

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Moslemism—The Muezzin's Call—The Minaret Whining—A Scene in a Mosque—Across the Plain of Jezreel—A Beautiful Valley—The Earthen Jar—The Plain of Sharon.

ONE of the painful sights to the traveler in Palestine is the dome of the mosque and the lofty column-like minaret. The painful sound is the periodic call of the muezzin to "the faithful."

I counted five minarets in Jerusalem, noticed one in Tiberias on Lake Galilee, and one in Nazareth. Of course there were many more in other towns, but these struck me with peculiar force as being seen in the above mentioned places. To behold a building erected to the glory of a false prophet in full sight of Mt. Calvary, or by the shores of Galilee, or at the birth-place of the Savior is a spectacle bound to shock and grieve the soul of every Christian.

Five times a day: at dawn, at noon, at five in the afternoon, at sunset, and at nine o'clock or thereabouts, the muezzin comes out upon the top of the minaret, and walking slowly around the circular balcony, with pauses at the four points of the compass, utters the following calls, each one thrice repeated:

“Allah is most great.”

“I testify that there is no God but Allah.”

“I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah.”

“Come to prayer.”

“Come to Security.”

“Allah is most great.”

“There is no deity but Allah.”

The third call is the great falsehood. And the placing of Mohammed, and such a man as Mohammed, before Him who came from the bosom of the Father and alone can reveal Him, constitutes the frightful blasphemy of this part of Moslem worship. Five times a day this monstrous falsehood is uttered over all Arabia and Turkey and Egypt and, saddest of all, over Palestine.

And yet why should we wonder at this prostitution and desecration of the Holy Land. Did not the inhabitants reject the Holy One, desiring that a murderer should be granted them. Did they not say, “Not this man but Barabbas.” “Now Barabbas was a robber.”

Since the day of that awful choice, if Palestine has ever had anything else but a succession of robbers to rule over and plunder it, then I have not read history aright. Many have been the changes of government, from every quarter have come its rulers; but they all have been oppressors and robbers. What will ye that I should do with Jesus? So asked Pilate of the Jews. And they

were instant with loud cries, saying, Crucify Him. And so Christ is crucified, dead to this land; and the robber Barabbas, with only slight changes of dress and speech, lives and rules.

I had always supposed that the call of the muezzin was given in a loud and solemn way. I once read of the impressiveness of the call. So it would be if it came to you from a distance over terraced roofs and groves of palm-trees through the deep stillness of an Eastern night. But nearness spoils the effect. All that I heard were given in a whining, drawling, tremulous tone or in a kind of sing-song manner.

Again I ask what is there in this part of the world that is so generative of whines in the religious service? If there is any utterance that should be characterized by clearness, manliness, and naturalness, it should be the creature's language of worship in approaching his God. Why should we reserve for our daily conversation, and for our addresses and debates in courts of law and houses of legislation, an intelligible and natural speech; but the instant we come into the presence of God we begin to whimper, whine, and use rock-a-bye baby tones. Does God love whimpering? Would He not prefer the voice that He gave, and not its perversion? And yet all through the East whining is the invariable mode of address to the Deity. Roman Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, and Mohammedans, all whine. And it has spread

to the West. The Episcopal Church is rapidly learning and excelling in the custom, nor is the practice confined to them. It is still spreading. We have heard it issue from various pulpits and pews of our own, and sister denominations in such nasal richness, tin-panny accent, and rise and fall intonation as to give overwhelming promise of super-excellence in the noble art of whining.

The muezzin, however, will not and indeed, cannot be outdone in the religious sing-song business. He has the advantage of frequency in his public religious whimper, and so through much practice he becomes perfect in the science. The two Greeks that I heard chanting and droning in the church of the Annunciation were remarkably eminent in this line, and at first I thought that they measured up to the Moslem whiner, but on sober reflection I recall that they lacked in certain flexible notes of the nose, and a certain whip-porwill tremulousness of voice, in which the Mohammedan excels. They are among "the thirty," but do not attain unto "the first three."

The Christian is not allowed to be present at the religious services of the mosque. In Egypt you can pass through the building without a permit, but in Palestine a guard is required, as well as official permission, to enter the sacred precincts.

In the mosque of El Aksa, in Jerusalem, while under this double protection I saw ten Moslems led by one of their teachers, or officials, engaged

in their devotion. They were manipulated very much like a sergeant handles a squad of men. Under his leadership they went through a most active religious drill. It would have been certain sickness or death to some Protestants, I know, who are too wearied to kneel in prayer or to stand in singing. One instant they would all be standing in a row, with face and eyes to the front, staring fixedly at the distant altar. The next instant all would be prostrate, with knees bent under them and head on the ground. Then suddenly at a verbal signal from the leader, that sounded like "oof!" they sprang to their feet and commenced the silent staring, straight-forward look again.

It was a sight, sound, or performance that reminded me very strikingly of what we all have noticed in the country, viz: a line of reposing swine suddenly awakened by a passer-by and as suddenly rising to their feet with the identical and remarkable sound of—OOF!

Leaving Nazareth, I journey across the country in a diagonal direction toward Jaffa. It had been my intention to go up the sea-coast past Tyre and Sidon to Beirut, and there take a steamer for my return trip home, but certain information received about being compelled to wait a number of days for a vessel decided me to turn southward to Jaffa and embark at that point. Again we crossed the beautiful expanse of the

plain of Esdraelon, but at a point more westerly and nearer the sea. In the ten miles' breadth of the plain I passed three eminences or swells in the land that were covered with ancient ruins. These ruins were of such a character and extent that it was easy to recognize that here were once places of importance. I think one was the site of Megiddo. By the side of a well, hard by one of these ruins, there is imbedded partially in the mud a large stone cornice, with a carving and polish still upon it, showing that once its place was in a palace or building of consequence.

A nearer view of Mt. Carmel was obtained from a point not over a few miles away. Our road led exactly across the path that Elijah pursued when he girded up his loins and ran ahead of the chariots of Ahab to Jezreel, after the descent of the fire, and the destruction of the prophets of Baal. A convent that is said to mark the spot of the ancient altar, gleams like a star from the sunny top of the mountain.

Several miles below we entered a narrow gorge that after a mile or so widened into a valley of five hundred yards, with gently sloping hills on either side that were covered with oak woods. This valley ran with gentle windings for eight miles, much of it being cultivated, while a number of flocks of sheep and goats browsed on its sides. Like the wooded region of Mt. Tabor it seems a small portion of the original beauty and

fertility of the country left to show us what the land used to be in the time of Israel's glory.

The valley finally entered upon the plain of Sharon. Just at its mouth we encountered two Syrians mounted and armed. One was bestriding a tall, rawboned horse and carrying a spear fully fifteen feet in length; the other was riding a diminutive donkey, and rejoiced in the possession of a pair of immense single-barrel pistols buckled to his side. The pair regarded us with some suspicion, while I found it difficult to refrain from smiling. In some respects it looked like Don Quixote and Sancha Panza were before us.

One or two miles farther on we "lifted up our eyes and, lo, a well in the field," and a number of flocks were gathered about it. Other flocks driven or led by shepherds were approaching it from different directions. Quenching our thirst at the well and filling our earthen jug, we struck out upon the treeless plain, upon which the sun in blistering power was pouring a quivering heat.

The small earthen jug or jar carried by the natives in traveling, and used at home as well, is a treasure in its way. Made out of a certain porous material it possesses the quality, through evaporation, of cooling the water that it contains. Every evening before retiring my dragoman would fill one of these vessels, and leave it through the night suspended to one of the tent ropes. Next morning the water would be almost icy-cold. A

number of travelers take these vessels home with them, but I was informed that they do not retain their peculiar virtue in the American climate.

Through the center of the well-known plain of Sharon, with the Mediterranean Sea six miles away on the right, and the mountains six miles to the left, we journeyed rapidly for nearly two days. Nearly every two miles the eye takes note of a town or village in the distance on the side or at the foot of the mountains. The afternoon sun falling with slanting ray upon these distant humble dwellings and green cactus hedges, makes these villages look well from afar. But when they are entered you see only rough stone houses daubed with mud, and one story in height, while the streets are mere pedestrian passage-ways filled with dust, dogs, and refuse of the town.

Much of the upper portion of the plain of Sharon is cultivated ; and the ground yields bountifully to the inferior handling it receives. But in the lower portion toward Jaffa, especially that part over against Judea, the land has a wilder and more desert-like appearance. There is no question, however, in my mind that when the time comes for the restoration of God's ancient people, and the Lord smiles once more upon this country, that this plain alone will be found able to support a population of many millions.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Plain of Sharon—A Curious Procession—Guides—Night on the Plain—The Cigarette—A German Colony—Jaffa—The Bible in the Schools—The Railroad—The Return of the Jews.

WE tented one night in the Plain of Sharon. A village with two palm trees standing like sentinels by its side was before us. Some old ruins formed the background of the town.

While sitting in my tent the sound of singing and the tinkle of many bells called me to the door. On looking out I saw coming rapidly over the plain a large caravan of camels and horses. There were men, women, and children riding and walking; and all dressed in holiday attire. Two horsemen with long spears dashed up and down the line, making wide sweeps on the plain and coming back at a most tremendous gait, while their spears flickered like beams of light in their brandishing hands.

With the usual brilliancy of the eastern guide, my dragoman was uncertain whether it was a marriage procession or a religious pilgrimage. And so the remarkable spectacle melted away and I was none the wiser.

Truly a volume could be written about guides. Certainly if I would tell all concerning my acquaintance with them there would be both amusement and surprise. One of these Palestine guides informed me that Absalom was hung by the hair and died near Bethlehem. Still another made a most absurd mistake in the location of Mt. Tabor.

I found that their Scriptural knowledge was frequently of a most confused nature. Happening one evening near Bethlehem, while looking at Rachel's tomb to say in a half-musing, half-inquiring way, not recalling the circumstance at the time of the Shechem murder, "I wonder what brought Jacob down so far south at the time of his wife's death," when the guide spoke up promptly, saying that *Jacob was a member of the family of David* and was on a visit to Bethlehem! A good idea is to come prepared for them by a thorough knowledge of Palestine and the Scripture.

One of the curious features connected with all employed service in the east is the backsish feature. It is what is recognized in Louisiana as lagniappe, only that the shoe is on the other foot. If you contract with a boatman to row you on Lake Galilee for a pound or Napoleon, you are expected to give a franc apiece to the oarsmen. If a guide undertakes to pilot you one morning over Jerusalem for a certain amount, he looks at the conclusion of the service for a gratuity be-

sides. If a dragoman takes you an overland trip for so many pounds, you are expected at the conclusion of the journey to give him five or ten dollars in addition, and to fee besides the cook and the muleteers. There is no escape from it. It is a custom as fixed and inexorable as law. Nor is it confined to the East. I found it wherever I went; in England, France, Italy on the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. A traveler buys his steamer ticket for so many dollars, but awaiting him still is the obligation of bestowing solid fees upon the porter and cabin-boy. When the journey is a protracted one the amount necessarily spent this way would surprise the uninitiated.

By and by the sun went down, the night settled upon the landscape, and the stars came out and looked down upon the broad beautiful plain of Sharon. How lovingly did the constellations seem to bend over the land. I knew it was my last night of tenting in the Holy Land, and so I lingered under the starlight. After I had returned I lay awake quite a while listening to distant voices and calls far out on the plain. Calls at night are always solemn, but when uttered in a strange tongue and heard in the midst of a wide prairie and with no one around you but Syrians and Bedouins, they are felt to carry an additional weight of impressiveness.

Next morning I breakfasted at sunrise at my

little table, while the muleteers were busily folding up the tent and loading the animals. In the freshness of the early day, and with a breeze coming from the sea, we pushed on rapidly to escape the coming heat and to complete the final day of travel.

As we approached Jaffa the caravans of camels increased in number and length. They were coming and going, and loaded with every kind of commodity and merchandise.

Mounted on one of these camels I saw a genuine Bedouin, with robe and flowing head-cloth, smoking a French or American cigarette. Back on the mountains near Samaria I had beheld a spectacle just as surprising. Two shepherds were standing on the side of a mountain with their flocks grazing near by. One of them was playing on some kind of musical reed, with the note of a fife, and the other shepherd was tranquilly smoking a cigarette. Think of a shepherd of the East in the mountains, or a Bedouin on his camel with an American cigarette in his lips. Here is a kind of incongruity against which the historic and sentimental mind rebels. Who would desire to see a beaver hat resting on the heads of the dwellers of the Congo; and who feels that it is a proper thing to see a French or American habit taken up by these swarthy children of the desert? This is an encroachment of Western upon Eastern life that the tourist feels like resenting. This is an

embellishment of Oriental habits that fails to charm, and, instead, stirs the risibilities. I could not help but wonder if that was all the West could do for the East. Are the gifts of the enlightened nations to this people to be opium, whisky and tobacco? Is this the best we can do for the benighted nations of the East? The thought came as I journeyed on, how much more quickly does a thing that is hurtful and evil travel than that which is good. Instead of flasks of liquor or bundles of cigarettes, why should not New Testaments be scattered abroad.

The Eunuch from Ethiopia went out of Jerusalem with a copy of the Scripture in his hand; while the Bedouin I saw coming out of Jaffa carried a package of tobacco. And yet there are plenty of Bibles in Jaffa. What a difference there is in men.

A German colony has settled on the northern side of Jaffa. Their houses and farms are perfect models of neatness and pictures of plenty. Here is a powerful argument on the superiority of Christian civilization set down in a pictorial way before the natives. I saw many of them looking, and felt that the lesson was sinking into their darkened minds. A large revolving wheel, harnessed to the wind to draw water, secured, I noticed, especial attention. It was such a delightful and remarkable contrast to their own slow and painful method of drawing water, that they carried

the striking lesson back into the interior with them. Far away in the mountains to the open-eyed, dusky group does the Syrian or Bedouin father relate the wonders of a Christian civilization that has commenced its march upon the darkness of this part of the world. Truly Christ is preached in many ways ; preached not alone in the doctrines, but also in the results of Christianity. The latter is a pictorial or illustrative method that I trust God will bless on this sea coast to the good of many thousands.

By and by we came in sight of Jaffa on its conical hill, with the white-crested waves of the sea beyond. When within a block or so of the hotel, my dragoman suddenly stirred up our jaded steeds into a sudden burst of accelerated travel, and swept up to the building with rattle of hoofs and in a cloud of dust, thereby creating the impression that we had been scouring the whole country in that gait and manner. Alas for the Ananias streak in the blood, and alas for the dragoman's pride—no one saw our rapid and impressive approach to the hotel.

I was much pleased to learn in conversation with a gentleman in Jaffa that the Bible is taught in a number of the public schools. The children are graded in its study according to age and capacity.

This gentleman is the business head of the railroad company that is pushing its line to Jerusa-

lem. He informed me that the secret of the delay in its completion is that the grounds of an obstinate old Turk lies directly across their route, and he holds his land at such exorbitant figures, that the company cannot agree to them. Hence the locomotive, so to speak, is resting its head against the old Turk's fence, contemplating him most reproachfully, while the Turk, true to his nature, returns the look without the least sign of yielding. The matter seems to have resolved itself into the simple question as to who can look or be looked at the longest without flinching or yielding.

In speaking to this railway superintendent about having the depot on the Bethlehem or southern side of Jerusalem, I remarked that it would seem by building up that quarter of Jerusalem, to interfere with the prophecy of Jeremiah in regard to the extension of the city toward the north. His answer thrilled me with the information that a city always grew in a direction opposite from the railroad stations and depots!

Still further information was given me in regard to the return of the Jews to Palestine. Many, I am told, arrive in the depths of poverty. Their appearance is remarkable. Long-haired, long-bearded, long-fingernailed, and with long overcoats, their appearance is so weird and wild that the native Syrians, and Turks are alarmed. They think that no such looking people ought to be al-

lowed to enter. This last piece of information amused me. I saw a piece of retribution in it. How history repeats itself. Verily the way we afflict others is returned upon us, with the back movement of the boomerang.

There were never a wilder or more fear-inspiring looking people than the ancient conquerors of the Jews. They came, killed, or drove out the owners of the soil, and settled themselves down in the land. Now suddenly here comes out from under the distant horizon these melancholy bands of the descendants of the old-time conquered nation, looking so strange and peculiar and wizard-like that the conquerors and possessors of the land are alarmed.

To the question put to me, Is this the return of the Jews prophesied in the Bible? I hesitated for some time, and then replied: Why not? Does not God take the things that are despised and are not, and with them bring to naught the things that are? It is true that these bands constantly arriving are rough-looking sets of people; but we are to remember that the Israelites, when Moses took charge of them, were precisely of the same pattern. People toiling as they had been doing in bitter bondage for centuries could not be expected to have the polish of the drawing-room. And they did not. The laws given to them, their frequent outbursts, their rough manners cropping out in numerous ways reveal to us what they

were as they came out of Egypt. And yet God took them in hand, and by the death of multiplied thousands, and by providential castigations and chastenings and polishings, He out of their descendants brought forth a grand people, whose kings and priests and prophets are talked about and honored all over the world to-day.

What God did once, He can do again. The Jews have got to return. If the Israelites of America and Europe who are well to do, and are so devoted to their possessions that they will not go—if they refuse—then God will use the rough material we have mentioned, and by his disciplining hand and out of their descendants make a people that may surpass in every respect the Israel of other days.

The strange thing about God's Providence is that He accomplishes His work in such unexpected ways and so quietly that men are suddenly amazed to find the work done, the prophecy fulfilled, while they were waiting and looking for the bare beginning or inauguration.

When did God ever work in a way that the carnal mind thought He would? Here are people looking for the Jews all over the world to sell their stores and houses, take ship and sail in a body to Palestine. Nothing but long lines of sailing fleets and the disembarkation of a nation will satisfy them ; and as they see nothing of the kind going on they are disposed to believe that

the great occurrence is yet afar in the dim future, when really God may be at work on the problem now. The rough bands coming back to Palestine in groups of tens, twenties, and fifties may be the clay that is to make the vessel. This may be the return of the Jews; and suddenly in two generations from now, while still writing and talking about the Jews Return, we may happen to look over to Palestine and find to our amazement, and to the glory of God that it is filled with Israelites. And not only Jews outwardly, but Jews inwardly, who have the circumcision of the spirit, whose praise is not of men, but of God, and in whose heart there is no guile.

CHAPTER XL.

The Veracity of the Bible Confirmed by Customs in Palestine—
Two Women Grinding at the Mill—The Threshing Floor—
The Oxen Treading Out the Corn—The Chaff—Watering
the Flocks—The Fig-Tree—The Blind Man by the Wayside—
Arise, Take Up Thy Bed and Walk—The Sitting Posture—
The Tender-Eyed Damsels at the Fountain—Serving for a
Wife—Dogs in the City—Going Up to Jerusalem.

THE customs of the East are the same to-day that they were in the time of the Savior, or even three or four thousand years ago. This fact is especially agreeable and helpful to the Bible student or Christian traveler who is seeking to find an agreement between the Land and the Book. The people are doing to-day what their ancestors did thousands of years ago, and as one passes along he is constantly beholding things that were specific transactions in the time of our Lord, and David and Jacob. The Bible finds confirmation all through the land by events, scenes and facts, that if I were called upon to describe I could not do so in more forcible language than in the words of the Scripture, which has long before portrayed the same things. The sensation produced by these coincidents is peculiar and powerful. The

hoary past is suddenly projected into the present. The Bible is made a book of to-day. You walk down an avenue of scenes two, three and four thousand years old. The telephone and phonograph are outstripped by these resurrected voices and occurrences of the far away past.

Let me illustrate the effect of these things upon the mind and heart by something that transpired in Jerusalem. One night I was walking into the city from Mt. Olivet, and as I turned up a dimly-lighted street, suddenly I met a man *bearing a pitcher in his hand*. The reader will recall the words of the Savior to His disciples: "Go ye into the city and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water." It was only a coincidence, but it made my heart leap, while my soul was stirred with the memories of that last wonderful night.

This illustrates somewhat the feeling in looking upon scenes and noting occurrences before your eyes, that have long before been described in Holy Writ.

I call attention to some of these Scriptural similarities or coincidences, putting the verse of the Bible first, and the fulfillment, as I saw it, afterward.

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill." I saw this in a Bedouin encampment in the mountains of Judea. As I entered I heard a low, grinding sound, and looking about, saw "two

women grinding at the mill." The same slow and laborious method of making meal is observed now as when Christ uttered the words in the quotations. The stone mill was resting on the ground, and the sound was low and melancholy. "The sound of the grinding shall be low." The mind also took note of the fact that there were two women at the mill.

Several miles further on I saw a young Syrian stretched at full length on the roadside, with "a stone for a pillow." Jacob and Bethel at once rushed upon the recollection. Moreover, I could not but think how unlike this was from anything seen in America. I never saw one of my countrymen take a rock to lay his head upon, but in the country of Jacob and in the neighborhood of Bethel, this was one of the first sights I beheld.

"The Threshing-floor." "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." "The wicked are like the chaff which the wind driveth away."

They are threshing grain in Palestine just as they did in the days of David. The oxen still tread out the corn. Round and round they go of themselves or are driven by the master's hand. They were all unmuzzled except one. It was refreshing to see a part of God's law remembered and obeyed in this refractory land. They have no rapid method of separating the wheat from the chaff as we have, but selecting a level place

exposed to the strong breezes of the country they throw with wooden forks the chaff and wheat together high in the air, when the wheat falls back upon the ground and the chaff is driven away by the wind. I had my face filled with it repeatedly as I passed to the leeward of the threshing-floor.

“And he looked and behold a well in the field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it; for out of that well they watered the flocks.”
Gen. xxix. 2.

Again and again in different parts of Palestine I looked with delighted eye upon this beautiful and peculiarly oriental scene. The flocks are watered once a day, at the hour of noon. The shepherds with girded robes were busy drawing water for the bleating flocks that stood near by or lay down awaiting their turn.

“I saw thee under the fig-tree.” These words, spoken by the Savior to Nathaneal, I saw fulfilled many times. If I beheld one person under fig-trees, I saw hundreds. In the northern part of Judea and through Samaria it is the best shade-tree to be found, and rarely is there any other. The broad leaf, the heavy boughs coming within two or three feet of the ground giving a delightful shade, and allowing a free circulation of the air in that hot yet breezy land, affords a most grateful retiring place in the sultry hours of the day. I rested under them at noon a number of times and saw the natives all along the road doing the same.

Would that to the physical act of resting could have been added the deeper spiritual exercise that gave the force to the words uttered by the Lord to Nathaneal.

“A blind man sat by the wayside begging.”

He is still there; he in fact is one of the unchanging features of the country. The wayside is the only hope of the blind man. If he is not noticed and relieved by the current of human life that flows back and forth on the thoroughfares, then must he starve and die. So he sits patiently under a burning sun all the day so close to the wayside that the dust of the horses' hoofs falls upon him; indeed, so near is he that you could stoop from your saddle and touch him. Their cries always melted me. They have learned certain appealing accents, certain tremors of voice that run along with electric speed to the heart's center and fill the breast with tender compassion. Near Bethel two men brought a blind young man to me for relief. At once another Gospel picture flashed before me: “They brought—or led—the blind man unto Him.”

The leper is also by the way-side, but at a greater distance. Those I saw generally sat with despondent attitude and covered face, feeling doubtless the great gulf that yawned between them and the rest of mankind. The word, “he was a leper,” caused everybody to shrink back in horror except Jesus of Nazareth. His hand was laid

fearlessly upon the plague-stricken body, His eyes looked calmly and tenderly upon the decaying life before Him, and His voice said like sweetest music, "What will thou that I should do unto thee," and the reply was, "Lord, that I may be clean." And He who bore our sicknesses said, "I will, be thou clean." And the man was made clean!

"Arise, take up thy bed and walk." This you can see at any hour of the day. I used to think when a boy that when the Savior healed a man and gave this command, that the restored sick person walked off with a four-post bedstead crowned with a Victoria-top and loaded with heavy mattresses, all on his shoulders, so that the last act was really a second miracle. Very different, however, is the bed of the East; it is not the heavy and ornate affair of the West, but consists with the great mass of the people of a piece of carpet or square of matting or the cloak or outer robe they wear. Arabs and Syrians are greatly given to lying down in the shade of a wall or hedge for a doze in the daytime. Traveling much in the night may account for this peculiarity. If the traveler will be patient and wait, he will see the slumberer awake and then "arise, take up his bed and walk." That is, he will take the matting or cloak from the ground and depart with it on his shoulders or wrapped about his form.

“And when they had sat. Among the things that strike the traveler as he moves through Palestine is the sitting posture and habits of the people. Chairs are a great luxury here, or, I might more correctly say, are remarkable for their scarcity. With multitudes they are not desired nor missed, because their comfort is not known. The people have learned to sit flat upon the ground with ease and comfort to themselves, and adhere to the practice. The men adjust their robes about them and, doubling up their feet tailor-fashion, remain in that position for hours. I never saw an instance where they looked wearied or suffered with the limbs going to sleep, as we call the arrested circulation of the blood. Moreover, they sit erect and always impressed me with a certain calm dignity that I had never dreamed was in the attitude when casually and carelessly mentioned in Scripture. The men are notably serious, they smile rarely, and I heard but little laughter in my trip through the entire country. This, taken with the repose of manner and unconscious dignity of attitude gives an air of majesty to the poorest of these children of the East.

The females possess in grace what the males have in dignity. I never saw an awkward or ungraceful position among them. Some of them had a way while sitting of elevating the left knee, upon which they rested the elbow, while the cheek was laid upon the palm of the hand. It was an

attitude not only of grace, but of melancholy and meditation. No painter or sculptor ever placed on canvas or wrought into marble more attractive lines or pleasing positions of the human form.

Again, and again, as I looked around upon the groups of Syrian men, women, and children sitting about me as I rested at noon under fig-trees in Samaria and Galilee, I saw deeper into the words, "and when they had sat." The group and position made another act follow most naturally with our Lord, "and He opened His mouth and taught them."

"And he lifted up His eyes." To fully realize the force of this expression, one has to travel in Palestine where the roads are covered with stones and where the path becomes so faint at times as to demand a sharp attention to keep from going astray. These facts necessitate a downward carriage of the head, and thus you see the pedestrian of the East moving along the road. When he would scan the distance or some approaching object it requires something more than the swift glance known to us on our broad thoroughfares, where we walk with head erect and eyes cast straight forward—but he, the man of the East, picking his way amid great boulders and narrow ledges and mountain paths, has to "lift up his eyes." The expression is not a synonym of the word behold, for that word is always added, but it is a phrase born of a fact noticeable in the coun-

tries of the far-away Orient. Whenever I approached one of the people of the East, and saw him from afar off "lift up his eyes" to behold, a freshness and force and life animated and made strangely attractive a Bible saying that I had often before read carelessly and thoughtlessly.

"And Leah was tender-eyed." I saw quite a number of women who came under this category. The fact that I saw nothing of the kind in other lands made the fact when observed here all the more remarkable. The treeless country, the glare of the sunshine on the gray rocks, the flying limestone dust, all contribute to this affliction. Tender eyes are not confined to Palestine, but I could not but note the fact that in almost every village I passed through, the inflamed eye and contracting eyelid were to be seen in one or more females, bringing to mind at once the eldest daughter of Laban.

"As they went up the hill to the city they found young maidens going out to draw water." In almost every village and town I saw this attractive scene. The evening is the main time for visiting the fountain or well, and the daughters come for the crystal fluid and not the sons. Generally the well is near the outskirts of the village, but sometimes removed by a distance of a quarter or even a half mile. Here gather the damsels of the town, attired in dresses of blue, or striped red and green, and fill their large water-jars, with

considerable merriment and conversation and not a few coquettish ways, especially if there be a rustic beau present, as is often the case. Then, balancing the heavy vessels upon their heads, they trip away up the stony path and steep incline to the distant village with a grace and freedom of movement and spring of step that many a high-born girl in parlor or palace might well envy. Thus came and went from the well in olden times the comely Rachel, the beautiful Rebecca and the dark-browed Zipporah.

“And Jacob loved Rachel and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy youngest daughter.” All Bible readers know the laborious service that Jacob rendered Laban for his beautiful bride. This custom of paying or serving for one’s wife is still observed. In the West it is thought to be an expensive thing to have a daughter, but in the East they are sources of revenue and a father with a number of them finds in their possession very profitable pieces of household property. The price, I was informed, that the native pays for his wife to the head of the family is equal to three hundred dollars or thereabouts. If the suitor is a poor man and without money, he goes to the father and says, I love your daughter and will serve so many years for her. And so he does laboring for three or four years, as the case may be, for the coveted prize. After that, he sometimes works another year for the parent to

pay for the bride's outfit. Certainly there are some things in the East that might well be studied by our American youth. The value of a wife thus practically taught is a good idea ; although it would be most novel, and perhaps unpopular, to many whose only expense in procuring and sustaining a wife is the price of a marriage license costing between one and two dollars.

And Jacob served for Rachel, and does so still, What noble reflections must come to the man as he bends over his toil, what solace in the labor that stretches from dawn through the sultry hours of the day to the time when the stars begin to twinkle. How elevating the thought, it is all for the woman I love. And how the maiden herself, glancing from the window of her father's cottage, and seeing the distant toiling form, murmurs softly to herself, it is all for me, and feels the thrill and glow not only of a tender happiness but a sweet triumph that she possesses an undivided worshiper at her shrine. The Bible says that the seven years Jacob served for Rachel "seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her." This is simply but most beautifully and eloquently said.

"They make a noise like a dog and go around about the city." To see the meaning of this verse, one must pass a summer night in Jerusalem. Dogs abound in the East and especially in Jerusalem. One morning I saw five sound asleep in

the front door of the main hotel, and later on in the day I saw the same number likewise asleep on a pile of rubbish in a waste place on Mt. Zion. They were evidently resting from the exertions of the night previous, and gathering strength for future nocturnal performances. One night I heard them. Sleep was simply impossible. There were rushings to and fro, whirlings around the corner, circlings about, overtakings in the street, appearances, disappearances and reappearances, accompanied with snappings, snarlings, barkings and yellings, and terminating in what seemed to be a grand general fight of a pyramid of dogs, every one of whom contributed to the general stock of confusion and uproar two rows of teeth, four active paws and a resounding yell. Just opposite the hotel where I stayed but did not sleep that night, is an ancient building said to occupy the site of David's palace. I could understand better after this what was in David's mind when he wrote, "they make a noise like a dog and go round about the city."

"They went up to Jerusalem." There is no other way of coming to the Holy City. Whether you arrive from the east, west or other quarters, you have to ascend to get into Jerusalem. Such is the superior height of the place that all roads lead upward that approach it. When the brethren of our Lord were asking Him if He intended going into Judea and He replied, "Go ye up unto

this feast; I go not yet up unto this feast," there was not only a reply in the words, but a natural fact imbedded in them as well.

Two thoughts at once rush into the mind, as we contemplate this frequently repeated statement of a physical fact. One is, that God may have ordered this for the sake of its deep spiritual significance, viz., that the way to the New Jerusalem is an upward way—that we have to ascend to get into the Holy Place of our God. The other thought is, that the correctness of this statement is an argument for our belief in the other statements of the Word of God. As the traveler in Palestine finds that the Scriptural declaration that you reach Jerusalem by ascending paths and roads is strictly a fact, so will the investigator of any and all other Bible statements find them to be likewise true.

In a word, the argument I draw from the customs of the East is that they are powerfully and convincingly confirmatory of the veracity of the Bible. The Book that is found to be invariably correct in all its notices of the laws, customs, habits and phenomena of the country in which it was penned, demands faith from me for its other utterances. True in all its statements of the natural life, I feel perfectly willing to trust what it says about the life spiritual.

CHAPTER XLI.

Palestine as a Mission Field—The Ancient Crusade—The Crusade of the Nineteenth Century—The Inhabitants of Palestine—The Powerlessness of Missionary Agencies Now Present—The Providence of God in the Matter—Our Duty—Jerusalem a Strategic Point—Methods of Work—First and Nineteenth Century Methods and Results Contrasted.

THE most interesting of all countries to the Christian is Palestine. It has always been so, and will so remain. The voice, footsteps, sorrows, presence—in a word—the life and death of Jesus, the Son of God, has forever transfigured the land. It is now a holy land, is felt to be so and is so called. The presence of a mongrel population, benighted and degraded; the devastating work of men and time; the barrenness, loneliness and poverty-stricken appearance of the country alike fail to rob it of its title and take from it the power to interest and enchain the eye of the Christian who beholds it with wet eyes and swelling heart as he journeys through the land.

The inhabiting of the land of our Lord by the worshipers of the False Prophet, and its subjection to the rulership of the Turkish government, which is the lowest in the moral scale of European

nations, have always struck upon the heart of the Christian world with pain. In the Middle Ages the thought of its sacred sites being in the hands of unbelievers was so intolerable that the crusades was the result. And even to-day, with the proper view we have of the non-importance of a place compared with the spiritual transactions that occurred thereon, yet the sight of the minaret and the sound of the muezzin calling to prayers in Jerusalem and Nazareth, and on the shore of Lake Galilee, constitutes an experience of pain not readily forgotten.

The Crusaders were right in desiring Palestine to be Christian, but wrong in the weapons that they used for its recovery. They forgot or did not know the words of Him who said He came not to destroy men, but to save them. The Lion of the tribe of Judah when He came was a Lamb. His command to His impetuous follower was to put up the sword. And yet with the rage of lions and the flash of an hundred thousand swords the people of the Middle Ages went out to christianize a Mohammedan land. No wonder they failed. No wonder that the blessing of heaven was not upon them; but defeat, and failure, and death was their portion.

What the writer desires to see, is a crusade in the Nineteenth Century upon the same land and people, only with a different spirit and weapons; the spirit being that of Christ, and the weapons being the Gospel and tongue of fire.

In other words, I long to see a strong missionary movement made upon the country of our Lord's birth.

It is true that the German Lutheran Church has a mission in Jerusalem, and the Protestant Episcopal Church has one also, with a second in Nazareth and a third in Tiberias; but the ancient question might be asked: "What are they among so many?"

It is also true that the Latin, Greek and Armenian Churches are all established in Jerusalem, and have their male and female schools, besides places of worship. But in what respect their superiority over Mohammedanism appears is difficult for a spiritual observer to decide. Formalism, ecclesiastical deadness, and traditionalism, with their attendant train of deceptions and falsehoods, are as much with one as the other. There is nothing in fact to choose between.

When we return to look upon the Protestant mission work, it is, in the first place, insufficient for the demands, and, next, without the spiritual power that should be and must be in order for success.

The writer attended their services and saw only a few children at the mission in Jerusalem, and a small handful of natives in Nazareth. Neither do these missions impress the outside world; the pulpit ministrations being signally lacking in spiritual unction, and attractive power.

The spirit fairly chafes as it takes note of such things ; groans at seeing a powerless pulpit in the city where the Holy Ghost fell ; and grieves in hearing a mechanical exposition of the Gospel at the very place of its birth, and where it fell with burning power from the lips of one who spoke as never man spoke.

There is little to choose between the lifeless presentation of Gospel truth in the Protestant Mission and the sing-song droning of the Word in the Latin and Greek Churches.

One man full of the Holy Ghost and striking out from the shoulder with Gospel facts and home thrusts, could do more good in a single night in some rented hall or house than these established missions will accomplish in a hundred years to come at the rate at which they are now progressing.

I do not speak hastily here.

A member of one of the missions in Jerusalem told me that they had made no inroad upon the Jewish ranks ; while a prominent citizen informed me, in regard to a certain church, that it had done absolutely nothing for the last thirty years. He himself, although a church member and Christian, confessed to a profound mental and spiritual nausea in being forced to listen to little lifeless essays on the Sabbath, that were for courtesy's sake dignified by the title of discourses.

I speak plainly here because I am interested in the land ; because I saw the souls that are unfed

unmoved and unsaved over there, and because I think it is high time and full time for the more aggressive Protestant churches to take hold of this interesting missionary field.

The interior of Palestine has but few Jews residing in it. Perhaps these few are to be found connected with the colonies founded by Baron Rothschild. The inhabitants now there, in fulfillment of prophecy, are people of strange tongues. The Bedouin forms one class. He is a full-blooded Arab. With long, black hair and dark mahogany complexion, he is not altogether unlike our American Indian. Like them also, he dwells in tents, refusing to sleep in a house for fear it will fall down upon him. The tent is not like the wigwam, but consists of black goatskin stretched horizontally several feet above the ground. The Bedouin is continually moving, does occasional jobs of work in the harvest-time, or looks after flocks and herds. His character is not good, and he has been the offending one in cases of robbery and other assaults upon travelers for a long time back.

The Syrians, who greatly outnumber the Bedouins, have also Arabian blood, but it has been mixed, and added to, and subtracted from until the kinship to the darker brother is far from evident. The complexion of the Syrian is olive, his features regular, his mental and social grade superior to the other, while his habits are domestic

and homelike. They dwell mainly in humble villages all through the interior of the country. The houses are built of rough stone, daubed with mud; the streets are a few feet wide, and the people, as a rule, are extremely poor and live lives of laborious toil. Especially is this the case with the women. Many of the females are handsome, but it soon disappears under a work heavy enough for a mule, and through the performance of tasks both revolting and degrading.

This field is to be taken as Paul took the provinces of Asia Minor. The missionary must carry his life in his hand, and expect death.

The strategic point, however, is Jerusalem. Here is not only a population of fifty thousand people, but thirty-eight distinct nationalities.

It actually looks like the state of things that existed at Pentecost has been reproduced. It seems as if the same designing hand that brought the Medes, Cappadocians, Parthians and all the dwellers under heaven to Jerusalem to secure a blessing that was to be scattered by them throughout the whole world, had brought representatives of many nations once more to this wonderful city for the reception of a similar blessing, in order to do a similar work to that which was wrought two thousand years ago.

The city of Jerusalem, located at a point where Europe, Asia and Africa meet or come nigh together, is a wonderfully favorable place for send-

ing out disciples all over the world. It was so in the beginning of the First Century, and it is still so in the latter part of the Nineteenth. Commerce flowed through the borders of Palestine in Christ's time, and the long lines of caravans still move through the land.

When, in addition, we notice the thirty-eight nations represented to-day in Jerusalem, we see most forcibly what we first advanced, that here is the strategic place for missionary operations that may be world-wide in their influence.

Another fact of interest I note is that a number of the Syrians who dwell in Jerusalem speak seven or eight languages. If one or more of them could be converted, what powers they could be in approaching the motley throngs of Zion. They are Christian in name now, but are not so in spirit and in truth. Their connection with the Church being, undoubtedly not vital, but of a mercenary character.

Anyhow, the multitude with many tongues is here. Thirty-eight nations are represented. To reach them with the Gospel would be to touch soon after as many distant provinces and kingdoms. Would that the church in America could take in the situation and avail itself of what seems to be a most remarkable providential state of affairs.

Anyhow, this great fact remains that God's ancient people live in large numbers in the Holy

Land. That from them we received the Gospel which has made us all that we are, and all we hope to be in another and higher life. To-day they are without the Word of Life; while we have it.

Verily it seems to me that not only duty would demand, but gratitude would urge us to send to them that Gospel which Paul says is the power of God unto salvation, to the Gentile; but "to the Jew first."

The method of carrying on the mission work in Palestine should be a deeply interesting thought to us.

It cannot escape the most careless observer that the way the Gospel is presented now to the unbeliever and the heathen is very different from the way observed by Paul, Peter and the rest of the apostles. It is equally manifest that we are not as successful in winning souls as they were. In a few years they had, with a handful of people, swept around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, penetrated remote nations, and planted churches and pushed Christianity in every direction; while we, as a church or churches representing hundreds of millions of people and billions of property, have played around the surface of Asia and Africa, and point to a few weak congregations in the midst of Pagan empires, while the empire itself remains dark, impacted and immovable, as a mass, as ever.

The differing results, rendered all the more remarkable by the contrast seen in the human forces employed, makes us, or rather drives us to look at the instrumentalities used by the apostles on the one hand, and the Nineteenth-Century churches on the other. It is there that we discover a remarkable difference, and in that dissimilarity, the writer is confident, is to be found the cause of the different result.

The book that the disciples used was the Word of God. I read of no other. They read from this, quoted from this, and emphasized only this. Paul knew no other wisdom. Refused to be beguiled in any other quarter. The Gospel, he said, was the power of God unto salvation, and that Gospel, undividedly and without a rival, he held up.

The Church of to-day holds up a library of human books, geography, arithmetic and a host of others. The heathen is absolutely confused at the array. To which shall he give most honor, the books studied six days in the week, or the one held up one day in seven? In his darkness, I doubt not, he thinks that unless a man believes in the binomial theorem or the rule of three, he can never see the Kingdom of God. Anyhow, instead of one Book stressed, many are urged upon his notice, and the infantile heathen mind is correspondingly affected.

Again the disciples looked alone to the power of the Holy Ghost to produce conviction and

reach the hearts of the people. And O how that Spirit fell in answer to the faith reposed in Him ! But the disciples of to-day depend largely on teaching trades and occupations to the heathen children in order to reach the heathen parents. A shoemaker's awl is to accomplish what the Holy Ghost used to do, viz. : penetrate the mind, search the conscience, and bring men to their knees.

I am perfectly well acquainted with the arguments made, of Christianity coming to the heathen with blessings of all kinds in her hands ; that Christianity is to instruct the mind, relieve the body, make the hand skillful in the trades and in a word, build up and equip the whole man. All well and good if we do not devote more time to the trades than we do to the aggressive movement on the nations, which after all is the only commission we have. It hardly strikes me that the duty of a picket line or vanguard of an army is to teach school or instruct in various mechanical callings the people of an overrun country. Luke was a physician, but he did not stop to found a medical college. We are pointed to the fact that Paul made tents in Corinth, but, mark you, he did not gather together the Corinthian children and instruct them in the sublime art of making canvas canopies. He had no time for this. Shoemaking and tentmaking are excellent in their way, but let the church save souls first,

and attend to the trades afterward. We have no surplus life-force to spare just now upon cloth and leather.

Let there be a division made in the forces. Let all those that feel called to teach the heathen how to make shoes and plane wood, stand to themselves, and get a kind of ecclesiastical commercial fund laid aside for them. Let a Board of Management be formed, and may the good work go on. But for the three hundred who are to take the Midianites for the Lord; for those who feel called not to serve tables, but to preach the Gospel and do nothing else; let them lay down chisels and rulers and spelling-books forever; and shouting the name of Jesus, and looking for the fall of the Holy Ghost, rush upon the ranks of heathendom everywhere. Who does not see in the Bible and history and life that God always answers in direct measure to the faith that is reposed in Him. A weakening faith is answered by a receding heaven; but a faith that is so sublime, that it looks to the world like presumption, brings at once the descending fire of the Holy Ghost, the glorious presence of Christ, and the irresistible and almighty power of God, that mean always a moral upheaval and revolution, the overwhelming of Satan, the overturning of wickedness, the salvation of sinners, and glorious victory for the church on every line and in the face of every foe.

I could say much under this line—but refrain.

It does seem to me that the apostolic style was God's manifested way of reaching and saving men, and that to this method we must return to behold the results that daily greeted them at that time. There must be fearlessness and directness in preaching, and faith in immediate results. The old instantaneous method of saving men must be believed in and returned to. Why wait twenty years to bring a soul into the light? Why is it that the Romans and Corinthians and Ephesians in darkness could be reached at once, and the East Indiaman and Chinaman, in no greater darkness, must be labored with for generations before salvation streams into their souls? Let me be convinced that there is a difference, and I will take back the argument I have made. There must be that in our missionary operations that corresponds to what we see in military life, when the bridges in the rear are burned. There must be a going forth boldly and alone as did Peter and Paul; a looking to heaven and a dependence on the Holy Ghost, and on Him alone. Such a life will call up and out all the tremendous energies of the man, and bring to his immediate help the infinite resources of heaven. These together will be irresistible, and will sweep a heathen city, as once Nineveh was swept.

As far as I can see the disciples had little or no financial support from the church. They penetrated unbelieving lands single handed and car-

rying their lives in their hands. How God bowed the heavens upon such men, and what walls of fire He threw about them. One man stirred a vast city, while to-day over one hundred preachers of us all combined cannot stir a city of the moderate size of New Orleans or St. Louis.

They struck out from the shoulder, they called sin by its name, they feared no man, they were ready to be despised, to be hated, to be cast to wild beasts, and to die, if needs be, for the Gospel.

To-day if men frown we shrink into silence ; but in that day, although scourged for the truth they preached, they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake ; and although threatened with death were found immediately afterward declaring the whole counsel of God, and preaching Jesus.

The writer believes that God has raised up Gen. Booth, with his five hundred self-supporting missionary stations round about the world, to teach the church the true way, and to bring us back to the old way, so long forsaken and forgotten.

Certainly something must be wrong when we notice that one hundred and twenty disciples, poor, obscure, friendless and ignorant, overran the known world in the first century, carrying victory wherever they went, while the church, now numbering several hundred millions of people and scores of colleges and billions of dollars,

cannot capture for Christ the heathen natives that are left, although they have been before us for centuries.

I believe that when we emphasize the Word—when we depend altogether upon the Holy Ghost—when we look to Christ to protect us—when we cease to fear man, and are perfectly willing to die for Christ—that when we have a faith that looks to God alone—hangs on God alone—that then, and not till then, will we see heathendom stirred, Ethiopia stretch out her hands unto God, nations born in a day, the institutions and empire of Sin tumbling down in every direction, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our God and His Christ.

CHAPTER XLII.

Effects of Travel—Going Down of Certain Castles of Fancy—
—Guides—Delusions Dissipated—The Unintelligible Guide—
The Humorous Guide—The Word Bewildered Guide—The
Ignorant Guide—The Brilliant Guide—The Lost Guide—The
Money-Making Guide—The Blank-Faced Guide.

TRAVEL does much for a man. It fills the mind with valuable facts and pleasant memories. But it also empties the head of a great many previous conceptions. No locality or city or country is exactly as you expect to find it. The imagination is a wonderful painter. It gathers the most beautiful colors for its Palette and dips its brush with no niggardly hand, and makes the faraway place and circumstance equal in splendor to a sunset glory.

Juxtaposition scrapes off some of the coloring matter and we see more correctly. The mountain is not so high and vine-clothed, the river is not as broad and blue, the country is not as garden-like and the beggar not as poetic-looking as you expected.

A number of highly-colored mental structures or fancies tumbled down with noiseless but un-

mistakable fall while on my lonely, meditative way through Europe.

For instance, I had read of the English female beauties that aired themselves in their carriages each afternoon on "Rotten Row" and other popular drives of London. Happening to be in that quarter at the hour and looking up I beheld an English beauty. She had yellow hair, a red face and wore blue goggles. Of course there were others of a more attractive pattern, but she happened to pass before my camera-obscura at the moment, to the irreparable injury with me of the legend of Rotten Row.

Then came the ruin of the fancy about the Italian language. I had read so much about the soft Tuscan tongue, the liquid accent heard under gently stirring leaves, and in silver glories of moonlight, and by the side of star-specked Mediterranean waves, that when I came to Italy I look to be melted, soothed, lulled to rest by the dreamy melody of the tongue of this historic, poetic and artistic land.

I heard it not. I listened, but it was not there. I sought for it as Evangeline did for her itinerating and ever invisible lover, and equally in vain.

This is what I heard from the Italian groups, whether in the sunlight or moonlight, in the house under lamplight or under the trees in the starlight. Conceive of a kettle-drum with leather cords drawn to the highest tension on the side

and top, and then allow three or four pairs of hard kettle-drum sticks to be rattled with lightning-like rapidity on the head of that kettle-drum, and you will have the Italian tongue and language that I was regaled with while wandering over the land of Cæsar, Cicero, Tasso and Dante.

The Venetian Gondolier who sang the midnight song that so entranced one of the greatest poets of England, was evidently dead when I arrived, and his race had perished with him. Here was another crash, for I had a right, from what the poetic traveler said, to expect to be spell-bound by the navigators of the gondola.

The only note I heard fall from their lips was when they would meet each other at sudden turns of the canal, and their short warning ejaculation was wonderfully similar to the note of a duck suddenly disturbed in a mill-pond.

Then came a downfall of the fancies in regard to guides.

One delusion we bear to the old world with us in regard to this interesting class of our fellow-beings, is that they are thoroughly posted in all things and informed as to their work. We soon find that history in their heads is as chaos was before creation, and that a great darkness hangs over the chaos. Where guides feel most easy and self-assured is in the realm of Legend Tradition and Superstition. There they can rattle

away by the hour. But the trouble is that you have got nothing at the end of the hour.

Another delusion is that they are anxious about your personal enlightenment and information.

You are soon undeceived about this. One of the most amusing spectacles I beheld while abroad was seeing twenty or thirty people craning their necks and straining their ears to hear the guide who was rattling off his speech more with the desire to get through than anything else.

“What’s that?” says one.

“What did he say?” cried another.

“Guide—guide—guide,” almost shriek others, “did you say this and that and so?”

But the guide has turned and is now pointing out another object.

The party soon breaks into several detachments or divisions. One little circle holds on the guide, gazes into his face and hangs on his words with an abject helplessness that would move a stone. A second division snaps up occasional words from the leader, asks others near the guide what he said, and succeed in getting things finely mixed and muddled in their brains before the close of the day, and go to bed thinking they know it all, when they have confounded the Conciergerie with the Louvre Palace and thought the Eiffel Tower in the distance was the obelisk of Egypt.

The third detachment, with some knowledge of history and with guide-book in hand, give up

all hope of following, hearing and understanding the guide, and do the best they can under the circumstances.

My advice to travelers is, have a fair knowledge of history before you start. The guide's best use is to bring you to localities that you could not find yourself without great loss of time. When you reach the place let your own mind do most of the filling, for the amount of trash that will be poured in by some of these so-called Helps will be amazing.

I offer for the reader's inspection a few hasty sketches of some individuals I met while gone, and who for courtesy's sake men called guides.

The Unintelligible Guide.

This character I found in all of his native excellence in Scotland. He talked volubly and doubtless correctly, but as he spoke in Scotch and that part of my education had been totally neglected, it is needless to say that I did not receive much light. There were occasional words of English at which I grasped as a drowning man would at a straw, but as they were pronounced in the broad Scotch accent I was not certain even of them.

I was reminded of a lady friend who was presiding at her table in Mississippi and dishing out oyster soup. The company was larger than usual and the oysters were few, while the milk part was plentiful. The effort of the lady was to give at least one oyster to each guest. And so she fished.

A colored servant girl, aged twelve, looking over the lady's shoulder, was deeply interested in the spoon search or exploration, and suddenly, to the amazement of the company, cried out, "Dar one, Miss!"

About as eagerly did I pounce upon an English word happening to float to the surface of the Scotch conversational broth dished up for me that day.

It is an experience to listen intently for an hour and not learn a thing.

The Humorous Guide.

I found him only in France. He was flourishing in Paris. His pleasure seemed to be to floor the male travelers. The ignorance and eagerness of the European excursionist paved the way to his downfall in every encounter. I recall an instance. We were passing through an historic cemetery. The guide suddenly paused before a large family tomb and securing the attention of the entire party remarked that the gentleman who built that tomb had every one of his family buried there but would not allow his own body to be entombed with the rest. "Why," eagerly asked an unwary traveler. "Because," said the guide, turning to leave, "he is not dead yet."

The Word-bewildered Guide.

We found this individual in various places, but in his greatest excellence in Venice. He had his little speech, a thread of general unintelligi-

bleness strung here and there with words we knew. By guessing we managed to get along. Woe to us when we propound a question and woe also to the guide. We simply brought down upon us a deluge of explanation in a non-understandable language, after which we would crawl up on some recognized sentence as upon a rock to dry.

But as we have intimated, woe would likewise at times befall the guide. Two American ladies joined me in a morning excursion among the palaces of the Doges in order to get the advantage, as they supposed, of the superior lingual accomplishments of my guide, and because at the time it was difficult to obtain another.

As the guide was showing us the portraits of the Doges, he directed our attention to one who had signed the death-warrant of his own son.

I promptly asked—

“What had his son done?”

Immediately a blank look passed over the countenance of the guide while he hesitatingly repeated my last two words—

“Sun-Dun !”

Evidently he thought I was using a word he was not acquainted with, and was mentally running over his small stock of English and comparing what he had there with the phrase I had just uttered. “Yes,” I repeated with greater emphasis, “what had his son done?” “Sun-Dun,” ejaculated the guide, and sat down on a bench with the word, a thoroughly mystified man,

I came at him a time or two more, throwing the accent first on the word "son" and then on the word "done."

The guide continued to ejaculate, placing the accent where I had placed it, but failing to obtain light.

By this time the two ladies bade fair to go into hysterics. Finally one of them straightened her face and fired with a desire to make the guide understand, and feeling that she could put the question to the Venetian mind in a simpler way, she drew near with great assurance and animation of manner and swooped down with identically the same question.

"What had his son done?"

Evidently she had not intended to fall into the same verbal rut, but just as her lips parted there rushed on her the sudden recollection that the guide rejoiced in the possession of only a few English words, and that to change the sentence into larger words would be only to deepen the mental fog of the Adriatic personage before her, and that indeed the question had been as simply propounded as it was possible to be.

So the same old question propelled and given force to by these very thoughts fairly whistled from her lips—

"What had his son done?"

The same old question!

"Sun-Dun," murmured the guide in despair,

and it was evident that his own sun was down and done-for as well.

The lady was manifestly embarrassed at her decided failure to improve on the question and equal failure to enlighten the mind of the guide. The second lady was fairly shaking with laughter near-by. My own countenance was not that of a mourner. I could hardly trust myself to look at the now thoroughly saddened guide. He had boasted of his knowledge of English, and here was evidently a common phrase that he could not translate.

There was one more charge made. The first lady had her blood up. She would try again; and now falling into the mistake so common that foreigners are deaf and that elevation of voice is all that is needed to secure a better understanding of the trans-atlantic words, she lifted her voice and fairly shrieked—

“What had his son——done?”

There it was again. We could not get away from it. The sentence held us like the “ancient mariner!” Try as we might and did, and swoop down as we would with full intention to put the query differently, yet somehow we would always alight on those five words. Such was the slender mental furnishing of the individual before us that it was impossible to ask about that family affair in which we were so much interested except in and with that ironbound sentence—

“What had his son done?”

“Son done?” cried the lady, “Son done! Don’t you understand? What—had—his—son—done?”

The guide here turned upon us one of the most helpless and bewildered looks that I ever saw on a human countenance, his lips parted, and in a far off hopeless way he uttered the words—

“Sun-dun.”

The cup of mirth here overflowed, and such a laugh went up from both ladies and myself in the Palace of the Doges that fairly stirred the portraits that were solemnly gazing down upon us, and that if indulged in in their life-time would have cost the laughers their heads.

The guide after this was much saddened. Doubtless he continued to revolve the sentence in his mind, and perhaps to this day asks of English and American travelers if they can tell him the meaning of the English word, “Sun-Dun.”

The Ignorant Guide.

I found him in several countries, but flourishing in greatest verdancy at Pompeii. I had requested the hotel-keeper at the railroad station to secure me a guide who could pilot me to the top of Mt. Vesuvius and point out and explain the notable features of the landscape. In due time he was brought in for my inspection. I asked if he spoke English. The hotel-keeper replied “that he would answer.” The guide himself looked restless and uneasy, shifting about on

his feet, and turning helpless glances to the head of the house ; which looks I failed to take in at the time, but afterward recalled, and recognized their nature, when too late. I noticed that while together in the room he kept far off from me, and when mounted on our horses he managed to keep a considerable distance between us so as to prevent conversation. He simply pointed down the road, motioned me to urge the horse on to a rapid gait, and then lifted his hand warningly to the sun.

It was after a gallop of six miles and we were halfway up the mountain, that I paused to take in the view, and addressed my guide for information. In one minute I discovered that I might as well have had with me for the purpose of instruction a Hottentot fresh from African wilds. The man was a sealed book to me and I was a mystery to him. The only two words that sounded like English were "Gen-teel-mon" and "Pom-pay." I guessed at them by his finger being pointed at me with the first, and at the distant buried city in the pronunciation of the second. Here I was over seven miles from the hotel with this piece of chattering ignorance. This is the guide that the hotel man said "would answer!" and so he did, but not in the way I expected or desired.

This is the man I had engaged for so many Italian coins to ascend Mt. Vesuvius with me and

discourse to me along the road for my delight and the enlargement of my stock of knowledge concerning the objects and cities that lay at my feet, the wide sweeping plains, the ranges of mountains shutting them in, the buried towns, the ship-sprinkled bays and the islands in the blue distance of the Mediterranean Ocean.

I had calculated largely. And in return three distinct times that guide "that would answer" aired on the breezy summit of Vesuvius the only English he could pronounce and the only piece of knowledge he possessed.

"Gen-teei-mon. Pom-pay."

The Brilliant Guide.

I encountered him in Egypt. I remarked to him as we rode along the bank of the great stream of Egypt, that the Nile was a grand river. His reply was:

"It is a very good Nile."

He spoke as if he was well acquainted with a large family of Niles, and singled out this one in a patronizing manner, patting it on the head, so to speak, while he said approvingly, "It is a very good Nile."

Being struck with the frequent recurrence of the word "Yes," I began to grow suspicious that it was either spoken in ignorance or laziness. I determined to test the matter and see which it was, and so propounded the following query—

"I suppose that these Acacia trees remain green all the year?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!" said the guide.

"I suppose," said I again, laying my trap, "I suppose that they shed all their leaves in the Fall and Winter?"

"Oh yes, yes," answered the guide.

This was the man employed at, so much a day to give me information. As the reader will see the information was quite remarkable.

I tried him again.

"The water stays here on the fields until October, does it not?"

"Yes,"

"It leaves the fields before October?"

"Yes."

I leave it to the reader to decide whether the guide was lazy or ignorant.

The Brilliant Guide's knowledge of history, and his quotations of Scripture in the Holy Land, once heard, is never to be forgotten. As a rule he is silent just where you want him to speak, and fluent where you need no information, and where his fluency is at the cost of accuracy, appropriateness and truth. One of his many inaccuracies appears on a preceding page several chapters back.

The Lost Guide.

This seems a strange statement and a strange condition for a guide to be in. A lost guide! Yet

I saw this phenomenon more than once in Palestine. Once in the quarries underneath Jerusalem. We had gone into these subterranean depths at about three in the afternoon. I was deeply interested as we explored the dark vaulted passages, listened to the trickling water on the rocks, and saw the blocks of stone that had been cut out in the time of Solomon, and the stone chips made at the time of the erection of the First Temple.

The air was quite cold and our tapers gave a feeble light in the gloomy depths, that were once filled with busy workmen and their twinkling lights in the time of Hiram of Tyre.

The shop and material and rock shavings were left, but the workmen with their tools had been gone three thousand years!

Suddenly I noticed that the guide had become silent and was evidently crossing and recrossing his track. I watched him in silence while following him until at last the conviction forced itself upon me that he did not know the way out. In a few minutes he confessed the truth, that he had lost the way. At once I told him to blow out half the tapers and that we would economize the light and so not be left helpless in the darkness. The next thing I did was to consult a small pocket compass that I had purchased in London, and discovered that the guide was going in a direction opposite to the point we should be aiming for. Thus taught by one of God's silent but infallible

laws we altered our course and after a little regained the entrance.

The guide immediately sat down and wiped his brow repeatedly. The heavy beads of sweat that rolled down his face in spite of the cold air of the quarries was an outward exhibit of the internal excitement that had been going on in the last half hour.

Another guide became bewildered in the fields that skirt and run out about five or six miles from the shore of Lake Galilee. He persisted in traveling in a direction that I felt assured would cause us to miss the lake. On consulting the compass I so convinced him and we had a swift ride over yellow corn and wheat fields and came out just where we should, on the lofty heights back of Tiberias that look down upon the blue and beautiful Sea of Galilee.

A guide can be bewildered and lost. To this fact I can sign my name and attach sign and seal.

The Money-making Guide.

This individual I met in all countries, but I found him excelling in this regard the farther East I traveled.

The impression has been made upon them that all Englishmen and Americans are wealthy; that they really have a superabundance of means and need bleeding. And they proceed to bleed.

One method they have is to pass you over into the hands of relatives and friends when they can

go no further with you and can get nothing more out of you. For instance, if you have gone out with a "hack-guide," and should decide to change from a vehicle view to a pedestrian tour through art galleries and palace halls, the hack-guide will call from a motly throng some Jean or Mustapha who happens to be his brother or uncle or sister's husband, and he in like manner will deliver you to another beloved relative of this interesting family, and when you have become acquainted in this peculiar method with their family, your own family will be much poorer and theirs much better off by the change of locality of certain moneys on that memorable day.

If the relatives give out then they have friends. And when you leave their city they frequently give you the address and a letter of introduction to others in their line of business in distant cities who turn out on inquiry to be a nephew or brother-in-law. By any and all means the money is to be kept in the circle of love and friendship and especially in the family circle if possible.

I found more than once I was expected. The party at the other end had been notified that I was coming. And I was as quietly received as a boy's marble is swallowed up by the circular opening in the ground made by his knife, and which in his game he calls by the name of "home."

At two ancient cities of the East my departure

and arrival were heralded by telegram. Arriving at Alexandria late one evening after leaving Cairo, I was startled from my meditations as the train paused in the depot, by a swarthy face being thrust into the window of the railroad carriage and the loud question put—

“Is Dr. Carradine here?”

Think of one's name thus sounded out in Egypt, in an ancient city, in a land of robes, turbans, palm trees and crocodiles; and by a man in robe and turban, a genuine child of the desert. The effect, with such surroundings and circumstances is, that the traveler is literally astonished at and by his own name.

The man who thus surprised me in Alexandria I have no doubt in the world was a near kinsman, perhaps the brother-in-law to the telegraphing personage in Cairo.

Let me give an instance of how I was, so to speak, passed ball like from hand to hand in my trip to Pompeii and Mt. Vesuvius. I soon discovered that never was a stage coach sent from station to station more certainly than I was, according to some law or custom, passed from hand to hand, expected at each place and made to drop a portion of my purse with every new acquaintance, and at every stopping place.

Landing at the seaside station near Pompeii, I entered a hotel and from that moment ceased to be independent, becoming a kind of captive, until

the last hour of the excursion, and the last coin had been given that could by any manner of means be surprised from, extorted, or otherwise secured from the besieged and suffering pocket.

As well as I can recollect it costs two francs to get admission to the buried city. A guide then took possession of me, evidently put on my track at the hotel. Then followed so many francs to him as a gratuity, the law forbidding charge. After finishing with me he passed me over at the gate to a group who had something to sell; they in turn, hand me over to a YOUTH who stood at a wicket gate in the hotel garden wall. He brought me first to a picture gallery where several francs were left for sundry views of Pompeii. He then consigned me to the care of the hotel-keeper who obtained several francs for a luncheon. While eating, there was brought in an Italian musician—doubtless the uncle of the hotel-keeper—who on a discordant, tin-panny sounding kind of guitar, sang to me what was called a love-song. The guitarist sang with the Italian accent I described in the beginning of the chapter. I could but think during the performance that if a woman ever capitulated to the power of that song, she did it because she was dazed and stunned and knew not what she was doing. To this man I gave a coin equal to a sixpence. I was next passed out of the house to the Venetian guide who was waiting at the door with horses. Several boys and youths

stood about my animal, each trying to do something to earn a penny. One of them held the horse who needed no holding. Another held the stirrup and then assisted me to mount. Doubtless they were the sons and nephews of the hotel-keeper! Getting free from them I thought the ball-throwing process was over; but half way up the mountain I had to dismount and rest for a few minutes for no earthly reason I could see but to give a man who lived in a hovel there a half-franc.

This man I judge was the brother or uncle of the hotel-keeper by his wife's side.

At the foot of the "cone" I was turned over to four men who carried me in a chair on their shoulders to the summit at the cost of a gold pound or five dollars. These I question not were relatives of the hotel-keeper. At the summit, bleak, bare and fire-swept, I found a hut of stones and a man who had a basket of grapes, fruits and a bottle of wine awaiting us, which last article he pushed unavailingly upon me. More money was spent here. This last man I suppose may have been the distant cousin of the hotel-keeper. The journey in one direction was now ended. Only the crater remained, but if there had been room for one of his wife's relatives to have stood over there, and travelers could have been persuaded to descend, the hotel-keeper would have arranged to have had a few more coins deposited for his family's sake or perished in the attempt.

At the foot of the "cone" the chairmen made a plea for what is called *lagniappe* in Louisiana. At the base of the mountain a fee was paid to a cottager for allowing a small bundle to be stored in his house for two hours while I ascended Vesuvius. At the railroad station where the guide left me, he urged in a pantomimic way a plea for extra pay for the remarkable services he had rendered me on the trip. I returned to Naples in a decidedly collapsed condition, and with a sucked-in sensation that defied all verbal description.

I did not ask the guide, but it would not have surprised me to have discovered that he was the son of the hotel-keeper's wife by her first husband.

Another way in which the guides bleed the traveler is by keeping his expense account for him. Alack the day! when you tell your guide to give a beggar a coin here or a copper there, or tell him to pay the door fee at this place and gate admission charge at yonder place. At night when you reckon up with him you will be amazed.

In Palestine I called on my guide to give to several beggars and to pay for certain extra services. In settlement I was made to marvel at the science of Mathematics, especially at the branch known as Arithmetical Progression.

The guide reckoned with me in a Turkish coin of which I knew nothing. This gives the conductor of travelers a decided advantage when it comes to a financial settlement.

I have never ceased, since the settlement with my Palestine guide, to marvel at my munificence to beggars. According to the guide's record I really out-did myself.

The Blank-Faced Guide.

The face of this man is not always blank. On the contrary, just before you engage his services, he has the most expressive and engaging of countenances. The smiles ripple over his bronzed face like wavelets over a sun-lit sea.

"Everything," he says, "shall be just as you desire. He has no other desire on earth than to please you. Your satisfaction will fill his cup to overflowing."

So speaks the guide of the East to the traveler from the West. The West relaxes and takes to the East. Whereupon the East in due course of time proceeds to take in the West.

It is after a number of these takings-in, disappointments, failures of duty and non-fulfillment of promises that we begin to notice the blank expression coming upon the face of the guide. He ceases to smile, he seems disappointed in you. A vacant, faraway look settles down in his eyes as though he had forgotten your existence and his own. It is a facial phenomenon of a rare order.

You remind him that he has made a mistake in his route; that he has failed to show you what he promised; that he has made quite an error in his monetary account, and immediately the blank

look comes upon his face so deep and expressionless that the stony-eyed, stony-faced Sphinx becomes almost a shining countenance and smiling beauty by his side. You might as well wrestle with the night on the hills and the fog on the plains, as to try to pierce or remove that blank shadowy look that comes on the face of the oriental guide at certain stages of Eastern travel.

There is no use trying, he will not be his bright self again until you are gone and another traveler heaves in sight. And then some kind of sun will rise above certain moral or immoral hills in his nature and day will banish night once more. And then while his face beams with light and interest, and his voice falls with the harmony of the bird-awakened grove, he will say to the new traveler that "He has no other desire than to please him—and that his satisfaction will fill his, the guide's, cup of happiness full to overflowing."

The subject of the chapter is by no means exhausted. Other features and other circumstances come to mind, but I think it best to say farewell to this branch of the human family.

I see them with the mind's eye before me a long line moustached, bearded and smoothfaced; white, yellow, brown and black; in modern hats, red fez caps, white and red turbans, and dark flowing head gear of the Bedouin.

How different they look, but in some respects they are all alike. To know one thoroughly is to

know all. The traveler is to them a piece of legitimate prey ; he seems to be made providentially for them, exists for them and travels in a sense for their sake. And so they like eagles gather around the carcass. And yet in spite of sundry imperfections, we could not get along without them. And in face of much ignorance they give considerable information. They get our money and oftentimes more than they deserve ; but we get from them in facts and in sight of historic and sacred localities, something far more precious and satisfying and lasting than money.

I for one, freely pardon them for every deflection and defection, and wave them a smiling and loving farewell, praying God that they who have guided so many into the midst of earthly scenes, shall be guided at last themselves by the Saviour into the fairest of all cities and the best of all kingdoms—the city and kingdom of God.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Departure from Palestine—A Farewell Scene at Alexandria—
Candia or Crete—A View of Corsica—Marseilles to London
—Departure from Glasgow—A Sermon at Sea—A Storm—A
Burial at Sea—The Pilot—The Hawk and Birds—The Land-
ing Scene.

THREE weeks after entering the Holy Land, I embarked at Jaffa on a French steamer bound for the port of Marseilles. The vessel weighed anchor late in the afternoon, and by sunset the mountain and coast lines of the most wonderful and heaven-honored of all lands sank out of sight beneath the verge of the sea. Not as a dream does the memory of the three weeks' sojourn depart, but like a blessed vision of waking life, a sad yet glad experience, an enrichment of mind and life, a holy memory to be cherished with gratefulness through life, and to be recalled even in heaven with thankfulness.

We touched a half day at Port Said, and nearly two at Alexandria. At the last named place, as our ship was departing, I saw two farewells that made a deep impression upon me. A mother with her infant in her arms stood on the shore

looking a good-bye to her husband that her lips could not speak. Suddenly I saw her press her fingers upon the lips of the sleeping child, and then waft the kiss to the husband and father who stood on the deck of the departing ship. I could not tell who the man was, but I knew that there was one in that throng of passengers whose heart was melted at the silent salute. Again I saw a gentleman wave his hat in farewell to a friend on the ship. The wave was peculiar; it was made in the form of a cross, first a vertical and then a horizontal movement. How my heart responded to that sign of the cross in that dark continent. May it be an auspicious and prophetic sign.

On the fifth day out we ran under the south shore of the island of Candia, known in Paul's time as Crete. The long, gray mountain wall of this island rising like a gigantic cloud into heaven, with the sea-waves breaking into white foam at the base, was a deeply attractive picture as beheld from our ship five miles away. It required the greater part of the day to pass out of its sight. With the deepest interest I looked upon "Fair Havens" at the western end, and at the island of Clauda rising up several miles away to the south. The twenty-seventh chapter of Acts will explain the interest, as it narrates that here began the storm that drove the ship in which Paul sailed, for weeks over the sea. On the eighth day we passed between the islands of Sardinia and Corsica.

I had no time to stop and view the birthplace of the man who so agitated France and convulsed Europe. Neither did I have the inclination. I had seen the land of the Perfect Man and my heart had no room for men of passion, war, and sin. Like one who looks steadily upon the sun, and then finds its image on everything else, and is unable to see aught else : so is it with the soul that has looked long upon and thought much of the Savior. His image is so painted on the mind's organ of vision that other faces and objects are for a time eclipsed.

Marseilles was reached at the close of the ninth day. Then came the overland trip by rail to Calais, then across the English Channel, and by rail again to London.

Finding it impossible to secure a berth on steamers sailing from Liverpool, I ran up to Glasgow and embarked on one of the vessels of the Anchor Line for New York. The clouds were black and ominous, the rain fell heavily, and the waves were rough when we left Scotland in the dim distance. A short stop was made at a port on the north coast of Ireland to receive several hundred passengers. Then we stood fairly out to sea, and a dark, angry looking sea it was that we sailed out upon. Being late in the Fall we might reasonably expect not only rough weather but equinoctial storms.

On the Sabbath-day one of the officers of the ship

came to me with the request that I would preach in the dining saloon at ten o'clock. Of the five preachers on board I was the only one able to answer the call for duty. Four or five voyages were making something of a sailor out of me. Still, however, I had not much to boast of, for I was weak in body and realized certain decided and unmistakable qualms. But steadying myself with one hand upon the table, I led the service and preached the Gospel to a congregation of fifty or sixty passengers. Hundreds were helpless in their staterooms, but I trusted that the words of the prayer and sermon and the sweet hymns sung by an excellent improvised choir, and accompanied by the tender and solemn notes of the organ reached many and were blessed of God to their souls.

Tuesday night a violent storm burst upon us. We were all awakened by the rolling and plunging of the ship, the crash of crockery, and the heavy fall of boxes and trunks that were being dashed in every direction in the passage-ways. The cries of children abounded. The voices of the passengers talking in the dark to each other, and the steps of people hurrying to and fro were sounds, solemn, impressive, and not soon to be forgotten. There was no more sleep for that night; for a person's wide-awake, entire, and constant attention was necessary to keep himself from being precipitately shot out of the berth and landed with a crash on the floor.

Next morning we found that the storm was increasing in fury. Many people who had recovered from sea-sickness were prostrated again. At the breakfast table there were only plates laid, and these were fenced in by two parallel boards to keep them stationary. This arrangement gave us the appearance of feeding swine-like out of troughs. There were few people at the table; a straggling line on each side. As the vessel rolled heavily from side to side it caused the two lines of breakfasters to seem as if engaged in the children's game of see-saw. One moment my side of the table would be elevated, and we would look down from a superior height upon our friends, while we straightened ourselves back to keep our equipoise; the next minute down we would go, and the line of people on the other side would suddenly rise up before us as if they were going to take leave of us through the ceiling. Then they would straighten out their bodies as we had done, while we would double up and bend forward on the downward swoop to keep from falling backward out of our chairs. So we see-sawed our way in great gravity through the breakfast hour. The scene being only occasionally punctuated with a smile or interjected with a laugh at some sudden mishap to the dishes or passengers.

Ascending the companion-way I found only a few gentlemen that were bold enough to cross the wave-swept deck. A rope was stretched between

the masts ; and holding to this as others had done, I walked amidships and stood looking upon a scene that for wild and terrible grandeur I never expect to see surpassed. The ocean had been changed into a vast expanse of liquid hills. The ship was plunging and sliding down these eminences into dark glossy valleys between, and then with tremendous struggles and violent tremors running through every part of her large frame, would strain and climb to the summit of another hill. Occasionally she would be thrown almost on her beam ends and the great deep would yawn like a gulf beneath us ; then slowly she would right herself again. The air was filled with the flying spray that I felt like calling the dust of the sea. The wind was blowing with the force of a hurricane. Sky and sea were close together. The clouds reached down their hands to grasp the fingers of the sea that were stretched upward to them, to make an awful compact to overwhelm the vessel. But another hand, invisible and all-powerful, had hold of the ship and would not suffer the deed. For hours I remained on the deck viewing the scene with fascinated eye, and with my heart constantly ascending in worship and praise to the Lord God of the heaven and earth and sea. The wonderful picture before me of the power of God strengthened my faith, strangely exhilarated my soul, and filled me with a joy and exultation in the conscious possession

of the Saviour that no words could adequately describe.

In twenty-four hours the storm was spent, and the sea went down with a rapidity almost equal to the suddenness with which it arose.

One of the melancholy features of this voyage was the death of a little child. There are fewer sadder things than a burial at sea. The captain wisely had this one to take place secretly at night; few knowing it until next morning. Every heart, I am confident, ached for the mother, and tender and pitiful were the glances thrown back in the wake of the ship, as we thought of the little form left alone underneath the deep waves. But the promise is, that at the voice of the Son of God at the Last Day they that sleep in the sea shall arise and come forth as well as those who slumber in their graves on the land. Both body and soul have been redeemed—and He, the Redeemer, will see to the safety of both. If not so, how vain are the words at communion: “The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee: preserve thy soul and *body unto everlasting life*.”

On the second Sabbath a Presbyterian minister held service in the saloon, while by invitation I preached to the steerage passengers in the forward part of the vessel.

On the eleventh day out from Glasgow, we signaled a pilot boat in the distance, and the small craft bore down upon us. The interest

manifested by the entire body of passengers over the arrival of this man who had lately seen land and was to conduct the ship into port was something marvelous in its way. As he clambered up the side of the vessel hundreds of eyes were fastened upon him. As he stepped on board and walked to the wheel, not a motion of his body or glance of his eye was allowed to pass unscrutinized. No crowned head ever received greater attention for awhile. But next day I saw him under different circumstances. Who thinks of or cares for the pilot when the boat is landed or ship is anchored. At a premium out at sea, he is so discounted when all uncertainty and danger is over that he would not sell for ten cents a thousand. And thus is the pilot's life spent in a series of exaltations and humiliations, of rapturous welcomes, followed by a wholesale forgetfulness of the man and his services immediately afterward. Truly the popularity of this world is short-lived; gusty, indeed, while it lasts, but dying away quickly, and ending in a dead calm.

The last afternoon at sea we were visited by a dozen or more birds that came out from the invisible shore, flew about the ship or alighted upon the rigging, and chirped us a welcome back to America. The pleasure of their visit was soon marred by the presence of a large hawk who had followed them out to sea, and now hovering around the vessel, deliberately swooped down upon one

after another until he had slain and eaten at least five. Great was the indignation and excitement on board. A gentleman aimed his gun in vain ; ladies appealed for the protection of the birds to no purpose. The hawk with wary eye watched his opportunities and carried on the bird slaughter until his appetite was satisfied. As I studied the excitement and evident pain of the passengers over the scene, I could not but reflect of a greater slaughter going on all the time on the land, to which most of these same passengers were perfectly indifferent. The Saloon Hawk, the Lottery Hawk, the Gambling Hawk, and the Hawk of Impurity are swooping down upon and destroying countless thousands of the youth of the land. Character and immortal souls are being ruined on all sides, and yet comparatively little is said about it ; and worse still, far less is done ; indeed, is all right with many. But let a hawk kill a few sparrows at sea, and, mercy on us ! The sight is horrible ! We can't possibly stand it ! Our feelings are lacerated ! Our hearts bleed ! Here somebody hand us a pistol or gun ! Kill the hawk ! Save the sparrows !

O consistency !

The next day with the pleasure known only to a person who has been tossed upon the ocean billows for twelve days, and who has been from home and native land for four months, we beheld rising over the waves the coast of America, as

seen first in the familiar outline of Jersey Heights. Then came the grand ship-besprinkled harbor of New York, and then the city itself with its sister cities Brooklyn and Jersey City, the one on the right and the other on the left, assisting her in the grand daily reception of the nations of the world.

Bartholdi's statue with uplifted torch to guide and welcome the nations is seen from afar ; but distance has the peculiar effect of making the figure appear pointing upward to heaven. Thus strangely and powerfully does God take the works of man and make them to praise and glorify Himself.

The landing scene was as remarkable as our departure months before. The pier was black with people awaiting to greet friends and relatives that were on board ; while the deck of the ship was crowded with passengers tremulously and delightedly expecting and waiting for the landing. Both parties were eagerly scanning each other from a distance. As the vessel drew nearer the wharf, there were recognitions from afar ; exclamations that thrilled ; and wavings of hats, hands, and handkerchiefs. Parents recognized children, friend shouted aloud to friend, and husband and wife singled each other out from the crowd by the amazing intuition of love. Some climbed into the rigging, others sprang upon the gunwales, and all crowded each other unceremoni-

ously but kindly under a strain so intense, as to make certain artificial proprieties forgotten for the time being. One gentleman said to me, with glistening eyes, "Do you see that lady yonder—that is my daughter." A lady lifted her child in her arms and with glad, tremulous voice pointed out the father on the pier. The child's call to the father, unheard by him on account of the noise and confusion, was not the less thrilling to those that did hear. One man shouted from the rigging to a friend on the wharf, "We thought a few days ago we would never see your face again; we had such a storm." And the reply came ringing back, "We were all praying for you; and we knew you would come."

Many could not speak at all, but stood looking at remote and beloved forms in the crowd with their whole soul in their eyes. And there were others who stood like myself looking on the scene, unknown and unwelcomed, but nevertheless full of sympathy over what we beheld.

Then by and by the ship touched the pier, the gangway was run out, and then came the flowing together of the two crowds; and in the midst of smiles, tears, handshaking, heartmelting and fervent embraces, long-parted lives were reunited once more.

So, I thought, will it be when the grand reunion in heaven takes place. We are still storm-tossed on the ocean of life; but we are sailing along on

the good old Ship of Zion, and getting nearer all the while to the port of the Land of the Blessed. Friend and relatives are there awaiting us, talking about us, and looking for our coming; and one of these fine mornings—and the Day of Death will be a fine morning, with not a cloud in view, some one will say to us: “Heaven is in sight,” and looking up from our pillows we will see it, and a great white-robed throng coming down to meet us! But who can describe the scene that will then take place—the meeting of husband and wife, the coming together of long-parted friends, and the rapturous embrace of parent and child; while smiles of welcome, love and sympathy fall like sunbeams from the angel crowned walls, and the redeemed sway their palm-branches, touch their golden harps, and the whole multitude, whom no man can number, gives glory to God and the Lamb with a voice like the sound of “many waters and a great thunder.”

May God grant that the reader of these lines and the writer shall take part in that coming blessed reunion of the skies.

At noon I came ashore, and going up to the residence of my brother, found letters and a telegram awaiting me, bringing me the news of the health and safety of the home circle, and the additional information that while I was quietly and meditatively pursuing my way on foreign strands I had been thrown, in an ecclesiastical sense, a

thousand miles, and that my home was to be no longer among the magnolia trees and flowers of the sunny South, but amid the snows and under the gray skies of a northern climate. But what is a thousand miles to a person who has just traveled twenty thousand ! while to one who has felt on his face the burning reflection of the Great Desert, the very thought of snow is a relief.

And now to the reader who has patiently followed me through these pages—thanks, and farewell ! and to the friends who sent me abroad to realize the dream of my life—a heart full of gratitude ! and to God, my Saviour, who kept me throughout my long, solitary journey in safety of body and in unbroken peace of soul, and who has blessed me all the days of my life—to Him do I offer an abounding love, with present and everlasting praises.

THE END.