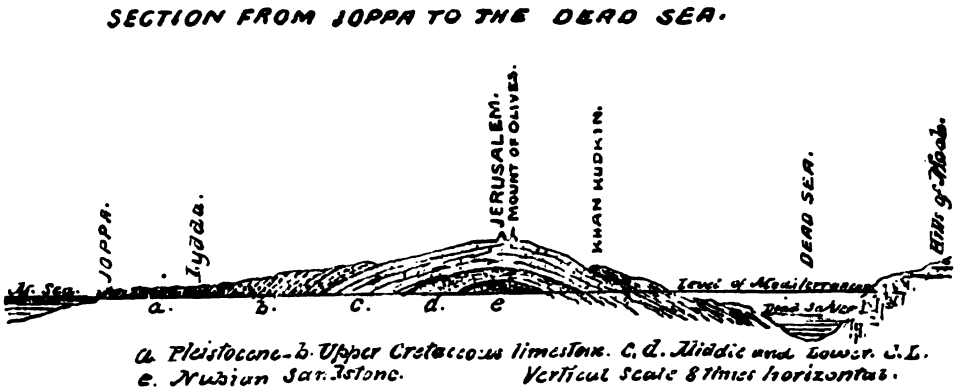
*From Sir J. W. Dawson, Geologist, etc.

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

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

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



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

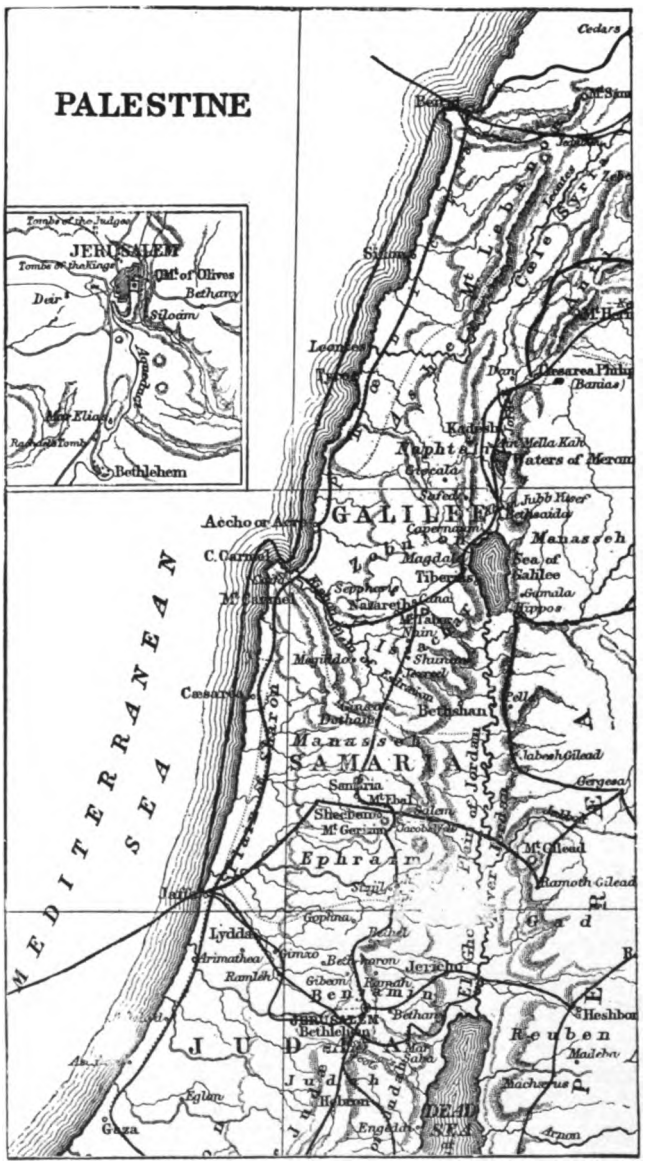
In the periods of the Miocene or Middle Tertiary, a great upward movement evidently occurred, elevating all these formations above the ocean level, bending and folding these rocks in this movement; not in an excessive, violent manner, but in a great central wave movement of immense dynamic force, a part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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

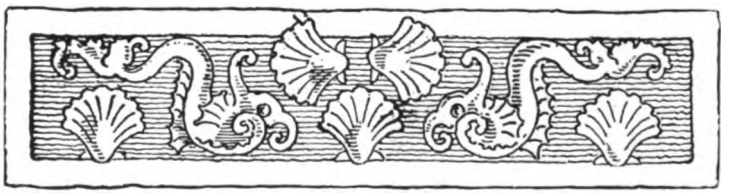
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assuring liberty; with just laws, honestly administered, there would be a return to the fruitfulness of ancient times, when two and a half millions of people were sustained liberally in this land, which now barely prolongs life to its six hundred thousand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

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

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

"For the Lord will comfort Zion;
He will comfort her waste places,
And will make her wilderness like Eden,
And her desert like the garden of the Lord;
Joy and Gladness shall be found therein,
Thanksgiving and the voice of melody."
—*Isaiah*, li. 3.



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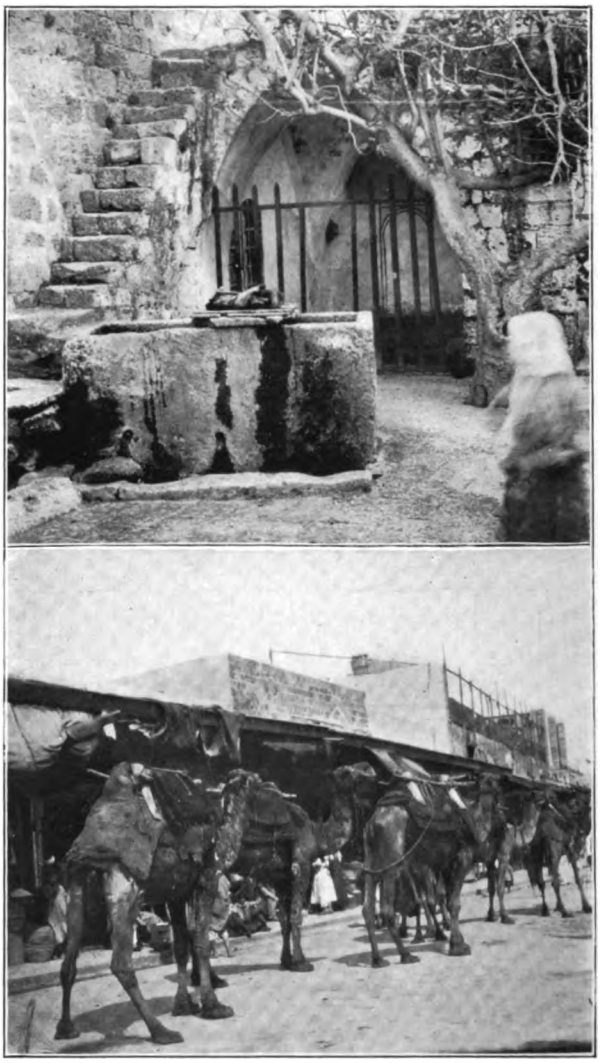
WHEN WE WERE IN JERUSALEM

By Edwin S. Wallace, Ex-Consul of Jerusalem.

Author of "Jerusalem the Holy."

ON Thursday, March 6th, a little before noon, watchful eyes from the *Celtic's* decks beheld the promontory upon which Jaffa stands rise out of the sea and the mist. They were eyes from which every trace of anxiety about the landing had departed, for a balmy breeze was blowing off shore and the sea was wonderderfully calm. The good fortune which had failed us but once had again taken us in charge and all hearts rejoiced, none more than those of us who were acquainted with the treacherous disposition of the sea at Jaffa.

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



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

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

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

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

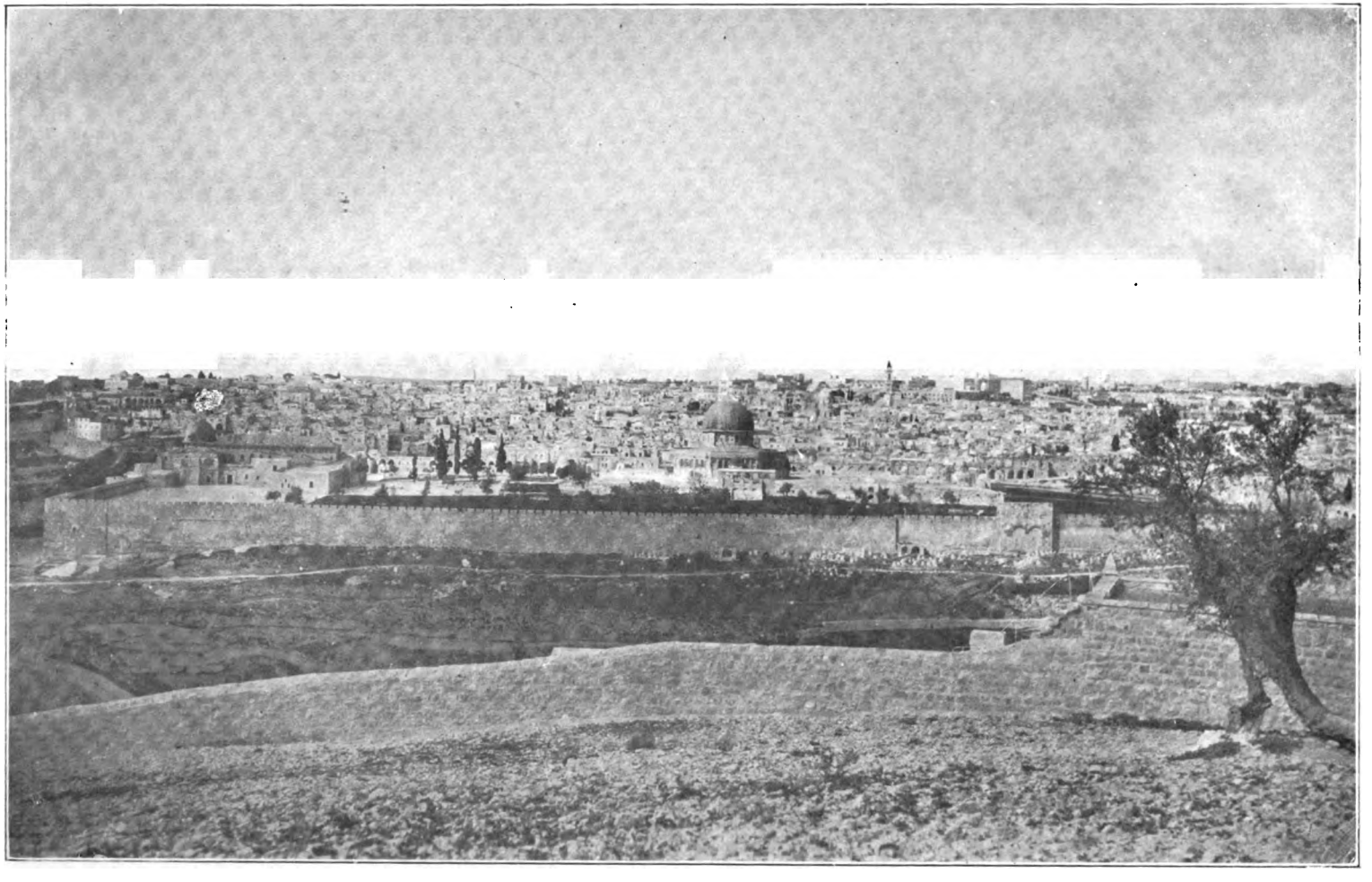
How long will you remember that arrival after nightfall in Jerusalem? The shouting porters from the various hotels, the mass of baggage at which you looked and wondered if yours were there, and, if it were, how it could find you at your hotel; the apparently insane hackmen, shriek ng at the top of their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

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



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

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JERUSALEM FROM MOUNT OLIVET

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

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

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



JAFFA GATE

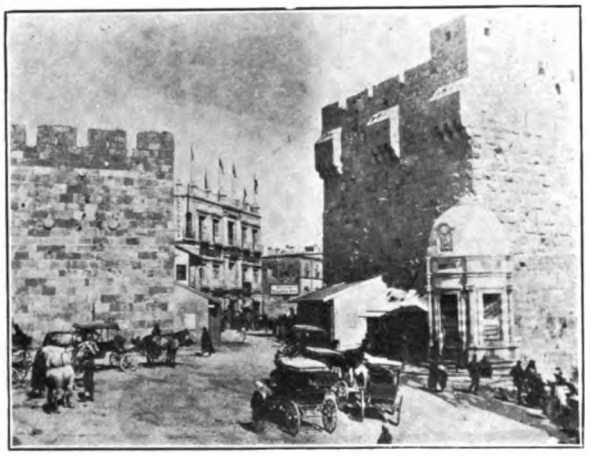
The place was not selected for its own beauty or that of its surroundings. There is an austerity and ruggedness in the mountains and valleys in the vicinity at present. The hills are so barren, the naked limestone ledges breaking through the surface and revealing a shallowness of soil, the precipitous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

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

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

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



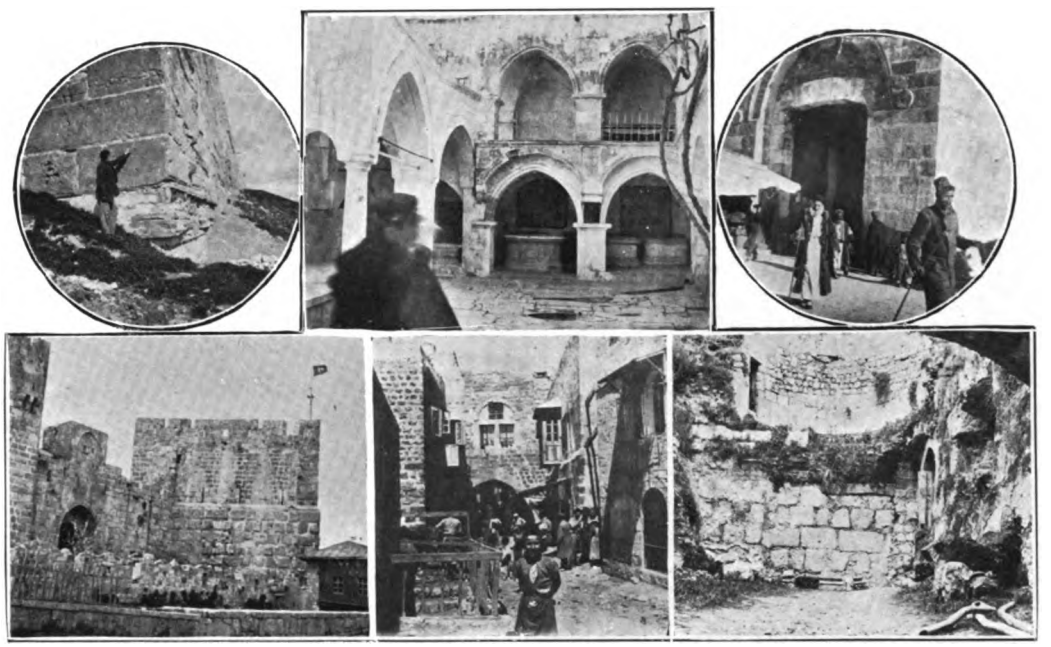
THE OPENING MADE IN THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM FOR THE ADMISSION OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO THE HOLY CITY.

But the city can hardly be termed a modern city. It has no modern improvements. No street cars thread their way through the tortuous streets; no telephones are allowed by the vigilant Sultan; no gas or electric lights illumine the gloomy passage ways. Here and there on dark nights a glimmering oil lamp is seen, so feeble as to increase rather than diminish the darkness. The Jerusalemite seems not to care for such conveniences. He is a creature of the day, and is seldom on the streets when night "stretches forth her leaden sceptre." Those of us who ventured out after dark found a great contrast to the thronged conditions of the day. The streets were deserted of all except canine life. We met occasionally a sleepy policeman, who regarded us with something of surprise and suspicion.

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

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



SOUTH-EAST ANGLE OF TEMPLE WALL
TOWER OF DAVID

HOUSE OF CAIAPHAS

SCENE IN JEWS' STREET

JAFFA GATE

BETHESDA

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

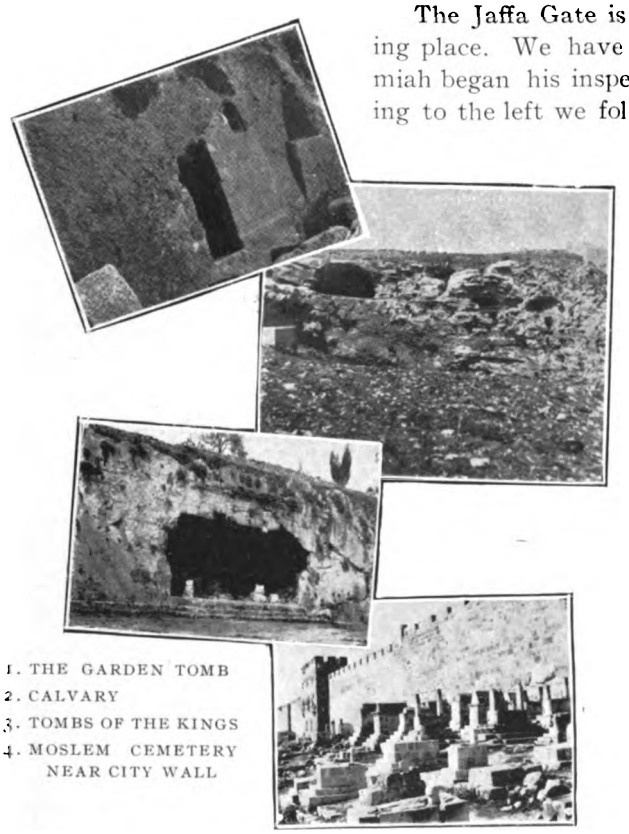
In the matter of architecture there is also great variety. Some of the houses are just thrown together and the wonder is how they stay together. They are generally ancient in appearance and partially so in fact. The most skilled

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



MOSQUE OF OMAR

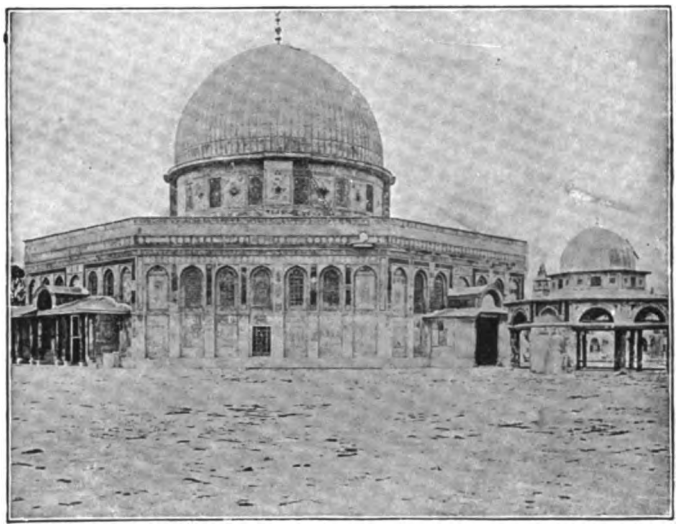
Volumes have been written about the places of sacred and historic interest in the old city. A most hasty and cursory glance is all we can here take of those places. To those desiring more detailed information the books are available. We must stop long enough to recall our visit to the Church of the Holy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

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

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

After this Christian enthusiasm was again aroused, and a new building was soon in course of construction. Many difficulties were met, even after permission to rebuild had been obtained from the Sublime Porte. Grave disputes arose between the various interested sects of Christians, each fearing that it would suffer loss through the usurpation of the others. To this was added the opposition of local Moslems. Finally, however, the new structure was completed and consecrated on the 11th of September, 1810. The whole expense connected with the work amounted to nearly three millions of dollars, at least a third of which was eaten up by lawsuits and by bribes paid to Turkish officials. This is the church as we see it to-day. There is no doubt that very considerable remains of the more ancient structures are still here. We shall not pass our opinion as to the genuineness of the church's location nor as to the authenticity of the many so-called holy places within its walls. These latter are here in great variety. The pious pilgrim does not consider these questions. He forms no opinions. Others do this and he accepts them. But to the visitor who thinks, no matter to which confession he holds, or what his belief as to the correctness of its location, the Church of the Holy



MOSQUE OF OMAR

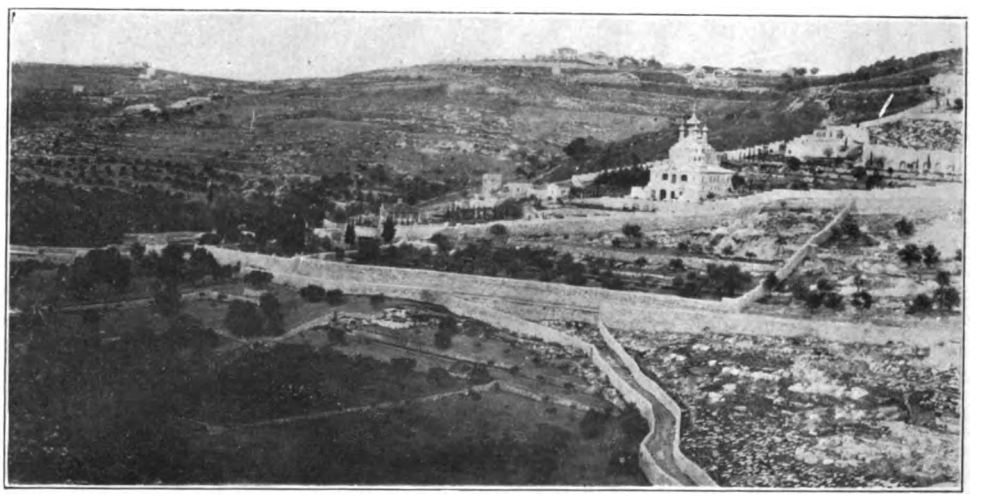
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COMPLIMENTS OF MISS LAURA PACKARD AND FRIENDS FROM THE STEPS OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM

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

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



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

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

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



GETHSEMANE

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE MISSES DEMLER ILLUSTRATING MARRIED AND UNMARRIED LIFE AT JERUSALEM.

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

THE SERMON DELIVERED ON MOUNT CALVARY

THE GLORY OF CHRIST

By Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., New York City.

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

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



MOSLEMS AT CALVARY

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

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

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

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

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

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

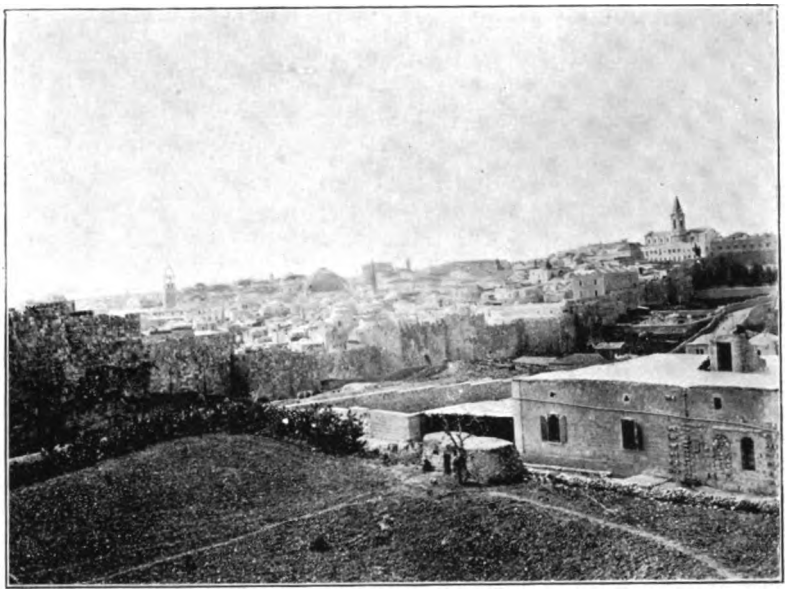
No prophet ever wrought such mighty works as Jesus, but it is not His miracles of power which fix the attention of a wondering world to-day. He spake as never man spake, but it is not His more than human wisdom which attracts men to-day. It is the Christ "lifted up" who draws men. It is the cross which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

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

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

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



JERUSALEM FROM GORDONS, CALVARY, SHOWING THE ANCIENT CITY

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

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

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

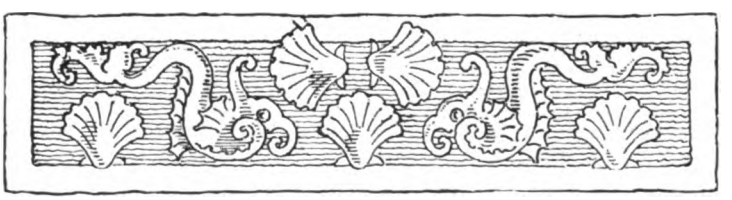
Good friends, we have come to Golgotha. Have we borne our cross hither? Have we ever found in our experience the spiritual Calvary and there been crucified with Christ?

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

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

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

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



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CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



MRS. EDWARD F. YOUNG, PITTSBURG, PA.

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VISIT TO MOHAMMEDAN HOME AND INCIDENTS

By Mrs. Lydia V. Whitlock, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRACTICAL USE OF PICTURES

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









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

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HISTORICAL SOUVENIR

... OF THE ...

S.S. "CELTIC" MASONIC ASSOCIATION

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

PRESIDENT

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

SECRETARY

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

HISTORIAN

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

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

INTRODUCTORY

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

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

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

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THOMAS JACOB SHYROCK, 33°

PRESIDENT

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

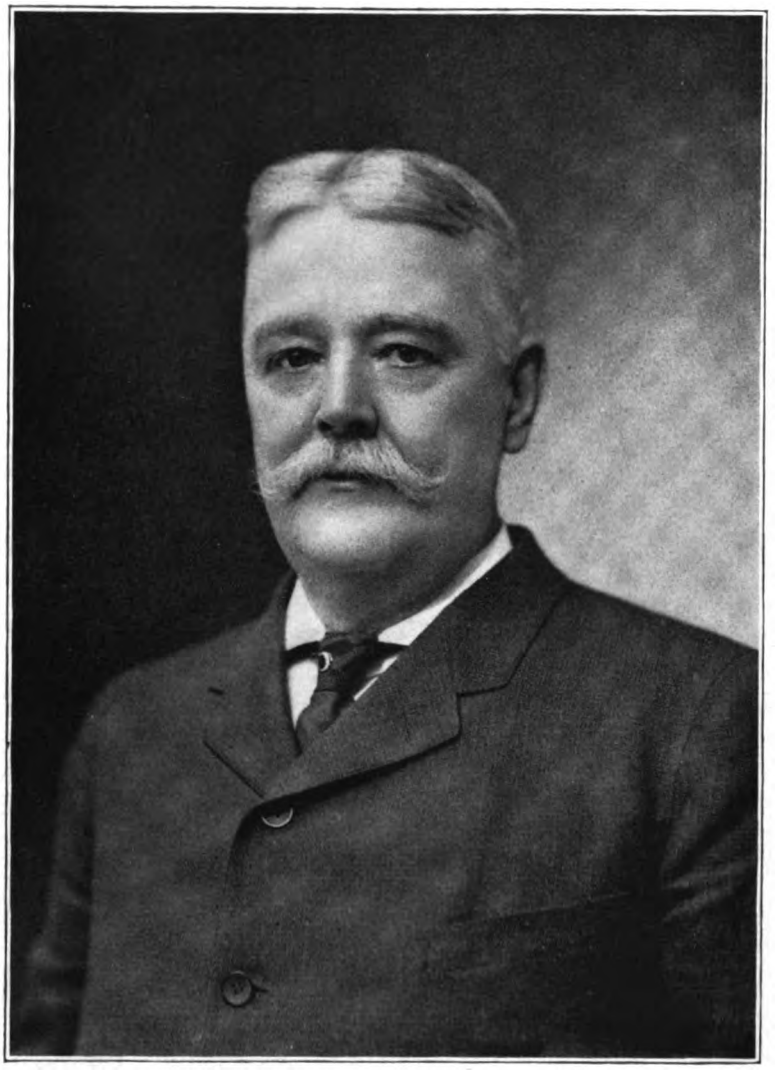
Most Worshipful Thomas J. Shryock was born in Baltimore, February 27th, 1851. He was made a Mason in Waverly Lodge, No. 152, in 1874, and two years later was elected Master, serving two terms and greatly advancing the prosperity of the Lodge. After serving as Grand Inspector, he was elected Junior Grand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

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

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

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

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MOST WORSHIPFUL BROTHER WILLIAM SMITH BROWN
SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION

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WILLIAM SMITH BROWN, 32°

SECRETARY

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

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

Worshipful Master, 1882

Trustee, 1888-1898

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

High Priest, 1887

TANCRED COMMANDERY, No. 48, K. T.

Eminent Commander, 1890

Treasurer, 1886, 1887

Trustee, 1895, 1896, 1897

PENNSYLVANIA CONSISTORY, A. and A. S. RITE

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

Treasurer, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902

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

1894-1902 inclusive.

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AN EXPLANATION

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

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

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

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FROM THE WEST TRAVELING EAST

ORGANIZATION OF THE ASSOCIATION

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

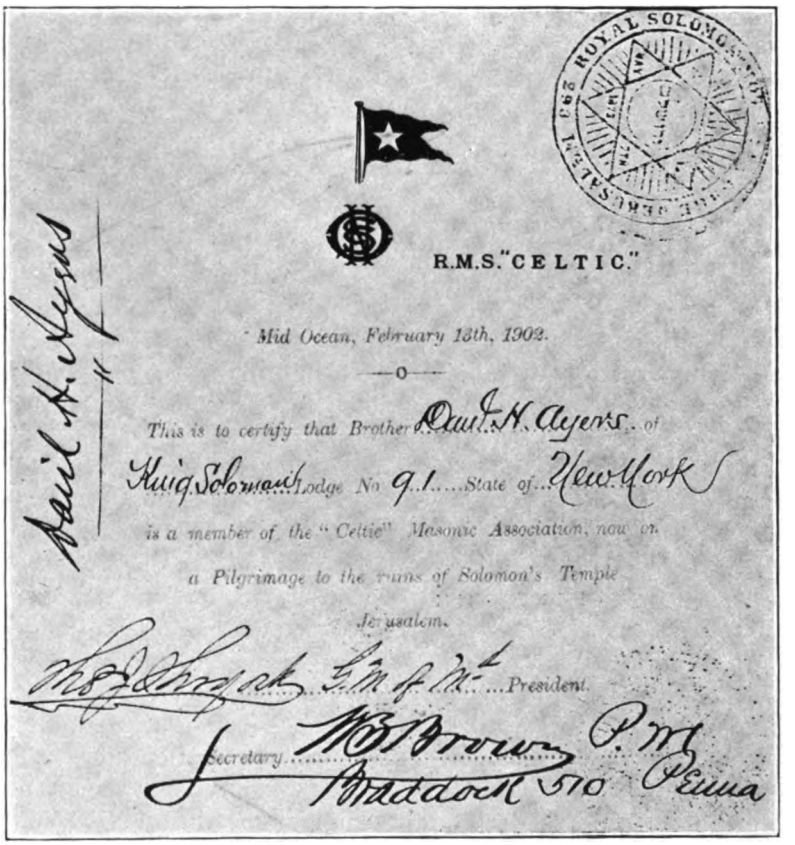
Frank C. Clark, the organizer and manager of the cruise, is a member of the craft, and an honorary member of Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, No. 293, at Jerusalem, where he resided for some time, and where he was made a Mason. It was proposed by him that the brethren participating in the cruise be favored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

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

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

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



*CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

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

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

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SECOND MEETING ON THE "CELTIC"

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

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

FLORAL EMBLEM AT CONSTANTINOPLE

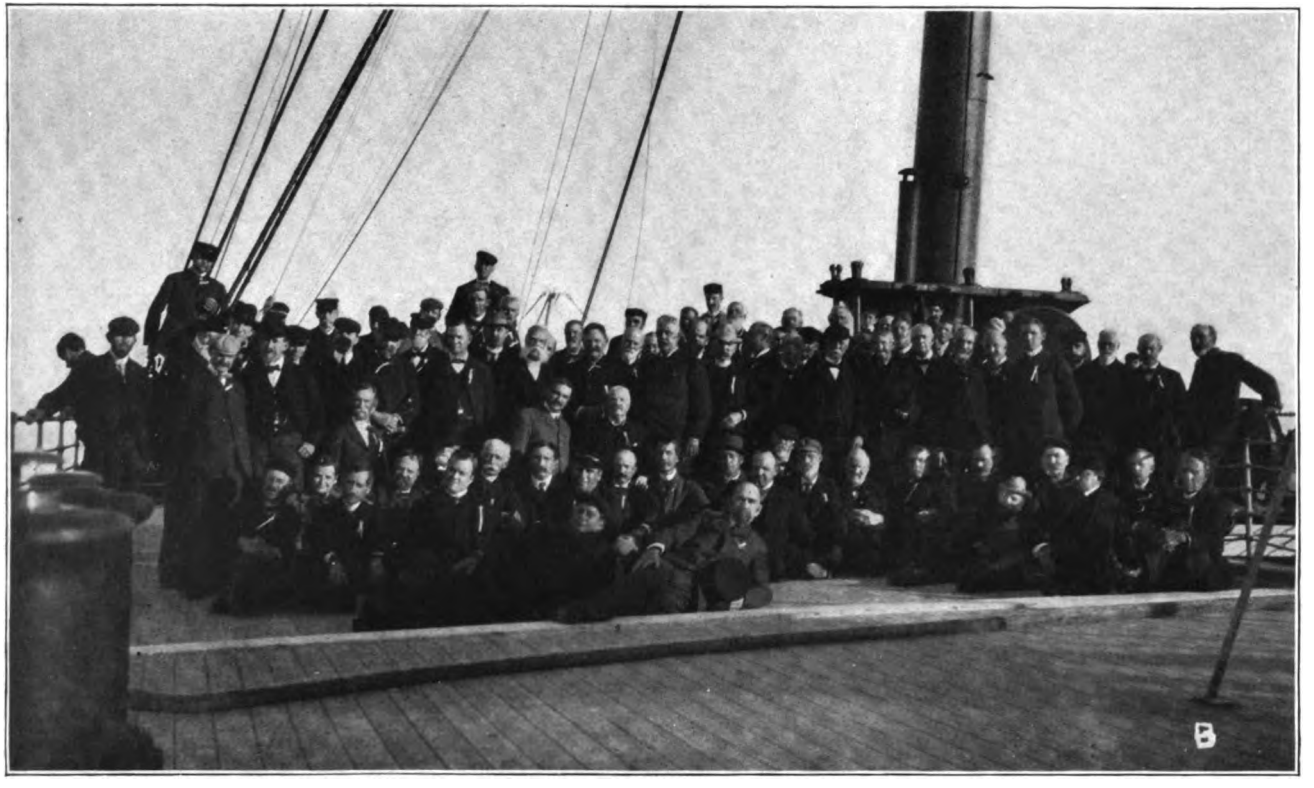
When at Constantinople a floral emblem was sent on board. It was composed of ornamented bamboo, which bore a crescent of scarlet flowers and a star of white flowers. Flowers, also, embellished other parts of the easel, the whole being surmounted by two small Turkish flags, and a red sash or streamer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

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

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

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

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

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

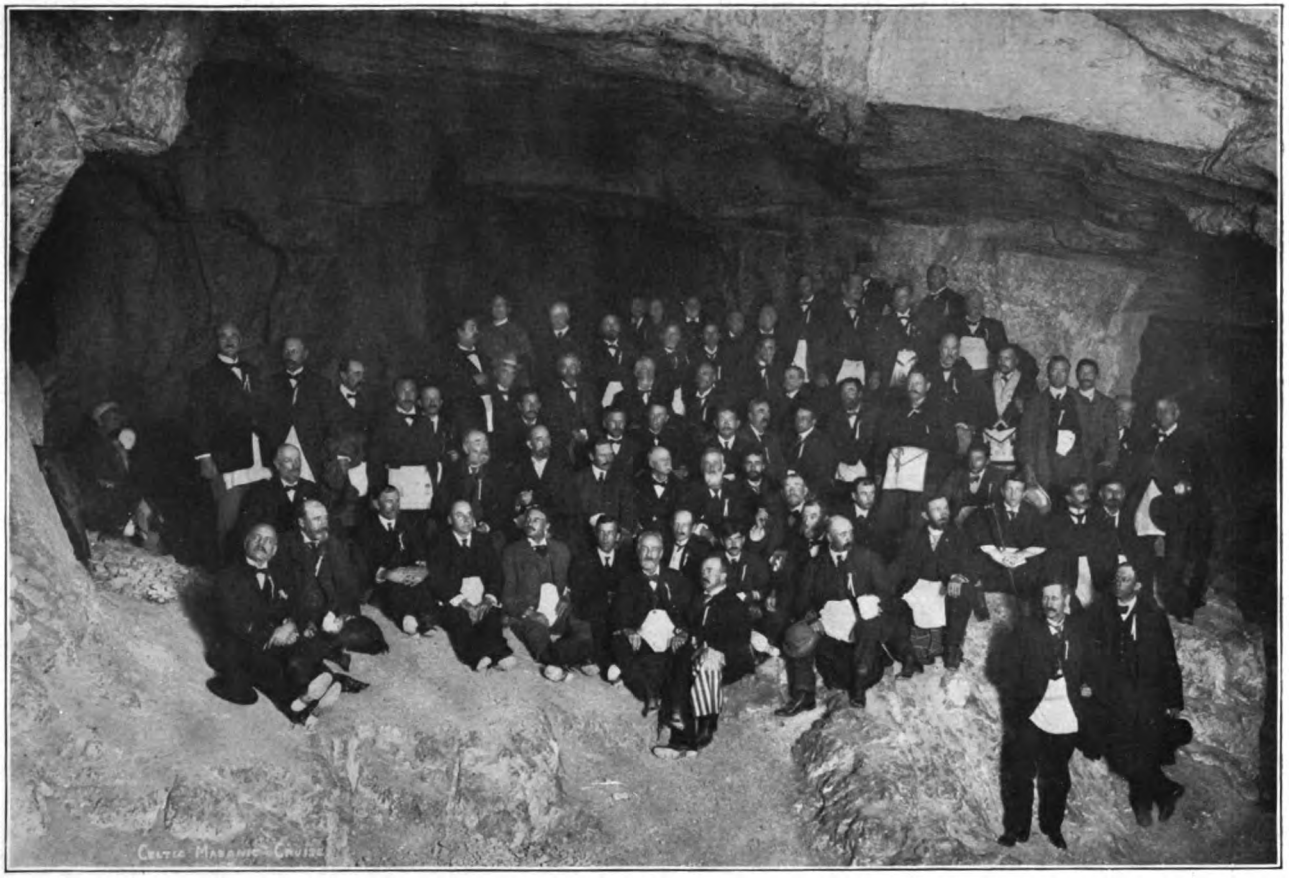
A LODGE IN THE QUARRIES

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

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

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

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

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THE GALILEE AND SAMARIA PILGRIMS RECEIVED BY ROYAL SOLOMON MOTHER LODGE

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

SECOND LODGE IN THE QUARRIES

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

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

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

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

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

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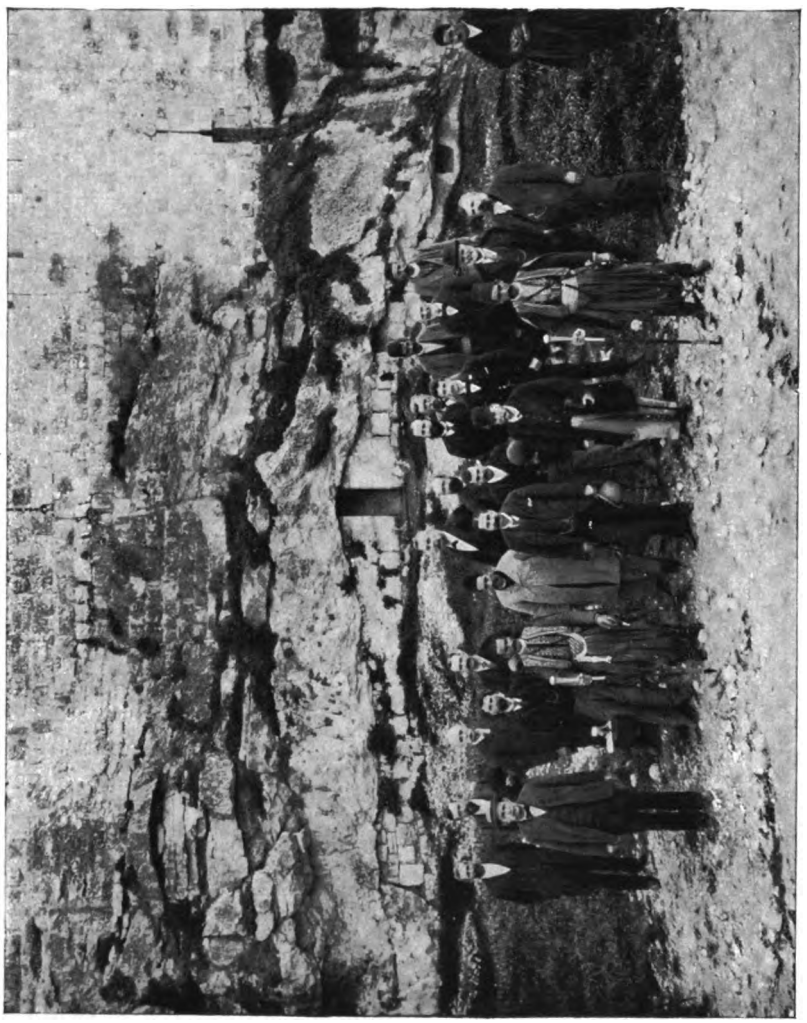
near the site of ancient Memphis. It is a health resort with sulphur baths, and a very dry atmosphere. To maintain this dryness the government does not allow shade trees to be planted. All the water underlying the town is sulphurous, and water for household purposes is taken from the Nile. A railroad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

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

SYNOPSIS OF BROTHER HANAUER'S ADDRESS

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

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

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

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

FURTHER ENTERTAINMENT

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

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

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

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

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

FINAL MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION

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

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

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

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

The meeting then adjourned *sine die*.

SEPARATION

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

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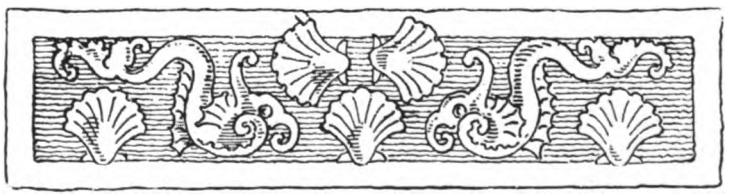
but the friendships it had been instrumental in forming, the comradeship and fraternal affection which it had fostered, will endure. Although now scattered far and wide, in all probability never again to assemble in full and unbroken number, the members, as opportunity offers, will hold pleasant little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

THE ASSOCIATION BADGE

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

THE SOUVENIR MEDAL

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



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THE QUARRIES OF SOLOMON AT JERUSALEM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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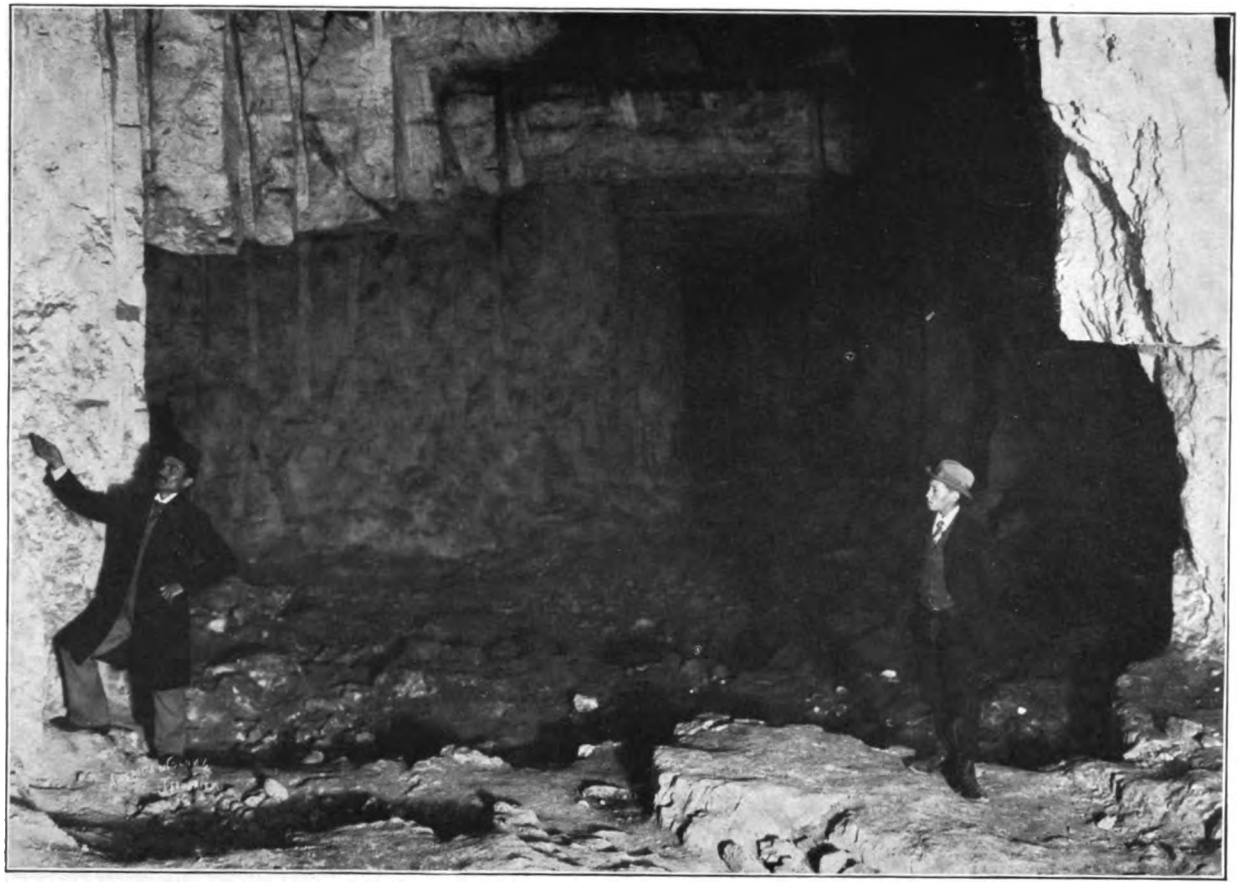
cavated. The roof is supported by columns. Their extent or purpose is unknown. That they are very ancient is evident. The probability is, the stone for city walls and for the temple was here cut out and fully prepared for that strange, noiseless upbuilding. Immense quantities of material have been removed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

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

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

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

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FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE QUARRIES OF SOLOMON

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

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

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

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

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

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

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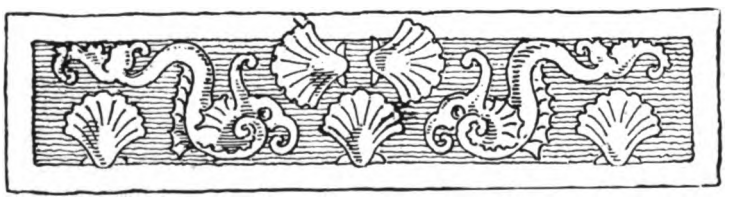
Some have had the impression that Masonic ritualistic work was done and Masons made in this place by the Jerusalem Lodge. That is not so. It would be a most difficult task to transport lodge furniture into the cavern, even if the Turkish government permitted it, which is improbable. The ritualistic work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

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

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

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



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MASONRY IN EGYPT

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

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

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

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

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ROSTER OF MEMBERS

OF THE

S.S. "CELTIC" MASONIC ASSOCIATION

CALIFORNIA

Name	Lodge	Residence or P. O. Address
Moses A. D. Steen	Woodbridge, No. 131	Woodbridge, Cal.

CONNECTICUT

L. P. Jones	Acacia, No. 85	Greenwich, Conn.
Geo. B. Beardsley	Corinthian, No. 104	111 Broadway, N. Y. City
Herbert M. Lyon	Corinthian, No. 104	469 Clinton Street, Bridgeport, Conn.
Henry L. Brach	Franklin, No. 56	Bristol, Conn.
Origin Hall	Eastern Star, No. 44	So. Willington, Conn.
Geo. K. Nason	Eastern Star, No. 44	Willimantic, Conn.
Sam'l C. Holley	Union, No. 40	Danbury, Conn.
A. W. Nelson	Union, No. 66	New London, Conn.

EGYPT

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

ENGLAND

Thomas Walter Williams	Strong Man, No. 45	17 Tudor St., Daily Express, London, E. C.
Albert E. Dodd	Dramatic, No. 1609	29 Oxford Road, Liscard, Cheshire, Eng.
J. E. Solomon	Demitted. Parfait Semerste	54 Davis Street, Berkley Square, London, W.

ILLINOIS

Julius M. Myers	Springfield, No. 4	Springfield, Ill.
Sam'l H. Blackler	Oafay, No. 676	Lake Forrest, Ill.

INDIANA

John C. Shirk	Harmony, No. 11	Brookville, Ind.

IOWA

Neal A. McAuley	Wilton, No. 167	Wilton Junction, Ia.
Frank Champlin	Mt. Olive, No. 79	Boone, Ia.
Lyman Whittier	Weston, No. 562	Whiting, Ia.
Franklin Floete	Evening Shade, No. 312	St. Paul, Minn.

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JERUSALEM

Name	Lodge	Residence or P. O. Address
Edwin S. Wallace	Royal Solomon Mother, No. 293	Greensburg, Pa.
S. Smith Stewart	Royal Solomon Mother, No. 293	1102 Cross St., Little Rock, Ark.
F. C. Rowley	Royal Solomon Mother, No. 293	251 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. F. Ross	Royal Solomon Mother, No. 293	205 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

KANSAS

Geo. W. Brown	Mystic Tie, No. 74	Augusta, Kan.
Barlett Cooley	Galena, No. 144	Galena, Kan.
T. P. Moore	Holton, No. 42	Holton, Kan.

KENTUCKY

F. D. Stone	Louisville, No. 400	Louisville, Ky.

MAINE

John K. Martin	Atlantic, No. 81	Bridgeton, Me.

MARYLAND

Thomas J. Shryock	M.·. W.·. G.·. M.·. of Md.	Baltimore, Md.
Sam'l P. Sexton, Jr.	Concordia, No. 13	Baltimore, Md.
James A. Gary	Fidelity, No. 151	Baltimore, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

John H. Treat	Tuscan	Lawrence, Mass.
Geo. F. Washburn	Constellation	465 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.
Geo. L. Bradbury	Wisdom	3214 Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.
E. M. Fielding	St. Johns	Creamer Wing Laundry Co., Boston, Mass.

MICHIGAN

Gabriel Chiera	Detroit, No. 2	Detroit, Mich.
Henry N. Loud	Ausable, No. 243	Ausable, Mich.

MINNESOTA

Charles W. Brown	Minneapolis, No. 1	Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

MISSOURI

A. C. Stewart	Occidental, No. 163	St. Louis, Mo.
Eugene M. Bonfils	Troy, No. 34	Denver, Col.
F. A. Copeland	Frontier, No. 45	La Crosse, Wis.
Harry Rubey	Censor, No. 107	Macon, Mo.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

James F. Baldwin	Lafayette, No. 41	Manchester, N. H.
A. Gale Straw	Washington, No. 61	Manchester, N. H.

NEW JERSEY

James F. Dickinson	Union, No. 11	Orange, N. J.

NEW YORK

Frank C. Clark	Crescent, No. 402	111 Broadway, N. Y. City.
Robert J. Gross	Dunkirk, No. 767	Dunkirk, N. Y.
Jno. J. McWilliams	Washington, No. 240	Buffalo, N. Y.
Irving F. Craven	Highland, No. 835	Buffalo, N. Y.
Daniel H. Ayres	King Sol. Prim., No. 91	Troy, N. Y.
Daniel Hays	Gloversville, No. 449	Gloversville, N. Y.
W. A. Baldwin	DeMolay, No. 498	116 N. Main St., Pueblo, Col.
Edwin A. Bell	Ancient Landm'k, No. 441	Buffalo, N. Y.
E. C. Bird	St. Nicholas, No. 32	45 Broadway, N. Y. City.
Leopold Wintner	Cashier, No. 445	210 Ross St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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NEW YORK—*Continued*

Name	Lodge	Residence or P. O. Address
J. H. Dickinson	Independent, No. 185	111 Broadway, N. Y. City
Seth Wheeler	Temple, No. 14	Albany, N. Y.
Louis L. Wheeler	Corinthian Temple	Rochester, N. Y.
James E. Walker	Hornellsville, No. 331	Hornellsville, N. Y.
John N. Tilden	Watertown, No. 49	Peekskill, N. Y.
Thomas Crary	Hancock, No. 552	Hancock, N. Y.

NORTH DAKOTA

Wm. H. White	Shiloh, No. 1	Fargo, N. D.

ONTARIO

W. J. Aitchison	St. Johns, No. 40	Hamilton, Candaa.
S. F. McKinion	St. Johns, No. 40	Toronto, Canada

OHIO

J. J. Williams	Iris, No. 229	44 Erie St., Cleveland, O.
J. B. Williams	Bellefontaine, No. 209	Bellefontaine, O.
E. D. Smith	Blanchester, No. 191	Blanchester, O.
C. H. Shanafelt	Latham, No. 154	Kenton, O.
G. W. McGavern	Van Wert, No. 218	Van Wert, O.
D. F. McLean	Fayette, No. 107	Washington C. H., O.
H. Rice	Blanchester, No. 191	Blanchester, O.
D. E. Strayer	Boggs, No. 292	DeGraff, O.
W. R. Avery	Walnut Hills, No. 563	Canastota, N. Y.
Lewis P. Schaus	Acme, No. 554	Newark, O.
W. H. Eager	Waseon, No. 349	Waseon, Fulton Co., O.
Frank Kingsley	Excelsior, No. 359	240 4th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Jerome T. Bower	Morning Dawn, No. 7	Winfield, Putnam Co., W. Va.
T. C. Thomas	New Carlisle, No. 100	Washington, D. C.
F. G. Dodd	Amity, No. 5	Zanesville, O.
B. F. Cessna	Van Wert, No. 218	Kenton, O.
F. S. Wagenhalls	Lancaster, No. 57	Columbus, O.
Geo. K. Halladay	Xenia, No. 49	Suffield, O.

PENNSYLVANIA

Wm. S. Brown	Braddock, No. 510	520 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Edwin M. Bowman	Braddock, No. 510	Braddock, Pa.
Richard Stevens	Braddock, No. 510	Braddock, Pa.
Sam'l S. Brown	Forty-five, No. 45	7 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Albert J. Edwards	McCandless, No. 390	433 Diamond St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Frank J. Mans	Keystone, No. 455	305 W. 9th St., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. J. Fisher	Petrolia, No. 363	421 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.
H. K. Werner	Ionic, No. 525	Allegheny, Pa.
Wm. Reader	Argyle, No. 540	Marietta, O.
Hamilton B. Humes	LeBelle Valle, No. 282	Jersey Shore, Pa.
Herman Straub	McCandless, No. 390	Pittsburg, Pa.
George Steinman	Lancaster, No. 43	Lancaster, Pa.
R. H. Pratt	St. Johns, No. 260	Carlisle, Pa.
A. A. Plumer	Myrtle, No. 316	Franklin, Pa.
Paul H. Gaither	Loyal Louna, No. 275	Greensburg, Pa.
R. J. Cunningham	Ionic, No. 525	Seweckley, Pa.

WISCONSIN

Walter D. Cole	Delevan, No. 121	Lafayette, Ind.
Charles W. Case	Wisconsin, No. 13	Minneapolis, Minn.
Wm. Horlick, Jr.	Bell City, No. 92	Racine, Wis.
B. A. Buffington	Eau Claire, No. 112	Eau Claire, Wis.

TENNESSEE

W. H. Bates	De Soto, No. 299	Memphis, Tenn.
Robert Galloway	De Soto, No. 299	Memphis, Tenn.

TEXAS

William L. Moody	Harmony, No. 6	Galveston, Tex.

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THE JORDAN, DEAD SEA AND JERICHO

By Rev. N. A. McAulay, Wilton Junction, Ia.

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



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

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

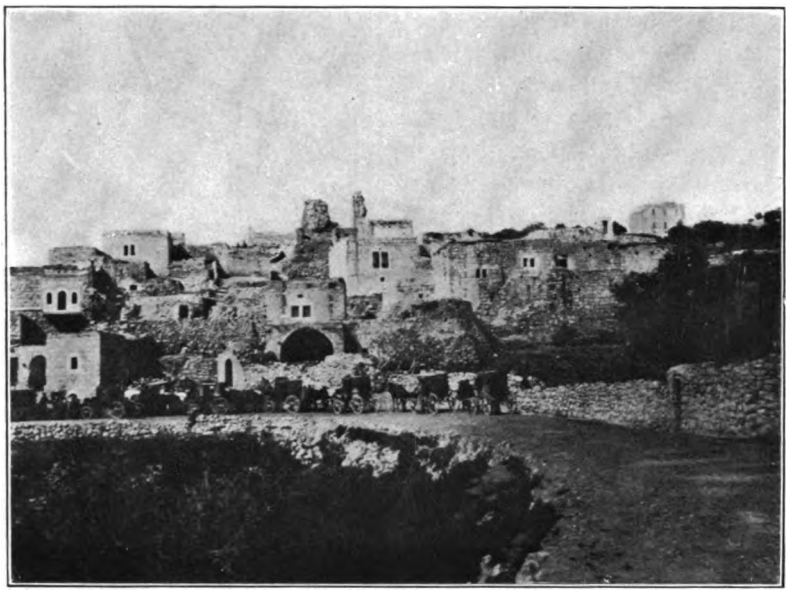
The "Inn of the Good Samaritan" was our second resting place, where curios can be purchased in abundance. The proprietor of this house is a keen-eyed Arab who speaks English fluently, and is alive to a good trade. The desolation and loneliness of this valley, still infested with robbers, serve to vivify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

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

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

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



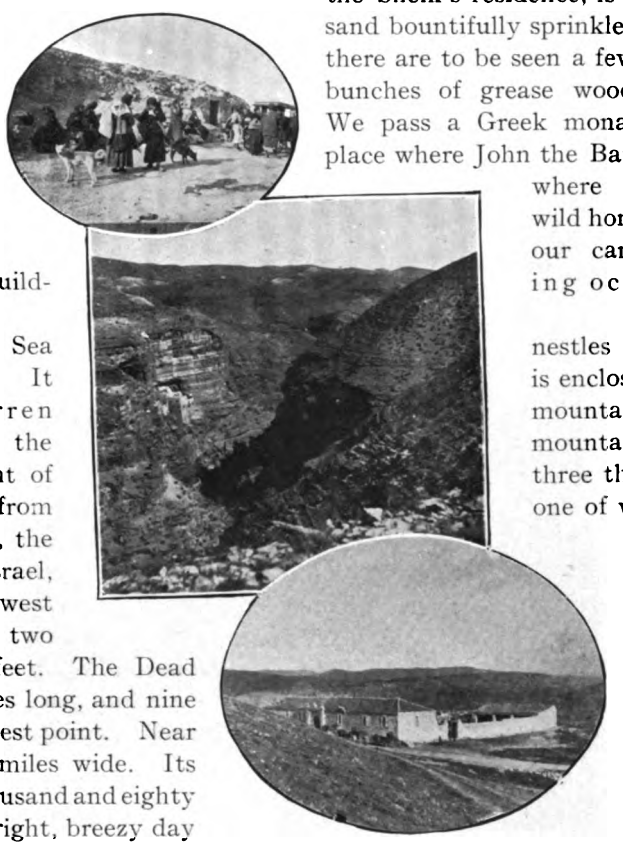
BETHANY, HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA

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

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

After lunch we visited the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The distance to the former is about four miles. The house of Zacchæus, the rich tax gatherer, now occupied by the Sheik's residence, is on our way, which is over sand bountifully sprinkled with salt. Here and there are to be seen a few trees, with occasional bunches of grease wood, sage and mustard seed. We pass a Greek monastery which marks the place where John the Baptist had his abode, and where he lived on locusts and wild honey. On the beach where our carriages stop stands a little building occupied by Arabs.



The Dead Sea nestles in a dreary, desolate abyss. It is enclosed on three sides by barren mountains. On the east and south the mountains of Moab rise to a height of three thousand five hundred feet, from one of whose lonely summits Moses, the uncrowned King of Israel, was translated. On the west the mountains rise about two thousand five hundred feet. The Dead Sea is forty-seven miles long, and nine and a half miles at its widest point. Near its center it is only two miles wide. Its depth is one thousand and eighty feet.

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

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

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

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



PLOWING WITH MULE AND COW NEAR JERICHO

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

For ages this river has been the symbol of that which separates the known from the unknown world. It has figured in sacred song, and its crossing is represented as being typical of the passage from the wilderness of this life to the land of Eternal rest.

Isaac Watts wrote:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
All decked in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

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And Samuel Stennet:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

This memorable river is one of the crookedest in the world. In going from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, a direct distance of about sixty miles, it travels over two hundred miles. Because of its tortuous windings, an Arabian poet has called it "a gigantic green serpent." Its serpentine character was evident at every turn, but during our visit it was anything but green, a pale chocolate describing it more accurately. Its average width at a normal stage of water is from seventy-five to one hundred feet, and its average depth from six to twenty feet, according to the season of the year. Its banks were found lined with thick clay mud, while the rank-est vegetation grew right up to the water's edge, concealing it from view. Rev. S. Edward Young, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. R. H. McCready, of Chester, N. Y.; Mr. J. W. Aitchison, of Hamilton, Ont., and the writer, in one group, and there were many others, braved the dragoman's objection, and took a bath in the dirty, turbulent stream. We were prompted wholly by sentiment, for cleansing, because of the approaches, is entirely out of the question. An eastern clergyman, Rev. James Gillespie, reckless beyond his companions, swam down stream and across to the other side, but with such experiences as made him afraid to undertake the return trip. Helped up the bank, the poor fellow stood shivering on the opposite bank, wondering how to get back. Finally he was rescued by the little boat and ferried back to his friends and his baggage.



MOUNT OF TEMPTATION NEAR JERICHO



ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN



ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN, NEAR JERICHO

A great many tourists carry away with them samples of Jordan water. If intended for keeping it is necessary to boil and filter the water, and have the package carefully corked and sealed. The writer carried away a quart bottle well filled and sealed, and had no difficulty until he reached Paris. Here the

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DEAD SEA FOAM

Custom House officials came near confiscating it, under the delusion that it was a bottle of spirits.

Many Christian men and women from Europe and America are annually baptized in the Jordan. Two of our aged tourists expected to be baptized, but only one of them reached the Jordan. Some are prompted thereto merely by sentiment, while others labor under the impression that there is some special merit for the washing away of sin, in using the stream in which the Saviour of men was baptized.

Disappointed in the appearance of the river, we all esteemed it a great privilege to see it for ourselves, and to recall the many scenes enacted upon its banks in Old and New Testament times, and think of its fate as it sweeps on to the sea of death.



CAPT. S. S. BROWN, M. W. WARREN, W. S. BROWN, AT THE SCENE OF CHRIST'S BAPTISM, JORDAN

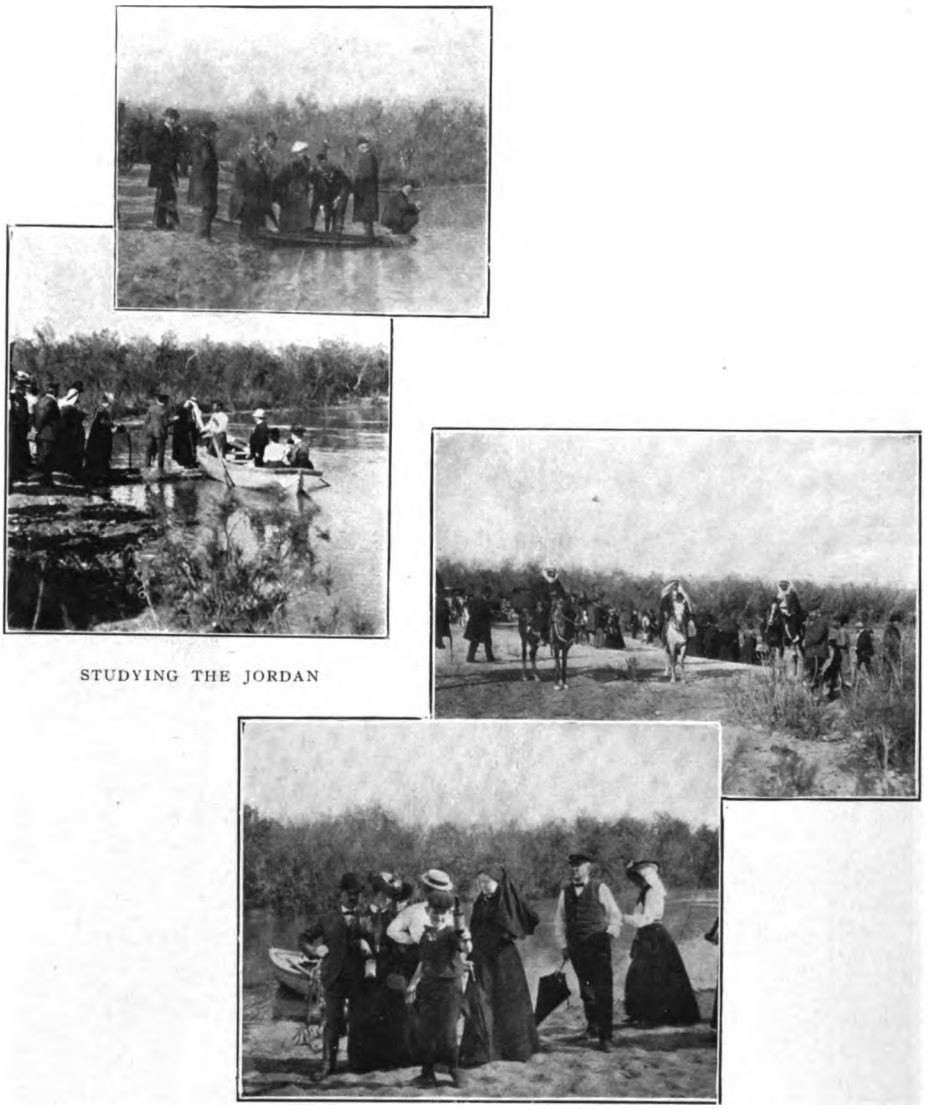
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PLEASURES AT THE DEAD SEA

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On our way back to Jerusalem we visited Bethany. The present town lies upon a spur to the southeast of the Mount of Olives. It consists of about forty or fifty houses, inhabited by Moslems only. Fig, almond and olive trees abound



STUDYING THE JORDAN

JORDAN GUARD AND WATER SEEKERS

here, and the town possesses an excellent supply of water. A ruined tower, said to have been built before the time of the Crusaders, is the most conspicuous object in the village. About twenty paces from this tower is the tomb of Lazarus, over which stands a white-domed mosque. As the owners of this mosque

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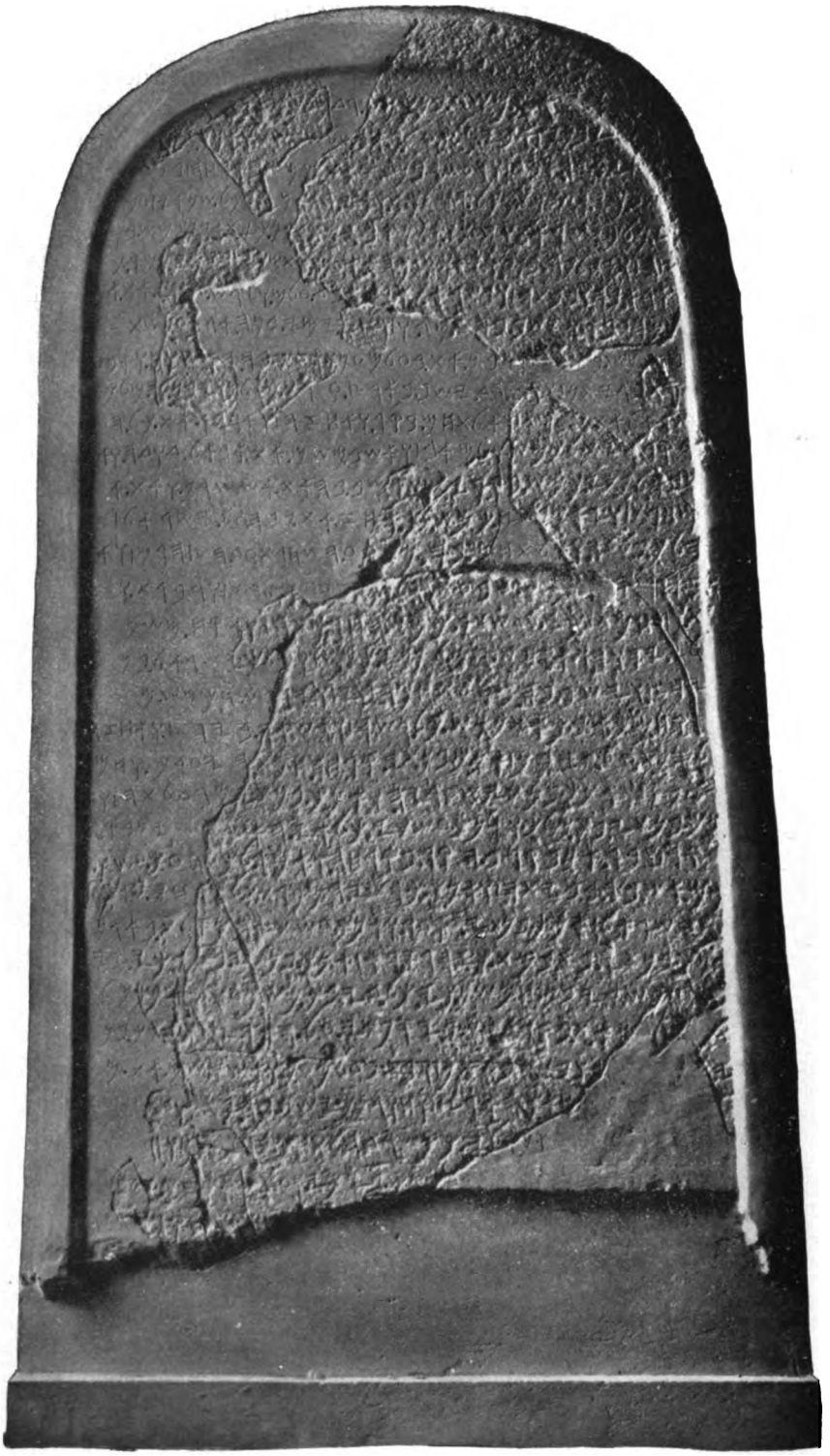
prevented pilgrims from visiting the place, the Christians constructed a stairway leading thereto from without, the descent being by twenty-six steps partly through the solid rock. To the east of a square antechamber thus reached, and up three steps, is located the so-called tomb of Lazarus.

We proceed to the traditional site of the house of Mary and Martha; and to that of Simon the leper. We have drunk from the same springs, walked on the same highways, talked with our friends in the same places that Christ talked to His. Why shall we not follow in His very footsteps, and walk with Him in white beyond that beautiful sky above us?



PITTSBURGERS UNDER THE ORANGE BLOSSOMS AT JERICHO

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MOABITE STONE, B.C. (ABOUT) 890.
[Photograph from the original.]

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A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM

By Rev. James T. Dickinson, D.D., Orange, N. J.

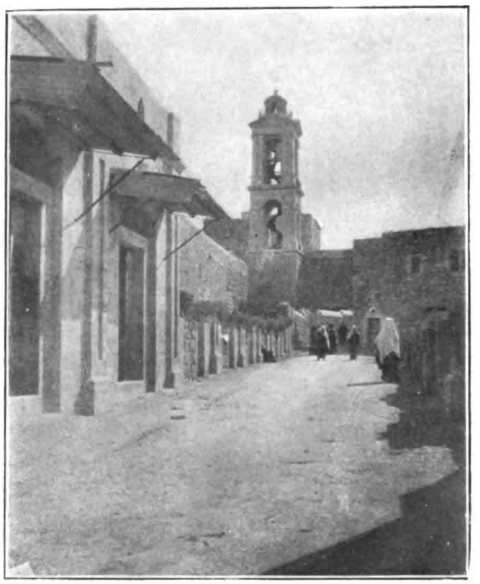
BRIGHTEST of all earth's days is one day, beloved over all the world, among all sorts and conditions of mankind. Of the gladness of Christmas little children speak among their first uttered sentences, and old men become young again at the return of this happy, holy season. It is the day for gifts and kisses and laughter and love and family reunions, the day for joy and peace and adoration of Almighty God. In the glory of the day ever shines one place pre-eminent, Bethlehem, where was born the infant Saviour. Most natural was it that our hearts were beating high Saturday afternoon, March 15th, 1902, when we started in our carriage from the Hotel du Parc, Jerusalem, for Bethlehem, six miles away. Occasional gusts of fine rain swept over the hills and the air was cold, but a light that never was on land or sea exalted our thoughts and a heavenly warmth filled our hearts. Besides the four tourists who had experienced much happiness in studying together Jerusalem's sacred sites, we had inside our large carriage the excellent guide, Elias. Out by the Jaffa Gate we leave Jerusalem, passing the ancient Tower of David, going down close to the Valley of Hinnom, fateful locality dreaded by the ancient Jews and symbolizing to the modern world the pangs of future punishment, then, ascending the hill, we look back and have a view of Jerusalem perhaps only second in excellence to that from the Mount of Olives. The macadamized road is admirably smooth and broad, and as the good horses trot swiftly southward the fields become more inviting with growing grass and grain and vineyards and orchards of olive trees. We pass many places of traditional and present-day interest—"the country house of Caiaphas," the ancient tree from which Judas Iscariot is said to have hanged himself, the seat where Mary rested on her weary journey to Bethlehem, and several churches and convents. Of all these traditional spots, of the greatest and most tender interest is the small edifice known as Rachel's Tomb. It is asserted that ever since Christ's time this very locality has been considered the place



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where Jacob buried Rachel, the love of his heart, and that for many centuries earlier either this spot or one close by has been believed to be the place of the tomb of the fair, true wife of the patriarch. Four miles is this sacred memorial from Jerusalem, and yonder, two miles away, nestles Bethlehem among the hills. Back through the centuries our hearts go, and the old, ever-young experiences of love and death, of joy and anguish, seem to pulse and throb in the green leaves of the venerable olive-tree near Rachel's Tomb.

Soon upon our vision comes a remarkably fine view of Bethlehem and the surrounding country. In the far distance is the edge of the wilderness of Judea; nearer are the high, mountainous hills, nearer still green fields, and still nearer Bethlehem, with its stone houses, curious towers and balconies, narrow, winding streets, and about six thousand inhabitants. The adjacent country seems more prosperous and better tilled than anywhere else in Judea save the plain of Sharon. Vineyards, meadows, olive orchards, terraced hills, tell of patient husbandry and remind of the origin of the name of the ancient town—Bethlehem, place of bread. We thought of Bethlehem's wonderful history, of how it had existed for thousands of years; of lovely Ruth; of David's romantic career; of Constantine and the Crusaders; above all, of our Blessed Lord. Entering the narrow streets of the town, we drive at once to the large, open space in front of St. Mary's Church (better known as the Church of the Nativity). This large, rambling edifice has been rebuilt, renovated, added to, many times through the centuries, and is said to be the most ancient church building in the world. Since 1852 the Greek, the Latin, and the Armenian churches have each had possession of a part of it, the Greek having the largest, most imposing section and the Armenian a little corner which is pitiful in its almost ridiculous insignificance. In the Greek church, as we entered, a notable service of worship was being celebrated, and for half an hour we listened and watched with growing interest. There were the men in the choir singing antiphonally with loud fervor, there the clergy and incense-bearers coming and going before the altar, there the Patriarch and other dignitaries in striking vestments, and presently a boy about twelve or fourteen years of age comes forward and in a clear, ringing voice, reads the Scripture lesson. A large audience, including more than a hundred children, listens and beholds with apparent solemnity and interest. The whole service seems full of reality and reverence, and one cannot but feel means much to the people. As we look into the eager, wistful faces of these



A STREET, BETHLEHEM

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Bethlehem children worshipping in this holy shrine, our hearts rise upward to One who understands childhood and manhood and all of life.

"O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel."

Down the dark, winding stairs we go to the cave where the sacred spot is marked by a silver star and under the star the words, *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.* There are many strong reasons for believing that this natural grotto was the very place where Christ was born. It is one of the best authenticated of the sacred sites in Palestine. Above the silver star shine fifteen lamps, which are divided among the three churches sharing the building. A few steps away stands a Turkish soldier, gun in hand, to protect the sacred spot and, alas for poor human nature, to prevent ecclesiastical quarrels, which, even here, have in the recent past sometimes resulted in bloodshed. Ascending the stairs and passing various other places of traditional interest, we leave the church and go out by a narrow lane to the hillside, whence we behold a splendid landscape of mountains and valleys and plains. In yonder fields gentle Ruth gleaned, on those hillsides David began his immortal work, and on that plain were the shepherds with their flocks when came the heavenly vision and the angelic message of the new-born Messiah.

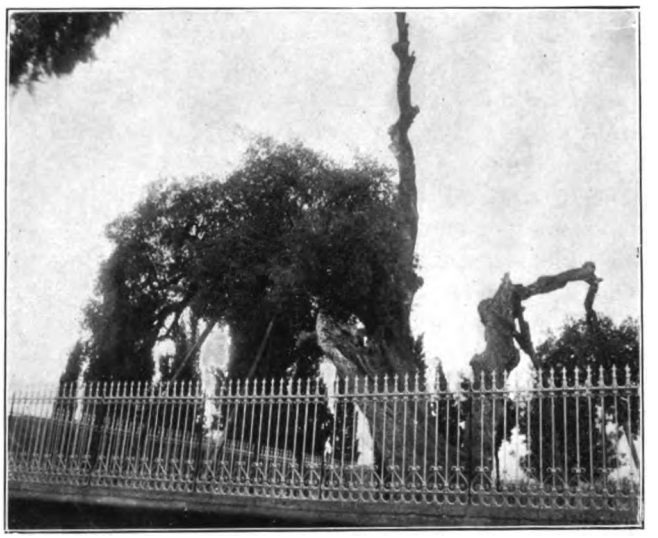
As we walk back to our carriage, our hearts are asking "Is it all a dream? Are we really here in Palestine, in Judea, in Bethlehem, at the birthplace of the Saviour?" Then, strong and tender, and charged with heavenly authority, come to us again some of Bethlehem's messages. God's great love is ever seeking humanity. Christ comes to reign in our lives in strange, unexpected ways. In most lowly, difficult places of earth the kingdom of heaven will surely shine forth. Love, heavenly love, forevermore seeks, not to receive, but to give out of its blessed fulness. It was so at the birth of Christ, it is so with God's unceasing bounty and with the daily, hourly reinforcement of our spiritual life from the living Christ. Then, touched by this celestial love, our hearts should be ever pouring out spiritual inspiration and blessing to the world.

"Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Stars and Angels gave the sign.

"Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for gift and plea and sign."

Some of our party passed on to Hebron and brought us this picture of one of the most precious spots in southern Palestine.

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OAKS OF MAMRE OR ABRAHAM'S OAK AT HEBRON

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FROM THE "CELTIC" TO ALEXANDRIA

By Anna M. Mathews, Oak Park, Ill.

March 11th, 1902

THE morning of March 11th found more than five hundred enthusiastic "Celticites" at an early breakfast in order to be among the first of the party to set foot upon the land of sphinxes and pyramids. As the three large tenders chartered by Mr. Clark to insure a speedy and safe landing approached the *Celtic*, the swell of the ocean seemed to increase.

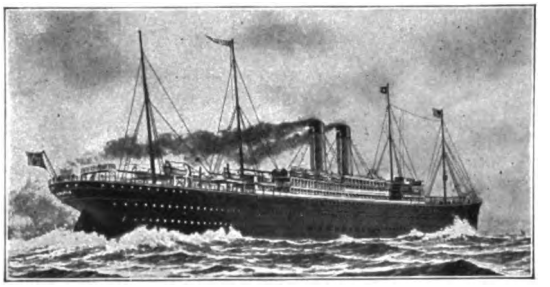




TACKLE LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA

About noon a large barge for the transfer of luggage effected a mooring, and it was decided to use it also as a transport for passengers. Much to Mr. Clark's astonishment, in addition to a bewildering pile of cases and valises, more than four hundred large trunks were ready for Cairo. About half that number would cover the deck of the barge. The process of lowering the trunks was very slow, and before the deck of the barge was half filled the passengers became so impatient that, to while away the time the memorable "chair" was made ready and fastened to a tackling of ropes and pulleys. The first candidate—a Mr. Smith, I believe—was strapped into the chair; the chief officer gave the command to "swing

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CELTIC LEAVING JAFFA.

away"; and away the "chair" swung out over the sea, and was lowered by the strong hands of the sailors. It seemed to be diving straight into the waves! But no; upward again, and out over the barge. Then it was seized by the half-clad native sailors and brought to the deck of the barge with a thump. What fun it was!

For two hours the "chair" ascended and descended, until one hundred and sixty passengers had been dropped upon the barge. During the lowering of more luggage the swell became heavier, causing the majority of the one hundred and sixty to seek the edge of the barge in an endeavor to appease Neptune with involuntary offerings.

Loaded at length, the barge was made fast to the sturdy little tug and towed to the dock at Alexandria.

At 4.30 the barge was again alongside the *Celtic*. Trunks were lowered until the deck was completely covered. The barge was brought a little nearer. The lower of the two familiar ladders on the side of the *Celtic* was placed in a horizontal position and partly covered by a plank, and the procession began. Below, on the barge, the chief officer, who had pushed and pulled the native sailors and by demonstration shown them how to "haul in," now stationed himself on the trunks, ready to receive human freight. Instant obedience to his command insured a successful landing. But those who hesitated until the barge had reached the crest of the swell, landed generally in a heap considerably below their expectations. The women being more accustomed to receiving assistance—and, perhaps, rendering obedience—rarely had a mishap in making the landings, but not a few men, depending upon their superior judgment rather than upon the word of command, came to grief. On this occasion, as a bruised victim crawled over the trunks and occupants in search of a vacant spot, a friend said to him:



LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA

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"Why didn't you jump when the officer told you?"

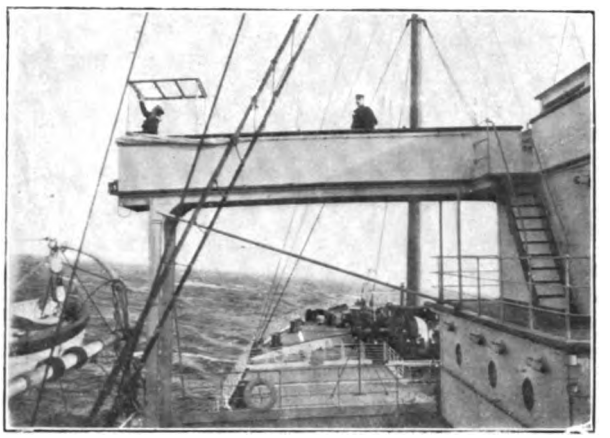
"Because the barge wasn't up," he replied.

"Well, you found it was down, *didn't* you?"

At seven o'clock, every trunk on the barge was occupied and we were off for Alexandria.

Electric lights rendered visible the commodious harbor and dockage, and enabled us to read the names of vessels from many lands.

Through some misunderstanding we were not expected in Alexandria that night, and much importunity and activity on the part of the director who accompanied us was necessary to induce a non-English-speaking, pompous official to open the gate leading to the railway station.



THE CELTIC BOWING DOWN ON THE WAY TO ALEXANDRIA

At nine o'clock we filed into the station-yard, all eager to board the train for Cairo. But the train was "finished" for the night. The train had gone!

In a general way it is understood that business matters move slowly in the Orient. Some two hundred "Celticites" can verify the statement by a knowledge born of experience. Two hours were necessary to procure a permit from the railway superintendent and his subordinates, to the effect that an engine and train might be made ready, and only the untiring energy of the directors procured it even then.



CELTIC PILGRIMS LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA

At exactly eleven o'clock the doors of the compartment cars were unlocked, and in something less than another hour the train crew had been found, the engine fired and the train was in motion.

While the above preliminaries were in progress the two hundred or more "Celticites" were waiting in the grounds adjoining the station, some seated on a pile of iron rails, and all, with the characteristic good nature of an American crowd, singing patriotic songs, hymns and jingles.

Some large, mysterious white sacks that came ashore with us were opened, and delicious *Celtic* lunches distributed. A barrel of apples and a box of oranges

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appeared and quickly disappeared. But at midnight we were off, with plenty of room in the compartments to rest and be as comfortable as the chilly air would permit. We watched the morning light creep toward us, and when the sun rose beyond the Nile valley and glorified to our vision the land of Pharaoh, of Cleopatra and of Joseph, the dream of our youth was realized and all discomfort of the night forgotten.



CAIRO—THE CITY FOR WHICH WE ARE BOUND

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EGYPT

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DAILY LIFE AND SCENES IN CAIRO, EGYPT

By Hon. J. Chas. Dicken, Pittsburg, Pa.

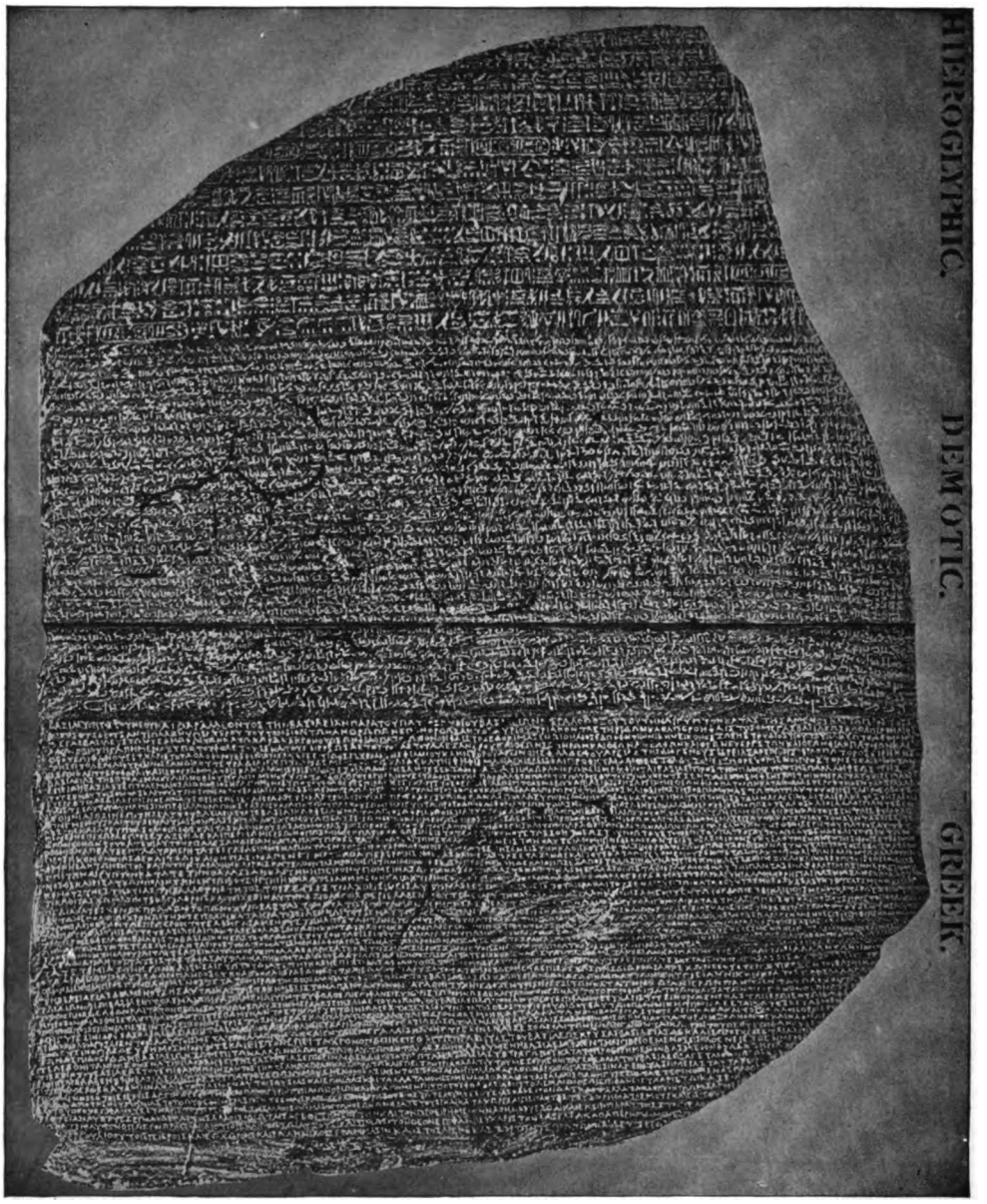
CAIRO, the largest city in Africa, is situated on the right or eastern bank of the Nile, about one hundred and thirty miles south of Alexandria, the chief Egyptian seaport. It contains a population of half a million people. The Arabs, with religious faith in Mahomet, predominate, while there is a mingling of people of many nationalities, differing in color, dress, language, religion and manners, forming the strangest and most interesting Oriental city in the world.



The tourist, weary after a trip through Palestine, where the country is, in the main, rough and rugged, hails with joy the sunny climate of Cairo, with its bright days, dry, balmy atmosphere, blooming flowers and singing birds. Modern science and invention is finding its way into this old city and naturally working a change which, to the tourist of ten years ago, is apparent. Electric light, electric cars and up-to-date carriages for street use are there, slowly pushing aside the olive lamp, the camel and the donkey.

A daily street scene in Cairo is a wonder to behold. The push, stir, bustle and business are great. The donkey boys are in the crowd with their patient animals, known by familiar names, Yankee Doodle, Mark Twain, George Washington, etc.; the merits of each they beseech you to test by a ride for a shilling. You mount, when the fun begins, for a donkey has a will and a way of its own; like many a man, some are flighty. If trouble comes, step off quickly, but do not stand on the street. The Arabs are, seemingly, quarrelsome and cowardly, and when a group is formed on the street loud words are used, but not often does a fight occur. Added to the confusion produced by their angry words are the mingling yelps of dogs, the cries of peddlers, the supplications of beggars and the braying of donkeys, when suddenly a caravan or line of camels heavily loaded, attached by a rope, passes quietly by, followed by a juggler or snake charmer, with serpents entwined about his person, accompanied by a water carrier, with hog skin upon his back and a cup in his hand, offering a drink for a penny, or squirting the water around and about stirring up more dust than it kills. A Dervish

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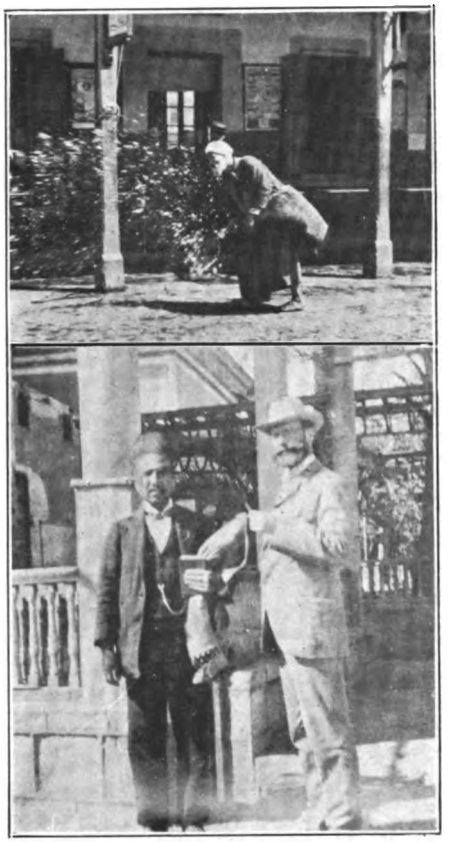


ROSETTA STONE—PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE ORIGINAL

The key that unlocked the mysteries of Ancient Egypt. It is a stele of black basalt $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{7}{12}$ feet, discovered in 1799, thirty-six miles east of Alexandria, by M. Boussard, officer of French Engineers at work on a fortification.

See *Records of the Past*, Washington, D.C., vol. I, page 89, for full description.

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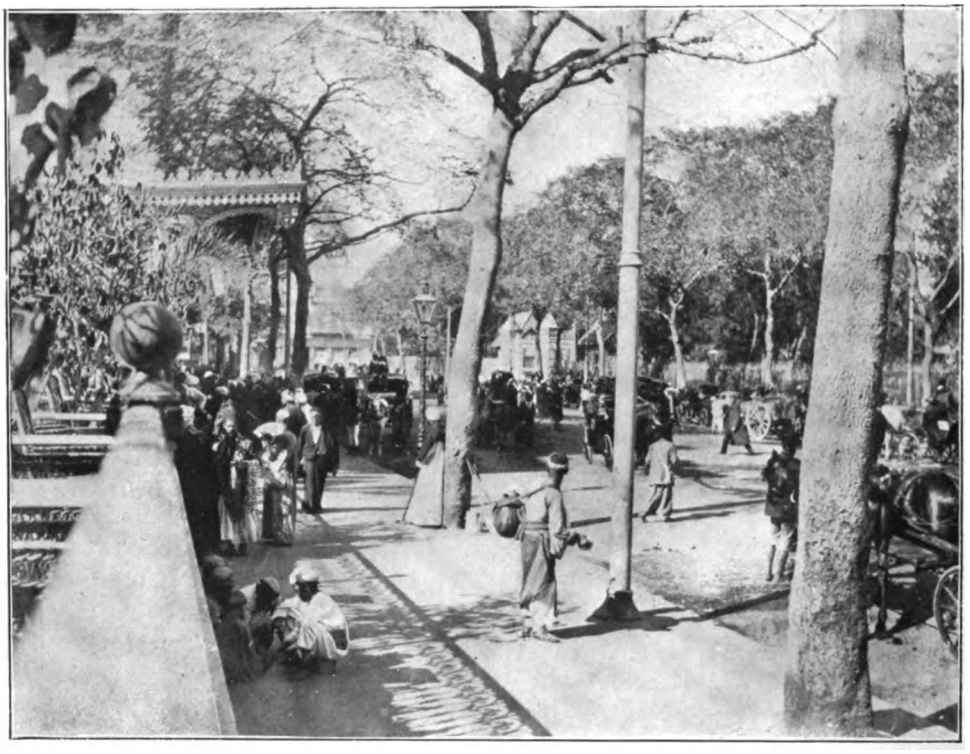
HON. J. L. M'CUTCHEON OF PITTSBURG AND HIS BODYGUARD, CAIRO

and boy dressed in silken garb, with gold embroidery, slowly walk by; then a carriage drawn by spirited Arab horses, accompanied by footmen and outrunners dressed in gay, wide flowing garments, with long sticks in their hands, rush into the midst of the throng to clear the street for the Khedive's equipage or that of an eccentric American who has invested a pound on fun and folly. This, in part, is the amusing side seen on the streets in Cairo. More serious and real is the burial of the dead. The coffin is in black, carried on the shoulders of four men, preceded by two or more fantastically dressed boys or men with sticks in hand, who spring into the air and whirl around, wailing as they go, with relatives and friends on foot following in the rear. The burial of the wealthy is different; the procession is headed by mounted police, followed by a score of clergy, one of whom is chanting, the mourners and friends next, walking, then the decorated hearse with coffin buried in gilt tinsel, drawn by four horses covered with yellow gold embroidered robes, followed by a number of empty carriages. The movement is slow and solemn, quieting the din on the street until the funeral has passed. Scribes are seen seated behind wooden desks on the edge of the highways, as of old, writing for all who pay for their services. Near by money changers are standing behind small boxes filled with the current coin of the land to accommodate the needy. A bell attached to the neck of a cow or a goat is tingling as the animals are driven along the streets to supply customers with milk. The milking is done by the maid of the house, who secures the needed quantity and quality. The tourist, seated on the balcony of Shepherd's or the New Continental Hotel, has an uninterrupted view of the stir and daily street life in Cairo. There can be seen the dress of people from almost every country in the world, as they pass to and fro on foot, in carriages and otherwise. The two hotels named, with the Kesirah, are the best in the city. The British Military Band from the citadel plays in the afternoon in the enclosure at Shepherd's Hotel, and is admired and appreciated. The bazaars, owned by the Turks, Syrians, Persians, Indians, French and English, although inferior to those of Stamboul, in Constantinople, contain a great variety of goods and are attractive to the ladies. The narghile

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THE NILE BRIDGE AT CAIRO



STREET SCENE, CONTINENTAL HOTEL, CAIRO

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is the pipe of the Turk in use along the streets. Black coffee and wine are served in the bazaars to those who make purchases. The day in Cairo is improved by a carriage ride to many noted places: The tombs of the Caliphs and Mamelukes, where the sarcophagi are covered with old gobelins of rare beauty and fineness. The Island of Rhodda, where Moses was hidden in the bullrushes, and the nilometer and gardens are open to visitors, near which is an Oriental building used as a harem.

The church of Abu Sargah, in the crypt of which it is said the Virgin Mary, with Jesus, slept when they fled to Egypt to avoid the edict of Herod, is in the old part of the city.

The mosque of Sultan Hassan, built of stone taken from the pyramids, is considered the grandest in Cairo.



WATER SPRINKLERS, CAIRO

The citadel, with its domes and minarets, now occupied by British soldiers and guns, in which is the mosque of Mohamed Ali, lined with pure alabaster, containing within the enclosure a fount and Jacob's well (not the patriarch's, which is at Nablus, near Mount Ebal, in Palestine) is worthy of a visit. Here it was that the Mamelukes were betrayed and killed March 1st, 1811, by Mohamed Ali, save Emin Bey, who alone escaped. The view from this point is superb. The city beneath, the Nile covered with white sails in plain view, beyond the Kesirah Museum, the pyramids and the Sphinx, on the edge of the Libyan Desert, and in the far distance to the north the palace of the Khedive and Heliopolis—the city of the sun—now ruins. To the south, on the bank of the Nile, the site of Memphis and the Serapeum or tombs of the Apis (the sacred bulls).



MOSQUE IN OLD CAIRO

The services of the dancing and the howling Dervishes were novel and strange to the tourist. The opera and theatres were night attractions and largely patronized. The streets in the new part of the city are wide and well paved—in the old part, narrow, dusty and dirty.

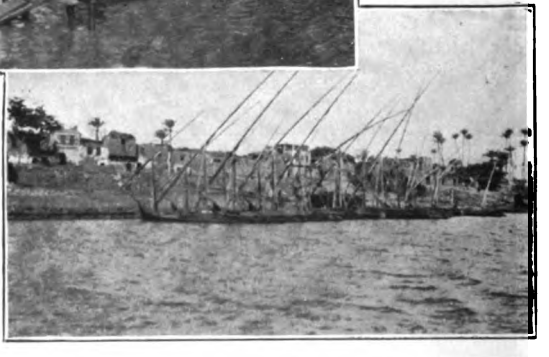
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ON THE WAY TO MEMPHIS

THE day brought us the usual experience with the miserable backsheesh beggars and its amusing incidents. I laughed until my sides ached to see President Davis and his little donkey sprawling around in the soft sand, both trying to scramble to their feet at once. The dragoman had punched the donkey into a run, and the little thing stumbled and fell all over, in the clean, dry sand. Davis went head foremost over the donkey's head and crawled away rapidly on hands and knees to get out of the donkey's way, who was doing his level best to get upon his own feet once more. It was hard to tell which was the best scrambler, Davis or the donkey, and there was not very much difference in their size just then. But they soon got righted up again, and it was enough to split the buttons off from the coat of a deacon to see Davis turn to that dragoman and in a calm but somewhat disgusted tone, and with as much gravity as he could command in such a moment, say: "What's the matter with yer donkey here?" I thought the donkey did look sorry, and hung his ears rather sheepish like, but when the president once more mounted, the little







1. IRRIGATING STRUCTURE NEAR MEMPHIS
2. REV. W. D. COLE AND COMPANY LANDING FOR MEMPHIS
3. COMMERCE ON THE NILE.

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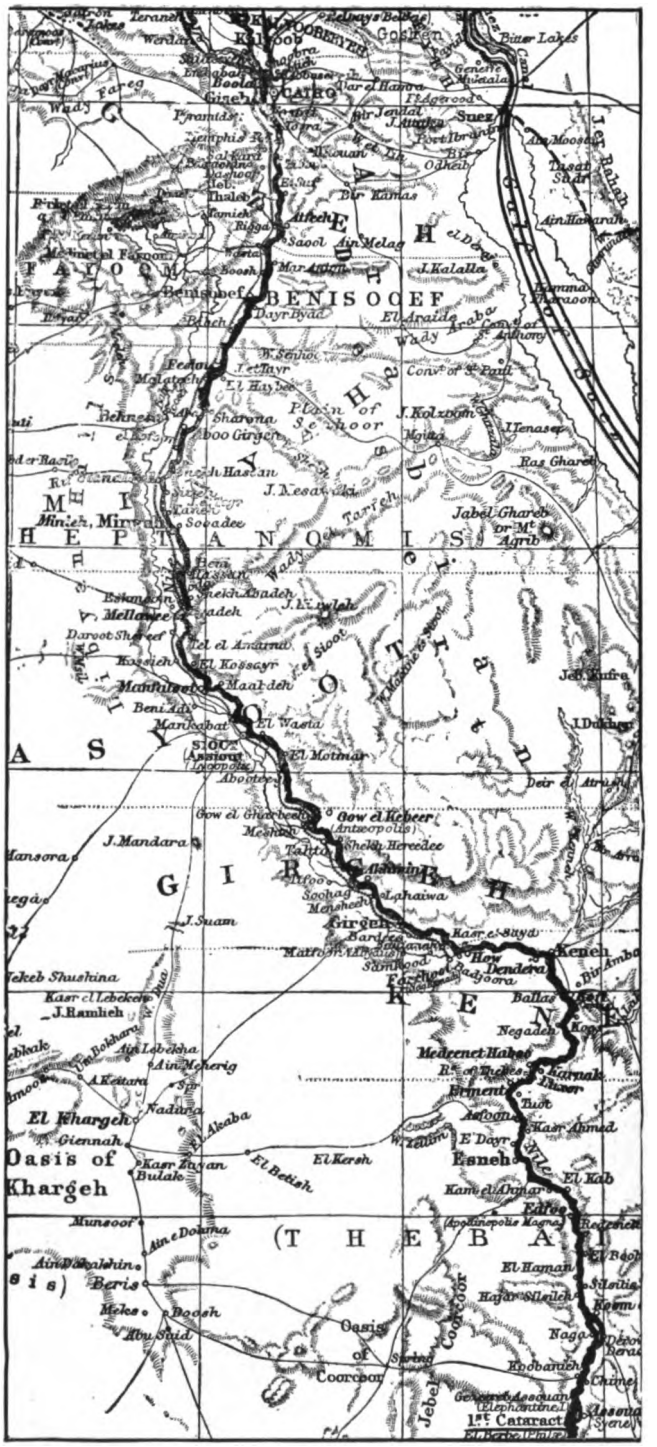
RAMESES II. ON THE WAY TO MEMPHIS

fellow—the donkey I mean—pricked up his ears and galloped away as cheery as ever.

On our way back we had the pleasure of seeing one of the far-famed Egyptian sunsets on the Nile, which completed one of the best of days since leaving America. We are now off for Rome.



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Suez
Bitter Lakes
CAIRO
Pyramids
Memphis
Sakkara
Helwan
Ghizeh
Wady Faregh
Wady Gharbeh
Ain Moosa
Tusan Stat
Ain Mousa
Ain Murrah
Ras Ghareb
Jebel Ghareb
Mt Agrib
Jebel Zufre
Deir el Atrash
Gow el Kebeer
Antaeopolis
Girgeh
Kasr es Sayd
Kench
Hou
Dendera
Negadeh
Medeenet Habeh
Karnak
Erment
Luxor
Esneh
Kasr Ahmad
El Kab
Edfoo
Apollinopolis Magna
El Hamam
Hajar Silsileh
Nagaa
Koobanieh
Chime
Assuan
Syene
1st Cataract
Coorcoor
Oasis of Coorcoor
Oasis of Khargeh
El Khargeh
Kasr Zeyan
Bulak
El Kersh
El Bedish
Nadura
El Aleaba
Ain Meherig
Ain Lebakha
Ain Dakalshin
Ain e Dohma
Munsoor
Beris
Meks
Boosh
Abu Said
Farshoot
Sohag
Akhmeem
Tahta
Mansora
Mellawee
Manfalout
Siout
Assiout
Abooteg
Minieh
Mirmah
Sowadee
Beni Adi
Manfalout
Darout Sherreef
Kassieh
El Kosseyr
El Wasta
El Motmar
Sharona
Boo Girgeh
Plain of Sehoor
Convt of St Paul
Convt of St Anthony
Arabian Desert
Wady Araba
Wady Tarfeh
Wady Mokattam
Wady Hof
Wady Dowakeer
Wady Hammamat
Wady Kenneh
Wady Kalabsheh
Wady Allaki
Wady Kurkur
Wady Abbad
Wady Ambagi
Wady Kubbanieh
Wady Assuan
Wady Kenneh
Wady Hammamat

EGYPT IN A NUTSHELL

By the Rev. E. W. Work, D.D., Cairo, Egypt.

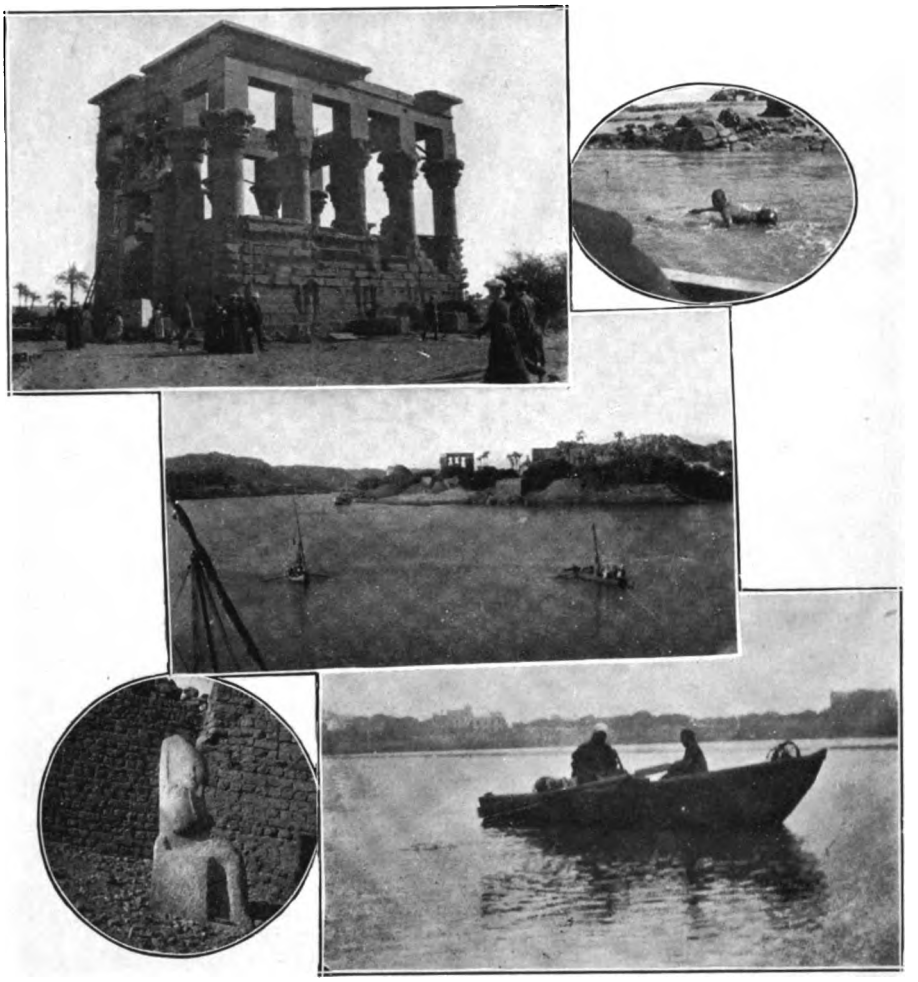
Cairo, Egypt, March 22, 1902.

NOT "a thousand miles up the Nile," as was Miss Amelia B. Edwards's good fortune, but seven hundred and fifteen miles, a journey that has given us things to think about that will last for a lifetime. The difference of three hundred miles is the difference between the two cataracts. Our journey closed at the first cataract and the Island of Philæ, leaving the fourteen temples between the first and the second cataract unexplored, waiting until we take our next trip toward the Equator, for the Arabs have a proverb, "One drink of Nile water and you will come again." Many days' journey beyond the second cataract lies Khartoum, where poor Gordon gave up his life, and beyond Khartoum one must travel many days more to reach the sources of the river in the region of the Nyanza Lakes. After all, our seven hundred and fifteen miles scarcely carried us beyond the fringe of the garment of Africa. And yet, if we had kept steadily on for a few days more, we could have seen the Southern Cross in the sky! So great is the River Nile, which flows out of the heart of the continent four thousand miles to the sea.



We must forever despair of reproducing for our friends in words the charm, the surprise, the stimulus of this lazy, yet ever-enlivening journey upon the yellow flood of the Egyptian river, up into the heart of the world's most ancient, most interesting civilization. On the side of pure enjoyment, it would be difficult to imagine anything nearer the ideal than boating on the Nile. We advise our friends who are contemplating a wedding journey, for instance, to arrange to take passage on one of the delightful Nile steamers, or, better still, to charter a *dahabiyeh*. The very air seems to suggest a honeymoon. The land of pyramids and of Pharaohs; the land of the Nile and of deserts; the land of lotus and of papyrus; the land of temples and tombs; the land of mummies and scarabees; the land of dark

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PHARAOH'S BED. SHOOTING THE RAPIDS. THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ. STATUE OF PHARAOH OF THE EXODUS. ON THE NILE AT SUNSET.

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skins and of golden bands; the land of Rameses and of Ptolemies; the land of camels and of donkeys; the land of palms and of pylons; the land of melons and of cucumbers; the land of sphinxes and of obelisks; the land of flies and of fleas; the land of shadufs and of sakyehs; the land of dragomen and of backsheesh! This is Egypt in a nutshell.

But what a nutshell it is! To write down Egypt as "the land of Pharaohs" is to pass the hand in one single phrase across several thousand years of history. Here and there in our country we can show a building or a ruin two or even three centuries old, while the works of the mound-builders may antedate the Christian era. An Egyptian temple that was not already hoary with age when Christ walked in Galilee is regarded as modern. One can scarcely realize the meaning of age at all, or measure in the least the long stretches of human history, until he has looked up at one of these never-crumbling Egyptian structures, and said to himself, "These stones were laid in their places hundreds of years before Abraham visited Egypt, and were gray with age when Moses received the Ten Commandments in stone." They solemnly assure us—these hardy Egyptologists—that the Great Pyramid was built nearly six thousand years ago. And as if this were not enough, they tell us that the Sphinx, with its "frozen smile," first looked out towards the East long before the Great Pyramid was built. And as if the mind had not already wearied in its long flight of imagination, they take us out into the sloping desert above the site of ancient Memphis, and show us that gray, solemn, unruined ruin, called "The Step Pyramid," and tell us that we are probably looking now upon the most ancient human structure known. And then as if all our powers of calculation and of mental realization were not already upon the verge of paralysis and collapse, they talk to us of a prehistoric period of Egyptian history that stretches so far away into the past as to be lost below the horizon of human knowledge. What a strain upon the nerves it must be to be an Egyptologist. Nevertheless, all modern research tends to confirm these bold opinions.

The journey up the Nile is like an unfolding panorama—a study in geography, history and ethnology. There is, first of all, the Nile itself, with its varying moods and tenses, and the rich, glowing, misty atmosphere with a cloudless sky above it. The inscriptions on the temples prove that the Nile farmers are using the same methods of irrigation that were used thousands of years ago. We pass them by the hundreds, the brown and naked bodies of the natives shining in the sun as they bend in rhythmical motion with the dip of the shaduf. This method



CELTIC STUDENTS READING THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF KOM-OMBO

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IN THE TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX

of irrigation is the simplest and most primitive of all, merely a pole fastened to an upright with a goat skin bucket on one end and a huge lump of Nile mud on the other. When the river is very low, and where the bank is high, the shaduf may be operated through several levels, one above another.

Then there is the sakyeh, a rude structure, consisting of a perpendicular and a horizontal wheel, with ropes descending to the water, bearing a row of earthen jars, the whole turned by donkey or camel or buffalo cow. It is customary to cover the eyes of the buffalo with a bandage. The driver may then go away and leave the beast at the task, not knowing but that the master's stick is ready to descend at any moment. Some travelers speak of the long-drawn squeak of the sakyeh as "a musical note," a subtle form of music which we are not able to detect. Lower down the Nile, in the delta, steam pumps may be occasionally seen, but, for the most part, the primitive methods still prevail. An enthusiastic Indiana manufacturer exclaimed at the waste of time and energy: "Why," said he, "we make a little machine that could irrigate more land in a year than they irrigate in a century." It is to be remembered, however, that the supply of water is often limited, and the irrigation laws set a limit upon the quantity that may be used. English enterprise has attacked this side of the problem, and is just completing a stupendous barrage, or dam, at the first cataract, which has been three years in building. The sight of this tremendous work of man in behalf of human welfare, we found fully as interesting as any of the temples built for the expression of religious feeling. The dam is a mile and a quarter long, solidly built of gray granite. It is hoped by this means to double the wealth of the country within a few years.



TOURISTS AT TEMPLE OF KOM-OMBO ON THE NILE

The beneficence of the rivers of the earth is better realized in Egypt than anywhere else. Egypt is the Nile and the Nile is Egypt. Its rich, yellow flood, poured out by the annual overflow from June to November, and the continuous irrigation

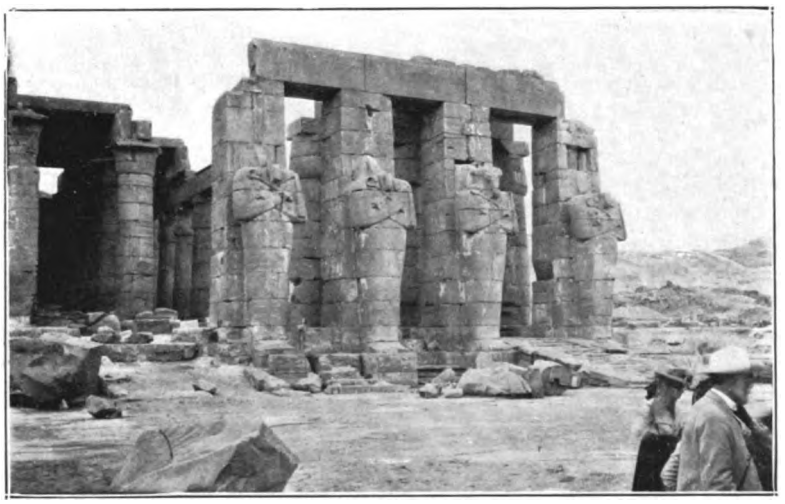
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throughout the remainder of the year, make the valley of the Nile one of the richest regions of the world. Yonder, within easy sight, lie to the right and the left the Arabian and the Libyan Deserts, which, if it were not for the wonder-working Nile, would soon swallow up every vestige of fertility. It is at once evident to the traveler viewing the situation from the deck of a steamer, that both the modern life of Egypt and its ancient civilization as well, are wholly dependent upon this one important river.



PLEASURES OF THE NILE

Many and strange are the sights that pass before us in our voyage of discovery in the *Mayflower* from Luxor to Assouan. We almost lose track of the days, and the gentle goddess of sleep is kinder here than anywhere else. The usual meals are served, generous and well-cooked, albeit there are some surprises and mysteries of cooking which we are not able to fathom. A fourth meal is added, when tea is served with cakes on the deck at four in the afternoon. A paradise, the reader will

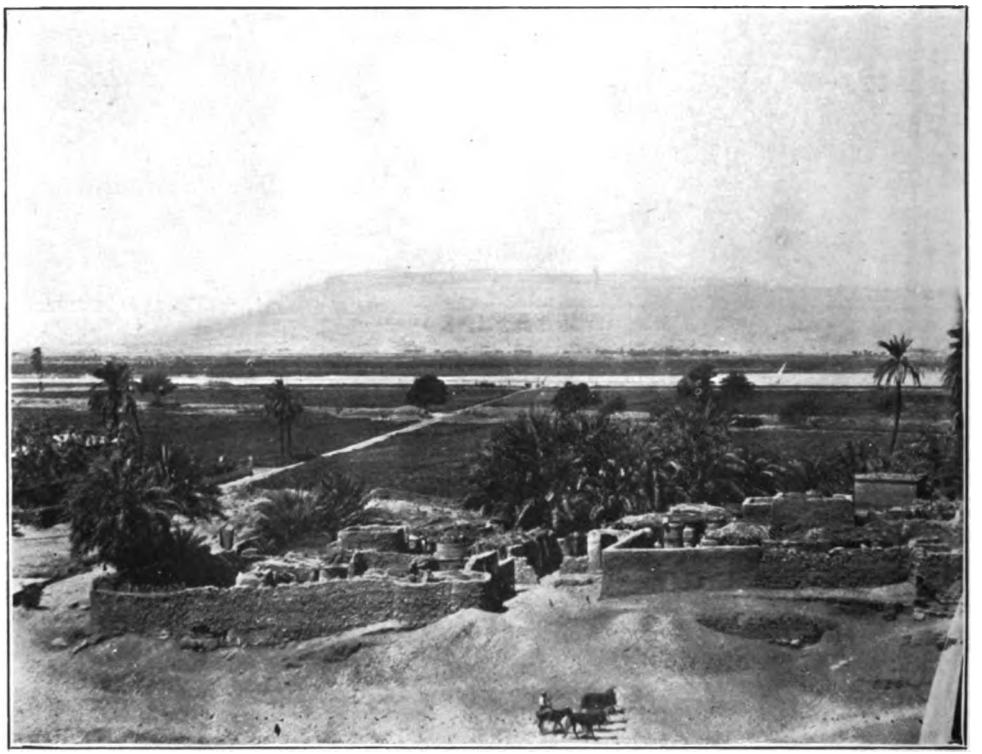


DR. STRONG AND OTHERS VIEWING THE FALLEN STATUE BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES II.

say, for those of marked gastronomic power. Tying up when darkness comes on, and renewing her journey in the early hours of the morning, our little steamer goes zig-zagging from side to side, now keeping a straight course in the middle, now hugging one or the other of the shores. The river in March is at a very low stage, and will soon be lower still, against the time when the flood from

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Central Africa shall come down in the month of June. At the bow of the boat, close to the water's edge, stand all day long two stout boatmen poling for depth, and often singing the while. The one excitement in the journey is the sandbars, and even these are wholly devoid of the thrill of peril. Suddenly the little steamer shakes, and a scraping sound is heard at the bottom. Forthwith, a half dozen boatmen leap into the water, and placing their stout shoulders against the sides of the boat, they push and sing and push, their song sometimes an exhortation to one another to help ("Alisa! Alisa!") and sometimes a prayer to Allah to come to their assistance. The boatmen are Arabs, but the waiters

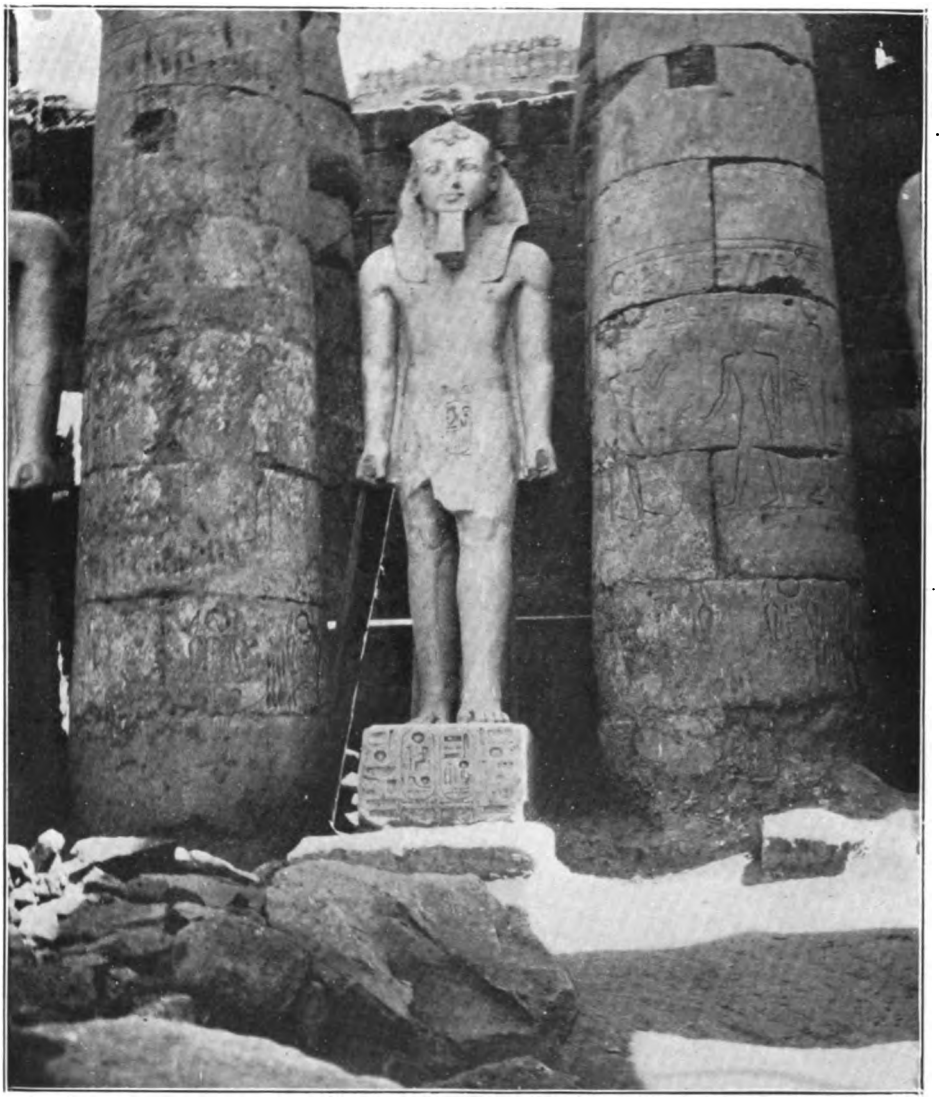


LOOKING ACROSS THE NILE TO THEBES FROM KARNAK.

at table are Nubians. All appear to be willing and patient toilers, with a weather eye open, however, in common with all Egyptian natives, for the American's "backsheesh." The Nubian waiters are picturesque enough for daily snapshots, with their tall, red tarbooshes, and with red sashes wound again and again about their white robes. The door of the stateroom opened one day and disclosed one of these Nubians on the deck engaged in his devotions. He has spread a dark robe, in place of a prayer rug, on the deck, taken off his shoes, and is prostrating himself again and again, with his face turned eastward toward Mecca, muttering always the words of the Koran. Betimes he rises and prays, and again goes upon his knees. Now he bows his head

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repeatedly to the floor. Now he lifts his hands in the climax of his prayer, his voice rises, he repeats the same supplication in Arabic again and again, evidently, from the earnestness of his petition, asking for some special boon. All this time the business of the boat goes on about him, and he is not shamed!

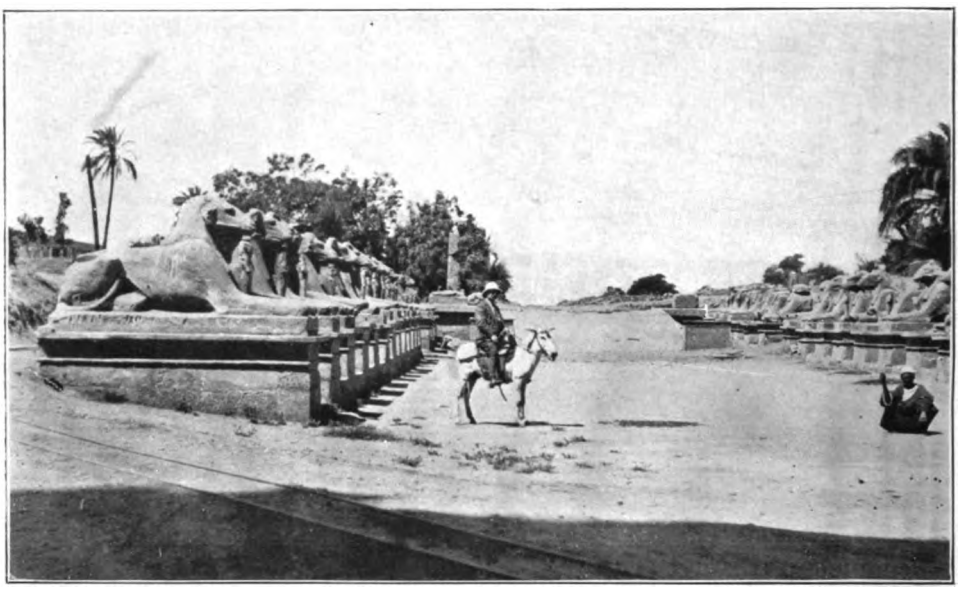


STATUE OF RAMESES II.

In the evening the boatmen sometimes come to the upper deck, and seating themselves upon the floor, they begin their strange, outlandish songs. One beats a monotonous tom-tom, the others, seated in a circle, sing and clap their hands, rising in turn to dance a sort of shuffle that tends to grow fast and furious.

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Here, as elsewhere in the Orient, both work and play are accompanied with song. The boatmen at their oars invariably sing, usually in the form of responsive chants. We are curious to know the subjects of their songs, which are sometimes intensely solemn and sometimes full of mirth. We are told that they sing love songs often, but more often they sing of sacred themes, and of subjects of devotion. A favorite song, sung so often that its strange Arabic words grow familiar, is about Noah and an old woman, Lasa, in which the animals of the ark figure each in turn. The songs close invariably with a long-drawn "Ah-h," as if the singer were descending to a great depth. (We observed the same in Palestine.) A refinement has been added, however, in the form of a postlude for the benefit of American tourists, whose numbers



AVENUE OF SPHINXS. KARNAK.

annually increase on the Nile. When the song is finished, and every voice has gone down to the lowest depths, the singers take fresh breath and shout, "Hip, hip, hooray! Thank you!" This is the signal for backsheesh. Immediately one of the number drops his oar, or rises from the circle, and passes the hat.

The palm groves—how beautiful they are! We have passed dozens and scores of them, some with snugly-packed, mud-built villages lying under the protection of their wavy tops. According to an Arab legend, when Allah had made the first man he found that he had a little clay to spare, and with this he made the palm tree. The wealth of the native consists in a dozen or so of stately date palms, with, perchance, a little land besides. Upon each tree, however, the owner must pay a certain tax. The palm tree is part of the Providence that watches over Egypt. It gives the native food for his children,

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thatch for his hovel, timber for his water-wheel, ropes, matting, cups, bowls, and even the strong drink forbidden by the Prophet."

The villages under the palms are attractive at a distance, but a nearer view is less inviting, while also very curious. Dirt and squalor reign supreme, and disease and deformity are evident and insistent. Clothing is not superabundant. Yonder, for instance, is a small boy who seems comfortable and unconscious, with nothing but a turban about his head. Three children out of five in Egypt die, and in some districts, one person out of twenty is blind or partly so. Ophthalmia is the common curse, and the pity is that a little less superstition and a little sanitation could change this in a few years' time. It is no credit to Mohammedanism that the adherents of the Prophet's faith live in dirt and ignorance and disease in a land that, with its dry air and cloudless skies, is, naturally, one of the most healthful on the globe. The sight of little children with both eyes covered by flies, whose bite is like a sting, moves the heart to helpless sympathy. "There are three bad things in Egypt," said the dragoman to us; "the backsheesh, the sand-storms, and the flies." Nevertheless, there is a certain picturesqueness about the Arab *fellaheen* that compensates for many limiting circumstances. We see them coming across the desert, riding a donkey, or leading a camel, or walking with a masterful, swinging gait, their white turbans and flowing robes marking them for a picture. We want to level a kodak at them every time we pass a group. Indeed, the little picture-taker is kept busy on the Nile. The villages, the pigeon-towers, the birds wading in the water or marching up and down the sands, the palm trees standing against the sky, the native boats laden with hay or vegetables, and the *dahabiyehs*, the irrigators, the sugar-cane factories, the green fields, the rocky precipices, the devout Mohammedans, the crowd at the landings, the donkey-boys, the jewel-bedecked girls and women, the farmers in the field with oxen and stick-plow, the women grinding meal between the stones, the merchants sitting cross-legged in the bazaars, the patient camels, the mosques, the ruins, and the unpicturable hazy glow of the atmosphere and the bronze richness of the sunsets—all these and more, make heavy drafts upon our photographic supply.



TEMPLE OF KARNAK

Then there are the landings, which are full of interesting novelty. At intervals the little steamer draws up to a landing to visit the ruins of an Egyptian temple. Instantly the village pours out to meet us, the guides, the donkey-boys, the merchants, the children, the lame, the halt, the blind, the men, but few women. A French authority has put

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Egypt into an epigram. "A donkey-ride and a boating trip, interspersed with ruins." It is certain that no trip to Egypt would be complete without a donkey-ride, not to say a camel-ride. We viewed our introduction to the Egyptian donkey with feelings of dismay and uncertainty. But fortune was on our side. What was our delight when, seated upon the animal of our choice, we discovered that it was the same donkey that was ridden by our esteemed fellow-townsman, Mr. E. M. Thresher. At least his name was the same, "Rameses the Great." It is true that our friend visited Egypt some ten years ago, but then, donkeys are probably long-lived in this genial climate. These donkey-boys (a donkey-boy may be ten or thirty) are the keenest of the Arab race. They run patiently by your side for half a day without apparent weariness, entertaining you, meantime, with their few pet English phrases, which mostly sing the praises of the donkey and the donkey-boy, all of which is intended to pave the way to a happy settlement at the end.



PITTSBURGERS AT LUXOR.

"Good donkey! Good donkey-boy! Donkey name Rameses, Great. Donkey name Yankee Doodle! Donkey name McKinley! Backsheesh! Good backsheesh!" The latest name for donkeys to reach the valley of the Nile is the name of the President of the United States. There were unmistakable signs that donkeys' names in Egypt are not as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Ridden by an Englishman the name might be "King Edward," but ridden by an American the same animal would be "Roosevelt."

This argues a degree of intellectual acumen upon the part of these children of the desert that might make them masters of men in a wider theatre. Left to themselves, our judgment would be that of the three plagues of Egypt already named, the greatest is "backsheesh." It is the refrain of life in Egypt. The men and the women vociferate it, the boys and girls repeat it, the infants lisp it, the dogs bark it, the roosters crow it, the frogs croak it. There is one Arabic word which is indispensable to the traveler on the Nile. It is the word "imshi," which means "go away." One learns to say it with such a forbidding frown, and such a threatening gesture as might make the world doubt whether any softness was left in his heart, accompanying it also with another guttural expression, "mafeesh," nothing. There is no more pitiable spectacle to be imagined than that of a people whose existence is wrapped up in the hope of "backsheesh." "It is the custom of the country," says the dragoman apologetically. It is more than a custom; it is an institution. The dragoman, by

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the way, is the most interesting person you will meet, despite his faults and limitations. His English is often a hopeless mixture (we intend to write a book entitled, "English as she is spoke on the Mediterranean, by guides, dragomen, merchants, etc."), his keen Mohammedan eyes contain depths that you will not fathom, he will usually, like the rest of the natives, have a few "genuine" *scarabs* and Egyptian jewels for sale, which he brings out on occasions. Nevertheless, he knows his business better than many other men, understands the Nile like a book, can tell you the history of the Pharaohs from Menes to the Ptolemies, interprets the hieroglyphs and reads the cartouches to your entire satisfaction, and besides, is a masterful genius to select a donkey, or quell a riot among the donkey-boys, or assist in driving a bargain with Arab or Bishareen or Nubian merchants. In the evening at dinner Hasheem enters the dining-room of the boat to make his announcements to the passengers for the following day. He is then in his element, and appears in all his glory, with richly-colored turban, with white undergarment, and red cashmere overgarment. He is a Bedouin Arab, he says, and claims descent, moreover, from the Prophet. His announcements call for quite an extended speech, his dark face kindling and his eye twinkling with contagious humor. No matter if his *scarabees* of Thothmes and Rameses were made last week in a Luxor workshop, and fed to turkeys to give them an appearance of age, Hasheem is, nevertheless, a good fellow, and when he seats himself by your side on the deck of the steamer in the fading Egyptian light, to tell an Arab story, it seems as if the days of the "Arabian Nights" may have come back.



THE BEGGAR



COLOSSI, THEBES

Alas! Our space is consumed, and we have said little or nothing about the chief objects of interest in Egypt, the temples and obelisks, and pyramids and sphinxes. This must be reserved for another time. Suffice it to say that the temples of Upper Egypt are a revelation. Not to speak of the pyramids of Ghizeh, and the famous Sphinx, nor of the lonely obelisk that stands at Heliopolis, which Joseph and Moses must have seen, nor of the colossal statues of Rameses the Great that lie in the palm groves on the site of old Memphis, nor of the pyramids and tombs of sacred bulls at Sakkara, nor of the royal mummies of the Pharaohs that oppressed Israel in the museum at Ghizeh—

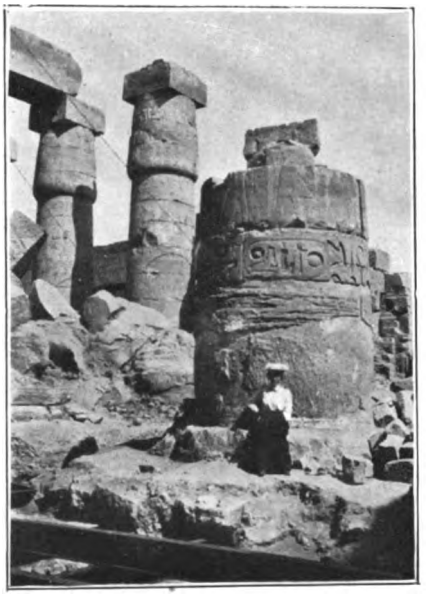
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not to speak of these, which are within easy reach of Cairo. And not to speak of Cairo itself, its beautiful mosques, its howling Dervishes, its Mouski and its Khan-Khalil. Not to speak of these familiar sights, we visited ruined temples far up the Nile at Edfu, at Esneh, at Kom-Ombo, at Luxor, at Karnak, at



RAMESES' TEMPLE, THEBES

Thebes, at Assouan, on the Islands of Elephantine and Philæ, of which we had scarcely dreamed. The great Hall of Columns, the rows of sphinxes, the lotus and papyrus sculptures at Karnak; the colossal statues in front of the temple at Luxor, and the partly buried obelisk whose mate looks down upon the Place de la Concorde in Paris; the temple where rows of the cat-faced gods sit silently around the walls; the temple at Edfu, with mighty propylons



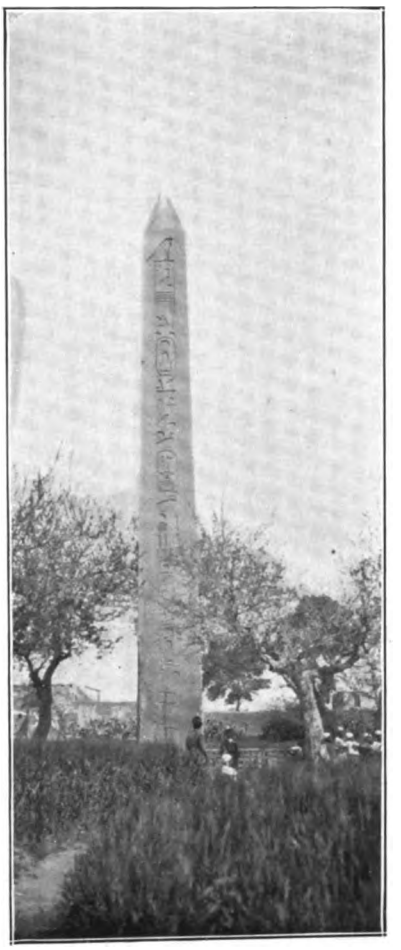
THE DARLINGTONS AT THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK



TEMPLE OF EDFU FROM THE TOP OF THE PYLONS

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and beautiful painted capitals; the Rameseum at Thebes, where lies the fallen and broken statue of Rameses the Great, the oppressor of Israel, and the tombs of the kings, especially of Seti I, decorated with unfaded sculptures and pictures from the Book of the Dead, and the colossal statues of the plain, one of them called the Memnonian by the Greeks, that made music when the sun's rays fell upon it; the buried temple at Esneh; the old quarry at Assouan, whence all the granite obelisks of Egypt, including the one now in New York, were hewed—the evidence lying there before us in an unfinished obelisk, which has waited, lo, these many centuries, until the workmen shall return and resume their task; the island of Elephantine, where sits alone and neglected, on an alley of the village, the children playing about it, a statue of Menepthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus; the temple-covered island of Philæ, where we ate our lunch upon the roof of the Temple of Isis, and mused upon the futility of human greatness, as we looked out upon one of the rarest scenes in the earth—how shall we ever tell of these as we saw them in the bright days of an Egyptian March?



OBELISK OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN. ORIGINAL SITE OF THE NEW YORK OBELISK, HELIOPOLIS

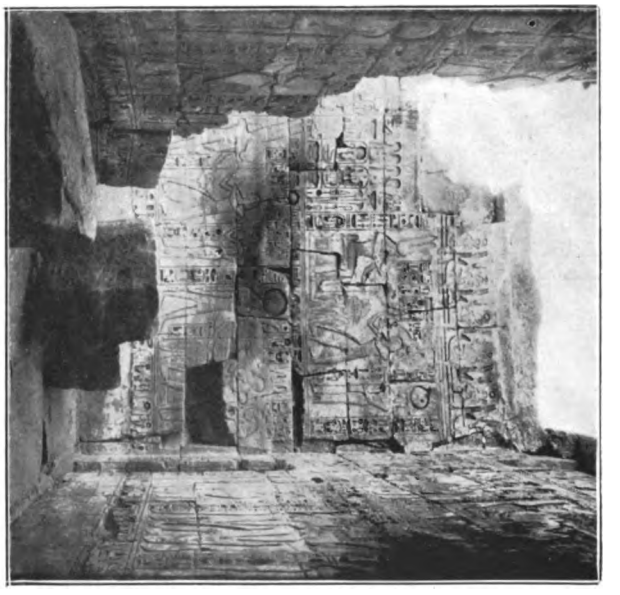
And yet it is doubtful, if all these sights of temples and tombs and pyramids did us quite the good that another sight brought to us. It was no more than the ordinary, every-day occurrence of a sunset, but it was the finest of all, an Egyptian sunset.

Moreover, it was a sunset behind the pyramids, with palm groves in the foreground, and the moon beginning to cast her paler rays upon the yellow flood of the Nile. The west seemed on fire with a supernatural light, and soon the purplish blaze, which is ever the indefinable and elusive charm of the Egyptian atmosphere, threw a rich mantle of bronze beauty over the scene. In the midst of this bath of fire and glory stood forth those ancient monuments of man's patient toil and faith in immortality, their summits seeming to reach into those regions of light which some time we hope to explore. And beyond the pyramids, washed in purple, the burnished clouds, shining by a hidden light, seemed to build the "Holy City" of our faith, and somewhere on these glistening plains, or in those glory-covered mountains of the sky, we seemed to see the pattern of the tabernacle let down

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TEMPLE OF KARNAK, LUXOR



WRITING ON THE WALLS, TEMPLE OF RAMESES II.

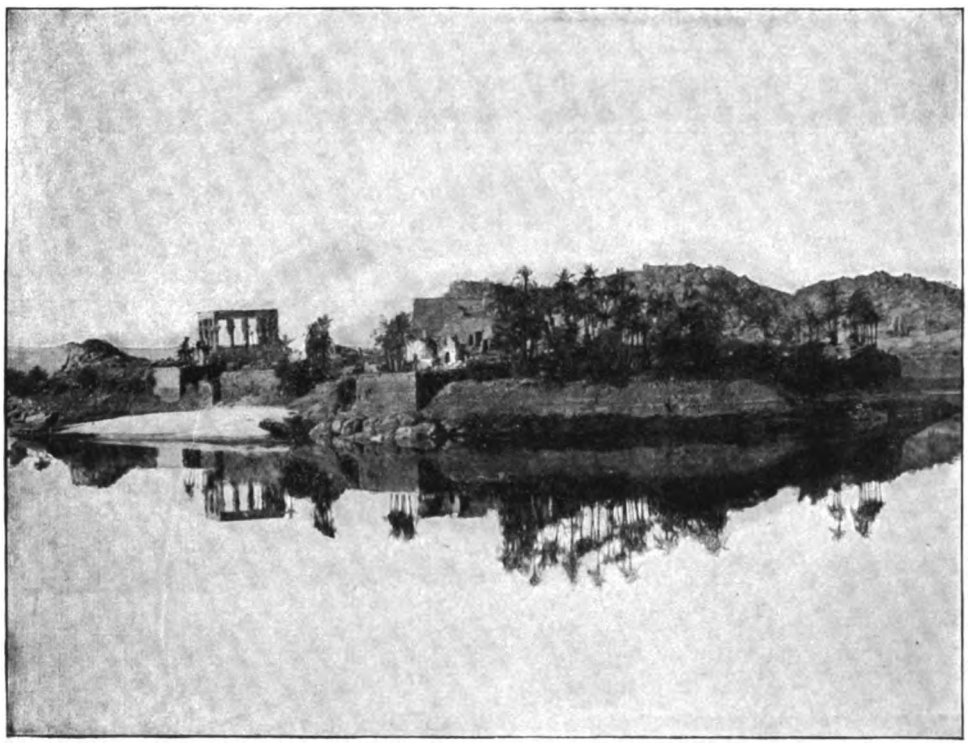
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from the mount toward which our expectation lies. On the day of this spectacle our heart gave thanks and said: "Great as man is to build such works, God is greater still to build such a sunset."

At Thebes a "Celticite" who was not over-humble, leaned against a column, and gazing about at the prostrate grandeur, exclaimed:

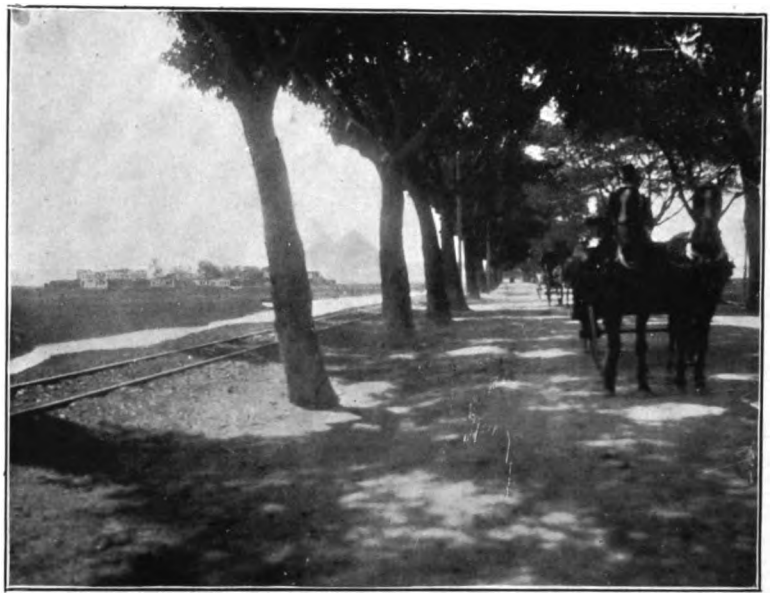
"Well, this takes the conceit out of me."

"I have been wondering," remarked a lady passenger, "what would be necessary to work that miracle." He collapsed among the fallen obelisks.

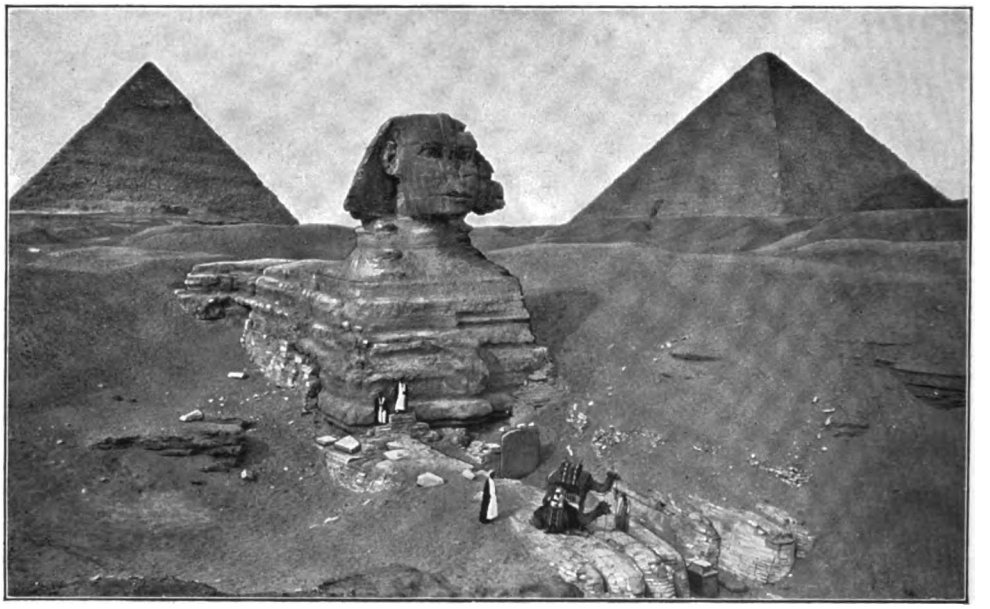


ISLAND OF PHILÆ

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ON THE ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS, EGYPT.



RELATIVE PROPORTIONS OF MAN, SPHINX AND PYRAMIDS

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THE PYRAMIDS

THE pyramids are situated just outside the great cities, in what we would call cemeteries, and after all the guessing and careful investigation it is now conceded that they were built for tombs of the kings.

The great pyramid of Cheops, some nine miles from Cairo, was built (*cir.*) 4,200 years B. C. It was originally four hundred and fifty-one feet high, and the highly polished granite surface probably contained a hieroglyphic account of the deeds of the king who built it. It covers a space of thirteen acres. It may be climbed with ease and safety, as an Arab takes each hand and a third "boosts" you up from behind.







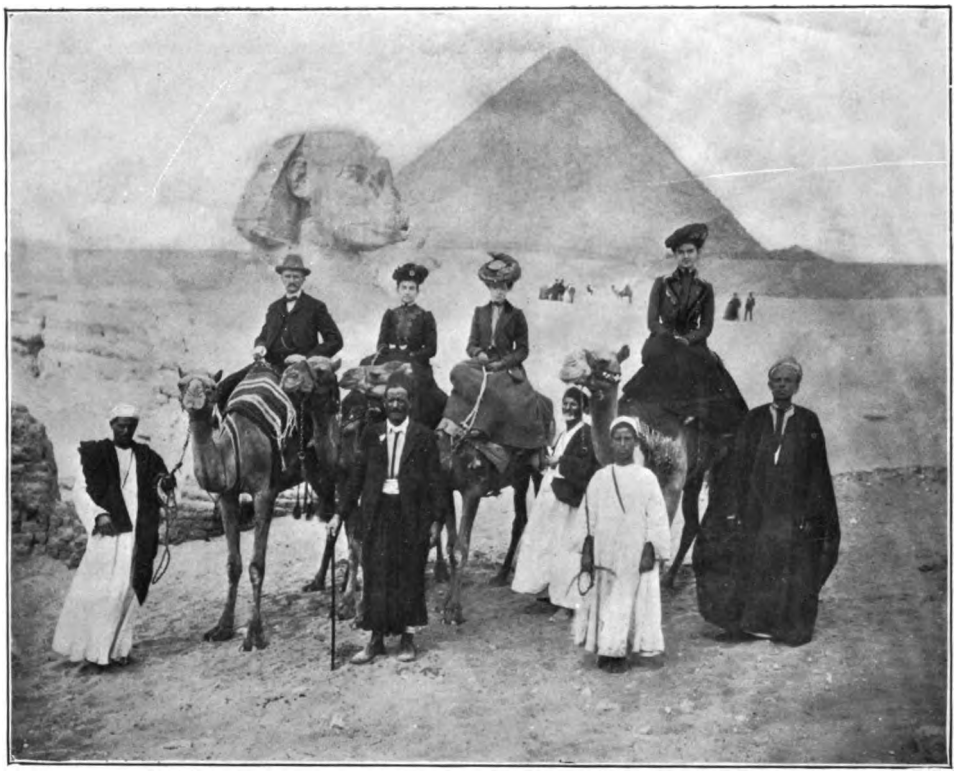
It was on the top of Cheops that I first met Miss Inez Perrin, of Detroit, Mich. She was the first lady to reach the dizzy height that morning, and seeing she was alone, I expressed my surprise. She naively remarked: "I have a friend at the foot, but his heart is affected."

I found out later that her friend's heart *was* affected. She was married to that friend, Lieut. W. B. Day, in England a few weeks later. That was the explanation of the trouble with her friend's heart. There were evidently many matches in progress among the "Celticites," but this was the only one completed abroad.

The Sphinx is less than a half a mile from the Great Pyramid and the distance is covered by a ride on that wonderful beast, the camel.

1. AT THE PYRAMIDS AT LAST.
2. THE NILOMETER.
3. READY FOR A RIDE TO SPHINX.

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THE MORTON FAMILY OF CHICAGO GATHERED AT THE PYRAMIDS

ON THE CAMEL

OF course everybody wants a ride on the camel. Here is a description of a fellow-traveler's experience a little before we arrived:

"When you are ready to go aboard the 'ship of the desert,' the captain proceeds to make him lie down. He protests at the proposed indignity, cries plaintively, blows off steam, and finally doubles his many-jointed legs under him and comes to anchor on his keel. You climb up on the roof and make yourself as secure as possible on the ridge-pole, in a sort of sawbuck lashed to his belvidere, grasping the storm stays and stanchions which stick up fore and aft as a further security. You think the beast is asleep, but he isn't. He is simply smiling. There is a tradition that he gets up on his hind legs first, but don't you believe it. He always gets up first with the end you are thinking will be last, and his gentlest motion in doing it is like the swish of a catapult. You cannot play the foolish virgin on him—you never know when the upheaval

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is going to occur, or what direction the disturbance will take when started. It may run from fore to aft, or contrariwise, or, starting diagonally, change midway at right angles and end in a spiral snap which dislocates your neck. When the convulsion terminates, you take a nap, or if you still remain aboard, he gets under way and makes you seasick. It is said that the ideal camel has a gait so easy that one may drink a cup of coffee going at full speed without spilling a drop. But with the one that I rode, nothing short of a hot water bag and a rubber hose would have done.

"When he walked, the motion seemed something between a ship in a choppy sea and a corkscrew. When he dropped into a trot, it was a cross between a bucking broncho and a pile-driver."



READY FOR BUSINESS ON THE NILE.



MRS. EARL AND MRS. HOTT, WITH DRS. LORENZE, HUBER AND M'CREADY, POSING BEFORE THE SPHINX.

Oh, yes; there is the Sphinx—grim, ancient, weather-beaten and marred by the vandal Mameluke soldiers, but sublime still, in revealing the effort of the human heart to carve out a big god.

But come, we must hasten down to the Gizeh Museum, where we shall find the kings who built these marvelous monuments. There lies Seti the First and Rameses the Second, the monarchs of the oppression and Exodus. We cannot describe these historic relics. Only a visit will satisfy you, and it must be longer than ours.

We should not forget, however, that this museum is probably one of the most interesting in the world, containing the most famous deposits of ancient and Egyptian relics.

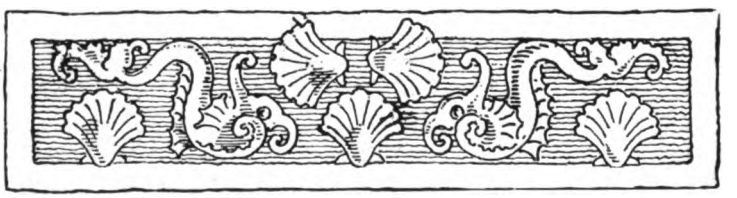
You will find Mariette Bey's marble sarcophagus at the entrance, placed there in honor of the man who had the interest to begin this museum in 1854.

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Some of our tourists took elaborate notes and seemed very intent on reading the hieroglyphics on the gods, the statues, the mummies, jewelry, ornaments and gems, as if they expected to publish a volume of unexploited lore. How did all these things come to be gathered into a museum as they would be in an occidental country?

It was this way: An extraordinary variety and number of Scarabi began to pour into Cairo at one time and their inscriptions excited a great deal of comment. On a little inquiry, it was found that they came from Luxor, and seemed to be controlled exclusively by three Arabs. There was trouble over their dividing the proceeds from these sales and one of them revealed the whole secret of their operations. They had found the burial place of the old Pharaohs. Then the robbery began on a larger scale. Officials brought shiploads of royal bodies and relics from these tombs to the Gizeh Museum. They had found the actual Pharaohs of Moses' and Joseph's times.

We looked upon their faces with awe, if not with reverence, and wondered what had become of the soul that had forsaken this ghastly looking temple so long before.

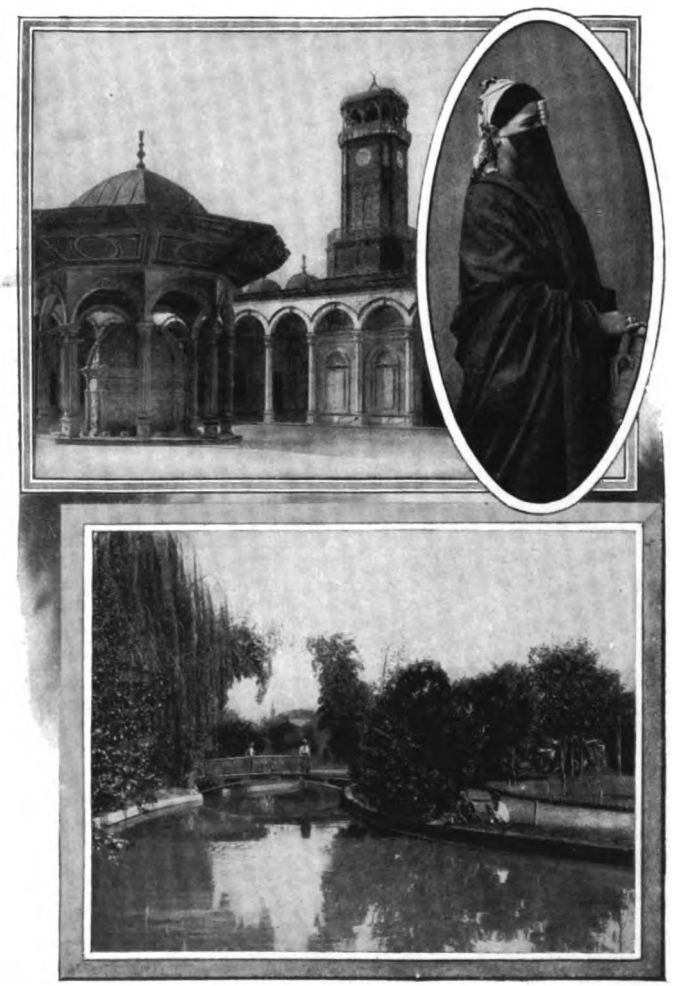


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A WEDDING AT CAIRO

By Miss Margaret Wells, Palmer, Col.

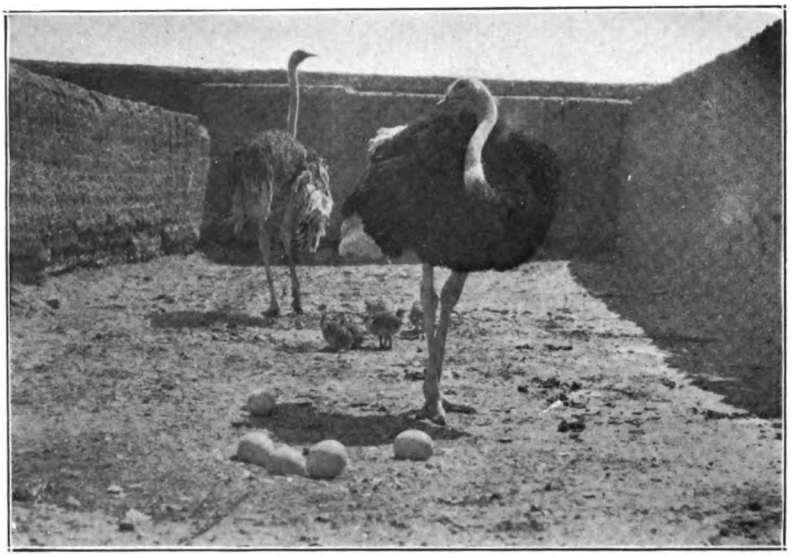
ON Thursday, March 13th, 1902, while driving through the streets of Cairo, we passed a house which was gaily decorated with flags, lanterns and bunting. In front of it a crowd stood around, among which were musicians who were beating drums and playing on other instruments. Our dragoman told us what we saw was the preparation for a wedding to be celebrated in the evening. We five American women were immediately desirous to be present at that or some other wedding. Soliman was a man of many resources and he promised to do his best for us, of course, for a consideration, by which is meant a sum sufficient to pay for the carriage, two beautiful bouquets for the bride, and other incidentals. Soliman came for us at the time appointed and we five eager seekers after knowledge, clothed in our wedding garments, which (in view of the fact that our baggage consisted of hand-bags and shawl straps) were not very elaborate, were driven to the wedding. It was, as Soliman told us, "much richer" than the one we had purposed attending; and we found that the best he could do was far more than we had anticipated. The wedding ceremonies were celebrated at a house presented by the groom to the bride, and the contracting



1. CAIRO—MOSQUE OF MOHAMED ALI OR ALABASTER MOSQUE.
2. ARAB WOMAN. 3. EZBEKIEH GARDENS.

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parties belonged to wealthy and prominent Turkish families. Soliman led us from the carriage into a garden brilliantly lighted with colored lamps. Through this we passed rapidly to the house, where we were presented to the master of ceremonies, who left us at the door. None of our male attendants could pass this point. Inside the door we were met by the mother of the groom, who greeted us with the greatest hospitality, and several times during the evening she patted me on the shoulder, evidently thinking this would take the place of the words she would like to have spoken. The house was filled with guests; the two mothers-in-law, aunts, cousins, friends, and their servants. Women of every shade of complexion from white to ebony, but, of course, no men, were visible in this crowd of unveiled women. We were taken directly to the room where the bride was seated, surrounded by her young companions.



THE OSTRICH FARM NEAR HELIOPOLIS

She was quite good looking, and dressed in white satin with orange flowers in her hair, and her whole expression was one of perfect passivity. It seems to be the etiquette on such occasions for the bride to feign (even if she does not feel) utter indifference to all about her.

We presented in turn the bouquets we had brought for this purpose. She received them and us very gracefully; but as she could not speak a word of English and we were equally unfamiliar with the Turkish language, our conversation was not very brisk. Fortunately, a bright young lady, a cousin of the bride, who could speak a little English, came to our assistance. She interpreted for us and tried to make us feel at home. She was a most fascinating creature, who had been educated in a French school, and although she was only fourteen years old, appeared like an American girl of twenty-one. Both in dress and manner she was decidedly Frenchy.

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After partaking of Turkish confectionery, which was passed to us on a salver, our charming little interpreter showed us the trousseau of the bride and groom. These garments were enclosed in square embroidered cloths, with the four corners folded in the center to form a flat case. They were very elegant. One of the groom's suits was of rich crimson velvet, heavily embroidered with gold; another was of lavender poplin, with elaborate trimming.

The corresponding garments of the bride were very dainty and elegant. While we had been looking at the trousseau, she had left the room in order to change her dress, and we passed on to another room to await her coming. Here we met another cousin of the bride, the brother of our interpreter, a boy of only thirteen, who spoke English fluently; indeed, more grammatically than the average adult American. Although a mere boy, he had the manner and self-possession of a man of society; his gestures and language were very interesting and graceful, and so eager was he to make us feel at our ease that we were greatly entertained. It was because of his age that he was allowed to be in the presence of the unveiled women, fifteen years being the time when this privilege would be his no longer. He explained many things to us concerning his own family and the guests about us. And he was especially kind when I told him who we were, and how we had come to be travelers and sightseers in his country. I emphasized the fact that we were not impelled by mere curiosity, but that we were genuinely interested in the people and their customs, and esteemed it a privilege to be admitted into the "sanctum sanctorum" of their home life. The room in which we were sitting was handsomely fitted up, in rather more French than Turkish style; velvet carpet, red damask portieres and curtains, and the furniture with gold frames upholstered with the same red satin, while the walls were handsomely papered; but the ceiling above, in strange contrast, with only unpainted rafters. In a corner were two high-backed chairs with a camel's hair shawl thrown over each and gaily trimmed with artificial flowers—one for the bride and the other for the groom—and our boy friend told us the ceremony would be ended when the two were seated in these chairs.

In this room were gathered the near relatives on both sides, the most of them elegantly attired. One very beautiful woman in a hand-painted Parisian gown we were told was the wife of a pacha very close to the Khedive. Turkish women, as they advance in age, are inclined to stoutness, and we saw quite a number who were not fairylike in appearance. There was a great display of fine jewelry, especially diamonds. One of the most noticeable persons was a woman whose face, neck and arms were enamelled or waxed, and wherever red or black paint could be used, it was in evidence, the effect being most startling. Her hair was abundant, black and glossy, and was fastened tight to her head, one round, flat curl hanging down the middle of her forehead, and right above it was an elegant diamond ornament. She was very stout, and her neck and arms were literally covered with diamonds. Altogether, she was a contrast to our sweet young friend, who was dressed simply and tastefully in light green silk.

While we were waiting for the bride's coming, the wedding presents were

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brought into the room and displayed. As each one was presented by a servant of the donor to one of the friends of the bride, a sort of chant was intoned in a loud voice. Our interpreter told us the words were equivalent to: "This watch is sent by Ahmed Saddik; may the bride have presents finer than this; may she have a happy wedding; may her son and daughter have a happy wedding; may all her life be happy." The presents were beautiful and costly; among them several camel's-hair shawls, watches, jewelry of all kinds, dishes, and everything else suitable for housekeeping in an Egyptian home.

Then the bride appeared, attended by her friends. Her second costume was of elegant pink material with an immense train. On her head was a gold band, from which depended on each side a long bunch of fine gold tinsel reaching nearly to the ground. In the brighter light I could see that she was good looking, with black hair and eyes and brunette skin. The most noticeable thing about her was her indifferent demeanor; not a movement did she make of her own accord. Her friend seated her in her chair, adjusted her train, crossed her hands, and even placed her feet in the proper position, her face, meanwhile, expressing no life or interest in anything or anybody. She did not seem even to wink, and, no doubt a sneeze would have been considered a great impropriety. The bride was followed by musicians and dancing girls, who did not seem any too well pleased to see us unbelievers in their audience. One especially, as she saw us, gave her castanets a very fierce knock, evidently an expression of what she would have liked to give us. This dancer was a most striking looking person. Her dress was black and yellow, of some soft, clinging stuff, elaborately trimmed with gold spangles and beads. She was a proficient in her line and our boy friend told us to watch her. When she danced she knocked her castanets and moved her feet very slowly and regularly—it was almost a slow shuffle—and most of her movements were made with the muscles of the waist and hips. It was really a most remarkable exhibition of twisting, doubling and contortion, showing unusual muscular strength and freedom, such as would be only possible to a form which had never been compressed within bands of any kind. Now and then, while she was dancing, a tall young girl near by made a peculiar sound by placing her hand about her mouth, like the cry of some strange bird, a weird, wailing, long-drawn-out sound.



COURT OF MOHAMMED, UNIVERSITY, CAIRO

We were curious to see the groom as he caught his first view of his bride, for, of course, he had never seen her unveiled, but as it was quite late, we de-

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cided to leave. So telling our young chaperon we would like to meet the groom, he conducted us to the garden, where the husband, fathers and sons were celebrating by themselves. In the tents priests were reading passages from the Koran, and outside the guests were drinking coffee, *not wine*, as we would do, and smoking cigarettes. We were introduced to the groom and his father and offered our hearty congratulations, which were received very graciously, though what they must have thought of the five women who so unblushingly looked them frankly in the face will never be known. As we departed from the place where we had been treated so kindly and been so cordially welcomed, we wondered if a party of curious sightseers would have received equally courteous treatment under the same circumstances in our own country.

The finale of our acquaintance with the brother and sister to whom we were so much indebted, was quite as interesting as the wedding. They invited us to visit them, which, of course, we said we would be pleased to do. On our inquiring of the boy if it would be difficult to find them, he said: "Oh, no! I will give you my address and my father's, and my father is very well known." So he handed me his card. On it was written: "Ahmed Saddik, Son of Aly Saddik Bey, Wakil Mondiriele of Gizeh."



THE VIRGIN'S TREE AT HELIOPOLIS

When I showed it to Soliman he raised his eyebrows. It was the name of the Governor of the Province of Gizeh.

The next afternoon we drove to the home of our young friends, accompanied by our faithful Soliman. The carriage stopped in front of a large stone house in old Cairo, not poor Cairo, but the old as distinguished from the new or foreign part. A boy standing by the gate took our cards into the house and soon returned with an invitation for us to enter. We followed him up two flights of stone steps into a room where the brother and sister met us. They seemed pleased to see us and treated us with marked hospitality. Turkish coffee, very sweet and strong, was passed, and cigarettes were offered to us. The mother of the two young persons came in, and was evidently pleased that we found her children so interesting. The young girl, whose name was Fatima, played on the piano for us. The son, Ahmed, said he had some very fine antiques he would like to have me see and brought one he said was especially valuable and rare. He also said it was found in the Pyramid at Gizeh. After we had examined it, I handed it to him, but he said: "I wish that you would keep it." Of course I protested that it was too valuable a gift to accept, but he silenced me by saying: "It would give me great pleasure if you would keep

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it." Of course, I could say no more, but accepted the curio with thanks. This little treasure seems to be a bead that must have belonged to a bracelet or necklace. It is about an inch long and half an inch wide, of green stone, probably malachite, very finely carved; and judges of Egyptian antiques have since told me it is rare and valuable. The inscription on it refers to Cheops, and it is probably as old as the pyramid built by that king. Just before we left, the father came in. He was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, most cordial in manner, and evidently up-to-date and progressive, as the education given to his son, and more particularly his daughters, of whom he had several, would prove.

The daughter came down one flight of steps with us, then said: "I can go no farther." As she was unveiled, I understood what she meant and answered "Certainly not," and with a pleasant good-by, she left us. The father and son escorted us to our carriage and stood there with hats uplifted as we drove away, feeling that we had enjoyed a most unique and interesting experience.



MISS ANNA Y. THOMPSON, OF THE U. P. CHURCH OF AMERICA, VISITING AT A CONVERT'S HOME.

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PRESENT-DAY RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN EGYPT

By Rev. F. Elliott, Reinbeck, Ia.

IT would be a long story to tell of the various religious bodies which have undertaken mission work here, and with varying degrees of success. There have been the Moravian Brethren, the Greek Church, the Armenian, the Church Missionary Society, and many others. Some have met with a fair degree of success. Others have failed utterly. Some still prosecute certain features of their work, others have entirely withdrawn, until at last, by a sort of churchly comity, the mission work of Egypt has been almost entirely surrendered to a single denomination of Christians, the United Presbyterian Church of North America, whose missions are best known as "The American Mission."

In spite of discouragements which might well appal the heart of the most heroic, the American Mission has made steady growth. It possesses an imposing building in the very heart of Cairo, where hundreds of children receive a thorough secular education, together with the precepts of the true faith.

Let us take a look into this large mission house and note what it contains. Here is a theological school, a large boys' day school, a large girls' boarding school, the general depositary for the book work of the mission, a smaller retail bible depot, a large church, a commodious chapel, a theological seminary, having at present ten students; and besides all these, house room for four missionary families. A number of services are conducted here every Sabbath day, and also upon week-day evenings. Deserving of special mention are the girls' boarding school and the harem work, the latter of which in this great city is particularly successful.

One of our tourists was permitted to visit this harem work with Miss Anna Y. Thompson, who, next to Dr. Ewing, has been on the field the longest. Dr. McCready, who accompanied Miss Thompson, was not permitted to enter every house where a convert was found, for Mohammedan law does not allow that. But in those houses that he did visit he found a most cordial welcome. "It is a marvel," he says, "how any one can live a Christian life in these surroundings. Everything seems to be against the convert."

A number of the tourists were most royally entertained at the beautiful home of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Ewing. They live in the better part of the city, and enjoy a social position among the English-speaking people and the better class of the population that adds greatly to their influence for Christianity.

Besides these workers we found also Rev. Dr. and Mrs. A. Watson, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John Giffen, Rev. and Mrs. J. Kruidenier, Rev. and Mrs. W. R.

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Coventry, Miss M. A. Smith, Miss Ella O. Kyle, Miss Grace Brown, and Miss Helen J. Ferrier.

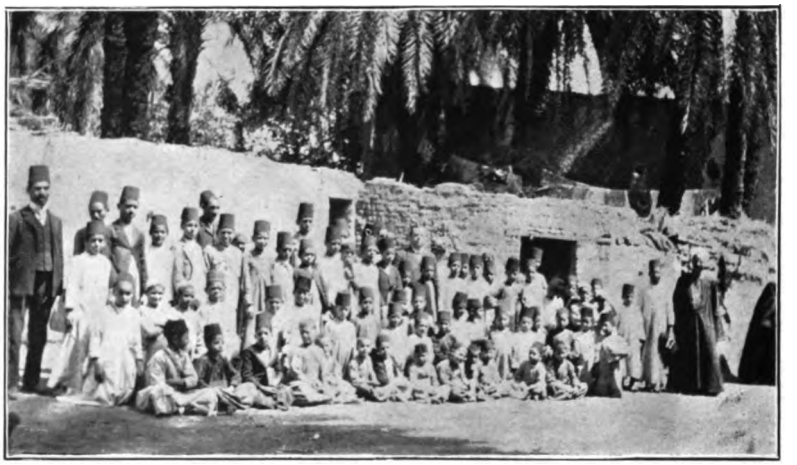
We shall not soon forget their earnest meetings, which many of the tourists attended, and in some of which they took an active part.



STATUE OF IBRAHAM PASHA, KHEDIVE, CAIRO

The American Mission conducts also a training school or college at Asiout, where some six hundred young men and women are fully equipped for life. Besides these two points, two hundred and fifteen mission stations are occupied, from Alexandria to the Soudan, one hundred and eighty-four day schools aid in shedding abroad the light of Christ in this darkened land, while hospitals and dispensaries perform the miracle of healing with which Christ won multitudes to himself in the days gone by.

The present-day religious condition of Egypt is hopeful in the extreme. English occupation insures religious toleration and freedom from interference.



THE MISSION SCHOOL AT LUXOR

The successes of the past are a prophecy full of promise for the future. The entering wedge meets most of resistance. Momentum is gathered with progress. The acme of missionary effort has, in some instances, already been achieved—

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the self-supporting church. After a few years more of consecrated effort, the missionary problem of Egypt will do much to solve itself. Its own institutions will provide for the means of their own perpetuity.

But what is to become of Moslemism, that determined foe of Christianity and Christendom? We do not deem it unreasoning optimism to affirm that Moslem civilization is no match for Christian civilization where the two are existing side by side. The resort of Moslemism has ever been the sword, and, fortunately so, for it cannot endure a rival. But under the surveillance of the English Government, where resistance is impossible, where comparisons are invidious and results are apparent, it has but one future—a gradual and inevitable decay. We must deem it a most significant fact that of the thousands of children already within the influence and discipline of Egypt's Christian schools, *one-fifth* of the number are from avowedly Mohammedan homes. When Mohammedanism becomes the educational rival of Christianity, she places the noose about her own neck, and removes the last support of her trembling and decrepit limbs. Unless the signs of the times await some yet buried Rosetti to interpret them, the glory of Isis and Osiris, and Mohammed as well, is about to pass over to the larger Christ, the God-Man, Jesus. For certainly the clear ring of fulfilled prophecy is already to be heard from that storied land, "And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day":

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run."



THE ARTISTIC HOME

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SYMPATHY WITH EGYPT

AS Dr. Josiah Strong says in that comprehensive lecture of his on "Egypt," and to which all our tourists listened with such pleasure, and insisted that it be printed in Cairo:

"Modern civilization has a marvelous transforming power which, during the twentieth century, is destined to quicken the Orient with new life. It is our good fortune to visit it when the coming metamorphosis is only just begun.



THE GRAND PORTAL AT THE RUINS AT UPPER NILE

"It is still possible to step back into the ancient world, and not impossible to breathe its atmosphere, to catch something of its spirit, and to realize that human nature was much the same then that it is now. The passion of love, the tender ties of family, the mystery and the bereavement of death, and the great hope of immortality remind us that we of to-day have more in common than in difference with this ancient people, and though far removed in time, they are one with us in the great loom of life, which, with countless threads, weaves one vast web of humanity."

Nothing is more impressive in these countries of the Orient than their needs, especially the intelligent application of sanitary laws. But that brings our thought back to our own country and leads to the question, What have we for ourselves? What have we to give them? Let us hear what our able philanthropic physician and genial fellow-passenger, Dr. L. P. Jones, of Greenwich, Conn., has to say.

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SCHEME FOR PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

By Leander P. Jones, M. D., of Greenwich, Conn.

WHEN the Spanish War was imminent, very optimistic ideas were rife as to the risk of disease in modern warfare. It was confidently asserted in some of the leading journals, and the names of distinguished men of science were freely used as vouchers for the assertion, that sanitary science had made such wonderful advances during the last twenty years as to insure practical immunity from disease for our army, even in a pestilential climate.



Other armies had always suffered more from disease than from bullets, but now a great civilized nation would send out an army whose sanitary welfare would be an object lesson to the world. Mothers gave their sons to the service believing that they would die as heroes, or come back to them in the vigor of manhood, without the dreadful sequelæ that followed our Civil War. Some were wise enough to foresee the disappointment that awaited these expectations, and we all know it now.

Shafter's army in Cuba was reduced seventy-five per cent. by disease that in theory is regarded as preventable—a fact that startled and deeply impressed the whole nation. But it is a more startling fact that in the year 1898, the number of children that, in New York City alone, died from preventable diseases, exceeded the number of all the men who were killed or died from disease in the army.

In war time our attention is focused upon the lives of men in the field. We read the data and lament the number of the fallen whose record stands before the world, and we are righteously indignant if their interests are not duly guarded. But we are careless of those who are falling by our side, possibly through our own neglect.

According to the Declaration of Independence, all men are equally entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We have engaged in an extensive war—a very bloody war—to give to other countries, not so fortunate as ourselves, their liberty. How much of our own personal liberty and our happiness are we ready to sacrifice to protect the lives of our own people? All diseases that are communicable are preventable. The fact that they are communicable proves that they are preventable. Many of the diseases that bring patients to the hospitals are the result of communicable diseases to which the patients had

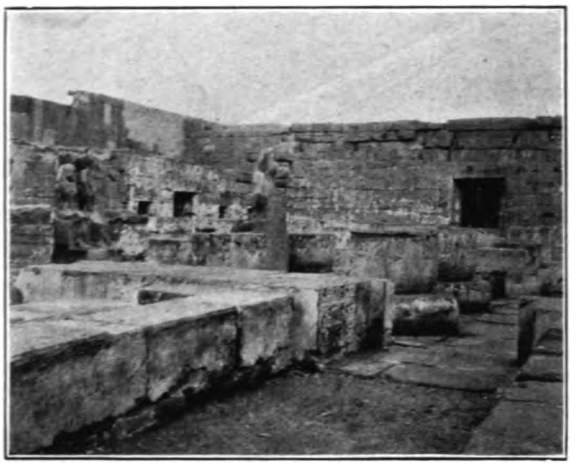
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been subjected at some earlier period. Scarlet fever and measles and other communicable diseases furnish one-half of the work for the ophthalmic hospitals. It is well known that typhoid fever is communicated in the food or drink; one must either eat it or drink it, in order to get it. Bright's disease is frequently a sequel of scarlet fever. Lung trouble is equally a sequel of measles and frequently of whooping cough.

Now, if these widespread diseases with their train of terrible consequences can, indeed, be stamped out, it would seem that the State ought to relax no vigilance and spare no expense to that end.

On the theory that every disease that is communicable is preventable, every child that is born healthy and well, who dies before becoming intelligently responsible for his own acts, is killed, and some one is responsible for that death.

It is time that the health and the lives of the people received as much attention as the property and the liberties of the people. We have courts and officers to protect the property and liberties of the people, but how many well-educated, thoroughly trained health officers to protect public health?



THE RUINS AT THEBES

If a child in our streets were assaulted by a ruffian, the police force of the town would be at once called out to hunt down the assailant. If the child were injured, or five dollars in value taken from her, the ruffian, if found, would be brought to court, tried and sentenced to prison for a term of months, and probably years; but, if a child walking our streets contracts a disease, no arrests are made, probably no investigation follows. If a murder were committed, instead of an assault, a coroner would make a very patient, diligent and careful inquiry to locate the responsibility for the crime. If a child dies from a preventable disease, the health officer is not permitted to make an investigation in any degree so thorough as that of a coroner, in order to locate the responsibility of the people or of the community for the disease.

While we have adequate police force to protect life and property against violence, and sufficient laws for the restraint of those who are of evil disposition, we have only the vaguest and most unsatisfactory regulations to protect ourselves and our children in what is of far more value than any worldly possessions, and to restrain those who, though without evil intent, disseminate disease through criminal carelessness.

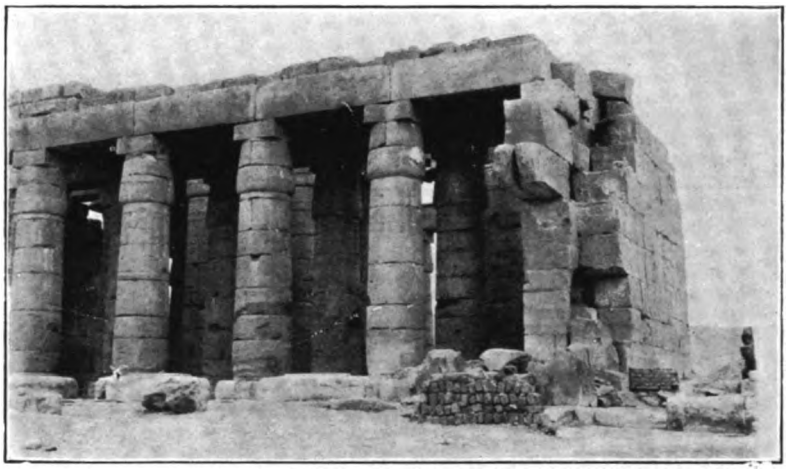
The need of better legislation on this matter is already widely recognized,

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but our legislators themselves see the need of more intelligent understanding of the subject before it can be made practicable.

There has been great research during late years into the principles of sanitation and valuable discoveries have doubtless been made, but for what public benefit, unless the results are co-ordinated, brought to the test and in some way made ready for efficient use by the ordinary public servant?

It is not given to every city to have a man for mayor who is trained at once in medical knowledge, in military experience and in an understanding of men, as was the case with Col. Wood, at Santiago. Where are our legislators to find a basis for their judgment in these matters? Will they gather the material for it from the pages of medical journals and science reviews, or from the columns of the daily press, or will they find it floating in the air? When a State has passed wise sanitary laws, as the State of Connecticut has recently done, where



TEMPLE AT THEBES

are the health officers to be found competent enough to administer them? How are such men to be educated?

There is no place in the world where a health officer can be educated. The best authorities that we have on public health are those who have made a study of medicine with the idea of treating disease, but there is no place where the prevention of disease is specifically taught.

It is plain that the new wine needs new bottles; that the great question of public health can no longer be relegated to the private practitioner, but must be dealt with by the magistrate, the legislator, the public functionary of every grade, and by the voter. There is need of a broad, free discussion of the principles involved in public sanitation, a wide publication of tests and experiments made to this end, and concise statements of results which may have been reached.

All this should be in the hands of men competent to exercise judgment and speak with authority. A mere voluntary association of men of science would not meet the need. Such associations already exist.

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The following plan has been suggested for the creation of a body which should have for its object the thorough equipment of those whose duty it may be to deal with the prevention of disease; a body which could, by diploma, or some appropriate formal recognition, declare that this one or that one has made such study of this subject as to give him expert qualifications, so that he is competent to deal with this subtle yet vitally important matter:

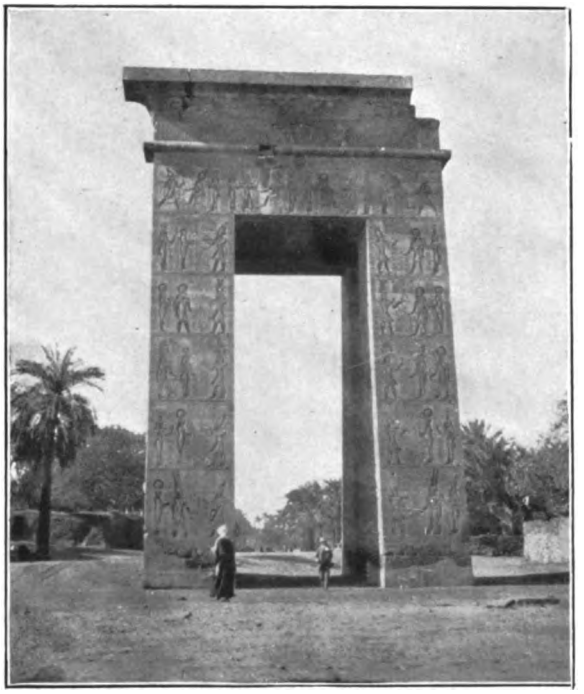
First: The endowment of a chair of preventive medicine in each of the leading medical colleges of the country, selecting those which have special advantages for laboratory practice.

Second: The establishment of an institute, the members of which should be the incumbents of the chairs previously mentioned.

Third: The award of prizes by this Institute for essays of special merit and for discoveries in sanitary science.

Fourth: The establishment of Fellowships for a limited number of advanced students.

The question is immediately suggested: How the means could be found to establish these chairs, as well as to provide for the publications of the Institute, the prizes and the Fellowships? The answer is that money for charitable purposes is always seeking for channels to flow in, as money for investment is doing. Those who are ready to endow hospitals, and to spend large amounts of money for the relief of the sick and the care of disease, will be equally ready to bestow their possessions for the prevention of disease, if only they can be convinced of the need of such bestowal and insured of the wise administration of their gifts.



PORTAL AT KARNAK. REV. S. EDWARD YOUNG COMING THROUGH

Let it be known that in the judgment of competent men such an establishment would be wise and useful, and, undoubtedly, men of broad charity will be found to respond to the call for its support.

If you are interested correspond with Dr. L P. Jones, or Rev. R. H. M'Cready, Ph.D.

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EUROPE



NAPLES AND VESUVIUS

Most of the photographs for this article on Naples and Vicinity are ours by the courtesy of *Records of the Past*, Washington, D. C.

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NAPLES AND VICINITY

By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D.D., Kingston, Pa.

PLINY, in writing to Tacitus, said: "Happy I deem those to be whom the gods have distinguished with the abilities either of performing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read." During our *Celtic* sojourn in and around Naples, I have not learned of any great or wonderful performance, except in times long past.



When we left Alexandria, we all felt like children turning homeward after their first tramp from the fireside. And when we arrived in sight of Naples and the smoky Vesuvius, the thrill of exhilaration at beholding sunny Italy and the historic blue bay "filled us with fantastic glee, and full of merriment were we."

Whoever first said, "See Naples and then die" (*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*), ought to have died before he said it. But the Bay of Naples is really beautiful, and the situation of the city unsurpassed.

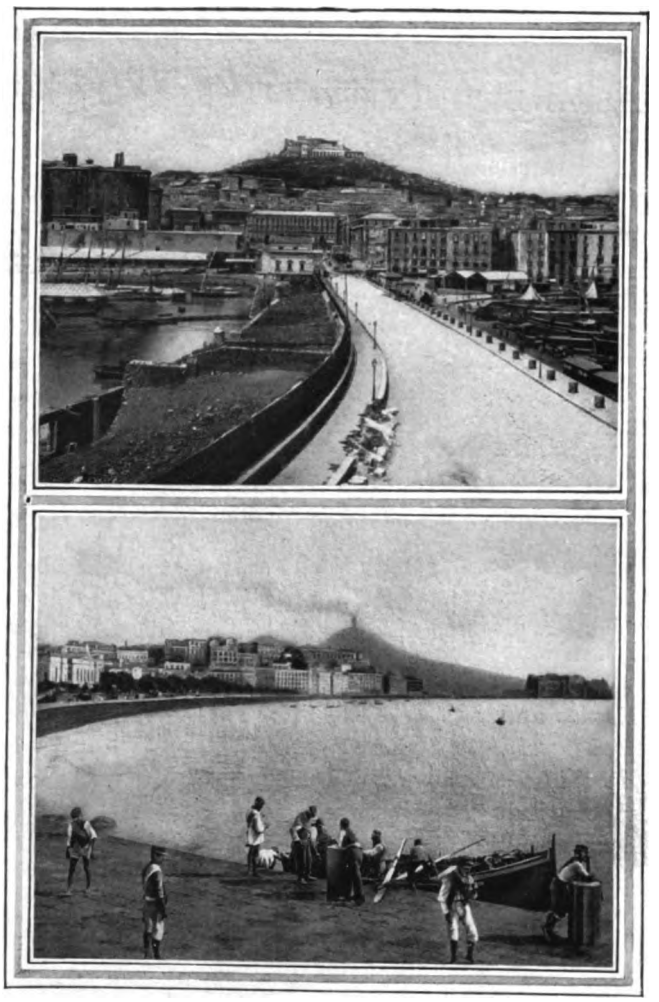
THE CITY

Though of less area than Rome, Naples is the most populous city in Italy —about six hundred thousand souls— and, unlike any other city in the world, it is built entirely of a material within itself. This material is a soft, volcanic rock called tufa. The great terrace on which Naples nestles, a cliff hundreds of feet high, is made up of this soft rock. It is the product of some volcanic disturbance beyond human history.

The business section is level and only a little above the sea. Then the city rises, by a series of terraces, and a winding roadway, until it reaches a height of some hundreds of feet. In front, the shore of the blue bay stretches out like a half-moon. Under certain atmospheric conditions the water takes on the most beautiful color effects, in all the shades of blue, the colors being peculiar to the Bay of Naples, it is said.

The bay is always dotted with fishing-boats, and down along the sea wall, which fronts the city, groups of swarthy fishermen may be seen drawing their nets morning and evening. Along this sea wall is the fashionable drive where

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NAPLES —STRADA DEL MOLO AND ST. ELMO'S CASTLE
THE BAY OF NAPLES

the city pours itself late in the afternoon, and where is seen the fast and furious driving for which Naples is noted. After dark, when the sea wall drive is lighted and its far-reaching curve is ablaze with electric lamps the view is beautiful.

LIKE A HALF-MOON

The striking feature of Naples is that it is a great monotonous city of stucco—not a wooden building in it, or a brick one. It presents a fine appearance from any point, as it is made up of apartment houses, five, six or seven stories high, painted in red or yellow. There are thousands of homes which are actually hovels within, but without they are parts of fine blocks of apartment buildings. The apartments of the poor are small, dirty, often shared with the goats and the cattle, having no light except from in front and no ventilation except from the same direction. The poorer people are indescribably squalid and dirty. They practically live on the sidewalks, and all their household litter is thrown into the street for the city scavengers to remove.

Macaroni and cheese stores abound. Macaroni is prepared in all imaginable shapes and there is a great variety of cheeses.

Nothing solid is sold by measure, but everything by weight, whether vegetables or fruit.

Fuel is mostly charcoal. It is sold by shops in small quantities, say half a pound. On the sidewalks one often sees the children fanning the little charcoal fire for cooking a meal or for heating laundry irons. This minimum of heat is very desirable in the heat of an Italian summer.

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As to cold weather, there are never any ice or snow, and few homes or boarding places provide any heated rooms in midwinter.

Though it never freezes in Naples, yet it has plenty of ice, and the "Neapolitan ice cream" is famous everywhere. The *Celtic* was in port over Good Friday and Easter Sunday. This gave us an opportunity to see the religious side of the city at its most blooming season.



MILK DISTRIBUTERS AT NAPLES

The moral and religious condition of Naples is nothing to boast of. But there are some faithful Christian workers therein who have been toiling in God's vineyard for a long time, and who are consecrated to hold on to the end in the discharge of their duties.

It is not wearisome nor expensive to ramble through the city. Cabs and



CITY OF NAPLES—BAY AND SMOKING VESUVIUS

carriages of various styles are abundant and reasonable in price. Electric cars run along the shore and around the city over the hills and through the streets. Good hotels are in convenient locations and moderate in charges.

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The chief object of interest in Naples is the Museum. It is so chiefly on account of the vast quantities of relics from excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which have been brought there.

Two visits should be made, one for the antiquities and the other for the pictures.

Naples has an abundant supply of good water. I heard many complaints of the wine; but only praise of the water. Though the general health on the *Celtic* was exceptionally good, yet it is a satisfaction to know that there is now in Naples a comfortable hospital where visitors can receive able medical treatment in the event of their becoming ill. It is an imposing building in a delightful location, with all the windows commanding a view of the bay or the surrounding hills. It has a large garden full of flowers, orange and lemon trees; and on all sides are blossoming orchards and vineyards. Admission is obtained through the American or British Consul.

Few of our tourists visited the reputed "Tomb of Virgil" on the hill. He died at Brundisium, 19 B. C., and expressed his desire to be buried on his estate at the Posilipo, where he had written the Georgics and part of the Ænead. (This is the hill Posilipo.) The view from Virgil's tomb is exceedingly inspiriting. The poet Statius describes it thus:

> Lo! idly wandering on the sea-beat strand
> Where the famed Siren on Ansonia's land
> First moored her bark, I strike the sounding string;
> At Virgil's honored tomb, I sit and sing.
> Warmed by the hallowed spot, my muse takes fire,
> And sweeps with bolder hand my humble lyre.
> These strains, Marcellus, on the Chalcian shores
> I penned, where great Vesuvius smokes and roars,
> And from his crater ruddy flames expires,
> With fury scarce surpassed by Ætna's fires."

THE ASCENT OF VESUVIUS

It was one of the special "side trips." Some of the company had made the climb on previous visits to Italy, and were satisfied. "Old Vesuve" has his off days occasionally, and is very uninviting. Even days of his finest moods it requires a combination of grit and grace to be happy and successful in the climb to the crater. Our party in 1902 went up by the way of the funicular railway. In 1896 I went up from the Pompeii side, which is much more laborious. Try both.

"Mrs. L. V. W." will tell her story of the day's climb.

"A cloudless morning was chosen on which to make the ascent. During most of the time, even in the clearest weather, a heavy bank of cloud like a cap rests on the summit of the volcano, obscuring the great cone, from which constantly issues a mighty volume of smoke and steam. At times this is mingled with flame, which illumines the sky to a considerable height. Many a visitor, after days of waiting, is compelled to leave without a view of the burning mountain. But that seldom occurs at this season of the year.

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A drive of about nine miles, following the curved shore of the Bay of Naples, brought us to the foot of the mountain. The carriage road from thence followed a winding course, made thus necessary by the steepness of the ascent, past fruitful vineyards and cottages of the peasants.

"The soil, composed mainly of disintegrated lava, and kept warm by the internal heat, is highly favorable to luxuriant vegetation. Wild flowers are abundant. Further up we approached the barren fields of lava, which, in a molten state, was poured from the mouth of the great crater, in quantity sufficient to bury a hundred cities. In process of cooling it took a thousand fantastic forms, in some places forming caves of considerable extent. A ride of several hours brought us to the foot of the 'Funicular Railway,' by which we made a further ascent of two thousand and one hundred feet. As we rose higher and higher, the view over the Bay and City of Naples became finer, until below us, of rarest blue waters of the bay reflecting every passing cloud, and the city, a glittering mosaic resting by its side, Capri and Sorrento in the distance, and in full view, resting on the bosom of the sea lay the *Celtic*, her Stars and Stripes signalling to us a wish for our safe return.



IN THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS



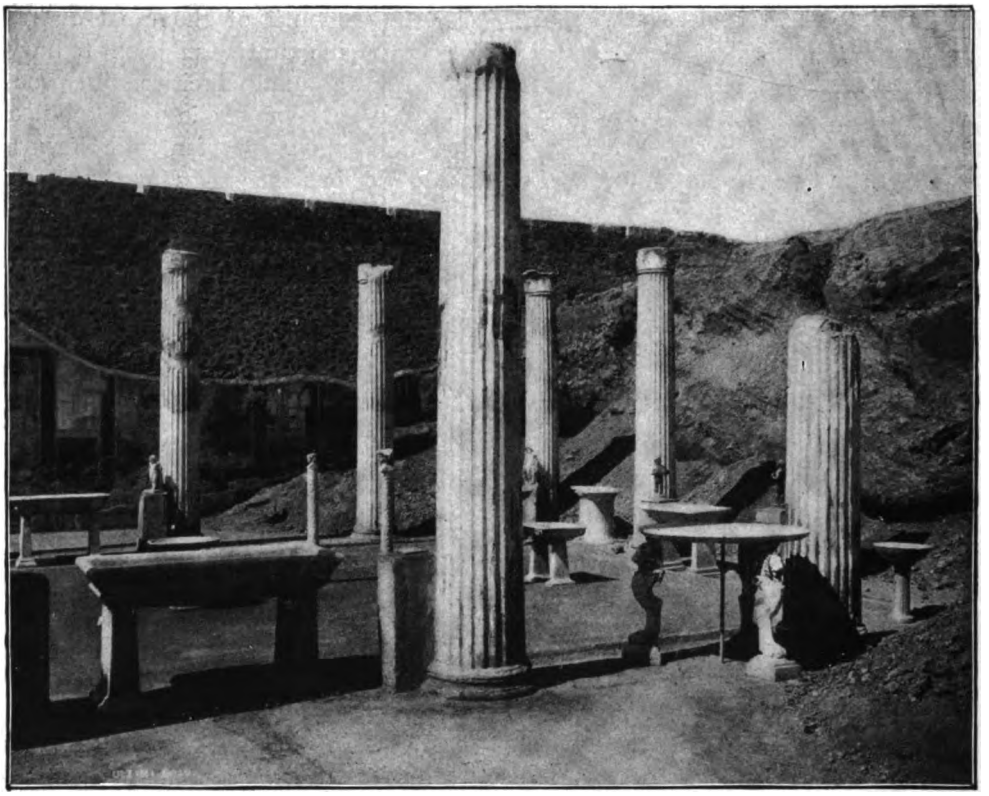
MODERN METHOD OF CLIMBING VESUVIUS—FUNICULAR RAILWAY

"As we looked out from the car in ascending, we saw here and there little shrines built by devout peasants, where they pray that the burning mountain will never again devastate their homes.

"When we left the railway the actual climb began. Through dry ashes and fine lava our feet sank to the depth of several inches at every step, and this,

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together with the very steep incline, made rapid progress impossible. This was continued until we had made a further rise of four hundred feet, when we reached the edge of the crater, which is about one mile in diameter. During this part of the ascent we passed many little orifices from which steam was escaping, and our walking sticks thrust down into the dry cinders were followed by a jet of steam when drawn out, indicating that the crust upon which we were treading was very thin. As we reached the edge of the crater and waited for the wind to carry the bulk of smoke and steam in the opposite di-



EXCAVATION OF THE HOUSE OF VETTIUS, POMPEII

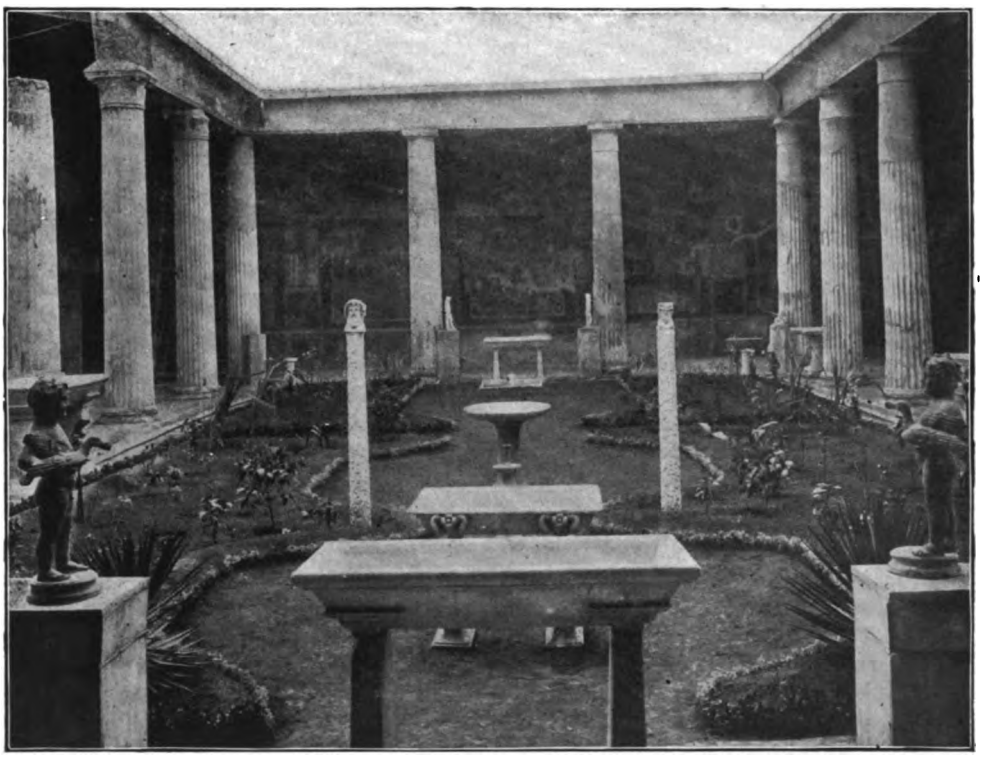
rection, we could occasionally get a glimpse of the interior of that mighty basin of fire, while rumbling, as of the heaviest thunder, rose from the deep abyss beneath. As the wind veered round and brought a little of the steam into our faces, we found it heavily charged with sulphurous vapor, and we were obliged to change our position in order to avoid it. As the activity of the volcano was so great, we could not enter the crater at any point to procure specimens, as many others of the *Celtic* party did, but obtained some fine ones from our guide.

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"The present crater is called a 'new one,' having been formed during the great eruption in 1872, and is considerably higher than the old one, which is a short distance north of it."

BLUE GROTTO

It was early morning when we sailed by the Island of Capri and had our first glimpse of the Blue Grotto. No visit to the south of Italy is complete without Capri, Blue Grotto, Sorrento and Pompeii.



RESTORATION OF PERISTYLE, HOUSE OF VETTII'S, POMPEII

What a remarkable cavern in the rocks is this "Grotta Azzura." It is entered from the sea, in a tiny rowboat, by an opening not more than three feet high. Inside, however, it is found to be of magnificent proportions and of marvelous beauty, the gorgeous coloring said to be produced by the reflection and refraction of the sun's rays through the water. Elliptical in form, it has a length of 165 feet, a breadth of 100 feet in the widest part, and a height of 40 feet, with about 48 feet of water beneath. The boatman, for a small compensation, dives into the deep, clear water and appear therein as if coated

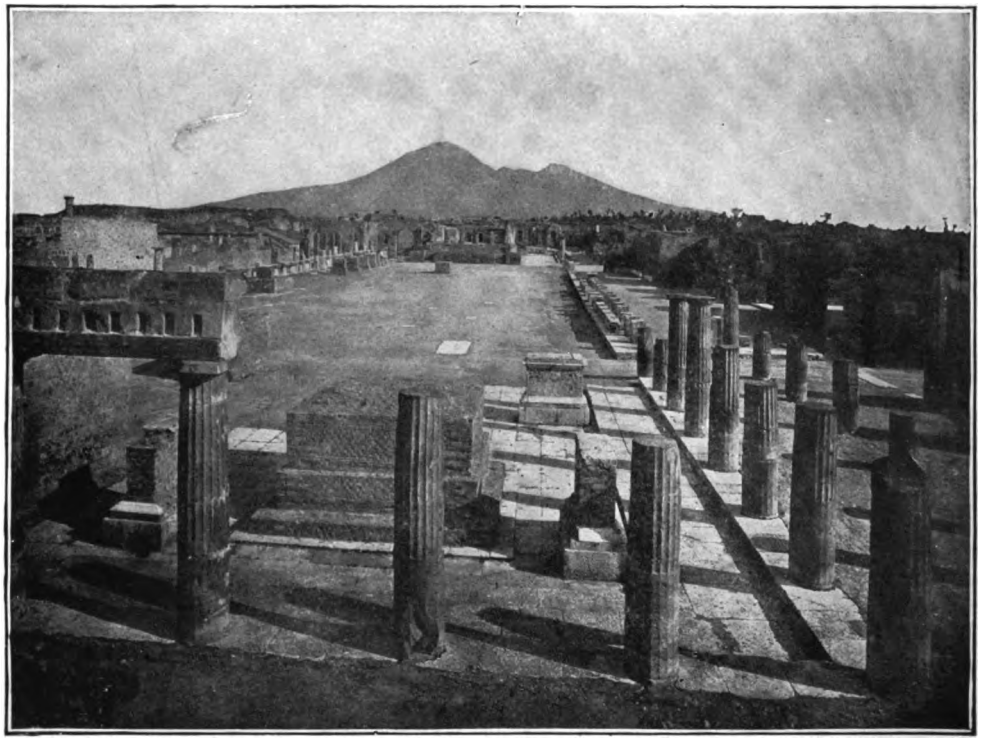
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over with silver. I held my hand in the water over the edge of the boat and it became a silver hand immediately; *but only while under water.*

Within a few miles of the Grotto is

SORRENTO

Thither Mrs. Van Ness, who is not a very good sailor, went with her husband for a complete rest. It is a delightful spot. It is the native home of Tasso, the greatest poet of Italy. He was born there on March 11th, 1544. Sorrento



VIEW OF THE FORUM OF POMPEII, LOOKING TOWARD VESUVIUS

is the most celebrated town in the south of Italy for dryness, mildness, and general salubrity of climate; and consequently, much resorted to by invalids and convalescents. The ravines, the gorges, the orange groves and vineyards of the neighborhood are famous the world over. Good hotel accommodations are found there. During our one night's stay there, a select party of amateur actors performed the Tarantella for our pleasure and their *profit.*

The road from Sorrento through Castellamare around the shore of the bay equals any drive in the world. Many of our party missed it, but no one who visits Naples should miss it.

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WALL PAINTING, HOUSE OF VETTII'S. IXION TIED TO THE WHEEL

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POMPEII

Pompeii is no longer a buried city. Excavations have been going on for many years, and rows of business houses and residences of all classes of people are now in sight, though roofless and tenantless. This must have been a brilliant city of the first century of the Christian era. To realize this, you should visit the Museum in Naples first, and then visit Pompeii. The fatal catastrophe took place on November 5th, 79 A. D. It was the most terrible of its kind that had ever happened, and the event most like it since was the recent outburst of the Pelee volcano on the Island of Martinique. The city was so entirely buried by the flowing lava of Vesuvius that no traces of it were discovered until 1689; but no excavations were commenced until 1721. Since then, at irregular intervals, very interesting discoveries have been made. In recent years, nearly every day witnesses fresh and interesting discoveries.



Photograph by Rev. Fred. Elliott
DOMUS MILLIACRO, POMPEII

Perhaps one-half of the city has been excavated; the remainder is now undergoing the process. What wonders have been revealed may be more than duplicated, as the work proceeds.

Imagine, if you can, a city of forty thousand people, built of substantial stone buildings, enriched with paintings and statuary, filled with gold and silver and precious stones, suddenly overtaken by such a tragic fate. Imagine again, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, the veil lifted, and you can understand with what strange emotions one walks through the silent, re-echoing streets of exhumed Pompeii. Moss has laid a thick carpet of green over beautiful pavements of mosaic. The rain has filled the pools where once played sparkling fountains, and again stands stagnant in the great stone jars of some long-deceased wine-merchant. Dining-room tables of marble await guests that will never come again.

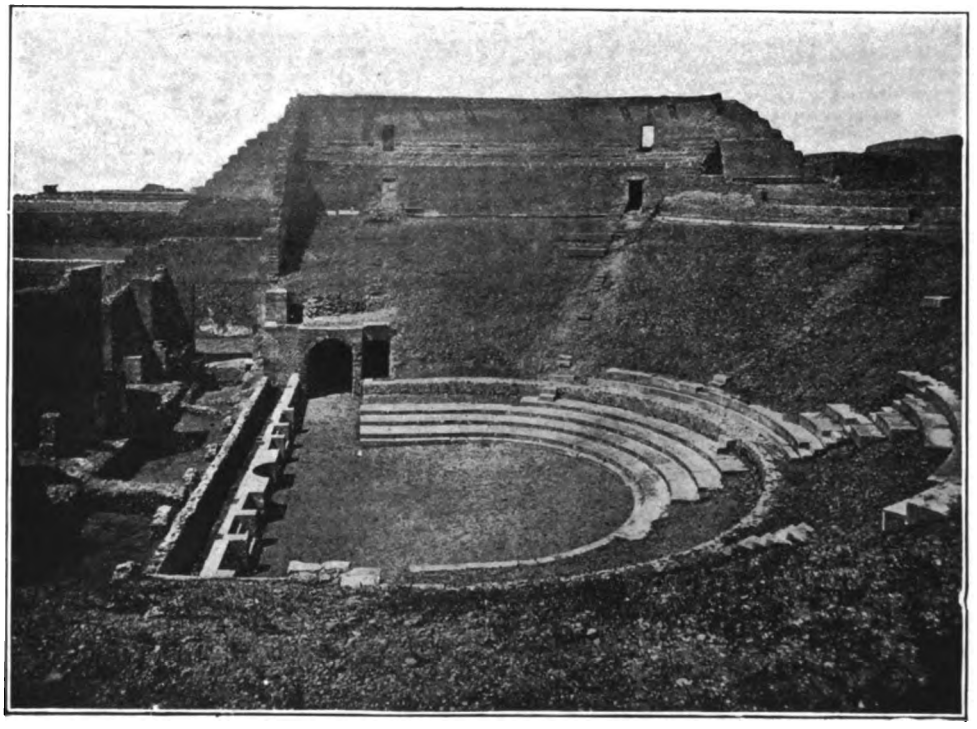
Wall-paintings of fruits and fowls and fish awaken no pleasant relish in gay revellers; ovens stand cold and empty, though in many of them were found loaves—generally well-baked or, possibly, a little over-done. Eggs, vegetables, fruits, nuts and grain were found in larder and bin, but those who should have feasted upon them have mouldered into dust, or turned to stone and sleep in the glass sarcophagi of the museum.

Not less than a day should be devoted to Pompeii. Between Pompeii and Naples may be found some interesting excavations of the old city of Hercu-

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BACCHUS AND ARIADNE. HOUSE OF VETTIUS



VIEW OF LARGE THEATRE, POMPEII

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laneum, which was destroyed on the same day by the same flood of lava. This was discovered in 1719, ninety feet below the present level. Excavation goes on much slower here than in Pompeii, because the liquid fiery lava was of harder ingredients. The buildings of Herculaneum have to be quarried out, while Pompeii's can be shovelled out.

There is not time to moralize, but at every step in these cities of the dead past, it seems as if you had heard some one saying, "Woe is me."

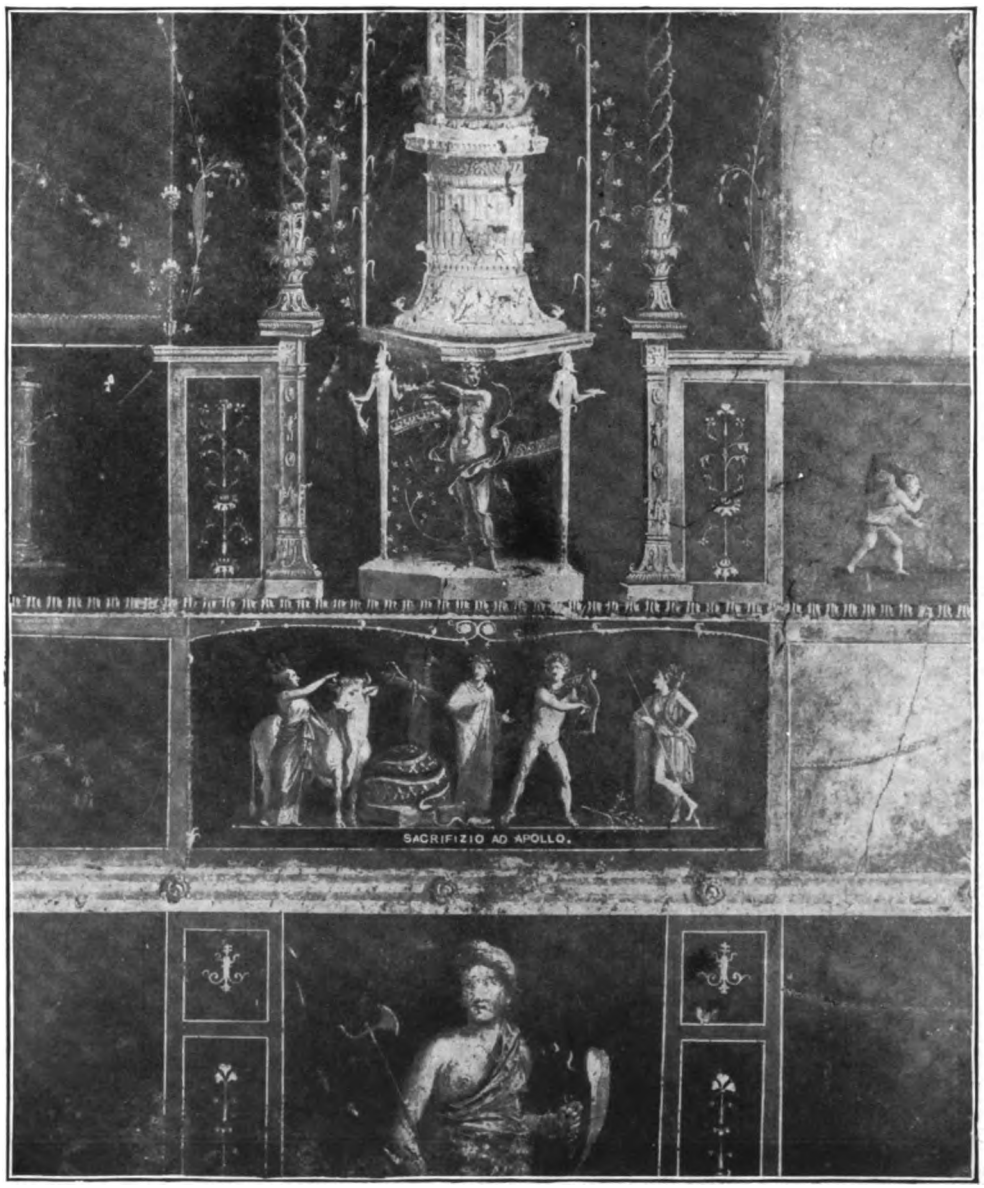
"Cut off even in the blossoms of my sins,
Unhoused, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reconing made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head!"

On the wall of one of the houses uncovered in Pompeii appears a fresco painting of a bird, apparently of the crow or blackbird variety, standing before a music rack or easel in an attitude of deep anticipation. A lady of the party, who was curious enough to wonder "what that bird was doing there," was gravely informed that he evidently was looking for an-ote. (a note). Whereupon deep silence fell upon the anguished listeners.



STREET VIEW IN POMPEII

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DECORATIVE WALL PAINTING, HOUSE OF VETTIUS, POMPEII.

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ARCH OF AUGUSTUS, ROMAN FORUM, ROME

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A WEEK IN ROME

By Rev. John B. Donaldson, D.D., Davenport, Iowa.

"THERE is St. Peter's," we cried as the train from Naples issued from the tunnel and rolled down the mountains twenty-five kilometres away. Some were incredulous, but there hung the dome that gave the first and last view of Rome. We passed the peasants spading in the fields. Their plows had one handle, like those of Palestine rather than those of Egypt. We saw here the only American seeder of the Cruise, and it was drawn by oxen with a rope. Past the aqueducts, ancient and modern, that give Rome four times as much water per capita as London has, we swept into the station on Viminal Hill, drove by the Quirinal with its royal palaces, past the bible depository and Protestant churches, and after great confusion, found in ancient palaces our rooms. The first errand was to the Piazza di Spagna for letters, for the cashing of checks and for guide-books. Piale said frankly that he charged us more than he did Italian gentlemen.



Taking an *ascenseur* for *dieci centimes* to the top of Pincian Hill, we studied the outlines of the city. Walking toward the northern gate, we saw below us the Piazza del Popolo, from which the main streets branch out like the ribs of a fan. The farther one leads across the Tiber to the round castle of St. Angelo and to the Vatican. The next one runs near the left bank of the river. The central one is the Corso, the main street of the city, leading through the Piazza del Colonna, where the papers publish the news at night in electric letters, and through the Piazza di Venezia to the majestic monument for Victor Emmanuel, to the Forum and the Capitol. The streets at our feet lead to the Quirinal, Viminal, and Esquiline Hills, where we entered Rome.

These Pincian gardens are exquisite with palms and flowers. Here Lucullus lived like a Sybarite until he opened his veins, and here the Jezebel Messalina revelled until she put a dagger to her bosom. While we dreamed of past crimes a pistol shot rang out on the evening air; a crowd gathered; and a cab sped by, bearing the bloody victim away. In this very place a lover of Pauline

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THE TRINITA FROM PLAZA SPALGUA, ROME

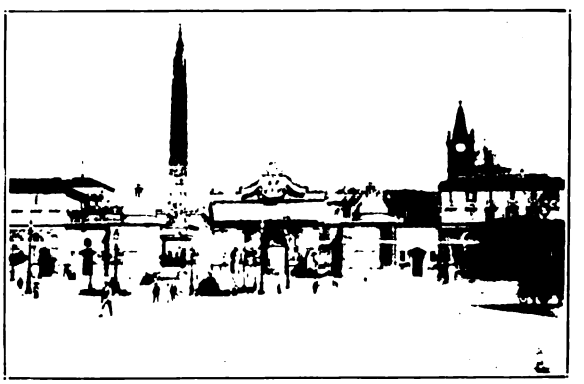
Bonaparte stabbed his rival, and the blood spurted upon the door of her coach.

It may be convenient to rearrange our journals, so as to follow the history rather than the geography of Rome. To seek the remote beginnings we go where Romulus and Remus were rescued, like Moses, from the water.

> The troubled river knew them, and smoothed his yellow foam,
> And gently rocked the cradle that bore the fate of Rome.
> The ravening she-wolf knew them, and licked them o'er and o'er,
> And gave them of her own fierce milk, rich with raw flesh and gore.

We follow Romulus to his asylum on Capitol Hill, where outlaws found sanctuary as in the Cave of Adullam; after cleansing, they crossed to the fortress, Roma Quadrata, on the Palatine. The most ancient stones in the wall are sometimes dated to the very earliest ages of Rome. They are so soft that we easily get some crumbling souvenirs. The burial-place of Romulus was unearthed recently in the Forum Romanum.

The hostile Sabines fortified the Quirinal Hill yonder. The Romans seized the daughters of their enemies for wives. The Roman governor's daughter coveted the golden bracelets of the Sabine soldiers, and betrayed the citadel for "what they wore on their left arms," but they gave their shields instead of their bracelets and suffocated the traitress. The porter's wife showed us Tarpeia's Rock. Our guide was so portly that her skirts could scarcely keep their hold. She said the cliff was "multo profundo," and she was satisfied with coppers. Here the Sabine daughters, who were also Roman wives, made peace. So the two nations became the "Senate and People of the Quirinals and the Romans," and to this day their banners bear the letters: "S. P. Q. R."

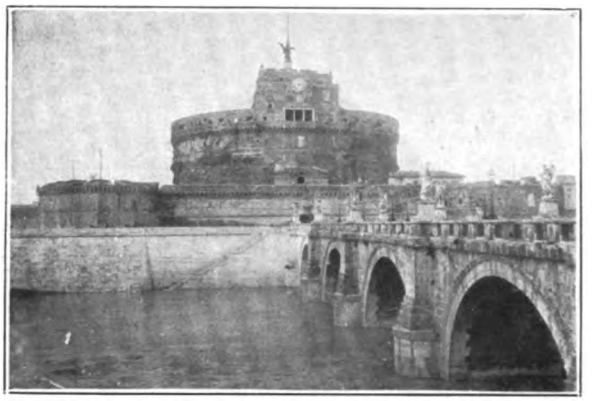


PLAZA DEL POPOLO, ROME

To recall the period of the Kings, we might look up a bit of the Servian wall by the station, or drive out to where Numa consulted the Nymph; but the Cloaca Maxima is nearer and greater. Pliny wondered at its solidity two

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thousand years ago, and the arched sewer still serves a useful purpose. "Wicked street," on the slope of the Esquiline, is where Tullia drove her chariot over the dead body of her royal father as she hastened to congratulate her husband upon the murder that gave her a bloody throne. No wonder the indignant people soon ended such a kingdom.



CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME

The Capitol Hill may stand for the Republic. It still has some reminders of that epoch, when Rome conquered Carthage and became mistress of the world. Come to Mamertine Prison and see the very place where Jugurtha was chilled to death. We went down again to the lower cell, turned down all lights, imagined the stairway removed and ourselves cut off forever from sunshine and hope. It was an abyssmal dungeon. There the Cataline conspirators were executed, and foolish tradition connects the apostles with these dents in the wall and this fountain.



FORUM, RUINS OF BASILICA OF JULIA, ROME

The Forum was the center of the city in the days of the Republic, but it was rebuilt by the emperors. However, we can find the foundations of the butcher's stall where Virginius snatched up the knife to save his daughter's honor by taking her life. No wonder that the schools were removed to a less exposed place after that tragedy. The name of the wretch who compelled this crime is kept alive by the aqueduct of Appius Claudius outside the walls.

In the excavated Forum we walked along the very lava blocks where Horace made his frantic efforts to escape from a bore; and where the people scrambled during three days for the gold that Caligula threw down from the Basilica Julia; and we followed the way where Titus went on his triumph behind milk-white horses. On the slope by his arch, workmen were repairing this ancient street.

We stood on the rostrum, where it was plain that beaks of ships had been fastened; where Cicero delivered his orations against the Triumvirate; and

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THE FORUM

where his head was nailed to the platform that the wife of the victor might thrust her bodkin through his tongue and reap a sweet revenge. We saw where Marc Antony roused the populace over the assassinated Cæsar, and Prof. Reynaud pointed out below the three steps of Cæsar's temple-tomb, discovered only the August before, where the great conqueror was cremated.

Here in a row are standing three pillars of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the young men who brought good news from the battle of Lake Regillus and washed their horses in yonder spring. The other three pillars, forming a triangle, are the remains of the Temple of Vespasian. The Temple of Saturn has eight Ionic columns left, and it contained the public treasury. The Temple of Antoninus and Faustina still has the title, "*divo*," which indicates how the emperors were called gods. The Temple of Concord likewise has inscriptions. The round ruins of the Vestal Temple show where the invisible Palladium and the sacred fire were kept. Here the virgins served in queenly wealth and honor for thirty years, unless they forfeited their chastity, in which event they were buried alive.



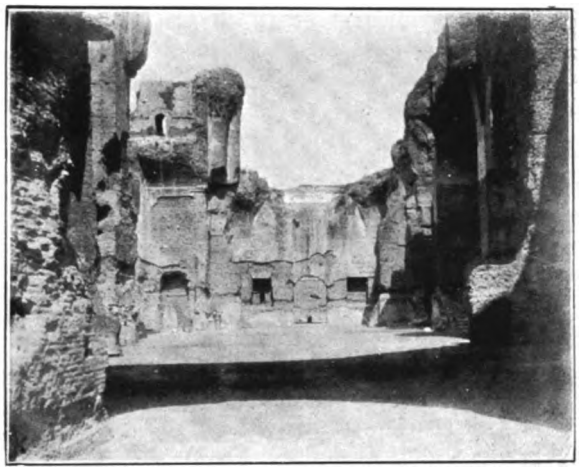
TEMPLE OF HERCULES, ROME

The Palatine Hill stands for the Imperial Age. It was never inhabited by plebeians. Cicero paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his home among the patricians, and his rival, Clodius, expended four times as much. Augustus, who found Rome of brick and left it of marble, was born here, lived here for forty years, and was unwilling to remove when he became emperor. His ruins occupy the southwestern portion of the hill. The remains of the royal hall are wider than the nave of St. Peter's, and they have a semi-circular apse for the throne. His schoolroom,

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called pedigogium, contained the mock crucifix and other *grafitti*.

The ruins of Tiberius are on the north side next the Forum. The nickname of Caligula, who loved his "little boots," has overshadowed the proper name of the emperor who was assassinated in that tunnel. Nero's Golden House has almost wholly disappeared. The house of Livia contains lead pipes which bear the name "*Julia Aug.*" The mural paintings are equal to anything at Pompeii, and are protected by a modern zinc roof. The palaces of Septimus Severus were on the southeast, fronting the Appian Way, so that his African countrymen might see the grandeur of their emperor on their first approach to the city. The altar to the unknown god reminds biblical students of the one which Paul saw at Athens.



BATHS OF CARACALLA, ROME

The Flavian emperors were great builders. The Arch of Titus commemorates the capture of Jerusalem, and carries the figure of the golden candlestick



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME

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on its inner surface. But the Coliseum is their great achievement. Built by twelve thousand captive Jews to hold eighty thousand people; dedicated by the death struggles of five thousand animals, it was the sporting arena of Rome. Here the gladiators were "butchered to make a Roman holiday" until men like Spartacus were roused to rebellion; here martyrs were slain for the amusement of pagans, and their mangled bodies were thrown into the Cloaca Maxima, where friends waited to rescue them for Christian burial. Ignatius led the procession of saints, declaring that he "was the grain of the field, and must be ground by the teeth of lions to become bread fit for the Lord's table." At one time one hundred and fifteen Christians were shot down with arrows. Under Hadrian, Placidus and family were exposed to wild beasts who refused to attack them; whereupon, they were put in a brazen bull and roasted to death. Here Prisca was offered



COLISEUM AT ROME



ARCH OF TITUS, ROME

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to a lion, then starved for three days, put upon the rack, burned in a furnace, and, still surviving, was finally beheaded. Here a monk at last threw himself into the breach with such success that murders for fun came to an end, and the cross hallowed the spot that was soaked with sacred blood. Well might Dickens say: "It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight conceivable. Never in its bloodiest prime can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. God be thanked, a ruin!"



ROME—THE FORUM—THE COLISEUM

Early Christianity has left some remains in Rome. We are not sure that Peter was ever in Rome, but Paul certainly was. In his Roman letter he had sent greeting to his mother, to his brother Rufus, and to half a dozen kinsmen by name. Dr. Russell Forbes identifies this half-brother of Paul as Rufus Pudens. The latter was a governor in Britain and a senator at Rome, who entertained Christian pilgrims, gave his parlor for church meetings, and suffered as a martyr in the year 96 A. D. His children maintained the "church in the house"; freed and baptized ninety-six slaves; and transformed the splendid baths into a consecrated church. A few of us looked up this Church of St. Pudentiana. Descending to the basements and sub-basements, we saw the hot air flues cut in the walls of the baths; we found what may have been the

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baptismal font of the freedmen, made of travertine and resembling a goblet, two feet across, with a broken stem; we saw bricks bearing names dating to the second century; the red frescoes of that early age; the arches of the old house of Pudens; and two mosaic pavements, one level being of Christian construction, and a lower one pagan. We brought away a few bits of marble that Paul may have knelt upon in the house of his brother long centuries ago. We also visited the traditional home of Clement, where three churches are built one over the other. But, to our sore disappointment, the lowest one was full of water; and we could not descend to the place where the friend and co-laborer of Paul carried on his work.

We did not look up the "hired house" in which Paul is said to have dwelt, nor the Prætorian camp. But we found the Basilica on Palatine Hill, which was built directly over the one in which Paul was tried, and which was precisely similar to it. Here part of the imperial seat may still be seen in the semi-circular tribune. Here is a bit of the marble *cancelli* that separated the emperor from the public. Remains of the marble colonnades still standing show the unfluted columns, with holes where the bronze ornaments were affixed. In the center is the round paving stone where the prisoner stood. This Basilica, rebuilt, indeed, since Paul's day, represents the very place and structure where, with one exception, the greatest trial of history was held.

Now we must go through St, Paul's Gate, past the Pyramid of Cestius, which witnessed his departure with triumph, and go out the Ostian Way to the traditional Three Fountains, where he may have been beheaded. St. Paul's Without the Walls is the most magnificent monument to our Gentile apostle. Here sober archæologists find the very early tomb of "Paulo: Apostolo Mart." Massive, with eighty columns of granite, rich with ancient mosaics, beautiful with cloisters of twisted columns, the church is a place for thought.

> Imperial splendor all the roof adorns;
> Whose vaults a monarch built to God, and graced
> With golden pomp the vast circumference.
> With gold the beams he covered, that within
> The light might emulate the beams of morn.
> Beneath the glittering ceiling pillars stood
> Of Parian stone, in four-fold ranks disposed;
> Each curving arch with glass of various dye
> Was decked; so shines with flowers the painted mead
> In Spring's prolific day.

To visit the Catacombs, where primitive Christians hid from persecution, worshipped and buried their dead, we went out the Appian Way, by which Paul first entered Rome. We passed the Church "*Domine, quo vadis.*" Here tradition says that Christ met Peter when he was escaping from persecution. Peter asked: "Lord, where are you going?" and was told: "Back to Rome to be crucified again." This gives title to a famous book. The Catacombs are drier, purer and warmer than one would suppose. Waiting until the solitary and overworked English-speaking monk could get his breath, we lighted our candles and went down the long flight of steps to St. Calixtus. The chapel of the early bishops and the burial-place of several popes came first. More interesting was the tomb of St. Cecelia, the sweet musician, who was buried

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here in 138 A. D. Her body was found in 820 A. D.

(CELTIC CRUISE, 1902.)

The Catacombs of Rome.

BY JOHN HARVEY TREAT.

Subterranean Rome is a most interesting study. Most tourists visit the Catacombs simply from curiosity, or to see one of the sights of Rome. A hurried run through the crumbling galleries and a glance at the faded and ruined frescoes and paintings by the dim light of little tapers, naturally does not impress them at all. It is only when we study their origin and learn their great importance as illustrating primitive Christianity, that we can appreciate them. They are the Christian Pompeii, the buried church, that illustrates the life, the rites, and the belief of the early followers of Christ. The inscriptions make known to us their faith—whether we accept it or not—their belief in God, the Holy Spirit, the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity, the Communion of Saints, the Veneration of the Martyrs, the Hierarchy in its various orders, the Sacraments, the Resurrection, and the Life everlasting. They also teach us the various occupations of Christians, whether as clergy, notaries, merchants, soldiers, fossors, etc., or engaged in other callings.

The paintings contain scenes from the Old and New Testaments, as Moses smiting the Rock, Noah and the Ark, Jonah and the Sea Monster—never pictured as a whale, the Raising of Lazarus, the Healing of the Paralytic, the Good Shepherd, and other representations.

At the advent of Christianity, burning or cremating was the general Roman method of disposing of the dead. The poor, the slaves and criminals were thrown into the "putrid pits" on the Esquiline. The Roman laws did not permit burials within the city walls, and the tombs of the great lined for miles the various roads leading into the country. The laws regarded tombs as sacred and were very stringent against violators of the same. Friends could claim the bodies of the worst malefactors. Joseph of Arimathea claimed and received from Pilate the body of Jesus.

The Christians abhorred the burning of the dead, and preferred the Jewish method, and to be buried as Jesus was. The body was washed and anointed, and prepared for the tomb, generally a nich, or loculus, as it was called, in the walls of the Catacombs. The arms were laid straight by the side, a cloth was spread over the corpse, on which lime was sprinkled. Precious perfumes were placed in the grave and sometimes a few relics. A vial containing their blood is often found in the tombs of the martyrs. The opening was closed with slabs of terra cotta, or marble, and the inscription was painted, cut in the stone, or rudely scratched in the fresh mortar. The earliest stones generally bear the mere name, with sometimes *In pace, vivas in Deo* (in peace, may you live in God,) and a dove, or a fish, or an olive branch. The funeral was by night, as the pagans objected to them by daylight, and accompanied by singing and torches. The services of the church were held over the body and this was repeated on the third, seventh and the ~~fortieth~~ thirtieth day after burial, and in a more solemn manner on the anniversary of the event.

The word cemetery, where the bodies of the faithful were laid away awaiting the resurrection, is of Greek origin and means a resting or sleeping place. The derivation of the word Catacomb is unknown. Various meanings have been assigned to it. The name was originally applied to the locality of the Basilica of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way, which was called in ancient documents *ad Catacumbas*, at the Catacombs. The word is now applied to all the subterranean cemeteries of Christians. They exist all over Italy, Sicily, Malta, Egypt, and in some other countries. The Roman Catacombs number more than forty, great and small, and doubtless there are many yet undiscovered. The galleries, if placed in line, would exceed the length of Italy, and served as burial places for the Christians for some 350 years. They are not of pagan origin, nor disused sand pits, as was believed not long ago, but are the work of the Christians alone, though in times of persecution, or as affording a more secret entrance to the Catacombs, the sand pits were sometimes used. This is evident from the nature of the soil in which they were constructed, which is volcanic, and of three varieties. One is too hard for excavations and is adapted for building

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baptismal font of the freedmen, made of travertine and resembling a goblet

stone; another is too friable and is used for cement and mortar; the third is worthless for cement and is easily excavated without danger. The galleries of the sand pits were large and wide, sometimes 16 feet in width, to facilitate the use of carts, in carrying away the sand. The walls of the vaults were elliptical, and the passages very crooked and without regular form. The Christian galleries, dug by Fossors, on the other hand, were quite straight, and so narrow that seldom two can walk abreast, the sides were not curved, and the corners were at right angles, the roof straight or slightly arched. In the fourth century these galleries became inextricable labyrinths. Sometimes they were constructed with five levels or stages. The first was generally twenty to twenty-four feet beneath the surface of the soil; the second, sometimes the most ancient, about thirty-nine to forty-two feet beneath; the third about fifty-two feet; the fourth and fifth were from sixty-five to eighty-two feet deep. At that depth the ground became too moist and wet to go lower.

The entrances to the Catacombs were not hidden, but situated on the public ways, and well known to the authorities as places of burial. For the first two centuries they were on private property, and named after their proprietors, some of them now unknown personages, as Priscilla, Maximus, Novella, Gordiani, Cyriaca, Lucina, Pretextatus, Domitilla. For two centuries no legal objections were made to the use of these cemeteries for burial and the attending rites, nor did the pagan people make any trouble, with occasional exceptions. In 203, the cry was raised at Carthage, in Africa, that the cemeteries, open to the sky there and not Catacombs, should be forbidden to the Christians. In Rome in 257, Valerian issued an edict forbidding Christians to assemble in the Catacombs because they were used for illegal meetings, and not for burial merely. There were burial colleges, or associations, among the pagans as well as with the Christians, and their rights were equally respected. But while Christianity was tolerated as a burial society, and its cemeteries rarely violated, as a religion it was forbidden and unlawful. By this time the number of Christians had greatly increased, the cemeteries had become more numerous and larger, and in many cases were no longer private property, but had come into the possession of the church, which was an unlawful body. Yet soon the Christians were allowed to bury again. Even during the fiercest persecutions, Christian burials took place openly. The great St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage in the third century, and the virgin Roman martyr, St. Agnes, were carried to their graves by night accompanied by long processions of the faithful of every class and of all ages, with the singing of psalms and hymns, so that it seemed rather a triumphal procession than a funeral cortege.

In 303, the last and fiercest persecution broke out under Diocletian, who at first had been favorable to the Christians. He determined to wholly extirpate Christianity. He confiscated the cemeteries, the churches, and the goods, books, and the early records of the Roman church were burnt and destroyed. These early records and the genuine Acts of the Martyrs, if they now existed, would be one of the most beautiful pages in Christian literature. Gregory the Great, at the end of the sixth century (Ep. viii, 27,) tells us that he knew of no genuine Acts of the Martyrs "in the archives of this church, or in the libraries of Rome, except a few collected in one volume." The loss is irreparable. But the Christians still managed to bury their dead. The old entrances to the Catacombs were destroyed and new and more secret ones constructed. The more important galleries and crypts were filled with earth and hidden.

In 311, under Maxentius, the churches and cemeteries were restored to the Christians, and in 313, the Emperor Constantine, by the edict of Milan, put an end to the persecution. Then the Catacombs began to be frequented, the crypts of the martyrs were ornamented with marbles and mosaics, and the Bishop Damasus put up inscriptions in their honor. At this day it is impossible to understand the great love and affection that the people had for the martyrs, those heroes of the persecutions. The Catacombs were thronged with the people that gathered at their anniversaries. The day on which they suffered martyrdom was not called the day of their death, but of their birth, *dies natalis*. St. Jerome, in the fourth century, and in the fifth, Prudentius, the poet of the martyrs, speak of their visits to the Catacombs.

The Christians soon began to bury their dead on the surface of the ground and very few were laid in the Catacombs after 410. When the barbarians began to invade Italy, they greatly injured the places of burial, so the Popes began to remove the relics of the martyrs into the city for protection. The ravages of the Lombards in 756 caused further removals, and in 817 Paschal I. made great translations. After the ninth century, the Catacombs were almost

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forgotten, and the entrances became filled up and lost, till the awakening of a new interest in the sixteenth century. The only Catacombs open during the Middle Ages were those of St. Sebastian, St. Lawrence, St. Pancras and St. Valentine.

The number of martyrs in the various persecutions which took place during the space of 250 years, God only knows. It must have been very great. The church records were destroyed and the names in most cases lost. In the Catacombs sometimes a large number were buried in a pit in heaps, when they had been killed and burnt in a mass, and the names were unknown. The ancient martyrologies speak of four groups buried near St. Cecilia in the Catacombs of St. Callistus—one of twenty-seven, one of forty-eight, one of eight hundred and eighty, and another of four thousand, burnt in heaps—*gregatim*. Under Valerian, in the third century, Crisantus and Daria were buried alive in a sand pit near the Catacombs of St. Priscilla. The next year a great company of the faithful had gathered, though this had been forbidden by the Emperor, to celebrate the anniversary at their tomb. They were discovered by the soldiers, and every avenue of escape having been closed, an enormous mass of stones and earth was precipitated upon them from an opening above, and they were buried alive. After the Peace of Constantine, the crypt was opened and their skeletons, with the silver vessels used in the Divine Mysteries were discovered. Pope Damasus was unwilling to touch the scene of their martyrdom, but made an opening in the wall, protected by a screen, with an inscription, so that the people might look upon the spectacle.

The Christians never retaliated upon their persecutors, nor did they appeal against their condemnation, which they might have done. It is a mistake to suppose that the Romans tolerated all religions. No religion was allowed that was not sanctioned by law. The Emperor Tiberius enacted new laws against the Jewish and Egyptian religions. Claudius abolished the worship of the Druids. Some religions were tolerated, though unlawful, but the law might at any time be put in force. Nero is supposed to have published a new edict against the professors of the Christian faith—*non licet esse Christianos*—it is not lawful to be a Christian. Some of the best emperors persecuted the Christians because they felt obliged to enforce the laws. Some of the worst emperors allowed them to live in peace, because they did not care enough for the laws of their country to put them in force. It is a mistake also to think that the early Christians were, as a class, from the lowest orders of the people. The early converts came from every class. Many were Jews, but the unconverted Jews were the worst enemies of the Christians and were continually inciting persecutions. Many were from the humble classes of the Romans, but many were from the highest families, as the Senator Pudens, Acilius Glabro, many of the Flavian family, the Senator Apollonius, Pomponia Græcina, wife of Plautius, conqueror of Britain, the Consul Flavius Clemens, the cousin of the Emperor Domitian, and put to death by him, and his wife, Flavia Domitilla, banished to the island of Pandataria, and a great many more whose names are now unknown.

A Visit to the Catacombs of St. Priscilla.

The Catacombs generally open to the public are those of St. Agnes, St. Callistus, St. Sebastian, and St. Domitilla. The others are inaccessible, or only visited by a permission from the proper authorities. On May 25, 1902, I made a visit to the Catacombs of St. Priscilla, perhaps the most ancient in Rome, situated about two miles beyond the present walls of the city, on the Via Salaria. St. Priscilla, a contemporary of the Apostles, was the mother of St. Pudens, and the grandmother of SS. Pudentiana and Praxedis. It consists of two extensive levels or stories, and differs from all others in its concise inscriptions, generally the name only, often painted in vermillion or black, like those in Pompeii, many in Greek characters, and has for emblems generally the anchor, palm branch, dove, or fish. Here were buried the Saints Priscilla, Pudens, Pudentiana, Praxedis, Aquilla, Prisca—some of them mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistles and St. Luke in the Acts—Acilius Glabro the Consul, who was martyred in 91 under Domitian, belonging to one of the highest Roman families and probably a relative of St. Priscilla, and members of his family. Here were laid the martyrs Felix and Philip, two of the seven sons of St. Felicitas, all of whom suffered martyrdom with their mother in 164 under the Philosopher Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Many of the early bishops of Rome were buried here, as Marcellinus, who died in 304, when the Catacomb of St. Callistus had been confiscated by Diocle-

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tian, Marcellus, Sylvester, bishops under the Emperor Constantine, Liberius, Siricius, Celestinus, Vigilius, and a multitude of people, the flower of early Christianity. Here the Apostles Peter and Paul ministered, and Prof. Marucchi thinks he has discovered the "Font where Peter baptized," so often alluded to by the early visitors. The name of Peter in Greek and Latin, a name exclusively Christian, and rare in other Catacombs and of Paul are often found here, probably adopted by the faithful in memory of the great Apostles. The names of Phebe, Timothy and Onesimus also occur. Here was found the painting of the Blessed Virgin, veiled, with the Child Jesus in her arms, and at her side a Prophet, perhaps Isaiah, pointing to a star, a work in the Pompeian style, and doubtless of the first half of the second century. This Catacomb was frequented and held in the greatest veneration up to the ninth century. After the translation of the relics of the martyrs into the city, it soon fell into oblivion.

On May 22, 23, 24, in the church of St. Pudenziana, the oldest church in Rome traditionally, erected over the house where St. Pudens entertained the apostles, a solemn Triduo was celebrated in honor of the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the body of the Martyr St. Filumena in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. It was announced that on Sunday, May 25, mass would be celebrated in that Catacomb at 7.30 and at 10 A. M., and that the Litany, with a Procession, would be said at 5 P. M. I attended the mass at 10. Let me say that the word mass is merely the English for the Latin *missa*, which near the end of the fourth century began to be used as the name for the Eucharist, or Holy Communion. The modern entrance to the Catacomb, constructed by the Commission of Sacred Archaeology, is directly from the street. The passage inside, leading to the crypt, was ornamented with festoons of box, and, as were all the other galleries, illuminated with candles, so that you could easily find your way about. The crypt itself was probably constructed early in the second century and must have once contained the tomb of a martyr and served for liturgical services. It is a sort of a vestibule to the celebrated Greek chapel, so called from its Greek inscriptions and is remarkable for its paintings and fine stucco work. In the crypt was a recumbent marble statue of St. Filumena, an altar, with its lights and a cross in the Greek form instead of the crucifix. The priests, in their vestments, stood behind the altar facing the people. A choir of young men, with a cabinet organ, were at one side in the Greek chapel. All about, in the various galleries, were the burial places of the early Christians, some of whom must have seen the apostles. Most of these graves were open, and you could see the fragments of bone and occasionally a skull. In one place, not far away, brick walls had been anciently erected to support the roof, threatened by the many buildings once existing above the Catacomb. The Commission had made openings in it in order that the closed tombs behind might be seen. Here among others of the first half of the second century was the name of the Martyr Vericundus, in vermillion paint and Pompeian characters, written thus: VERIC -M- VNDVS.

Just below, with a marble slab, the letters cut and painted black, with a dove and palm branch at the ends, was the inscription placed by a father to his daughters, Serena and Norica. On the opposite side occurs the name of Peter, and that of an infant named Susanna, in vermillion. Near by was the tomb of St. Filumena, with her name, and anchors and palm branches. The terra cotta slab is in three sections, and the ignorant fossor originally put them up in the wrong position, thus: LVMENA PAXTE CVMFI. We should read *Pax tecum Filumena*, peace be with you Filumena.

Seldom, or perhaps never since the ninth century, has such an event as this taken place here. The service was most interesting to me, and I seemed to be transported back to the times of the early church, to the times of the martyrs. Had the thousands of early Christians, some of them martyrs, within hearing, the tombs of many of whom had been undisturbed since they were first laid to rest with the prayers of the church, some seventeen or eighteen centuries ago, been restored to life on that Sunday morning, they would have heard the same Latin language, listened to the same Gospel and Epistle, perhaps, and the same or similar prayers, the style of the music and the altar would have been about the same, the dress of the clergy substantially the same, and the lighted passages would have been familiar to them. But the crumbling and ruined galleries, and the dress of the people round about, this would have seemed strange indeed to them.

All day long, a day never to be forgotten, we could wander through this ancient and venerable Catacomb at our leisure, and be carried back in thought to the earliest days of the Christian church.

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here in 177 A. D. Her body was found in 820 A. D., wrapped in cloth of gold; preserved, they say, in perfect shape, in a cypress coffin which contained the linen with its blood-stains at her feet. Here at this time is a realistic wax figure, showing about her shapely neck the scarlet line where she was cruelly beheaded.



OUR GREAT FELLOW-TRAVELER, MR. J. HARVEY TREAT, AND HIS SUMMER HOME IN MAINE

Mr. Treat, who is furnishing Harvard College with the best library on Rome which the world can furnish, has written an excellent article on "The Catacombs."

It is worthy of remark that there is no Mary-worship in the early church as represented in the Catacombs. Neither was there any sadness or revenge manifest. We saw doves of purity, olive branches of peace, palms of victory, feasts of fellowship, the Good Shepherd, and the fish, whose Greek name, "*ichthus*," gave them the anagram for "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." Such was the creed of the early church in Rome. Two of us went back to see the first representation of our Lord's baptism in art. While we lingered, the party climbed the exit stairs and the guide locked the door. We could not find our way back to the entrance. To have attempted it would have been to get hopelessly lost in the labyrinths. One candle soon burned out. With one that was left, however, we studied some monuments that had been all too hastily passed, and had not quite finished when another guide came along and released the prisoners. But what a place it must have been for the persecuted Christians to spend days, months or years, in the darkness of that subterranean cemetery, church and home!

The next great age to study is that of the Papacy. When Constantine removed the capital to Constantinople, he left Rome to the mercy of the barbarians who were sweeping down from the north. The Roman pastors, some of whom were of princely descent, became the chief defenders and rulers of the city and of the West. Leo and Gregory the Great led in this direction, and



PLAZA OF ST. PETER'S, ROME

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finally, with the crowning of Charlemagne at the round stone inside the portal of St. Peter's on Christmas Day, 800 A. D., the "Holy Roman Empire" took shape. Here secular and sacred power were closely knit until 1870, when the Pope claimed infallibility and when Italy became free from the papal rule.

The Basilica of St. Peter stands both for the triumph and for the fall of the popes. The sale of indulgences to get money for its erection gave occasion for Luther's inauguration of the Reformation. It is a stately pile. It drew our feet daily to its Piazza. This Egyptian obelisk was witness to imperial persecutions. Here was the site of Nero's gardens. Here he tortured the Christians for burning the city, although he himself, perhaps, had kindled the flames. Here he clothed the saints in skins of wild beasts and set dogs upon them. Here he robed them in tar and burned them as torches to light up the race-track where he debased himself to become a jockey.



By the courtesy of F. C. Clark

ROME.—PLAZA OF ST. PETER'S. THE VATICAN PALACE

The approaches to the vast cathedral are on a grand scale. The wide, semi-circular colonnades, the flashing fountains and the rising terraces afford a setting of dignity. A walk around the columns and walls would lead us half a mile. The dome that Michael lifted, like that of Florence, but larger, is massive and immense. We climbed a long series of inclines and stairs to reach the roof, where a village of workmen reside; then proceeded to the first gallery and on to the *ringhiera secondo*, where people on the floor below shrivelled to dolls; then we climbed on to another landing, and at last to the lantern. From

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this summit we saw from the snow mountains to the sea; we counted the seven hills; looked into the papal gardens and swept a panorama that has no superior.

The leathern curtain lifts on a superb vista within. The pillars and columns that uphold the dome are colossal. Regiments may march through these aisles. Simultaneous services may be held in a score of chapels, and confessions are made in all languages. The canopy over the supposed tomb of St. Peter has been enriched with lavish art. The bronze statue of the Jupiter that has been transformed to the Jew-Peter is black with age. It gave most "Celts" a sensation to see devotees brush the great toe with their coat-sleeves or handkerchiefs, kiss it, then, perhaps, press it with the forehead and kiss it the second time. The temple, however, was uplifting.

Majesty,
Power, Strength, Glory and Beauty—all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.
Enter! its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality.

Many of us were fortunate enough to be in Rome for Easter Sunday. We took a tram at an early hour and secured a good position. Those who paid ten or twenty francs got seats. An English traveler standing by us looked enviously at those who occupied the benches and remarked: "Those Americans like to be comfortable." But several thousand Italians and others stood for three or four hours. One of our party fainted from the exhaustion and the suffocating heat. Few Protestants could follow the high mass devotionally, but it was impressive as a spectacular event. The Sistine Choir, composed of nobles and eunuchs, sang with wonderful sweetness and power; the soloists, Moresci and Mori, were simply superb. Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State, was the celebrant and has a strong face. He is the power behind the Papal chair; and might be the next Pope; but he has made many enemies among the cardinals.



CAPPUCCINI CEMETERY, ROME

In the afternoon we attended vespers at St. John Lateran, the "mother and head of the churches in the city and the ecclesiastical world." The organ is of great richness; the singing seemed more worshipful, perhaps because our

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curiosity was less. The incensing of altars, and the presentation of relics was unique. The heads of Peter and Paul are claimed for this church. At one point in the ceremony the canon was slow in producing his relic. The exhibitor, who turned like an automaton on a pivot, stood as motionless and stolid as a graven image; but the cantor who chanted out the descriptions was as nervous as a boy. This church was the home of the popes for long ages. Their palace adjacent is now a museum which we failed to see. Near by is the Scala Santa. We noted, climbing it on their knees, a score of people who believed that our Lord passed down these steps when He was condemned by Pilate. It was here that Luther rose from his knees, disgusted with such works of merit, for he heard a voice saying: "The just shall live by faith."

On Easter Monday the Pope gave an audience to pilgrims who were in the city, and we were fortunate enough to have letters to Monsignor Kennedy, of the American College, who procured us tickets. We went early to get front seats and to see the crowds gather. Those who were admitted to the Sistine Chapel wore full dress or ecclesiastical robes, the ladies being in black and veiled. There is no royal court which maintains as much mediævalism in costumes as that of the Vatican. The Swiss Guard stand at the bronze gates in striped red and yellow; the gendarmes are in white breeches, jackboots and bearskin caps; the Palatine guards in black tunics, gold epaulettes and shakoes with red plumes; the Bussolanti are laymen in violet cassocks and flowing streamers; the Noble Guard have brass helmets, jackboots and swords; while the Palfrenieri, who carry the Pope, have red damask liveries of the time of Louis XIV.

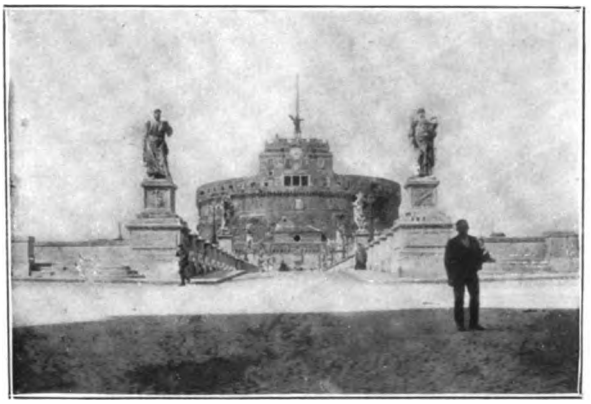
A long procession of students entered from various lands; pilgrims from different continents; chamberlains and cantors, canons and cardinals, prelates and patriarchs, bishops and archbishops, acolytes and generals of orders like the Black Pope, monks in all colors and monsignori; gentlemen and distinguished guests found place. Then a stir, a shout of "*Viva*," and there appeared on a platform, carried shoulder high, an aged figure, with face as thin and translucent as a wafer. The Pope rose partly to his feet, extended his hand with two open fingers in benediction, blessed all persons and all articles before him and was seated in the famous Chapel. After the services and addresses were over, he was robed from head to foot in erminé, white and warm, placed in an enclosed sedan chair and carried quickly away to rest. His face is that of a good man, able, benevolent, strong-willed; not without spiritual pride, but doubtless in good conscience maintaining the trust which he fancies has been committed to him. If, however, he could surrender his vain dream of temporal power and would unite Italy under one government, it would be vastly better for church and state. Would God that American Catholics might lead a reformation within the Italian Church.

The art of Rome is extensive and masterful enough to command the entire week in a preliminary survey. Here are the great pictures and sculptures of the world. When Napoleon compelled his brother-in-law to send his art treasures to Paris, for the Louvre, Prince Borghese dug up from his own gardens another gallery full of gems. We drove through these lovely grounds, by the

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spot where Raphael used to paint, and found the suburban villa full of charm. Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, was the first striking figure as a Venus. The most famous painting is Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." Early another day we dropped into the Church of St. Lorenzo, in Lucina, to see Guido Reni's "Crucifixion." In painting it, the artist is said to have crucified his model, and Browning describes the work as "second to naught observable at Rome."

The Barberini Palace boasts the bright-eyed Fornarina and the pathetic "Beatrice Cenci," whose history the critics doubt. The Archangel Michael, trampling the Dragon, does Guido credit. The Aurora at Rospigliosi Casino delights every visitor with its reflection in the mirror. The great Horsetamers at the Quirinal Palace are worth seeing. The famous statue of Moses at San Pietro, in Vinculi, has a small head, but is a graphic presentation of the indignant lawgiver rising to crush the idols of Israel. Michael Angelo's Pieta at St. Peter's in the first chapel on the right is ideal in its beauty and is the more wonderful as having been made when the artist was only twenty-four years old. Bernini has a very pathetic Pieta in the Corsini Chapel at St. John Lateran. It stands alone in the crypt under an electric light, and offers quiet to those who will meditate awhile on its tender meaning. There are two tombs by Canova in St. Peter's that fasten themselves in memory. One was that of Clement XIII, where a waking and a sleeping lion are prone at the feet of a matchless figure called Death. The other memorial is to the last of the royal Stuart race, where genii, with inverted torches, stand in exquisite proportions and satiny finish, mourning with bowed heads the dethroned Catholic dynasty of England.



CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME

At the Capitoline Museums one sees the famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius; the antique wolf of the fifth century B. C.; the Fat Baby of Dickens; the busts of philosophers and the unexampled line of emperors; the Marble Faun that Hawthorne made famous; Cupid and Psyche; the Venus that has a perfect feminine form but not the divine character of the one at the Louvre; and the wonderful Dying Gaul or gladiator who expires on his broken shield like a hero.

He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavily one by one.

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The Vatican, however, is the great center of art. One despairs of treating it in a page. We went almost daily to study its masterpieces. The Sistine Chapel has upon its ceiling one of the two triumphs in modern art. There, in the frescoes of Michael Angelo, the grandeur of painting culminates. The Creation, the Flight of Adam and his beautiful Eve, the Flood with its terror, the Prophets and Sibyls, the ancestors of Christ, and finally, the Last Judgment on the altar wall, demand long study. There are some grewsome figures at the bottom. The one with ass's ears is Biago, who criticised Angelo's work. Finding himself in perdition, he appealed to the Pope. His Holiness evaded him, saying that his jurisdiction extended no farther than purgatory. So the priest remains in this Inferno to this day.

In Raphael's Stanze is the supreme beauty of modern art. The conflagration in the Borgo is the most popular work, and represents the fighting of



PIAZZA NAVONA OR CIRCO AGONALE, ROME

the fire on the right, the prayers in the center, and the escape on the left. The expulsion of Heliodorus is full of intense action; while Theology and Poetry, Philosophy and Justice, are famous the world over. Raphael's Loggia consists of thirteen sections, each with four pictures. This series of scriptural scenes constitutes Raphael's Bible. It is beautiful beyond words. Raphael's tapestry is a marvel and has been widely but not so successfully copied.

The pictures are few but choice. We went again and again to the room where three masterpieces enchanted all eyes. The Last Communion of St. Jerome takes you to the bedside of the translator, where the lion and the mourners await the end. The Foligno Madonna shows the bomb falling upon the doomed city, and the supplications for its safety. The Transfiguration, however, is the greatest of all. The upper scene is faded a trifle, but it is from Raphael's own brush, the last and loveliest creation of the genius who died in youth. This canvas was borne before his body to its burial. Who can ever

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forget the sweet young face of the Master, the wonderful composition and the colors of the group? The women are the best part of the lower scene about the paralytic.

The sculptures comprise a wilderness of marbles. Among them we recall a bust of Zeus, a splendid torso of Hercules, a figure of Father Nile with sixteen cupids climbing over him, an athlete scraping himself, the Niobe statues, the godlike Apollo in the Belvedere stepping forth from the sun, and the intense group of the Laocoon with his two sons strangled by the serpents. We brought away photographs of these immortal works in detail to study them at leisure.

Italy had a long struggle for her freedom from papal and foreign rule. Rienzi attempted to restore the republic, but was dashed down the steps of the Capitol. In 1789 a short-lived republic was organized, but France restored the Pope and upheld him until the Prussian War. That war gave the Italian soldiers



THE GOOD SAMARITAN. (SIEMENROTH)

admission to Rome on September 20, 1870, and by the street Venti Settembre, which commemorates their independence day, we too, entered Rome. Now the statue of Garibaldi crowns the Janiculum Hill, where he can keep an eye on the Vatican, and the king holds possession of the Quirinal.

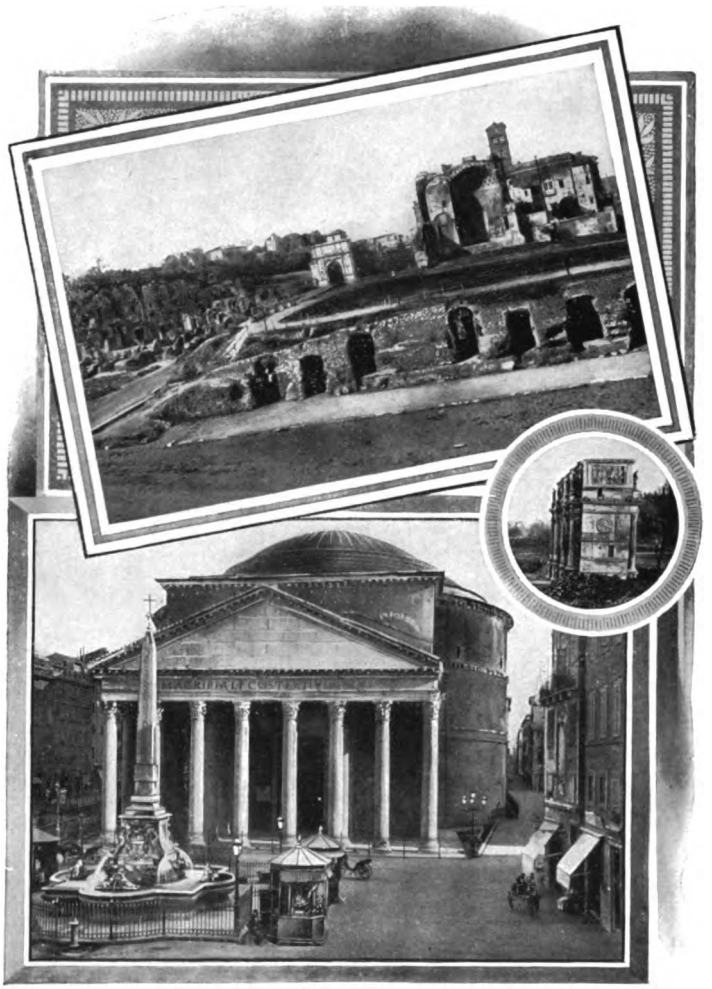
The Pantheon has been a resting-place of Italy's great men since Hadrian. Raphael is buried here. We saw the grave of Victor Emmanuel, where the "cataract of sunlight fell through the open dome" and his monument was covered with immortelles. That of King Humbert was not far away, and was fresh with the tributes of the beloved Queen Dowager, Marguerita. In America, party fanaticism encouraged an anarchist to murder our President; in Italy papal resistance to the King may fan a fool's disloyalty to fatal fire.

We went to the royal palace without a "permesso," but some *Celtic* queens

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took us under their chaperonage and we mounted the broad stairs to the royal halls. In one *sala* was the cradle which was presented by the city of Rome to the present Queen. It was of solid silver, woven like a wicker basket and bordered with gold. It was suspended from a square bronze column at one end and from a golden figure at the other. The little princess, Yolande, is but a few months old and the ladies were wild to see the "*bambino*," but Her Majesty was out with the nurse. We were admitted to some private apartments, which had been occupied by the Emperor of Germany and such guests. The smoking room was furnished in Japanese lacquer and mirrors; the bed-chambers were furnished in the softest green velvet and in the style of Louis XV.

Hearing that the King could be seen on his return from the races at about four P. M., we drove out Appia Nuova to meet him. Past St. John's Gate; out and on until five P. M. we went, but met no king. At last we started home. A dozen automobiles or two passed; hundreds of bicycles flew by; two were double, one was driven by gasoline and only one by a young woman; carts galore, one with white wheels and a white horse; elegant equipages with the finest horses and the most beautiful women we had seen abroad; dark eyes, olive-tinted faces, shapely features and good complexions made bewitching brunettes of an animal type; but still no king. Our coach-



ROME.—RUINS OF TEMPLE. THE PANTHEON

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man did not understand a word of English. Half of Roman society had gone into the city. Soldiers were on every hillock and officers dashed through every group. At last our *cocchiere* cried: "*Ecco, il Re.*" We turned and saw a fine carriage without any outriders or any distinction except an unusually tall coachman and a good-looking footman beside him. "*Do-ve? en primo carrozza?*" we asked incredulously. "*Si, si.*" In a second, Victor Emmanuel III was fairly alongside, young, slight, not bad-looking, wearing a close-fitting black jacket buttoned to the neck, and a military cap banded with black and red. The Queen sat on his right, wearing a white hat and a white wrap about her shoulders. We lifted our hats, cried "*Viva*" as they drove rapidly on, caught a smile and a bow, then fell in beside the Japanese Ambassador to follow. The other half of Rome was out to welcome us home. Colors were flying and streets were jammed; we bade *cocchiere* go "*piu presto*"; then to take "*l'autre via*"; he objected "*longa*," but yielded, and we were not very late for dinner.



STATUE OF GARIBALDI, ROME

We did not do such literary shrines as the place of Petrarch's coronation at the Capitol, or the scene where Dante waited for the laurel wreath until Death distanced Honor. But we visited the Church of Ara Cœli, with its pagan altar to "the first-born Son of God," where the diamond doll, Bambino, works miracles, and where Gibbon decided to write his history of Rome's decline. We visited the cemetery where a slab commemorates Shelley's "*Cor cordium*" and his "Sea-change." We stood reverently by the nameless grave of him who lamented that his name was "writ in water," and rejoiced to see beside him the burial place of Judge Severn as "the friend of John Keats." We had a long search on streets that change their names every block or two for a place that Hawthorne made illustrious. There was no light visible. We asked if this were Hilda's Tower. "No; it is Torre del Chiama." We did not know a monkey by his Italian name any better than they knew our New England romanticist. But when our Buckeye became a Frenchman and inquired about the monkey that stole

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FATHER TIBER



APPIA VIA, ROME

a child and carried him to the tower, then Giovanni's face glowed and we were able to bid them "*Buon sera*" with the satisfaction of having found our shrine.

But time would fail us to tell of all; the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Waldensian Churches thriving under quisition; the Italian cal, without silent let- syllable for every vowel reminders of the Latin; ubiquitous, but not so Orient; the fees, always infinitesimal in amount; the muzzled In language, musi ters, with a and constant the beggars, bad as in the expected, but the flower-girls; the baths where classic gentry found their libraries, galleries, club-houses and shopping arcades; the Capuchin monastery, with its chapels artistically decorated in bone; these and a thousand things beside are worthy of record, but space forbids.

Rome has no Acropolis like Athens; no site like Constantinople; no commerce like London; no beauty like Paris; no wealth like New York; no Calvary like Jerusalem; but it has a combination of artistic glory, judicial records, ecclesiastical influence and historical greatness which extend in unbroken continuity through nearly three milleniums; these make it uniqueand unparalleled among cities.



TREVI FOUNTAIN, ROME

The last evening we went to the Fountain of Trevi. We sat and watched its triple cascades and thought of all the bewitching enchantments which this mistress of the centuries had laid upon our hearts. "I wonder who gets all these coppers," exclaimed our Rock Island dominie, who disbelieved in sentimental nonsense. He proposed to keep his coin; but the spell grew irresistible with the rising moon, and even he is said to have sipped from the fountain with his left hand, and to have cast his soldo over the left shoulder into the fountain. Certain it is that we all dream of the day when

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we may return to drink again of these historic chalices and to tread once more the prehistoric paths of Rome.

Therefore farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye envineyarded ruins!
Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars, and domes!
Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the mythic Albano,
Seen from Montorio's height, Tiber and Aesula's hills!
Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills and the city eternal,
Therefore farewell, we depart, but to behold you again!



COLUMN OF MARCUS AURELIUS, ROME

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THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE, ROME

ONE of the most remarkable women we met on our whole journey was Miss M. E. Vickery, the president of the school at Crandon Hall, Via Veneto, Rome, just opposite the Queen's palace. The school numbers one hundred and seventy-five pupils, girls, representing one hundred and sixty-four families of the best classes, and stands for all that combines to make true womanhood. It is run on a good financial basis. The income from pupils amounts to over twenty thousand dollars each year. Miss Vickery says in her report:

"The Liberal Party in Rome united with us in celebrating the opening. A distinguished member of Parliament, Honorable Pinchia, gave us an inspired address, the Minister of Public Instruction, the Secretary of State and the Mayor of Rome, Prince Prospero Colonna, sent telegrams and letters of congratulation, and the Superintendent of Roman Schools and many members of the Liberal Party in Parliament were present.

'All agreed that Crandon Institute would supply a long-felt need, that at last there was a first-class school in Rome free from the influence of the clerical party; a school where their daughters might receive the highest culture and be taught the principles of religion without absorbing that hatred of New Italy, so artfully instilled into their hearts by nuns embittered by the overthrow of papal power."



THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE, ROME
MISS M. E. VICKERY, SUPT.

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INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE AND METHODIST COLLEGE

CRANDON HALL, ROME, ITALY.

Founded, 1897, by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the direction of Miss Martha Ellen Vickery, to bring a knowledge of the Evangelical Faith to the better classes and give Italian womanhood an opportunity for highest development.

Complete elementary, preparatory and collegiate courses in the Italian language. Complete courses in French, German and English languages and Literature. Art School. Finest Music-School in Rome, under the direction of Maestro Sgambati. Lectures on Art and Archæology. Reading circles.

Total enrollment, since opening, 212—about two-thirds are Italians, daughters of professors, lawyers, doctors, etc., of the upper middle classes; one-half residents of Rome, the rest from all parts of Italy. College alumnæ attending American Archæological School are received *en pension*.

The Institute receives pupils of any religious faith. The boarders attend prayers, morning and evening, classes of Bible study and evangelical services on Sunday. The day pupils attend a short service every morning, repeating the Lord's Prayer in common.

From the first the Institute has paid its own professors and provided for all current expenses (rent and furnishings being granted by the W. F. M. S.) from its income from tuitions. Local receipts for 1901, $11,070.

They need an Endowment of the various chairs. Furnishings for the gymnasium, physical and chemical laboratories. Bequests to aid in paying for the building. Scholarships.

Address all communications to

MISS M. E. VICKERY,
Crandon Hall, Via Veneto,
Rome, Italy.

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FLORENCE

By Rev. Walter B. Greenway, Lyons Farms, N. J.

HAVING visited Naples, "The Belle City," and Rome, "The Eternal City," we continue northward one hundred and twenty-five miles to Firenzi or Florence, the "Genteel City." "The fairest city in the world" is in the valley of the Arno at the foot of gentle hills with which it is surrounded, where everything that nature can lavish and art devise has been done to make her pre-eminently the "Beautiful City."



The glories of the Arno, whose waters intersect the city, have been sung by many a poet. Yet the observer may ask why. For if the truth must be told, it is much thicker than pure water should be. But Florence would never be Florence without the Arno. The little stream of water flowing among spurs of the Apennine Hills covered with the cypress, ilex, chestnut and pine, affords a beautiful picture, and a field rich for the botanist. It was this natural scenery, which, no doubt, existed in the first century A. D., that led the Etruscans to move from Pisa and settle on the banks of the Arno. Florence is a city of palaces, gardens, stately churches, broad piazzas, fascinating and winsome. Every street is a chapter in her history, and every house a leaf in that chapter.

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"Where'er our charmed and wondering gaze we turn, art, history, and tradition wait to claim our deepest thought; statues and marble groups adorn the streets; the very stones have tongues, the holy fanes, the towers, are eloquent."

We called her the "Genteel City." This is the only word which expresses what is in truth the special quality of Florence and the Florentines. The population of nearly two hundred thousand does manifest assuredly more than any other Italian city the result of long and highly cultivated civilization.

The people are far superior to those visited in southern Italy. The Florentines are gentle and courteous in their manner, and are well disposed to those who treat them kindly. They are justly proud of their traditions, but hardly conscious that centuries of misgovernment have left them behind in the race of civilization. From their physical organization the Florentines are defective in manly courage, but peculiarly sensitive to the beautiful in art and able to reproduce all that is delicate in decoration. Such were the scenic surroundings and environment observed by three young tourists as we emerged from our hotel, whither we had gone late the previous night. Perhaps not young so much in reference to years but only in actions, as we set about to see all the Florentines' beauty with a command of no more than six words of the vernacular. First we must see the Duomo, a great cathedral built by Arnolfo Del Cambio and Giotto. The dome is said to be the widest in the world and the first double dome ever built. The cupola was a model for Michael Angelo when he was designing St. Peter's in Rome. At first the exterior appeared more attractive than the interior. The porch with pillars resting on the backs of lions is very graceful. Every step as one walks around the great building affords something of interest and beauty. Crossing the piazza, we enter the Duomo and at first are disappointed, as it seemed unusually dark and sombre. But soon the dim grandeur began to appear, as the light came exclusively through painted windows, and in beauty this is worth all the variegated marble and rich cabinet work of St. Peter's. The painted windows were the central attractions to us, for certainly the art of man has never contrived anything in beauty to be compared to this. Hawthorne says: "It is a pity any one should die without seeing an antique painted window with the bright Italian sunlight glowing through it." The campanile stands apart from the church. In its construction, Giotto was directed to surpass in magnificence anything the world had ever seen. It is built out of variegated marble, adorned with a lightness and ethereal beauty which no word can describe. The bas-reliefs on the sides are wonderfully designed. To the west is a description of events from Adam to Noah; to the south, scenes descriptive of early religious and civic development; to the east, scenes descriptive of industries; to the north, education and art. It is a study for poet, artist and architect. It is like a shrine of ivory. The story of Giotto, the shepherd boy, and Giotto, the builder of the tower, will ever be told and retold by Florentines.

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The city of Florence blossoming in stone—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,
The builder's perfect and centennial flower.

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Next we pass to the Baptistry. It also stands apart from the church as a distinct building. The principal objects of interest here were three bronze doors, two by Ghiberti and one by Pisano. As we gaze upon these great doors and observe the fertility of invention, the clearness with which each design tells its own story of biblical events, the grace of the figures, the luxuriant fancy displayed throughout, we can appreciate the praise of Michael Angelo, who said as he looked: "Those gates are worthy to be the gates of paradise." Florence contains about two hundred churches, the majority of which will repay a visit. There is the Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. The exterior is handsome, but the interior surpasses it. On your right is the tomb



BEAUTIFUL FLORENCE FROM THE PARK

of Florence's most illustrious man, Michael Angelo. He was one of the most variously accomplished men that ever lived. He was painter, sculptor, architect and poet. And nothing that ever came from his hand was mean or poor. Here, also, we saw a supposed tomb of Dante, although we were strongly of the opinion that he was buried at Ravenna. In front is a genuine tomb that all admire. It is that of Galileo.

Another church visited was San Lorenzo. The principal thing of interest here is a statue of Lorenzo. It is a most peculiar spectacle. It almost makes real for one the idea of Milton's Satan brooding over his infernal plans for the ruin of mankind, yet it is the one work worthy of Michael Angelo's reputation and grand enough to vindicate for him all the genius for which the world gave him

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credit. It is awesome. It is a miracle. No such peculiar grandeur and majesty have elsewhere been put into human shape. Turning from this, the eye falls upon a beautiful statue of the Madonna and Child by the same sculptor. We now pass up the street a little way to Cer San Michele, which is one of the most remarkable churches in Florence. It was originally a corn exchange and was transformed into a church by the Guild of Weavers. Around it are some masterly pieces of art. We will mention but one, that is the statue of St. Mark, by Donatello. As Michael Angelo passed he said: "Mark, why don't you speak to me?" Every church in Florence has its own peculiar interest, and beside the many churches representing the religious disposition of the people, there are frames containing pictures of sacred subjects with lamps burning before them, commemorating the ancient usage of praying on the street corners.

We now turn our attention to the galleries, but with no attempt at description. That would take volumes. However, we must note our visit to Uffizi, Pitti Palace, and Academy of Fine Arts. Here the art wonders of the world are found. What an inspiration it is to look upon the masterly work of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo Da Vinci, Donatello, and others of this class. Every corridor is complete in itself. First let us go to the "Tribuna," a little octagonal room in the Uffizi gallery. Here are five pieces of sculpture of world-wide celebrity. Look at that Venus de Medici, but be careful, or the day will be spent while you gaze. Turn and see that Apollino, both the above by Cleomenes. There are the Wrestlers, a small but elegant piece, full of energy and skilful detail. The Grinder is also a wonderful "living" statue, with attitude most natural and the whole arrangement very effective. Last but not least, is the Dancing Faun. It is, perhaps, the most exquisite piece of art of all that remains of the ancients. In this little room are pictures no less remarkable than the sculptures. Here we saw the Venus of Nebino, by Titian; the portrait of a lady, painted by Raphael when he was only twenty years of age; the famous Fornarina; the Madonna at the Well; St. John the Baptist, by Raphael. The last named is his only painting on canvas. Here hung also the Holy Family, by Michael Angelo.

Passing reluctantly out of this little room to the adjoining one, we are surrounded by a collection from the Tuscan school. Here it is we notice the works of those whose influence upon art was felt the world over. The first to excite our interest was the head of the Medusa, by Leonardo da Vinci.

When once you have seen this terrible and fascinating picture, you can never forget it. The ghastly head seems to expire and the serpents to crawl into glittering life as you look upon it. Opposite hangs two well-known pictures by Fra Angelico, the Fête of the Virgin, and Death of the Virgin. Every creation of his pencil was an act of piety and charity; he sought alone the glory of God, but earned an immortal glory among men. Here we saw one of Del Sarto's Madonnas and at once concluded that he must have had a very beautiful wife, as we remembered that she was the subject of all his Madonnas.

What a painting is that of Credi's, the Madonna Adoring the Child. Music and painting were ever allied; their union is expressed in this lovely and harmonious picture. Retracing our steps a little, we enter the Italian collection.

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Here is a number of charming pictures: The Innocents, by Dorso Dossi; The Virgin with Jesus, and St. John, by Guido Reni. In the next room is the Dutch collection. On and on they continue, the best of the Flemish, German, French and Venetian schools being preserved here.

We pass now across the wing to the Pitti Palace. Here is the finest collection of art in the world. It is useless in so limited a space to attempt to describe the contents of this palace. Through a façade of over six hundred feet one can feast the eye upon the best productions of man. Here we see The Cardinals, Pope Julius II, Madonna dell' Impannota, the Madonna dell' Sedia and the Vision of Ezekiel (a marvelous picture) and Madonna dell' Granduca, by Raphael. The last named is the finest picture in the whole group; Magdalene, La Bella de Tziano (world famed), and a head of the Saviour, by Titian; Peace and War, Nymphs Surprised, and the Holy Family, by Rubens; Venus, Cupid and Vulcan, by Tintoretti; Cleopatra, by Guido Reni, and the Madonna and Child, by Botticelli. These are only a few of what we saw. The whole building is lined with the best works of master artists. Passing out, we must make a short call at the Academy of Fine Arts. We will mention only one item here, though there are many things of interest. In the center of the cupola saloon stands the famous statue of David, by Michael Angelo. It is a work of marvelous beauty, and a good companion for the equally famous statue of Moses, by the same artist, now in Rome. The block of marble from which this statue was made had been spoiled by Bacellino. Michael Angelo obtained the refuse block and produced this masterpiece. Having spent many hours in gal eries, forgetting that we are tired until the closing hour comes, we pass out to gardens and parks. The Boboli Gardens adjoin the Pitti Palace. Their dark alleys, quaint terraces, statues and fountains, are delights to the Florentines. As we sit here resting, all Florence lies before us. Now for a drive around the town through the streets. After a short drive from our hotel, we find ourselves in a large square called Piazza della S gnoria. This is to Florence what the Piazza San Marco is to Venice. Here bustle to and fro the business men of the city. Here linger the artist and the student. Here alone one can get a fair idea of the wealth of art in the fair city. There stands the famous Palazzo Vecchio, which contains the old tower in which was confined the dauntless Savonarola. It was here the dependencies of Florence gathered to offer their tribute to the State. Here stood the tribunal from whence the republican orators delivered their speeches. Here in the open square was burned the body of Savonarola. A fountain now marks the spot where he was burned. We cannot linger long here. We'll recommend a reading of "Romola" for a vivid description. We must, however, refer to the Loggia dei Lanzi, standing at the end of the square. On the portico stand five pieces of statuary which Michael Angelo said could not be improved on. The five pieces are "The Rape of the Sabines," by Bologna; "Judith Slaying Holofernes," by Donatello; "Ajax with the Body of Patroclus," restored by Ricci; "Hercules Slaying the Centaur," by Bologna; "The Rape of Polyxena," by Fedi, and "Perseus with the Head of Medusa," by Cellini. Driving from place to place, every one interesting, we called at the old homesteads of Michael Angelo, Cellini, Dante, Ghiberti,

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and Galileo. We cannot describe minutely all the environs, but can only say that Florence provides an object of interest for everyone of every taste. Some one has said, "See Rome and die"; we would like to advise, wait to see Florence. With liberty has come a renewed life, and yet, while all that was unworthy the "fairest city in the world" is being banished, nothing that is dear to the lover of art or student of history is desecrated. Florence is beautiful as well as interesting, gay as well as solemn, pleasant as well as instructive.

Well might Mrs. Browning have said of Milton:

"He sang of Paradise, and smiled, remembering Florence."



DR. WILLIAM R. WARD, LYONS FARMS, N. J.
"OUR BUSY PHYSICIAN"

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THE FAMOUS CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S BEFORE ITS COLLAPSE

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VENICE

By Rev. W. S. Marquis, D.D., Rock Island, Ill.

ACTUALLY in Venice! The dream of years fulfilled. This was the exclamation of many *Celtic* travelers as they stepped out of the railway station into a gondola, and glided away into the lucid stillness of Venice, "Queen of the Adriatic." Few, if any, of us entered the city in the way which Mendelssohn and Byron, Ruskin and Howells, and many other poetic and leisurely souls have laid down as the orthodox way—by boat, from Mestre, on a moonlight night, when the city rises from the waves mysteriously, "as from the stroke of the enchanter's wand"; a sea Cybele,





jeweled with flashing lights innumerable. But though we entered in the most prosaic way, the vision was sufficiently beautiful to give pleasure for a lifetime. What a contrast! to leave our hot and panting iron steed, spurning the dust from his metal feet, for the gondola, rocking peacefully like a "slumberous cradle" on the water; to pass from the wheat fields and olive orchards and vineyards clinging to trellises of living trees, to streets of liquid emerald, where you glide noiselessly amid a multitude of strange craft, and under the shadow of shops and palaces, towers and domes, which have risen as by miracle in the sea. One of those picturesque and variegated mendicants whom the Venetians call "gransieri," or crab-catchers, held our boat to the marble steps of the station as we entered it. It is a little better than begging and deserves a few *soldi*. "Stalir," to the right, cries our gondolier as he seeks a place in the moving

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THE FINDLEYS AND CRARYS AT VENICE

throng. "Premier," to the left, cries another, and through the most impossible openings we glide, just missing, never colliding. Scarcely can we look upon the sights about us for keen interest in the boatman's skill.

But soon these weather-beaten walls on each hand demand attention. Here it is a great warehouse with cavernous doors and cumbersome freight hulks before them; then it is a broad quay with a dozen picturesque booths upon it, and gaily colored vendors selling their goods; now a garden wall rises, its coping covered with vines and flowers; across the watery way stands a palace which has seen better days, and even now its hanging shutters and rent walls cannot destroy the beauty of design which its lines reveal; and here is a church, its carved pinnacles and dome rising out of the water like some gigantic growth of the sea. The wonder increases. Upon what do these walls rest? As we behold the rippling waves lap the very steps to their front doors, it seems to our unsophisticated minds as though they must dissolve into the sea. But this is the marvel; they have seen centuries come and go. Venice stands upon a hundred and eighteen islands, and her walls rest upon piles, driven into the sand, which the sea-water preserves. The beautiful Palazzo Contarini, in which the English church holds meetings, dates back to 1504; the Palazzo Foscari, around which lingers the pathetic story of the old Doge who was dismissed from office and died of a broken heart, after thirty-five years of faithful service, just because he sobbed when his son was racked and exiled unjustly, was built in 1437; and St. Mark's can boast of foundations which were laid before the year 1000 A. D. As soon as the mind



DREAMING IN LOVELY VENICE

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ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL

lays hold on these facts, what a charm it gives these walls. They may have lost their lustre, and show some furrows of decay, but who that reads the history of their past, and has an imagination capable of repeopling them with the noble race that built them can fail to feel the fascination?



ANOTHER VIEW

It was our good fortune to find lodging in the Torre del Orologio, or famous Clock-Tower, which fronts upon the Piazzo San Marco. Its dial of blue and gold, and its great green-bronze bell with the bronze Moors, who have pounded out the hours for more than four centuries, constitute one of the most conspicuous objects of the square. From the balcony of our window we could look down into the "heart of Venice," as Howells calls this square. It is a rectangle, paved with marble in designs, and is surrounded with a noble arcade supporting palaces that once throbbed with the proudest life of the

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city. Directly in front of our balcony rise three slender shafts set on ornamented sockets of bronze They are the flag-staffs from which the banners of the republic once floated. Around them are gathered the famous pigeons of St. Mark, feeding on the bounty, and, perhaps, from the hands, of generous tourists. Just beyond the flag-staffs stood the great Campanile which fell with such an appalling crash on July 14, 1902. It will be missed not only as a splendid outlook, but also as an architectural feature whose lofty head and massiveness added much to the picture of Venice from land or sea.

But the eye is quickly drawn from these objects of lesser interest to that which has been the passion and glory of Venice for more than a thousand years,



BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO

incomparable St. Mark's. It forms one end of this great rectangle, rising, not with massive, heaven-aspiring towers like the cathedral at Cologne, but with modest arches, springing arch upon arch, supported by clustered shafts of many-hued marble, whose delicate veins flash back innumerable gleams of rainbow light, and all growing symmetrically into graceful pinnacles and airy domes so beautiful that they seem to you more like the efflorescence of some flower of architecture than the work of consummate skill and patient toil. But even yet our fair picture from the Clock-Tower is not complete. When at last the eye is released from the arches and domes, the golden mosaics and bronze horses of St. Mark's, it falls upon the Piazzetta—the little square which stretches at

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almost right angles to St. Mark's down to the glinting sea. From where we stand we can see the double colonnade of the Doge's Palace, laboriously supporting its fretted marble front. Opposite is the Libreria Vecchia, which contains the invaluable library bequeathed to the city by Petrarch. Between these, facing the lagoon, are the two huge granite pillars brought from the archipelago in 1127. The lion of St. Mark's looks down from one, and St. Theodore, standing upon a crocodile, from the other. Beyond them, at the foot of the marble steps, ride row upon row of black gondolas waiting for their



ST. MARK'S, THE FAMOUS

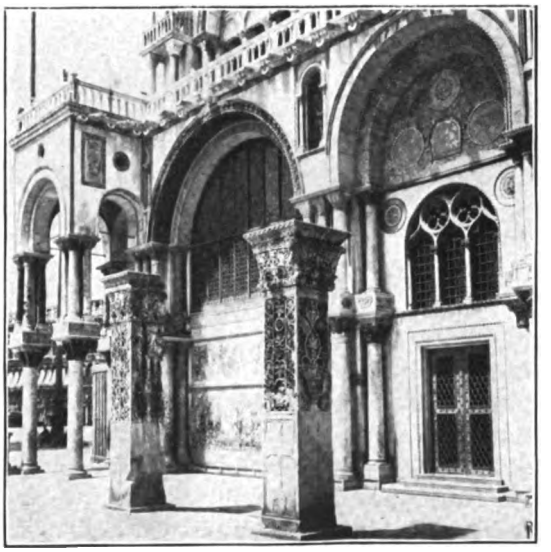
passengers, and yonder across the broad Giudecca rises the noble church of San Giorgio Maggiore, the masterpiece of Palladio, flashing in the afternoon sun like a ruby in a setting of emerald. Verily we doubt if there is a more unique or beautiful picture in all the world than that which lies before us. The vast majority of visitors immediately turn their feet to St. Mark's. No one need save it to the last, thinking to there reach a climax of interest in his visit. It has wealth enough to be both first and last. It must be seen again and again before the mind awakens to a just appreciation of its exquisite beauty. History, art and religion all meet you at the door and vie for your attention.

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PANORAMA OF VENICE FROM ST. MARK'S

What a story those splendid bronze horses above the entrance arch could tell of their journey from Greece to Constantinople, to Venice, to Paris, and back to Venice? How interesting the history of the translation of the body of St. Mark from Alexandria to Venice, as related in those mosaics over the doorway—the landing, the magistrates venerating, the enshrining; it is a most fitting introduction to the whole church. Stop next at this red and white lozenge at your feet in the vestibule. There proud Frederick Barbarossa knelt before Pope Alexander III and kissed his feet in token of his submission to the supremacy of the Papal See. In that Roman sarcophagus to the right lies the body of Vitale Faliero, in whose reign the body of St. Mark was



THE TWO COLUMNS D'ACRES

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brought to Venice. Through that curiously wrought iron gate is the massive bronze tomb of Cardinal Zeno, erected by the republic. Hours, yes, days, are needed for the study of these mosaics in the porch, some of which were designed by Titian and executed by the famous Zaccati brothers. And all this is but a prophecy of the greater riches within. When you have passed the bronze doors and stand with uncovered head in the holy place, "there opens before you a vast cave hewn out in the form of a cross and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars." The first impression is that of gloom, for the only light falls from narrow windows about the domes or from silver lamps burning fragrant olive oil. But as the eye becomes accustomed to the twilight and begins to trace the rich decorations which cover every foot of the interior, from tasselated marble floor to the alabaster walls and golden mosaics of the arching roof and springing domes; when out of the dim recesses of some side chapel there falls upon the ear the cadences of chanted prayer, and before many a shrine you behold the kneeling forms of silent worshippers, rich and poor bowing side by side, the soul begins to feel that mysterious sense of awe which has for ages drawn multitudes from the glare and blare of the world to rest and commune with God in the solemn hush of the holy place.



SAN MARIA DELLA SALUTE, OPPOSITE GRAND HOTEL, VENICE

I sat down in the little chapel which contains the Byzantine picture of the Madonna which was brought from Constantinople in 1206. It is greatly venerated by the people, and has been adorned by votive offerings of rare beauty and priceless value; and as I was endeavoring to worship God in my own way, I saw a laboring man come, cross himself with holy water, and stop with his eyes fixed on the image of the Virgin. His face was working, his breast heaving, his hands clutching his old hat convulsively. Evidently some great emotion was sweeping through his soul. Presently he dropped upon his knees and his lips moved in prayer. And as he prayed he grew calm, a look of peace and joy supplanted the look of agony; then he rose quietly and walked out, a helped and happy man.

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Who can measure the value of such a place and privilege of prayer to a soul sorely tried?

Happy are they who can take Ruskin as their guide and interpreter to St. Mark's; who can let him leisurely point out the progressive significance of those wonderful mosaics from porch to altar, which lead the catechumen up through the Old Testament history to Christ Crucified, risen, triumphant; who can go with him into the baptistry where sleeps Andrea Dandolo, one of the greatest of the Doges, and let him make its time-rent walls glow with beauty and meaning—into sacristy, and treasury, and chapel of St. Isidore—he will not lay stress on the relics, but he will pass nothing by in marble or bronze, silver or gold, which enshrines the devout thought of the ages and artists who have labored on this wonderful church. You will come forth with a new conception of the phrase, "sermons in stone."



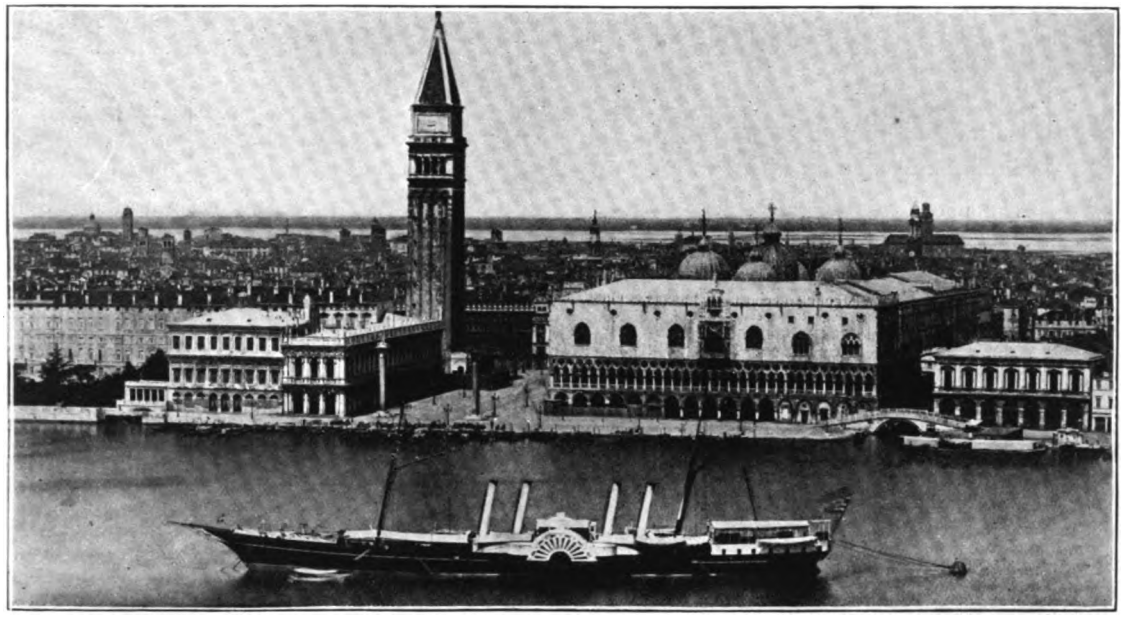
ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL

Venice has nearly a hundred churches, and it is said that when they were built they would hold her entire population, and still leave room for the Paduans. Many of them were built as votive offerings to express gratitude for deliverance f om enemies, or the wrath ot pestilence; to expiate old wrongs and propitiate new favors. After the plague in 1576, which swept forty thousand souls out of the city, the Church of Il Redentore was erected; after the still greater plague of 1631, which destroyed sixty thousand people, the Church of Maria della Salute was built. Each is worthy of study. The latter, from its advantageous position at the junction of the Grand Canal and the Canal Guidecca, and from its dignity of outline, is, perhaps, the most conspicuous piece of architecture in the city. It boasts among its art treasures a figure of St. Mark, by Titian, and the Marriage at Cana, by Tintoretto. The Church of Saints Giovanni and Paolo, built in 1234, has been called the Westminster Abbey of Venice. Here the Doges lay in state and their funeral services were held, and here many of them rest in their tombs. They seem pondering still as they lie carved in stately marble death, contemplating the past. The great church is piled arch upon arch, tomb upon tomb; some of the monuments hang in the nave high over the heads of the people as they kneel; above the city and its cries, and its circling life, and the steps of the easy-going Venetians. Near this church stands the famous equestrian statue of Celleoni, re-

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garding which Ruskin makes the extravagant statement: "I do not believe that there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world."

Yet another center of art and religion is the Church of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari and the Scuola di S. Rocco. The church boasts the tombs of Titian and Canova, a magnificent altar-piece by Bellini, and some of Titian's most valued works. The Scuola of San Rocco is called "the sanctuary of Tintoretto." Here were enshrined the relics of Saint Roch, stolen from Montpellier by the Venetians to protect themselves from the plague. Tintoretto and his scholars lavished their utmost skill upon it. The great painter's masterpiece, "The Crucifixion," is to be found here. Legends gather about these hoary walls, and history is epitomized in their monuments and pictures, so that he who



VIEW FROM SAN GEORGIO CHURCH

would find his way to the heart of the past in Venice must meditate much in her sanctuaries.

And now we turn our steps to the Doge's Palace, which was the center of the civic life of the republic. As we approach the entrance we see upon our left the pillars which once formed part of the gateway of San Sabbas at Acre, and on our right a little porphyry column from which the laws of the state were promulgated. Passing through the Porta della Carta, the gate of secretaries, from which images of Courage, Prudence, Hope, Charity and Justice look down, we find ourselves in a great courtyard, and immediately before us the "Giant's Stairway," at the head of which the Doges were crowned in olden time, with the words, "*Accipe coronam ducalem ducatus Venetorum.*" As we climb these steps, which only the nobility could ascend in former days, we try

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THE DOGE'S PALACE, SAN MARCO, VENICE

to imagine the mingled feelings of pride and fear with which those stern men assumed the crown which, with high honor, brought such burdens and dangers. Here somewhere—possibly at the foot of these steps—Doge Falerio was stripped of his robes and beheaded; and Doge Foscari laid off his ducal cap and went to his own palace to die of a broken heart. The life of a Doge of Venice was stern and strenuous. "Five of the first fifty abdicated; five were banished with their eyes put out; nine were deposed; five were massacred and two fell in battle." Enter within these old walls and roam their corridors and council chambers. Read the life told in the frescoes and paintings of the great masters, Titian and Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Cagliari, Bassano. Stand in the great council chamber where the destinies of nations were decreed; or in the chamber of the Council of Ten, and look in the Lion's Mouth, that hole in the wall through which secret denunciations were handed



ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

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in; descend to the dungeons, dark, damp, living tombs, where many a good man faded into death or was led across the "Bridge of Sighs" to judgment and execution; climb to the "Piombi," those cells under the leaden roof, where

> Burning suns
> Day after day beat unrelentingly,
> Turning all things to dust and scorching up
> The brain, till Reason fled, and wild yell
> And wilder laugh burst out on every side,
> Answering each other in mockery.

and if you have any love for the drama of human life, you must be fascinated by that drama enacted of old in this ducal palace.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

Lovers of art will also seek the Academy, where the whole history of Venetian painting may be studied in the masterpieces from each period. The work most admired and sought, though not the most worthy, if Ruskin is to be trusted, is "The Assumption," by Titian. Many will prefer "The Virgin and Saints," by Bellini; and others who love a touch of the tragic, "Saint Mark Delivering a Slave, by Tintoretto. Whatever your taste, whatever period you

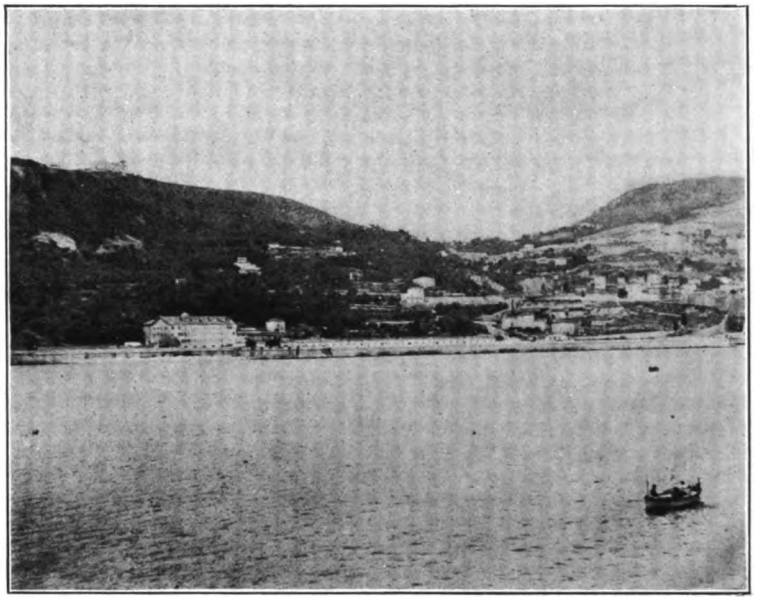
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desire to study, you may find it among these priceless treasures. Is it any wonder that Venice, in the days of her glory, was the home of art, or that to-day she draws students from all the world? Here was heroic life, enthroned most uniquely in marble palaces that rose from translucent seas, under sunny skies. It was powerful, opulent, intense, passionate, and beauty-loving because surrounded by beauty. What wonder that it flowered out in sculptured stone and illuminated canvas? The wonder is that the Venetians do not still give to the world great artists. But though the hands of the masters are dust, and none rise to follow, because, perhaps, the spirit of old Venice is dead, yet she is an inspiration and joy to the world. Who can float down her liquid streets by night, listening to the soft music of the serenade, a heaven of gleaming stars above you, a heaven of gleaming stars in the limpid depths below, a shadowy city rising all around, while black boats glide by with only the swish of an oar in the water like the rustle of a wing, and not feel a strange spell steal over his spirit? You seem almost to see the shadowy forms of the heroic dead who reared this child of the sea, and love and pity mingle in your breast.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great has passed away.



PALAIS VANAXEL AUX MIRACOLI



VILLEFRANCHE

MONTE CARLO

By Anna M. Mathews

ALTHOUGH from Naples to Monte Carlo is less than twenty-four hours by ship and carriage, a reverend and revered father on board the *Celtic* had the courage of conviction to say that from Rome to Monte Carlo is as far as from heaven to hell.

But the location of Monte Carlo and Monaco in one of the most beautiful spots on the Franco-Italian coast is physically a few acres of heaven. The terraced cliff above the sea is covered by a luxuriant growth of palm-trees and aloes, while in the gardens are a profusion of semi-tropical fruits and flowers, the eucalyptus and lemon trees.

Above the cliff rises the Casino, founded in 1860 by M. Blanc, now much enlarged and containing an office in which the visitor must leave his name and address and receive a card of admission to the gambling room; a concert room, sumptuously furnished and accommodating eight hundred, and in which, during the gambling season, daily concerts are given at 2.30 and 8.30 by eighty select musicians; the gambling room, containing eight tables for roulette and two for trente-et-quarante, and on the upper floor a comfortable and commodious reading room supplied with papers in many languages. When we reflect that there are gamblers among all nations, and that no less than

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four hundred thousand guests from these nations annually visit the famous Casino, the necessity and convenience of papers in many languages is apparent.

While many points of the Cruise had been approached with intense interest, and not a few with reverence, none had aroused so great a curiosity as the name Monte Carlo.

Inside there are no sulphurous fumes! No demoniac demonstration! Everything as tame and quiet as in any well-ordered parlor.



MONTE CARLO GARDEN

Men in evening dress, and women in beautiful Parisian gowns, chatting as gaily as at an evening reception.

Ah, but the tables are a little further on! Here were seated, perhaps, one hundred and fifty gamblers, of which about one-third were women.

Here no word was spoken save the announcement of the lucky number. Sums varying from five francs to six thousand at the roulette tables, and from twenty francs to twelve thousand at the trente-et-quarante, were repeatedly staked.

When the last coin of a man's pile disappeared, his face tightened as he quietly arose from the table to make room for another eager player.

A few faces were hard, watchful, tense. The faces of some half-dozen of the women had lost all that gentleness of expression which should characterize the face of woman, and the face of one man will ever follow me with its desperate, hopeless eyes, that expression which precedes suicide to end it all—for himself. Doubtless, he has, ere this, added one more to the list of suicides, of which there is an average of one a week.

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SWITZERLAND

THE MODEL LITTLE REPUBLIC

AS you draw near to Lake Como, you are already aware of a better order of things. Como is a charming little city nestling in the shadow of the high cliffs and mirrored in the water of one of the most beautiful lakes that we ever beheld. The city is surrounded by old walls flanked with towers and pierced by gates that are fine specimens of middle-age military architecture. The cathedral is of marble and contains some interesting pictures and monuments. The town hall is also of marble, and is probably three hundred years older than any public building we can show in our country. We had just time to secure a room at the hotel and pass on to the little steamer that was loading for her trip among the mountains of Switzerland. It was a charming day, and the shadows had already begun their slant toward the east as the little vessel steamed out from her landing. The lake itself was smooth as glass and clear as crystal, reflecting the sun's rays with such brilliancy as to suggest a subdued flame of fire. Away in the distance we could see the snow-capped heights of this beautiful and rugged Switzerland as they touched the sky and were lost in the vision of the azure blue. Near by, the peasants were cultivating their little patches of garden or gazing at us from under the blossoms of trees that were promising great abundance of fruit later. The landscape was most beautiful and varied, while here and there the forest or the great bare pile of rock seemed to stand like armies guarding the tender village from the cold, invading winds. It grew warmer, seemingly, until the sun was lost to us upon the water. But as the great king of day began to hide the fullness of his glory behind the western mountain there came, as if by way of compensation, that beautiful haze upon the mountain-side, of which we had so often read. The changing hues, from the dull leaden purple to the beautiful white and blue, not deep, but in their faintest, finest hues. What marvelous scenery! What splendid variety and panoramic changes we beheld all the way to Bellaggio. This gem of a village is situated where the promontory separates the two arms of the



BARTHOLDI'S FAMOUS GROUP, BASLE, SWITZERLAND

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lake and is, perhaps, one of the most delightful spots in all the lake region of Italy.



A VIEW IN SWITZERLAND

We had passed numerous gay villas of aristocracy from Milan or England or the United States. We had seen their luxuriant gardens and vineyards. Above these only a little distance, we had seen rich orange groves, groves of chestnut and walnut trees, beautiful in their brilliant green and contrasting strongly with the dull-gray tint of the olive, so willow-like, in its color at least. We had gazed sheer up to the top of a mountain seven thousand feet high and had sailed over spots twelve hundred feet deep. We had seen the birthplace of the Plinys and of Volta, and as we looked at the rugged outlines of the distant peaks, slowly fading and growing dark, we said it is enough for one day. To-morrow comes Lucerne. Some one not long ago at a dinner given in Lucerne to American visitors gave utterance to this sentiment: "I could wish nothing better for the great republic across the sea than that in proportion to her greater resources and her opportunities she should be as happy, as prosperous, and as contented as the little republic within whose boundaries we meet to-day."



THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF SWITZERLAND

These rugged, liberty-loving republicans may be able to teach us a few lessons—lessons, too, that it would be worth our while to learn.

F. E. Clark says of her politics:

"To an outsider the politics of Switzerland seem to run themselves. Undoubtedly there are internal dissensions, differences of opinion and party strife, but not acute enough to reach the ears of the outside public, and, so far as most people are aware, the machinery of the Swiss national government runs as smoothly and effectively as a Corliss engine.

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The rancor, expense, disturbance of business, and party feeling of an election are all reduced to a minimum; yet the people have the freest and fullest chance to record their choice, to elect the men they want for their rulers, and to influence legislation in their interests as they can do in no other country. The initiative and the referendum had their origin and have their home in Switzerland, as well as other measures which make the people the direct source of political power.



THE LION OF LUCERNE

Republican simplicity is nowhere in the world more supreme. Nowhere else are there so little fuss and so few feathers connected with rulership and responsibility for government. The president and all the other officials are, in the real sense of the term, servants of the people, and not exalted, petted, liveried servants, either.

I doubt whether one traveler in Switzerland in ten can tell who is the president of the republic to-day. Not that he is not a most dignified, worthy, and efficient president, but simply that neither he nor his party thinks that he must keep himself before the public all the time. Newspaper men and the citizens, generally, estimate the office at its true value, an office which any intelligent citizen might worthily fill: and so they do not surround it with the glamor and false halo or the sham dignity which doth hedge a king.

You rarely see pictures of the president in the shop windows. You do not learn what he ate for dinner yesterday, or whether he had an attack of indigestion after it. The newspapers do not inform you how much a yard the braid cost with which his wife trims her dress, or devote half a column to the way his youngest son fell down and "barked" his shin.

Such partial oblivion of personal and domestic affairs is delightful after reading some of our own papers, and still more after reading many English periodicals, in which as much space is given to half a dozen members of the royal family as to the other forty millions of worthy Britishers. In other countries the adulation of royalty is worse still. The H. R. H.'s cannot ride out, walk out, or open their lips to make the most commonplace or inane remarks but the court sycophants, crawling on their stomachs, and licking the dust at the royal feet, must parade the action or the word as worthy of a Hercules or a Solon.

Yet the modest, unnoticed president of the Swiss Republic, almost alone among the rulers of Europe, is exalted by his merits and not by the accident of birth. He is elected simply because he is an upright, able man, and can worthily fill the office.

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HER THRIFT

In another way the little republic sets an example to the big one, and that is in its neat, tidy, well-groomed appearance. Professor Hamlin has recently said in *The Forum* that "we are the most untidy among all the great nations of the world." I will by no means indorse the truth of that sweeping indictment, but it is not too much to say that we have much to learn in that particular from the republic of the Alps.

Every hillside of Switzerland looks as if it had been shaved with a razor, and the meadows as if raked with a fine-tooth comb. You see no unsightly garbage-dump, no fields made hideous with defunct tin cans and broken bot-



LUCERNE.—THE GEOLOGISTS' STUDIO

tles. The roadways are not littered with papers or disfigured by announcements of hair-res orers, patent medicines and brands of whiskey.

There seem to be no uncleanly back doors to the towns, through which the railway usually runs, as in small places in America, frowzy and unkempt and squalid, but one gets the idea of thrift and neatness everywhere, and of pride in one's own surroundings. You would think a village improvement society had been at work in every Swiss hamlet for a hundred years.

And yet, we who hurry through a country must be careful about our generalizations from a superficial observation. Any one who gets into close contact with the Swiss will find that they stable cattle and sheep in the lower part of the house while they occupy the upper, but all dwell under the same roof.

The roads, too, are superb, smooth, hard macadamized highways, with no expense spared in building or maintaining to make them among the most perfect

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in the world You could eat your dinner from the middle of almost any one of them with little more risk of dust or microbes than from your own dinner-table at home.

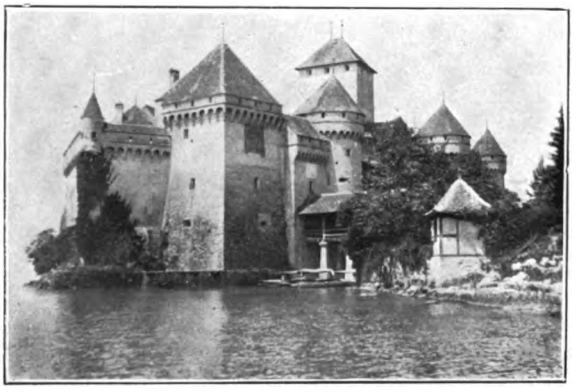
The Swiss are not frightened by mountains or valleys in building their highways; the one can be tunnelled and the other bridged, however much it costs.

These good roads and the good hotels to which they invariably lead, the neat villages and thrifty farms, have all contributed not a little to make Switzerland what it is to-day—the playground of the world, and indirectly, by attracting tourists from the four quarters of the earth, have added vastly to the wealth and prosperity of the country.

HER PEOPLE

Again, Switzerland sets the world an example in her contented, industrious, prosperous common people. It is the paradise of the average man. There are few millionaires and few paupers. There are no beggars and no slums. There is plenty of poverty, but it is respectable, self-respecting poverty. Poverty is threadbare in Switzerland as elsewhere, but it is patched and darned and clean.

The children all go to school, and in many cantons there is practically no illiteracy. Great pains are taken to instruct the boys and girls in common things of every-day life, as well as in books, and in summer you frequently see regiments of happy children starting off for a mountain climb with alpenstocks and botany boxes, under the lead of enthusiastic teachers.



CASTLE OF CHILLON, LAKE GENEVA

Strangest of all, this model republic has grown up in one of the regions poorest in material resources. There is little if any gold or silver, coal or iron, copper or lead, in the Alps. There is scarcely a piece of level ground big enough for an Oklahoma boomer to squat on. There are no fisheries, no mines, no ocean commerce, no extensive and varied agriculture. Switzerland is rich only in scenery, the most perfect and varied in the world, in Alpine pasturage, and in honest, sturdy manhood and womanhood. But with these assets she has made herself not only stable and respectable, but prosperous and comparatively wealthy.

Moreover, she has not even the advantage of a homogeneous people drawn from a common stock to work upon. Her people speak French, German and

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Italian, about an equal number speaking the first two languages, and a smaller number Italian. The coins of France and Italy, and half a dozen other lands, pass current in her shops. She is hemmed in on every side by powerful and, for the most part, monarchical neighbors; yet she is safe in her mountain stronghold. Her people are united and patriotic, and her liberties are, perhaps, more secure from foreign enemy and domestic feud than those of any other people in the world.

While this little model republic holds up from her Alpine heights the torch of Liberty Enlightening the World there is hope for republican institutions in any part of the earth, and there is still a sure guaranty that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" shall not perish from the face of the earth.

You understand, of course, that Switzerland is only about twice the size of the State of Massachusetts in area and population. There is a great plain lying between the Jura Mountains and the Alps, but aside from this, Switzerland is probably the most mountainous State in the world.

Switzerland. See also the article, "From Milan to Paris," by President Theo. L. Gardner, D.D.



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BRUSSELS

By Rev. Moses D. A. Steen, D.D., Ph.D.

THE little kingdom of Belgium lies between France and Holland, and upon the North Sea. Its greatest length and breadth is one hundred and eighty by one hundred and twenty-four miles, containing an area of something more than eleven thousand square miles. The surface is generally level, and canals are numerous, but not equal in length to those of Holland. The Roman Catholic religion prevails, and the French language is spoken. Coal mining is one of the principal productions of this country. It produces more fuel than any other nation of Continental Europe. Ostend is a port of considerable importance and a favorite watering-place. A short sea passage of four hours—sixty-eight miles—three times a day, connects it with Dover, England. Antwerp is the chief seaport of Belgium, and the commercial metropolis, with a population of two hundred and fifty thousand or more. Its cathedral is the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in the kingdom and contains many valuable paintings and works of art, including Rubens's masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross." There are several other cities of Belgium which it was our privilege to visit, of considerable interest and importance, such as Bruges—a little Venice—Ghent, whose botanical garden is one of the finest in Europe, Malines, whose cathedral was begun in the twelfth century and finished in the fifteenth (except the tower), and Liege, which is noted for its manufacture of weapons of all kinds. But Brussels, the capital city, is easily the queen of them all—a veritable Paris in beauty and elegance, if not in population. Paris covers an area of eighteen thousand acres, with a population of more than two million inhabitants, while Brussels already contains more than fourteen thousand acres, with a population of less than half a million people, which adds to the comfort as well as to the beauty of the place.



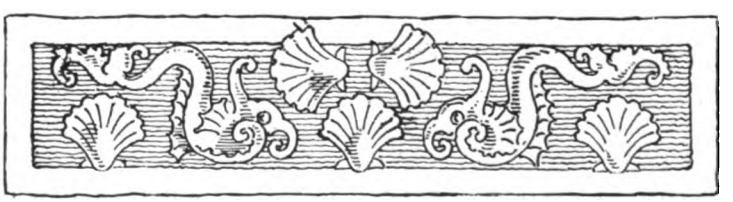
Brussels is divided into the high and low towns—the old and the new—and each with its own distinctive character. The ancient city, with its monuments, squares, new and wide streets, forms the great center for business. From

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this old city we ascend a hill, in many places rather steep, until we reach an extensive plateau, where the new city is built, where are the public offices, the official and fashionable residences. There around a large park stand the King's Palace, flanked by smiling gardens, the Palace of the Prince of Orange, now the seat of the Academies; and the Houses of Parliament, with the various ministerial residences on each side.

The market-place is said by Victor Hugo to be the most beautiful square in the world. The City Hall, or "Hotel de Ville," occupies nearly one and three-fourths acres. The King's House stands in front of it across the square, also the House of the Dukes of Brabant, and on either side of these are the houses of the ancient guilds, most of which have been restored in accordance with their original character, making altogether a square of wondrous interest and beauty. These ancient buildings restored to their former excellence naturally attract the eye and touch the heart. Nothing can be more delicate than this lace-work in stone, which Charles Quint wanted to cover up, that it might be shown to the people only on *fête* days. The King's House on the market-place is *not* the royal palace of the present king, but a restoration of the one built by Emperor Charles V, in 1525. The market-place serves as a permanent flower market, and twice a week the gardeners of the neighborhood come to exhibit their fruits and vegetables, making it a place of practical utility.

The Place Royale is said to stand on the plateau where Godfrey de Bouillon summoned the people before setting out on the crusade. The Palace of the Nation and the different state offices occupy the whole of the side of the park opposite to that of the King's Palace. It includes the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives. The Palace of Justice, a new temple where Justice holds her court, is a most remarkable and elegant stone structure which combines several very different styles, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Assyrian and Renaissance architecture. The building covers an area of about six acres, more even than St. Peter's at Rome, and its cupola reaches a height of over three hundred feet. The palace contains twenty-seven large halls, two hundred and forty-five rooms, and eight courts, and presents a most imposing appearance from its elevated site. The Weirtz Museum is a weird and unique affair. In the Royal Painting and Sculpture Gallery we see a very fine collection, among which are two pictures by the renowned Dutch artist, Jan Steen, 1627–1679. Brussels is noted for its many and elegant lace manufactories—all hand work of the most exquisite designs—and these were intensely interesting, especially to the ladies of our party.



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GERMANY

GLIMPSES ALONG THE RHINE

By Miss Jessie J. Smith.

HAVING decided that there must be German flavor in this trip also, we were bound for the Rhinelands. Germany, with the traveler grows—like onion with the cook—to be a wholesome necessity. The comparison is homely, but it was suggested by savory odors that rose from the platters in the Speisesaal of the Bodensee steamer, where we sat enjoying scenery in true German style—one eye upon nature, the other upon "beefsteak and bier."



REV. DR. FINDLEY AND FAMILY, WITH MRS. THOMAS CRARY, AT DRESDEN

According to American notions, this divided allegiance was far from satisfactory. We regretted it when, landed at Friedrickshaven, we looked back at the foamy lake, its ample stretch of flashing blue, bordered by the mountains of Switzerland, overhead, at a second, an ethereal sea, whose azure was brighter, whose white-crested waves were lighter far. We knew that in those Constance waters hid the Rhine. Born of glacier and the sun, it comes frolicing all the way from Alpine heights, by Gueferhorn, to learn here something of breadth and

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dignity before starting on again, a swift but quieter stream that rapidly grows with forcible majesty, in usefulness and beauty.

We thought to meet it at Mainz, but as a woman planned the trip no one will be surprised that, aiming at the Rhine, we hit Nürnberg, a hundred miles more or less to the east. That took a deal of skill. Not everyone could have done it. In fact we do not yet comprehend how we did it ourselves. We looked Clark's Official Railroad Guide through from cover to cover, read it upside down and wrong side out, but never did find therein the train we had taken. At length that dazzling personage, the conductor, hanging over our compartment door, made an oration; stupendous words rolled from his mouth, while his arms shot out in gesticulations fierce and rapid. To understand would have been to spoil that speech. Suddenly the round, explanatory mouth changed to one of sweet appeal and cherubic confidence, the arms folded themselves on the window-frame, as he murmured, "Trinkgeld—pour boire—tip—vat you call him?" That we understood.

The unknown train reached Nürnberg in the early evening—an ideal time to approach this ancient town surrounded still by moat and wall, for as the sun glances backward from the western sky it catches a responsive wink from the heavy-lidded eyes, those quaint window-eyes, of high-browed roof, that long have kept watch over the city. Darkness closes the gates, but tower and turret rise in olden dignity and that last gleam of day lights up the castle height above the town. One sees its impenetrable walls and massive battlements; on its single balcony Queen Cunigunda stands, looking at the fair green lands of the Pegnitz Valley. This is the time of tyrannical knights, when emperors hold sway by sheer force of arms, when burghers mask in guilds to maintain their city's rights, while Minnesingers keep alive the fire of sentiment. It is an hour when the mediæval wakes and lives again, when all that's modern sleeps.

Yet by daylight, too, Nürnberg has great charm. Though its castle loses its ghostly visitors, one may see the rooms they used to know, furnished all in antique style, but kept cleanly comfortable for living occupants. The large dining hall is an attractive room,with its inlaid floor, paneled ceilings and heavily carved furniture. It contains one striking work of art, done in gleaming tile. "Whose monument is that?" cried one of the party. "How simply beautiful it is, and Baedecker never mentions it at all. Tell me, is that a monument to somebody?" "That," said the guide, "that's a stove." Romance subsided, but revived however, when we were shown the old well, whose great depths used to comfort both thirst and anxiety. Far below, almost at the water line, one could see a dark hole, the opening, so they said, of a gallery that leads beyond the town. In case of siege, men, supplies, came in this way, while as a last resort, it furnished means of possible escape. In the tower, iron-maiden, thumbscrew and rack witness to the cruelty of mediæval power.

It was good to turn us to the town, where had dwelt men whose peaceful arts benefited their own time and ours.

Many cities of Germany sprang up from the clustering of workmen's homes about a cathedral in process of erection, the germs of many others were imperial palaces, but Nürnberg grew by her own energy, unaided except by situation.

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We must admire the ambition and success of her ancient burghers. Here, within these four rooms of a second floor commanding no better outlook than a narrow street, dreamed and worked Albrecht Dürer, that "evangelist of Art"; Hans Sachs, though a cobbler, was a poet, too; Adam Krafft, forgetful of his block of stone, saw in it the delicate pyx of the Lorenzkirche; and while wretches were forging instruments of human torture, Labenwolf discoverd in iron graceful scroll and quaint device of goose-man for adorning a fountain which stands to-day midstream in the street, an "isle of safety" for children in crossing, and the rendezvous of neighborly hausfrauen.

That luxury was not confined to imperial palaces is well proved by the Peller House, whose restoration alone cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The furniture firm now owning it makes a specialty of genuine antiques and their reproduction. These, fitly arranged according to elegance and purpose of the rooms, do not seriously interfere with our appreciation of the house itself. We longed for a burgher-fat purse that we might buy here pewter tankards and strange designs in brass and copper. In Nürnberg, too, we found copies of the "Bride's Cup" of the olden test. It is in the form of a maiden, whose skirts shape one cup, while a second swings from her arms uplifted over her head. From these two, in ancient times, both bride and groom essayed to drink together. If they succeeded in draining the glasses without spilling any wine, happiness and fortune were theirs forever. It is a pretty recipe; we place it in memory alongside the Nürnberger's cure for bakers who gave short weight in their bread.

Thus the prescription read: "Lock in a cage and dip three times in the river."

The city does more, however, than reproduce old conceits. It has lately been furnishing the grown up world with Kaiserzinn, whose artistic qualities of shape and luster have already won New York; for children it has toys, while everyone, young or old, can buy a box of *lebkuchen*, that toothsome mingling of "sugar and spice and all that's nice" which satisfied us on the way to Heidelberg.

Nürnberg is of more varied interest than Heidelberg, where two words represent it all—schloss, student. It has no art now, nor any industry of importance. One factory settled there a few years ago, but it was banished; its chimney outsmoked the pipes of the students. Fortunately for Heidelberg, the University is large enough to keep the townspeople busy providing for its needs, and in addition, there's the stranger. Poor stranger! He is to be pitied. "Where's his bulging wallet stout? Turn his pockets inside out!" (Apologies to Riley.) So cry all the cabmen, robber barons of to-day, whose next move is to drive to the University prison. A German student despises himself if neither prank or Pilsener put him here for at least one night of bread and water, canvas cot and the grinning companionship of cats scrawled upon the walls. Another haunt of every well balanced student is the Hirschgasse Tavern, on the farther side of the Neckar. Downstairs are drinking rooms, upon whose clumsy tables are carved many students' names; upstairs are halls, where duels protect the sacred honor of the corps. The chief articles of furniture seemed to be weapons and surgeons' tables, the caps of the different clubs giving a bit of color to the walls.

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As for the defenders of the faith, we saw many of them strutting around the station to show off their slashed cheeks. The German University, as well as the American, has a system of "cuts."

Across the river from the Hirschgasse rises from out a mass of green the noble Schloss, disabled, but with one maimed tower still raised like an arm of protection over the city at its feet.



COBLENZ ON THE RHINE

It is more beautiful now by far, its old age loved of vine and grasses than it could ever have been in the early time of its strength.

A cold, raw day found us at last at Mainz. We believe the legend that this city was called forth from fields of pepper by a magician's wand. We believe, because we here had an irresistible desire to sneeze—a most improper way of saluting the Rhine.

For those whom time hurries, though beauty holds, Mainz is the place to start down the river. The steamer passes sloping hillsides terraced with vineyards. Soon the banks became steeper, until as mountains, they lift those celebrated castles to whose ruined walls cling so many legends that charm our romantic souls. We pass Rheinstein, where Sifrid's greed made two people miserable. He had forbidden his daughter to marry Kuno von Reichenstein, whose castle contained neither gold bags nor costly treasure. The lover bethought himself of a rich old relative and secured his intercession. But when the uncle saw the girl's beauty, he said to himself, "Who wins a bride for another, is a fool." So Sifrid von Rheinstein soon accepted an elderly son-in-law and a big fat purse. One day Kuno, looking down from his castle, saw the wedding procession—Gerda on the steed he had given her, riding with the portly bridegroom, whose unsteady mount and flushed face were due to the imbibing of over-much nuptial wine. He flung himself upon a horse, dashed down the hill, and snatching the bride brought her in triumph to his eyrie. As for the uncle, apoplexy carried him off.

The day was graying, and the night wind had come, when we neared the Lorelei. On board the steamer was a group of convent girls, who, as our boat felt the swing of the current here, began singing, "Die luft is kühl und es dunkelt, und ruhig fliesst der Rhein." They will repeat the song so often as they travel this way, for no German student, man or woman, can keep his voice quiet when the Rhein-spell is on him. He loves the river, not as we do, because of its scenery or romance, history or commerce, but because having all these, it belongs to him, to Germany.

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This pride is new. Until France claimed it, Germany cared little for the river from whose banks had spread the Roman culture, the English Christianity, and the French chivalry and song, that had transformed its early barbarism. During the Middle Ages the Rhine was mentioned by few writers, with praise by none. Albrecht Dürer, painter, traveled both up and down the stream, but he must have done so with mouth open and closed eyes. His diary mentions all he ate and drank on that memorable trip, but says nothing of the beauty through which he passed. Later, Goethe, the poet, traveled that same way, but though



SOLOMON'S CELTIC GROUP AT HEIDELBURG

he was himself a Rheinländer, he felt no impulse to pay it the homage of his verse. But in these present days all is changed. Travelers, men of letters, romancers, poets, artists, all people, everywhere celebrate the Rhine. In music, however, its magic beauty is best interpreted. Wagner has secured for all time the sentiment Arndt and Simrock awakened, when by their writings they stimulated a national loyalty and pride throughout all Germany. We thought of this as we approached Rhein, for here Arndt and Simrock lived. Not Rüdesheim, not Johannisberg, has produced the best vintage of the Rhine, but Bohn, whose wine is patriotism.

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We were all blue-blooded on the steamer that day, but had we known that there were among us samples of royalty, people whose blood is blue in all kinds of weather, our thoughts might have run in other channels than these. At Bonn the German Emperor's sister and her husband walked quietly down the gang-plank and were welcomed home, not only by many liveried servants, but by great throngs of citizens, who thus proclaimed their town's unwavering loyalty.

Beyond Köln, Father Rhine grows old. The stream that so happily leaped the rocks of Shaffhausen, that swept by Drachenfels, that strong and sure brought peace and plenty to all the towns along its course, now goes wearily through monotonous fields to find the sea; and at the last, the force that broke through walls of God's own stone finds itself, tamed, strengthless, bound and blocked, in the man-built canals of Holland.



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BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT US. By Wm. Elliot Griffis. New York. This is a book which no American, especially a visitor to Holland, should fail to read.



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BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND

By Rev. Walter D. Cole, D.D., Lafayette, Ind.

FEW countries have had as much to do with making our own country what it is, as Holland; and the debt of humanity to her is great, because of the part she has taken in the defense and propagation of the principles of liberty. The Dutch immigrant in America is usually an honest, liberty-loving individual, and speedily becomes a loyal, intelligent citizen of his adopted country. Many of our best citizens are proud of their Dutch ancestry. To the truth of this latter statement every New Yorker will vouch without hesitation. The most striking features of a Holland landscape are dykes, canals, storks and windmills. The typical Dutchman presents an appearance which suggests staying qualities rather than grace and speed, and I have heard of no movement in our country to adopt the styles of the Dutch in the cut of their raiment.



The peculiar pride and treasure of the Holland city is its art gallery. Amsterdam and The Hague are possessed of rich and attractive art collections, in which are to be seen, as nowhere else in the world, the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Rubens and Van Dyke. Although the works of the Dutch masters are most in evidence, there are not wanting those of other countries, notably the Italian.

The people of Holland are wonderfully attached to their queen, and few of them seem able to engage in conversation for more than a few words without mention of her. An interesting feature of our sojourn in Amsterdam was a visit to the church in which she was crowned; and in The Hague our guide could not be content until we had visited the church in which her marriage took place. Our guide also wished us to see the Royal Palace, and thither our driver was directed, but we were met at the portal with the information that the queen was not at home, and that the entire interior of her residence was in the chaos of the annual house-cleaning. At sound of the last-mentioned word we turned pale and precipitately fled.

It is perfectly safe to say that no person has ever seen either tulips or hyacinths, who has not made the journey from The Hague to Rotterdam in the

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spring-time. Here these flowers are to be seen in greater profusion than anywhere else in the world, aflame with all the gorgeous coloring which the sun splashes upon the petals of tulip and hyacinth—miles upon miles of them—billows of beauty in endless succession, like the waves of the wide sea—and the breezes so heavy with perfume that they seem to be blowing from other and fairer worlds.

The only regret connected with our stay in Holland is, that it could not have been for weeks instead of days. A country so rich in art and beauty and historic association cannot be done in any satisfactory fashion in a short time. Leyden, Delft and Rotterdam are names suggestive of what awaits the visitor to Holland. In the first the student of history may find volumes of material. In the second the taste of the connoisseur may find unlimited delight. In the third the person interested in commercial enterprise may linger long without weariness.

"Commerce is the life of Holland," says Dr. Griffin, and the little submarine country cannot even afford to let the water stand still. There is no rest for a lazy river in Holland. It must keep moving and be made to work. The Dutchman has a jealous eye. He is always after the bottom of the water to dig up the valuable turf to dry and burn, the clay to knead and bake into bricks, and the fertile soil to turn into pastures or grain-fields. He routs out the eels and fish of shell or fin to put the mild-eyed cows in their places. The Dutch have already drained ninety lakes. They have dyked all the rivers and the sea. And they intend to conquer one new province by pumping out the Zuyder Zee. Nature left Holland a mudhole; the Dutch have made it a garden. We are glad to have seen this wonderful land and the people who say to the waves of the sea "thus far but no farther." But we must rush now like the rest of those tourists to be in time for the departure of the *Celtic*. We take passage across the North Sea on the good steamship *Dresden*, and in one short night from Rotterdam we are in the world's metropolis on the Thames.

ANY GRUMBLING ABOARD?

Certainly; a cruise like that, with eight hundred and twenty people gathered from all conditions and all States, must have some grumblers. I have no doubt the conductors of our Cruise felt more than once like comparing us to that persistent grumbler, "Sandy Black."

One morning Sandy rose, bent on a quarrel. The haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening, but breakfast passed without the looked-for compliment.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" asked Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roasted or boiled?"

"If you had been a good and considerate wife, you would have known before this what I liked!" Sandy growled out as, slamming the door, he left the house.

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The dinner-time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner. The fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion the former called out: "Boiled chicken! That's it, madam! A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken!" roared Sandy. "You know very well how it should have been cooked!"

At that instant a broiled chicken with mushrooms was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in this manner?"

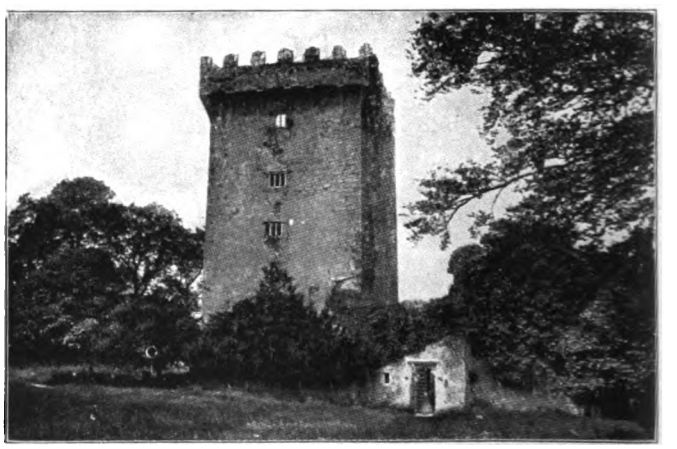
"They were a present," said his wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, followed by a roar of laughter from his friend, Sandy clinched his fist and shouted: "How dare you receive presents without my leave?"

IN SANDY'S LAND



REV. DR. FINDLEY IN IRELAND



BLARNEY CASTLE

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FROM MILAN TO LONDON, VIA PARIS

By President Theo. L. Gardiner, D.D.

SOME of our tourists are still lingering in Italy and we must go back a little.

The main point of interest in the city of Milan is the famous cathedral. Every school-boy has its picture in his geography. It stands like an airy thing, with its hundred pinnacles and twenty-five hundred statues piercing the sky, and looking in the distance like fine, deep lace work inverted; while in reality it is solid Carrara marble. For hundreds of years it has attracted the attention of the world. We will not enter into details in any of these descriptions. Statistics which can be read in any cyclopædia or guide-book seem out of place here. There are beautiful churches and galleries, and a city that makes one of the finest commercial centers in all Italy, inviting the tourist to tarry here. Milan is the central point for many fine excursions to the beautiful Italian lakes and attractive Lombardy towns.

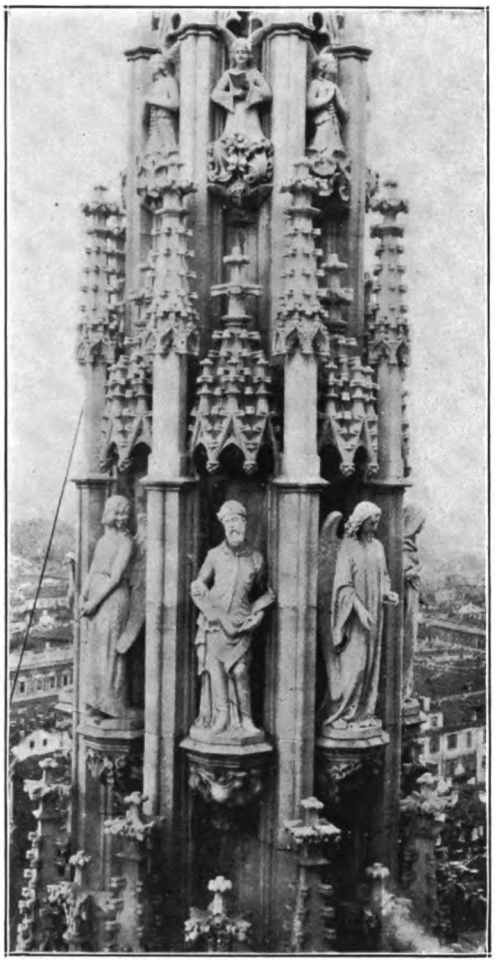


It was a beautiful morning when a fine company of "Celtics" met at the great cathedral, wandered through the magnificent interior and climbed three hundred and twenty-eight steps to the platform of its highest central tower. The panorama that spread about us was grand beyond description. We had passed through a forest of spires and statues and bas-reliefs into the clear upper air, and the world lay at our feet. The beautiful valley of Lombardy, well watered by the Olona, and prolific in the fruits of vineyards and orchards, stretched away on every hand, with the city at our feet set like a bunch of pearls in its midst; and with the rugged, snow-capped Alps in the distance, we had a picture never to be forgotten. It was a most inspiring scene.

But the scene in the basement of this cathedral was not so inspiring. The priest led us into a subterranean chapel, dedicated to St. Charles Borromeo, whose remains were there deposited. The chapel sides and ceilings were covered with gold and silver. The great casket case was made of precious metal; and a few turns by the showman slid the front side away, revealing a casket of pure rock crystal and gold. By manipulating an electric "bull's eye," he

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enabled the company to look upon the black, skinny, grinning mummy face of this old saint, with thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of jewels, diamonds and precious stones piled upon his moldering form and hung about the casket. The stories he told were off the same piece with those yarns spun out by the guides at Rome, about some other "saints"; and there was one observer at least thoroughly disgusted. This is a fair sample of the way some poor, deluded souls attempt to please God. Instead of using their money to endow some good school or hospital to bless mankind, they pile four million dollars' worth of jewels upon the rotting ashes of some poor, misguided dead man's corpse, who took a short cut to glory by suicide—starvation route by fanatical fasting—and then they spend all their God-given power in worshipping by holy water, and mumbled prayers, before this shrine while life lasts. It is *too bad*. We wish we had not seen such folly. Why can't they let the ashes of St. Charles rest in peace, instead of opening his grave to the eyes of curiosity-seekers every hour—for backsheesh!



A SPIRE OF MILAN CATHEDRAL IN DETAIL

We are ready to leave Milan by noon, and our train flies along the beautiful plain of Lombardy, with the snow-field of the Alps cutting the sky away to the northward, and we draw near to the borders of Switzerland. We bid adieu to Italy.

Beautiful, sunny, vine-clad, garden-terraced Italy! May the good work of Victor Emmanuel and Humbert go on until Italy becomes as free from superstition and ignorance as is our own native land.

And now, as we climb the rugged steeps toward St. Gothard Pass, with mountain-piled grandeur before us, and far-spreading beauty of plain and sky behind us, with the afternoon sunshine bathing all in splendor, we feel the utter incompetency of human pen to describe the scene. The tunnel at St. Gothard Pass is seven miles in length, and the combined length of this, with the smaller tunnels approaching it, make a tunnel travel of over fifteen miles. Several times we could see our own track over which we had come lying three

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tracks below us, and, looking above, we could catch glimpses of the same track two or three stages above us, and holes of other tunnels through which we must soon plunge. This marvelous feat of engineering, by which the railroad zig-zags over the Alps, is the world's masterpiece in this line of work. As we broke through the mountains on the Switzerland side and began to descend, we found ourselves in the midst of great fields of snow and ice. Glaciers here and there, as we reached the lower grades, gave us fine illustrations of the work done by these rivers of ice in tearing down the mountains and building up the "drift" of the geological world.

The picturesque Swiss villages, the well-kept, terraced fields of the Swiss peasantry, with their little cottages hanging on the mountain sides, were all full of interest. The glimpses of their quiet and thrifty home life which we obtained gave sufficient explanation of the secret of their success as a sturdy, world-honored, freedom-loving people during their wonderful history.

The train halted a moment at the home of William Tell, and we had a fine view of the crags and peaks which he loved so well.

As the train bore us in and out along the winding borders of Lake Lucerne, surrounded by its fertile fields filled with herds of the splendid Swiss cattle and with its fine cottage homes on every hilltop, we could see behind us, glistening in the rays of the setting sun, the snow-covered peaks towering to the sky, and thanked the kind Providence that brought us into Lucerne just as the evening sun was doing his very best to display the supreme grandeur of this wonderful country.



LOVELY LUCERNE

In four hours we had passed from the garden lands of Italy into the ice-bound fields of snow and glaciers; and again, into the clear, cool, bracing spring-time of Lake Lucerne. The city itself sat in the glory of this sunset mirrored in the clear waters of the lake, surrounded by its mountains of crystal, and seemed like a city in Paradise.

The student of geology finds a world of interest in this country. Here in Lucerne are found the world-renowned glacier gardens, with their glacier mills and wonders of fossil life and marvels of erosion. We could have spent two months here instead of two days, and found every day full of new interest.

The next week was spent in Paris. What a contrast! From God's best work in nature to man's best work in art! From the sturdy, strong-hearted people of the Alps to the effeminate, soft-mannered people of France! The one constant in all history in its efforts for freedom and in its devotion to republican government, the other inconstant and fickle in all its history, wavering

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between the monarchy, the commune and the republic. In the one you feel the genuineness of every pretention, in the other you cannot help the feeling that half of the pretended politeness is a sham.

But Paris is a great city. Here you meet the refined polish of Christendom. It is a city of magnificent buildings—the monuments of Louis XIV and of the Napoleons.

Everybody visits the Louvre, the Tuileries and Versailles. Everybody rides on their splendid boulevards and studies the scenes in the great business marts. Paris boasts of the finest opera house in all the world, but we did not see the inside of it, so will not testify as to the truth of the boast.

What everybody sees, everybody writes about. Then why should I intrude upon your precious time with details about the Louvre, with its world-renowned



THE CITY ON LAKE LUCERNE

museums of art, heraldry and archæology? Why should I try with feeble pen to portray those noble, historic palaces, with splendid ornamental architecture, stretching away until you feel as if there was no end; and surrounded by magnificent parks filled with fountains, with flowers of every clime, and with monuments that immortalize the heroes of France, and keep fresh the memory of the world's greatest deeds? You must see it for yourself.

Why should I attempt to portray the almost incomprehensible grandeur of Versailles, the home of all the kings, with its magnificent halls, full of royal furniture and royal paintings; with its artificial lakes, fountain, and beautifully kept gardens; and its famous park of Louis XIV, as large as a county, containing the Petit Trianon and the Grand Trianon?—home of Napoleon and his queens?

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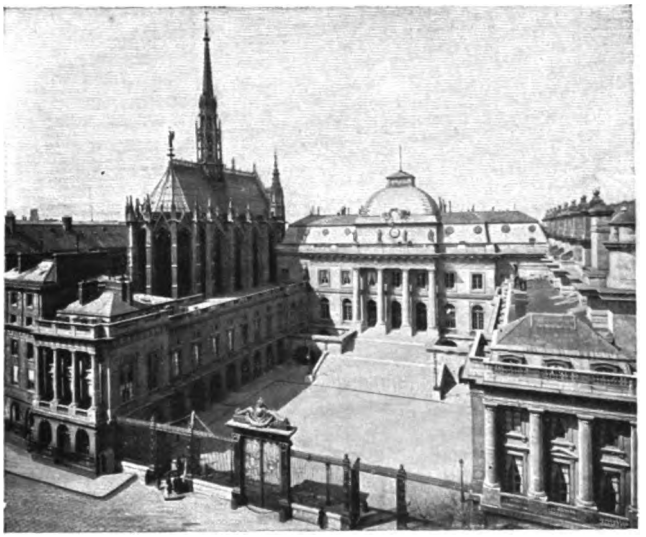
You have strolled through the shady dells of Versailles, amid the throngs of sight-seers, and witnessed all these signs of departed glory.



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS

You have joined the multitudes in the Louvre to admire the works of famous artists; you have bowled along the wonderful boulevards of Paris, with her thronging, bustling thousands, and felt the thrill of her wonderful life until fairly bewildered with the world of culture and of beauty about you. It was worth a pilgrimage to see and feel the beauty and the power of Paris.

We hope the days of her vacillation are ended, and that she may never again be compelled to humble herself before mobs of the commune; and that her love for the republic may never again give place to a craze for the monarchy. Five pleasant days in beautiful Paris, and with hearts full of hope for a pleasant journey, we are off for London.



PARIS—PALAIS DE JUSTICE

But alas for human hopes! The English Channel lies between France and England, and he who would see London must needs cross this turbulent little pond. This would mean nothing, however, if there could be found a Frenchman capable of running a decent, up-to-date steamer, in case such a steamer could be found for him to run anywhere along these shores.

A fine American steamer, with an ordinary American captain and wide-awake crew, would make this trip a thing of comfort instead of five hours of misery, as it now is.

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But when you take into consideration the dumb-headed stupidity of the average French sailor, and the fact that you are compelled to cross in a miserable, filthy, toppling old tub, such as no American would be mean enough to use in transporting swine across the lakes, then the crossing of the boisterous English Channel does become formidable. Here we met the first really unhappy experience of the three months' cruising around the world. The flunkey, with the strut of a drum major (they called him captain), whose chief business on board seemed to be to display the gilt and tinsel spread over his uniform and to keep the line between the "first" and "second" classes clearly defined, seemed to care nothing whatever for the comfort of his passengers.



ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS

If you want to find a flunkey with about as much brains as a clothing-store dummy, who can put on a fool face and strut and swell as though he made the world and all the people in it, you need go no further than the Paris coachman or the uniformed thing called "captain" on a French tub in the English Channel.

There was a large, jolly company of the "Celtics" on board that day, who prepared to be happy in a five hours' trip at sea. Everything went well for the first half hour. The flunkey had been fairly successful in sending the many who traveled "second class" below decks, where they belonged, and left the few who held "first class" tickets to swing in the sky on the upper deck (this is the only thing wherein he was a success), and with one part overcrowded while there was lots of room in the other, he left Dame Nature to do the rest. Soon there seemed to be a lull in the sociability of the passengers, and most of them seemed more thoughtful than I had seen them for weeks before. Many of them began to wear a far-away, lonesome look, and finally all conversation ceased and everybody seemed absorbed in meditation, thinking, I presume, of home and native land. About this time I noticed my own true yoke-fellow and companion in travel with his face buried in his two hands and his elbows planted on his knees. It was certainly an attitude of true penitence, and on second look I discovered that a large proportion of my fellow-passengers also were seized with this strange freak. What could they all have been doing to bring upon them such a woe-begone look of despair? They had crossed the great Atlantic without any such symptoms of penitence; they had tumbled about in small craft at every Mediterranean landing for two months and sailed that great sea from end to end and back, and yet had never shown signs of such

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a mood as this. There is certainly some burden too heavy for them to bear, or this crowd of people could never be so wrought upon in so short a time. We also noticed that when they "came to a decision," and "made a start," they always went through a similar "experience." This was simple and was "only a step," but it seemed in every case to be a step in the right direction, and you all know that such a step always brings relief.

It was remarkable to see what a change came over their faces as one after another they arose, stepped to the rail and quietly looked overboard for only a few moments. The look of relief that lighted up each countenance as they turned away from that rail was proof conclusive even to the most skeptical that all that burden was gone; and the look of quiet resignation that took possession was a pleasant thing to see. My companion seemed like another man after that little look overboard, and he came and stood by me with a look of sweet resignation such as I had not noticed for some time. During all this time I began to feel very stubborn-hearted, to think I was unmoved by that which had so marvelously affected all the congregation. I confess to a strange "Oh, my!" feeling, and that I was inclined to regard things far at sea rather than things near at hand that were associated with the rolling and tumbling of the old tub—I cannot call it ship. Indeed, I quite determined to ignore everything in connection with my immediate surroundings and "stave off conviction," if possible.

In this I had been fairly successful until within a half hour of smooth waters and had begun to feel that victory was mine. But alas for poor human nature! It can't stand everything, and all at once, and just at that critical moment when victory was wavering in the balance, up came two miscreants in human form and, standing on the windy side close beside me, deliberately lighted two of the meanest-smelling foreign cigarettes ever made, and puffed the stinking stuff squarely in my face. This was the "last feather," and it broke the poor camel's back. Quick as thought I stepped away from those fellows toward the rail. I did not wait to excuse myself, either. I had yielded the point, and the case seemed urgent. The response was instantaneous and relief came quickly.

Somehow, I feel as though my companion in travel really felt glad to see his chum yield the point and get rid of his burden. At any rate, he seemed to have a sort of self-satisfied look, which I had failed to discover before. But then, he is welcome to it, and, now it is all over and we are safely on shore, the accustomed sociability manifests itself among the *Celtic* crowd, and we speed merrily towards London.

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MILLIONAIRE GLOBE-TROTTERS AT LIVERPOOL

There was a scene of more than usual interest on the landing-stage yesterday morning, April 8th, when the magnificent White Star liner, *Celtic*, came alongside, after completing one of the most comprehensive pleasure trips of modern times.

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A GLIMPSE OF LONDON

By Miss S. M. Leverich, Bridgeport, Conn.

A SPECIAL train was in waiting at Liverpool to convey passengers of the *Celtic* to London, and they were soon whirling past the smiling fields and hedges green of beautiful "Old England."

"How shall we begin to see this great city," said a fellow-traveler the next morning.

Let us walk along Oxford street to Regent Circus (that Mecca of shoppers) and so to Trafalgar Square, stopping to admire Landseer's Lions, that guard the Nelson Monument; glancing at the National Gallery near by. Let us continue along Whitehall, with its memories of Charles I and Cromwell; surveying the living statues of the "Horse Guards," to Westminster Abbey and Parliament Square, where stands the statue of Lord Beaconsfield. His statue was profusely decorated with wreaths and devices of his favorite flower, the primrose, for this is Primrose Day. It is kept each year to commemorate the death of the "Great Conservative."



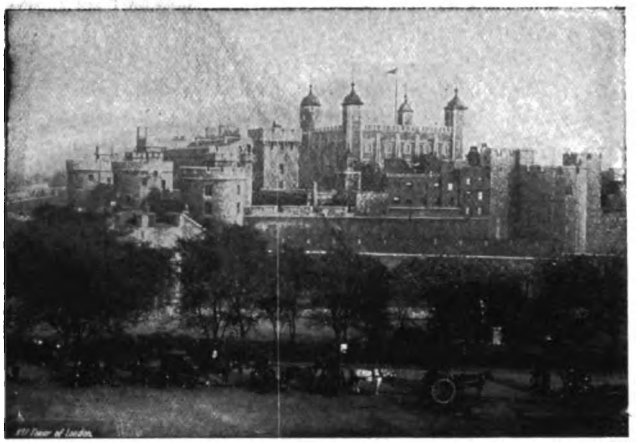
And now let us go to the Victoria Embankment, that magnificent boulevard and garden on the shores of the Thames, on which stands the Obelisk given by Egypt to the City of London, and taken from its native soil fifteen hundred years before Marc Antony and Cleopatra. But a few short weeks ago we were standing on the site from which it came. How like an alien it seems amid the roar and smoke of mighty London. Westminster Bridge, on which we stand, is the finest of the fifteen bridges of London, under which flows the Thames, that living, moving line dividing the great city into twain.

Upon this river anchor the large ocean steamers and every kind of craft that navigates the seas. A tour of its banks will give one an idea of the famous

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Port of London, and of the docks, covering more than a thousand acres. We were a little early in the season and missed the smart little steamers that always ply the river in summer and have their piers on the Embankment.

How strange to think that the Strand, now the great artery to the West End, was once upon these very banks.



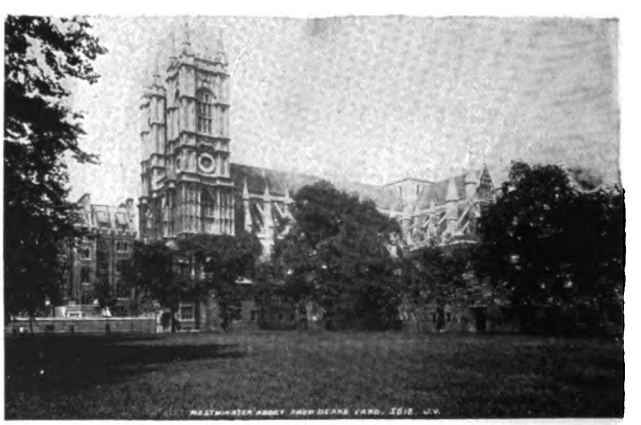
TOWER OF LONDON

Westminster Abbey shows grandly from here. Within it all the reigning sovereigns have been crowned since Edward I; but its hospitable doors, except those of the Jerusalem Chamber, were now closed in preparation for the coronation of the seventh Edward; consequently we could not view the larger resting-place of so many of England's illustrious dead. But it is not here alone that the Resurrection Day will sound:

> I say to thee, come forth."
> Waves may not foam, nor wild winds sweep
> Where rests not England's dead.

The Jerusalem Chamber will well repay a visit. You enter it from the abbot's courtyard, a place anything but inviting.

Once upon the inside, however, your interest is at once awakened. The whole room seems to be panelled on the inside with cedar, and here at one side is a splendid cedar mantel-piece, put up at the time of Charles I's marriage. Its walls are hung with tapestries representing many fanciful scenes from Jerusalem and the Orient. They date from the time of Henry VIII and formerly hung in the choir.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The story of Henry IV's death here is of special interest to us, as we have just come from Jerusalem. When he

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fell asleep here in 1413, he was on the eve of starting for the Holy Land. In 1643 the great Assembly of Divines made here the famous Confession of Faith, which has been exciting so much interest recently among Presbyterians in America. Two weeks after our arrival and more than two hundred and fifty years after it was formulated, it was so revised and modified as to be accepted by all the parties who subscribe to it as expressing their faith.

It was here, too, that the noted Assembly of Divines met for fourteen years to give to the Christian world the revised version of our Bible. It occupied seven hundred and ninety-two days, completing its work June 20th, 1884. It has been the scene of so many stately meetings that we are at first disappointed with its furnishings; but we must remember that it is five hundred years old and has been kept for its sacred associations. The windows contain some painted glass from the thirteenth century. The arms of James I, combined with those of Westminster and the see of Lincoln, may be seen in the carved cedar chimney-piece.

And now that bird of London, the hansom, entices us for a drive to the nearest parks, those green oases in the wilderness of masonry, St. James's Park, on the borders of which stand St. James's Palace, Buckingham Palace, and Marlboro House.

The Green Park is almost a continuation of St. James's; Regent's Park, with its botanical and zoölogical gardens, and lastly, to Hyde Park, the choicest of them all. It contains three hundred and ninety acres, with delightful walks, flowers, shrubbery, great gnarled old trees, its Rotten Row and its numerous drives, many of them sacred only to the world of rank. In the distance, on the right, looms up Kensington Palace; on the left rises the golden spire of the Albert Memorial.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Seven miles from Hyde Park Corner are the Royal Gardens of Kew, said to be the finest in the world, and covering over two hundred and seventy acres. Here is the Great Palm House; the Rhododendron Walk and the Botanical Garden, with its water-lily basin, in the center of which rises the papyrus that we had seen in its native land of Egypt.

There is always something so hospitable in the notice of "tea" around about England, and here it was most acceptable, inviting us to rest and be refreshed. To be sure, it must be paid for, but the cost is so little that it always seems

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as if our "English cousins" were heaping coals of fire on our heads for throwing over the tea in Boston Harbor.

Another thing we might copy are the cities of refuge, as it were, in the midst of London's thoroughfares, where, if one can reach safely certain four posts and a platform, they are safe till a chance comes to cross to the other side. It is good for self-esteem sometimes to find there is something we can mend at home.

These are a few of the "ways around London." Let us take one of the countless 'buses, whose destination is almost lost among its advertisements, and dismount as near as possible to the Houses of Parliament. The Victoria Tower is the most conspicuous object in the metropolis, and "Big Ben," its clock, is the largest in England. As we enter the central hall, to the right is the House of Lords; to the left the House of Commons. No pauses in the sight-seeing are allowed. And, "ladies, leave behind your side-satchels."

The Tower of London! These "Towers around whose circuit dread," how closely are they entwined with the most stirring scenes in English history. How many groans and tears have consecrated these gray old walls! When we enter by the Lion's Gate, the first object of interest is the Traitor's Gate. Opposite to it an arch and portcullis lead to the inner ward. Among the many towers are the Bloody Tower; the Wakefield Tower, in which is the Regalia; the Great White Tower, containing the Armories; the Bell Tower, and the Beauchamp Tower, or the prisons, whose arches are inscribed with names cut by the illustrious prisoners. Opposite is Tower Green, in the center of which suffered Anne Boleyn, Katharine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey.

These grim old towers are the only fortification of London, and the most celebrated citadel of England; but

> Britannia needs no bulwarks
> To frown along the steep.
> Her march is on the mountain wave,
> And her home is on the deep.

London may have its darkest side, but it has also its brightest, and among the latter are the many churches, which are as a mighty bulwark against the war of sin and Satan. There is St. Paul's, the masterpiece of Wren, whose dome stands so grand and serene amid the tumult of the great metropolis, and where also rest, in monumental remembrance, so many of her illustrious sons; St. Mary le Bow, with its famous Bow Bells, and the great three thousand others, that are a link between the present and the past, and whose influence radiates to the utmost parts of earth.

The town palaces of royalty are three, viz.: St. James, from which came the name of the famous court; Buckingham Palace, which Her Majesty first occupied in 1837; and Marlborough House, the home of King Edward when Prince of Wales.

But the *Celtic* beckons, and we must go. Tears almost start as we drive along the familiar streets, each endeared to us by the ties of literature and tongue. I must hasten to give you the summary of one who has made a longer study of this great metropolis.

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FACTS ABOUT LONDON

It is the largest city the world has produced, teems with the most interesting social problems, and presents many opportunities to study some of the most important movements of society. Those who desire to engage in this study will find the large district of which Whitechapel is the center a most promising field.

The London County Council recently constructed six thousand eight hundred and sixteen tenements, modern and comfortable, and at a low rental, capable of housing forty-one thousand two hundred and one people, at a cost of ten million dollars. A scheme involving an expenditure of fourteen million seven hundred thousand dollars is now being carried out to enlarge the main drain system. The length of the main intercepting sewers in London is eighty-seven and a half miles, and sixty million tons of sewage have to be pumped and deodorized annually. The entire work will be finished by 1907–08. A new bridge is being constructed to take the place of old Vauxhall Bridge, at a cost of one million nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Two new tunnels are also being constructed under the Thames below the Tower Bridge. The first is a foot-passenger tunnel, and will cost a half million dollars. The second is for vehicles and tramways, and will involve an expenditure of ten million dollars.

Directions for investigation can be received at Toynbee Hall, which is located in the district. All grades of humanity are found in this city, and in London one can study the world in epitome. It makes a deep impression as one emerges directly from Lombard street, the Bank of England, and the great center of wealth and commerce, into the slums, a contrast the like of which it is hardly possible to find elsewhere. In spite of the multitudes which hustle and almost trample on each other, it can be the dreariest and loneliest place on earth. "I have no one to think of or care for me," said a lady who had spent her entire life in the heart of the city. So overwhelming is the great mass that the individual is in danger of being lost and life of becoming cheap.

Interesting statements respecting the city were made recently by the editor of "Great Thoughts." Taking the whole of London, not merely what is technically called The City, we find that its area stretches fourteen miles from north to south, and seventeen from east to west. It contains at least thirty thousand streets, which, if placed end to end, would stretch as far as from New York to San Francisco.

"There are more Jews in London than in the whole of Palestine, more Scotsmen than in Edinburgh, and more Irishmen than in Dublin. It contains thousands of Germans, Frenchmen and Italians, while numbers of Dutchmen, Spaniards, Japs, and Chinamen mingle daily in its crowded thoroughfares . . . It exceeds by three hundred thousand souls the whole population of Portugal, by eighty thousand that of Canada, and surpasses that of The Netherlands by more than half a million."

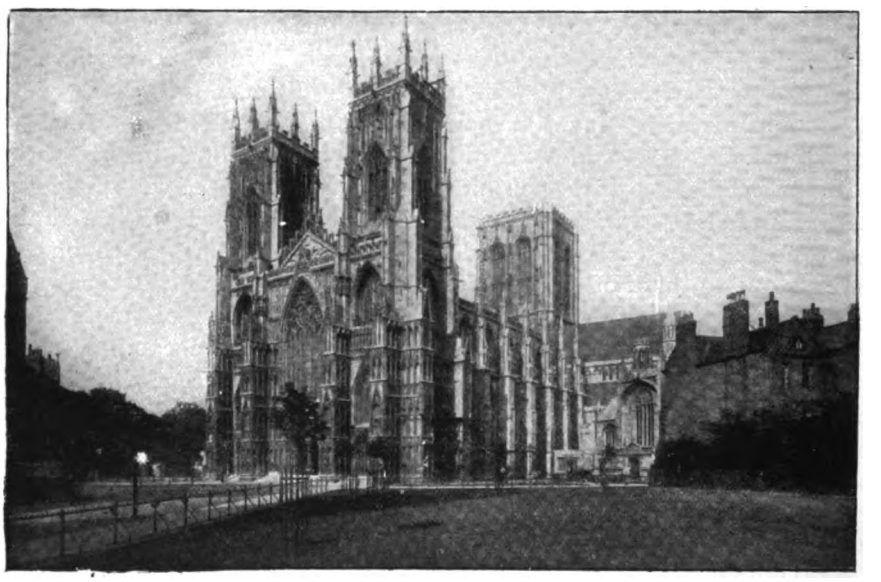
Five hundred and eighty-one aliens in Great Britain applied for naturalization during 1900, but there were only twenty-six Americans among the number. There are more than six thousand Americans permanently settled in London alone, and of this number not one hundred have become naturalized subjects of His Majesty.

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THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND

By Rev. Moses D. H. Steen, D.D., Ph. D.

A CATHEDRAL is a church containing a Bishop's throne or seat, and a source of ecclesiastical power. It is usually built in the form of a Latin or Greek cross, and is not distinguished architecturally from the *basilica*—a term first applied in Athens to buildings in which public business was transacted, and afterwards in Rome to stately edifices of an oblong shape, with four corners adorned with Corinthian columns, generally used for the administration of justice. Many of them became churches—places of religious jurisdiction and authority, and are still called basilicas. The Church of St. John of Lateran at Rome, founded by Constantine, is called a basilica. It

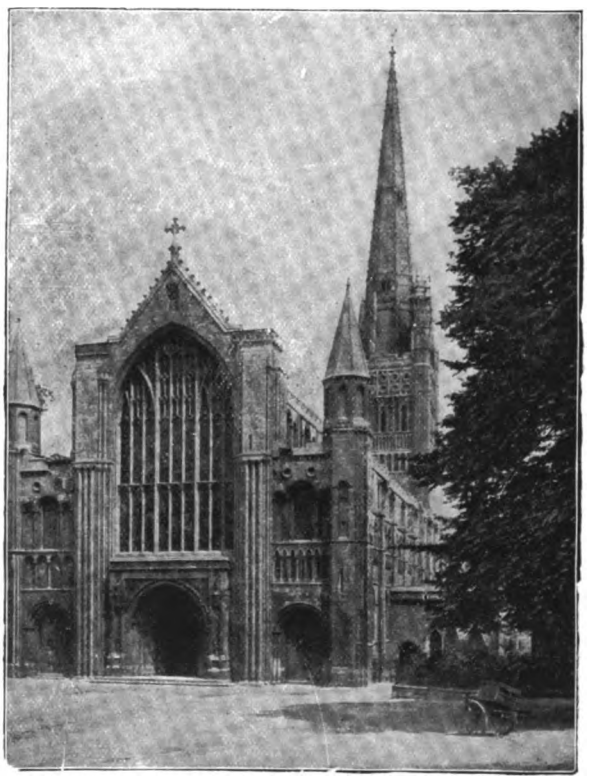


is the Episcopal, or Cathedral church of the Pope of Rome, and at its chief altar none but he can officiate at mass. Over the portal is the Latin motto: *Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput;* "Mother and head of all the churches of the city and the world."

England has many cathedrals which are worthy of description and special notice, but as space is limited, and we have not visited all of them, we shall confine ourselves to a few brief words concerning the most important only in the "Church of England." This Church is divided into two Archbishoprics, of Canterbury and York. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the primate of all England,

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the first peer of the realm, having precedence over all temporal Lords, excepting those of royal blood, and the Lord Chancellor. He is not only a member of Parliament, but a leader representing Episcopacy in England, and exercising great political power. He crowns the King, and is a member of the privy council. The Archbishop of York is Primate of England. He crowns the Queen, and is her chaplain, and has the same honors, privileges, and political powers in Parliament and the King's Cabinet as the Archbishop of Canterflury. The city of Canterbury is located on the line of the London, Chatham & Dover Railway, fifty-two miles from London, and can easily be visited by stopping off one day on the way to Brussels or Paris. It is a beautiful place, of no commercial importance, but of great historical and ecclesiastical interest. The Cathedral building is a splendid structure, standing forth in magnificent grandeur. It is five hundred and seventy-four feet long and one hundred and fifty-nine feet wide, and the crypts, which extend under the entire building, are the finest in England and contain several chapels. The windows are of stained glass, and the colors exceedingly rich and beautiful. It has three towers—one in the center, of remarkable beauty, two hundred and thirty-five feet high—and two at the west end. The nave and transepts are lovely, and the whole interior is considered the finest in England. It contains numerous monuments, among which are those of Edward the Black Prince, Henry IV, and the remains of Archbishop Thomas à Becket, who was murdered before the high altar December 29, 1170.



The Cathedral of York is located in a city of the same name, about one hundred and seventy-two miles from London, and is by many considered the finest church in England. It is irregular in plan and different parts, erected at different dates, yet it is imposing from its grand dimensions. It is also the seat of the most important Bishop in the North of England. The majestic appearance of the exterior, with its three richly decorated and lofty towers, its magnificent west front and gracefully pro-

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portioned windows, fill the mind with beauty combined with grandeur. The interior, with its lofty nave and choir (the highest in England), and far stretching distance, adds dignity to beauty. The great west window is one of the most famous of English cathedral windows, and probably one of the largest in the



world. It is famous for its stained glass, dating from the early part of the fourteenth century. It is five hundred and twenty-four feet long and two hundred and twenty-two feet wide. The height of the nave is ninety-nine and a half feet, and the height of the central square tower two hundred and thirteen feet, which contains a chime of twelve bells, one of which weighs eleven and one half tons. One of the best views of the exterior of this Cathedral is from the walls of the city.

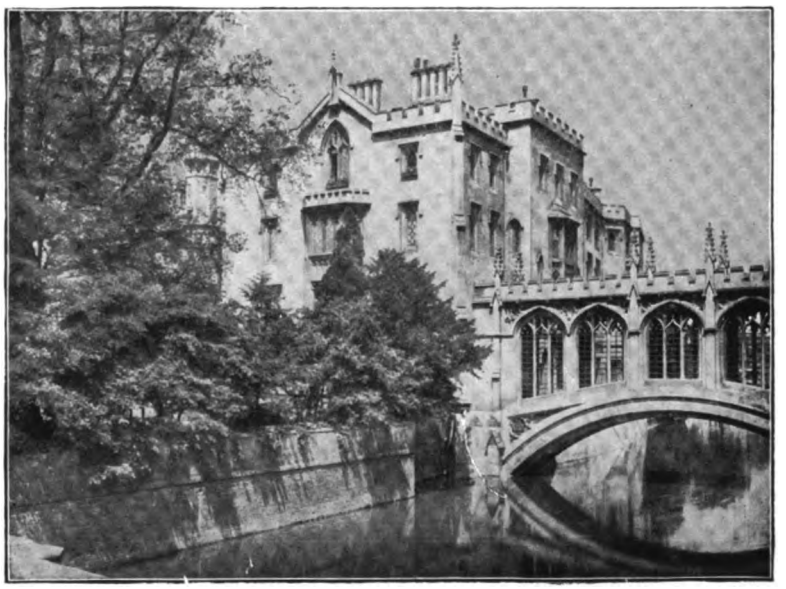


LONDON—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

St. Paul's Cathedral in London is the fifth in size of all the great churches in Europe, being smaller than the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome and the Cathedrals of Florence, Milan and Amiens. It is built of fine Portland stone,

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after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, and was finished in 1710. Its length is five hundred feet, the transept two hundred and eighty-five feet, and the west front one hundred and eighty feet wide. The campanile towers at the west front are each two hundred and twenty-two feet high. We cannot but admire as we look at the splendor of St. Paul's, with its vast and graceful dome, its spacious interior, the innumerable arches culminating in the great central arch whose keystone is the summit of the dome itself. The stained glass windows, which harmonize with the rich color of the mosaic, illustrating the Six Days of Creation, and the great costly marbles and rich sculpture, serve to throw into relief the magnificent wood carving of the stalls and organ case. Near the western end of the Cathedral the great monument of the Duke of Wellington is a conspicuous object in one of the side aisles. The great dome of this Cathedral



is the most prominent object in all views of London, rising as it does to a height of four hundred and four feet.

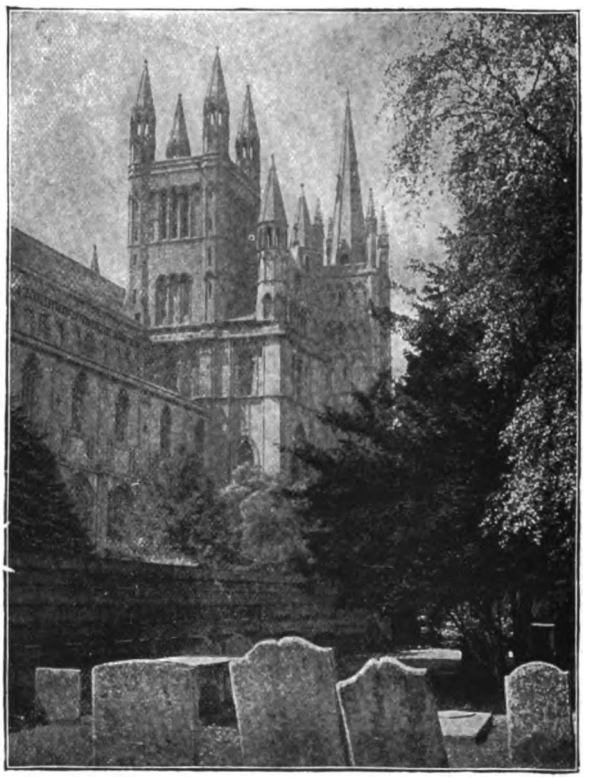
The Cathedral of Oxford is Christ's Church, and also the Chapel of the College of the same name. It was originally the Priory of St. Frideswide, founded as a nunnery by the father of the Saxon saint whose name it bore. Soon after the formation of the diocese of Oxford it became the Cathedral. In its present form it is the smallest in England. A recent writer has said, "As a college chapel it is a noble fane; as a cathedral, it is a disappointing ——"

The Cathedral of Chester is located in the quaint old walled city of Chester, on the River Dee, seventeen miles southeast from Liverpool. It was originally the Abbey of St. Werburgh, built for the Benedictines, in 1095, by Hugh Lupus, assisted by St. Anselm. It is a remarkable Gothic structure, full of interesting memories.

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But when shall I tell you of Winchester, Rochester, Chichester, Salisbury, Wells, Exeter, Truro, Litchfield, Bristol, Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, Southwell, St. Albans and Norwich, New Castle-on-Tyne, Wakefield, Ripon, Durham, Manchester, Lincoln, Ely, Peterborough and Liverpool?

These cathedrals stand as splendid witnesses of the heroism, self-sacrifice, and faith of the past. But the New World is bent more on the building of character than of cathedrals.



LESSON IN TOMB AND SPIRE

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A VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON

By C. W. Archbold, Parkersburg, West Va.

A LARGE percentage of American tourists visiting England, possibly a majority, contemplate a visit to Stratford-on-Avon. This desire of American tourists is so well understood by the railroads that special favors are granted them, allowing them to stop off, not only at Stratford-on-Avon, but at other points of interest in traveling across England. Our ride via the North Western Railroad from Liverpool to Shakespeare's birthplace afforded us our first glimpse of rural England. The country was beautiful in the early spring time, and most of the farms we saw seemed to be kept as



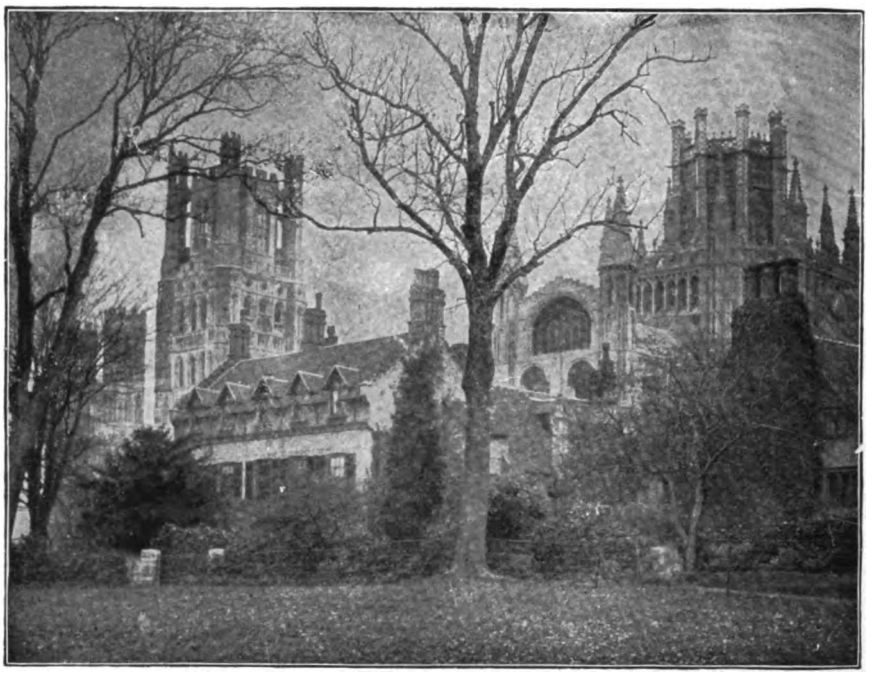


carefully as a park. There was not a bramble or thorn to be seen, and in fact not any of the underbrush so readily discernible from car windows in many parts of our own country. The country is apparently under perfect cultivation.

On arriving at Stratford-on-Avon, we discovered that the 'bus that met our train was labeled "Shakespeare Hotel." We were pleased to be assured that we could find quarters in this famous hostelry. As the matter of hotel accommodations is always of much interest to travelers, perhaps a few words about the Shakespeare Hotel, "with its five gables," may not be out of place. It was originally a manor house, but for the last two hundred years it has been known as a hotel. On arriving at this hotel, we were assigned a room designated "Love's Labor Lost," and some friends who journeyed with us were assigned to

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"King Lear." I judge all the rooms in the hotel are named after Shakespeare plays. Perhaps the most pleasing name for a bedroom is "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The coffee room is appropriately named "As You Like It," and the bar "Measure for Measure.' We noticed an old sign at the head of the black oak staircase, which we were informed used to swing outside the hotel at least one hundred and fifty years ago. This sign bears an excellent portrait of Shakespeare, with the inscription, "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." I confess I was much impressed with this old sign and although so long a time has elapsed since it first began to swing, it seems certain a second Shakespeare has not yet appeared above the horizon of the world of letters.



There is much about the hotel to suggest Shakespeare's famous saying, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" In fact this inn doubtless represents a class of public houses well known in smaller English cities and villages. I noticed with interest that the really fine looking woman who, in accordance with English custom, had charge of the business affairs of the house, would promptly leave almost any duty to which she might be giving attention, to draw ale or porter for guests who were bibulously inclined. The bar or tap room consists of an enlarged section of the main hall of the hotel at the rear end. Another famous hotel of Stratford-on-Avon is the Red Horse Hotel, known as Washington Irving's Inn.

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In making the rounds at Stratford, we first drove to the little village of Shottery, located perhaps a mile from the center of the town, where is the cottage in which Anne Hathaway (afterwards Shakespeare's wife), is said to have lived. I confess my heart goes out to poor Anne Hathaway, after all these hundreds of years, as I fear she has been the subject of unmerited harsh judgment. Critics seem to find fault with her because she was eight years older than Shakespeare, and also because there seems to be no record that she ever accompanied him in his visits to London, and it is of record that she was only mentioned in his will in connection with the "Second Best Bed." Perhaps the writer who played upon her name by saying, "Anne Hath-a-way, Anne Hath-a-way," may have hinted at the real cause of the trouble, if trouble really existed —between her and her poet husband. But at all events, as our little guide book informed us, "It is certain she was once his sweetheart and the humble thatched cottage in which she dwelt attracts therefore that interest which surrounds all belonging to the immortal poet of Avon." The cottage has a picturesque location, and is doubtless a type of the better class of cottage homes of the old days in England. Cosy nooks were pointed out to us, where it is said the poet did his courting. Beautiful April flowers were blooming in the grounds about the cottage, and in fact the atmosphere of the place seemed favorable to love-making. Many tourists of Stratford prefer to walk across the fields in the traditional path which Shakespeare took in his visits to Anne Hathaway. The birthplace of Shakespeare is a double two-storied gabled house with latticed windows, located on Henley street. It was restored about fifty years ago, and is closely cared for, with a view to gratifying a multitude of visitors. We were told that about thirty thousand people visit the birthplace annually. On entering the house we were promptly shown to the birthroom of the poet. The signatures of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle, inscribed on a window pane, were pointed out. The windows overlook the garden, in which are planted trees and flowers alluded to in Shakespeare's works. The Shakespeare Museum immediately adjoining the birthplace occupies a portion of the tenement which formerly served John Shakespeare, father of the poet, as a wool shop. This Museum contains many relics connected with the poet and his times, including an old desk from the grammar school, at which he is said to have sat, also several early editions of his plays and legal documents of various kinds connected with the Shakespeare family. The custodian of the Museum in speaking of the distinguished visitors he had welcomed there, said that one of the recent visitors was Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who will be remembered as a former resident of New York, but now a resident of England and a subject of His Majesty King Edward VII. In speaking of Shakespeare's desk and the grammar school where he was educated, the intelligent lady attendant at the Museum told us with much enthusiasm, that if the character of the grammar school in which Shakespeare was educated was better understood, there would not be so much surprise at the extent and accuracy of his learning. She maintained it was a superior school for the time, and added, "That school educated an archbishop of Canterbury." The Holy Trinity Church is where Shakespeare was christened, and where he lies buried in an imposing structure of pointed gothic

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architecture, is approached by a beautiful avenue of lime trees. Many tall elm trees are found in an enclosure in which a colony of rooks have made their home. The verger in attendance in the church told us there was no evidence that Shakespeare was a regular attendant on the services in the church, but it is certain he was brought there twice, at his christening, and at his burial. I take the liberty to quote here the well known lines on the slab over the poet's grave, for the sake of emphasizing what the verger told us as to the poet's probable reason for composing this remarkable epitaph for himself. He said the sensitive nature of the poet had doubtless been shocked at seeing the village gravedigger throw up the bones of people long since dead in excavating new graves:

Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Bleste be ye man yt. spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt. moves my bones.

No doubt this epitaph served the purpose of preventing the removal of the poet's remains to Westminister Abbey, where they would likely otherwise have been taken. Other notable objects to be seen in making the rounds at Stratford are the Shakespeare Memorial buildings, which consist of a theatre, library and art gallery; the Shakespeare Monument, the gift of Lord Ronald Gower to the town of Stratford; the fountain and clock tower, the gift of our discriminating and benevolent fellow-countryman, Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Also the "New Place," which was Shakespeare's later home, purchased in the days of his prosperity, and in which he died. Shakespeare had three children, Susanne, born in May, 1583; Hamnet and Judith, twin children, born in February, 1585. The boy Hamnet died at the age of twelve years. The daughters grew up to womanhood, and Susanne was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician of Stratford, and Judith was married to Thomas Quincy, a vintner of Stratford. From the records it would seem likely that Shakespeare died on the fifty-second anniversary of his birth. The record is that he died April 23rd, 1616. He was christened April 26th, 1564. The custom of the time was to christen children when three days old, and it would therefore seem likely that he was born on the 23rd of April in that year.

I confess my visit to Stratford gave me a new conception of the vastness of Shakespeare's genius. It is true there have been many more voluminous authors, but what poet is there who maintained such a high standard of excellence throughout, or who said so many things worthy to be preserved for all time? The town of Stratford is an attractive, well-kept little city, evidently proud to have been the birthplace and home of the greatest of poets. The Avon excited our unbounded admiration, and this gentle stream, which Shakespeare loved so well, and which he has immortalized, still

Makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

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WALES

THE LAND OF THE RUGGED WORTH

By Rev. Lewis Williams, B.D., Utica, N. Y.

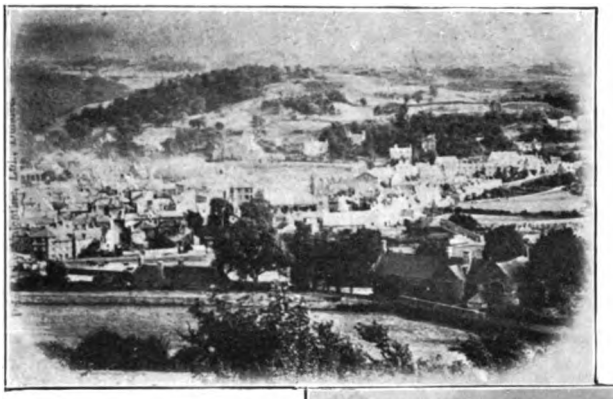
AT last we are in Wales, the "land of our fathers," the only spot where men, women and children did not reach out the hand for "backsheeh.' We have had a little time to visit some points of interest, and this only to admire the more its wooded hills, its rugged mountains and beautiful and fertile valleys, the clear, pure springs issuing from the hillsides, its trout streams and winding rivers flowing between the tall mountain ranges toward the sea.

In comparing Wales with all the lands of our wanderings, we can truly say it is far and away ahead in mountain scenery, beautifully wooded vales, the bluest skies and most golden sunsets. Our fates located us in the most picturesque part of this little principality, whose entire length in all is only two hundred miles and breadth one hundred miles. Like Palestine, it has concentrated history and natural beauty. Dolgelly, the town of our birth, sixty-five miles from Liverpool, is nestled in a vale surrounded by lofty and wooded mountains, the chief point being "Cader Idris," whose peak is three thousand feet above sea level and second to Wales' famous Snowden in height. The name is derived from Idris, a traditional giant, and from its shape is called the "chair," from which he viewed the heavens in astronomical study, and cast down stones, which to this day are pointed out. From its top, difficult of ascent, Ireland and the British Channel may be seen, and, under clear skies, more than fourteen villages, with rivers and lakes. Bugle echoes here have marvelous effects, and the discharge of a pistol calls forth the tongues of the rocks with prodigious power. Every variety of hue and kind of forest obtains. Our cousin, with whom we chiefly stop, Evan Francis, made a collection of four hundred and



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thirty-four different kinds of wood in this one little shire (Merionethshire) which he placed in a museum—a rare exhibit for so small a territory. Outside our window stands a grand sycamore and beside it two magnificent "cedars of Lebanon." To us who have seen the naturally beautiful Palestine in its present barren, treeless wastes, it seems a very lavish wealth of nature. I do not wonder the hearts of Wales' sons scattered over our own land turn loyally and with warmth to their native land. John Ruskin says, "The grandest scenery in all the world is from Dolgelly, ten miles to Barmouth on the sea; and the next grandest is from Barmouth back to Dolgelly." The sea on one side of the fine boulevard and the high cliffs with castle and abbey on the other. Wales is old in history. Since its subjection to the English under Henry VIII, English laws and customs of inheritance have prevailed. Lords and gentry own the land. There is small chance for the small tenant; still a wonderful strength of clannish



DOLGELLY AND "CADER IDRIS"

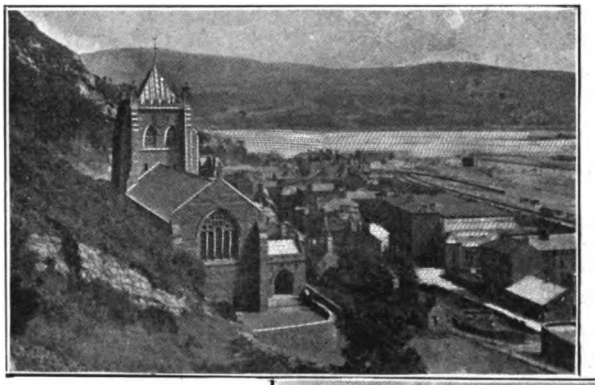


PRECIPICE WALK, DOLGELLY

character, loyal to its race and true to its own peculiar instincts, lives and will ever live in every warm Welsh heart. Here and everywhere the musical predilections of the Welsh are well known. Their attachment to the harp is universal, and is strengthened by traditional and historical associations. Anciently their harp had only a single row of strings, but by a peculiar management of finger and thumb, flat and sharp notes were perfectly produced. The modern congresses of bards and minstrels have strengthened the people's natural love of music, until child or adult among the hardy Cambrians can scarcely be found who do not give forth the plaintive melodies and joyous carols of their hills and valleys. Their past afflictions have given a deep pathos to their Welsh airs. In minerals Wales abounds. A large gold mine is just back of us, now worked by hundreds of men, "Prince of Wales" mine. It long remained idle, when the father of your honored townsman, William B. Parry, of Roberts & Parry, hard-

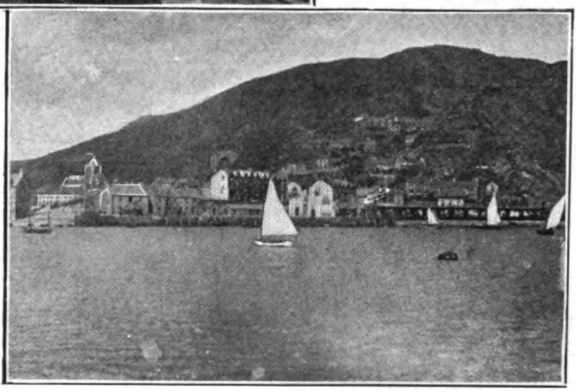
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ware, discovered a new vein, and gave new impulse to the enterprise, which now nets £59,000 a year clear profit, English money. Twenty-three of these mines are now worked throughout North Wales. Extensive slate quarries and iron and lead ore mines constitute a most important and lucrative Welsh industry. Marbles of a green color are found in Anglesey. Wales is full of castles. Edward I, after the cruelties and conquests which placed him in front rank with Nero, tried to conciliate the people by building numerous castles, especially Carnarvon, over which for a time he placed Welsh chieftains. It took two reigns to erect Carnarvon. English help and money was secured for the purpose.



BARMOUTH FROM BELLEVUE

Two miles from Dolgelly is Nannan Park. Its abbey stands higher than any house in Great Britain, commanding delightful views. It is entered under a fine gateway at least a mile from the mansion. Many romantic traditions are attached to this place. Popular belief and history has it that one Owen Glyndwr concealed in an old oak on this place the body of his murdered cousin, Howel Sele, for over forty years. Beddgelert is a noted place, raising Welsh bards. I once heard Apmadoc, formerly from Utica, sing "Gelert's Grave."



BARMOUTH FROM ISLAND, WALES

We have seen the chapel monument erected at Beddgelert over the body of the faithful hound "Kill Hart," given Prince Llewelyn by King John. On returning home from a hunt, preceded by his dog, he found his child's cradle overturned, and lying beside it, covered with blood, was "Gelert." Filled with rage, the prince stabbed him with his sword, to find on the other side the body of an enormous wolf which his faithful dog had killed to save his child. Whatever fact is attached to this beautiful story (and it is currently believed by all here), certainly Kill Hart's grave or Beddgelert's monument attests to the Welsh faith in its truth, and an adage is common, "He repents as much as the man who killed the dog."

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Altogether this Cambrian land of our fathers is a most notable one. It has leading representatives in literature and arts. Here at Dolgelly lives a noted Irish-Welsh authoress, Miss Frances Powers Cobbe, who with her pen and voice has helped to move the world for humanitarianism. At present, at the age of eighty years, she is agitating Parliament in the interests of antivivisection. Disappointed as I am, owing to severe illness, in not seeing more of Wales, I am yet proud to consider myself a "citizen of no mean country," and am determined to see it (D. V.) more fully at some future time. I have been under the skilful care of Dr. Hugh Jones of Dolgelly, than whom I know of no abler, more thorough or conscientious physician in any land. I am disappointed that I could not visit the hills and mountains of this, my native land, or fill one at least of the six pulpits opened for me, but all in all, our trip has been most successful. I must refer to one Utican I met in Cairo, G. F. Horsey, of the Horsey Building, who, during eight months' residence at Cairo, has built up a grand practice in dentistry.

So far the season has been backward; much rain and cold weather. The farmers had just now sent the thousands of sheep up the mountains for the summer. I have met many persons who have been and are active in advancing the work of education and general intelligence among the people. Wales is looking up in the direction of educating her common people. I met a second cousin at Port Madoc, whose wife is a near relative of the late Admiral Sampson's mother. She was Welsh; his father was a Scotchman. "Bob" Evans, of the *Texas*, was born at Talsaman, several miles from Llanelltyd, and Gen. Miles comes from a Welsh family. Saw in one of the papers sent me from your office an article suggesting planting over four hundred thousand trees in the Adirondacks. No greater blessing can be bestowed on generations yet to come than to cause the uncultivated sections of our country to become covered with useful forests. Near Llanelltyd, North Wales, and within ten minutes' walk of my cousin's home, is a large tract of woodland, taking up the side of a mountain ridge. The trees, now large and used for various purposes, are called "Trees of Peace." After the battle of Waterloo, over eighty-six years ago, Col. Watkins, of Hengwrt, near the above place, had companies of the militia, after their discharge, employed to plant trees all along the hillsides as indicated—ash, oak, larch, pine, tamarack, etc. What a blessing to-day unto this section of Wales! What a grand employment might this be for the hundreds of idle men and boys in Palestine! How the desolated hills could be made beautiful under the growth of all manner of wood, even as in the time of our Saviour. Earth could be carried up the steeps and terraces formed to protect, in view of heavy rains; the olive planted and the fir, with vines and fig trees on the slopes. What a gift for a future generation! But instead of encouraging the industry, the sultan levies a tax of $1 on every tree planted. When in Constantinople with Consul General C. M. Dickinson, who was a classmate in Lowville Academy, I had the pleasure of visiting the old palace and the treasury building.

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[Written while convalescing from an illness, at a window overlooking the "Mawddach" River in North Wales.]

THE VALE OF LLANELLTYD

O, beautiful valley of Llanelltyd,
How charming thy face to behold,
With woodland and mountains so girded
Thy beauty is ever of old.

How lovely thy groves and thy fountains,
Thy meadows and river to see;
Old "Idris," a peer among mountains,
Looks downward with pride upon thee.

'Tis pleasing to waken at morning
And list to the lark on the lea,
Repeating its carol inspiring,
A song of glad welcome to me.

How charming to view from my window
The herds on the hillside away,
And the gamboling lambs on the meadow
When chasing each other at play.

O, beautiful vale of Llanelltyd,
A refuge in sickness to me,
We came to thee tired and wearied,
We came to thee over the sea.

Thy people are gentle and loving,
How great is their kindness to me;
Heaven grant them the choicest of blessing,
While "Mawddach" flows on to the sea.

Once more, Llanelltyd, the beautiful,
Thy glory through ages shall be,
And all of thy borders be joyful
While "Mawddach" flows on to the sea.

L. WILLIAMS

NORTH WALES, G. B., MAY 3, 1902

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THE TRIAL, WITH POSSIBILITIES OF HANGING OR IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE



TRIAL is one of the concomitants of such a cruise as the *Celtic's*. It was fully arranged for, but during the delay incident to a multitude of other functions claiming attention, a settlement out of court, which it is understood, was most favorable to the plaintiff, and big with promise for the future, was effected.

The plaintiff, a most charming young lady from Manhattan, by her attorney from up the State, brings an action against an eminent New England physician, under the following complaint:

COMPLAINT

Breach of contract and assault without malice, resulting in serious bodily harm and mental anguish.

The plaintiff, who is an inexperienced and confiding young woman of tender age, on or about the eighth day of February, 1902, came on board the steamer *Celtic*, White Star Line, looking for some one to cling to during the cruise.

The defendant, a man of mature age, of superior personal presence and extraordinary mental endowments—born under the sign Virgo—then and there promised, covenanted and agreed to and with the plaintiff, that, in consideration of the exercise by her of her social gifts and arts, he would protect, defend and hold harmless the plaintiff, during the entire voyage; that he would be a brother to her, and that if her personal safety required, he would sacrifice his life in her behalf.

The plaintiff further says that she fully performed the said contract upon her part, and enlivened the trip of the defendant with brilliant conversation, sparkling wit and winsome ways.

The plaintiff further shows that on or about February 11th next ensuing, the defendant fell a victim to other attractions and from that time ceased to care for and protect the plaintiff according to the said covenants and obligations, and that as a consequence of such neglect, plaintiff is suffering from severe bodily injury, sustained by the sudden shutting of a door which it was the duty of the de endant to hold upon for her, and from keen mental anguish. That this disability and distress promise to be protracted, if not permanent, and will require the plaintiff to forego the pleasures of polite society for a long season.

By reason of which the plaintiff has been damaged in the sum of ten thousand dollars, for which sum the plaintiff demands judgment against the defendant, together with the costs of this trip also.

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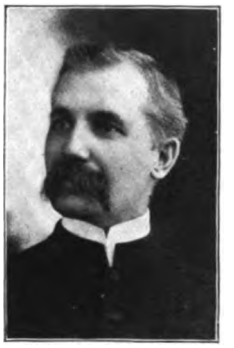
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF A FEW MEN WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF KNOWING ON THIS PLEASURE TRIP TO SACRED, CLASSIC AND HISTORIC COUNTRIES

After ten years of most arduous toil, Rev. Dr. Tyndall has built The People's Tabernacle on East 102d St., New York. He has four lady missionaries associated with him in this, one of the most needy and at the same time one of the most hopeful fields in Christendom.

He and his family are doing a great undenominational work, which is only limited by the means at hand.

He will be glad to welcome all the friends of the *Celtic* Cruise at his home and his church, and acquaint anyone who is interested, either by correspondence or otherwise, with his great work.

Ten thousand dollars a year is needed to conduct the work as it should be done. Can we help?



REV. H. M. TYNDALL, S. T. D., NEW YORK



MR. AND MRS. W. H. BATES, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The tourists of the *Celtic* are probably more indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Bates than to any one else for the publishing of the Souvenir Volume.

Mr. Bates has a heart as big as his body, and is an inspiration to whatever he wants to go. He is a lithographer and printer on a large scale in Memphis, Tenn., and knew something of the vast amount of labor connected with such an undertaking as this Souvenir Volume has been.

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GEORGE F. WASHBURN, BOSTON, MASS.,





Who was born of sturdy old New England stock, at Calais, Maine, on a Sunday forenoon, February 13, 1859. While still a little boy, his family moved to Massachusetts, from whence his father enlisted for the Civil War, leaving the children wholly to the care of the mother.

At the return of peace the father came home, impaired in health and fortune, to take up life where he had left it four years before. But the struggle was a hard one and when he went to California in search of the success denied him in the East, the burden of the family rested wholly upon the brave young shoulder of George Frederic, the oldest of a family of five.

Before he was twenty-one, he was a partner with his uncle in the bookbindery business in good old Plymouth town. Here he joined the church, became an enthusiastic advocate of temperance and a leader in a movement for "no license," that went to a successful termination with a vigor that even to this day has prevented any retrograde movement.

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This was really the beginning of active participation in reform movements, an activity that has continued ever since, in various directions.

From Plymouth young Washburn went west as traveling salesman for a large safe manufacturing concern, a calling which he followed successfully for two or three years, his alert mind making the most of the opportunity for knowledge and experience extensive travel in the West and South afforded.

Returning to Boston, he married then and entered upon his career as a merchant, which has been a signally successful one, although inaugurated and continued during a period when failures were far more numerous than successes.

In religion Mr. Washburn is a Methodist of the practical, progressive type. He is widely and favorably known in the denomination, having been prominently identified with its work for many years. In 1900, he was chosen delegate to the New England Conference, and by that body appointed delegate to the Great General Conference that meets but once in four years. This Assembly appointed him representative of the American Methodist Church at the Ecumenical Council, which was to meet the following year (1901) in London, and he participated in the work of that great international deliberative body. This is the highest appointment, or mark of confidence, that the Methodist denomination can bestow upon a lay member.

Politically, he is and has always been a believer in the great, underlying principle of republicanism upon which our government rests—not as embodied in any political party—but as a standard by which to test men and measures. Mr. Washburn was a prominent figure in the political campaigns of 1896 and 1900, and is still a warm personal friend of Mr. Bryan.

For more than ten years co-operation has been a marked and successful feature of Mr. Washburn's mercantile establishment; and both here and abroad he has made it the subject of close observation and study. Now that it has made such headway in other countries and is assuming colossal proportions in this, he has been urged to take the management of the largest co-operative plant in the country, if not in the world, and at this writing is in the West, looking over the field with a view to the acceptance of this great responsibility.

In person, Mr. Washburn is tall, finely proportioned, brown-haired, blue-eyed, resembling to a marked degree his mother, who is still a handsome woman with never a white thread in her fine dark hair.

His personality is genial, sunny, magnetic, adaptable. He is at home in business, political, or social circles, and equally welcome in all. Mr. Washburn is President of the Commonwealth Club of Massachusetts, a Thirty-second degree Mason, and justly proud of his connection with that ancient order. He is also a member of the Loyal Legion, his father having been a commissioned officer in the army. Despite his various interests and responsibilities, Mr. Washburn is domestic in his tastes, and very happy in his family relations.

Though denied by the circumstances of his youth a university training, Mr. Washburn is a clear, direct writer, a convincing, agreeable speaker, and altogether a splendid example of the graduates turned out from our greatest of educational institutions, "The University of Hard Knocks." The present time finds him finely equipped mentally and physically, to serve his day and generation worthily and to good purpose.

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REV. WILLIAM K. HALL, D.D., NEWBURGH, N. Y.

Dr. Hall has a striking face and the bearing of a soldier in a ministerial garb at all times. Even when his horse fell with him in Galilee, landing him on the rock hip foremost, he was ready with his glass canteen to apply remedies to the wounded spot.



After that he seemed to think that all Galilee was infested with enemies, for he kept his hand toward his hip pocket as ready to draw his pistol at any moment.

Oh, yes, I remember, you want to know about the man more than his experiences on this trip. Well, he was born in Boston, Mass., was fitted for college at the Boston Public Latin school, and was graduated from Yale in the class of 1859. After graduation, he pursued his theological studies in New Haven and in Berlin, Germany. In October, 1862, he was ordained Chaplain of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers. He was installed pastor of the First Congregational Church of Strafford, Conn., in October, 1866, and in February, 1873, he accepted the call of the First Presbyterian Church of Newburgh. This pastorate has continued to the present time. Its twenty-fifth anniversary was observed not only by the church and its Bethel Branch organization, but also by the citizens of Newburgh, in a public banquet in recognition of his active interest in the general welfare of the community. He was elected Moderator of the New York Synod in 1878. In 1879 he was honored by the President with the appointment as a member of the Board of Visitors at the United States Military Academy at West Point. In 1881 he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the University of New York.

Dr. Hall has been president of the Newburgh Historical Society, and of other local organizations, and has been prominently connected from the beginning with the associated charities of the city. He has spoken at many of the assemblages of his townspeople; he presided and delivered an address at the religious centennial in 1883, and delivered the oration at the presentation of the flag by Ellis Post, G. A. R., to the Academy at Washington's Headquarters, on Memorial Day, 1889. Many of his sermons and addresses upon public occassions have been printed. The following reference is made to him in the Encyclopædia of the Presbyterian Church in the United States:

"Dr. Hall has fine scholarly attainments and a vigorous and healthy intellectual organization. He combines with an earnest and intelligent interest in the various phases of modern thought a wise and strong conservatism. He is decidedly a thinker, and shows his New England training in his leaning toward

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the philosophical and metaphysical aspects of truth. But not less marked are the practical tendencies of his thought, which are always characterized by keen spiritual insight, elevation of tone, width of view, comprehensiveness of grasp and vigorous common sense. His sermons show marks of careful preparation, literary finish, rhetorical power and logical sequence of thought, and never lack the directness, earnestness and simplicity which distinguish his ordinary address. His manner in the pulpit is impressive. He combines breadth of sympathy with decision of character and thought. He is a man of public spirit, ready and efficient in the support of every public good."

Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., New York City.

He was easily the leader of the brainy literary men aboard the *Celtic*. Always in evidence, yet never obtrusive, he seemed as much at home in the parlor with a piccolo, as on the lecture platform telling in his most incisive and comprehensive way, of Egypt or America. In his book on Expansion, he says: "We must keep the noblest ideals constantly in mind, and unceasingly struggle toward them; but as sober men dealing with present facts we must acknowledge that physical conditions still dominate the nations."



In his latest book, "The Next Great Awakening," which every man and woman should read, he begins: "The supreme need of the world is a real God." That statement seemed especially striking after our visit to people of strange religions, and after mingling with many so-called Christians. Dr. Strong's books are a real tonic to the man with brains and heart. Very likely you will find in your encyclopædia something like this:

Josiah Strong was born of New England parentage at Naperville, Ill., near Chicago, January 18th, 1847. While yet a child, his parents removed to Hudson, O., the seat of Western Reserve College, where he was graduated in 1869. He studied at Lane Theological Seminary until 1871, and began his

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work as a home missionary the same year in Cheyenne, Wyo., with a little church of thirteen members. Two years later he was recalled to his college as chaplain and instructor in natural theology. After three years the college church was united with that of the village, so that the services of the chaplain were no longer required, and he accepted the call of the First Congregational Church of Sandusky, O.

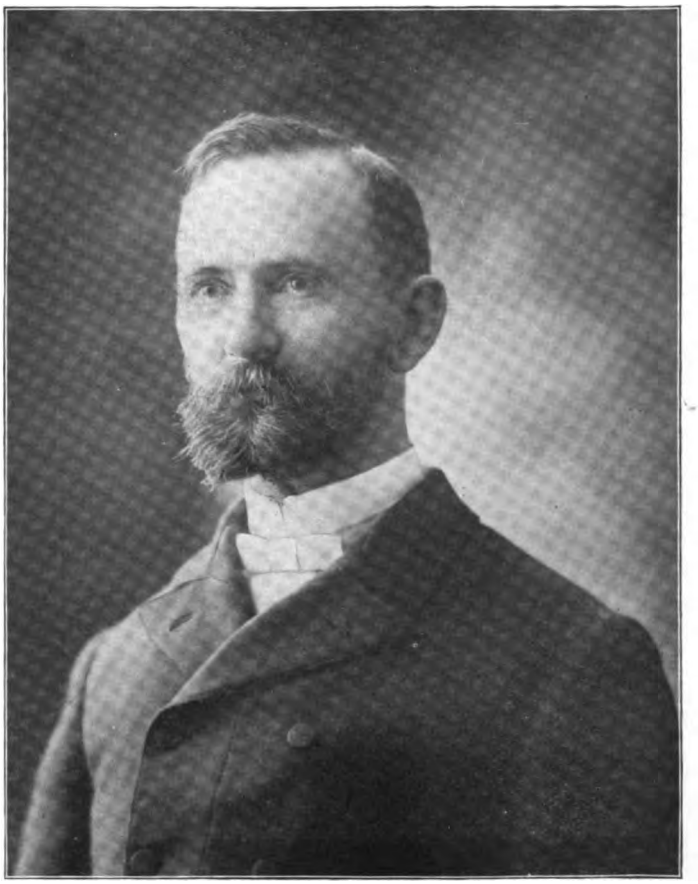
While at Sandusky, he became profoundly interested in the condition of the country, and after a pastorate of five years accepted the secretaryship of the Ohio Home Missionary Society, in order to avail himself of the special facilities which the office would afford for the study of the great home missionary problem in all its aspects. During the secretaryship of three years, he added much to the materials which afterwards appeared in "Our Country." In 1884, the attractions of the pastorate prevailed, and he accepted a call to the Vine Street Church of Cincinnati.

In 1886 "Our Country" appeared. With its revised edition, issued in 1891, this book has had a circulation in the English language of nearly one hundred and seventy thousand. Nearly the whole book has been republished, a chapter, more or less, at a time, in pamphlet form, or in the daily press of the United States, Canada and Great Britain, and has been translated into a number of European languages. This led to his election as General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, which office he assumed in November, 1886. In 1893 he published "The New Era," which has had a circulation of forty-six thousand. It was published at the same time in London, and permission has been given to translate it into French, and to publish it in Switzerland. Early in 1898 appeared "The Twentieth Century City," which reached the thirteenth thousand in the course of a few months.

Dr. Strong continued General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance until the 1st of June, 1898, when he resigned to organize the League for Social Service, the object of which is the education of public opinion and the popular conscience through the instrumentality of literature distributed by the various young people's societies and through a bureau of information and a lecture bureau. He has been elected president of this organization. We may add still further for the benefit of our readers, that if you are seeking in any way to aid or improve your town or society, or school, in short, anything that is looking to the betterment of your community, or any individual in it, you cannot do better than consult Dr. Strong, President of the League for Social Service, Charities Building, New York City.

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REV. GERARD B. F. HALLOCK, D.D., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



It was your fault if you did not know Dr. Hallock well. He was one of the most genial passengers aboard the *Celtic*. His theology doesn't spoil him. He is a busy man, though he seems to take time to get the fun and the knowledge of the crowd that is passing. He looks a little weighted with responsibility, but when you see all those initials going before his name—the prefix and suffix, it is accounted for. He is hardly accountable for this great name, as it has developed in a natural way, though his parents might have relieved him a little at the start. He is the oldest of twelve children, and how the parents found names for the other eleven is a mystery. Forty-six years ago he was born in Holliday's Cove, W. Va. He worked up a good constitution on the farm with his father for twenty years, and then went into the hardware business in Steubenville, O. But he had a message from Christ for the world, and fitting himself by the drill of the Princeton College and Seminary to deliver it, the Lord has called him to stand with the Rev. W. R. Taylor, D.D., of the Brick Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y., and deliver it.

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He has here a congregation of over two thousand members to minister and speak to, while his actual parish must include five times that number.

His marvelous ability for work and his faculty of making the best of every moment has enabled him to give the following books to the world: "Altar and Ring," "A Square Man," "The Psalm of Shepherdly Love," "Wanted! A Strong Boy." He has still later works and is writing every day the kind of books that the world needs, besides keeping up a department in a great religious monthly—*The Preacher's Assistant.*

He has spent twelve years in his happy field in Rochester, declining calls to other places, even to that needy, but attractive city of New York, believing what we found to be true on shipboard, that he is best appreciated where best known. He does not have to tell you about his pedigree, like one lady who was always boasting of her noble blood, until you began to suspect. He has a noted ministerial ancestry.

He has four brothers in the ministry, while two others are practicing medicine. And one of his four sisters is a missionary in India. They seem to be the material out of which world builders are made. No man could be held in higher esteem by an appreciative people, as is evident by the resolutions offered when they thought he would accept the call to New York City.

And is he married? That was the interesting question asked by many, concerning all the men on board. Oh, yes, he is the bishop of one wife. He was married on May 8, 1888, in New York City, to Miss Anna Cobb, daughter of Rev. Archibald Cobb, deceased.

When you want a good story to relieve life's monotony or to find out the way to heaven or to a successful career, or how to be a manly man among men, just send for this modest, unassuming man. He is always at home, in the pulpit, the study, the saddle, or the ship.



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Captain Samuel Smith Brown, Pittsburg, Pa.

Captain Samuel Smith Brown, son of W. H. Brown, was born in time to enlist while very young, in the Union Army with the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves. He had been thoroughly educated at normal school and college. He is still interested in his old college—Jefferson—located at Cannonsburgh, Pa., now united with Washington, and called Washington and Jefferson. He served in the Union cause in the Army of the Potomac, where he won his title of captain. Having, however, a practical knowledge of coal mining and shipping, he took charge of this kind of work for the government at Memphis, where Grant began his campaign against Vicksburg.



The malarial fever, so prevalent in that section, forced him to return North, where he soon identified himself with his father's large coal mining and shipping operations. He is associated with so many business interests involving millions of dollars, that the wonder is he could be persuaded to go on such a cruise as that of the *Celtic*.

But he has learned, like many others, that all life's pleasure is not simply in making money. Spending it wisely is just as much pleasure as making it.

While not posing as a philanthropist, he has done much to smooth the rugged pathway of many, and speed the world on to a nobler life.

As an illustration of this side of his character, a little incident at Constantinople will serve. The passengers of the *Celtic*, in reply to a short speech of Consul General Dickinson, of Constantinople, undertook to gather a purse of $1,200 to liquidate a debt standing against the girls' school in Scutari. The collectors had made fair headway when the Rev. Dr. Holmes was selected to approach Capt. Brown. At the close of the brief interview, the Captain asked, "How much are you short." The sum named reached up into the hundreds. "I'll give you a check for that amount," was his reply. We all breathed freely, as this completed the work.

But the genial minister no doubt thought that he might just as well have asked for that many thousands.

As the leasee of the Monongahela House, Pittsburg, Pa., he thus becomes identified with the hotel that has held the leading place among the first hotels of that great center of wealth and population.

He has never been a politician, but as a man deeply interested in the welfare of the City of Pittsburg, he has represented her in Select Council more than once.

He belongs to the Manhattan Club of New York, the Pendennis Club of

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Louisville, the Genessee Club of Memphis, and the Americus Club of Pittsburg. In every part, therefore, of our great nation he finds the doors of brothers swinging open to him. Lest this welcome should not be strong enough he clasps hands with the Order of Elks, the Scottish Rite men and the Masonic Brotherhood, even up to the thirty-third degree.

Farewell, *bon voyage* forever.

The Rev. Michael Clune, Syracuse, N. Y.

Rev. Michael Clune, "the Priest of the Protestants," he is called at home and abroad. He ought to have been a Methodist preacher, or a Baptist or even a Presbyterian. But the environments were against it and he, seems perfectly happy. He certainly ought to be a bishop in his mother church, for he is broad-minded, scholarly, and a Christian gentleman.



His face and wit, more than his language, betray the fact that he was born in Ireland, or "on the way over." But the record makes it definite that he was born in County Clare, in 1847. He has had a good deal of experience in facing the world and its problems alone. His widowed mother brought him to this country when he was five years old, and started him in the public schools of Syracuse. As the years went on he became a dry goods clerk, then pushed on to higher things, graduating from the Niagara University in 1867, and from St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy in 1870. He was ordained to the priesthood three years later and settled in the city of his boyhood—Syracuse. Here for fifty years his life has been telling for the uplift of his fellow-men. In 1891 he was called to assist the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden, of St. John's, Syracuse, N.Y., in his great cathedral work, and has proved himself in every way the right man in the right place. He despises cant and hypocrisy, whether in Protestant or Catholic. He is loyal to the Pope and is at the

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same time a patriotic American citizen. He delivered his famous lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" when the "Celtics" sought to honor the great American's name, and won hearty applause from his large and intelligent audience.

"Four things," says Dr. Van Dyke, "a man must learn to do,"
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely."

FATHER CLUNE ON THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The possibilities attending a union of Christendom cause the blood to tingle in the veins. They excite hopes beyond the dreams of the world's greatest generals or philanthropists.

How peacefully did united Christendom change the Sabbath, calm the controversies as to Easter time, elevate women, abolish slavery, introduce printing, juries and parliaments into the world.

It is in union and not in competition, that humanity is to be crowned. As an illustration, I remember when the States of our Union, instead of the National Government, issued bills as money. The bills of one State were at a discount in almost every other State. The national bills were lately taken from me as readily in Europe, Asia and Africa as they were in Syracuse. Mr. Blaine proposed a coinage for North and South America. A better proposal is a universal coinage, the same quantity of gold being given a Latin name and coined by every State.

It is, however, in moral problems that the union of Christendom would be supremely useful. Why should there be war? When the Emperor of Russia convoked the peace conference, two mistakes were made. One was internal, the other was external. The internal mistake was the proposal to stop invention of destructives.

The external mistake was in not inviting the Holy See to participate. The Pope is the Viceroy of the Prince of Peace. He sways the consciences of men. As governments are selfish and brutal, they ignore conscience. As they are enlightened, they respect it.

The Hague conference was followed by one of the saddest wars of history. Experience will guide us along safer and wiser paths. Truth is leading us upward and onward.

New York State and North Carolina are not equal in many things. The fact that they cannot make war upon each other does not prevent them from developing along their own lines. It helps them to do so.

So universal peace will let every government develop along its own lines and safeguard it in following out its destiny.

Then shall the vision of Isaiah be realized. Then will streams of water burst out in the desert and the wilderness blossom as the rose. Then will men from all lands seek the paths which the sacred feet trod, and grow stronger and more humane as they walk upon the hallowed ground.

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Captain Joseph S. Nanson, St. Louis.

Joseph S. Nanson, the bright, genial, unassuming friend among our *Celtic* cruisers, has been identified with the navigation and trade interests of St. Louis for more than forty years When you get acquainted with him you want to know more of him. This is what we found out after a little investigation. He was born January 22nd, 1827, in the town of Fayette, Howard County, Mo. He attended a country school in his boyhood, until he was old enough to assist his father in his business, his educational advantages thereafter being limited to attendance at a night school. For some prior to 1851, he clerked in a store at Glasgow, Mo., and then made his first business venture on his own account, with a capital of one thousand dollars, loaned him by his friend, John D. Perry. He began business as head of the firm of Nanson & Robbins, succeeded in 1852 by Nanson & Bartholow. The last named firm continued in existence until 1855, when Mr. Nanson disposed of his interest at Glasgow, and, coming to St. Louis, purchased the steamboat *Banner State*, of which he took charge as captain. He built a number of steamboats with varying success, but gave up steamboating in the spring of 1860 and formed a partnership with Logan D. Dameron, under the firm name of Nanson, Dameron & Co., and engaged in the grain trade.



After a conspicuous leadership in many business enterprises Captain Nanson incorporated the Nanson Commission Company, in 1892, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. He became president of this corporation, and still retains that position. While engaged in the grain trade, he was interested incidentally in various other enterprises, and in 1864 became part owner of the steamboat *Sultana*, which was blown up in 1865, above Memphis, with great loss of life, about sixteen hundred being killed. About the same time he was also interested with the firm of Sells, Nanson & Co. in the purchase of cotton, in the lower Mississippi and Red River country. This firm purchased the steamer *Shreveport*, and sent her to New Orleans, where she was put into the government service. On this boat Captain Nanson followed General Banks up the Red River to Alexandria, La., and when Banks was driven back, found himself in a trying and dangerous position. He had in his possession one hundred thousand dollars in money, which it had been his intention to invest in cotton, and was fortunate in getting back to New Orleans without the loss of both his life and the money. While he was a member of the firm of Lewis,

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Nanson & Co. the firm was interested in the steamer *W. J. Lewis*, famous for having realized sixty thousand dollars as the profits of the first trip to the upper Missouri region. In later years Captain Nanson has confined his trading operations largely to St. Louis, and in addition to being president of the Nanson Commission Company he is president of the Wabash Elevator Company.

He is now director and secretary of the Hill City Steamboat Company of St. Louis. His life has been throughout an exceedingly active one, and he has contributed much to the development of trade, not only in St. Louis, but throughout the West. Notwithstanding his extended and active business career, Captain Nanson is still endowed with great energy, and devotes as many hours daily to the details of his business "on 'change" and elsewhere, as many younger men. Being gifted with an agreeable manner, he has hosts of friends among his associates, who find pleasure in listening to Captain Nanson's numerous stories of his early experiences on the river, which are full of romance and adventure, while founded on fact. August 24th, 1853, he married Miss Mary Belle Billingsley, daughter of Colonel Edward and Mary Ann Billingsley, of Glasgow, Mo. Two sons and two daughters were born to them. Both sons are dead, but the daughters are still living, married, and mothers of families. The Captain's genial, smiling face will not be forgotten by the many friends he made on board the *Celtic*.

Alphonso Chase Stewart, St. Louis.

He is one of those typical Americans who does things. He has more brains and heart, and money, and generosity than his appearance indicates. He began life in the town of Lebanon, Wilson County, Tenn., August 27th, 1848. He had the advantage of an intellectual ancestry, his father being at one time a college professor and a man of rare attainments, and his mother, who was Miss Harriet Byron Chase, a member of the family which claimed the eminent jurist of that name.



Mr. Stewart received his early education in the academic schools of Lebanon, later entering Cumberland University. When only fifteen years of age he joined the Confederate Army as a member of Starnes' Fourth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, Wheeler's Brigade, and a little later was appointed cadet on the staff of his father, Lieut. Gen. Alexander P. Stewart, of Confederate fame.

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He was graduated from Cumberland University with the degree of LL.D., before he attained the age of nineteen, and began the practice of law in his native county, being especially admitted to the bar by order of the County Court of that county, as he was then under age. About the year 1870 he became a member of the firm of Evans & Stewart, at Meridian, Miss., but in 1873 removed to St. Louis, where he continued his legal practice, and is now senior member of the firm of Stewart, Cunningham & Eliot, one of the leading law firms of the State.

In 1889 Mr. Stewart organized the first trust company in St. Louis, now the St. Louis Union Trust Company, and one of the largest, best-managed and most successful financial corporations in the West; and from its organization has occupied and still holds the position of its counsel. His history with this institution has caused him to be called in Missouri the "Father of Trust Companies." He is also connected in official or directive capacities with various other companies.

He is prominent in social, religious, educational and Masonic circles; member of a number of the best social clubs, and always actively identified with any movement in his adopted city for the advancement of social or religious life. He is a Knight Templar, Master of the Kadosh of Missouri Consistory No. 1, A. & A. S. R., Honorary Thirty-third degree, and Deputy at St. Louis for the Inspector General, thirty-third degree of Missouri; an enthusiastic and successful Sunday school superintendent and teacher for more than eighteen years, and is now, and has been for many years, president of the largest summer Sunday school assembly in Missouri. He is also vice-president of the St. Louis City Presbyterian Social Union.

We found him contributing to every good cause aboard the *Celtic*, as Mrs. General McAlpin will tell you after her address in behalf of the discharged criminal prisoners in the United States. He stood behind our book, too, like a true American and said quietly, "Count on me." But he said it with such emphasis, qualified with such business ability, that we at once placed him on the bench. He should be Judge A. C. Stewart. May the Pilot on the sea of life guide you safely into the port that is always light, always open and extending welcomes to the men who have helped the wrecked, the wearied, the lost.

The throne is higher than the bench.

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CAPTAIN AND MRS. CHARLES W. BROWN, PITTSBURG, PA.

Captain Brown is treasurer of the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company, of Pittsburg, Pa. He and his pretty bride are both quite young looking. Indeed, when we first saw him and his pleasant companion facing the promenade deck, we thought it was a young bride and groom off on their honeymoon. We are not sure yet that that is not correct. But when he stood up after Mrs. General McAlpin's fine address on the *Celtic's* home voyage in behalf of the prison work, and said he would be one of five to second the resolution of thanks that had been tendered Mrs. McAlpin for her address, with one hundred dollars for her cause, we said that man has a heart for humanity as well as a head for business.

His enthusiasm spread like a prairie fire and kindled in places that you did not expect. Instead of five hundred dollars, the sum of one thousand four hundred dollars was contributed in fifteen minutes. People who had never before given a thought to the condition of the prisoners were enlisted as mem-





bers of Mrs. Ballington Booth's and Mrs. General McAlpin's association, for saving prisoners to society and to God. On a little inquiry, we found out that this young looking man had been born in Newburyport, Mass., over forty years ago. He went to sea at an early age, gained a large experience, and won the confidence of those about him. For a time he was in the employ of the China Steamship Navigation Company.

At twenty-one years of age he was given full charge of the bark *Agate*, and sailed as her captain from New York to Australia. For six years he sailed the sea as the captain of a vessel. But there were greater possibilities open to

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him on the land, especially in this great land of America. 1885 finds him in Minneapolis, Minn., as a member of the firm of Brown & Haywood, manufacturers of stained and fancy glass. In thirteen years this firm had built up such a trade that the large concern known as the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company made them an offer for their business. This corporation found Mr. Brown so essential to the business that he was appointed its secretary. He thus became a resident of Pittsburg, where this great corporation is located.

When the question of sound money was an issue before the country, Mr. Brown was for two years chairman of the "Sound Money" organization of Minneapolis, the largest and most important independent feature in the campaign of 1896, in Minnesota. Mr. Brown does not claim to be away up on theology, but he still clings to the old family pew in the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, Mass. Like so many other Presbyterians, he always has his purse strings open to the cause that is helping his fellow-men to a better life, and a nobler manhood.

Rev. Edgar W. Work, D.D., Dayton, O.



We have reserved this unique, and one of the most attractive characters aboard the *Celtic*, to the last. That young, handsome looking man over there with side whiskers, cap and big coat, is Rev. Dr. Work, pastor of the large influential Presbyterian congregation at Dayton, O. He is so modest and retiring that you wouldn't think there was much in him, till you looked a little closer at the classic features.

Even then you would hardly take him to be the strong, popular preacher that metropolitan churches are seeking. But a little closer acquaintance reveals him as a man of true worth, a scholar, and an eloquent preacher.

Born at Logan, O., the State that has given us so many presidents, we find him pushing through the various grades of school until in the spring of 1884, when he graduated from Wooster University. It was quite likely that he was dedicated to the ministry by Christian parents when he was a mere child, so that when he graduated from Wooster he knew what the next step in his career was.

At all events he turned his face toward Cincinnati, and graduated from Lane Theological Seminary three years later. He was called the same year to Van Wert, O., where he labored successfully for three years.

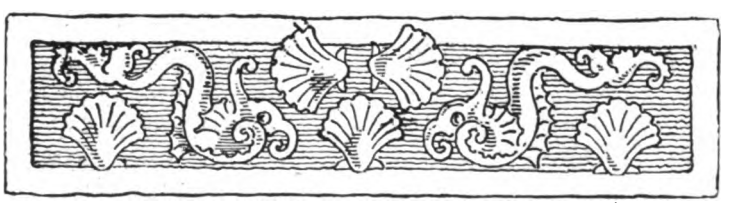
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In the third year of his ministry he was honored with a call that few men are able to resist, and which few men have the privilege of refusing. His *Alma Mater* called him to be College Pastor and Biblical Professor, where he spent five most happy years ministering to the students of that growing University of Wooster.

The Third Street Presbyterian Church, of Dayton, O., in casting around the States and examining the records of many able men, finally fixed upon Dr. Work, who had just received the honorary title of D.D., as the most likely man to unite all the interests in their church. They extended him a call which he accepted. For seven years he has been laboring in that charge with unabated zeal. Flattering calls have come to him, the last one, we believe, from Cleveland. But his people could not part with him. They know when they have a good man and feel quite able to take care of him.

While he joined the games of the tourists on deck, we found him an indefatigable worker, either preparing notes, writing for the papers, reading or giving a helping hand to some tourist.

In the midst of a busy pastorate, and the care of a large congregation, besides many outside interests, like the trusteeship of Lane Theological Seminary, Wooster University, and the local societies of Dayton, he has found time to write and publish a "Life of Paul," "Moses, the Home Missionary," and other works, besides newspaper and magazine articles. Taking him all in all he impresses you as quite the ideal minister, a genial traveling companion, and a Christian gentleman through and through.



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A TYPICAL MEAL



LUNCH AT EPHESUS.—HORLICK'S WONDERFUL MALTED MILK

While the arrangements for the meals of so large a body of excursionists were such as to merit in most cases the commendation of the parties most interested, still there were many times when a supply of civilized food in a palatable and condensed form proved very acceptable, and a real preserver of health. We were fortunate in having as a fellow-passenger Mr. William Horlick, Jr., of the firm of Horlick's Food Company, of Racine, Wis., and through his forethought and kindness, which extended during the whole trip, a generous supply of that well-known product, Horlick's Malted Milk, was on hand to meet every emergency. When the water was doubtful a tablet or two answered for a drink. All on board found the Malted Milk, on many occasions, the only food which satisfied without producing distress, and *mal-de-mer* for once could be fought very successfully with it. The view here given of the party enjoying a meal at the historic city of Ephesus will be recognized, and we know that Horlick's Malted Milk played no secondary part on that occasion. Inquire of William Horlick, Jr., Racine, Wis.

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OBITUARY NOTES

MRS. ROBERT GALLOWAY

Mrs. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn., whose charming spirit won for her many friends on this cruise as well as at home, fell asleep very suddenly on the morning of June 14th. She and her husband, Mr. Robert Galloway, will be pleasantly remembered by their many friends on board the *Celtic*.

The following rare tribute will tell of her life's richness to a larger circle.

(From *The Shibboleth*, Memphis, Tenn.)

It is a rare occurrence where fraternity periodicals ever mention the death of a woman unless she be prominently connected with some of the female so-



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT GALLOWAY, MEMPHIS, TENN.

cieties which claim affinity with the order in whose interest the periodical is published. Amid the rush of business and the environment of custom, habit and neglect, the memory of good women is neglected, and an honorable mention of their fair names, their lovable qualities and deeds of benevolence is passed without notice. We have often wondered at this, especially so when the af-

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flicted husband was prominent both as a citizen and Mason. On behalf of the *Shibboleth*, we propose to act differently, and shall render "honor to whom honor is due," either in male or female.

Mrs. Robert Galloway (*nee* Miss Mary Hall), was born in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., on the 6th day of June, 1845, and was, therefore, fifty-seven years old at her death. She was educated in the schools of that city. Her parents died when she was quite young, and while yet in her girlhood she came South to live with relatives. She was as thoroughly Southern as though to the manor born, and her sympathies were with its institutions.

In 1865, after grim-visaged war had passed away and the white wings of peace had encompassed our land, she married Mr. Robert Galloway, and together they began life without a dollar; but with his energy, business capacity and honesty of purpose, aided by her allegiance and love and always ready hand to do her part, they soon began to be successful. Time rolled on, and with each succeeding year fortune favored them, and her husband points to the fact with pride "that she helped him make every dollar he is worth." It is a remarkable fact, in the life of this good woman, that as her husband grew in wealth, so did her charities, which were always without ostentation or show, and many tears of sorrow and love will flow from the eyes of God's poor as the winter winds sigh through their squalid homes and pierce their thinly clad forms as they do battle with the world for sustenance, when they call to mind her untimely death.

She fell in the midst of life's harvest. Within her reach lay all the pleasure and happiness that wealth could give, together with the love, indulgence and devotion of a doting husband, in whose arms she expired ere his tear drops reached her cheek, and from whose bounty she had illustrated the greatest of God's virtues—charity.

The place selected by the grim reaper was most timely. It might have been on foreign shores, in the land of strangers, as she had just made the famous tour of the Holy Land and other Eastern countries, on the *Celtic*, with her husband, but he spared her to return to her home and friends ere he slew her. O! death, how unfathomable are thy ways, and seemingly cruel are thy mandates, and yet in this instance thou wert kind.

Mrs. Galloway was our personal friend, made so by a lifelong friendship which we enjoyed with her husband, and we esteemed her greatly for her many lovable traits of character. She was gentle, kind and good. We never saw her out of humor, or appealed to her charities in vain. She became a member of the Christian church in her young life and always lived by faith and in the spirit of the "golden rule." To say that she was prepared is but to call to mind the lines :

> Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that thy blood was shed for me.

In the death of Mrs. Galloway we are one friend less in the world. The great heart of the fraternity will go out to Brother Galloway in his irreparable loss, yet we remind him of the fact that Christ alone can heal the wound that death inflicts upon the loving heart.

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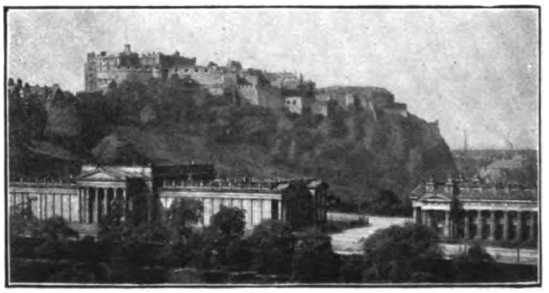
DR JOHN N. TILDEN, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

He was quite ill when he started and a sufferer all the way. He was very cheerful when we saw him at Cairo, but sank rapidly on his return home, and died July 10th. Those who knew him best will mourn their loss, and tender their sympathies to the loving circle of his home.

One of the most remarkable facts about our voyage was that every one of our tourists returned in safety. But the angel of death entered some of their homes in their absence, and is still calling to this one and that one among their friends.

Rev. A. L. Yount, D.D., of Greensburg, Pa., sailed from Liverpool on the *Majestic*, April 22nd. On that very day his little daughter Anna, aged ten, was taken ill with spinal meningitis. The father knew nothing of her illness, for she had written him a sweet, loving letter at Cairo. The message that he received in New York as he landed was, "Anna died at 12.45 April 29th." He was home in time to kiss the temple of clay that held his jewel. She had gone to the New Jerusalem before he could return from the old.

Come ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish!
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.



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MR. FRANK C. CLARK

ORGANIZER AND MANAGER

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Manager in the Orient

Mr. HERBERT E. CLARK,

United States Vice-Consul for Palestine, who meets the ship at Alexandria.

Directors:

Mr. LEON LOMOND COLLYER,
Mr. J. HARLEY DICKINSON,
Capt. GEO. B. BEARDSLEY,
Rev. EDWIN S. WALLACE,
Ex-U. S. Consul for Palestine.
Mr. HERMANN HORNSTEIN,
Will meet the ship at Gibraltar.
Mr. J. E. M. SOLOMON
Will meet the ship at Gibraltar.
Mr. T. W. WILLIAMS,
Will meet the ship at Gibraltar.
Mr. C. HILLIER,
Will meet the ship at Gibraltar.
Mr. OSCAR EMS,
Will meet party in Egypt.

Assistant Organizers:

Rev. D. E. LORENZ, Ph.D., New York City.
Dr. J. W. PETTIT, Ottawa, Ill.
Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D., Rochester, N. Y.
Rev. WM. E. BARTON, D.D., Oak Park, Ill.
Rev. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D., New York City.
Rev. S. EDWARD YOUNG, D.D., Allegheny, Pa.
Rev. JNO. B. DONALDSON, D.D., Davenport, Ia.
Rev. R. H. McCREADY, Ph.D., Chester, N.Y.
Rev. J. B. LEMON, Manchester, N. H.

THE TOURISTS

An analysis of the ship's company showing the vocations of the passengers would be interesting. Approximately there were about four hundred of each sex in the party. The women outnumbered the men, but the men were more elderly in appearance than the women. The *New York Herald* is authority for the statements that there were one hundred and seventy-nine women with the prefix "Miss" to their names, also that there were one hundred and seventy-five bank officers and bank clerks, eighty clergymen and about half as many doctors. It is also certain that nearly all lines of business were represented. Forty millionaires were among the tourists; the Bible Students' Travelers Club numbered two hundred and fifty. They had a little library for their own use, from which they could draw books for one day at a time.

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ITINERARY

The Captain and Director of Cruise reserve the right to change itinerary if circumstances should render it necessary

FROM NEW YORK, SAT., FEB. 8, 1902, 11 A. M.	MILES	ARRIVE ABOUT	LEAVE ABOUT	STAY	ABOUT
				days	hours
NEW YORK			Sat. Feb. 8, 11 a. m		
FUNCHAL, MADEIRA	2,650	Sun. Feb. 16, 7 a. m	Mon. Feb. 17, 1 p. m	1	6
GIBRALTAR	610	Wed. Feb. 19, 7 a. m	Wed. Feb. 19, 6 p. m		11
ALGIERS	410	Fri. Feb. 21, 6 a. m	Fri. Feb. 21, 6 p. m		12
VALETTA, MALTA, (by rail to Citta Vecchia and back)	573	Sun. Feb. 23, 8 a. m	Sun. Feb. 23, 6 p. m		10
PIRÆUS, BAY OF SALAMIS or Phaleron Bay	470	Tues. Feb. 25, 6 a. m	Wed. Feb. 26, 4 p. m	1	10
" rail to Athens and return (twice)	20				
ALEXANDRIA	580	Fri. Feb. 28, 6 a. m	Wed. Mar. 5, 3 p. m	12	19
" to Cairo, the Pyramids and return, R. R.	240	N. B.—Option of 5½ or	or 12½ days in Egypt		
JAFFA	267	Thur. Mar. 6, 9 a. m	Thur. Mar. 6, 3 p. m	*See*	*Note*
" to Jerusalem, Bethlehem and return, R. R	120	N. B.—Option of 5½ or	12½ days in Palestine		
ALEXANDRIA (steamer returns for those spending 12½ days in Egypt)	267	Fri. Mar. 7, 3 p. m	Wed. Mar. 12, 3 p. m		
JAFFA	267	Thur. Mar. 13, 9 a. m	Tues. Mar. 18, 1 p. m	5	4
CAIFA (embark Galilee and Samaria sections)	54	Tues. Mar. 18, 5 p. m	Tues. Mar. 18, 6 p. m		1
SMYRNA, passing Cyprus and Rhodes	650	Thur. Mar. 20, 10 a. m	Thur. Mar. 20, 8 p. m		10
CONSTANTINOPLE	295	Fri. Mar. 21, 4 p. m	Sun. Mar. 23, 4 p. m	2	
" steam up Bosphorus to Black Sea and back on arrival or departure	16	Fri. Mar. 21	Fri. Mar. 21		
Steam through Straits of Messina, pass Scylla and Charybdis					
NAPLES	956	Tues. Mar. 25	Tues. Mar. 25		
" to Pompeii and return, R. R	28	Wed. Mar. 26, 7 a. m	Mon. Mar. 31, 1 p. m	5	6
" to Rome and return, R. R	236				
VILLEFRANCHE (Nice)	360	Tues. April 1, noon	Tues. April 1, 12 p. m		12
Drive to Nice and Monte Carlo via the Corniche Road	18				
LIVERPOOL	2,100	Wed. April 9, 6 a. m	Sat. April 12, 5 p. m	3	11
QUEENSTOWN		Sun. April 13, 10 a. m	Sun. April 13, 11 a. m		1
NEW YORK	2,600	Tues. April 22, 7 a. m			
Total	13,425 miles water, 634 miles R. R.				

We changed our course and instead of going from Athens to Alexandria we went direct to Constantinople, thence to Ephesus and Caifa and on to Jerusalem from the north, going out of Syria at Jaffa and from there to Alexandria and Cairo.

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THE ROUTE

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Official List of Members

1. Mr. William L. Abbott. . . . . Pittsburg, Pa.
2. Mrs. Frances L. Achey. . . . . Dayton, O.
3. Rev. De Lorenze, Ph.D. . . . . New York City.
4. Mrs. Sarah P. Adams . . . . . Newton, N. J.
5. Mr. W. J. Aitchison. . . . . Hamilton, Ont.
6. Mr. G. L. Albrecht. . . . . Massillon, O.
7. Mrs. Albrecht. . . . . Massillon, O.
8. Mr. Eugene D. Alexander. . . . . New York City.
9. Mr. Charles L. Ames. . . . . Oak Park, Ill.
10. Mrs. Ames. . . . . Oak Park, Ill.
11. Miss Edith M. Ames. . . . . Oak Park, Ill.
12. Mr. Charles W. Archbold. . . . . Parkersburg, W. Va.
13. Mrs. Archbold. . . . . Parkersburg, W. Va.
14. Miss Julia De Armit. . . . . Pittsburg, Pa.
15. Mr. L. A. Ault. . . . . Cincinnati, O.
16. Mrs. Ault. . . . . Cincinnati, O.
17. Mr. Wm. Lawrence Austin. . . . . New York City.
18. Mrs. Austin. . . . . New York City.
19. Mr. Wm. R. Avery . . . . . Canastota, N. Y.
20. Mr. Daniel H. Ayers. . . . . Troy, N. Y.
21. Mrs. Ayers. . . . . Troy, N. Y.
22. Mr. Lyman H. Bagg. . . . . New York City.
23. Mr. Mark Bailey. . . . . New York City.
24. Mr. J. M. Baker. . . . . Oak Park, Ill.
25. Mrs. Baker. . . . . Oak Park, Ill.
26. Miss Cordelia A. Baker. . . . . Chicago, Ill.
27. Mr. James F. Baldwin. . . . . Manchester, N. H.
28. Mr. W. A. Baldwin. . . . . Arlington Heights, Mass.
29. Mrs. Baldwin. . . . . Arlington Heights, Mass.
30. Miss Anna E. Barnard. . . . . Brighton, N. Y.
31. John H. Bird. . . . . Peekskill, N. Y.
32. Edwin N. Bell. . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
33. Mrs. C. C. Barker. . . . . Bay City, Mich.
34. Miss Alice Barker. . . . . Bay City, Mich.
35. Miss Ada E. Barker. . . . . Bay City, Mich.
36. Mr. G. W. Barnes, Jr. . . . . Toledo, O.
37. Mr. H. Y. Barnes. . . . . Toledo, O.
38. Mr. Geo. W. Barnes. . . . . Toledo, O.
39. Mrs. Barnes. . . . . Toledo, O.
40. Mr. Frank W. Barnes. . . . . Telluride, Col.
41. Mrs. C. Isabel Barr. . . . . Quincy, Ill.
42. Miss Alice E. Barton. . . . . Kankakee, Ill.
43. Mr. Jacob P. Bauer. . . . . Cincinnati, O.
44. Mr. W. H. Bates . . . . . Memphis, Tenn.
45. Mrs. Bates . . . . . Memphis, Tenn.
46. Mr. Henry L. Beach. . . . . Bristol, Conn.
47. Miss Marguerite N. Beach. . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
48. Mr. Frank C. Beach. . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
49. Miss Phœbe Beadle. . . . . Rochester, N. Y.
50. Rev. W. I. Beatty. . . . . Lisbon, Ia.
51. Mr. Eliot M. Beardsley. . . . . Bridgeport, Conn.
52. Mrs. Beardsley. . . . . Bridgeport, Conn.
53. Mrs. Calista E. Bigelow. . . . . Chicago, Ill.
54. Mr. Edgar C. Bird. . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
55. Rev. C. H. Bixby. . . . . Chicago, Ill.
56. Miss Marie A. Bixby. . . . . Chicago, Ill.
57. Mr. Samuel Blackler. . . . . Lake Forest, Ill.
58. Mrs. Blackler. . . . . Lake Forest, Ill.
59. Mr. Fred G. Bonfils. . . . . Denver, Col.
60. Mrs. Bonfils. . . . . Denver, Col.

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61. Helen G. Bonfils.....Denver, Col.
62. Judge E. N. Bonfils.....Denver, Col.
63. Mrs. Bonfils.....Denver, Col.
64. Miss May Bonfils.....Denver, Col.
65. Miss Marie H. Bosler.....Franklin, Pa.
66. Rev. Edwin M. Bauman.....Braddock, Pa.
67. Mr. James Bowman.....South Branch, N. J.
68. Col. J. T. Bowyer.....Winfield, W. Va.
69. Mrs. E. S. Bowyer.....Chicago, Ill.
70. Mr. Geo. L. Bradbury.....Chicago, Ill.
71. Mrs. Bradbury.....Chicago, Ill.
72. Miss Ella A. Brackin.....Omaha, Neb.
73. Mr. R. G. Brooks.....Scranton, Pa.
74. Mrs. Brooks.....Scranton, Pa.
75. Mr. Geo. W. Brown.....Augusta, Kan.
76. Miss R. A. Brown.....Galveston, Tex.
77. Mr. Geo. W. Brown.....Augusta, Kan.
78. Rev. A. B. Brown.....Canonsburg, Pa.
79. Capt. C. W. Brown.....Pittsburg, Pa.
80. Mrs. Brown.....Pittsburg, Pa.
81. Capt. Sam'l S. Brown.....Pittsburg, Pa.
82. Mr. W. S. Brown.....Braddock, Pa.
83. Mr. B. A. Buffington.....Eau Claire, Wis.
84. Mrs. Buffington.....Eau Claire, Wis.
85. Mrs. Edwin Bugbee.....Willimantic, Conn.
86. Mr. L. Eugene Bunnell (to Algiers).....Brooklyn, N. Y.
87. Mrs. Bunnell (to Algiers).....Brooklyn, N. Y.
88. Master Arthur L. Bunnell (to Algiers).....Brooklyn, N. Y.
89. Miss Helen Burgess.....Titusville, Pa.
90. Miss Elsie Burke.....Plainfield, N. J.
91. Mrs. Edith F. Burns.....Carrollton, Ill.
92. Rev. D. E. Burtner.....Swampscott, Mass.
93. Mr. Jno. J. Butler.....New York City.
94. Mr. R. P. Butchart.....Shallow Lake, Ont.
95. Mrs. Butchart.....Shallow Lake, Ont.
96. Miss M. Callaghan.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
97. Col. Alexander Cameron.....Richmond, Va.
98. Mr. J. S. Cameron.....Salt Lake City, Utah.
99. Miss Sarah P. Cameron.....Salt Lake City, Utah.
100. Mrs. Cameron.....Richmond, Va.
101. Dr. Archibald Campbell.....Flushing, L. I.
102. Mrs. Horace Candee.....Syracuse, N. Y.
103. Mrs. Isabella L. Candee.....Cairo, Ill.
104. Rev. Chas. W. Carroll.....Cleveland, O.
105. Miss Frances D. Cary.....Baltimore, Md.
106. Mr. C. W. Case.....Minneapolis, Minn.
107. Mrs. Case.....Minneapolis, Minn.
108. Dr. B. F. Cessna.....Kenton, O.
109. Hon. Judge Alexandre Chauveau.....Quebec, Can.
110. Charles A. Chauveau, Advocate, Esq.....Quebec, Can.
111. I. Donaghue.....
112. Pres. B. C. Davis. Ph.D., D.D.....Alfred, N. Y.
113. Lieut. W. B. Day (Married).....Mansfield, O.
113½. Jesse W. Canfield.....Middletown, N. Y.
114. Hon. Frank Champlin.....Boone, Ia.
115. Mr. Gabriel Chiera.....Detroit, Mich.
116. Mrs. Chiera.....Detroit, Mich.
117. Mr. Otis H. Childs.....Pittsburg, Pa.
118. Mrs. Richard H. Chipman.....Philadelphia, Pa.
119. Mr. David W. Clark.....New Haven, Conn.
120. Miss Frances A. Clark.....Los Angeles, Cal.
121. Mrs. J. W. Clemesha.....Port Hope, Ont.
122. Miss Marian Clemesha.....Port Hope, Ont.
123. Mr. Jos. H. Clements, Jr.....Schenectady, N. Y.
124. Rev. Michael Clune.....Syracuse, N. Y.
125. Mrs. Abbie W. Coes.....Boston, Mass.
126. Miss M. L. Coffin.....New York City.
127. Rev. Walter D. Cole.....Lafayette, Ind.

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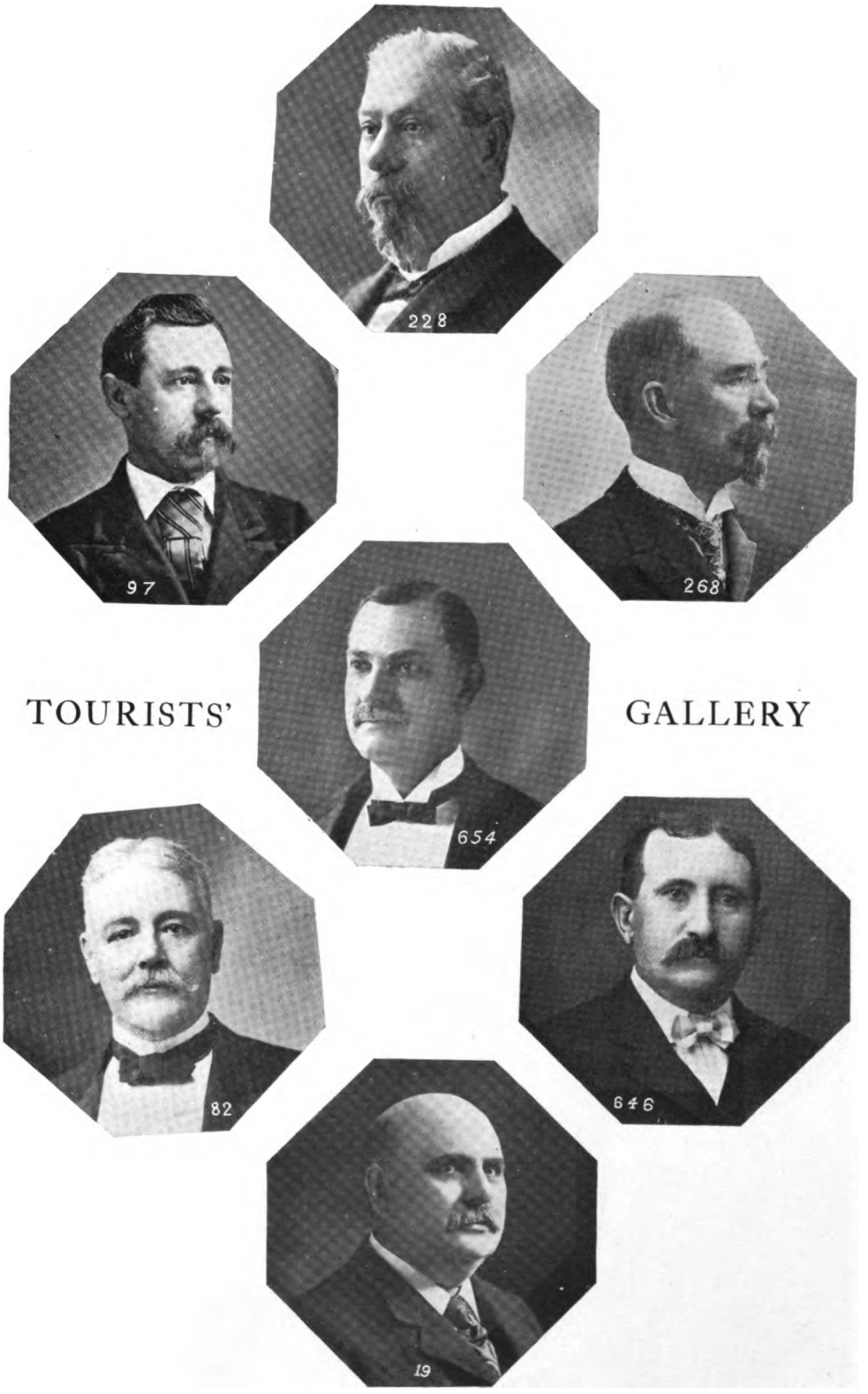
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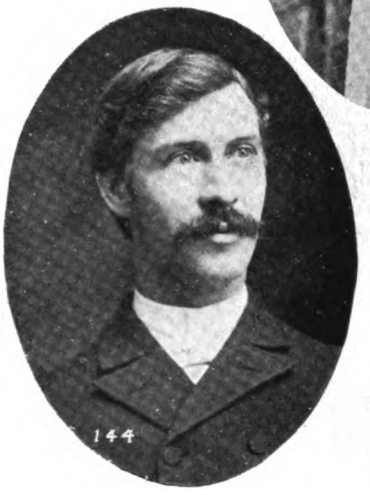


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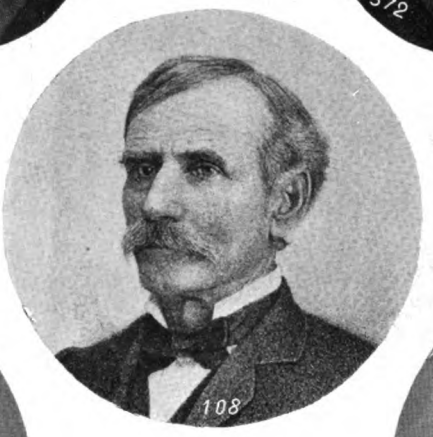
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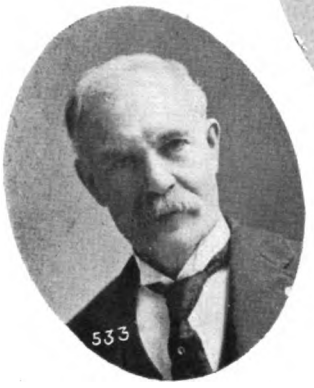


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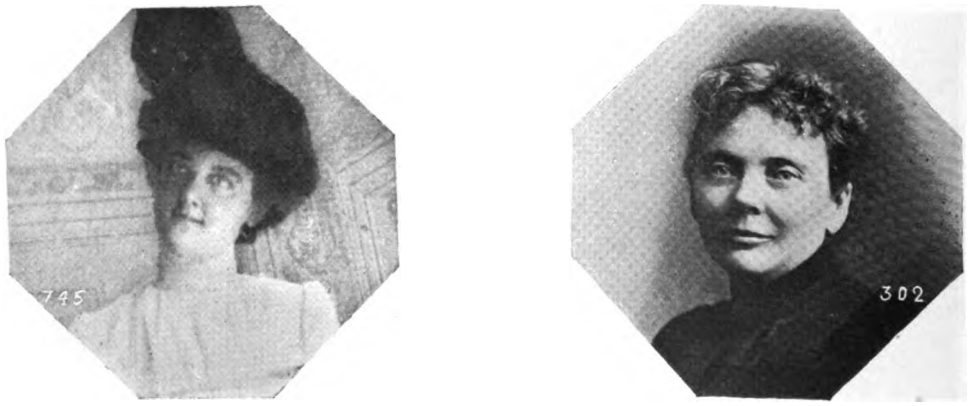






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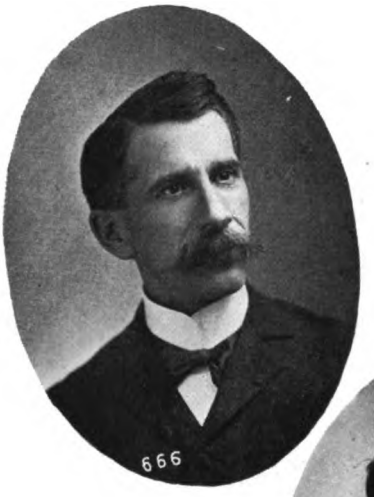








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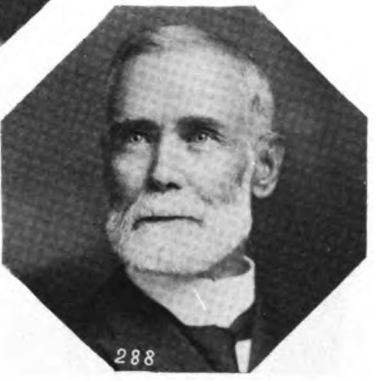
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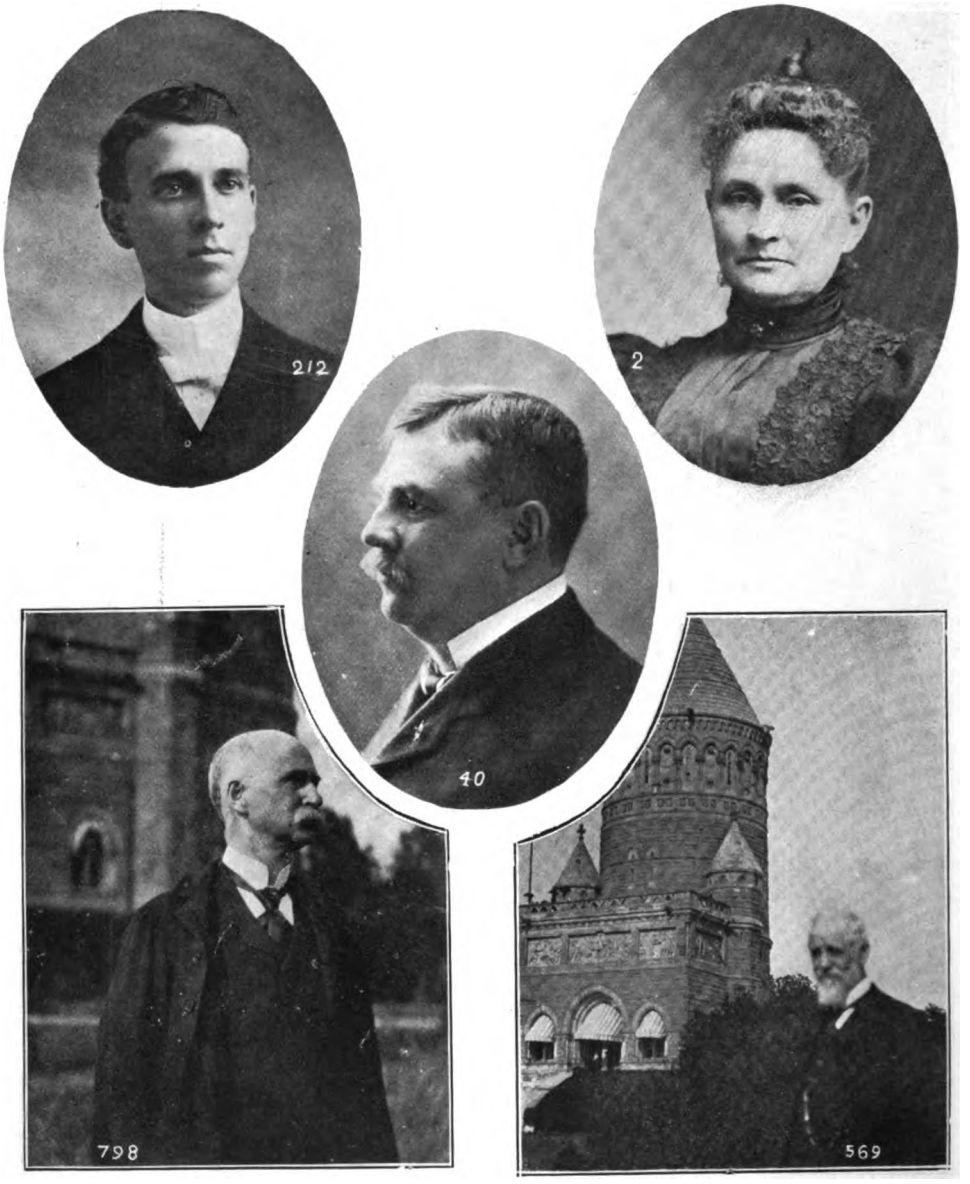

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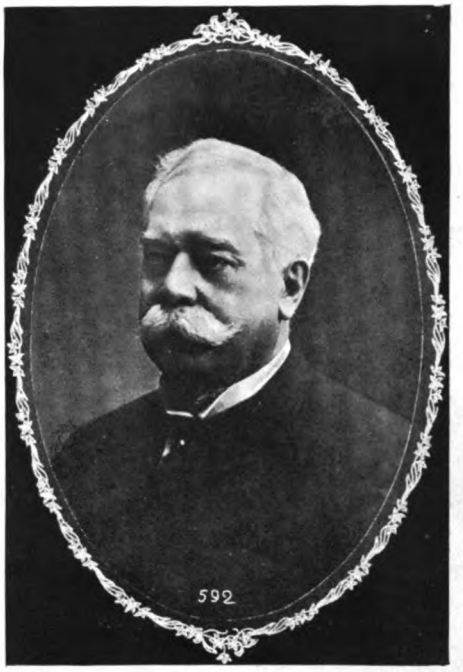
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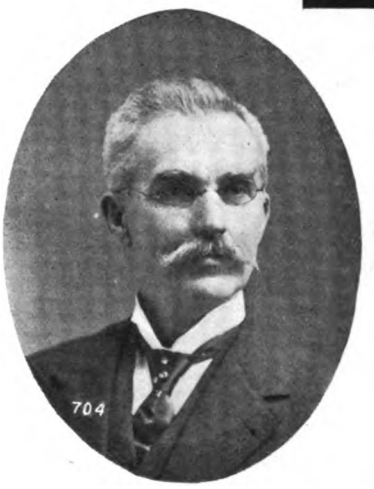


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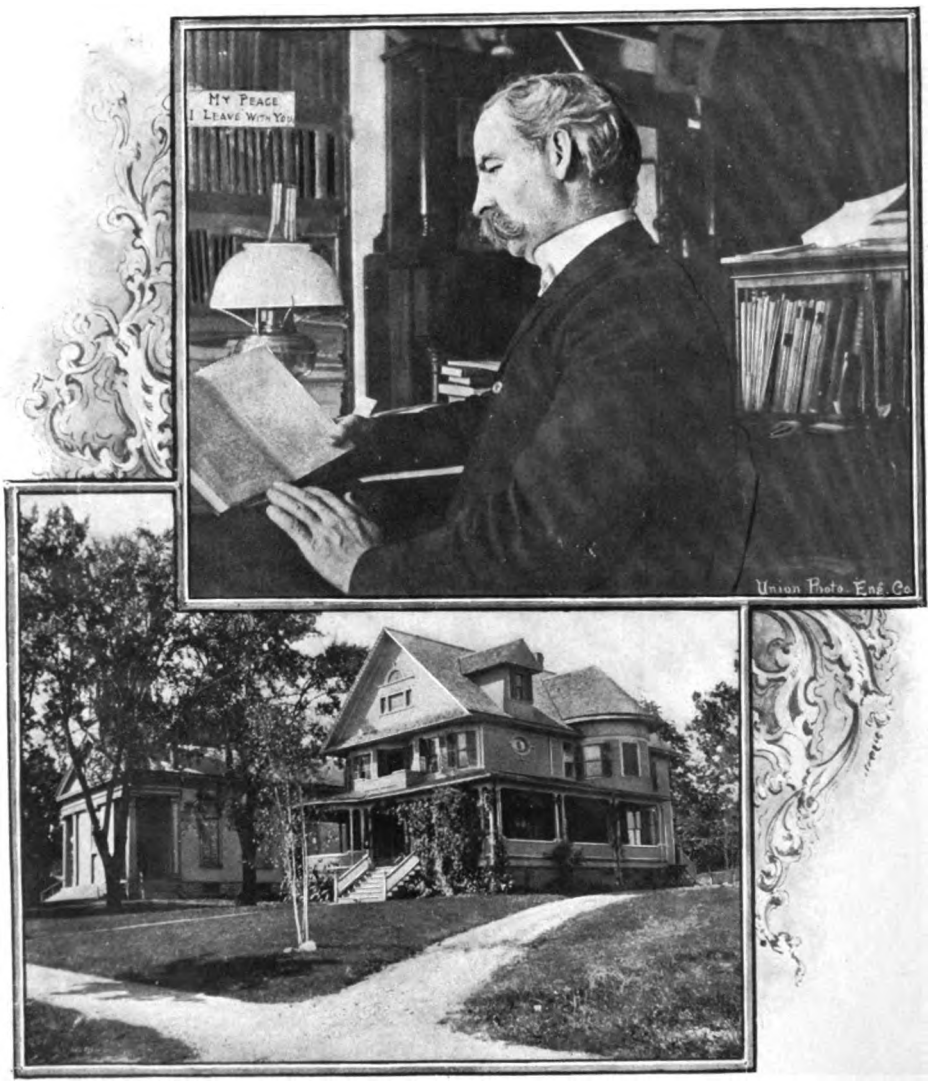








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We extend our heartiest thanks to our many friends, on this cruise, for their cordial support in the execution of the Souvenir Volume and with very best wishes remain,

Yours very truly,

R. H. McCready
H. M. Tyndall

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