

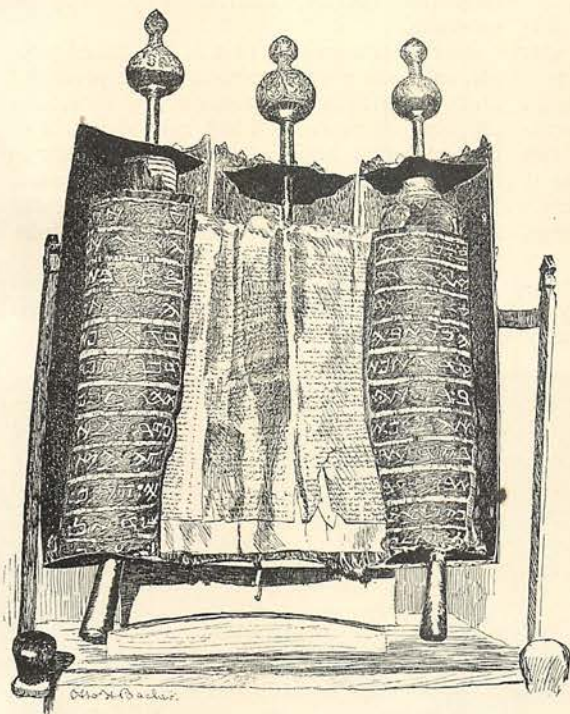
# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## THE SEA OF GALILEE.



THE ROLL OF THE LAW.

trance of some plunging torrent or the termination of a winding wady or valley.

Every valley remaining upon the Galilean shores may be exactly located. The place where the Jordan enters the lake at the north, and where it makes its departure at the south, may also be plainly discerned. Far to the north lies the long Mount Hermon range, cloud-capped and snowy.

Between Safed and the sea there is a tract of country richer in romantic scenery and holding wider interest than any other part of the region of Galilee. On the score of natural beauty the Sea of Galilee is by no means remarkable. Its mountains are high enough to be attractive, but they are even-topped and monotonous when compared with the bold outlines, the isolated domes and peaks, among which the Swiss, Scotch, and American lakes nestle. The bare rocks, meadowless inclines, and treeless shores of Galilee again place it at a disadvantage. Yet all who view it are charmed with it.

In the little life which now pervades its shores, one may daily see repeated the references made to it by the simple records of the evangelist,—



THE first impressions of the Sea of Galilee should be gained from the town of Safed. The point of view there is 3000 feet high and affords a nature-drawn topographical map of the whole of the sea, from north to south, from east to west. Sunken amid the encircling hills to a depth of 1659 feet, the sea is like a deep-cut intaglio,—harp-shaped, smooth, and glittering. Every incision contributing to the changing outlines of the water marks the en-

the casting of nets; the abundant supply of fish; the scattered flocks; the sheep which follow the good shepherd; the lilies of the field, in abundance; the sea, often tempestuous, and all the old-time natural surroundings. But the evidences that art once lent its generous and powerful aid to make the shores of Galilee one of the garden spots of the world are now but few, and hard to find. War, pestilence, earthquake, time, have all contributed to the surrounding scenes of ruin. The eastern side is now infested by

Bedouins whose homes are among the ruins of Bozrah, and who are as remorseless invaders as any who lived in the time of Gideon.

The western coast was once inhabited by a hardy race of mountaineers,—an energetic, remarkable people, despised by the Jews, but preferred by Christ,—industrious, skillful, and valorous, ready to muster at a time one hundred thousand men to defend Galilee against the Romans. Now there remains only a comparatively desolate waste, with but a few hamlets, in place of the once densely populated region. Since the interest held by this locality is due to the residence of Jesus in Capernaum, and since within view of the Sea of Galilee the sacred events took place which are now studied in every Christian country, a brief reference to national affairs as they then existed may perhaps be of interest.

The government was Roman. Herod Antipas was the civil ruler to whom Jesus was subject. During the years when the Great Teacher resided with his parents in Nazareth, the whole country was in a state of expectation, apprehension, and excitement. The Jews chafed under the Roman yoke, and caught at every sign which gave hope of the coming of the promised Messiah. The trumpet-like tones of the Pharisees were heard daily at every market-place appealing to Jehovah for the release of the people “left of God.” The synagogues were razed to the ground, though many

talents were offered to the treasury of the empire to ransom them. Scenes of tumult and confusion, involving Roman, Greek, and Jew, were of frequent occurrence.

“Sweep down the rebel! Crush him to earth!” was often the command given to the Roman horse, as amid the clang of trumpets they swept along after the terrified and retreating crowds; or, again, “Come on, men of Israel—for the Lord and Judea!” rang out with desperate bravery the Jewish cry, as the Romans and the Greeks approached, ready to sell their lives for Cæsar. Dreadful was the slaughter, and horrible were the acts of tyranny. But they only served to strengthen the hope and renew the expectation of the early coming of the Messiah to restore abridged liberty and to bring release from wanton and unbearable cruelty, as had been spoken by the prophets.

During the waiting of this oppressed people, so ready always to receive the promised Deliverer with acclamations of welcome, false prophets appeared. They caused hearts to beat with new hope, and sword and spear to be grasped ready for combat in their cause. But such impostors arose only to be rejected and driven away or crucified. At last John came.

From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, “Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”



THE SEA OF GALILEE, FROM SAFED.

At that time the palatial residence and capital of Herod Antipas was at Tiberias, named thus after his friend and patron the emperor Tiberius. Herod spared neither art nor treas-

to grow up in a night. Merchants, travelers, and sojourners came from the east, the west, and the south to barter, to bathe, and to buy; and the native Galileans were put to shame before



THE WARM BATHS OF TIBERIAS.

ure to make the place worthy of his throne and his palace. By generous grants of land and immunity from taxation, and by expending large sums of money in enhancing the attractions of Tiberias, Herod induced Gentiles of great wealth to gather around him. Amphitheaters, baths, and temples were constructed on a grand scale. Groves were cut down to make room for costly works of art, that Tiberias might gain the reputation of being "the center of Roman civilization,—the Athens of the East." It became also a noted health-resort, because the extensive hot-springs close by drew many a distinguished dweller to the political and courtly center. New towns and cities sprang up along the shores of the sea and upon the neighboring hills, until a large number, rich and populous, could be seen from the pinnacle of the temple. The rich architecture of the Jewish synagogues was eclipsed by the airy columns, vast courts, and long-reaching colonnades of the heathen temples.

As the Pharisee stood at the sixth hour upon the portico of the synagogue and prayed, he was disturbed by the sounds of the hammer and chisel of the Greek artisan, shaping the marble images of the gods for the stupendous Roman shrine opposite. Villas with tropical gardens, new streets and thoroughfares, seemed

the strangers because compelled by Herod to be his builders.

"The Sea of Galilee was a focus of life and activity." Numerous ships and boats sailed upon it. Its quays were dotted here and there with the booths of the humble fishermen from whom Jesus chose his disciples. There were but few idlers there. Creeds multiplied, and disputes followed—in the houses of worship, in the market-places, and in the homes. Proficiency, splendor, conceit, arrogance, bigotry, and skepticism grew apace.

The Roman ruler even conspired against his home government and aspired to be "The King of the Jews." Stores of arms were gathered, and soldiers were secretly enlisted to fight for his cause. The "Israelite indeed" was waiting and watching, and ready to welcome the true Messiah; so that Jesus was, in the main, well received by the people among whom he dwelt.

About this tiny inland Sea of Galilee, seventeen miles long, and from six to nine miles broad, and environed by the retiring hills, during three years the most sacred scenes of history were enacted—scenes which still make this the most sacred of all localities.

Sir John Mandeville, one of the earliest travelers who makes record (A. D. 1322), thus quaintly describes the region :



EXIT OF THE JORDAN FROM THE SEA OF GALILEE.

“ Upon the Sea (of Galilee Tyberie or Jenazarethe) went oure Lord drye feet; and there he toke up Seynte Petir when he began to drenchen within the see, and seyde to him, *Modice Fidei, quare dubitasti?* and after his Resurrexioun, oure Lord appered on that See to his Disciples, and bad hem fyssche and filled alle the nett full of gret Fissches. In that See rowed oure Lord often tyme; and there he called to hym, Seynt Petir, Seynt Andrew, Seynt James, and Seynt John, the sons of Zebedee.

“ In that city of Tyberie is the Table, upon the which oure Lord eete upon with his Disciples, after his Resurrexioun, and thei knewen him in brekyng of Bred as the Gospelle seythe: *et cognoverunt eum in fractione Panis.* And nyghe that Cytee of Tyberie is the Hille where our Lord fed 5 thousand persons, with 5 barley Loves and 2 Fissches. In that Cytee cast an brennyng Dart in wratthe aftir our Lord, and the Hed smot in to the Erthe, and wax grene, and it growed to a gret Tree; and zit it growethe, and the Bark thereof is alle lyke Coles. . . . Fast beside is Capharnaum; that Contree is clept the Gallilee of Folke (Gentiles) that were taken to Tribute of Sabulon and Neptalym.”

The horseback ride from Safed to the shore of the Sea of Galilee requires of an interested traveler five or six hours. It can be “done” in one-half that time. As the descent over the winding, rocky road is made, the water is soon partly hidden from view, and is frequently altogether out of sight. The crater-like depression seems to deepen; the mountains round about appear to grow higher and to fall back farther from the shores. The last thousand feet are through narrow, rocky pathways of steep descent, which lead one to the shore

near the hot-springs below Tiberias. A large structure is located there, into which come pouring from the mountain-side four impulsive streams of hot, sulphurous water, the bulk of which is arrested by a canal and led into a huge basin. The overflow empties into the lake.

Pilgrims come from all quarters of the globe to end their days at the holy city of Tiberias, and meanwhile endeavor to prolong life by bathing in the water of these springs. The greater number are Jews, and they may be seen straggling along the beach at all hours, on the way to the baths. The afflicted either plunge or are helped into the basin, and remain there many hours. The air is suffocating; the scene is pitiful and sickening.

The only point of interest south of the baths, on the western shore, is where the Jordan, having passed through the sea, makes its departure, and follows on southward, now through fertile meadows, now between the hills which border it. A ford is there. Formerly there was a bridge, with a long, extended causeway. A great sea-wall kept the turbulent waters under control. Even now the Jordan often plunges and swirls as though maddened by the interruption of the lake, and drives hastily onward, only to be intercepted again and forever brought to a stand-still by the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Mounds of rub-

bish abound at this southern extremity of the lake, telling where a Phœnician fortress and the Roman city of Tarichea, numbering about forty thousand inhabitants, stood. Here, too, was the great fishing-port where the navy

safety except in turning back. Fortunate is the navigator who is not defeated, in the effort to land again, by the mountains of spray and foam that sport with the rude boat as if it were but a palm-branch.

Again, an excursion may be easily made early in the morning, when the water is as still as death, and all on the western shore is reflected — doubled



TIBERIAS, FROM THE SOUTH.



TIBERIAS, FROM THE NORTH.

was organized. One crossing the river at this point would find an interesting excursion up the valley of the Yarmuk as far as where it breaks forth from the bosom of the mountains of Gilead and Jaulân. But our interest at present lies northward, and we turn back.

A small, rude stone pier reaches a few feet out into the sea, near the hot-springs. There the masters of the one or two boats which comprise the present navy of Galilee land their freight of fish and arrange for excursions. A boat-ride affords ocular demonstration of the sudden and remarkable meteorological changes which take place. The water may be calm and placid when the departure is made, but before the boat is half a mile off shore the wind may rise, and the water become so perturbed that there is no

and inverted in the calm surface of the sea. During the night of such a day the wind may tear the tent-pins from the sand and throw the tents down upon the head of the trustful traveler with a crash. Frequently a cold hail-storm accompanies the wind, sending home the lesson of man's weakness at such times of turbulence and terror.

The towns on the Sea of Galilee that are inhabited are still farther north. The first one reached is Tiberias, discovered by the tall minaret of its mosque and the round towers of its southern wall. The first Christian church is said to have been built on this spot by Con-



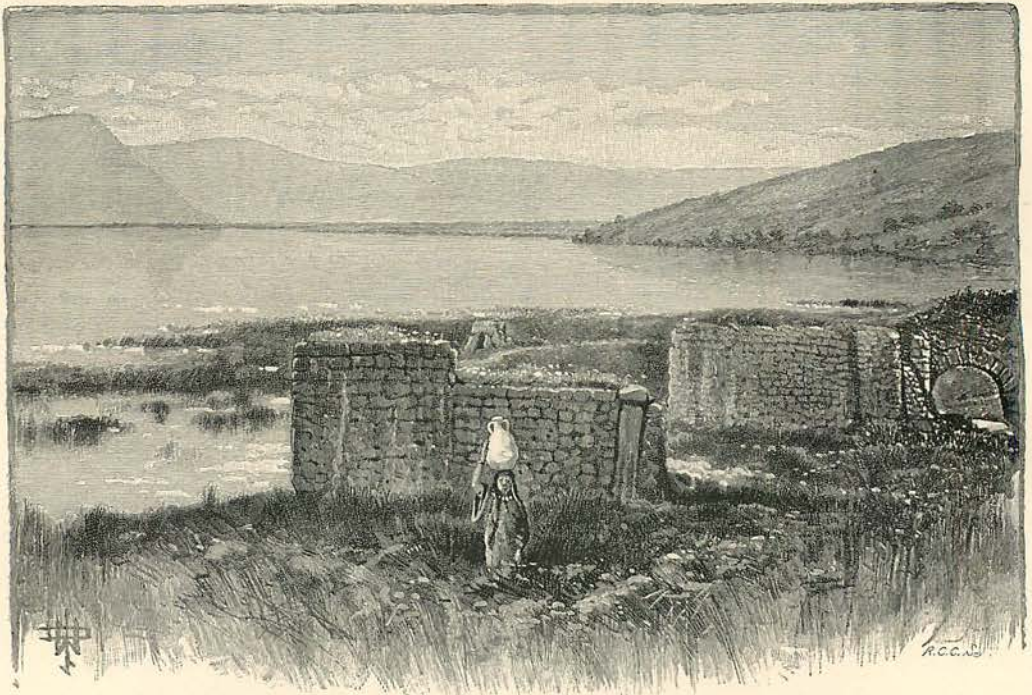
A FISHING-BOAT ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

stantine in the fourth century, and was called St. Peter's. Justinian rebuilt the walls of the city. It was sacked in the seventh century by Caliph Omar; in the twelfth, by Saladin. Then the real ruin began. The splendid palaces, churches, and synagogues began to crumble, and finally an earthquake completed the devastation. An atmosphere of desolation hangs about the place like a chilly fog.

Hebron, Jerusalem, Safed, and Tiberias became the "holy cities" of the Jews after the Roman persecution had ceased somewhat. The Sanhedrim was at Tiberias for a number

of years. Thirteen synagogues were here at one time, each one having a school connected with it as certainly as the present churches have their Sunday-schools. A Jewish school of languages became the center of the Jewish faith. To learn Hebrew from a rabbi of Tiberias is even yet considered a great privilege.

Little else remains in Tiberias to interest the student. Relics of the past are found intermingled with the necessities of the present. Disks cut from the syenite columns of



BETHSAIDA WEST.

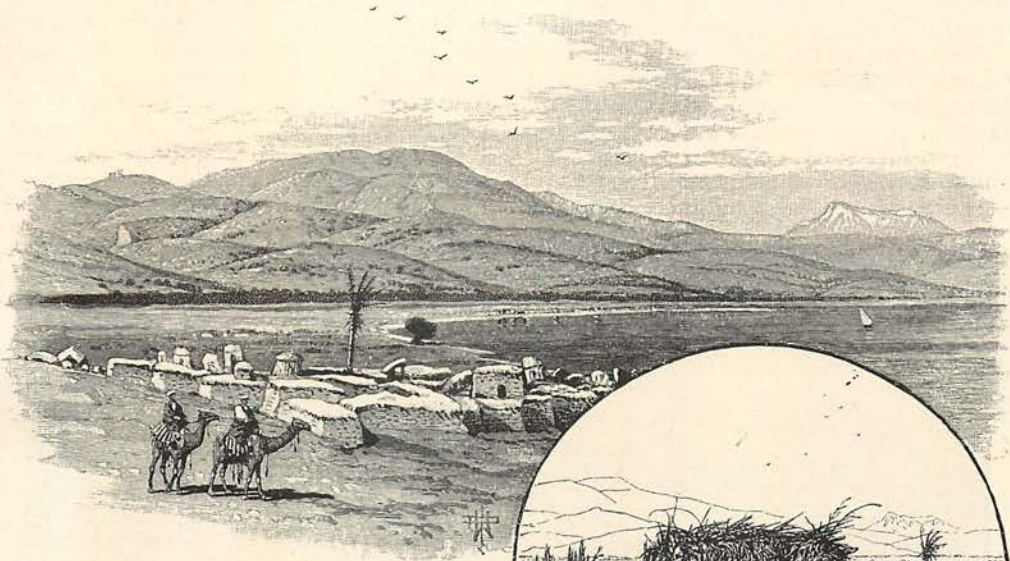
of years. Thirteen synagogues were here at one time, each one having a school connected with it as certainly as the present churches have their Sunday-schools. A Jewish school of languages became the center of the Jewish faith. To learn Hebrew from a rabbi of Tiberias is even yet considered a great privilege.

The old synagogue carries one back a thousand years. Its roof is supported by stone arches and columns. In the center is a great cage-like inclosure, constructed of wood which is dried and twisted by centuries of exposure, but yet as sound as when hewed from the log. This is the reading-place. Ascending the steps which lead to the interior, the rabbi opens the scroll and begins to teach and intone. The assembled congregation walk around the

the old temple serve as millstones to grind barley for the sons of Mohammed; fine old porphyry columns are thrown upon the ground and hollowed out for public horse-troughs; threshing-floors are paved with bits of frieze chiseled after Grecian designs paid for by Herod Antipas.

The cattle are slaughtered in the public thoroughfares; the streets are hopelessly filthy; the bazars are unattractive; the people are depressed; and, as the dragoman tells us, "the king of the fleas" resides here. Yet here come the pilgrim Jews to die, in order that their bones may rest close to the tombs of their wise men who have gone before; some declare that here the Messiah will appear.

From Tiberias the ride along the lake shore



MAGDALA.

to Magdala is a lovely one. The face of the lake may be viewed its whole length. Now, instead of being covered with sand and gravel or tiny shells, the beach is more rocky, and here and there a cliff reaches out to the shore—sometimes so tumbling its black, basaltic débris into the water that the horses must step into the lake to pass by the obstructions. Now the path again ascends. The shores are either marshy or so overgrown with thistles and reeds as to make travel impossible. On each side, the soft colors of the cliff—yellow and white and red—remind the traveler that he is in the Orient.

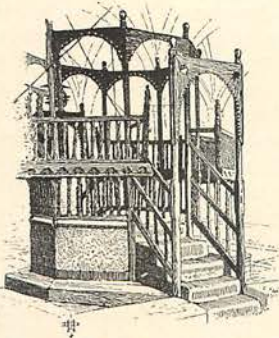
Again the path changes towards the lake and descends to El-Mejdel, or Magdala, the "Watch-tower." The poor, squalid little town, hugged in behind its low wall, seems to have crept down to the shore in self-defense to escape the suffocating heat of the cliff reflected upon it as from a fiery furnace. Magdala has but a single palm, but its view of the sea is sublime.



BOWERS ON THE HOUSE-TOPS, MAGDALA.

From its old-time "Watch-tower" nearly the whole expanse of the plain of Gennesaret may be viewed. The inhabitants are wont to erect bowers—or arbors of palm-leaves and oleander bushes upon their house-tops. In these they dwell during the hot season to escape the heat and to catch the breeze; in the wet season also they resort to them to get away from the scorpion and the centipede. The men and women of Magdala are the farmers of the plain of Gennesaret, and there enact over and over again "the parable of the sower." They look as though they never saw a whole happy day.

Magdala is at the southern border of the plain. It must have been an important place in its best days. It was and is one of the halting-places on the caravan road leading from Jerusalem to Damascus, Bagdad, and Nineveh. The walk from Magdala to Khan Minyeh is one of the most interesting and enjoyable in all Palestine. On the left is the wide plain of Gennesaret, dotted here and there with the picturesque people plowing and pushing their phlegmatic teams. Beyond is the deep wady El-Hamam, which leads towards the "Horns of Hattin," the "Mount of Beatitudes." On

READING-PLACE IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT TIBERIAS.  
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the right is the sea, with all its attendant charms. Turn as you will, the view is sublime.

Soon, now, an entirely new feature breaks the landscape. The plain comes to a sudden termination, and a great black cliff rises in the way. A stream comes hurrying down the incline toward the sea, and the clatter of a mill-wheel disturbs the stillness. The voice of a turtle is heard here and there coming up

Minyeh, is, however, deemed by many modern scholars the site of Capernaum. Devout pilgrims believe that the ruins of a synagogue lying here are those of the one erected by the Roman centurion mentioned in Luke vii. 5. If so, then Christ's discourse on "that bread of life" was delivered there; there the demoniac was healed, and the stony columns still standing echoed the divine words as he



SYNAGOGUE RUINS AT TELL HÛM, A SUPPOSED SITE OF CAPERNAUM.

from the stream. From the great marsh which spreads out towards the lake the wild fowl rise in flocks, and fly frightened back far into the El-Hamam Valley.

At the feet of the cliff is Ain-Et-Tin, the "Fountain of the Fig." This spot is also called Khan Minyeh, and has been thought by some geographers to be the site of ancient Capernaum. Plenty of evidences of the civilization and artistic tastes of the past are here — ruins scattered about in profusion. A section of a deep aqueduct cuts through the cliff, and serves as part of the roadway. When Josephus came hither in pursuit of the Romans, his horse fell in the bog and threw him. "But for this unforeseen accident I should have been victorious," said the great general and historian.

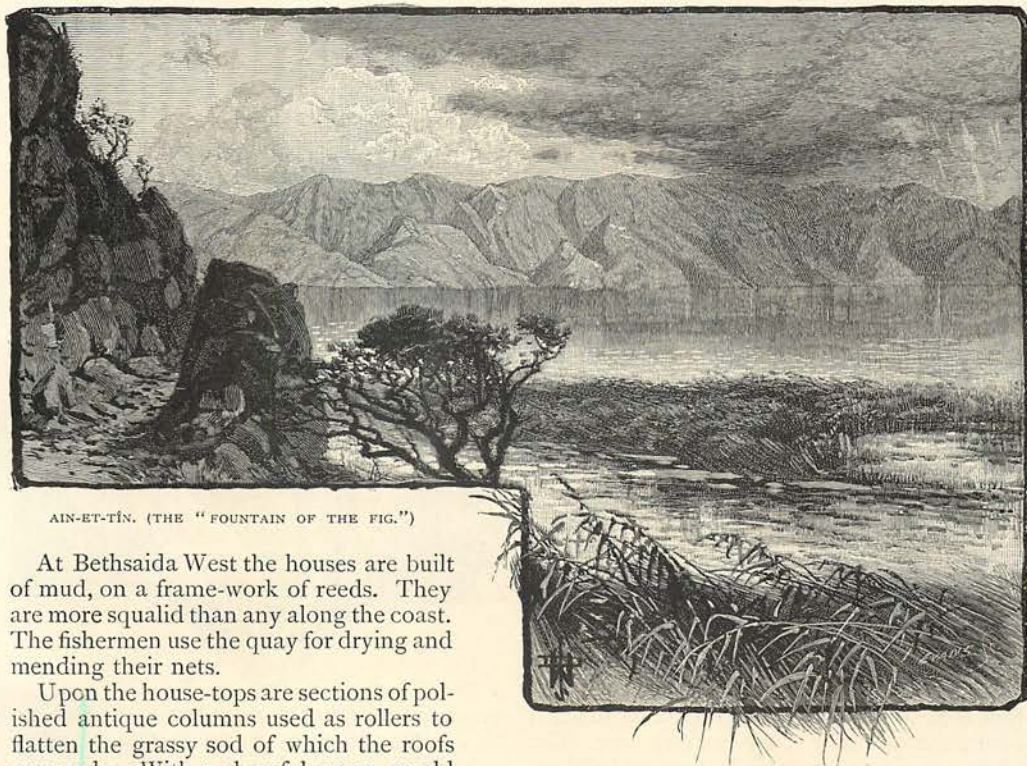
Tell Hûm, an hour's journey north of Khan

taught "the multitude," for "they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the Sabbath-day he entered into the synagogue, and taught." (Mark i. 21.)

Seated in a boat at Capernaum, "a little way from the shore," Christ also taught; at Capernaum Zebedee lived and trained James and John to follow his vocation; there Andrew and Peter dwelt — mended their nets and landed their fish; there four of the disciples were summoned to become "fishers of men."

From Khan Minyeh to "Bethsaida of the West," the ride is less than two hours, and rather a rough one. There was also, some think, a Bethsaida east of the Jordan. Neither site holds much of interest to-day. Only the saddest of feelings are awakened when one sees how the "tooth of time" has left little but "dry bones."





AIN-ET-TÍN. (THE "FOUNTAIN OF THE FIG.")

At Bethsaida West the houses are built of mud, on a frame-work of reeds. They are more squalid than any along the coast. The fishermen use the quay for drying and mending their nets.

Upon the house-tops are sections of polished antique columns used as rollers to flatten the grassy sod of which the roofs are made. With a cheerful croon, an old mill greets the little stream which creeps into it, and seems to be about the only disturber of the prevailing quiet. It is a picturesque scene, with all its dreariness. On right and left are the mountains; in full view beyond is the whole expanse of the lake. Surely, nature has made up for the interest which the unambitious inhabitants fail to inspire in the expectant traveler.

Less life and a worse "woe" are found at Kerâzeh, supposed to be Chorazin. The ruins are about two miles north of Khan Minyeh. There is said to be "a path" up the hillside which leads to them, but "woe" be to the man who tries to follow that path with his horse. He will be glad enough to dismount, and would be still more delighted if he could carry his poor animal and prevent it from straining and spraining its limbs in the effort to clamber over the rocky ruins hidden among the wheat and tares and thistles. Chorazin must have been built partly on a hill and partly in a valley, for the heaps of quarried stone abound both on a long ridge and at the bottom of the hollow. Here and there they look as if they had been methodically piled in the effort to clear some of the land for agricultural purposes. Near by is a wild gorge called "Wady Kerâzeh." From the higher elevation a lovely view of the Sea of Galilee is obtained, reaching to the extreme southern

limit, though it is not nearly so impressive as the view from Safed.

The ruins of a synagogue may be plainly made out, and some of the abiding-places — the houses of the fated city — may be traced by their strong walls and still unbroken doorways. The roofs were apparently supported by columns in the center. Sometimes one, sometimes two columns were so used. Some of the houses had small windows and as many as four apartments. A rank growth of thorns and thistles covers a large portion of the ruins of Chorazin. The industrious explorer, by beating such intruders aside, is almost sure to reveal the hiding-place of some quarried capital or column. A Bedouin farmer has piled some of the stones of Chorazin against a hillside so as to form a home. There is a fragment of frieze at his door which would be prized in any museum; and he has placed an ancient wooden arch over his doorway.

Thus much for the towns located on the Sea of Galilee. The natural points of interest connected with the sea are the plain of Gennesaret, the "Horns of Hattin" (the supposed "Mountain of the Beatitudes"), and the historical valley of El-Hamam, which connects them.

The beautiful plain of Gennesaret reaches from Magdala to Khan Minyeh, and is bounded on the east by the sea. On the west it is partly



THE SEA OF GALILEE, SOUTH OF CHORAZIN.

bordered by the hills which start at Safed and continue southward as far as we can see. The afternoon view of the plain is the most brilliant, for then the sunshine is full upon it and the elevations beyond. That brings out all the glorious coloring to its full value,—the hundred varieties of wild flowers; the “lilies of the field”; the fields green and golden and tare-tangled; the squares of yellow mustard; the pink tracts of newly plowed soil; the rank growth of blossomed thistles; the shining streams and the glistening fountains, and the cliffs beyond, catching the glare and giving us the details of their dark shadows. One is reminded by the shape of things of a valley scene in northern New Hampshire, only New Hampshire shows no such luxuriant coloring. It seems impossible to push through the thickets; but there are pathways, and the horse finds them. Here and there groups of sycamores hide placid fountains, which bubble up at their feet, reflect their images upon the shining surface, and then overflow among tall grasses and proceed upon their benign errand of giving life to the lovely plain.

Josephus, in speaking generally of the region of Galilee, praises the soil and the temper of the air, which in his day fostered the growth and fruitfulness of many varieties of trees—the palm and the walnut, the fig and the olive, all growing well together. “One may call this place the ambition of nature where it forces those plants that are naturally ene-

mies to one another to agree together. During ten months of the year the markets were laden with the fruit of the land.” Then the inhabitants were industrious and prosperous. To-day Moslem rule blasts all growth. One bit of history seems to be repeated on and on. “The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.” There are more idlers hereabouts who live on the charity of their creedsmen in Europe than there are industrious husbandmen. They still “pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets”; but they will not aid in making this “ambition of nature” productive.

We now leave the plain and enter Wady El-Hamam, an hour's journey southward from Mejdal. The visitor familiar with the Franconia Notch in New Hampshire would again see a resemblance here. On the left of the gorge is a cliff not unlike “Eagle Cliff.” It is over one thousand feet high and almost perpendicular; on the right is a bluff, much higher, more terrific, and requiring but little imagination to trace outlines similar to those of the “Old Man of the Mountain.” A backward look presents a stretch of the Sea of Galilee which brings “Echo Lake” to mind. Then the similarity ends; for instead of magnificent shrubbery such as clothes much of the rugged inclines of Franconia Notch, here but little foliage grows. But there have been growth and life enough here, of a far different nature, if we may trust the accounts of Josephus and

his fellow-historians for our data. In the face of the cliffs on each side, reached by lofty stone stairways, tier above tier, are vast caverns cut from the rock, with their open doorways towards the valley, and protected by walls. They were the homes of robbers in the time of Herod Antipas; the refuge of the persecuted Jew and the brave Crusader in more modern days. Now they harbor the "wild birds of the air," which fly out and then back again to "their nest" as we approach; and here too "the foxes have holes."

Caves, graves, and other signs of former habitation abound in this historical valley. Ruins of towns, often surrounded by fortresses, are

to them by the lips of Jesus. The cool stillness of the morning should be chosen for the visit to this spot. A few clouds may lie sleeping in the valley of El-Hamam then, and the thickets by the pathway may scatter their store of dew upon you if you touch them. As the breeze increases and the light penetrates, the dew-drops creep down the stalks to the ground; like the summer waves of the sea, rising and receding, always gently, the grain bends beneath the winds. As soothing as balm is the soft, warm breath of the pure air, laden with the perfume of blossoms and falling upon the brow like a benediction. Yet, upon this very plain, more than once, the roar of battle



DRUSE PLOWMAN AND TEAM.

here, all constructed by the Saracens or by those who came long before that time. The district is full of places which have long been held sacred by the Jews.

We now approach the spot which is looked upon by many as the place where Jesus sat when "teaching the multitudes" who followed him. "Kurūn Hattin"—the "Horns of Hattin"—are upon the mountain-ridge followed in journeying from Safed to the Sea of Galilee. Below them is a wide plateau where the assembled multitude could have been seated while listening to the Sermon on the Mount when the sweetness of the Beatitudes was revealed

has been heard. In July, 1187, the plain of Hattin was the gathering place of the Crusaders—the spot where they were hemmed in by the hosts that Saladin led against them. At early dawn the clash of sword and the storm of arrow and javelin began. Brave was the charge of the Saracens, and braver still the defense of the retreating Christians. Driven to and from their stronghold on Hattin, they were vanquished, and the fate of their cause was sealed.

From the historical mountain-top is seen Safed, the city which some scholars believe to be the place alluded to by Jesus when he said "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

The two "Horns" of Hattin seem to have been protected by massive structures. The approach to the higher one is easy from one side, while to the north-east there is a sheer ascent of over seven hundred feet. The white limestone hills, the basaltic cliffs, the modern village of Hattin in the plain below, the orange groves and the fruit gardens, the waving grain, the varied families of flowers, and the groups of Druse farmers present pictures at every glance.

In many spots upon the plain the traveler

in the sun, is the sacred sea. Yet ohly the north-east corner of the water is discerned, for the mountains of Bashan and Gilead hide the view with their sun-scorching inclines and long shadows.

The mountains of the Hauran on the east and the Jaulán on the south are visible. When the air is clear, the silver serpentine line of the Jordan may be made out, gleaming through the foliage—creeping through the jungle down to the Dead Sea.

If there be one word which fell from the



THE HORNS OF HATTIN. (THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.)

will be impressed by the reënactment of the "parable of the sower." Within a small space he may see where "a sower went forth to sow . . . and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside. . . . Some fell upon stony places . . . some fell among thorns . . . but other fell into good ground."

Once more the eye is turned for a farewell glance at the distant views. Far down through the rocky vista of El-Hamam Valley, to the north-east, one sees the caravans moving north and south across the Gennesaret plain. Two thousand feet below, glistening like a mirror

Divine Teacher that impresses the mind more than any other at this place, it is "Peace," for there is so much here to suggest it. Nature moves on in her luxuriant course, peacefully, calmly, with no discord. The freshness of the morning, the repose of noonday, the golden tints and purple shadows of evening, the reflections of the stars on the bright surface of the sea, all bring in continued succession the messages of peace. Much more is this so now than when Jesus dwelt at Capernaum. The city of his adoption is in ruins. On the sea to-day sails no boat with a deck upon



A FIELD OF THE SOWER.

which he could sit and teach the multitudes on the shore. The multitudes are gone to rest. The synagogues are in ruins, and "the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done" are no more. The jealous Herod and his host of admirers are gone. But there are the same mountains that echoed his voice. Here, like

a floor of adamant, still is spread the blue sea on whose troubled waters he walked in the "fourth watch of the night"—where twice he rose and "rebuked the winds," and said, "Peace, be still"; and it is here that he came to meet the disciples after his resurrection.

*Edward L. Wilson.*

### PERPETUAL YOUTH.

'T IS said there is a fount in Flower Land,—  
De Leon found it,—where Old Age away  
Throws weary mind and heart, and fresh as day  
Springs from the dark, and joins Aurora's band:  
This tale, transformed by some skilled trouvère's wand  
From the old myth in a Greek poet's lay,  
Rests on no truth. Change bodies as Time may,  
Souls do not change, though heavy be his hand.

Who of us needs this fount? What soul is old?  
Our mere masks age, and still we grow more young,  
For in our winter we talk most of Spring;  
And as we near, slow-tottering, God's safe fold,  
Youth's loved ones gather nearer;—though among  
The seeming dead, youth's songs more clear they sing.

*Maurice Francis Egan.*