

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

A KHAN NEAR THE JOPPA GATE, JERUSALEM.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

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DRUSE SHEPHERD.

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA.

THE humble fishermen of Tyre and Sidon, the capitals of Phenicia, had become rich and influential merchants long before the Christian era. By their enterprise they had made their cities the ports of the East, and had gained commercial intercourse with other countries bordering on the Mediterranean and with those beyond. Instead of being a

barbarous people, with unattractive surroundings, they possessed many of the signs of elegance and taste which marked the cities of the West. Theaters were numerous; baths abounded; and the shows, the games, and the combats of wild beasts caused the people from all parts to pour into the Phenician cities.

But little remains at Tyre or Sidon now to give evidence of their past. Seldom does a modern vessel touch at either port. The rapid traveler of to-day is content with a passing glimpse of them through a marine glass. When the weather is fair, the Mediterranean steamers pass near the shore and make such an opportunity possible, though that "soft artistic haze," so fascinating to the painter, is apt to obscure the distance, and shut from view the inclines bare, yet lovely, which reach inland. But when Tyre and Sidon were in their glory, how beautiful the scene must have been! Then the richly cultivated farms reached down to the very borders of the sea, and each cape,

promontory, and hill-top exposed to the glittering rays of the sun the white walls of some prosperous town or the sumptuous dwelling of a landed proprietor.

A small but magnificent port was then part of the glory of each city. When Herod ruled in Phenicia, these harbors were continually crowded with the vessels of all nations. The noise and confusion were scarcely less than at Antioch or Rome. The cities and the ports, though not extensive, always teemed with life, and were vivid with a wealth of color. The moving vessels, the rude encounters of the sailors, the ravings of the wild beasts which were brought from the far East and South for the public games, the songs of the fishermen, the busy movements of the merchants—all together made up picturesque scenes in endless variety.

How changed it all is now!

Eastward are the undulating, fruitful plains, gay and bright with flowers and verdure, backed by the southern ridges of Lebanon. These plains, extending from one city to the other, twenty-five miles, constituted "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," or, as the New Revision calls them, "the borders."

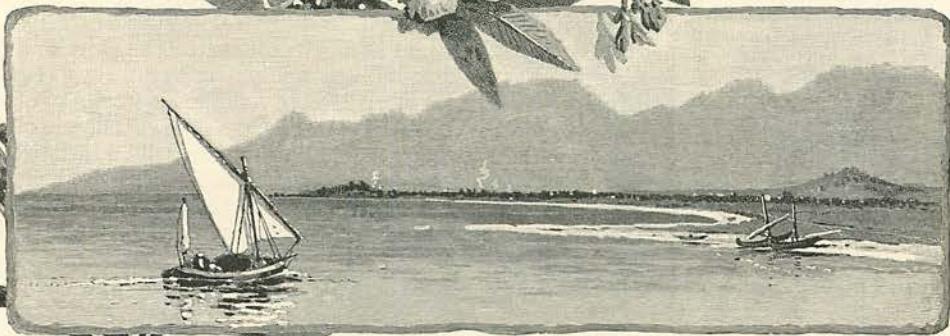
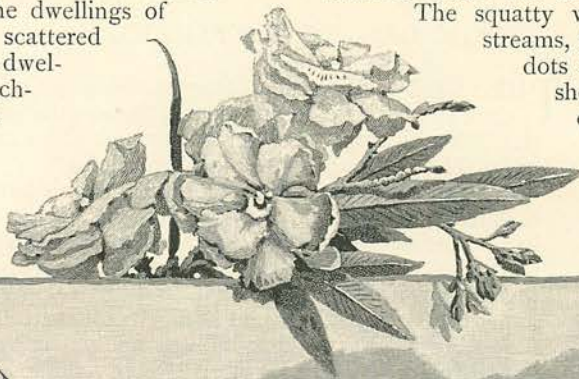
One may start from Sidon on the old road and then go through the wooded pathways and the romantic ravines of the spurs of Lebanon, until a height of six thousand feet or more is reached. Soon after the descent on the eastern side, the natural bridge which spans the Leontes is crossed, and then the road is good until the valley of the upper Jordan comes into view, and a turn to the south is made. If the start is made early in the day, the air will be fresh. The first rays of the sun, coming up over the mountains, set aglow one line of hills after another as the

light descends and diffuses itself in the valley, at the same time awakening the laggard clouds and sending them up whence they came. Peasants are met, now singly, now in twos, now in groups, with loaded mule or camel, on their way to the markets of the Phœnician capital; others are seen coming out from their humble dwellings, or humbler tents, it may be, to begin the labor of the day. It is a region full of beauty. Now the sun is well up, and the most striking features of northern Syria begin to be revealed. Hills of considerable height abound, and remind one of the lower ridges of the Apennines, or of the New England Appalachians. Some are bare and rocky, but the majority are clothed with verdure. Far above the narrow road are the terraced vineyards, with the dwellings of the inhabitants scattered among them, the dwelling and the watch-tower all in one. Wherever the prospect opens and the hills

Now the second climb begins. The outlooks from the narrow way are wonderfully impressive. One seems to be traveling in the center of the world. For there, far below, and each hour growing farther, lies spread all the world the eye can see, while upward the stupendous masses of what seem to be parts of another world pierce the clouds and invite the pilgrim on. As the higher points are gained, the expanses below widen and the glory of the scene increases. On the west is the sea, whose breakers carry the warm breath of the Orient to the shores of Europe; on the east is the wonderful desert, whose golden carpet stretches to the Persian Gulf.

The land westward, over which we have traveled, looks like a miniature landscape.

The squatty woods, the glistening streams, the steep inclines, the dots of villages, the feeble shouts of the fellahin, even the thunder as it rumbles among the clouds far below—all strike one as in-



THE COASTS OF TYRE AND SIDON.

OLEANDER.

draw back, groups of homes are seen set closely together.

As in southern Italy, so here the vines are often trailed from tree to tree, and from shrub to shrub, and so rich and red is their fruitage that they seem to be dripping with blood. If the vintage is in progress, the wild and merry songs of the laborers will be heard right and left, only silenced for a moment as you are greeted with their hearty "Salaam ahlaykoom!" ("Peace go with you!") and a free and abundant gift of the fruit is pressed upon you.

significant in comparison with the noble surrounding peaks.

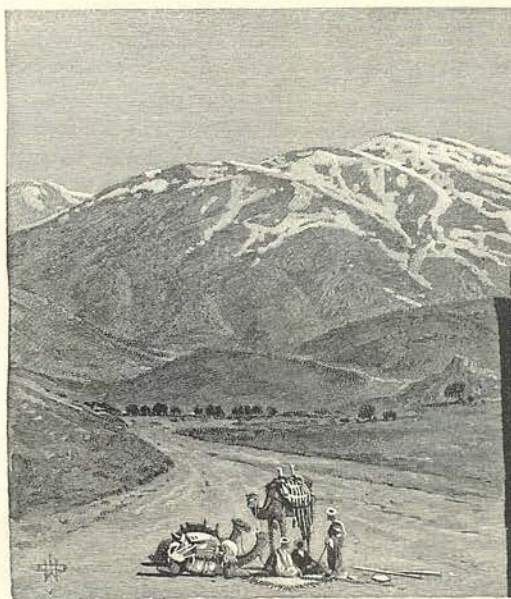
Now we turn to the east. Away across a deep valley is another range of mountains, snow covered, stream scarred, broken by chasms and ravines through its great length. This is the Anti-Lebanon,— Mount Hermon its crown,— and runs almost parallel with the range of Lebanon itself. These two stupendous ranges have been pushed up from the earth-crust to an altitude, in some places, of thirteen thousand feet. The great depression between them is Cœle-Syria, or "Hollow-Syria." Through it run the two great rivers of Syria: the Orontes flowing north and entering the Mediterranean at Antioch; and the Leontes, crossed on our way, and ending near Tyre.

The plain is nine miles wide, and for centu-

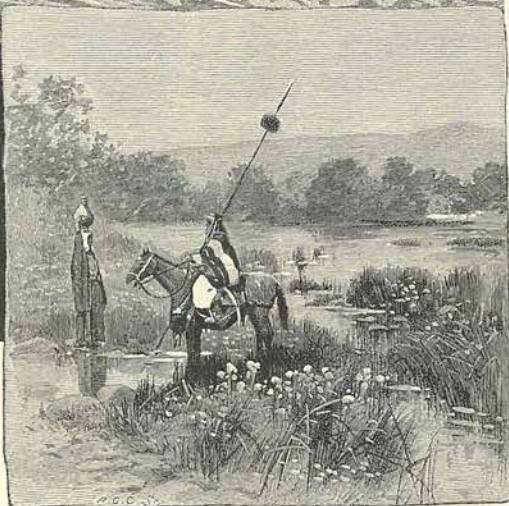
ries has been the track of invading armies. Nearly every foot has been fought over by Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, Greeks, Moslems, and Crusaders.

When the atmosphere is free from haze, one can see an incredible distance north and south

bec to Beyrout. When the plain is reached, the scenes of the western slope are repeated. The journey across is a delightful one. The whole way seems to be cultivated, and at places thick groves of poplar and walnut are seen. Villages are conspicuous on all sides;



MOUNT HERMON.



THE FOUNTAIN OF DAN.

—almost from “Dan to Beersheba.” Northward, the Leontes may be traced almost to Baalbec. South-eastward, the country of Bashan lies outspread with a surface undulating as gently as the waves of the summer sea — Gilead, dotted with its dark-green groves of oaks, rounded and inclined to suit the humor of its rising and falling expanses; the first swell of the Jordan at Lake Hûleh, the “waters of Merom”; the second widening of the sacred river — the Sea of Galilee — and the twisting of the connecting torrent-broken stream, with miles of country beyond, are in full view. If your geography serves you, there is no trouble in locating Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, in Samaria; Mount Tabor, at the head of the plain of Esdraelon; Mount Gilboa, far to the south; and Mount Carmel, by the Mediterranean.

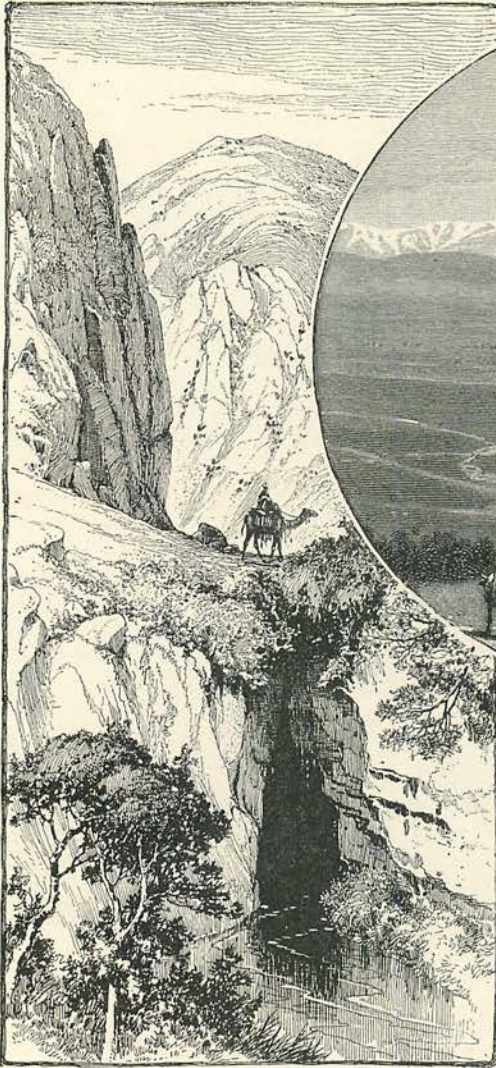
The eastern incline of the Lebanon range is not so attractive as the side towards the sea, and traveling there is fatiguing. In some places the path is so narrow and runs so near the verge of frightful precipices, that one shudders every time his carefully-stepping animal grazes its side against the walls of rock. The views are magnificent. Here and there, on the left, bright golden lines are seen, strangely smooth in contrast with the rugged scenery. They are parts of the diligence road running from Baal-

the husbandmen are busy, and flocks of sheep and cattle are plenty.

There are khans, or inns, by the wayside. These the caravan merchant considers very desirable; but they have only an æsthetic attraction to the European or the American, and are without any comforts.

When the shades of evening come on, crowds of travelers, with their camels, asses, and other beasts of burden, throng the gateways of the khan. There is always a storm of bickering going on between the keeper of the khan and his patrons, or among the attachés of the caravan — merchants and servants. The khan is usually built around a court-yard, with sheds or booths for the animals occupying the ground floor, while the travelers may take what chance there is for sleep on the more elevated platforms.

Our route brings our crossing of the Leontes at the natural bridge, near the town of Belat. The bridge seems to be formed of immense



NATURAL BRIDGE OVER THE LEONTES.

rocks which have fallen from the sides of the chasm. It supplies a safe and easy passage across the stream, which here is very narrow and is broken up by tumbling cascades, but it is so hidden by the foliage that one uninformed as to its location would scarcely discover it. The length of the bridge is perhaps less than 100 feet. The width is barely ten feet, but its height above the stream is fully 100 feet. One's admiration for it increases when, after a difficult and dangerous descent, it is viewed from the level of the stream. The walls of the chasm are 400 to 500 feet high. In season, the oleanders reach out from their rocky hold and offer their pink flowers to any one who will be tempted to risk his life to obtain them. The view up the gorge towards Baalbec is grand and impress-



LEBANON TO ANTI-LEBANON.

ive. When standing upon any spur of Lebanon, one would hardly believe that what there appeared to be only a green, velvety line, like a length of soft chenille on edge, could in reality be such a deep-cut scar in the lovely valley, with a tumultuous, deafening warfare of waters going on between its walls.

A return to the caravan route brings the Anti-Lebanon range into full view. A few miles directly eastward is the Hasbany, the northernmost tributary of the Jordan, and Mount Hermon is in full view, its snowy range half hidden by the clouds. The river is but a passive stream, in comparison with the uneasy Leontes, and there is but little of interest attending it until, as we journey southward, the bridge over which we cross on the way to Cæsarea Philippi is reached. There quite a deep gorge has been cut by the Hasbany, for the descent is considerable and the water is turbulent. The bridge is one of the largest and strongest in the land, and yet it shows plainly that it has had some fierce struggles with the torrents which come down from Mount Hermon in the spring of the year; for its walls are broken, and many a stone has been carried away from the strong masonry of the parapet. The sides of the river are lined with oleanders, reeds, rushes, and wild flowers of infinite variety. The scenery hereabouts is as lovely as that of the St. Gothard Pass; but all thoughts of Switzerland are dissipated when

one sees an Arab caravan, with its fifty awkward camels laden with merchandise and as many dark-skinned attendants with their noisy bluster and pompous demeanor, crossing the bridge, on its way to Cæsarea Philippi. The music of the stream sounds all the sweeter when the caravan is lost in silence.

After crossing the bridge, we change our course to the right for a mile, and come upon the Fountain of Dan, which is the largest spring in Syria, if not in the world, and one of the loveliest spots in Palestine. Here is another source of the Jordan nestled among the wild flowers. Its waters once supplied the ancient city after which it is named. It also marks the northern border of Palestine. To possess its cool waters, more than one fierce combat has taken place. Here Lot was brought a prisoner from Sodom by the five kings of Mesopotamia, and hither came Abram to rescue him. The growth of flowers is charming. It includes our own red poppy, the daisy, white and yellow roses, the thistle, the blue flag, and the "lily of the field." A few rods down the stream is a grove of oak trees of immense girth. These shade the grave of an Arab sheik, and are hung with rags — the offerings of pilgrims. Upon a portion of the hill once stood the city of Dan. A search amidst the neighboring jungle of grasses, shrubs, and scrubs will reward the explorer with a sight of the broken-down walls of the old-time town and disclose some of the debris of its once splendid structures. Mount Hermon's snowy range is in full view, in strange contrast with the surrounding loveliness of the well-cultivated farms of Bashan which form the plain. From this plain rises the hill of Dan.

Bursting forth from the rocks, the water tumbles down the hill and then forms the "fountain," or lake. From this it hurries on southward, and is known as the Leddân until, four miles below, it joins a stream coming from Banias, which we are yet to visit. A mile farther on, these two are joined by the Hasbany, the largest of the three Jordan tributaries; then, together, they plunge through the

marshes and "waters of Merom" to Lake Hûleh. Thus the upper Jordan is created.

Four miles from Dan is Cæsarea Philippi. After the oaks of Bashan are left, the path winds towards the north-east. As we approach the city, the varying landscape presents some lovely views. A broad terrace is now seen, cut in the side of the mountain by some strange forces of Nature. Upon its rocky floor is located Banias,—the Paneas of old,—the Cæsarea Philippi of our Saviour's day, and the northernmost limit of his wanderings. The terrace is bounded by two deep, uninviting ravines, one on the north and the other on the



BRIDGE OVER THE HASBANY.

south. Between these, and beyond the city, rises an isolated peak a thousand feet high, crowned by the magnificent ruins of the castle of Subeibeh. By whom this wondrous pile was erected, no one can tell. It is attributed to the Crusaders, but there is evidence that the Phenicians erected at least a part. From the yawning, fractured mouth of a cave which covers a fathomless pit the waters gush with tremendous power and roar down the ravine through a portion of the city, supplying a magnificent, but almost unused, mill-power.

Cæsarea Philippi does not profit, however, by its superb site. Like nearly all the towns of Palestine, its houses are rude and out of repair; its people are shiftless and idle; and its bazars are scarcely worth a visit. Nature supplies the bric-à-brac; she also supplies the centipedes and scorpions which infest the houses in the wet season and cause the poor, suffering inhabitants to exercise sufficient industry to erect booths of tree branches upon their flat roofs, in which they may sleep until the plague ceases.

The past holds the principal points of interest concerning Cæsarea Philippi. When the Phenicians were there, they established the idolatrous worship of Baal, and enjoyed their splendid possessions until Joshua drove them out. Then it was Baal-gad. When the Greeks came, the shrine of Pan, the god of the shepherd and of the huntsman, was located here. This gave it the name of Paneas. It is now called Banias by the Arab inhabitants.

In the course of time this region became part of the possessions of "Philip, tetrarch of Iturea and Trachonitis," son of Herod the Great, who rebuilt the city, enlarged it, and named it Cæsarea, in order to gain the favor of his emperor, Tiberius Cæsar. That it might not thus become confused with Cæsarea on the Mediterranean, he added his own name and called it Cæsarea Philippi.

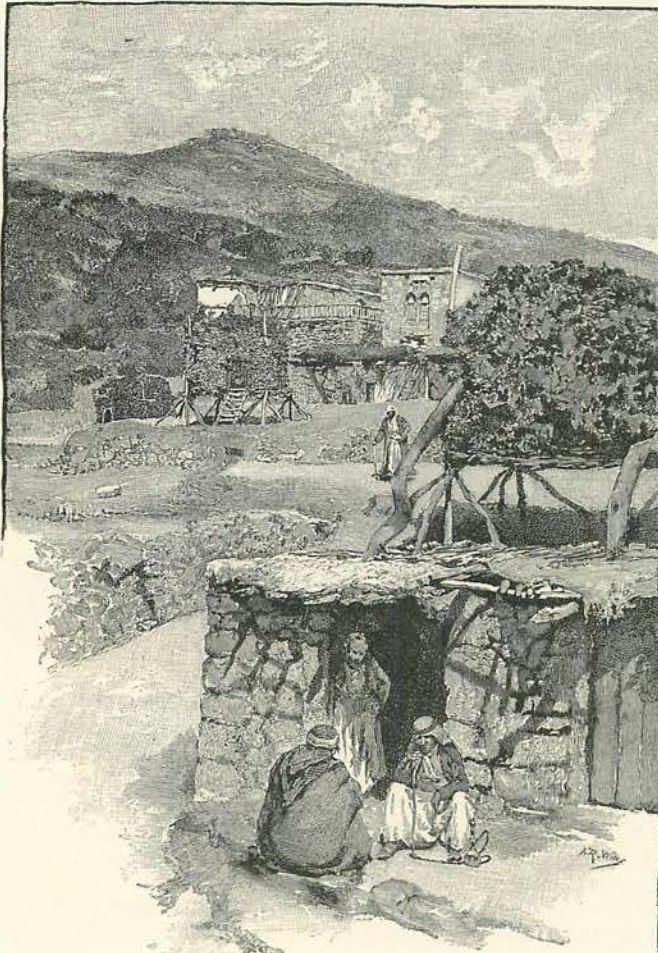
All that now remains of the past are the ruins of the old citadel, and the shrines which, similar to those at Petra, are cut in the face of the rock.

At the base of a cliff, over one hundred feet high, is a cave as dark as the worship to which it was devoted. Near its mouth are many fragments of the splendid edifices which must have been erected near by, and doubtless some of the broken columns which adorned the cave itself, for it was the temple of Pan — so a Greek inscription on the

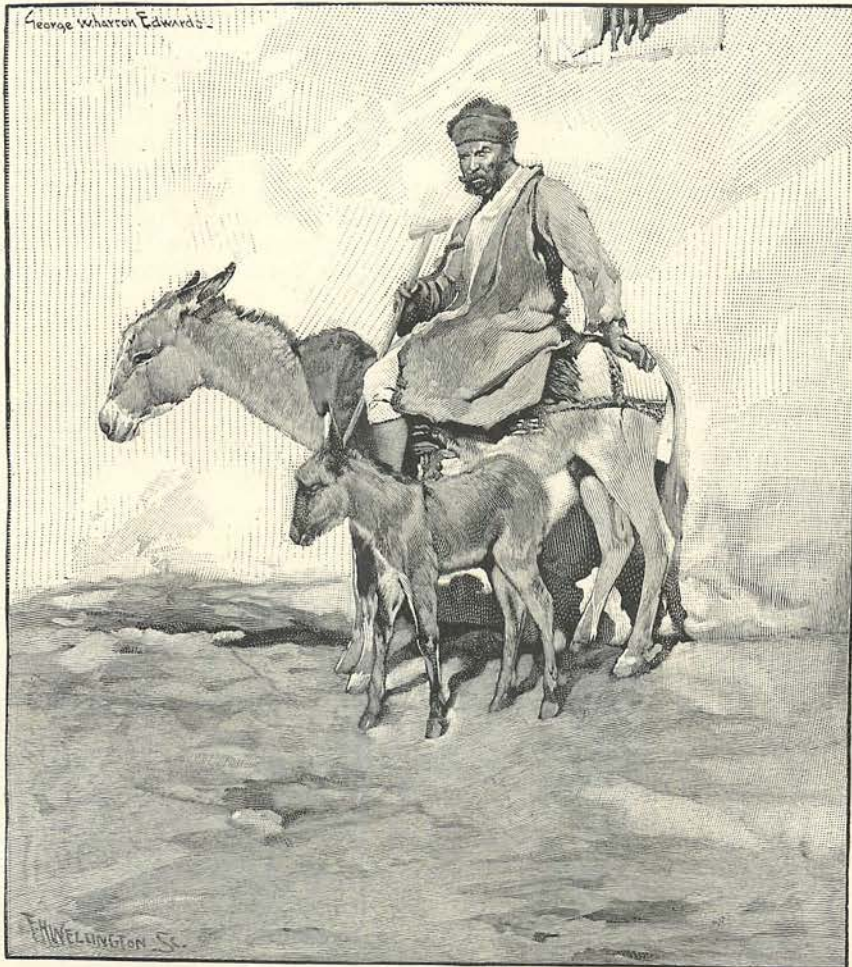
face of the cliff informs us. No wilder place could have been chosen for the worship of a pagan god. A pretty fluted roof with an arched canopy adds to the interest of one of the shrines, while several tablets with defaced inscriptions are found in another. The whole neighborhood has a wild, uncanny appearance. To the left is the tomb of the Moslem Saint George. The little white structure covers also a fragment of the white marble temple which, Josephus tells us, Herod the Great erected to the memory of Augustus.

Last of all is the momentous incident of the visit of our Lord to Cæsarea Philippi. "And after six days Jesus . . . bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them."

Authorities disagree as to the locality of this "high mountain apart." No record is given of the employment of the "six days." If they were filled with acts of mercy at Cæsarea Philippi, then undoubtedly the Transfiguration took place on one of the peaks of Mount Hermon. If the six days were occupied in crossing over to Galilee, a journey



CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.



"THE FOAL OF AN ASS."

which really was taken between the visit to Caesarea Philippi and the journey from Capernaum to Perea, then Mount Tabor has some claims to the honor of being the site of that transcendent occurrence. Mount Hermon, again, is entitled to the most favor, if being the loftiest of all the Holy Land mountains gives it any claim. It is not a single peak indeed, but a long ridge running northward from Baniyas, and eastward for many miles, supplying the highest points of the Anti-Lebanon range. It is now called by the Arabs "Jebel-esh-Sheikh" (the Mountain of the Old Chief), and it still serves as the guiding point of the nomads who wander over the desert. The Palestine sojourner sees it oftener than any other spot in the land. From the Mediterranean above Joppa, almost to Tyre, its long snowy inclines are visible. It may be seen from the Dead Sea shores, and it is constantly making its appearance to the tourist as he climbs up towards it from Jerusalem to Naza-

reth and the Sea of Galilee, and thence to the Fountain of Dan.

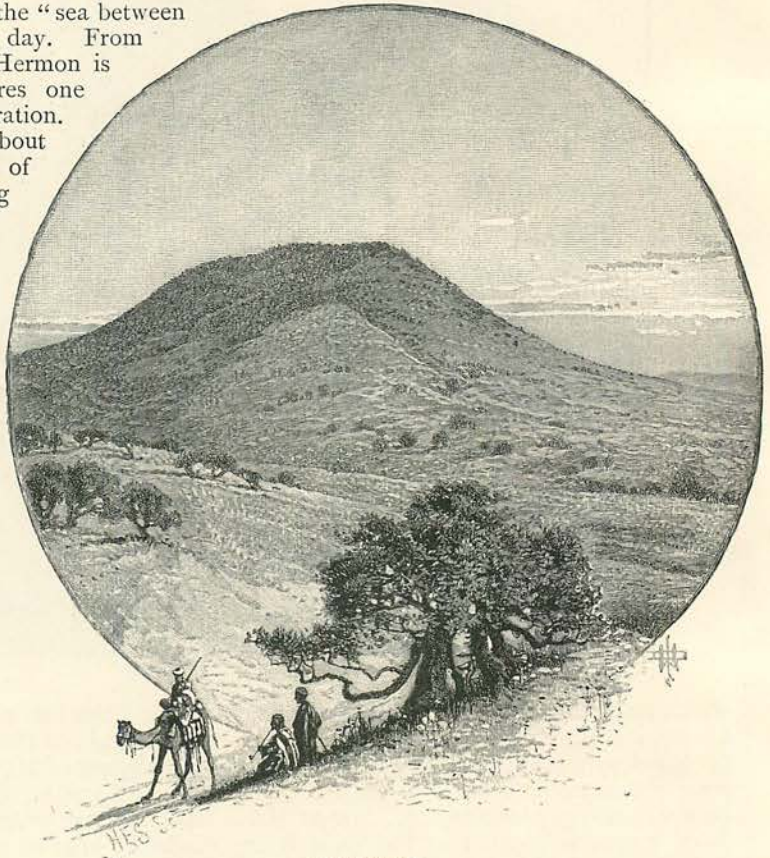
The ascent of Mount Hermon may be made by several routes. Each one of these will reward the traveler for the labor involved by a disclosure of relics of the genius, intrepidity, and faith of the people who chose to dwell there in the ages long past. From almost every peak a fine view is gained. Running northward, from wherever one stands, is the Anti-Lebanon range, near the terminus of which is the magnificent cluster of ruins at Baalbec. The valley of Buka'a resembles the hold of a gigantic ship, smooth and gray, with the line of the Leontes coursing through its center like a limitless keelson. On the other side, the Lebanon range rises, and we know that the great sea is still beyond. Turning east, we may discern the serpentine caravan-route reaching far out towards the Arabian desert and again towards Damascus, with the great country of the Druses intervening. Damascus, with its

olive-orchards, its gardens, and its plantations, seems so near that one is almost tempted to try to startle the field laborers with a shout. Gaulanitis and Galilee lie outstretched on either side of the Jordan; Lake Hùleh and the Sea of Galilee are plainly in view; the whole depressed line of the Jordan may be traced until it is lost amidst the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Bashan, Gilead, and the entire route from Dan to Decapolis come within view on the east; while Samaria, Galilee, "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," and even Mount Carmel, jutting out into the "sea between lands," are all as plain as day. From whatever point Mount Hermon is viewed, it always inspires one with awe and veneration. Upon its summits and about its base the fragments of history abound. Nothing except the limits of the perennial snow has been changed for generations.

If we turn from Mount Hermon for the site of the Transfiguration, we must look to Mount Tabor. After their visit to Cæsarea, the Divine Traveler and his disciples returned to Capernaum and sojourned a while before visiting the cities of Decapolis. Mount Tabor could have been visited *en route* at either time. It is only two thousand feet in height, but its isolated position gives it a commanding appearance from all directions. To the very summit it is thickly wooded with walnut, oak, pistachio, and rose. Some of its inclines are so rocky and so steep that one intuitively dismounts and relieves his horse until the climb is easier. There are ruins on the top, dating at least from the time of the crusades, and there is an old gateway remaining, which the Arabs call "Bab-el-Hâwâ" (the Gate of the Wind). A convent on the summit is inhabited by a few monks who entertain the strangers that visit there.

Although the views are wide and fine, yet, looking off, one is impressed with the thought that it is the peculiar situation of Mount Tabor which gives it the appearance of great altitude. The outlook is disappointing, even though it

does extend into Galilee, over the mountains of Samaria, across to Perea, and up to Mount Hermon, besides including all the glories of the land intervening — Safed, the "Horns of Hattin," Nazareth, the deep depression of the Sea of Galilee, and the mountains of Moab, which rise beyond the Jordan like palisades. Indeed, there is no grander view than the near expanse south of this famed mountain. The vast cultivated plain of Esdraelon sweeps its base; the towns of Jezreel, Nain, Tiberias,



MOUNT TABOR.

and Endor are all within the compass of a near semicircle; while at the base of Mount Gilboa, in the south, one can see, glistening like silver, the waters of Jezreel where Gideon's band of three hundred were chosen to combat the invader.

In the past, Mount Tabor has served as a tribal boundary line; as a strategic war-point; as a symbol of glory; as the stronghold of kings; as a witness to battles from the days of Deborah and Sisera to the struggle between Kléber and the Turks. And yet it occurs to me that the quiet and retirement of some spot on Mount Hermon would have been preferred

for such an exalted scene as the Transfiguration, rather than a site whose entire surroundings only recalled scenes of sorrow and struggling.

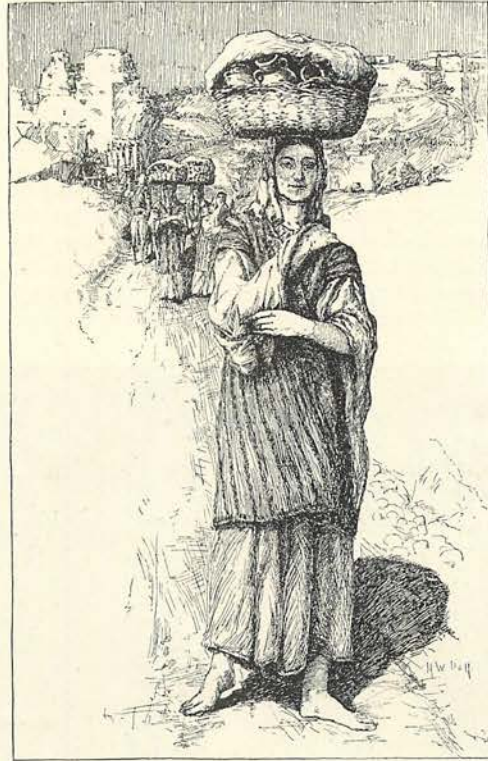
We continue our journey directly from Cæsarea Philippi to the cities of Decapolis, though half a dozen or more routes could be taken, east or west of the Jordan. It is not our present purpose to follow any of them in detail. No strict account is given us of the route of the Divine Teacher. It probably led back to Dan, through the coasts of Galilee to the "waters of Merom," and along the Jordan to Capernaum. From there the west shore of the sea may have been followed, but probably the quieter upland country was chosen, and the bases of Mount Tabor and Little Hermon were passed within close range. The Jordan was crossed at Bethshean, the town where the corpses of Saul and his sons were fastened up to the wall by the Philistines. It is located within four miles of the Jordan, and was the only city of Decapolis west of the river. Both ford and bridge are there.

The natural scenery of Perea is lovely. There are forests of old oak-trees among whose gray, moss-covered branches song birds of tropical beauty dart in and out. Gardens, olive-groves, vineyards, and fertile meadows are numerous, all tipped towards the Jordan and the western sun. Sometimes the buildings of the villages are overrun with climbing vines. Wild flowers, plants, and shrubs grow according to their own sweet will.

Almost always one can climb to some adjacent elevation, and see the snow-clad line of Mount Hermon in the north, the blue waters of the Dead Sea in the south, and the long line of overhanging foliage which marks the track of the Jordan. Beyond the river the country from Jerusalem to Carmel is discernible, with the varied prospects of wood and hill, mountain, lake, and sea.

In the spring one can, from almost any elevation, count thousands of the black tents of the Arabs, who from north, south, and east herd their flocks here, and as warm weather approaches gradually work their way up the mountain inclines. They are usually "sahib" (friendly) with the visitor, but they themselves live in constant dread of the wild wandering Bedouin.

Nineteen hundred years ago Decapolis was not such a pastoral land as it is now. The remains of perhaps as many as twenty cities of the past may be seen from the higher ruins of any one of them. Their massive walls, their noble triumphal arches, their forests of columns still stand, because the wanderer of the country prefers his tent to a dwelling-place among these ruins, and the vandal seldom comes in this



WOMEN OF BETHANY.

direction. A massively constructed triumphal arch or gateway, with a smaller arched passage on each side, gave entrance to Gerasa, which is situated about twenty miles east of the Jordan and twenty-five miles north of Philadelphia, the ancient Rabbath-Ammon.

As one enters the main street, the ruined temple is seen on the left—a magnificent pile. It looks like a portion of Baalbec. Its columns were forty feet high and six feet in diameter. A corner pinnacle still stands erect.

Close to the temple is a theater which would seat six thousand people. Near by are the ruins of another theater, and both show what wealth and taste were expended upon places of amusement.

No traces of any wheeled vehicle are ever seen in the majority of the towns of Palestine; but here, along the paved causeway, the deep-cut ruts of chariot-wheels are as plainly visible as those at Pompeii. Gerasa is almost unknown to history, but we are informed that it was noted for its men of learning, and that it was the "Alexandria of Decapolis."

At Philadelphia the ruins are by no means so extensive nor so picturesque, though very important and interesting. The city lies in a valley, and even in old times was famed for its water supply. It is about twenty-two miles

from the Jordan. Even some of the ancient private houses remain in a good state of preservation, for time has been gentle, and there has been no one to destroy them mischievously. Like one of those in Gerasa, the theater is very large, and is set in a depression in the side of a hill.

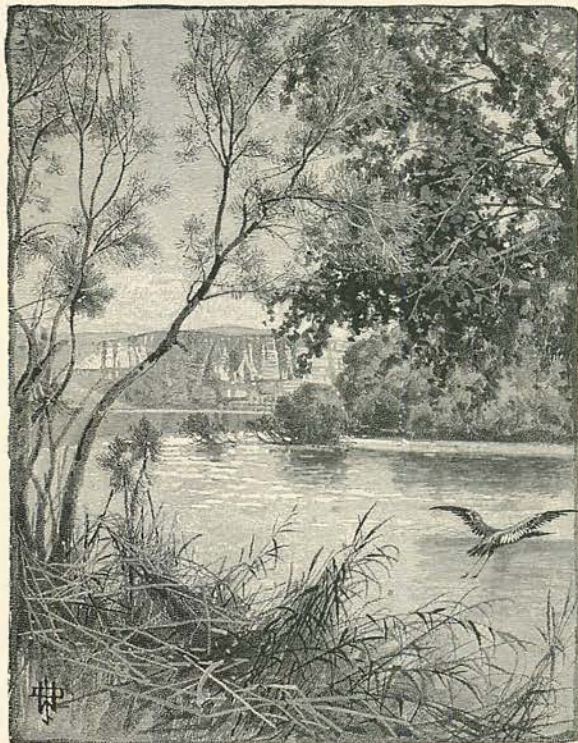
The houses of the ancient Jews living in opulence were constructed much as we see them to-day among the ruins of Gerasa and Philadelphia. As a rule, the wealth was not expended upon the exterior; the interior took it all. The walls were plain, the roofs were

always left outside before entering. The house was made bright by a multitude of lamps. When the stranger came, the table was laden not only with a wealth of service, but with all that could tempt the appetite or please the taste. After the feast, the timbrel, the pipe, and the harp were brought in, and all the members of the household, including the servants, joined in the dance. Those who chose not to take part in the rustic exercises sat upon the roof or balconies, and discussed the topics of the day while they watched the merry-making below.

In all the pleasures of the household the children were allowed to take a moderate share. Moreover, when the noted guest came, he was expected to express his best wishes for the little ones, and impart his blessing to them. At an early age the child was taken to the synagogue, that he might have the prayers and blessings of the elders. More than usual attention was given to this duty during the times of discussion over the coming of the Messiah; for sectarianism grew apace, and the populace became divided into religious parties.

The state of society in Decapolis when its cities were visited by Jesus was anything but peaceful. The first care of their ruler seemed to be to turn the streams of wealth into his own coffers; next into those of Rome, through the appointed Zaccheus of each city and town.

A camel-back journey of a day, if the camel be fleet and his rider light and merciful, will take the traveler from Philadelphia, the easternmost city of Perea, to Jericho, the easternmost city of Judea. The ford of the Jordan is near the "pilgrims' bathing place." After the upper



THE JORDAN.

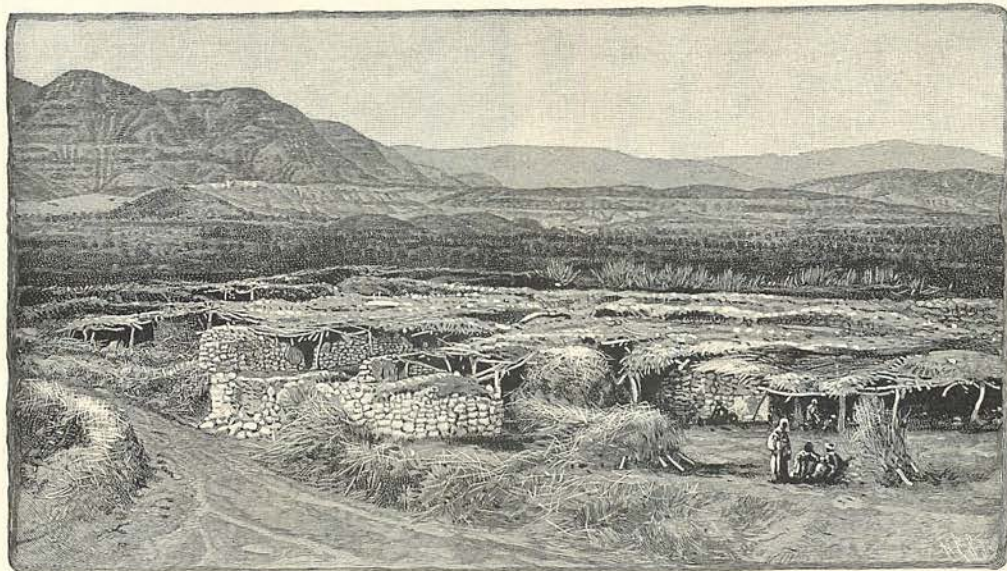
flat; frequently balconies were attached. The doorway was sometimes ornamented. Passing this, the court was entered. From this court all the various apartments of the house were reached, the upper ones by means of stairways. In the central yard trees, shrubs, and flowers grew; fountains sent up their cooling influence and broke the sun's intruding rays into fragments of rainbows; the walls, the floors, the stairways, and the seats were of marble or of some other stone. Each apartment was raised a little from the court and was reached by steps. When the women of the household came clattering through the court in their wooden "pattens," or shoes, to visit the various apartments, their curious foot-gear was

Zerka, or Jabbok, is crossed, in close succession one passes the spot where John must have ended his mission and entered the shadows of the mountains of Machærus, where he was beheaded. Then Mount Nebo is approached, where Moses died, and close to Attaroth the headless corpse of the Baptist must have been laid. As one descends towards the ford, the sloping plains of Jericho are approached, rising gently from the Dead Sea, 1350 feet below the Mediterranean. The mountains of Moab draw nearer, and the Dead Sea becomes plainly visible from end to end. Sometimes the scene presented is desolate and dreary in the extreme. Here the white rocks force themselves through

the parched earth; here are shifting sands, cracked and fissured soil, and deep, dry channels, cut by the torrents which in the rainy season come down from the mountains.

At the ford of the Jordan many generations have trodden down the earth or pushed their way eagerly through the marshes and the jungle. The luxuriant growth and variety of trees and shrubs remind one of a carefully made collection at some exhibition. The wil-

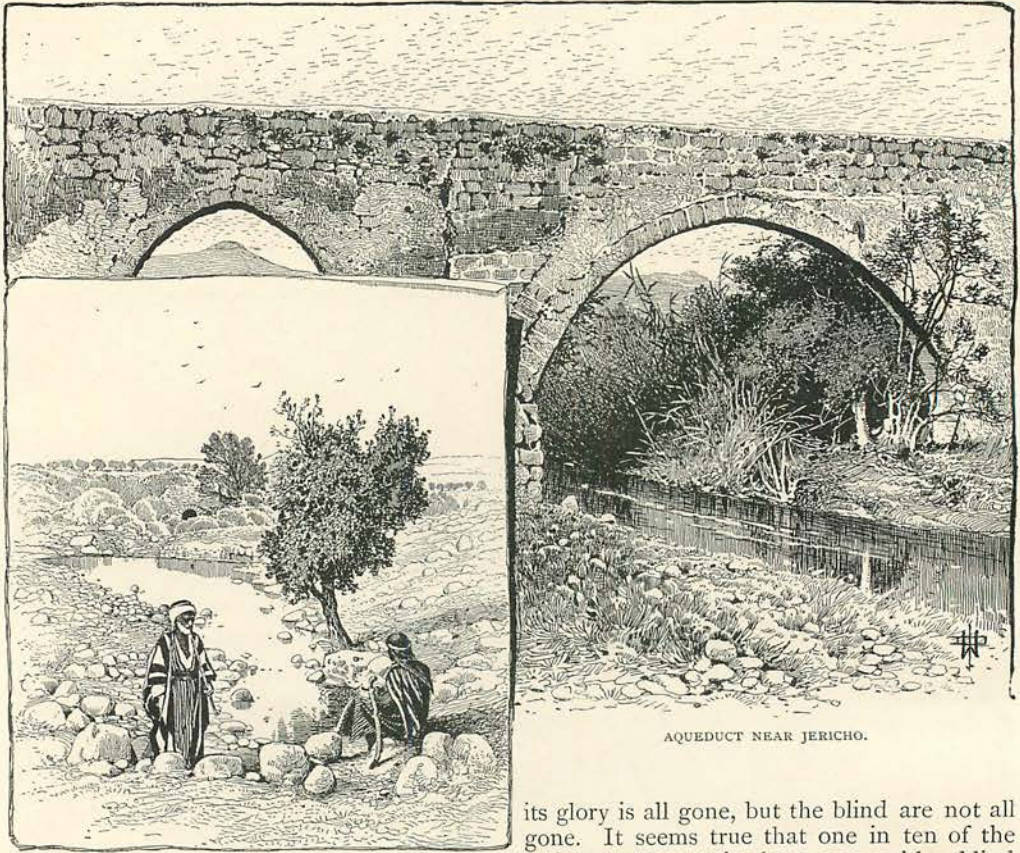
aqueduct beyond Ain es-Sultan and the Roman ruins thereabouts indicate. The ruins of the Jericho of the time of the crusades probably lie beneath the modern village, only a short distance from the Fountain of Elisha. Making a composite of them, we may say that Jericho was situated on a plain nearly three thousand five hundred feet below Jerusalem. Even in the days of Christ, it was surrounded by towers and castles. If you could stand upon



MODERN JERICO.

lows dip their yielding branches into the hurrying stream; the tamarisks flutter in the soft breeze; the oleanders stand up stiffly lest their waxen leaves and rose-tinted flowers become contaminated by the muddy water; and the wonderful blossoms and berries of many trees whose names I cannot tell help to make up a picture of great beauty. Here came the swarming millions of Israel; here the river was twice opened for Elisha and Elijah; here Naaman bathed; here John baptized; here annually still come thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world to look, to bathe, and to vanish. A ride of six miles through a perfect jungle of reeds, thistles, and other plants of rank growth brings the traveler to the most squalid town in all Palestine — the Jericho of to-day. There were, in former times, three Jerichos. The Jericho of Joshua, it is believed, was located near the lovely Fountain of Elisha, — called "Ain es-Sultan" by the Arabs, — the place where Elisha healed the waters with salt. This was the Jericho of the Jews, whose history is so full of romance. The Jericho of the Romans — that is, of Herod's or of Christ's day — was more than a mile away, as the old

the roof of one of those strong structures, towards the Jordan shore, the semicircular plain would rise up like an amphitheater. Its swelling slopes, lifted one above the other to the height of seven hundred feet and running back nearly three miles, would well resemble the tiers of seats, the width stretching over eight miles from north to south, in good proportion, while a strip of dividing wilderness, clothed with the richest decorations Nature could supply, would serve for the main aisle. Perhaps there is no more torrid place in all Palestine than this sunken hollow wherein the fated city once flourished. It is magnificently fertile. There is scarce a rod unoccupied by some luxuriant growth. It must have been a lovely spot when Cleopatra persuaded the infatuated Antony to make it her private possession. It was then known as "the city of palm-trees." The balm, which so delighted even that fastidious queen, was cultivated here, together with henna, camphor, and other rare commodities. The only structures now standing here are a khan, in charge of Russian monks, and the "house of Zaccheus," a low tower-like building, doubtless a



FOUNTAIN OF ELISHA.

AQUEDUCT NEAR JERICO.

relic of the crusades. Sixty families, living in extreme degradation, now make up the population.

Jericho is about thirteen and a half miles north-north-east of Jerusalem, just opposite the opening of the valley of Achor, in which Achan, "the troubler of Israel," was stoned, and through which runs what is supposed by some to be the brook Cherith, where Elisha was fed by the ravens. A fine stone bridge, thirty-five feet high, with pointed arches, crosses the Cherith here. Standing upon it, one can see several ruined aqueducts, showing how much attention must have been given to the irrigation of the entire plain. Some of these aqueducts have two tiers of arches, and are handsome even in their ruin. Surely the skillful engineering of the Roman Campagna was followed in their construction. Some of them run into and through the hills. Here and there a great reservoir or cistern has been sunk. Even Damascus, "the earthly Paradise," could not have presented a more garden-like luxuriance than did the plains of Jericho when Jesus came here and halted to heal the blindness of poor Bartimeus. Now

its glory is all gone, but the blind are not all gone. It seems true that one in ten of the native people met in the way are either blind or have diseased eyes. They still sit by the wayside, usually in couples, appealing to the charity of the stranger.

The climb from Jericho to Bethany is one of the most exasperating in Judea. There are a number of routes, but if any one is chosen, sorrow is sure to follow the preference. The journey is not a long one, and soon after leaving the sunken plain of Jericho, the air becomes more vital. The rolling hills are dotted with olive trees, and green fields lined with stone walls appear, between which the tortuous bridle-path ascends. One favorite route is by the brook Cherith, which hurries Jordanward through a deep slit in the earth, cut by some unusually awful blow of Nature.

After climbing, say five hundred feet, by turning one may gain an appreciation of the true depression of the site of Jericho and of the Dead Sea. Now the path runs up rocky defiles, amid chalk hills, through stony valleys, and over blighted soil; up, up, in the sun, until the tops of two giddy fragments of masonry are seen. These are in Bethany, and form part of what is called "the house of Martha and Mary."

There seems to be a contented community



BETHANY.

at Bethany, in pleasant contrast with the wretches of Jericho. The people politely welcome the stranger; the oldest inhabitant exhibits the few attractions of the town; the women carry their babies in sacks upon their backs, and serve fresh buffalo-milk to the visitor; the children are many, pretty, and shy. Their good traits are all the more apparent after one has been stoned by the urchins of Hebron, and hooted at by those of Jerusalem and other places.

Here, at Bethany, we saw the "father" idea illustrated as prettily as in the Arabian desert. If a child enters an apartment where its father is, it will not sit down or speak until the father notices it and bids it be seated. Moreover, if children grown up to some size enter and find the father engaged in any labor — beating coffee in the mortar, for example — the youth will assume the work and go on with it.

The "tomb of Lazarus," at Bethany, like many other sites in this country of ruins, is far below the street surface, and is reached by twenty-six stone steps. A simple vault excavated in the natural rock is shown as the place whence Lazarus came forth.

No one can visit Bethany without being impressed with a sense of its sacredness. It is lovely for situation, and its people are different from the rest of their countrymen.

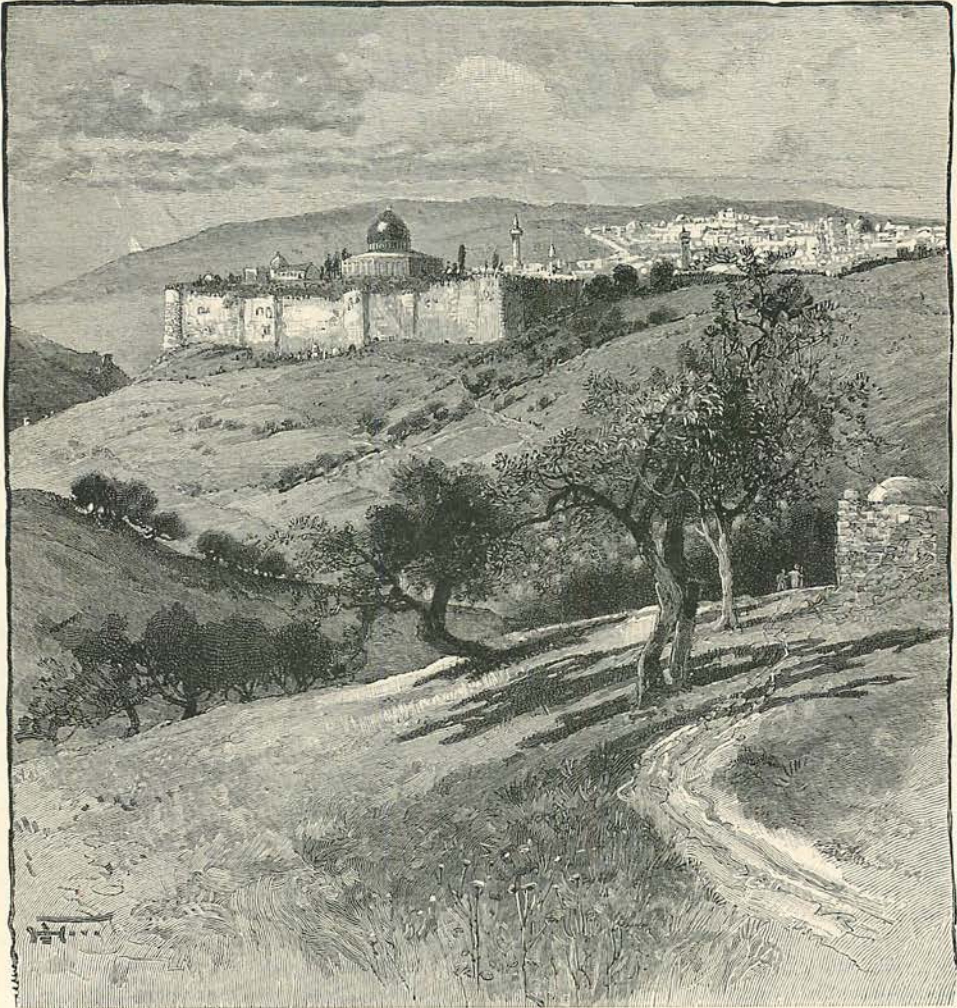
From Bethany, Jesus rode to Jerusalem on the foal of an ass. The Mount of Olives was crossed on the way. One must always traverse it when journeying between the two towns. This may be done from the east, or its shoulder may be passed over, south and west. The path by either way is lovely, leading through richly cultivated fields and or-

chards of olives and fruit. And whether one follows the first-named way, and so obtains the view of the holy city from the summit of Olivet, or, going the other, gains the same just as he emerges from the groves which fringe the western brow of the sacred mountain, entering the pathway which Jesus traveled daily for so long a time, the admiration is unbounded, and the emotions are indescribable.

No matter how much of the structures of the past is buried beneath the present surface, or how much the people have changed, these hills, these valleys, were all looked upon by Jesus of Nazareth and became familiar to him; nor have they changed since he was here. The whole extent of the city is seen from Olivet, with no object intervening to divide the prospect. Mount Moriah rises from the ponderous walls which seem rather to support the hill than to rest upon it. The Temple is gone, but there within the precincts of its magnificent area are the Mosques of El Aksa and the domed Mosque of Omar. Mount Zion asserts itself, more steep of ascent than all the rest, though its glittering palaces are no more. The ragged old walls and the perfect gateways alike present visions of power and beauty; for, as they are approached, their height and thickness grow upon one, and they seem impregnable. Amid a cluster of mosque minarets the domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher are centered. A diagonal depression runs across the city from the Gate of St. Stephen to the Holy Sepulcher; it is one of the principal streets — *Via Dolorosa*. If water ran through it, what with its grated windows, low doorways, narrowness, prison-like walls, and

serpentine windings, one might call it a street of Venice. The monks have, through the straining endeavors of ages, located eight "events" here which took place during the

compelled to bear the cross; where the weeping daughters of Jerusalem were addressed by Jesus, and where his tragical death took place."



JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

last days of our Saviour, and have erected a "station" with an accompanying shrine at each traditional spot. Soon after entering St. Stephen's Gate, the wall of the Temple area is reached. In it are the stones of two ancient arches where stood Pilate's Staircase, leading into the Judgment Hall. A little farther westward is the arch of *Ecce Homo*! Following these are the stations "where the fainting Jesus made an impression with his shoulder in the stone wall when he fell; the house of St. Veronica, who wiped the bleeding brow of Jesus with a handkerchief; where Simon was

Shrewd Greeks are still allowed to go where the Jew is not tolerated; for, near several of these stations, we find their shops for the manufacture and sale of articles made of olive wood.

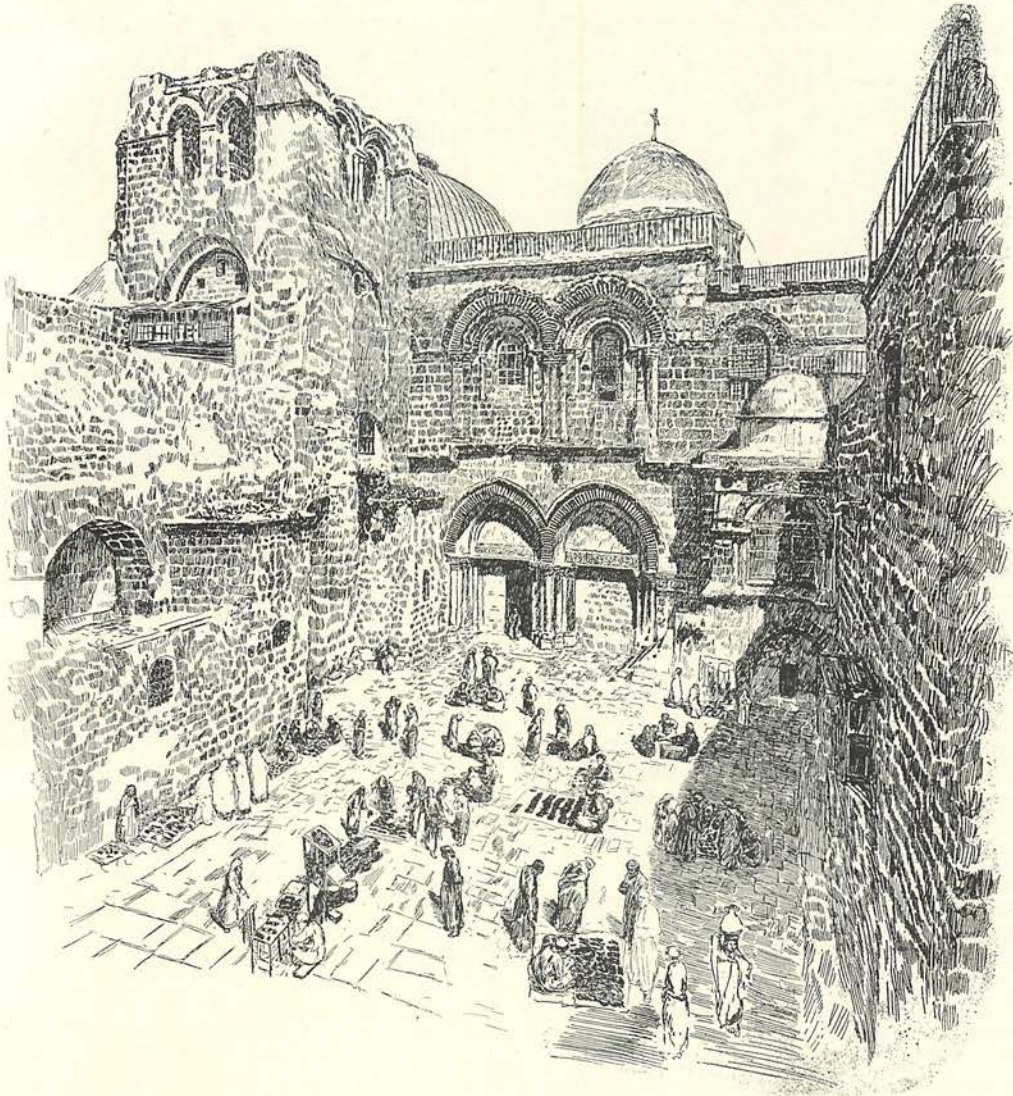
A portion of my sojourn in Jerusalem included Easter week. It must have looked then somewhat as it did during the feast, when the triumphal entry was made. All around were the pointed white tents of the stranger-pilgrims who had come from every quarter to witness the services which were to ensue. The paths and roads leading to the gates of the city, and crossing the hills and the plain in every direction, were thronged with those who were arriv-

ing from the neighboring villages to share in the observances of the holy week. The noise and the confusion at all the city gates converted them into veritable bedlams and babels. The scenes were picturesque beyond all description.

Jerusalem is divided into four quarters; namely, the Mohammedan, the Jewish, the Greek, and the Latin or "Christian" quarter.

ent parts of Jerusalem, that, as in Tyre and Sidon two thousand years ago, so here, they find no freedom from insult except in the Jews' quarter. There the new synagogue is located among the curious old houses with modern attachments.

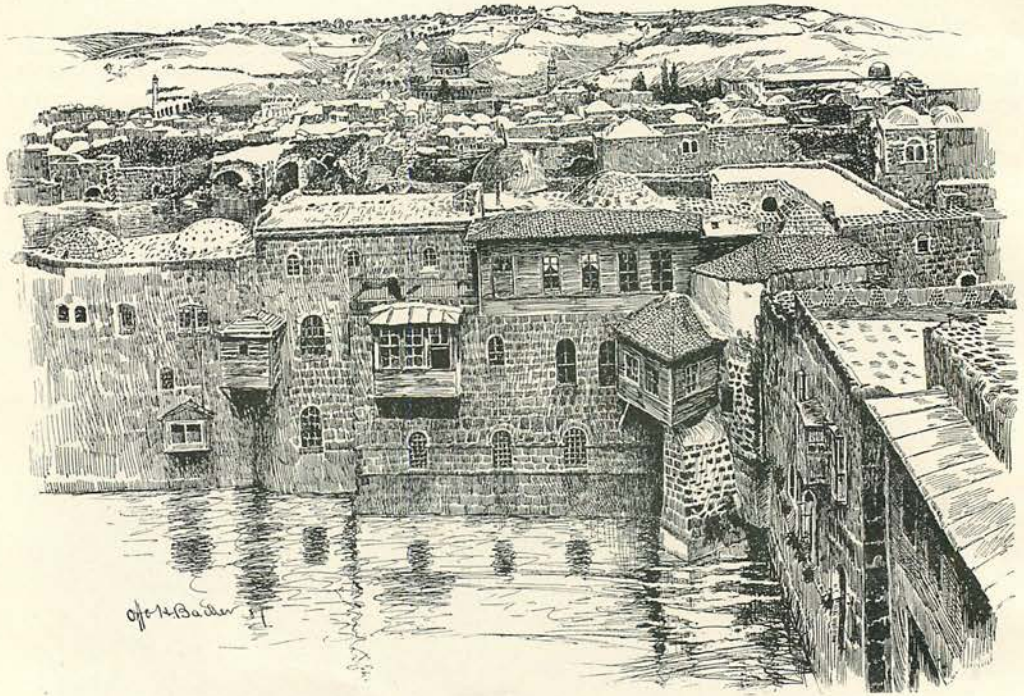
The building is reached by narrow streets. Its locality is close to one of the five or six



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER. (FROM AN ETCHING MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE BY OTTO H. BACHER.)

The tall minarets of the Moslem enable him to keep an eye over all. The muezzin call is heard everywhere; but the sale of crucifixes and rosaries, together with chromos of the Virgin and Raphael's Madonna, is restricted to the Christian quarter. So rigidly are the Jews enjoined from visiting the more promi-

nent parts of Jerusalem, that, as in Tyre and Sidon two thousand years ago, so here, they find no freedom from insult except in the Jews' quarter. There the new synagogue is located among the curious old houses with modern attachments. The building is reached by narrow streets. Its locality is close to one of the five or six



JERUSALEM FROM THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH, LOOKING TOWARDS THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

places so dear to the heart of every Oriental — the coffee-house, the barber-shop, and the Turkish bath. There is no palm-tree in this quarter, but there is as fine an old oak as the groves of Bashan can boast.

There are three sabbaths in Jerusalem — Friday for the Moslem, Saturday for the Hebrew, and Sunday is shared by the Greek and Latin and the Protestant sojourners together. During Passion week the area in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is turned into a regular mart for the sale of carved beads, shell-work, pressed flowers, crosses, and articles fashioned from olive-wood. The salesmen are dreary and indifferent, and the general appearance of things is dull and depressing.

In an upper room of a building which stands over the reputed tomb of David, it is said that the Last Supper was eaten. This room is known as the Cœnaculum. Tradition also locates other events of a sacred character here, as follows: "The assembling of the apostles on the day of Pentecost when the miracle of the cloven tongues of fire occurred; the washing of the disciples' feet by Jesus; the giving of the 'sop' to Judas; and the departure of the sad company, going down through the Vale of Kedron to Gethsemane."

The only gate in use now, on the eastern side, is St. Stephen's Gate. It is nearest to the

Mount of Olives, and from its doorway Gethsemane can be plainly seen. The path across leads first down the steep incline of Mount Moriah, and then over the stone bridge which spans the Kedron valley, and ascends to the walls of Gethsemane. There the three pathways which lead to Bethany join, and thence they separate: one leads to the summit of Olivet, through the little village there, and then down on the eastern side; the second, ascending, skirts the shoulder of Olivet on the south, and joins the first a little time before reaching Bethany; the third, and one most used, wends to the right just outside the wall and east of Gethsemane garden; this, following the base-line of Olivet on the south, leads to Bethany, and thither to Jericho, the land of Moab, Perea, and Decapolis. The summit of Olivet is about 400 feet above the Kedron valley, and 2800 feet above the Mediterranean. The ascent from Jerusalem is a steep one. From base to summit its broad terraces are devoted to the cultivation of the olive. The top is quite level, and is the site of a small village with an attendant mosque, "to protect," says the Moslem, "the Church of the Ascension and other religious buildings" located there. My tent, during the greater part of my sojourn in the neighborhood, was pitched in a grain-field beneath the shades of an olive grove just west

of the summit of the Mount of Olives. At the joining of the trio of paths described as leading to Bethany, the Garden of Gethsemane is located. It is surrounded by a stone wall which is divided by shrines facing inside the garden, all looking strangely new in comparison with the gnarled old trees that they surround. After knocking at the low gate, the visitor is questioned by an old monk and

north-east of the Damascus Gate, the wall rests partly upon the natural rock. Beneath is the old-time quarry known as the "Cotton Grotto." On the opposite side of the road is "The Grotto of Jeremiah." Farther, on the left, is a hill, the face of which, with the horrid semblance of deep-sunken eyes and broken visage, looks like a human skull. Its locality and surrounding features have led modern



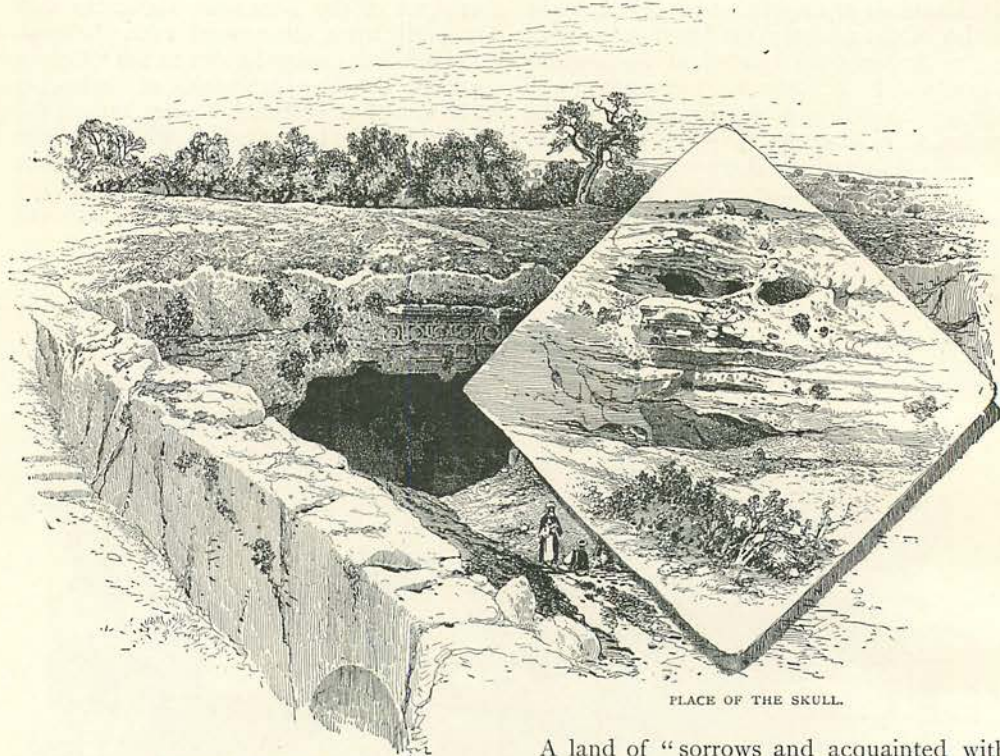
THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE — THE TREE OF AGONY.

then admitted. The garden is carefully kept by the venerable custodian. The whitewashed fence of paling and the trim flower garden afford another strange contrast with the gnarled and ancient olive-trees. In one corner of the garden is a well of delicious water. A bucket with rope running over a pulley are used. Near this well are the humble quarters of the monk in charge. A marble canopy with an iron gate incloses Canova's bas-relief of "The Agony." A neatly kept walk leads one around the circuit of the garden from shrine to shrine. Parts of the walls are covered with pictures representing scenes which took place during our Lord's last night on earth. Wormwood and the Passion-vine trail about the walls in profusion. It is a lovely spot.

On the west side of the city, a few rods

explorers to accept it as Mount Calvary. It is without the gates. It commands an extensive view of the city, and of the whole way to the summit of Olivet. The populace assembled on two sides of the city could see an execution on this hill.

From this spot it is but a short ride to the rock-hewn sepulchers known as the "Tombs of the Kings." The entrance to one of these subterranean villages of the dead is closed by a "rolling-stone"—a rudely cut disk, perhaps a yard in diameter, standing on edge in an inclined groove which runs, deep cut, from one side of the doorway to the other. When the tombs are open, the stone is rolled to the left, and a small wedge is placed under it to keep it from returning. When the wedge is removed, the rolling-stone immediately follows the incline to the right until it reaches a slightly



TOMB OF THE KINGS.

deeper depression, into which it rolls; thus it closes the entrance of the tomb. Considerable strength is required to displace it.

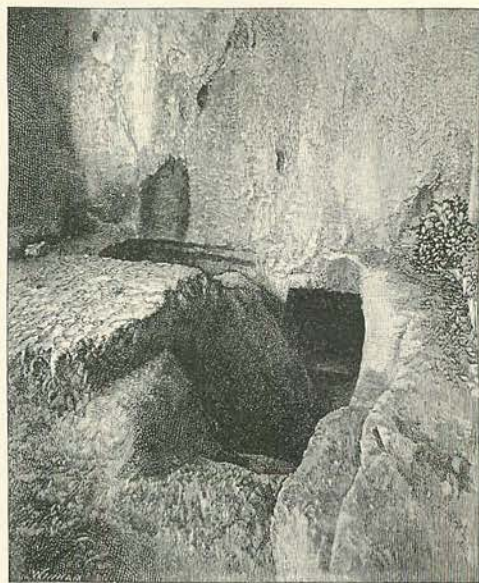
At the south-east corner of the Temple area there are a number of courses of immense stones, with their edges beveled after the Jewish fashion, undoubtedly by the quarrymen of Solomon. Under them is found a beautiful and substantial illustration of the expression in which our Lord is called "the head of the corner," and of Matt. xvi. 18 — "Upon this rock I will build my church."

In the valleys one may frequently see a circle of Arabs seated upon the ground, with their sheik at the head of the circle, acting as judge. He hears the causes of his tribe, receives the account of their stewardship, often pleads for the oppressed, and condemns when punishment is deserved. Thus the lessons of forgiveness, of the talents, and of the judgment are here enacted, over and over again, as of old.

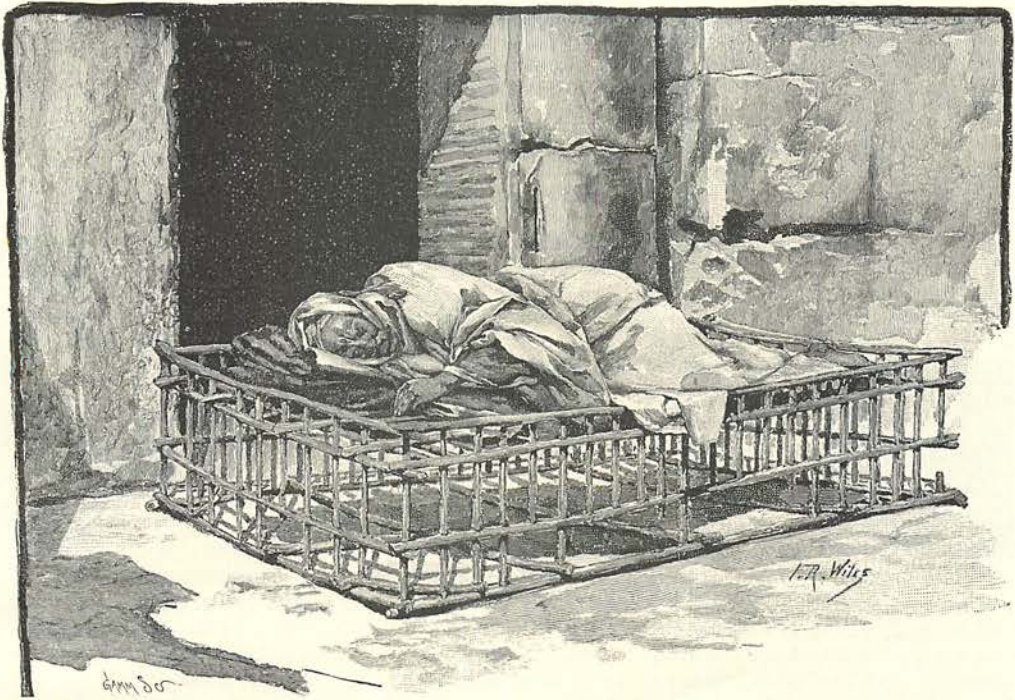
At many of the bazars and residences of Jerusalem, as well as in other oriental cities, the "watchman at the gate" is posted night and day. His only bed is a wicker mattress, which stands on end near by during the day. He is allowed to repose upon it at the gate during the night, never forsaking his post as long as his engagement lasts.

PLACE OF THE SKULL.

A land of "sorrows and acquainted with grief," surely this has been. Here are some of the most splendid ruins in the world — Phœnician, Jewish, Roman, Grecian, and Crusaders'. Earthquake, war, and Islam have all shattered the land and broken the spirits of the people, until now there is just as much room for missionary effort as there was when Jesus



A TOMB WITH ROLLING STONE.



THE WATCHMAN AT THE GATE.

and "the twelve" traveled the route over which we have tried to follow them. The legends, the sepulchers, the wells, the caves, the mountains, the rivers, the climate, the "land with milk and honey blest," with all its seclusion and its history, will remain. But there is room for more conquest and more history. What will it be?

Edward L. Wilson.

MOTHERHOOD.

SHE softly sings, and paces to and fro,
 Patient, unwearied, bearing in her arms
 The fretful, sickly child, with all his harms,
 Deformed and imbecile, her love and woe.
 Croons, with caressing intonation, low,
 Some sweet, old minor melody, that charms
 The ear that listens, and the sufferer calms,
 And her own sorrow soothes with silver flow.
 O holy tenderness of motherhood!
 Most pitiful and patient to the child,
 Foolish, unlovely, seemingly defiled
 By powers of death and darkness. The All Good
 Alone so loveth and remembereth,
 And, like a tender parent, pitieth.

Abby S. Hinckley.

