

the lane from behind that hill out yonder, and halted between those leveled guns and that old gray-headed man. It scarcely seems so many years ago."

The Dunkard stood up pale and trembling.

"Were you one o' the men that saved his life, Jedge?" he queried with faltering tongue. "I've been a-hopin' ter see some on 'em ever sence that day."

"I was in command," answered Exall. "We were just in the nick of time."

Tears gathered in Morrow's eyes. He stepped forward with outstretched hand, and the quaver had not left the voice that said:

"Was it you, Jedge? Was it rarely you? He nuvver knowed ter his dyin' day the name o' the man that saved him. Howsomever, he did n' forgit ye in his pra'rs, Jedge—no mo' have I, God bless ye!"

The sun had long since set behind the Shendoah Mountains. It was the moment of the twilight which the valley folk call "the aide

o' the dark." As Exall and Cope stepped from the little porch some cows came from an adjacent pasture-field through bars a short distance away that had been let down by Morrow's eldest boy, a tow-headed urchin of eight or ten years. They filed up the narrow lane, past the stile, and entered the barn-yard.

"The middle class, that is neither too rich nor too poor, is the great conservative class of our country," commented Cope, reflectively, as they emerged from the little lane into the Mossford road. "That man clings to his Whig ticket with a characteristic love for the old landmarks."

But the candidate for the legislature was calculating how many votes his fortunate visit was worth.

"He'll not cling to it any longer," Exall replied exultantly. "Saul Morrow 'll wake the Dunkards for twenty miles between this and election day."

And they rode away into the dark.

A. C. Gordon.

ROUND ABOUT GALILEE.



HE Bedouins of to-day live in very much the same way as the Bible tells us that the patriarchs did. One need not travel over the whole country for proofs of this. The towns and villages are much alike in their general characteristics, and in all parts of the open country the habits of

the nomadic population are the same. It is true that Tiberias boasts of having the most fleas and "the king" thereof; Jericho yields the most persistent crop of beggars; Shechem vies with Jerusalem in presenting the worst cases of leprosy; there is no end to the blind people in Hebron; Bethlehem claims to have the cleanest streets, although I confess I did not



EARLY MORNING, NAZARETH.

miss any of the dirt when I visited it; and the Bethany children are the loveliest of all. Yet in all or any one of these places substantial illustrations of the Bible record rise up on every side.

Nazareth is undoubtedly the most important town in the region of Galilee. It is not very far from Jezreel or Shunem or Nain; Mount Tabor can always be seen from the neighboring hills; a few hours of rough travel brings one to where the ruins of Capernaum receive the whispered messages and the hoarse warnings of the Sea of Galilee. In the general itinerary the approach to Nazareth is from the south. The last day before reaching it Mount Gilboa is passed; then villages near the plains of Jezreel and of Esdraelon are visited, and the effort is made to spend the last two hours in crossing over to the west in the hope of reaching Nazareth by evening. A more enjoyable way is to halt for the night on the western border of the Plain of Esdraelon;

feet, and rough enough to test the mettle of an expert and ambitious Alpine climber. At the early morning hour the curtains of mist hang low. Sometimes these veils are so thin as to reveal softly and clearly the modeling of the scenes beyond them. The breath of wind that comes and goes is so soft that the deep silence is not disturbed.

Now as the morning glow comes on, the little cultivated terraces are seen hanging upon the sides of the hills, like orchids upon a wall. Some shepherd's home is sure to be near them, and occasionally the tinkling bell of a nervous sheep or goat is heard, followed by the reassuring tones of his wakeful guardian. But that is all that disturbs until Nazareth is very near. Then, crossing the ridge already referred to, there, as its last incline reaches by sharp pitches into a narrow plain, is Nazareth. Fifteen rounded peaks close it in on all sides but one, and there Nature has made the ap-



THE WOOD-MARKET.

then, next morning, long before daylight, to make the climb up to Nazareth on foot. Such a walk will ever be remembered as a delightful trance. If the undertaking occurs at the proper season, the bright stars shimmering overhead will keep hope sustained, while the moon, falling lower and lower and moving backward seemingly, holds out its golden torch and indicates the way by kindling beacons upon the mountains ahead, or by tipping the crags with tender light and sending a tremulous glow through the ravines to cheer the traveler and to rest his heart.

The way is scarcely more than a bridle-path sometimes, and often it is so steep as to cause even the sure-footed Syrian horse to falter a moment while he chooses the way. Through miniature valleys and along narrow passes it goes, until the precipitous ridge which protects Nazareth on the east is gained. The ascent from the plain is about one thousand

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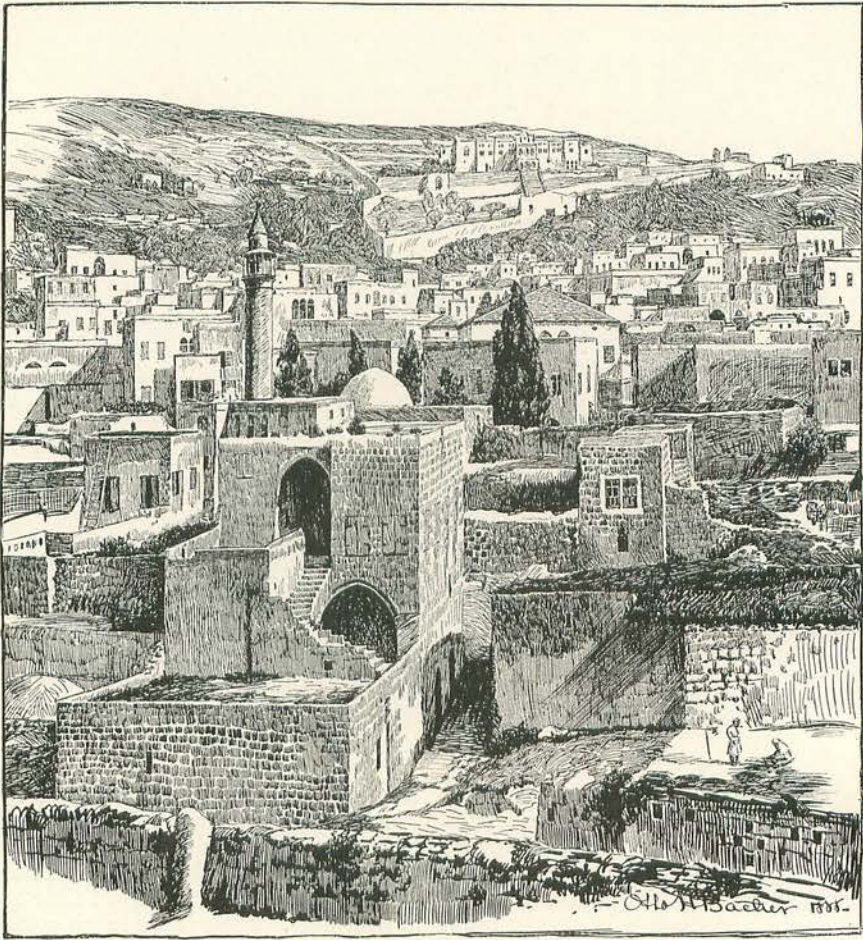


BEGGARS BY THE ROADSIDE.

however, Nazareth, like Brussels, is found to have its old quarter as well as a modern one.

Now, as the moon sinks out of sight, and the stars are one by one silently eclipsed by the warm rosy light of the eastern sun, the day-book opens, and the grand drama of life in a Palestine town is recorded page after page. The tall minaret of the mosque and the shapely campanile of the Latin church catch the first glimmer of the coming sun. The masterless dogs see the signal and by their tumultuous howls startle the sleepers in the town. Then the light lingers a moment upon the broad segments of the domes of mosque and church alike before creeping down and down until each white house is in a glare and every street is illuminated and warmed into life by the flood of golden color which springs into them. Then the sounds of languages strange and loud fall upon the ear. They come from the drivers of the cattle, and from the street merchant who would draw first attention to the wares he has for sale. The Nazarene of to-day is as turbulent as he was when all Palestine hated him and declared that no good could come out of Nazareth. Once the streets are fairly entered it will be seen that the town is as full of busy life as a hornet's nest. The dark-eyed women are among the first who appear to start the business of the day. They come from the oak-tangles of the environing hills, where

they have gathered the bundles of twigs for which there is a ready sale. They squat in the market-place with their snaggy merchandise and timidly await the coming of their patrons. These women have but little sunshine in their lives. There is not much color-cheerfulness in such early morning pictures, except in the orange and crimson and blue face-veils which the women wear, and in their bright eyes, which can be seen sparkling through the veils. The scene brightens when the tall, slender fellows, girt in white "abbas" and many-colored "kufeyehs," flock along, bare-legged, and topped by turbans of white or tarbooshes of red. They are the bread-sellers, the water-carriers, and the fruit-venders. As they go they sidle their toes into the ribs of the night-watchman, who turns over on his face and begins his slumbers simultaneously with the awakening of the sun. Oh, the chattering and the jabbering of such a discordant crowd! Incipient quarrels often occur, but no bloodshed follows. The brown-calved autocrats long ago learned that the howadji regards them as sublimely picturesque, and there is a tacit agreement among them to deck their stage with their most brilliant tints. Sometimes it seems like Naples here in the narrow, dark, dirty streets; and indeed year by year Nazareth grows more and more like an Italian town. Its white hills do not soar so loftily into the blueness of the



NAZARETH FROM THE CAMPANILE OF THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

air distance as do the pale volcanic piles which environ Naples; neither are they turreted here and there with ruined castles. But it is true that the parti-colored campanile and the white convent are no longer a rarity at Nazareth, and each day is opened and closed with the solemn gamut of the monastery bells, rung in strange dissonance with the muezzin call.

Each turn in the streets brings a change of scene. Everybody who can manages to be there. The dealers in dates, figs, beans, barley, lentils, oranges, cheese, and vegetables ooze out from their bazars and spread their merchandise around them upon the muddy highway in front; the tailor, the cobbler, the copper-smith, the coffee-grinder, and the carpenter all occupy as much of the narrow thoroughfares as the crowd will allow. The dogs scavenge along undisturbed; the lumbering camel sways from side to side with his back full of limestone blocks or cedar logs three times as long as himself, and commands sufficient respect from every one to enable him to have the right of way;

the chickens stroll everywhere freely; the children swarm around every stranger begging for backsheesh, and the cosmopolitan donkey brays assent to everything except the blows and tail-twistings he receives from his driver.

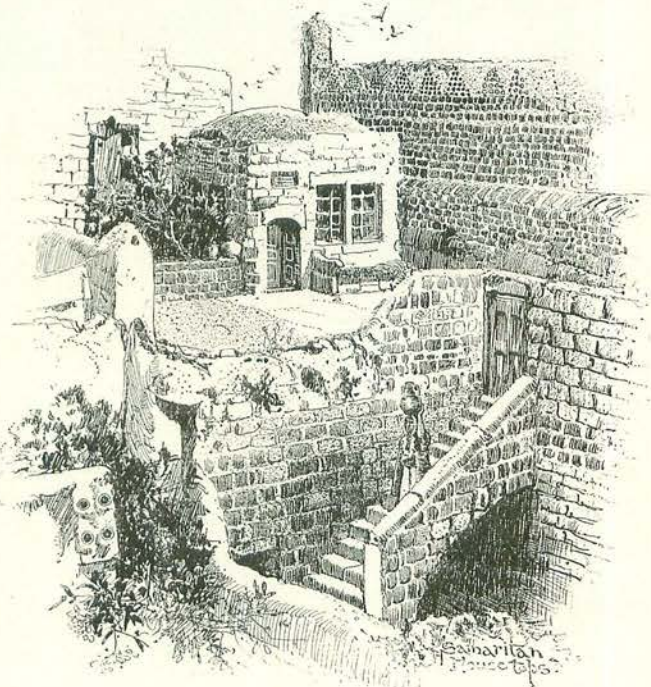
There are quieter ones than all these in Nazareth on market day. Seated by the side of the gateway flanked on each side by towers connected by a well-shaped Roman arch flung from one to the other, sits a modern Bartimeus with his companion, blind, and begging, not for the Divine touch which healed, but hopelessly blind and abandoned to that art of the modern Arab, the taking of alms. Picturesque though they are, such groups are always pathetic. They are all too plenty in Palestine. Blindness is so common there that to find a person with two perfect, healthy eyes is the exception rather than the rule. I have frequently been attracted by a pair of expressive eyes peering over a horrid face-veil as their owner came towards me, only to learn with a pang as we met that one of them was white in the

center and the pupil of the other being encroached upon by the fatal blue of ophthalmia. The trouble begins in babyhood. The Arab mother refuses to drive away the flies which swarm around the diseased eyes of the poor little child, seated upon her shoulder, lest "the evil eye of the stranger" fall upon her offspring. But what she imagines is protection from a fatal evil breeds a disease far more dreadful. That, with the sudden climatic changes, makes blindness a scourge in the East. In the olden time the scribes declared almsgiving to be "a grace." For one farthing given to the poor, said they, a man will receive heaven. It is good for the blind man of modern times that this ancient belief still prevails somewhat, for if it did not it would go hard with him.

But the attractions of Nazareth are not all of the marketplace. The Latin Church of the Annunciation, built, it is claimed, over the spot where the interview between the angel and the Virgin occurred, is a place of much interest. It resembles one of Italy because of its architecture, because of its campanile, and because of the services held there. On one side of the aisle I saw a Franciscan monk teaching about fifty children. It was 7 o'clock in the morning. I thought I never had seen sweeter child faces, and their little voices were as musical as the bird songs which come up from the meadows in the morning. On the other side of the aisle the pharmacy and the apartments of the monks are located. Descending the fifteen steps which lead underneath the altar, "The Place of the Annunciation" is reached. The apartment is about twenty feet both in length and width and ten feet high. It is lined with white marble on all sides. The altar, which is also of marble, is decorated with vases of artificial flowers. The silver lamps which hang from the roof of the cave are never allowed to go out. A fine oil-painting behind the altar, a gift of the Emperor of Austria, represents the Annunciation.

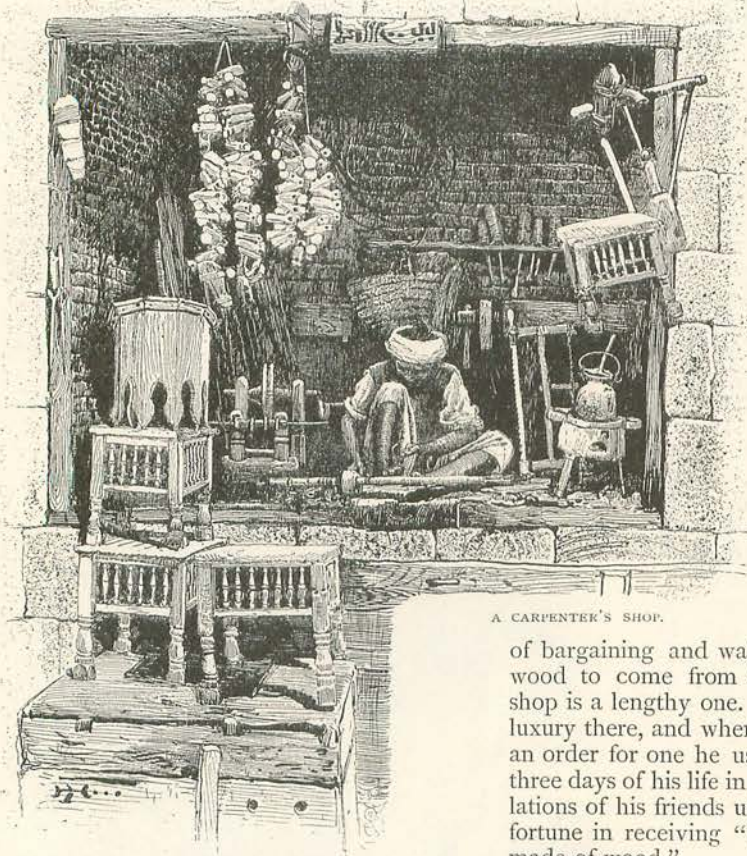
At the right of the altar is a low door which leads to a second portion of the grotto, which is left in its natural state. From this annex a stairway leads up into a low cave called "The Virgin Mary's Kitchen." The monks hold that the house of Mary stood over this grotto. There are a hundred such places underneath the hills which surround Nazareth. Coming up from the

grotto into the morning services of the church, one meets a strange composition amid sense-involving accessories. The singing priests; the waving censers; the tender music of the organ; the responses of the motley congregation, made up from all quarters of the globe; the glittering lights coming in from the stained windows and meeting athwart the long aisle; the kneeling women; the impatient children; the inquisitive tourist—all contribute to the understanding of the great painting which hangs upon the wall. This work of some fervid old master represents Gabriel and Mary—the latter kneeling at the feet of the angel, while he addresses her and comforts her with his message of glad tidings.



A GALILEAN HOUSE.

One of the best views of the city is to be had from the campanile of the Church of the Annunciation. In the distance is the brow of the hill to which Jesus was led by the enraged multitude who attempted to throw him from it. A modern house in the foreground brings to mind the time when they uncovered a roof and let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. This must be very much the same kind of house as that historical one at Capernaum. There is the peculiar roof, and there are the outside stairs leading to the roof. The Eastern householder makes his roof serve for more than a protection from the weather. It is the piazza, the quiet place of the dweller, and



A CARPENTER'S SHOP.

structing Jesus, and finding that he knew more than they. Another painting represents the lad Jesus assisting his father at work. It contains no accessories of the carpenter's shop, but there are enough of them in the shops close by. The web-saw, the glue-pot, the plane, and the hammer are the principal tools used in such shops, all without the modern improvements. Yet whatever the Palestine carpenter produces is from the fragrant cedars of Lebanon or from the eccentrically knotted and gnarled olive-wood. The operation

of bargaining and waiting for any article of wood to come from a Palestine carpenter's shop is a lengthy one. Articles of wood are a luxury there, and when the carpenter receives an order for one he usually employs the next three days of his life in soliciting the congratulations of his friends upon his wonderful good fortune in receiving "an order for something made of wood."

sometimes it becomes his summer residence. As a rule it is not very heavy or very strong. Rafters are thrown across from wall to wall, say a yard apart; then the whole space is covered with twigs such as we saw the women selling in the market-place. On these the slender limbs of trees are thrown and thickly coated with mortar. Lastly, a thick spread of earth is thrown on, rolled to a level, and oftentimes sown with grass-seed. Thus by care many of the roofs become as smooth and soft as a machine-mown lawn. They may be easily broken up and anything lowered inside from above. By some such process the four bearers of the poor palsied man managed to enlist the attention of the Great Physician in behalf of their friend. It is not hard to understand it all when viewing such a house as this one at Nazareth. It would not be difficult for four men to carry a lame friend in a hammock by the outer stairway up to the roof, and, breaking through, let him down into the apartment or court below. Not far from this same house, in a narrow street, is a little chapel erected upon the site of Joseph's carpenter-shop. Over the altar is a picture representing Mary and Joseph in-

Ever since the time that Naaman, the Syrian leper, came to Samaria to be cured, the horrid woes of leprosy have clung to some parts of Palestine. One day a dozen or more of its poor victims came limping and leaping after me, begging alms. Every one held out a tiny tin vessel to receive the coin, that his offensive person might not be touched by the almsgiver. They were willing to group themselves for the camera backed by the grim accessories of the lepers' hospital. Eyes, noses, fingers, hands, feet, faces, and even throats were gone in some cases. Their cry was pitiful and strangely varied as well—"Baksees!" "Bah-heez!" "Back-siz!" "Ba-ish!" "Bah-ee!" "Zees, howadji!" they wailed. Some of them would have been puzzled to pronounce either the "shibboleth" of the Gileadites or the "sibboleth" of the Ephraimites had they been challenged after the battle at the passage of the Jordan. It seemed as though pebbles were rattling down their dried bronchial tubes, or else that their throats were torn anew at every utterance. One is glad enough to purchase release from such a loathsome sight by a liberal backsheesh. It is not a wonder that a man so

afflicted would dare the law by entering the synagogue in order to reach the Healer with his cry of faith, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Nor was it strange that Jesus, moved with compassion, set aside Judaism by touching the leper and saying, "I will; be thou clean."

Turning from the excitement of the town for a while, a visit to the hill at the west, whence the people tried to thrust Jesus after his sermon in the synagogue, will be worth while. It is about five hundred feet in height, and the ascent is rather difficult. It will repay the traveler, however; for the views obtained from the summit, when the air is clear, are among the finest in all Palestine. Nearest is Mount Tabor, from whose oak groves the

sense which reduces all things until the combination seems to present a miniature world. The rocks, the woods, the torrents, the sloping sides of the hills, the villages and towns, are distinctly visible, small but clearly defined; and the summits of the mountains, which seem so threatening from below, now appear like the furrows of a plowed field or the terraced sides of an individual neighboring hill. Not until the bell of the old gray convent disturbs the illusion can this strange sense be shaken off.

Any one walking from Nazareth to Capernaum will come upon two reminders of the days when Jesus "preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee." One of these is the present Jewish population; the other, the remains of some of the very synagogues referred

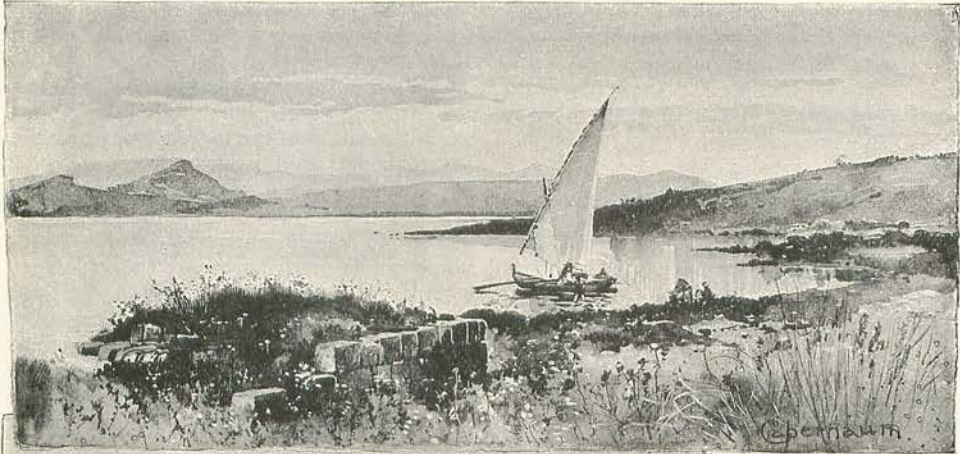


A GROUP OF LEPEBS AND THE LEPEBS' HOSPITAL.

women of the market-place gather their twigs. The mountains of Gilead; the broad, undulating Plain of Esdraclon, with the villages which top the adjoining hills; the fertile hills of Samaria; the long Mount Carmel range on the left, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean beyond; the extended ridges of the Galilean hills; the rolling country intervening, and snow-capped Mount Hebron away beyond—all are discernible in one grand prospect.

Peculiar sensations play upon the mind in such a place as this. It does not seem as though the view could always be so grand. It must be that Nature has arranged to make the scene unusually beautiful, entrancing, and overpowering for the occasion. A feeling arises that a special visual angle has been given to one's eyes to enable them to take in such a wide view. More than this, a diminishing power seems to be given to the optical

to. The Palestine Jew wears a long, dark coat and a fur-lined cap of peculiar form, not unlike the modern "Tam o' Shanter" in shape. His lovelocks are long at each temple, his brows bushy, his hair and beard frequently red, his eyes as often blue, his skin pale, and his flesh looks bloodless. He appears to be almost as much a ruin as the synagogues are. How different all was when Jesus touched the leper; and how like a torch that touch served to set afire the inflammable hatred of the Pharisee, causing it to burst into furious flames of imprecation and accusation! Then how soon the "blasphemer" became the topic of general conversation—this man who had never attended a house of instruction, and who had not even asked for a certificate showing the right to teach. People of all classes congregated upon their roofs or in their courts then, and disputed about the Great Healer. Even



Ruins of a Jewish Synagogue
near Capernaum.

the yoke of the godless Roman. Then when Jesus entered their synagogues they hastened, as in a race, to secure places where they could be near him, hear his addresses, and feed their curiosity or gather comfort from his revelations. Only their ruined synagogues remain to prove the turmoil.

One of the most picturesque synagogues in Galilee is found at Kef'r Bir'im. It is the larger of two, and is located among the houses of the village. Its splen-

did arched doorway is preserved entire. Some of its columns are also standing; and its size, sixty feet long by fifty feet broad, can be proved by the remains of the walls. The true age of the structure is also found by the "chiseled in" stones set with mortar. Here doubtless was one of their synagogues where Jesus preached. It may have been here that more than one poor sufferer was cured—more than one Pharisee stricken with the disease of hate from which he never recovered.

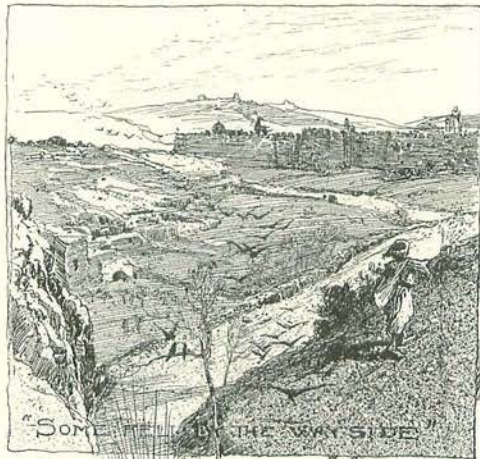
Do not they tell of the feverish excitement inflamed by the political and religious passion of the Jews, of the chafing Roman yoke, of the racking hate of the foreigner, of the galling helplessness of the Israelites, of the "waiting for the consolation of Israel"? Revolt hung over all like a thunderbolt, ready to burst at any time and send destruction and dismay along its merciless track. Religious fanaticism turned the heads of men and made them demons. It was not the lack of desire for "Mes-

in the khans travelers to and fro were involved in the popular discussion while they sipped their Italian wine and questioned the natives as to the prospect of the grape-crop in Lebanon and east of the Jordan. Even Herod became so forgotten that he grew alarmed, more than he was when first he heard "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Already the Pharisee had been heard to hiss when he saw the image of the Roman emperor upon the golden coin which he dropped into the synagogue treasury. When a copper coin bearing the name of the hated emperor was ostentatiously thrown at the despised leper it was done with a gesture of contempt that made his own blood feverish, and oftentimes puzzled him to decide whom he most hated, Jesus or Herod. More than this: men whom Jesus had won preached more zeal for a nation whose people were only the slaves and mercenaries of Herod, and advised the lifting of Israel's banners with the breaking of

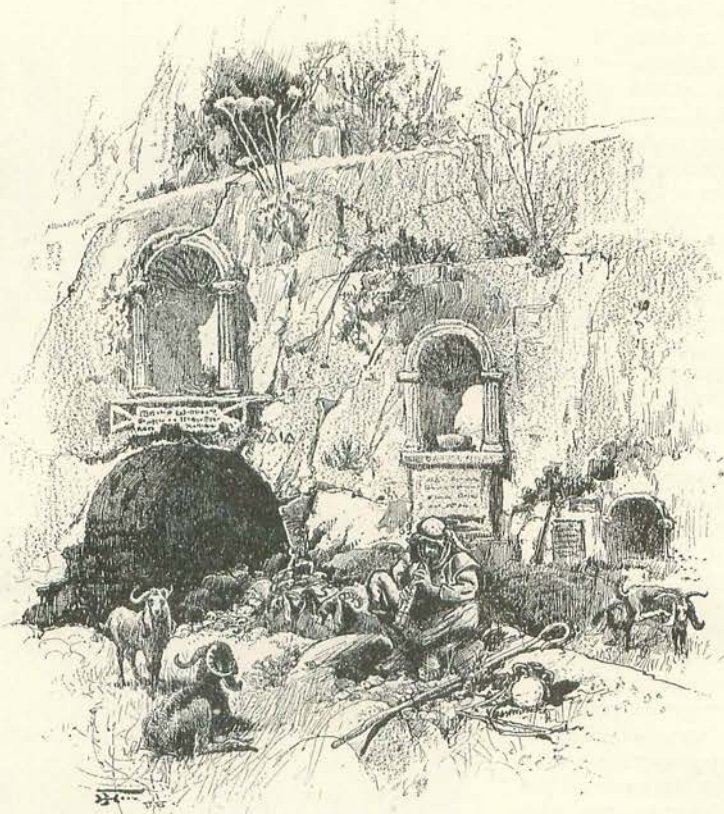
sias to come" which caused men to dwell in tombs, cut themselves with stones and cry out, "I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not." It was the leper without the leper's faith. So things went on balancing up and down from outbreak to riot, from deeds of violence to horrid massacre, from the blood of the sacrificed brutes to that of the ill-fated

slaves of Rome, from the charge of the Sanhedrim to the Cross of Calvary. Thereafter, on and on, until Kef'r Bir'im and all "their synagogues throughout all Galilee" lay ruined and deserted.

It is worth while to climb to the highest part of these old relics and survey the country. You can always see much farther than you can walk in a day. I prefer the close of the day for such an enterprise, when the shadows of evening send forth as their heralds the cool breezes which cause the fields of grain and grass to undulate like the whispering waves of a summer sea. Then the birds chirp a welcome as they flock together overhead, while the noisy night-bird, perched upon the highest tree, signals the night to come on. It is not all loneliness hereabouts, for even a part of Kef'r Bir'im is inhabited, and the neighboring country is well cultivated. Over on the left is a well, or "fountain," where the women come every night for water, and where the flocks drink — just as it was when the miraculous healings which had taken place in the synagogue were discussed by the frequenters of the same fountain. On the other side the mountain ranges may be seen forming a great aerial circle, broken only by the deep ravines. There, too, is the vast amphitheater which they form, filled by the mist and sunbeams which shimmer over the Sea of Galilee. The air is balmy, and there are a thousand forms of



THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.



THE CAVE AND SHRINES OF PAN AT CAESAREA PHILIPPI.

beauty revealed by the sun as it thrusts its long rays, like Arab lances, through the landscape. The shadows are driven away from the sparkling fountains, and their shining reveals the whereabouts of the rocky cascades whose monotonous have excited our wonder all day; for there they are leaping from their rugged heights, now a hundred feet, now twenty, now ten, and now, widely diffused, rolling over the bare rock for a hundred yards or more until they come on to their last leap; then, plunging into the jungle, they send up the spray above the tree-tops, where it breaks into rainbow circles and, falling, disappears. Never do the olive groves look so well as at the evening hours, when the lowering sun shines through their irregular enfilades and illumines the green-gray glossy details of their horny leaves. The gnarled and split and twisted trunks of these caverned veterans, with their long extended arms breaking into hundreds of branches, are also best seen from above in the evening light; then every branch is discernible with its feathered lichens and its knotted stems. Thus the nearer groves appear. Those in the distance look more hoary and soft, as though a veil of light cunningly woven by the shuttling of the rays hung over them,

until the herald breezes touch them and push their branches all one way. Then they ripple like a sea of silver or a field of grain with its beard just full grown.

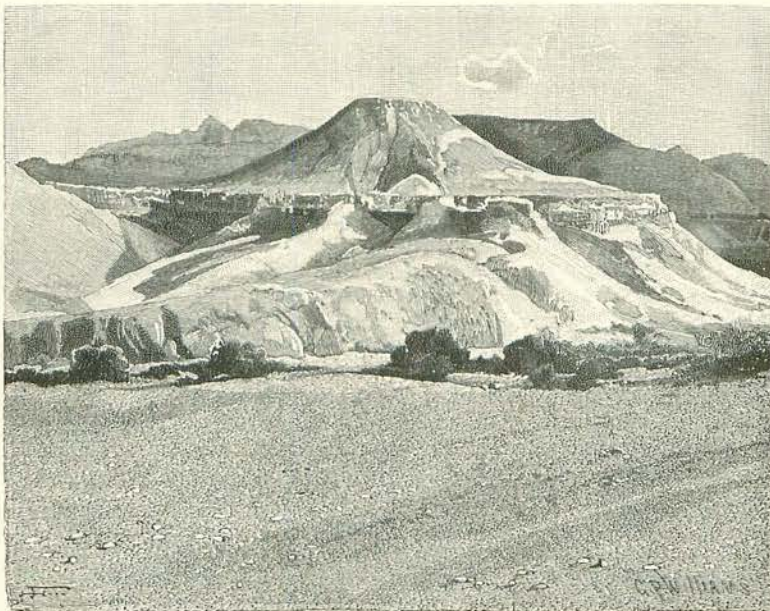
Evening is not the time, though, to see the lovely wild-flowers which seek the protecting shadows of the olive grove; for their eyes are closed then and their little sleepy heads are bowed for the night. Neither is it worth while to climb to a height to see them. Go down in the morning, when the dew is trickling along their slender stalks and the sun is calling them to do their part towards making the world beautiful; then you will see myriads of flowers in endless variety. And how, like the persistent track of one of our own mountain railways, the pathways wind and "loop" here and there among the ravines and around the mountain shoulders, over the spurs and about the hills with ruined cities yet upon them—through the "field of the sower." When the sun has set, and the birds have hidden their heads under their wings and the olive groves become shadow masses, then the mist rises and everything above it seems to be hanging and hovering in the sky. The white-topped hills become snowy peaks, and the houses of the

villages are like islands in the sea. In no part of Palestine is the vegetation more luxuriant than in Galilee. But Galilee is thinly populated, and the people are indifferent as to what goes on in the outer world. If the minions of Antony and Augustus could lead a host through the Plain of Esdraelon now they would meet no foe; the golden eagle might be set upon the dome of the Mosque of Omar, but the modern Galilean would not resent it; the husbandman of Galilee does not own the land he tills, and cares nothing for the fanaticism of those who do; a thousand crucifixions might take place at Jerusalem and the creaking olive-presses of Galilee would not be stopped a moment to listen to the story. You would think the brown-faced farmer here had no soul unless you happened to offer him backsheesh to show you the way, or your dragoman pushed your horses through the grain-fields. Then he would rise to the occasion and try to take care of himself. Varied indeed are the sights presented as one walks along even over the land controlled by a single sheik. There at the left you may see a hill topped by a squalid modern village and the remnants of one more antique—composite illustrations of history. A tortuous path, with the stones thrown off at each side, leads from the summit down into the valley. At right and left are “fields of the sower,” and “by the wayside” are plenty of spots where the seed has fallen: hence the marauder is more than likely to glean it for his own use ere it is barely ready for the sickle. There are other sections in the great field which look well, but the



THE JORDAN — THE PILGRIMS' BATHING-PLACE.

ground is stony and the waving stalks have no root. They grow and seem to show promise for both ear and corn, but when the first very hot days come they wilt and waste on the stony ground which could not sustain life in them. Such spots are quickly revealed to the traveler if he attempts to cross a wheat-field in Galilee before the grain is ripe. In the neighborhood of some of these stony places the prickly-pear bush with its millions of spikes



THE WILDERNESS.



SYRIAN GIRLS—NAZLEH AND MERMON.

and thorns abounds. It is often a great trouble to the husbandman. Frequently, however, he turns it to good account for fence and hedge. I have seen entire villages inclosed by this sturdy plant, and the avenues leading to the houses of the villages lined with it. Surely it chokes all the seed which falls about it, and it causes woe enough to the luckless traveler who tries to break through its dense growth. Ordinary thorns also abound and grow to great heights. A field of "good ground" is a pleasant sight. When it has been freshly plowed and its furrows incline towards the morning sun, it looks like a carpet lately swept. Sometimes a single olive tree breaks the monotony and serves to lead the eye forward until it meets the wall of an ancient city, or a temple, or a tower, forming the distant background of the prospect.

It has been said by many Oriental travelers that in the East the usages of life do not vary—that the East is stationary. It is true that many of the customs of Palestine have survived all the terrible convulsions through which the country has passed, as well as the change in population. The Arabs of to-day retain many of the practices of the Jews of old. But in one very important direction the seed sown by the Jews seems to have fallen in stony ground, for there is not much to show for its sowing now.

I mean the education of the children. In Christ's day the youthful Jew was taught to read, either at home or in the schools connected with the synagogue. At twelve years of age he was expected to recite the "Shema" in the temple. Those who were precocious, and who respected their teachers, were permitted to enter the higher schools, where the rabbis taught the Law from the books of Moses. The social position of the rabbis was the very highest and their dignity was of the stateliest. At the age of thirteen a young Jew became "a son of the Law," and was bound to reverence and practice all its moral and ritual exactions. Josephus declared that Moses commanded that the children be taught to read and to walk in the ways of the Law. They were also required to know the deeds of their fathers, that they might imitate them and neither transgress the Law nor have the excuse of ignorance. Boastingly he added: "We interest ourselves more about the education of our children than about anything else, and hold the observance of the laws and rules of piety they inculcate as the weightiest business of our whole lives." One of the apt family sayings of their day was: "Seeking wisdom

when you are old is like writing on water; seeking it when you are young is like graving on a stone." At an early age the parents brought the children to the synagogue that they might have the prayers and blessings of the elders. "After the father of the child," says the Talmud, "had laid his hands on his child's head, he led him to the elders, one by one, and they also blessed him and prayed that he might grow up famous in the Law, faithful in marriage, and abundant in good works." Jesus, having been accepted as a rabbi by many of the people, was frequently appealed to for the rabbi's blessing. More than this, he gave it voluntarily. He enjoined a child-like spirit. The children were also taught to honor their parents. This child-like spirit meant something more than it does now. Jesus was a Jew, and enjoined the careful consideration of the children. May he not have had in mind, too, the occasion when Herod massacred all the little ones of Bethlehem in order to make sure of the death of the Sacred Babe? At any rate he enjoined that all "become as little children." All this has changed, however. The children of Palestine are very lovely and beautiful—in character oftentimes as well as in looks. They are taught to be kindly and polite in their home duties; but,

alas! the only opportunities for their education are afforded by the missions and their schools. In these Syria is particularly fortunate. Frequently a European tourist provides for the education of a tiny Arab at one of the schools of Beyrout, Joppa, Damascus, Nazareth, or Jerusalem. Such good fortune befell the tiny Nazleh and her larger companion Mermon—fair specimens of the little brown-skins who put their hands in yours and win your hearts. Little girls are never very welcome in an Arab home. To be the father of a young Achmed, or Mohammed, or Ali, however, is to be called the honored title of “father of Achmed,” or “father of Mohammed,” or “father of Ali,” for it is considered a great honor to have a son. When the children of a household are at play and a cry is heard, the mother runs quickly to the rescue if the sound of distress comes from her boy. I am not sure, however, but that this sort of treatment causes the faces of the little girls to be all the sweeter and their great black eyes all the more melting.

Again we turn from the concerns of the rural householder and go back to the busy city—this time on a feast day. The mountain track is crowded with donkeys and mules and camels laden with all sorts of produce, attended by their drivers and their owners. It is all picturesque, but it is not all peaceable. If a luckless donkey grazes the ribs of a camel even at their lower extremities, the respective owners of the beasts begin at once a duel of words. Watching the opportunity, the donkey lies down for a roll in the dust, and the camel, drawing up his great joints to his body, squats down regardless in the way of all comers. A crowd then gathers, and soon the way is barricaded. The scene grows interesting, and some fine specimens of modern Arabic are scattered to the four winds. Yousef to El Wafi screams: “Fellow there! We wish to reach the mosque before the evening muezzin. You will enable us to praise God the more if you will start your camels a little out of our way and allow us to pass by.” El Wafi: “Hold your peace! Do not you see that the street is crowded?” Yousef: “I see a lot of dull and stupid idlers before me. Lend me your camel-goad, and I will soon give you a lift towards Nazareth.” El Wafi: “Take my advice and go back to Shunem or Nain, wherever you come from; and take my curse along with you, for there is no room for such as you in the crowded city.”

All such converse goes on amid much gesticulation and the fierce snapping of eyes, but it is not often that any one is hurt. There is a sense of high relief physically when one at last gains freedom from such a crowd and reaches the street where the principal bazars are located. The crush is somewhat less—at

least there is no blockade; but the bedlam seems to have increased. It is the place for bargains. Figs and dates, mixed with almonds and stuffed in skins like Bologna sausages, sliced off in quantity to suit purchasers, are offered at a booth next to which a merchant in red pepper and spices holds forth. The merry whirl of the potter's wheel is balanced by the deafening hammer of the coppersmith next door; while the weaver and the saddlemaker occupy one bazar in peaceful concord. As strange as any of them is the grand display of the handkerchief-seller, whose merchandise from the mills of Manchester makes a grand color display. The individual pieces are sometimes covered with playing-cards, and again bordered with Arabic passages from the Koran. You put down the backsheesh, and if satisfactory to the vender you are permitted to follow the courage of your convictions and carry away your choice. This is not always successful, however. Once upon a time it was not until the third day that I could persuade one Oriental nabob to part with a yellow handkerchief which on the first day he keenly discerned I was bound to add to my collection. But when one wanders among these people and sees the slowly creeping, cringing Jew among them, how he longs for a look at the ancient Levites who once mingled with the populace with their odd head-dresses and the broad outside pockets, barely deep enough to keep the large scroll of the Law which they contained from overbalancing into the street. Where now are the Pharisees with their arms strapped with broad phylacteries, wearing massive fringes running around each individual edge of their garments? There are now no meek Essenes here clothed in white, in contrast with the haughty Roman officials accoutered in gorgeous apparel. The pilgrims in the costumes of every land are plenty, though, and seem to be all that resemble the crowds who assembled in the days of old.

History tells us that the age in which Jesus Christ lived was a transitory one—an age of doubt and uncertainty. Jesus himself called it a “wicked and adulterous generation.” The broken columns and half-buried capitals which one stumbles over when walking in Galilee tell how the Idumean tetrarch robbed the Jew of his scepter, how the Roman procurator tampered with the priesthood, how the Sanhedrim fell into the toils of the subtle Herodian and heartless Sadducee. The shrines at Cæsarea Philippi and elsewhere prove how Jesus, as was his custom, drew upon facts for his assertions; how paganism misled the faithful by its hideous excesses. All along the line of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea are the caves where the wearied and worn Essenes

hid and waited for Messias to come. Atheism wrestled with Philosophy; Crime captured Remorse and blindfolded it; hearts grew so stony that even the heathen began to feel that the second flood was impending. Insolence, cruelty, extortion, massacre, the destruction of the synagogues and the erection of heathen temples in their places, maddened a people already wild with fanaticism. The sects were subdivided until there was no hope for any. It was a dark day for the children of Israel, and they caught at any straw which offered them the least hope of freedom. Among their subdivisions the strictest sect was the Essenes. They seemed to supply the only sound segment in the whole rotting Jewish circle. Sadducees they were not, of course. Neither were they content with the loose observance of the Law winked at by the Pharisees. To avoid the responsibilities of an active life, they fled to the caves of the oases and the desert and led a purely religious and contemplative life. For further purification they were addicted to much bathing; they let a little light into their lives by nursing the sick, but they drew down a screen over them by a mysterious silence. To them the synagogue became "the world"—of the earth earthy; to be avoided. Therefore they built convents and became monks. They abandoned sacrifices, for they detested them. They never went up to Jerusalem, but held themselves aloof from all who were not "pure" like themselves. They were the extreme religionists, the "perfectionists," of their day—"perfect Jews fulfilling the whole law." They were communists. If one fell ill, the others cared for him at the common expense. All were supported from the general purse. Sober, virtuous, and unselfish, their conduct was exemplary. They went out from each other only to heal and to help. Jesus was not an Essene, but he evidently knew of them and met them. If John was not an Essene he was moved by similar desires to be free from the world, and when the time came he spoke. Then suddenly a ray of light came to Israel—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." The frantic people came like an avalanche to catch the warnings of this "voice." The Roman tax-gatherer

trembled, the hired soldiers called upon their gods for protection, Pharisees and Sadducees listened and threatened, and thousands of the populace found rest in a new hope.

"And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan." Then began the healing of the blind, the restoration of the palsied, the cessation of the leper's cry, the blessing of the little children, the driving out of the money-changers, the preaching in the synagogues of Galilee, and the denunciation of the "wicked and adulterous generation." The corrupt rulers and the wicked priests who perverted the Law grew afraid, the hands which became full by grinding the widow and the orphan to dust held back, and the roaring voices of the Pharisees were lowered in the market-places. But these changes were followed by evil machinations to make the "blasphemer" unpopular and to kill him. They knew that their downfall would follow if sincerity, contentment, gentleness, chastity, and kindness ruled and Jesus reigned. They *wished* wars and contentions. The soft delights of peace and justice and mutual deeds of love, the sincere worship of God, and the fulfillment of the Mosaic Law were all contrary to their desires. And the followers of Jesus also began to waver. The seed had fallen among thorns. They had followed Jesus long enough, and they had seen miracles enough, to be assured of his goodness and of his fitness to be their king. But he was not the sort of king they wanted. The Christ of God he might be, but he was not the Jesus to out-Herod Herod. Worse than all, he did not seem to agree with the prophets. They would not receive him as a redeemer of mankind from sin. They wanted a king to reign over them on the throne of Israel. So they gave him up to his enemies and he was destroyed. It was an age of strange contrasts, and the strangeness is not all over with. For every year hundreds go to Palestine to end their days that they may be buried in the scanty soil, hundreds go down into the "wilderness" to see the place whence came the "voice," and each year thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims come from all lands to bathe where "Jesus . . . was baptized of John in Jordan."

Edward L. Wilson.

