The CLASSIC MEDITERRANEAN

JOHN BANCROFT DEVINS

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW *of The* MEDITERRANEAN.

THE CLASSIC MEDITERRANEAN

JOHN BANCROFT DEVINS
Author of
"An Observer in the Philippines"

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

ADDISON

One seeing is better than a thousand people telling you of it. *Chinese Proverb*

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY
150 NASSAU STREET : : : NEW YORK

TO

MY WIFE

THE NOBLEST OF WOMEN

THE BEST OF COMRADES

THE TRUEST OF FRIENDS

THIS STORY OF OUR CRUISE TOGETHER IN MEDITERRANEAN WATERS IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

FOREWORD

ONE winter morning, after the roar of New York had sunk to silence and the city's gigantic uplift of structures had dwindled to a ragged line in the hush behind us, and our ship had begun to dip her bows with an easy swing as if glad to find herself once more in Ocean's freedom, I strolled below in search of any mail that might have come aboard. In a long narrow passage I saw a man, robust and bearded, coming along with a chatting group about him and bearing an armful of letters and papers. As the party passed me he turned and said with quiet courtesy, "Good morning, sir." There were several hundred persons aboard bound for a cruise through the Mediterranean together, but scarcely a face was known to me. I found myself wondering who this gentleman might be.

I slept most of the time during the next day or two; but at length I got my sea-legs and went down to an evening entertainment. In the center of the crowded dining-saloon, conducting the program, was the man who greeted me in the passage with his arms full of mail. I chanced to drop into a seat beside a little lady who proved to be a genial conversationalist. She

identified him for me. I now present him to the readers of this book as "the man who greeted me in the passage with his arms full of mail." For so I first knew the author, and I know of no fitter characterization.

I came to know Dr. Devins in many other relations while the good ship *Arabic* bore us to many lands; since returning to America I have learned more of his vigorous, beneficent life. All is summed up in that first glimpse of him. He is ever brotherly and busy. I might tell how many thousands of children go each summer from the tenements of New York into the health and gladness which childhood finds in the country because this Editor of *The New York Observer* has a big brother's interest in their little lives, and busies himself managing the affairs of The Tribune Fresh Air Fund. But this would only be one of the many practical activities which engage the hand that wrote these pages. He is no recluse, no easy-going bookmaker, no unconcerned traveler roaming the world for pleasure only. He has traveled the world over, knows public men and rulers, has studied the life of peoples speaking many tongues, always as a lover of his kind.

One may venture to say that it is this attitude of mind which is likely to receive through the medium of intelligent observation the truest impressions of the classic Mediterranean. The detached mind which views the marvels of bygone life on those shores with no deep sense of human brotherhood and no enthu-

siasm for meeting human need may have a technical skill in judging these things which is of high worth. But after all, everything there seen has its deepest significance when viewed as expressing life and longing, the needs and resources of men akin to ourselves by ties that unite us across oceans and centuries. The teeming life found there now is profoundly human, and its sordid, pathetic calmness of decay only interprets and deepens the wonder of that vast array of ancient achievement to which the remains there found bear witness.

Renan, man of letters and critic that he was, perceived this when he journeyed through Mediterranean countries. "Would you believe it?" he writes, "I am completely changed. I am no longer French; I am no longer critic; I am unworthy of the rôle; I have no longer any opinions; I know not what to say about all this." Then his genius flames out in a splendid passage, showing that all there seen is a part of the life of the people, an expression of deepest human interests — "interests which are as real as any other of the needs of nature."

And Thackeray closes an account of a scene observed by him amid Mediterranean people with these words: "The Maker has linked together the whole race of man with the chain of love. I like to think that there is no man but has had kindly feelings for some other, and he for his neighbor, until we bind together the whole family of Adam."

I believe that the reader of this book will find in it the strong human feeling, the sense of the needs of men and of brotherhood wide as humanity. These will be the workman's marks of "the man who greeted me in the passage with his arms full of mail."

William Allen Knight.

Brighton Parsonage, Boston, Mass.,
September 26, 1910.

PREFACE

THE Call of the Orient once heard is never forgotten; once heeded, it is ever insistent for another and yet another response. To satisfy this cry from the East a world-trip was undertaken some years ago. Two months of the twelve were spent in the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, mostly in Egypt and the Holy Land. It was a personally conducted party, but which of the two members was the conductor has never been satisfactorily settled: each insists that the other was. One regret was ever present: it seemed supremely selfish to see so many strange and interesting sights, to have so many unusual and delightful experiences, and to enjoy to the full every passing moment just for themselves alone. A decision, if not a vow, was registered that if ever again an occasion offered to visit the lands made forever sacred by the earthly presence of the Master of men, that privilege should be shared by as many friends as could be induced to go by their simple story of what they had seen and enjoyed.

Quite unexpectedly their day-dreams in Egypt and Palestine have been realized. The classic Mediterranean has been revisited and old acquaintances renewed and new friendships formed under circumstances of

special interest. For two months or more, in a party containing many clergymen, Bible teachers and students and educators, the study of the peoples bordering upon the Great Sea, with their histories, customs, religions and present-day achievements, was carried on in a methodical manner with the aid of approved scholars, the best literature available, and, what was best of all, it was done in the countries themselves. Surely the Chinese proverb has been verified: "One seeing is better than a thousand people telling you of it," and the seeing was accomplished with the least possible fatigue! The memory of those happy weeks will never perish. And then, separating themselves from the larger party, three members traveled for weeks entirely at leisure. Cathedrals and libraries and museums yielded their best, and friends added charm to the saunterings of the travelers as, care free, they journeyed from city to city where fancy dictated or reason impelled, or halted in fascinating towns and suburbs in Southern Europe, and read and rested and dreamed of those who had lived and loved amid the historic surroundings so delightful and satisfying.

And now that the journey is ended how may one properly present the facts gained and the impressions received without making a new guide-book on the one hand, or, on the other, a diary of experiences, interesting chiefly to those who were his associates on the journey? How can one volume contain it all?

John Bancroft Devins.

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THE CLASSIC MEDITERRANEAN

CHAPTER I

ITS ROMANCE AND HISTORY

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bl[illegible]h 'mid burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray:
"Here and here did England help me—how can I help England?" say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

TO be known as the school of the human race is an honor possible for only one place on earth. Dr. J. S. Howson, an English scholar of renown, has given this distinction to the Mediterranean Sea. Another Englishman, Dr. Samuel Johnson, declares that the grand object of traveling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean, on which have rested the four great empires of the world: the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian and the Roman. He maintains that all of our religion, nearly all of our law, the majority of our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, have come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean.

"Come and make one of my family party; in all your life you will never, probably, have a chance

again to see so much in so short a time. Consider—it is as easy as a journey to Paris and Baden."

With such an invitation William Makepeace Thackeray tells us in his delightful travel story under the title of "The Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," how he joined an excursion to Mediterranean ports in the fall of 1844. In thirty-six hours after accepting the invitation he was ready for his journey, which occupied two months. His experiences along the coast of Spain, at Lisbon and Cadiz, and in the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Alexandria and Cairo, lose nothing from the fact that they were recorded some seventy years ago. Many of them could not be duplicated at the present time; a few of them it would be better not to repeat.

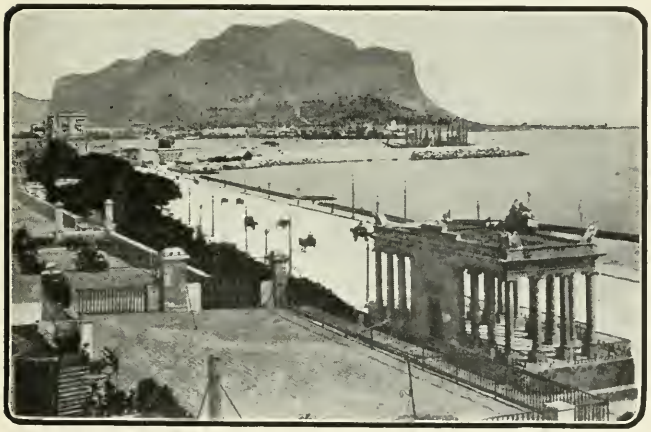
And what is the Sea over which the great English writer sailed so pleasantly in the Forties of the last century, and of which so many of his admirers have delightful memories in the opening decades of the present century? "The Sea within the Land" is the literal meaning of the word Mediterranean. To the Hebrews it was "The Great Sea"; the Romans called it "Our Sea." The prayer of Wordsworth, expressed in a sonnet when Sir Walter Scott went from Abbotsford to Naples, gives it another name:

> "Be true,
> Ye winds of ocean and the Midland Sea,
> Wafting your charge to safe Parthenope."

A modern poet has described the Mediterranean thus:

"O thou great heartless Sea! without a tide
To bless thee with its changing."

One may regard the Mediterranean as Dr. Howson did, "as a picture within a frame," or he may think



VIEW OF THE SEA AT PALERMO

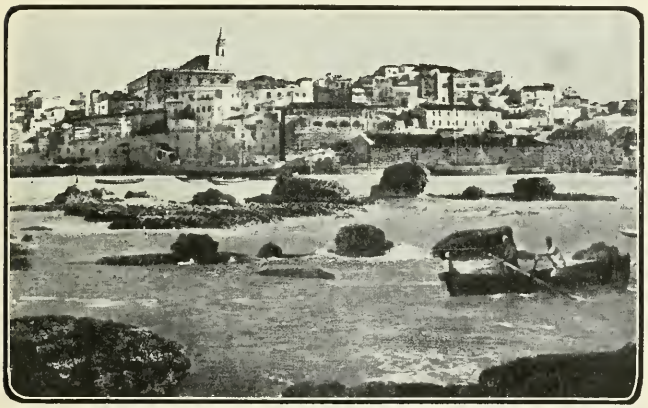
of it as sleeping "through silent centuries in the embrace of three continents." Studying it either as a geographer or historian, he will be well repaid for his efforts. He may people it again with the gods and goddesses of mythology, or see its waves reddening with the terrors of piracy; he will find literature in abundance to reward his search. He may hear again

the swish of galley oars, and behold the crash of ships as Carthage and Greece and Rome measure their strength for the possession of the Sea and its borders; he may follow the fleets of England and France as they meet in death-conflict on the eastern shore of the Sea and hear the wail of the Corsican when he learns that his ships have fallen under Nelson's terrible scourge. Or, turning from mythology and history and bloodshed, he may think of the Mediterranean as the highway between Boston and Constantinople, or London and Bombay, or New York and Shanghai, over which the commerce of nations is carried, and upon which a considerable part of the population of Western Asia and Southern Europe travels on its way to the Americas.

The water of the Mediterranean is very much saltier than either the Atlantic on the west or the Black Sea on the east. It is said that the rainfall over the Mediterranean drainage is thirty inches a year, while the evaporation over the area of the Sea is practically five feet, the evaporation being twice as great as the precipitation. Were there no provision for making good this deficiency, the level of the Mediterranean would sink until its surface was so far contracted as to lose no more by evaporation than would be supplied by rain. This condition would probably not be fulfilled before all of the Ægean and Adriatic and the whole of the western basin west of the island of Sardinia were laid dry, and what is now the Mediterra-

nean would be reduced to two "Dead Seas," one between Sardinia and Naples and the other between Africa and the mouth of the Adriatic.

That the level and the salinity of the Mediterranean remain constant is due to the supply of water which enters at the Straits of Gibraltar. Here there are two



JAFFA HARBOR

currents, the upper one going from the Atlantic and the under one flowing into the ocean. Both are affected by tidal influence, but, after allowing that, there is still a balance of inflow in the upper and of outflow in the under current.

But a body of water is not entitled to be termed great simply because of its extent or its physical peculiarities, and the Mediterranean has many other claims

to fame. One has only to recall the legends of mythology or the tales of Greece and Carthage and Rome and the piracies which have made the history of the Sea memorable, the conflicts of Moors and Christians, and the numerous crusades sailing from Europe to wrest the holy places from the infidels, to know how much of the world's history has been made on and about the Mediterranean. To mention the peoples that have made the Sea famous, one must begin with the Phœnicians on the eastern coast, and think of them as its rulers:

"First of the throng, with enterprising brow,
The keen Phœnician steers his shadowy prow;
To him, sole hierarch of the secret main,
Had hoary Neptune shown his ancient reign,
And told of realms and islands of the blest
Beyond the fabled Pillars of the West;
The Tyrian mother with her boy would stand
On the wet margin of the shell-strewn sand,
Point his ancestral birthright, bid him roam
O'er its wide plains, and call its waves his home;
Till Ocean loved him like a foster child,
And Commerce on the bold adventurer smiled,
As oft she saw his daring sail unfurl
To found a Carthage or explore a world."

During the last half-century the Mediterranean has carried the wealth of the Indies westward, and in return has taken on its way through the Suez Canal to India and China and Japan and Australia the best that Europe and America could produce for those

countries. During the last decade the modern crusader has taken the place of the armored knight of the Middle Ages, and shiploads of the best people of the Occident have gone to the classic shores of Italy and Greece, to Turkey and the Holy Land and Egypt, while other shiploads from Southern Italy and Southern Spain have sailed westward to find their home in the land unknown when the Moors left Granada.

On the shores of the Mediterranean, as Principal Howson has pointed out, the Greek and Latin languages, which have ever since been educators of the highest human intellects, were formed and perfected. These waters carried the ship of Jonah from Joppa, and floated down from Tyre King Hiram's beams of cedarwood. By the seaside on one of these shores St. Peter prayed; on one of these islands St. Paul was wrecked. Across this Sea Ignatius sailed to his martyrdom at Rome; at Hippo, on the Carthaginian shore, Augustine wrote those volumes which have instructed the Christian centuries. That which gives to school its dignity is that it is a little world which prepares for the great world; and that which is the dignity and glory of the Mediterranean is, not merely that it is a majestic expanse of water, but that it was ordained to be the school of the human race.

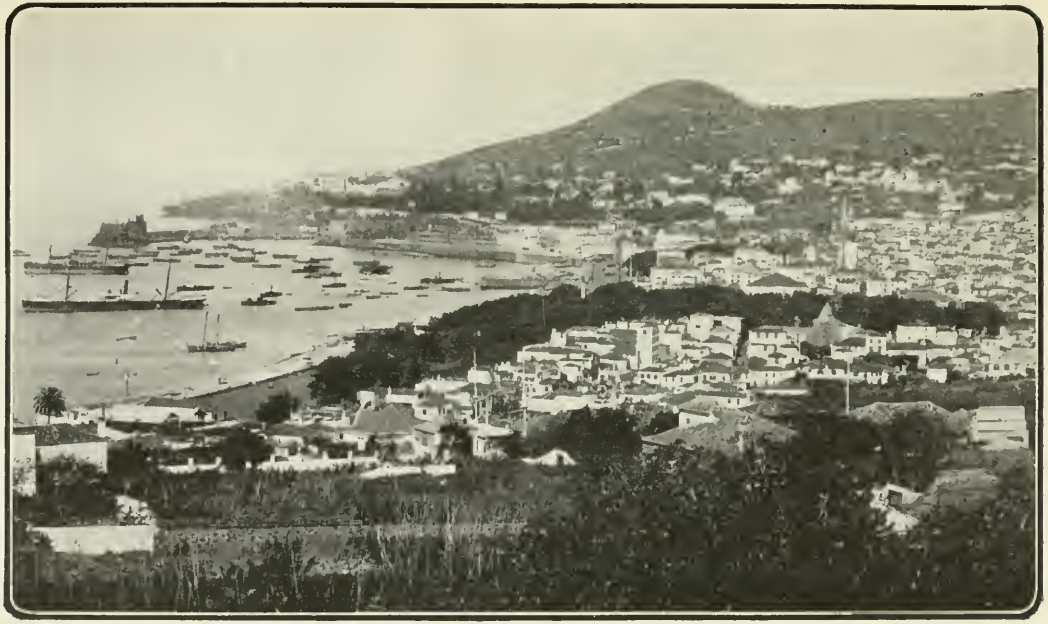
CHAPTER II

MADEIRA AND THE AZORES

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.

—LORD BYRON.

IF one enters the Mediterranean from the west he may vary his route somewhat by stopping at the Azores or Madeira and getting a glimpse of semi-tropical life; if he prolongs his stay in one of these archipelagoes, or better yet plans to visit them both, and includes also the Canaries, he will have a series of experiences which will prove novel and entertaining. A tour around the several islands proves that each has its own charms, customs and individuality. The three archipelagoes are so many tiny worlds, blessed with a mild and benignant climate; most of the islands forming them are still remote from the prosaic, progressive life of England or America, and each one of them possesses new and interesting features which arrest and hold the attention of every traveler.



FUNCHAL, MADEIRA

One may visit with safety the islands at any time of the year, for when blizzards rage in America and the valleys of Europe are deep in snow and ice, the precipices of Madeira, the forests of La Palma, the mountain-peaks of Teneriffe and the irrigated valleys of Grand Canary are bathed in sunshine; and when the heat of summer annoys and oppresses Americans and Europeans alike, the mountain summits of the archipelagoes are at their best. They stand for months together above the clouds in a world of their own, where the exhilarating atmosphere allows of constant exercise under most favorable conditions.

Madeira, the largest of the five islands in the group bearing its name, is about thirty-three miles long and one-third as broad, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand people. It has been called "a neglected paradise," partly because it is off the travel line, but recently it has come into prominence through the Mediterranean tours, and on an average a half-dozen ships a day enter the harbor. Funchal is on the southern side of Madeira, and as the ship sails along the coast for some thirty miles, vineyards, meadow-lands and gardens are seen, adding to the beauty of the landscape. Now and then a waterfall, apparently five hundred to one thousand feet in height, adds to the semi-tropical picture.

Madeira is a province of Portugal and is entitled to send deputies to the Cortes at Lisbon. The administration is in the hands of a Civil Governor, appointed

by the Crown, a military officer and his troops and four chief judges, while minor cases are tried by magistrates selected by the people. Many of the Madeirans hope that America, now that it has the Philippines, much farther from the western coast than Madeira is from the eastern coast, will add their islands also; it is needless to add that there is no immediate prospect of a fulfilment of their dreams.

American travelers are interested in the story that Columbus followed a maiden whom he saw at school in Portugal to her home in Madeira, where they were married in 1473. The father of Meninea Perestrella, the maiden from Funchal, was a mariner, and it is said that Columbus obtained his first taste for a seafaring life by studying his charts and by going with him on trading expeditions. A Biscayan vessel drifted into Funchal and its survivors were cared for by Columbus, but they were so far famished that they did not live long. The pilot bequeathed to Columbus his charts and papers, from which the discoverer of America obtained his first ideas of the existence of unknown lands to the west of Spain. A tablet, bearing the name of the great navigator, may be found on a house near the cathedral.

Eight days out the cruising steamer for Mediterranean ports makes her first stop, entering the beautiful harbor of Funchal, and finds the flag of the Lisbon Government floating over the public buildings. Looking from the ship's deck one sees the dazzling

white walls of Funchal surrounded by vivid green. Some one first coined the epigram which is repeated often by those who visit Madeira: "a diamond set in emeralds." A dozen boats, each with two boys stripped to the waist, come alongside the steamer, and the boys urge tourists to throw silver coins into the water that they may dive for them. New travelers gratify their desire to see the urchins disappear; sometimes two dive from different boats. What happens when they are out of sight no one knows, but there is no appearance of bloodshed when they reappear, and in every case the coin is secured before it touches the bottom of the harbor.

In the center of Funchal is the Governor's Palace, and over the door of the courtyard is the date of its completion—1638. The building is a huge pile of masonry without a window on the inner walls. The outer walls are bare plaster and stained by their nearly three centuries of existence. The Public Gardens near the Governor's Palace are extremely beautiful, and the trees are properly labelled for those who can read botanical Latin.

Travel in Madeira is not without its interesting features, although there is neither trolley nor elevated roads nor subway trains; now and then an automobile is seen, but not greatly patronized, as visitors prefer the wicker sledges or carros which are drawn by teams of oxen. The bullocks, with their long horns through which leather thongs are thrust, have the novel experi-

ence of having two drivers—one pulling and one prodding. Now and then one of the drivers stops to grease the runners of the sledges that glide over the tops of the cobbles, which glisten like street-car rails. Other forms of travel in Madeira are hammocks swung by a pole to the shoulders of the carriers, tram-cars drawn by three horses each, a funicular railway which carries one up the mountain-side, and finally a journey down two miles from the top of the mountain in sledges piloted by natives who push or ride according to the condition of the road at various places.

TOBOGGAN SLIDE, FUNCHAL

The conductors of these peculiar vehicles seem exhausted every time they pass a wine shop, and while not able to speak the language of their passengers, they make it very plain that nothing but a glass of wine for each attendant will enable the party to reach

the bottom of the hill in safety. One gets plenty of thrills coasting down the hill, especially when the way crooks in and out between vineyard walls, or he suddenly emerges from a gorge and finds himself overlooking miles of land and sea. The average speed of the descent is twenty miles an hour, but in places the sledges go down so rapidly that even the conductors cannot keep pace, and, looking behind, one sees them standing on the runners. When the end of the journey is reached and the men have received their money, one of them puts the sledge on his head and carries it up the steep incline down which it has just come. As many of these sledges seat three persons, one can form an opinion of the weight, and of the difficulty which the bearers have in climbing certain parts of the hill. For this labor the sledge-men receive from the company twenty cents a day; it is little wonder that they seek gratuities from generous passengers!

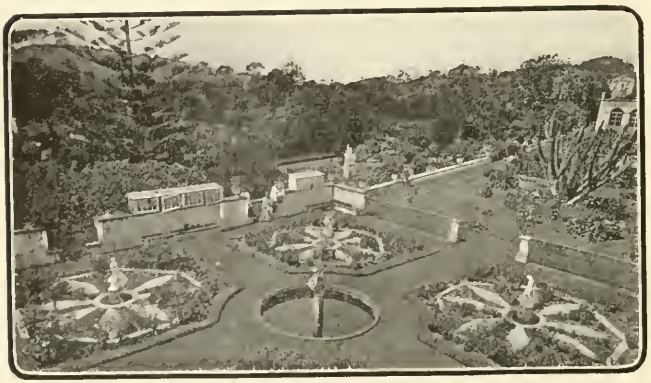
An interesting street in Funchal runs along the shore of the bay to the ancient fortress four centuries old, and now dismantled, which is carved out of solid rock. The fortress, standing on a crag, is connected with the shore by a long breakwater, and its dungeons, with their unwritten stories, are visited with a bit of horror. Above the two hundred and fifty feet of perpendicular rock is the Casino, or Strangers' Club, as it is called.

A ball in honor of the various cruises which stop at

Funchal is given at the Casino, which becomes a veritable fairyland when illuminated at night. Experienced travelers declare that nothing more brilliant or more fascinating can be seen on the journey. Thousands of fairy lamps—many thousands of them—small glasses containing olive oil and a little taper which floats on the oil, are hung on the trees. With their varied hues and artistic arrangement they present a picture which does not soon fade from memory. So near the Casino do the ships anchor that the few people who do not attend the entertainments can see the illumination from the decks. The ladies in the ballroom surpass in brilliancy the decorations about the grounds. This does not mean that every lady is equally well dressed, but that is a delicate subject for a masculine mind to dwell upon. It is fair to add, however, that overdressing or other eccentricity in gowns is exceedingly rare; so rare, in fact, that those guilty of the excess are especially noticeable.

In the room adjoining the ballroom are two tables, around which people sit and on which money is scattered from time to time. Midway on the tables is a depression with a wheel attached, which one of the men, apparently the president of a bank in Funchal, judging by the term used, whirls and then slips a marble into the depression. When its momentum ceases the marble drops into the center of the depression, and the banker calls out some number like "seven" or "twenty-seven." Then he thrusts out

a miniature garden rake and pulls all of the money toward him; once in a while he leaves a quarter or a half-dollar or a corresponding piece of money on the table and pushes back other quarters or half-dollars toward one or another of his depositors. It seems to a casual observer that his deposits exceed his disbursements; probably this is true in American as well as



A GARDEN IN PONTA DELGADA

Madeiran banks; or they could not pay a satisfactory interest to their customers.

The native needlework in Funchal is exceptionally fine, and ladies from the ships carry away some dainty creation showing the deft skill of the workers. Among the points of interest in and about the city are the Cathedral and the Church of Nossa Senhora do Monte (Our Lady of the Mount), the latter almost two thou-

sand feet above the city, and undoubtedly the most beautiful spot around Funchal, if any locality may be thus singled out in a region of such abounding beauty and sub-tropical luxuriance. The "Praza," or Public Gardens, and the private gardens along the Rue Bella Vista and in the suburbs, invite a visit, while many excursions in and around the city can be taken in an automobile or on ox-sledges.

The rooms of the Methodist Episcopal Mission are near the Public Gardens. Bishop Hartzell personally assumed the financial responsibility of superintending and enlarging the work, in 1898, which the Rev. and Mrs. William G. Smart, and those associated with them, had been carrying forward for nearly twenty years. That work includes a Home in Funchal for missionaries of all churches and other Christian people, mission work among the Portuguese of the island, a Sailors' Rest on the shore, and religious work on ships in the harbor. Mr. and Mrs. Smart are aided by the Rev. G. B. Nind and his wife and other assistants, American and Portuguese. The British and Foreign Sailors' Society of London and the American Seamen's Friend Society of New York approve this work and contribute annually to aid these faithful laborers among the sailors who enter this wonderful harbor in the East.

Life in Funchal for the rich is one of ease and idleness. The residents, who for the most part live in their "quintas," closed-in gardens in the mountains,

travel in bullock-carts and hammocks to and from the city. Those who can afford to take their breakfast in bed rise at eleven, stroll in the gardens, and in the afternoons ride into town and play cards. In the Casino there is a daily concert and a nightly ball.

Americans who fall under the sway of the "quinta" life declare that it is ideal—a lotus-eating dalliance in a Garden of Eden.

When Colonel Roosevelt started for Africa on his hunting expedition in 1909, the first stop was at Ponta Delgada on St. Michael's Island in the Azores. This island is the largest and most attractive in the archipelago. Bicycles and motor-cars are used here more than on some other islands. The nature of the climate—neither winter nor summer—has led to a curious method of storing maize, which is left in the cob and hung to a pyramidal structure of laths; such an erection is found in the yard of nearly every cottage passed along the road.

What greatly impresses the visitor at every island, and especially at Ponta Delgada, are the gardens attached to the imposing palaces of the nobility. One of these gardens contains a collection of several thousand different species of trees and is most admirably laid out. In the adjoining gardens are palms which have attained unusual dimensions. One garden near the pier is chiefly admirable for its most lovely arrangement of rockeries and tree-ferns.

Many of the women of the Azores wear a falling

cloak of black or dark blue material which completely conceals the figure, surmounted by a monstrous hood, both fashioned on vigorous and definite lines, as is usually the case with any local costume; the hood is puffed out by strips of whalebone in such a way that the face of the wearer is scarcely visible to the passer-by. This cloak is called the capote é capello, and is said to be of remote Flemish or Algarve origin and is jealously retained by what may be described as the Azorean middle class. The people of the Azores are quiet, honest and industrious.

NATIVE COSTUME, AZORE ISLANDS

CHAPTER III

GIBRALTAR AND TANGIER

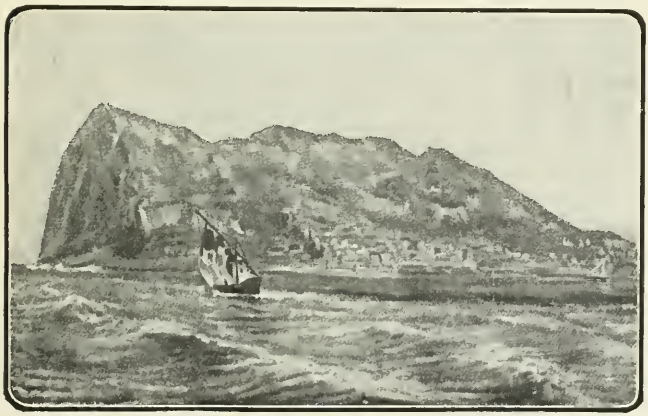
SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride in still water and the calm
Of a sweet evening, screened by either shore
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
Our exile is accomplished. Once again
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.
Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules
And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this door
England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,
And, at the summons of the rock guns' roar,
To see her red-coats marching from the hill!

—WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT.

STANDING at the western entrance to the Mediterranean, Gibraltar, the world-famed promontory, has well been termed "unique in position, in picturesqueness and in history." Another triple title which it bears is "a fortress, a colony and a prison." Gibraltar is not large geographically—perhaps two miles in extent north and south, and less than a mile east and west. It has three summits, two of them being about fourteen hundred feet high—about the same altitude, by the way, as Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks. Appearing in the distance like a crouching lion, Gibraltar advertises by its physical appearance

that it is the property of Great Britain. Rising abruptly out of the sea, a few miles from the strait bearing its name, the Rock forms an interesting picture with the Sierra Nevadas in the background.

The history of Gibraltar dates back to the Phœnicians; later it was in the hands of the Romans, the



ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

Goths and Vandals and Moors succeeding in holding it. Ferdinand IV, after fourteen sieges, captured Gibraltar in 1309, but it was lost again after twenty-two years and not regained by Spain until 1462, when the Moors were in temporary possession. It was said that Queen Isabella took her seat outside the fortress, vowing that she would not leave it until the Spanish flag should float over the citadel. The gallant Moor-

ish Governor saved her Majesty from death by politely raising the Spanish flag for a moment.

For eight centuries the Rock of Gibraltar was the prize of war between Spaniard and Moor. Its very name under British rule attests the story of the Moorish invasion, Gibraltar being merely Gebel-al-Tarik, the Mountain of Tarik the Moor, who first took possession of it, and planted the Crescent on this one of the Pillars of Hercules. Ten times the Cross and Crescent floated alternately from its highest peak; never was Christian or Moor in undisputed possession of what both considered the pearl of great price until 1598, when the Moor departed for the last time from Spanish soil. For more than a century after that date Spain was master of the situation, but she had soon after that to meet a foe, like herself, bearing the Cross as one of its chief banners. In order to determine which of the two claimants for the throne of Spain should be seated, half of Europe became involved in the War of the Spanish Succession. In this contest England took a hand and sent a squadron into the Mediterranean. Accomplishing little from his cruise, Admiral George Rooke decided to capture at least enough territory for a landing-place for the Austrian pretender to the Spanish throne, whom England was supporting. Not long afterward the Archduke was received at Gibraltar as the lawful sovereign of Spain and proclaimed King by the title of Charles III. Failing finally to receive the throne, he could not

retain Gibraltar, and having secured the Rock as one of the accidents of war, England decided to keep it.

In 1775, when Great Britain was having some slight controversy with her colonies across the Atlantic, she placed George A. Elliott in command of the fortress of Gibraltar. At that time Lieutenant-General, he was entrusted with a charge which stirred his Scotch nature to its foundations: with his "heart of oak and frame of iron" he faced the combined enemy from Spain and France, endured sieges, repulsed invaders and became Lord Heathfield, Baron Gibraltar. The Great Siege began on June 21, 1779, when Spain severed all communication with Gibraltar.

The plan of Spain in her latest and last attempt to recapture Gibraltar was to cut off all the supplies from the garrison both by land and sea; a blockade sounds less barbarous than starvation, and then the latter is not necessary, for surrender is always possible. With a force of ten thousand men in a few weeks Spain had drawn a line across the Neutral Ground which separates the Rock from the mainland. Access to the garrison from the land was now impossible; only the sea needed guarding. A large Spanish fleet in the bay undertook that task, but it was unable to make the blockade absolute. Meat became so scarce that the hind quarter of an Algerian sheep, with the head and tail, was sold for seven pounds and ten shillings, and an English milch cow for fifty guineas. Bread was needed as well as meat, and biscuit crumbs

sold for a shilling a pound. Flour formerly used to powder the hair of soldiers when mounting guard was now turned into food.

The rations of the soldiers were reduced, the Governor sharing in the privations and returning a present of fruit, vegetables and game sent by the commander of the besieging forces. His letter reveals the stuff of which he was made. While acknowledging politely the courtesy, "Old Elliott," as he was familiarly called, begged the commander not to repeat it, as he had a fixed resolution "never to receive or procure by any means whatever any provisions or other commodity for his own private use." He added a sentence which doubtless led the Spanish officer to realize that he had as the leader of the English forces a foeman worthy of his steel. "I make it a point of honor," he said, "to partake both of plenty and scarcity in common with the lowest of my brave fellow-soldiers." For eight days at one time he lived on four ounces of rice a day. His food was mainly vegetables and his drink water. He neither ate animal food nor drank wine. He never slept more than four hours at a time, so that he was up earlier and later than other men. Severe exercise with short diet became habitual to the brave men who followed the example of the Governor.

On September 12, 1782, there sailed into the Bay of Gibraltar thirty-nine ships from Spain and France, raising the number in service to fifty-nine battleships and many smaller vessels; a land force of forty thou-

sand men supported the fleet. What a combination to attack ninety-six pieces of artillery and seven thousand soldiers and sailors! Believing that his ships were shot-proof and shell-proof the Spanish Admiral was not careful about keeping at long range, but advanced near shore ready to land his men as soon as the fortress guns had been silenced.

Soon four hundred guns were firing upon the town. The English replied, but without much effect. One resource remained, and this Elliott tried—the use of hot shot. Upward of one hundred balls were heated in an hour and a quarter and rolled into the cannon's mouth and almost instantly hurled at the ships of the fleet; and this was kept up during the day. The French engineer had foreseen this emergency, and kept the pumps pouring water into the layers of sand where the balls lay harmless. Late in the afternoon the Admiral's ship was seen to be on fire. This was the beginning of the end. As night drew on the fires began to spread, and powder magazines were flooded to prevent explosions. By midnight nine of the ten battleships were in flames. When it was found that the ships could not be saved, consternation seized the crews and disorder prevailed as sailors and gunners threw themselves into the sea, preferring death by drowning to being burned alive.

While the day was won by the English, the battle was not ended yet. The men who had caused the defeat of the enemy were men as well as soldiers, and

at imminent peril they clambered aboard the burning ships and rescued officers and men alike and drew hundreds of Spaniards into their boats from the sea. The victory was won, but peace was not assured until months afterward, when a British frigate sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar bearing the word that America had won her independence, and that England, France and Spain had signed a treaty of peace—but England kept the Rock!

To-day as one walks through the streets of Gibraltar, or rides over the waters of the bay, he wonders whether the Great Siege could really have taken place there. He wonders also whether with the new methods of warfare even the hundred-ton guns on the summit and concealed by shrubbery could protect the garrison if another great military Power or a union of Powers should really decide to try to take it from Great Britain. Whether or not the Rock should be maintained as a British fortress may be an academic question, but woe to that nation which attempts to rob England of this fortress and the splendid harbor which is said to have cost twenty million dollars!

When Gibraltar is reached by travelers, bargain-hunting begins in earnest. All the ladies, and some gentlemen, know what ought to be secured, and apparently the shopkeepers also know what the visitors want, and still more to the point, the guides and the cab-drivers surmise their need and where they can best be satisfied. Why one lace or shawl or brass shop—

and, in the case of men, tobacco or wine shop—should be preferred to a score of others is best known to the thoughtful and confiding guide on foot or on the cab-box. In every case the choice is said to be in the interest of the customer, with such explanations as these:

"These goods are better than any others in town." "You get the best value for your money at this shop." "This man pays lower rent than his rivals, therefore he is able to take a smaller profit than they." "This man is master and servant, and he is personally interested in being advertised by his well-pleased customers, who will recommend him to their friends who will come here next year."

The closing of the gates of the city at sundown is a formidable affair. An officer and two red-coats, the former bearing the keys to the gates and the latter guarding them, perform this mission. Spanish cabs are not allowed to enter the main part of the city: they are all of one pattern both in style and color, so as to be easily recognized should their owners dare to break the rules, and they are obliged to be outside the gates before half-past six under penalty of a heavy fine. A stream of people, suggesting a street leading to a subway station in New York or Boston after the shops are closed, is passed as one drives out across the Neutral Ground to the Spanish territory from which he gets the eastern view of the Rock which Spanish soldiers once scaled in their endeavor to dislodge the English garrison.

Three hours across the sea from Gibraltar, on the African coast, lies Tangier, the representative city of Morocco, which is an empire in common with other parts of Northern Africa and follows the course of history in which Phœnicians, Romans, Goths and Moslems have played their parts. To-day, with England dominating Egypt and the Soudan, France is having the upper hand in Morocco. Germany does not like this arrangement, and there may be a change in the not distant future.

The markets of Tangier form the center of life for the town. They are little more than great bare open places covered with stones and lined with bazaars. Thousands of people, shrouded figures, sell herbs and eggs and everything else that is eatable, from dates to mutton. It is a picturesque sight, with the sun trickling through the palm-leaf mats overhead on the piles of yellow melons, and with throngs of camels busy with their grain, and dancing men and snake-charmers and story-tellers clamoring on every side.

CHAPTER IV

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA

AND there the Alhambra still recalls
Aladdin's palace of delight:
"Allah il Allah!" through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls,
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
The hills with snow are white.

Ah, yes; the hills are white with snow,
And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond-trees.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, in "CASTLES IN SPAIN."

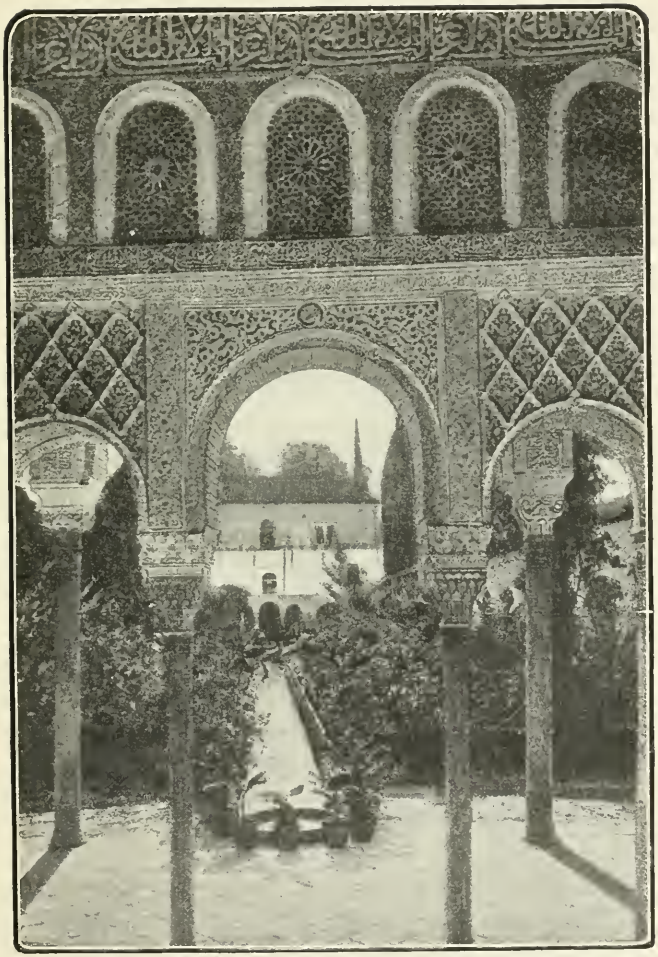
THE traveler in the Mediterranean who wishes to visit Granada in Spain and study at first hand the palace and fortress constructed by the Moors, and immortalized by Washington Irving, may do so from Gibraltar. It is a ride of ten hours, and one may go and return directly, or include Cadiz and Seville in the journey. In either case he stops at Bobadilla for luncheon and traverses the La Vega de Granada in the afternoon, the train crossing viaducts and rushing through tunnels, furnishing views of rivers and mountains which cause constant exclamations of delight and surprise. One who has thought of the country as poverty-stricken, gains here an idea of the possibilities

of Spain as he passes fertile farms and extensive olive-groves. Since it is possible to accomplish so much with the antiquated methods of farming which are everywhere apparent, what would not the substitution of modern farming do for Spain!

An hour or more from the place where the Spaniards expelled the Moors from Southern Europe a long stretch of the Sierra Nevadas, or "the Snow Mountains," is seen. The afternoon glow rests on the mountain-peaks, and the remark is frequently heard, "This view is worth the entire cost of our journey."

As in the Moorish States, the downfall of Granada was caused by internal factions, and finally the Catholic kings used these dissensions to further the great aim of their lives—the expulsion of the last Moor from Spanish soil. They entered Granada on January 2, 1492, the year of the discovery of America. The unheroic end of Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, has been enshrined in legend. As he was crossing the Sierra Nevadas he turned on the spot now called "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro" for a last look at the fair city which he had lost. Tears filled his eyes as he gazed, but his stern and resolute mother, Aisha, taunted him with the words: "Weep not like a woman for what you could not defend like a man."

The taking of Granada by the Christians was the subject of great rejoicing throughout Christendom, and a special *Te Deum* was sung at St. Paul's, London, by the order of Henry VII.



THE GENERALIFFE NEAR THE ALHAMBRA

"There was crying in Granada when the sun was
going down;
Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun.
Here passed away the Koran, therein the Cross was
borne,
And here was heard the Christian bell, and there the
Moorish horn."

The city of Granada, which is the capital of the province of that name, as it was of the Moorish kingdom, contains sixty or seventy thousand people and is for the most part level. The one exception is the hill upon which stands the Alhambra. From the summit of this hill one may see for many miles in every direction. Here it was that the army of Ferdinand and Isabella triumphed over the Moslems. In Granada Columbus received the commission which enabled him to start on his voyage of discovery resulting in the finding of the new continent. If the Alhambra were not in Granada, one would wish to visit the city to see the famous Cathedral, in the Royal Chapel of which lie the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Carthusian Convent, built by the monks in the sixteenth century, is also worthy of a visit.

Granada is a city of antiquity, but that part of it through which one drives from the station to the Alhambra is modern. Many of the buildings have been erected within the last one or two decades, and a new hotel, one of the best in Spain, was opened in 1910 with every modern convenience, including lifts

similar to the elevators used in private houses in New York. The city is situated at the base of two mountain spurs, which ascend gradually from west to east toward the Cerra del Sol. Some travelers speak of the city as it is now as a "living ruin"; some people

THE ALHAMBRA

see only slums in a great city. It is ever true that men, as a class, see what they are looking for!

> "Two men looked out through prison bars;
> One man saw mud, the other stars."

But men go to Granada to see the Alhambra, which "charms, fascinates, interests and repays every traveler who visits that part of Andalusia." The Moors began to build the Alhambra in 1248; the Arabic

word which gives the name to this combination of fortified castle, palace and summer resort signifies "red," the color of the bricks that form its exterior. The plot on which the group of buildings is placed covers twenty-six acres. The palace occupies only a part of the fortress which crowns the crest of a lofty hill overlooking the city and forming a spur of the Sierra Nevadas. As Washington Irving is responsible, by his visit to Spain more than eighty years ago, for that of many thousands of his countrymen, may we stand with him for a moment and see the Alhambra through his eyes?

"I picture to myself," says the genial Knickerbocker, "the scene when this palace was filled with the conquering host—that mixture of mitered prelate and shorn monk and steel-clad knight and silken courtier; when crosses and crosiers and religious standards were mingled with proud armorial ensigns and the banners of the haughty chiefs of Spain, and flaunted in triumph through these Moslem halls. I picture to myself Columbus, the future discoverer of the world, taking his stand in a remote corner, the humble and neglected spectator of the pageant. I see in imagination the Catholic sovereigns prostrating themselves before the altar and pouring forth thanks for their victory, while the vaults resound with sacred minstrelsy and the deep-toned *Te Deum*. . . . The transient illusion is over; the pageant melts from the fancy; monarch, priest and warrior return into oblivion with the poor

Moslems over whom they exulted. The hall of their triumph is waste and desolate. The bat flits about its twilight vaults, and the owl hoots from the neighboring tower of Comares."

STREET SCENE IN GRANADA

After a ride to the old Monastery on the mountain-side and through old Granada, one may make a careful inspection of the splendid Cathedral built by Ferdinand and Isabella to commemorate the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. He may walk through the grounds of the Generaliffe, the summer palace of the last Moorish king and the home of Ferdinand and Isabella. This beautiful structure, overlooking the city and the Alhambra, with its spacious grounds, is owned by an Italian gentleman, a descendant of Queen Isabella. The place is, as its

name indicates, a veritable "Garden of Allah." Cypress-trees and orange-trees line the walks between which reposes a fountain in the midst of a miniature lake.

If one's thoughts wander from the Moors who erected this wonderful group of buildings, and the Christians who later occupied them, to Washington Irving who has recreated them, it must be charged to the power of the immortal genius who gave the English-speaking world "The Alhambra." Americans are as anxious to step in the room which he occupied when he was repeopling these halls and courts as if they were real hero-worshipers—as perhaps some of them are. The courts and baths and halls, and the church, formerly a mosque, with their architecture and color wholly Moorish, with here and there a dash of Spanish, mainly used in restoration—may one share his inability to do justice to the occasion with another American traveler?

"This morning," says Mr. Longfellow, "I visited the Alhambra, an enchanted palace, whose exquisite beauty baffles the power of language to describe. Its outlines may be drawn, its halls and galleries, its courtyards and its fountains numbered; but what skilful limner shall portray in words its curious architecture, its grotesque ornaments, the quaint devices, the rich tracery of the walls, the ceilings inlaid with pearl and tortoise-shell? What language shall paint the magic hues of light and shade, the shimmer of the

sunbeam as it falls upon the marble pavement, and the brilliant panels inlaid with many-colored stones?"

A single court may be described at a venture, however, as a faint illustration of what one may see in this truly enchanted palace, begun perhaps a thousand years ago. The Court of Lions, one of the most striking features of the palace, gets its name from the fact that twelve stone lions bear the large fountain basin in the center. The designer of this court was the Moor Aben Cencid. It was begun in 1377, in the reign of Mohammed V. The court, which is ninety-two feet long and fifty-two feet broad, is surrounded by an arcade with stilted arches. At each end the arcade juts out in the form of a graceful pavilion, surmounted by a charming wooden roof in the form appropriately known as the "half-orange." There are in all one hundred and twenty-four columns, standing either singly or in pairs or in groups of three (at the corners). The walls they bear are only of wood and plaster, but the exquisite fretwork decoration in the latter looks as if carved in ivory. The court originally contained half a dozen orange-trees, but it is now floored with slabs of marble, while the arcades are paved with blue and white tiles.

"Unhappy he who lost all this!" was the sage exclamation of Charles V. when looking upon the Alhambra in 1526.

Seville, on the banks of the Guadalquiver, is one of the most charming cities in Spain. Its dry, salubrious

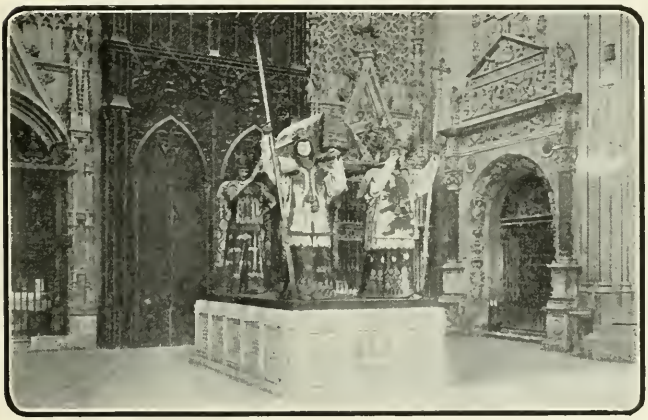
climate has been compared to that of Cairo, and there is never a day in the year when the sun does not shine. Seville is remarkable for its abundant remains of the wealth and power of the Mohammedans, who ruled in the city for nearly 550 years. It has given birth

GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE

to three Roman Emperors, Hadrian, Trajan and Theodosius; to the immortal Magellan, and to two great painters, Murillo and Velasquez. The Alcazar, or House of Cæsar, was the residence of the Moorish and Catholic kings, and is one of the most interesting and remarkable buildings in Seville. The gem in this glorious building is the "Hall of Ambassadors,"

literally from marble floor to crystal and mother-of-pearl-lined roof one blaze of iris hues. The garden is most beautiful. The walls, fountains and kiosks are of Moorish origin, and every sovereign from Cæsar downward has left his mark in this delightful spot.

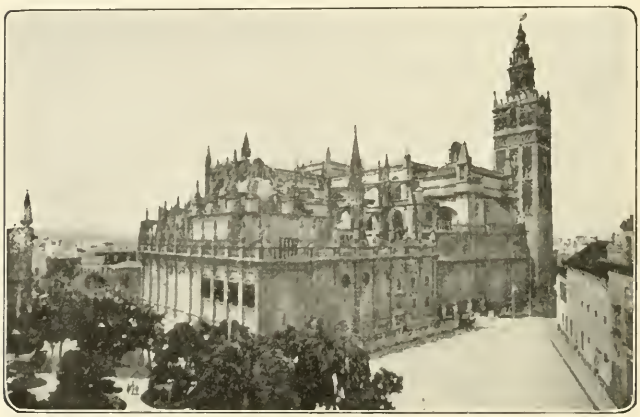
The Cathedral is one of the most magnificent in



TOMB OF COLUMBUS IN THE SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

Europe. It is Gothic in style, constructed of white granite and supported by sixty-eight immense columns. Among the paintings of Murillo and other artists in the Cathedral is the celebrated picture of Saint Anthony looking up at a company of angels in one of his dreams. The saint was cut from the picture some years ago and sold in New York for a high price. When the theft was discovered the purchaser

sent it back as a present to the Cathedral authorities, and it was replaced in the canvas where it may be seen. At the end of the center aisle of the Cathedral is the Royal Chapel where the Royal Family formerly worshiped and where lie the remains of the conqueror of Spain, Ferdinand III., and his wife Beatrice. At



SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

one side of the center aisle is the great sarcophagus containing the body of Columbus which was taken from Havana at the end of the Spanish-American War.

Americans feel at home when nearing the Cathedral, for attached to it is an immense tower known as "La Giralda," which Stanford White copied when drawing his plans for the Madison Square Garden in

New York. From the top of the tower one can see the entire city and the river upon which it lies. In the belfry are twenty-four bells which require forty-two persons to ring them. But it is seldom that they are all rung at once. Erected in 1196 by the Moors as an observatory—the first in Europe—the fate of the Giralda was not a little characteristic: after the expulsion of the Moors it was turned into a bell tower, the Spaniards being ignorant of its real purpose.

Cadiz is built at the extremity of a long and narrow peninsula. Its shape has been compared to that of a frying-pan. The city is surrounded by massive walls. Its houses are overhung by picturesque balconies, and many of the streets are so narrow that friends can shake hands over the carriages that are picking their way with difficulty underneath. The Convent of the Capuchin Friars has above the main altar of the church the last picture which Murillo painted, representing the Marriage of Santa Catalina. After he had placed the picture the artist climbed a small ladder to apply the last touches to his great work. One foot slipped and he fell, dying soon after from the injuries received.

Cadiz is said to be the Tarshish of Scripture, and if so, it was for this city that Jonah started when he paid his fare at Jaffa. Ten miles from the landing-place is the old town of La Rabida, the temporary stopping-place of Christopher Columbus while waiting for his commission in 1492.

CHAPTER V

ALGIERS AND MALTA

Now, one morn, land appeared—a speck
Dim, trembling, betwixt sea and sky.
"Avoid it!" cried our pilot, "check
The shout—restrain the eager eye!"
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, but though a rock, drew nigh;
So we broke the cedar poles away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every deck!
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbor thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.

—Robert Browning.

THE Arab proverb may not be strictly true that "Algiers is a diamond set in an emerald frame," but what is a cruise without poetry, and what form of poetry could surpass this proverb? The palms and vineyards and orange-groves that abound around this, the largest city in the province of Algeria, make it a veritable "Garden of the Gods."

A carriage-drive of three hours around the city, with occasional stops at palaces and gardens and museums, through narrow streets and out on the hill-side, with its beautiful view of the Mediterranean, is one not soon to be forgotten. A visit to one of the leading mosques and a stroll through the Arab quar-

ter, through alleys so narrow that when a donkey and a man met each other the more gentle of the two would back down to the nearest doorway and let the other pass, is a novel experience. The streets and shops are full of men and boys, and an occasional woman closely veiled is seen, but the city is predominated, so far as the streets are concerned, by men.

In his "Fantasy of Mediterranean Travel," S. G. Bayne has given this view of the inhabitants of Algiers, in most of which sentiments all travelers can heartily concur: "This people is made up of many breeds. We saw thin, bandy-legged Arabs; fat, burly Turks; ramrod-like Bedouins; Kalougis with a complexion suggesting sole leather; Greeks with frilled petticoats; Romans, of course, with the toga; Kabeles with black hair and wearing a robe with a big gasbag; Moors with the duke's nose and spindle shanks; Mohammedans carrying bannocks with holes in them; and dragomen with 'bakshish' stamped on every department of their anatomy. But beneath the furtive glance and in the wicked eyes you see the cutthroat still lurking, awaiting the first opportunity to embark again in the trade that is close to their hearts, although the only active pirates here now are car-drivers. Every breed has its own outlandish costume, with a large range of startling colors in robes, turbans and slippers, but their shanks are bare, thin and brick red, an easy mark for flies. A considerable percentage of their time is devoted to stamping their feet to shake

off these pests, which somehow do not seem to know they are not wanted and keep the lazy rascals busy, thus preventing them from devoting the entire day to sleep and the worship of Allah. To round out the picture we must not forget the French Zouave Regiment—fine-looking men, with their elaborately frogged jackets, and trousers like big red bags, large enough to make balloons if filled with gas, and the whole topped off with a scarlet 'swagger' fez with a tassel hanging down to the waist."

When the Romans conquered Algeria the country, according to Pliny, was a valuable possession. In the fifth century of the Christian era the Vandals secured the country and the Arabs two hundred years later. For five centuries the princes of Arab blood made the northwestern coast of Africa the dread of every Mediterranean vessel. It is neither poetry nor proverb, but actual truth expressed in simple prose, to say that these pirates were "friends to the sea and enemies to all that sailed thereon." Spain tried her hand. She paid a dear price for her temerity. France sent a fleet, but the chivalry of the empire followed the fate of Spain's brave men and the Knights of Malta who assisted them. The Algerians swept the coast of France with fire and sword, and Louis XIV. laid Algiers in ashes, but still piracy did not cease.

It remained for an American to stop the scourge of the Mediterranean. In June, 1815, Commodore Decatur forced the Dey at Algiers to release all Ameri-

A MOSQUE IN ALGIERS
ST. PAUL'S BAY, MALTA

PLASTER CAST OF GERONIMO

WOMEN IN STREET COSTUME, ALGIERS
MALTA HARBOR

cans held in slavery. It had been customary to demand a ransom of $3,000 for captured Americans. As late as 1812 the United States paid $22,000 in tribute in a single year. When Commodore Decatur appeared in the harbor with the American fleet the Dey, realizing that the city was in danger of destruction, promised to make an exception in the case of America and not exact further tribute, but the wily Algerian asked as a special favor that in order not to lose prestige with other nations he might receive an annual gift of some powder. To this request the Commodore replied:

"If the Dey takes the powder he must take the balls, too."

This was getting too much for his bargain, and American powder has not been exacted since that time.

In the following year, 1816, the English Parliament took steps to make the African States recognize the law of nations, and 12,000 Christian slaves were released. Not long after that Algeria became a French colony. It now boasts of a population of about 5,000,000 people, about 150,000 of whom live in Algiers and its suburbs, and two-thirds of this number are Europeans. When one reaches the harbor he sees the mole of the penon, which was formerly a Spanish fort connected with the mainland by a stone breakwater, which it is said it took 30,000 Christian slaves three years to build.

The palace of Mustapha Pasha is a fine example of

Moorish architecture, and is now used as a public library and museum. In it one sees many fine specimens of tiles and tapestries and statues recovered from ruined cities. One of the most attractive objects of interest is a plaster cast of the Christian martyr Geronimo writhing in death. Writers tell us that he was put alive into a block of concrete, which was afterward built into a wall of a fort. Fifty years later a Spanish writer named Hædo described the martyrdom in a book on Algeria, and while he located the exact place where the concrete block could be found, the story was believed to have little or no foundation. In 1853, when the walls of this particular fort were torn down, the block was found in the exact spot mentioned, and contained a perfect mold of the martyr's face and figure, showing even the cords with which his hands and feet had been bound. By filling the cavity with plaster-of-Paris the model was prepared which is now shown in the museum.

It is of interest to recall that Africa and not Rome gave rise to the development of Western Christianity. Tertullian, in the second century, Cyprian in the third, and Augustine in the fourth, among the stalwart leaders of the early Church, all belonged to Northern Africa, and the oldest Latin translation of the Bible, upon which Jerome founded his Vulgate Version, was made in Africa. The theology which claims Tertullian as its father and Augustine as its crowning glory was born on the southern and not the northern

shore of the Mediterranean. At the Council of Carthage, A. D. 253, Millman tells us that "there were no fewer than eighty-seven bishops present and an equal number of presbyters, and that there were 580 sees between Cyrene and the Atlantic."

Speaking of sees, one is reminded of Bishop Potter's answer to the young lady who was walking with the genial ecclesiastic one Sunday morning at Long Branch. Looking out upon the ocean with a longing glance and wishing at the same time to get spiritual advice upon the problem distressing her soul, she turned to the bishop and said appealingly:

"Bishop, is it wrong to take an ocean bath on Sunday?"

The bishop, remembering that he was in New Jersey and not in New York, replied with dignity:

"My dear child, this is not my see."

While the new town of Algiers is interesting, it resembles Marseilles or Liverpool more than a town on African soil. The French are rapidly transferring the town from Moorish into European style.

It will take a long time, however, to replace the crowded city with one of modern buildings. If the new part is interesting, the old part is unique. One must not be too fastidious, however, as he picks his way through the narrow streets, perhaps brushing a wall on one or both sides with his elbows. It is said that the dirt which chokes the sides of these alleys is to the dirt of Italy as the dirt of Italy is to the dirt of

Whitechapel; but so fascinating are the old shops with their brass work and embroidery that ladies especially forget their fear of typhoid fever and similar diseases while they stand bargaining for rare examples of Algerian work.

The mosques of Algiers are extremely interesting, and entering them one sees the great care taken by the worshipers to appear clean and tidy in their sacred edifice. The walls are devoid of pictures and statues, in striking contrast to the cathedrals in Spain. Cheap rugs lie on the floor which no infidel foot can rest upon until it is covered with a sacred slipper. In the back of the mosque there is a fountain, and before going over the sacred rugs the worshipers bathe their faces, arms, necks and chests, and then wash their feet, waiting for the flesh to dry without the use of towels. Then they pick up their sandals and outer garments, and walking leisurely to one of the pillars, they bow, touching the floor three times with their foreheads, entirely oblivious of the curious. The effect is impressive in the extreme. Every man seems to be in the actual presence of his Maker, and a non-Moslem feels out of place amid such devotion.

Malta has been termed "England's eye in the Mediterranean," and one feels as his ship threads her way through the narrow entrance in the harbor and turning around backs up alongside the splendid breakwater in full view of the overshadowing guns, that the appellation is well deserved. Great Britain is

justly proud of her Mediterranean Squadron, which can reach the harbor of Alexandria or Piræus or enter the Dardanelles at short notice, if "moral pressure" is needed at any place.

The main street of Valetta, the principal city of the island, is lined with fine houses, having little stone-covered balconies which lend a peculiar character to the buildings. The principal places of interest, aside from the Government Palace and the Church of St. John, are the Opera House and the Union Club. On the church the Knights lavished their riches.

The Church of St. John, as the Cathedral is called, is constantly thronged with visitors. This famous edifice was begun in 1573, but its special interest centers about the Knights of Malta, the marble slabs in the nave of the church, placed among the mosaics in the floor, being memorials of the knights and nobles who are buried underneath the coats-of-arms, musical instruments, angels, crowns, palms, skeletons and other singular devices. These were walked on by the curious and thoughtless on their way to see the splendid marble statue in a single piece of "John Baptizing Jesus," back of the high altar or cross, the nave to the chapel at the left containing the great painting of the "Beheading of St. John," by Caravaggio. In the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament there is a silver railing, preserved from the rapacity of Napoleon's soldiers by a priest, who painted it black. In this chapel also, underneath the altar, are the ancient keys

of Jerusalem, Acre and Rhodes, the former residences of the Knights before they came to Malta. The Tapestry Room and the Armory Hall in the Government Palace and a peculiar chapel known as the Chapel of Bones, especially attract visitors. It is said that there are two thousand skulls arranged on the walls and ceiling of this underground structure, not to speak of legs and arms innumerable.

When one is approaching Malta he should refresh his memory on the experiences of Paul, and read again the story of his shipwreck on the way from Jerusalem to Rome. Standing on the shore of St. Paul's Bay a few miles from Valetta one recalls that after the damage wrought by Euroclydon, when the ship which bore Paul toward Rome "could not bear up into the wind," in the expressive English of the Authorized Version, they "let her drive." He sees again with Luke the vision of the angel who assured Paul that Italy and not Malta was his final destination, but that a temporary stop must be made at Malta. He remembers also that two hundred and seventy-six passengers and members of the crew escaped to shore under Paul's direction, some by swimming and some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship. The story of Paul's kindly reception by the people of Malta, though they were "barbarous people," and his apparently miraculous escape from the viper which fastened on his hand, and his remaining on the island three months until the party was picked up by a ship from

Alexandria on its way to Sicily and Italy—all this and more is in the mind and on the lips of every Christian who visits this memorable place.

St. Paul's Tower and the Chapel erected near it, with crude paintings and frescoes illustrating the famous shipwreck, may be seen at this day. A great statue of Paul was erected by the Maltese on Selmoon Island about fifty years ago, and on February 10, the alleged date of the disaster, a great festival is held. At Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of Malta, one may see the Cathedral of St. Paul, built on the supposed site of the residence of Publius, "the chief man of the island, who received us and lodged us three days courteously," according to Luke, and whose father lay ill of fever, whom Paul healed.

CHAPTER VI

GREECE IN SONG AND STORY

THE Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

—LORD BYRON in "THE ISLES OF GREECE."

AS one sails from Malta for Greece he finds himself on the second day in the Ægean Sea, passing here and there a Greek island, and, before the ship turns into the harbor at Piræus, the seaport of Athens, he sees the Straits of Salamis and, further away, the Eleusis, where nearly twenty-four centuries ago, in 480 B. C., Persia was defeated. It is with keen interest that one looks for the Acropolis in Athens, the capital of Greece, and mistakes one of the loftier heights for the hilltop, crowned by one of the greatest buildings in history. Hymettus, Pentelicus, Parnes, Ægina and Salamis are each in turn picked out as the Acropolis, which one finds later is partly obscured by the

buildings in Piræus and the hundreds of masts in the harbor.

Having landed in one of the small boats which crowd around the vessel, one does not wish to hurry away from the harbor around which so much of Grecian history centers. Salamis, not far away, shares with Piræus in the traditions attached to the destruction of the Persian fleet of Xerxes. It was from Piræus that the splendid Sicilian expedition started "with flags flying, pæans sounding, and libations pouring." And it was to this port that the solitary survivor of that ill-fated campaign came back to tell the sorry tale of annihilation. While the large ships for the most part anchor outside the breakwater at Piræus, they are sufficiently near for the traveler to see the Acropolis, a small hill rising two or three hundred feet above the city of Athens, five miles distant. Piræus is connected with Athens by an electric railway, and also by a steam railway running through Corinth to Patras.

The carriage ride from Piræus to Athens is an interesting one, chiefly because the Acropolis, crowned by the Parthenon, is in view practically all of the distance. The newer road running along the beach of New Phalerum is lined with pepper-trees. Soon the carriage passes under the shadow of the Acropolis and enters the busy Place de la Constitution in the heart of Athens. Or taking the electric train at Piræus, a brief ride brings the traveler to the Theseum Station,

THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE

MARS' HILL, WHERE PAUL PREACHED

THE ACROPOLIS

THE CARYATIDES

THE STADIUM

and in a few minutes he is revelling in ruins antedating the Christian era.

The city of Athens is built in a valley bare and unattractive. The rivers Cephissus and Ilissus, which made the plain fertile in the palmy days of Greece, have left their story in the rocky courses, mainly dry, however. During the centuries the city has moved from the south and west, where it was in ante-Christian days, to the north where the present town lies. Like every city, Athens has its tenement district, its business quarter and its residential section. The population is mainly Greek, though Turkish blood mingles with that which marks its descent from Pericles and his contemporaries. Greece, in common with other Mediterranean countries, has contributed largely to the growth of America, but in the return of many of its people, after a few years of absence, it has profited by their experiences and economies in the new world.

Athens presents a clean appearance to the visitor. The streets are not littered; the houses are built of stone and many of them are covered with vines, while flowers fill the gardens. One can linger in Athens for days, strolling through the modern town, but the marvelous monuments of antiquity naturally form the principal attraction, and their beauty is as great as their extent and fame.

The Acropolis is the center of interest, for assembled here are the most glorious monuments of the ancient city, and their remains still stand a wonder of all

time. Two of the finest and best preserved monuments, of the period immediately preceding the Christian era, are the Temple of Theseus and Jupiter Olympus. Other buildings of importance are the Parthenon, the Temple of Victory, the Erechtheum, the Theater of Bacchus and the Porch of Hadrian, while Mars' Hill, without a building of any kind, shares with the Christian visitor the honor shown to the Acropolis with all its famous structures.

Having reached the base of the Acropolis, one gains the summit by passing through the Propylæa, perhaps the most important secular work in ancient Athens. The staircase of marble, seventy feet in width, was built by Pericles four hundred years before the Christian era. Along the steps were arranged statues of wonderful beauty by famous sculptors. Triumphal processions ascended this stairway to present offerings to the gods and to offer sacrifices to Athena.

Passing through the Propylæa, once the great entrance hall and gateway to the Acropolis, one sees on the right a small building with four graceful Ionic columns in front, known as the Temple of the Wingless Victory, erected in honor of Nike, the goddess of victory. The citizens placed in the temple a statue of the goddess with a palm in her hand and holding a wreath of laurel. They omitted from the goddess the customary wings, believing that without wings victory would never depart from Athens.

At the left of the Parthenon stands the Erechtheum,

named after the Attic hero, Erechtheus, which once contained the seated figure of the Goddess Athena. Six large statues of women upholding the cornice of the porch are the Caryatides, possibly the attendants of Athena Polias—four in front and one at each side. One of the figures is a terra-cotta cast of the original, which is now in the British Museum, having been carried to England by Lord Elgin. The marble columns on the other side of the Erechtheum are considered by many the best examples of the Ionic style of architecture.

It is the Parthenon which takes travelers to Athens; representations of the Parthenon in pictures and prints and sculptured miniatures, travelers take away from Athens. It is ever true, as an American poet has said:

> "Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
> As the best gem upon her throne."

Even in its ruins the Parthenon is majestic. Two architects, Ictinus and Calycrites, designed this beautiful structure. The date of its beginning is thought to have been about 454 B. C., and it was dedicated to Athena in 438 B. C. The harmony of its proportions attracts the eye of builders and the lovers of beauty. With eight columns at the ends and seventeen at the sides, its symmetry is practically perfect. It is said that there are no straight lines in the Parthenon, even in the sub-structure, and that one of the charms of the building lies in the subtleness of the curves. The

steps rise in a gentle billow from end to end, the columns bulge infinitesimally in the middle—everywhere the eye rests on the exquisite beauty of a delicate curve. The crowning charm of the Parthenon of old was the sculpture which completed and decorated it. This was put in the gables or pediments and around the outsides at intervals on the frieze or space above the architrave. Color was used freely for details everywhere and traces of it still exist. The background of the frieze was probably dark blue, as also were the panels of the ceilings. The carved marble frieze which, over five hundred feet in length, extended around the building was the work of Phidias and has no rival.

The crowning glory of the Parthenon, as it stood more than twenty-three centuries ago, was the colossal statue of Athena Parthenos, Athena the Virgin, forty feet in height, made under the direction of Phidias. The Caryatides were eight feet in height, while the statue of Athena was equal to five of these gigantic women placed one above the other. Pausanias, the Greek historian, thus describes the statue: "The image itself is made of ivory and gold. Its helmet was surmounted in the middle by the figure of a sphinx and on either side of the helmet are griffins, wrought in relief. The image of Athena stands upright, clad in a garment which reaches to her feet; on her breast is the head of Medusa, wrought in ivory. She holds a Victory about four cubits high in one hand and in the

other hand a sphere, and at her feet lies a shield and near the sphere a serpent." The Victory to which reference is made is an image of the goddess of victory. The Parthenon contains also a treasury in which were deposited the spoils which the Athenians captured from their enemies. The Romans, under Nero, in turn took rare paintings, valuable ornaments and costly bronzes from the Parthenon, while Goths, Normans, Franks, Venetians and Vandals plundered the city, stripping the decorations of gold and silver from columns and walls. The Turks literally took shiploads of marble and bronzes to Constantinople, while England enriched the British Museum with many choice marbles from the Acropolis in order to preserve them, Lord Elgin said. Built as a temple of idolatry, the Parthenon became, under the Romans, a Catholic cathedral, under the Greeks a Christian church, and under the Sultan a Mohammedan mosque.

Almost directly in front of the Acropolis stands a rock elevation of greater interest to the Christian traveler than all the storied buildings of Classic Greece, for on the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill, the great Apostle Paul gave an address, teaching the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, which has no peer in literature. In Corinth, later, as he himself says, he determined to know nothing among the Corinthians except Jesus Christ and Him crucified; in Athens also he preached the resurrection of the dead, though some mocked and others delayed; for nineteen

centuries his sermon on Mars' Hill has been the inspiration of the Church and his example has been followed by countless preachers, who have tried, like Paul, to win men to Christ, rather than force them to accept this or that doctrine of men. It was a real inspiration to stand with a few friends on Mars' Hill and think over again the message to the men of Athens, and hear the messenger from Jerusalem declare that he came to speak to them of the unknown God, to whom, not knowing, they had devoted an altar.

From Mars' Hill to the Stadium, where the Olympic games are held, is a short drive, and many monuments of minor interest are passed. In the Stadium one sees where the Americans won many medals over their competitors from other countries.

An eventful forenoon in Athens was ending with a carriage drive from the Acropolis and Mars' Hill to the Burial Ground when a friend remarked:

"That is the Royal Palace, but apparently no one is received there, for the parties did not stop yesterday when you were in Corinth." By this time the palace, an imposing structure of Pentelic marble, with an Ionic colonnade, was reached.

"Yesterday is gone; let us see what to-day will bring forth."

The sentry saluted the Americans and the door-keeper bade them welcome. The members of the party were shown through the public rooms and then taken up the broad stairway to the second floor, pass-

ing on the way a beautiful painting of "Prometheus Bound" above the landing, and at the top of the stairway a statue of Penelope with her ball of yarn and her distaff, both of which were pointed out with no little pride.

"Would it be possible to see His Majesty for a moment?" asked the writer. The face of the faithful attendant flushed as he replied:

"No! no! That is impossible."

"Perhaps you would carry a letter to His Majesty's aide." After some hesitation, but with the air of one who apparently thought that no harm could be done, since he had given no promise of an audience with the King, he directed the party to accompany him to the public reception-room. There the request was repeated in Greek, and the military aide read the letter. A cordial smile augured well for the errand in question, but many diplomatic objections suggested themselves when the official learned that the audience must take place if at all within the next hour. His Majesty was in conference with the Minister of War at the time and could not be disturbed. At what hotel were the visitors stopping, that an answer might be sent to them? Leaving Greece in two hours, and the King was so busy!

After some delay the interview was arranged.

"Come this way, please."

It was the military aide who was speaking. The Americans started toward the door.

"No, only one—you. You only, and you can have one minute only with His Majesty."

One minute for an interview with the King of Greece! It would take far more than that time to be presented formally and to retire gracefully. One minute! It would take more time than that to don and doff the robe of presentation. What could be said in a minute? What topics would it be safe to discuss? What subjects ought to be avoided? Suppose a break were made, what would be the penalty?—and no one of his nationality, except the friends in the reception-room, knowing where he was, so suddenly and so unpremeditatingly had the suggestion for an interview been made. These and a dozen other questions served to occupy the time between the public hall and the King's apartments, less than a dozen steps away.

Alas for human worries! There was no robe of presentation. There was no formal presentation—in fact, there was no presentation of any kind. The King came to the door of his room and extended his hand to greet the visitor as if he had been a business man rising from his desk to greet an old-time friend.

"I have a letter"—the sentence was never ended.

"I have read your letter, and I am very glad to welcome you to the palace and to Athens."

"May I present the other members of the party?"

"If you wish." The dozen steps were retraced quickly, for there was no Hermes to send. The ruler of Greece and an unknown American were alone. No

perplexing questions disturbed the thoughts through the passage. When the second presentation was made even more cordiality was shown than at first, a hearty greeting and a royal welcome both being accorded. Not much time was allowed for the visitors to ask questions. The King was the interviewer:

"When did you reach Greece?"

"How long are you to stay?"

"How do you like this country?"

"According to press dispatches our climate differs from that of America; do you find it so? You have blizzards and storms of various kinds; we have none in Athens."

"You have seen the Acropolis?"

"How do you like the Stadium?"

In the conversation about the relation of Greece and America and the good-will which exists between the two countries, the King spoke enthusiastically of the administration of President Taft.

From politics in America, upon which the King was well informed, to politics in Europe the conversation drifted, and finally the serious situation between Turkey and Greece over the Cretan delegates was broached.

"You may rest assured that there will be no war between Greece and Turkey."

With that momentous question settled by one of the two monarchs most directly interested, the conversation drifted to lighter affairs. The beautiful portraits

over the King's table were admired and His Majesty was asked whom they represented.

"The central one," he said with a smile, "is that of my wife, the Queen of Greece, taken, however, some years ago. The pictures on the right and left below the Queen are those of my father and mother, the former taken when my father was well advanced in years." Speaking of his wife and mother, the King turned to one of the members of the party and made a remark wholly unexpected from so august a person: "What a pretty hat you have." The color of the bright velvet and the blushing cheeks of the lady blended perfectly, but no response was forthcoming. What answer could one make to such a remark from the King? It is safe to conclude, however, that that particular piece of velvet will be carefully preserved and handed down as an heirloom.

After a few questions about the visit of the Americans to Athens and their further journey through the Orient, the work of the American School in Athens, with its excavations in Corinth and Athens, was discussed with extreme cordiality on the part of the King. He was enthusiastic over the work of Dr. Hill, the director in charge of the excavations.

It is no longer a surprise that the King of Greece holds the love of his people in his great heart, and though far more conservative than many of the leaders of his people, they will restrain their bitter enmity, even against their strongest foe, or follow the stand-

ards of their beloved King against Turkey at the first call to arms. Happy is it for Europe and for the world in general, as well as for Greece and Turkey in particular, that the monarch of this impulsive nation carries himself and leads his people with such moderation and even restraint.

It being impossible to visit all the cities of Greece, Corinth was chosen.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Show but like herbage waving in the mead;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away; the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises—
To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms, was thine; to fix the gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.

—Walter Savage Landor, in "To Corinth."

The ride of sixty miles from Athens to Corinth takes one through the town of Megara, which has become world-renowned for its excellence in rhythmic motion. While all over Greece at Easter-time the people indulge themselves in dancing the Choral dance —men by themselves and women by themselves—the

women at Megara excel. The people look forward to this festival as the peasants of Oberammergau look forward to the Passion Play. At Megara one can see in the east the island of Salamis, while behind and above it is Hymettus. It will be remembered that both Athens and Megara desired to secure possession

ACRO-CORINTH

of Salamis; Megara secured it, but when Solon by his warlike elegies aroused the martial spirit of Athens, Salamis in the sixth century became a part of Athens.

The train stops not at the Corinth of Paul's time but at a new city of that name, where a few thousand people live on the Gulf of Corinth. The old city in ruins is three or four miles from the station, and there one sees the notable work of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. In "Greece Through

the Stereoscope'' Dr. Rufus G. Richardson, for ten years director of that School, tells of his breaking ground at Corinth in 1896 when there was practically no monument of the ancient city above the ground except the venerable Temple ruins pretty well in the background and standing on a hill. Following the description of the principal buildings left by Pausanias, he tells how they tried to find a starting-point. The Temple ruin, the only conspicuous landmark of the ancient city, stood like a sphinx defying the foreigners to read its riddle.

''By patience, perseverance and hope we reached it,'' continued Dr. Richardson. ''We dug over twenty trenches, some of them several hundred feet long, of different depths and in different directions, but all of them starting with the breadth of fifteen feet. They were uniformly carried down to hardpan. We worked with a hundred or more laborers and kept on the whole near to the Temple, which was evidently important. It was getting near the end of our three months' campaign, about the first of June, when we discovered, well buried, under nearly twenty feet of earth, an old Greek theater, on the ruins of which had been built a Roman one. It was one of the most exciting moments of my life when I saw at the bottom of a trench, eighteen feet deep, the much-worn stone block of a flight of steps. There was no more doubt that we had the Temple of Apollo. I should have been well contented with our first campaign if we had simply found the theater; but

we had done ever so much more. We had hit the bull's-eye and settled the whole topography of Corinth."

In the eighteenth chapter of Acts Luke says that Paul reasoned every Sabbath at Corinth while he was in the city and persuaded the Jews and Greeks, and

REMAINS OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT CORINTH

when Silas and Timothy came from Macedonia "Paul was pressed in the spirit, and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ. And when they opposed themselves and blasphemed, he shook his raiment and said unto them, Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean; from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles." In the Museum a tablet is shown which bears an inscription indicating that it was from a Hebrew synagogue, possibly the one in which Paul had preached.

Paul had a hard time in Corinth, but here, as elsewhere, he was sustained by a vision of the Lord that no harm could come to him. What comforting words these must have been: "Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city."

As the traveler drives from Acro-Corinth back to the new city to take the train for Athens, he is grateful for the splendid service which the great Apostle rendered to the cause of Christ, and grateful too that he may have a share in extending His Church, and that he may experience the same assurance that came to Paul if he also is true to Him. He feels that he has been very close to one who was very near and dear to the Master, and he hears anew the exhortation of Paul, "Follow me as I follow Christ."

CHAPTER VII

CONSTANTINOPLE OLD AND NEW

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine:
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl in her bloom:
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can He smile on such deeds as His children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell.

—LORD BYRON.

CONSTANTINOPLE, which lies in the same latitude as New York, Rome and Peking, sits "at the meeting of two seas and two continents like a diamond between sapphires and emeralds." There are three sections to the city, Galata and Pera north of the Golden Horn, which is mainly European; Stamboul, the old city, which is chiefly Turkish; and Scutari, on the Asiatic side, which is also Turkish. The population is about a million and a half—half Turks, a quarter

Greeks, and the rest Armenians, Jews and other Eastern peoples. The city may be reached by express trains from Paris, and by ships from the Black Sea or the Mediterranean.

Approaching the capital from the south through the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, the traveler learns that there the unhappy Helle died, giving this stream its ancient name. There also is where Hero's Tower stood when Leander swam across the mile of swiftly flowing current to meet his beloved Hero, the Priestess of Venus. Such a thing would be impossible now, for Turkey's sentries would check the ardor of the lovesick swain. In view of the care which is taken of ladies traveling without escort, the suggestion occurs that Hero ought to have had a chaperon, as the unattached ladies of modern cruises have.

As one goes up the Sea of Marmora and looks ahead at the city commanding one of the finest sites in the world, he thinks of the lines:

> "the dark blue water
> That swiftly glides and gently swells
> Between the winding Dardanelles."

The sail is thoroughly enjoyed by the people on board, who, with note-books and cameras and by personal interviews, secure impressions which will long remain among the special memories of the trip. Constantinople is reached as the sun is sinking over the European part of the city. Friends from Robert

College and the American School for Girls, on opposite sides of the Bosphorus—the term being equivalent to Oxford — entertain visitors with stories of the wonderful work accomplished by these two insti-

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS

tutions, and regale them with facts about the early history of this interesting city.

The principal sights of Constantinople are the bazaars, mosques, tombs, the Seraglio, the offices of the Sublime Porte, the Museum of the Janissaries and the Cemetery of Scutari. The most important Mosques are those of St. Sophia, Suliman, Ahmed Mohammed II. and Eyoub. The famous bazaars are most characteristic of Oriental life. The numberless little shops

form a great arch-covered labyrinth of streets, passages and crossways, and display a curious and interesting collection of merchandise, gold and silversmith's work, jewels and precious stones, arms and armor, fabrics of every kind, embroideries, spices—every article of Oriental and Occidental production that it is possible to think of. Another great attraction is the famous Imperial Ottoman Museum, one of the most valuable museums in the world.

Constantinople was started on the present site of Scutari, seven centuries before the Christian era, by Dorian Greeks, and was known for a thousand years as Chalcedon. Not long after its foundation, other Greeks from Megara, in 687 B. C., founded Byzantium on the triangle which the Golden Horn forms with the junction of the Bosphorus, and Byzantium it remained until Constantine built a town which he called New Rome. At the end of the sixth century B. C. Byzantium became subject to Persia and was burned in the revolt which took place in the following century. After the battle of Platæa, in 479 B. C., Pausanias recovered the city for Greece. A little more than a century later the Athenians, persuaded by the eloquence of Demosthenes, sent help to Byzantium which aided the city in repelling its besieger, Philip of Macedon.

Constantinople, as the city was soon called in honor of the new founder, was dedicated May 11, 330 A.D., as the capital of a Christian empire. When Constantine chose Byzantium for his new capital he taxed

the world to build up and adorn the city, and Rome herself gave her treasures to those of other cities for this purpose. The city built on European soil and looking over into Asia has been an object of strife for fifteen centuries. Greeks, Persians, Huns, Goths, Arabs, Turks, Franks, Crusaders and Bulgarians have in turn sought this prize. The successive emperors, each in turn, had to defend his capital as well as govern the empire.

Until its capture by the Moslems in 1453 it was the treasure house of Greek learning. It had suffered much from the pillage of the Latins in the thirteenth century, but so much wealth was divided at the Ottomans' conquest two centuries later that a proverb was coined; when a Turk became rich suddenly it would be said of him: "He has been at the sack of Constantinople."

Stamboul, on the north shore of the strait, is occupied principally by Turks, Greeks, Armenians and Jews. In this quarter of the city also are the most celebrated mosques and the great bazaars, to both of which tourists go to see and to learn. Most of the mosques have four minarets, but the Mosque of Ahmed has six, the story being that the sultan who erected it built five minarets, but learning that the mosque at Mecca had five and that no other could have that number, he cut the knot by adding a sixth minaret, which at least made it different from the sacred mosque at Mecca. A yellow building on the Scutari side of the Bosphorus is pointed out as the Military Hospital where Florence Nightingale nursed the soldiers during the Crimean War.

An inlet of the Bosphorus at the left is called the Golden Horn, possibly on account of its shape, though some think that here the treasures of the city were taken across to Stamboul. Over this inlet, about a third of a mile in width, are two bridges across which streams of people pass. Galata contains the business section of the city, while in Pera, on the heights above Galata, are the hotels, modern stores and the several embassies and consulates. The British Embassy covers more space than that owned by the United States, having a chapel in its enclosure, but the house of the American Ambassador has a superior location and is beautifully furnished. The Germans also have a fine site for their Ambassador, but the other countries are not so well represented.

Our first visit in Constantinople was not to the bazaars or the mosques, nor yet to the American Embassy, for we wished first to see that in the Turkish Empire which counted for most not only in that empire but throughout the civilized world. Therefore we inquired our way to the Bible House and the offices of the Bible Society and the American Board, where Dr. Bowen and Dr. Barnum and Dr. Peet told us of the progress which was being made throughout the empire by the work of the Bible colporters and the missionaries of these two great societies. All of these men, as well as others, were extremely hopeful, and with reason apparently, that greater successes awaited the heralds of the Cross in view of the new order resulting from the

change of Sultans. Little was said by them concerning the secular benefits, but they talked freely of the great improvement in matters touching religious work, both in Constantinople and throughout the country.

THE BIBLE HOUSE, CONSTANTINOPLE

From the Bible House, with its delightful glimpse of American life and its cheerful outlook, we drove to the Mosque of St. Sophia, built by Justinian, the Emperor, in the sixth century, when, as Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire, he decided to erect in Constantinople a church that should surpass any Christian structure then existing or any one that might thereafter be erected. The church was dedicated in December,

537 A. D., less than six years after the foundations were laid. At its completion Justinian exclaimed: "I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!"

Over the central door, called the Royal Gate, is a long brass plate on which are engraved a dove and a throne, supporting an open book, on the open pages of which may be read these words:

"The Lord said: I am the door of the sheep; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and go out and find pasture."

The weight of the dome and the semi-domes of the mosque rest on eight great piers. On either side of the nave, which is practically a double square, two hundred and fifty feet east and west and one hundred and ten north and south, are four verde antique monoliths, quarried in Thessaly and presented to the Emperor Justinian by the Prefect Constantine of Ephesus. In each of the four corners are two porphyry columns, eight in all, quarried in Egypt, which once formed part of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek or Palmyra. They were carried to Rome by Aurelian to adorn a temple there, and having come into the possession of a patrician lady, Marcia, they were presented by her to Justinian for the salvation of her soul. The vaulted roofs of the aisles are supported independently of the nave columns by twenty-four smaller columns of green marble. The floor of the church is of marble.

While there are in and about Constantinople at least one hundred mosques, all are copies, more or less modi-

fied, of St. Sophia. The majority of the people are Mohammedans, but the Greeks have their Patriarch, the Bulgarians their Exarch, and the Armenians—Gregorian and Catholic—the Jews and the Protestants,

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

all have their representatives; and to all religious freedom is now freely granted.

Special permission may be secured to visit the Imperial Treasury, in which may be seen a throne of beaten gold and inlaid work adorned with thousands of precious stones captured in 1514 by the Sultan Selim I. from Ismael, the Shah of Persia; a divan of Turkish work, inlaid and encrusted with precious wood and stone, over which hangs the great emerald; the chain

armor of Sultan Murad IV. worn at the capture of Bagdad in 1638; a golden tankard studded with more than two thousand flat diamonds; a brass bowl inlaid with silver of Arabic work; Roman, Byzantine, Arabic and Turkish coins; precious stones and ancient arms; a collection of the state robes of the Sultan; emeralds as large as the palm of one's hand; garments plated with table diamonds—but why enumerate? A question which finds expression on many lips is this:

"Why, with these evidences of untold wealth in its treasury, should Turkey have a national debt?"

A chapter on Constantinople which made no reference to the dogs of the city would seem to have been written on the shores of the Hudson and not on the banks of the Bosphorus. An American, who has spent a good deal of time in Constantinople, was asked how many dogs there were in the city. Perhaps he spoke in round numbers, but his answer was: "About a million." This expression he modified somewhat by saying that in a city whose human population was unknown one could scarcely be expected to say how many dogs it contained. Probably in no other city in the world have there been such hordes of ownerless dogs, indolent dogs and in some parts of the city troublesome dogs as in Constantinople.

CHAPTER VIII

UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION

LIBERTY, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
—WILLIAM COWPER.

"WERE the missionaries connected with the recent change in the Government?" a missionary in Constantinople was asked.

"Some enthusiastic persons have expressed their belief that the great change in Turkey which startled the world on July 24, 1908, was largely due to the work and influence of American missionaries." was the reply. "No missionary, however, will claim so much as this without important limitation and reservation. The leaders in the movement which culminated that day, Nyazi Enver and his companions, were never in any way directly under missionary influence. The same may be said of all the members of the present Cabinet. The forces that pushed them forward were European civilization and education, and the firm and fierce purpose to lift their country out of the quicksands in which the now deposed and discredited Government was sinking her."

"What of the future?"

"If Americans long resident in Turkey are not as optimistic as some think they ought to be regarding the speedy establishment of Constitutional Government in Turkey, it is because the leaders have had their training in southern and central rather than in northern Europe, and among Latin rather than Anglo-Saxon peoples. There is danger that these young men will tire under the stress and strain of the tremendous task which they have undertaken. They have made a beginning, a good beginning. They cherish noble aims and purposes and they should have our utmost sympathy. The Mohammedans who are out of sympathy with the new régime greatly outnumber those who really desire equality and fraternity to prevail. The Arabs on one side and the Albanians on the other have little love for Turks. The Christian races do not easily forget—who could expect they would?—the centuries of Ottoman oppression under which they and their fathers have groaned. Who can be surprised if they are not anxious suddenly to become Ottomans, unless it be under cover of a desire, and perhaps a purpose by and by, to realize national ambitions long crushed down under the heel of the Ottomans?"

"Does this mean that the missionaries claim no credit for the improvement of affairs in Turkey?"

"Thank God evidence is not lacking that efforts put forth by American missionaries during the last three-quarters of a century to instil into the minds of the youth of Turkey the principles on which rests the better

civilization of the remoter West, the effort to form true, unselfish Christian characters, has not been in vain. The results are not conspicuously on the surface of the present movements. Leaven is not found on the surface of the meal. We believe, at least we hope, that the coming years will show, in social, in educational,

THE IMPERIAL PALACE, CONSTANTINOPLE

in business, in political movements and events in this country, that those men and women who have, at the call of God, as they believed, consecrated their lives to Christian service in behalf of these ancient races have scattered seed in fruitful soil, the 'fruit whereof shall shake like Lebanon,' and that they have helped to usher in a day not as much of material as of moral and spiritual progress for all races."

"Have the Young Turks a goal in prospect, or are they simply drifting?"

This is a question frequently asked by visitors to the Turkish Empire. In reply to such an inquiry an American resident said with emphasis:

"They certainly have a goal, but like other people with new and pressing problems thrust suddenly upon them, it will not be surprising if for a time they seem to wander. You must remember, however, that many of those now in power have been exiles in Europe, some of them in Paris, and that they are accustomed to the best forms of government in Europe; they are by no means novices in government. Naturally they make mistakes, but in the opinion of many a similar charge could be brought against the governing bodies of other nations, America always excepted. Taken as a whole, the outlook for the city, for the nation, and for Christianity is most encouraging."

"When a man can leave home in the morning with the probability that he will return at night," said an American official, not now living in Turkey, "long strides have been taken toward better conditions in the empire. Under the former régime it was impossible for one to know that he would ever return. There was a constant dread of impending danger that stifled hope and prevented men from doing their best for their families or their Government."

The New Constitution; the deposition of the old Sultan; the opening of Parliament, in which Moslems, Jews and Christians fraternize—all of this and more taking place in Constantinople means much to every

part of the empire, much more, in fact, than the people of some of the remote sections realize. Many of the Turks outside of the capital have exhibited a frame of mind concerning the newly given liberty indicated by the actions of a donkey boy in Beirut. His animal stood across the narrow sidewalk as a lady and gentleman approached. The street being muddy the gentleman said:

"Will you lead your donkey into the street so that the lady can pass?"

"Let the lady walk in the street. Donkey has liberty as well as the lady; donkey has a right now to stand on the sidewalk." And out into the mud in the street the lady went.

"Pay the toll?" said a woman crossing a bridge. "Why should I pay the toll if we have liberty now?"

"Is this what you call liberty?" said an Albanian when the Young Turks condemned him to death for killing a Christian.

A small boy threw a stone at a foreigner driving a motor car. The foreigner rebuked him and received this reply:

"It is liberty now."

The foreigner gave him a box on the ear.

"All right," said the impartial youngster; "you also have liberty."

A Bible colporter in the interior was asked by an official if he had a permit to sell Bibles in that province. Formerly such an inquiry would have caused

great consternation, and if it could not be answered satisfactorily it would have meant the imprisonment and punishment of the colporter. Not so now. The colporter smiled and said pleasantly:

"Apparently you have not heard of the New Constitution." This ended the inquiry and no arrest followed.

Many stories are told, now that there is no danger of the prison awaiting those who tell them, that surprise the travelers in Turkey. It is difficult to realize that in the twentieth century fundamental principles of truth and justice were utterly lacking. Dr. Henry O. Dwight, now in the office of the American Bible Society in New York, was for many years in the Bible House in Constantinople. In his timely and interesting volume, "Constantinople and Its Problems," Dr. Dwight gives many illustrations from his experiences which are better understood in Constantinople than they would be in America. One must suffice:

"Ahmed Bey was a handsome young Mohammedan from a city in Bulgaria, and an officer in the Turkish Navy. He came to me in great distress. A certain Turkish Admiral, of some importance as far as influence goes, had a daughter of comparative youth only, and afflicted like Leah with some trouble of the eyes which made her helpless much of the time, with injury to her prospects of matrimony. The Admiral had unhappily seen the young officer and wished to marry him to his daughter. When the officer declined the offer

with thanks, the Admiral, Laban-like, said that marry her he must; otherwise he would order the young man to the naval station at Bussora, on the Persian Gulf, for three years. To be sent to Bussora is like being sent to Cuba in yellow-fever time.

"The young man came to me asking, 'Must I marry this sore-eyed girl?' I could not help him. The order for his exile to Bussora was actually issued, and only overruled by the appeal at my suggestion of the weeping mother of my friend to a Pasha of high rank who was a native of the same city in Bulgaria as Ahmed Bey, and who had access to the ear of the Sultan."

It is not to be expected that the habits of a generation will be changed at once. The Sultan yielded to the demand of the Young Turks for a Constitution, and to their great surprise gave it without a word of argument; they were dealing with a man who had granted similar favors, with a smile, even as he did this one; in this case expressing pleasure that the request had come from his people through Galib Pasha, master of ceremonies. In 1877 he had granted a Constitution, but it was short-lived. Doubtless the Sultan expected that the one given in 1908 would also prove a toy which would soon be cast aside, or a weapon which would injure those who were unaccustomed to handle it. Alas for the Sultan, he was dealing this time with men who had learned in Europe and America, and not a few of them in the college on the banks above the

Bosphorus, what Constitutional liberty means. The massacres at Adana still suggest awful possibilities, but it is not believed that such an outrage can occur again while the Young Turks are in power. The new Sultan, the brother of Abdul Hamid, reigns as Mohammed V.

The Ambassadors and Ministers from European and Asiatic capitals and from Washington are in the main ardent believers in the purposes and achievements of the Young Turks. It is not too much to believe that their leaders have taken advice from some of the foreign diplomats resident in Constantinople. There are friendly interviews and dinner conversations which are never dignified by the terms "diplomatic relations" which often mean more for the peace of nations than a formal agreement.

America has been fortunate in the selection of the men sent to Turkey as Minister and Ambassador. Mr. Oscar S. Straus has had an unusual experience, having been appointed by President Cleveland, it is said, at the request of Henry Ward Beecher. President Taft selected his Cabinet associate for Japan, but Mr. Straus was unable to go to Tokio, and failing to secure him for the Far Orient, the President urged him to give the new administration the benefit of a wide business experience and recognized diplomatic ability extending over a quarter of a century, and return to his post in the Near Orient.

The rights of men interested in the investment of

capital in Turkey for financial or educational purposes are safe in the hands of a man who cares personally for great financial interests at home; the poorest American that lands in the dominion finds the same sympathetic heart that beat in behalf of laboring men when the present Ambassador was a young lawyer. President Taft knew his man when he urged, even insistently, that Mr. Straus should become the Ambassador to Turkey in this its time of change and reorganization, when special knowledge and rare tact and limitless patience are needed. In these qualities and in many others Mr. Straus and his charming wife excel.

Mr. Straus believes absolutely in the honesty of purpose of those among whom he labors. Based upon an experience covering nearly a quarter of a century, he regards the Turkish people as polite, sincere and entirely trustworthy. This will probably bear the same qualification, if pressed for one, that he would make upon the people of the United States. Many of the officials in Constantinople, as well as those who are representing their Government abroad, are, in the opinion of the Ambassador, equal in ability to those from other nations; the Prime Minister of Turkey is as well versed in international law, as capable an official, as honest a man, as any representative from any country. His word can be relied upon absolutely. And what is true of him is true also of the majority of men with whom the Ambassador has to deal.

"The missionaries in Turkey were never so safe, nor

their interests so well protected," said a missionary a few years ago, "as when Great Britain had a Roman Catholic Ambassador and America was represented by a Jew." And apparently a similar feeling exists to-day between the missionaries and the American Ambassador; each trusts the other absolutely.

"We are very glad to have Mr. Straus with us again," said one of the officers of the Bible Society. "The change in Turkey from the administration of Abdul Hamid to the rule of the Young Turks has wrought wonders. We are greatly honored by having as our representative one who sincerely appreciates the changed condition in the empire and who has the interests of his fellow-countrymen so sincerely at heart as does Mr. Straus."

Entertaining in her hospitable home in the Embassy a few friends from America, Mrs. Straus approved her husband's statement that many of the missionaries and college professors in Turkey were really statesmen. An interesting incident was related attesting the high esteem in which these missionaries and educators are held. At a dinner-party in Washington some time ago, it is said, a member of the Senate was severely criticising foreign missionaries, ridiculing their ability and minimizing the importance of their work. After being an unwilling listener for a few minutes, Mrs. Straus interrupted him with the remark that his information, which he doubtless received at second-hand, did not correspond with her experiences gained in Tur-

key and Syria; that the missionaries whom she had met, and she had seen most of them, were not ordinary people, but were far above the average American in education, in culture and in good judgment; while there might be here and there one not so prominent nor so efficient as preachers, college professors or teachers in girls' schools in America, as a class they were superior to similar classes whom she had known in the home land.

"What are they doing that justifies their going to a foreign country to try to change old-time customs and ancient religions? Mention one single thing."

"Education. The colleges and schools in Turkey under the direction of American missionaries are models of their kind, and the professors and teachers are doing a work in that country which is worthy of all praise."

"But what one missionary does in a foreign country, even in the matter of education, is only a drop in the bucket and is not worth while."

"The individual work of a missionary in a country may not seem to be more than a 'drop,' but the combined labors of a company of American missionaries are far from being single drops."

"What is the use after all? What does it all amount to? How is the country benefited to which they go? They might better be at home attending to their own affairs."

"Their achievement in the matter of education, for

illustration, compels the Governments of the countries where they labor to improve the public system of education—they are forced to do this when they see the results of the missionary schools and colleges—the 'drops' to which you refer."

Better testimony to the value of the work of missionaries and educators could not be desired, for it was based upon personal investigation and not upon misrepresentation, and the Senator was glad to change the subject. By the way, no missionary could hope to make a better plea in talking with critics of missions than that presented by this friend of the missionaries.

Discussing problems, political as well as missionary, in American and other countries at the present time, Mr. Straus said that the millennium was not, in his judgment, about to dawn immediately, but that the time of its appearance is nearer than it was when Mr. Roosevelt began his administration in Washington. In the conversation the question of Socialism was suggested as one of the problems likely to perplex both America and European countries in the near future.

"What is Socialism, Mr. Straus?" asked a member of the party.

"A pious wish," was the quick reply.

"I have studied the question of Socialism for many years and heard lectures and questioned Socialists and those who oppose Socialism, but I never had so satisfactory and so succinct a definition—that will go at once in my commonplace book," the inquirer declared.

A story is current that is so thoroughly characteristic of the Ambassador's breadth of spirit in matters religious as well as political that it is given here at the risk of a lack of diplomacy on the part of the author. In one of his earlier residences in Constantinople, word reached the Embassy that Bible colporters were being interfered with in the interior of the country. The Ambassador secured possession of all the facts, which were placed before him in the form of affidavits, and then called officially, and with all the dignity due his rank, upon the Minister of Foreign Affairs. When received with fitting solemnity, Mr. Straus said:

"Word has just come to me that His Majesty, the Sultan of Turkey, is taking steps which will lead to the dissolution of the treaty between the United States and His Majesty's empire."

"Such a rumor is absolutely absurd! There is no possible foundation for it. It is only a rumor and should be dismissed at once as one of the idle tales which spring up now and then in official circles!" was the reply of the astonished official, who failed to grasp the attitude of the Ambassador.

"I beg to differ with Your Excellency," said the American. "I have an abundance of proof for every word of the statement which I have made. At the proper time I shall be willing to produce it, for it lies before you on the table in this bundle of papers, which bear the certified signatures of my informants."

"Pray explain your meaning; you talk in riddles.

His Majesty knows nothing of the subject of the matter of which you are complaining, nor do any of his representatives. What do you mean?''

''Well, the country which I have the honor to represent has certain products and manufactures which our treaty with Turkey allows us to bring into Turkish ports and to distribute without molestation or interference of any kind throughout His Majesty's domains. Among our industries, for instance, are the raising of beans, the making of butter and the publication of books, one of them called the Bible. In the name of the Government which I have the honor to represent, I demand that the distribution of the Bible, as well as butter and beans and other articles produced in the United States, shall not be interfered with in any part of the empire. If that is not done, and more complaints come to me, I shall report the matter to Washington, and it is quite probable that the challenge will be met. The American people will not stand for violation of treaty rights.''

CHAPTER IX

CROSS AND CRESCENT IN CONFLICT

FLING out the banner! let it float,
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.
—GEORGE W. DOANE.

AFTER looking at the picturesque minarets towering above St. Sophia and the other mosques in Constantinople, and visiting the Bible House and the colleges carried on in the city by Christian men and women from America, one questions, What has Protestant Christianity done in the Ottoman Empire? What progress has been made by the splendid missionary effort running back nearly a century? What is there to show in return for the scores of noble men and women who have given their lives to Turkey, and for the wealth which has been expended in the translation of the Bible, the education of the youth of the empire, and the erection of churches and hospitals and schools? Are the Moslems being reached by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and if so, is it changing in any form their life or their religious belief? In a word, is the Cross a match for the Crescent in the land where the latter has held sway for centuries?

Questions like these put to missionaries and Bible agents and educators in Turkey brought interesting responses, frank but not rose-colored. The missionaries cannot point like the missionaries of Korea, for example, to thousands of conversions in a single year, but they are in no sense discouraged. They realize the difficulties of the situation, but they believe in their cause and in their Leader; they believe that they are possessors of that which is to revolutionize the peoples of the empire.

The missionaries, moreover, do not attempt to conceal facts nor to minimize the difficulties which confront them in Turkey, and more especially in and about Constantinople. In speaking of the impress made by Christianity upon men holding the Moslem faith, an American missionary who has been more than half a century in the Turkish Empire gave the author this significant statement:

"We come now to the question which is most often asked, the question which has a right to be asked, and to which we are most desirous of offering a reply, namely, Have American missionaries in Turkey done anything for Mohammedans, and what have they done and with what results? Within the three Turkey Missions of the American Board the number of converts from Islam, that is, the number baptized, has been less than twoscore."

The avowed aim of the American Board, as explained by this veteran worker, in the inception of its work in

Turkey, was to reach the Mohammedan population with the Gospel. It was, however, evident from the outset that till Mohammedans could have a better object lesson of Christian living presented to them than had been given by the Eastern Churches, it would be futile to invite them even seriously to inquire concerning the truth and the claims of Christianity. Missionary work was begun, therefore, among the adherents of the Eastern Churches, especially among Armenians, because they were found most accessible.

"What about the results in figures aside from those concerning the Moslems?" the missionary was asked. This was his reply:

"The number of Protestants in the Ottoman Empire, not including Egypt, is about one hundred thousand. In the three Turkey Missions, not including Syria or Bulgaria, there are one hundred and twenty-five Evangelical churches, with 14,174 members, 251 places of regular Sunday service, with 172 preachers, 155 missionaries, of whom 108 are women, 1,045 native laborers, 22,369 pupils under instruction in the seven colleges, 39 high schools and 346 other schools; and native contributions last year for all purposes aggregated $125,434. These statements, however, are altogether inadequate. If taken by themselves alone they are absolutely misleading. Influences that do not yield themselves to statistical statement, which have gone out into the life of these Christian races, have been rapidly cumulative and beneficent, purifying, educative

and uplifting, as the years and the decades have passed."

"How did the Moslems come to let the Christian missionaries get a foothold in the empire?"

"When those very able men, Goodell, Dwight, Schauffler, Hamlin and Riggs, came to Turkey, the Turks said: 'Well, these amiable lunatics cannot do us any harm; they may perhaps do the Giaours some good; they need it badly enough.' So they protected the missionaries and their converts in times of persecution from the ecclesiastics. The American missionaries proceeded to occupy strategic positions in the empire. Through schools and the press their influence was extended and consolidated. Evangelical churches were formed in the various centers of the Mohammedan population."

"How is the changed attitude of the former Sultan explained?"

"In 1895 and 1896 they asked one another: 'Who are these men who are championing the cause of the seditious Armenians whom we are disciplining?'

" 'American missionaries,' was the reply.

" 'Why do you not send them all out of the country?' asked the Russian Ambassador. It is a fact that an edict was issued from the Palace in the winter of 1896–7 for the expulsion of the American missionaries. In the following March one of them was forcibly taken under guard from a remote interior city to the coast of Alexandretta. There, at the prompt and decisive in-

terposition of the United States Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Riddle, he was taken under the protection of the Stars and Stripes and is still an active member of the missionary force. The Turks found in Sir Philip Currie a staunch supporter of the rights of the missionaries, and aside from the non-execution of their decree, they denied that it had ever been issued. From that time on, the American missionaries and educators resident in the country were to the Turks the 'observed of all observers.' "

"What was the effect on the work?"

"Note the significance of the fact that under the reactionary reign of Abdul Hamid, with his unscrupulous, minute and universal system of espionage and his hostility toward all missionary enterprises, the missionaries not only held their own everywhere, they greatly extended their work, especially in education and in the maintenance of hospitals and dispensaries."

"Why was this?"

"Because the Turkish people, in the face of Palace hostility, recognized the value of what the missionaries offered them, and were bound to profit by it. Just before the close of the reign of Abdul Aziz, after a prolonged struggle, permission was obtained for the circulation of the Bible with the imperial imprimatur, and several other Christian books in Osmanli Turkish were passed through the censorship in the early years of Abdul Hamid's reign. The result was that this imprimatur made it possible for Mohammedans to defy

the creatures of the Palace, and buy and read Christian Scriptures when they chose. They did so buy and read these books by the thousand, even in the darkest years of the late despotic reign."

"What about the by-products of missionary effort?"

"The purely philanthropic work, which in times of distress and calamity has sometimes, for months together, taken almost all the time and strength of the missionary force, has been profoundly impressive as illustrative of practical Christianity. Leading laymen of the Armenian and Greek nationalities have in recent years been quick to appreciate the value of the educational work done by American missionaries, and have established and conducted schools on our models. Their priests are better educated, the social conditions are improved, and a higher plane of business integrity is demanded. There is less of bare form and more of spiritual life in the old churches than in the past."

"Does the Turk recognize the missionary as a philanthropist?"

"In 1896, when the Government was doing its utmost to hinder and baffle the missionaries in their relief work, the people, and many Government officers also, respected and admired their persistence in the work of unselfish charity in the face of the overwhelming obstacles. Under the old régime no Palace influence ever led a Mohammedan to go, or to take a member of his family, to be treated at a missionary dispensary or cared for in a missionary hospital. But Mohammedans

came as much as they do now to our hospitals and dispensaries, came by thousands, and went away grateful and sympathetic."

"How have the missionaries affected the Mohammedans?"

"It will seem to some a rash and unsupported statement, but I deliberately express my conviction that the work of American missionaries in Turkey has had greater influence, in ways the beneficent and far-reaching results of which the future will reveal, upon the Mussulman than upon the Christian population of the country."

The mission work carried on by Presbyterian missionaries in Syria and that done by Reformed Church workers in Arabia would doubtless differ somewhat, perhaps in some particulars a great deal, from that presented so frankly by the Congregational brethren in Northern Turkey.

To see mission work in Constantinople at its best the visitor should spend a Sunday in the city and go from one meeting to another, as he may do almost without intermission. He will not find many large congregations or Sunday-schools, but he will find many held in various languages. In one he may hear "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" sung in Armenian to the tune of "Old Hundred," and in another, two blocks away, hear a service in Greek, and still a third service with a Greek preacher delivering an eloquent sermon, this to be followed by a service in Turkish in

the same chapel. In an old shed in the heart of the city he will find another congregation of Armenians with a Sunday-school following this service. The Bible House and the Mission House he may see filled with classes, some learning the Gospel in Greek, some in Armenian and some in Turkish, with a Christian Association service conducted by an Armenian. If time permits, he can visit congregations far away from the center of the town, one at Hasskeuy on the Golden Horn and another in Scutari. English services for the girls at the American College in Scutari and the boys at Robert College on the Bosphorus, and still other services for Greeks and Armenians along the Bosphorus, indicate that mission work is strong and varied in the capital of the empire.

Two members of the Mission Station at Constantinople, Dr. Greene and Dr. Herrick, passed the fiftieth milestone of their missionary service not long ago. In a retrospect of those fifty years these veterans note three important changes in the conduct of the work:

1. The establishment of high schools and colleges.
2. The opening of hospitals and dispensaries.
3. The phenomenal increase in the number of women missionaries.

In summing up the work of this long period Dr. Herrick says optimistically:

"We, who together have given a century of service to evangelistic work in the Ottoman Empire, exult in the

privilege so long granted us of sharing in a work on which the divine blessing has so conspicuously rested, and we bid all who come after us to work with a firm confidence that advance in the years to come in all departments of our common work will be with accelerated velocity, will be with a wider constituency than heretofore, will enlist a vastly increased number of competent laborers, will do more than any other influence or agency to contribute to the safe and permanent establishment of real liberty and constitutional government and to the final triumph of the Kingdom of God and of the Church of Christ in this land."

The work of publishing the Bible had been begun by the British and Foreign Bible Society in Turkey before the American missionaries began their work, and has since been carried on jointly by the British and American Bible Societies, the translation being done by missionaries. Schoolbooks, tracts, Sunday-school helps and other religious literature are prepared and printed by the Mission Press carried on by the American Mission in the Bible House at Constantinople. The Mission Press also sends out a weekly family paper and a monthly illustrated paper for children. The tracts which it publishes are made possible by money given by the Religious Tract Society of London and by the American Tract Society of New York. While much of the literature is intended for adults, the missionaries have ever been mindful of the children, and from primers, intended for the little

people, they have gone on to schoolbooks for them as they grew older.

The entire Bible has been translated into all the principal languages of the Empire, has undergone repeated and most careful revision, has been issued in many and varied editions, and sold to the extent of three million volumes, reckoning Testaments and portions. Other Christian literature, periodical and permanent, has been issued at an average of about ten million pages a year.

The story of the Turkish translation of the Scriptures begins two hundred and fifty years ago, when a Turkish official named Ali Bey, with the advice of a Dutch gentleman connected with the diplomatic service at Constantinople, translated the New Testament into Turkish. Whether he did this out of mere love for literary work or because he thought it would benefit his people to read the Bible is not clear to the mind of Dr. Dwight, who tells the story. Ali Bey gave the finished manuscript to his Dutch friend, who sent it to the University at Leyden in the hope that it would be published there. It was put into the library of the University as a curiosity, and lay there for one hundred and fifty years, when a Russian nobleman rummaging through the treasures of the library discovered the manuscript and tried to get it published for circulation in Turkey. About this time the British and Foreign Bible Society had been organized. The first Turkish version of the New Testament published for that

Society at Paris in 1819 was the work of a Mohammedan, revised and improved by Russian and French linguists.

There have been several versions of the Turkish Bible, and the one in use now is the work of a committee composed of missionaries of the American Board and of the Church Missionary Society of England, assisted by three Turkish scholars. This version is now printed in three editions, one in Arabic, one in Armenian and one with the Greek letters. "It is fair to claim," says Dr. Dwight, "that the missionaries have at least convinced the people of the Eastern Church, both Greeks and Armenians, that as Christians they ought to read and understand the Bible instead of merely worshiping it on the altar like any other relic of antiquity. This success alone, by the way, is enough to justify missions in Turkey."

The Bible House in Constantinople was conceived by the Rev. Isaac G. Bliss, D.D., then agent at Constantinople. He raised the money and saw the work completed. The building is owned by trustees chartered by the State of New York. When the excavations were being made for the foundations of the Bible House, the contractors came upon a pile of the Byzantine period whose roof was supported by columns marked with the Greek Cross, near which were the massive foundations of a small Christian Church whose peculiar bricks seemed to fix the date of its construction at the beginning of the sixth century.

This chapter must end as it began, with a question: Will the Cross or the Crescent win in the conflict in Turkey? This query does not imply doubt in the mind of the writer so much as uncertainty regarding the manner in which the subject is to be viewed in the near future by Christian people in Europe and America, principally in America. Forty converts from Mohammedanism in eighty years of noble missionary effort in Northern Turkey are more than might have been expected in view of all the circumstances, but that record does not suggest an easy or an early victory or even a final victory for the Cross. Whether or not Christianity shall eventually win the Mohammedans seems to depend very much upon whether or not Christians in America think it worth while now to reinforce the workers on the field with a force sufficiently strong in numbers, and in training, and properly equipped to ensure victory. That this is a time of crisis in Mohammedan affairs is evident to every student of world-problems. It seems to many that Moslems are more alive to the situation than Christians are. This is the time to sing:

"Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign."

CHAPTER X

SMYRNA AND EPHESUS

As far as the Phæacian race excel
In guiding their swift galleys o'er the deep,
So far the women in their woven work.
A spacious garden of four acres lay,
A hedge enclosed it round, and lofty trees
Flourished in generous growth within: the pear
And the pomegranate, and the apple-tree
With its fair fruitage, and the luscious fig
And olive always green. The fruit they bear
Falls not, nor ever fails in winter-time
Nor summer, but is yielded all the year.
The ever-blowing west wind causes some
To swell and some to ripen; pear succeeds
To pear; to apple apple, grape to grape,
Fig ripens after fig. A fruitful field
Of vines was planted near; in part it lay
Open and basking in the sun, which dried
The soil, and here men gathered in the grapes,
And there they trod the winepress.

—From the Odyssey.

THE Gulf of Smyrna, thirty-four miles long, is one of the grandest in the Ægean Sea. The southern shore is extremely picturesque with its mountain scenery: the north shore is not so interesting, as it is occupied for the most part by the vast alluvial plain of the Hermus. This river at one time threatened to close the approach to Smyrna altogether, but the Government diverted the river into the Agria Bay. After passing the Sanjah Kole, an old Turkish fort erected

in the seventeenth century, and recently renovated and transformed into a very strong modern fortress with heavy guns, a beautiful range of mountains appears. On both sides, as the steamer threads her way to the harbor, are the suburbs of Smyrna, forming a line of summer residences, while directly in front stands the city of Smyrna.

The population of Smyrna is about 350,000, of whom two-fifths are Mohammedans, and nearly two-thirds Greeks; the rest is made up largely of Armenian and Jewish communities and colonies from many countries in Europe. The trade of Smyrna is important. The principal products are corn, raisins, figs, cotton, opium, drugs, tobacco, oil, wood, hides, silk, carpets, emery, and antimony.

Christianity flourished early in Smyrna. Here was one of the Seven Churches of Asia, to which John wrote the letters given in the second and third chapters of the book of the Revelation. These letters are read by the majority of Christian travelers as they sail up the Gulf of Smyrna, or wait on the deck for the ship's papers to be passed. The following is the letter sent to the one church of the Seven which has remained apparently with an unbroken history since the Gospel seed was sown there nineteen centuries ago:

"And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write: These things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive: I know thy works and tribulation and poverty (but thou art rich), and I know the blas-

phemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days; be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death."

In describing Smyrna in his tour of the Mediterranean, Charles Dudley Warner wrote this characteristic paragraph:

"One of the most ancient cities of the globe, it has no appearance of antiquity; containing all nationalities, it has no nationality; the second commercial city of the East, it has no Chamber of Commerce, no Bourse, no commercial unity; its citizens are of no country, and have no impulse of patriotism; it is an Asiatic city with a European face; it produces nothing, it exchanges everything; the children of the East are sent to its schools, but it has no literary character nor any influence of culture; it is hospitable to all religions, and conspicuous for none; it is the paradise of the Turks, the home of luxury and of beautiful women."

Two classmates of the author's in Union Seminary are missionaries in Smyrna, the Rev. Alexander MacLachlan, the President of the International College, and the Rev. J. P. MacNaughton, the head of the evangelistic work in the city. The former began his work

in Turkey in St. Paul's Institute in Tarsus, but in 1891 he went to Smyrna and started the American High School in rented premises with eighteen pupils.

AMERICAN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, SMYRNA

In 1903 the institution was incorporated as a college, its charter being granted by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts under the corporate title of "The Trustees of the International College, Smyrna, Turkey."

The American Collegiate Institute, established by the Woman's Board of Missions of Boston, does for the girls of Smyrna what the International College does for the boys. Its aim is to promote the highest intellectual and moral development of all who attend. It is a Christian school, aiming to make its students thoroughly familiar with the teaching of Christ, so that His principles may become the controlling power of their lives. The motto of the Institute is, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

The following quatrain seen in the hall of the Institute, while not the motto of the school, might properly become the principle upon which Christian men and women should base their conduct:

"Life is merely froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

It is a weary climb from the bazaars of Smyrna to the Acropolis on Mount Pagus, but one loses sight of weariness when his traveling companions are congenial and his guide ideal. As one climbs the hill and looks back upon the traditional birthplace of Homer, on the bank of the river Meles, he recalls that

"Seven cities strove for Homer, dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

From the heights overlooking the city one looks down on the plain over which Alexander marched as he con-

quered the city. Still we ascend, stopping now and again to repeat history, but more especially to let the horses rest. At last we left the carriage and went on

TOMB OF POLYCARP, SMYRNA

foot to the Stadium in which Polycarp, the second Bishop of Smyrna, was put to death about 166 A. D. As Polycarp was a pupil of the Apostle John, one is very near the beginning of Christianity when he stands

at the tomb of the martyr with the Stadium a stone's throw away. Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, wrote: "I can also tell the very place where the blessed Polycarp was accustomed to sit and discourse; and also his entrances, his walks, the complexion of his life and the form of his body, and his conversation with the people, and his familiar intercourse with John, as he was accustomed to tell, as also his familiarity with those who had seen the Lord."

It stirs one's blood to recall on the spot the dying words of Polycarp, when asked by Statius Quadratus, the Proconsul, to revile Christ: "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He has never done me wrong. How then can I blaspheme my King that saved me?"

In Smyrna one hears stories of twentieth century brigandage which cause the traditional hairs to stand on end. As we swung around corners on our way up Mount Pagus, clinging to the sides of the carriage as the wheels sunk into holes in the unpaved streets, or walked up steep inclines when the horses objected to the men enjoying the comfort of the ride, our American companion, who was also for the day our guide, told of many experiences in which he had been personally interested through acquaintance or relationship with the victims.

"Not long ago a relative of a missionary's family was returning home in the late afternoon accompanied by a servant and when within a short distance of his

home the two were suddenly surrounded by a party of eleven brigands. The odds were so manifestly in favor of the outlaws that they were thrown off their guard until the young man, drawing his revolver, fired into the company, wounding two or three of his would-be captors. The fire was returned and the servant was severely wounded. So surprised were the bandits and so calm was their intended victim that in the darkness he was able to reach his father's home without bodily injury or without losing the money which the bandits had hoped to secure as his ransom.

"A physician, who had been kind to a brigand when he was shot, received letters bearing his signature demanding small sums of money, and threatening his life if he did not send the money. Being obliged to go out nights, he secured the services of two men to act as his bodyguard, and he never went out in the evening without having both the men with him. As the intimidating letters kept coming with greater and still greater insistence, and with threats of immediate vengeance, he entrusted the amount asked for to one of his men and sent him off to give it to the brigand.

"For a time the letters ceased; then new ones began to come, demanding more money and threatening to kill the doctor in spite of his guard if it were not sent to the place designated at a given time. In view of his having helped the brigand in a time of trouble, he failed to understand his ingratitude, and finally sent

a friend to the mountains to meet him and seek an explanation.

"When the outlaw saw the letters he was extremely indignant, and declared that he had never signed them, and that some one was using his name to secure money from the physician. Acting upon the advice given by him, the friend ascertained from the guard who carried the money the name of the man to whom he gave it. and then invited the two men to the same house, neither knowing that the other was to be present. Drawing a revolver upon the man who had received the money, he threatened to kill him if he did not explain what the transaction meant. The threat did not terrify the suspected man, and a knife was drawn and this fearful future outlined: 'First, I will cut you up with this knife and then I will empty the revolver into your body.' This was too much even for a brigand, and he broke down and confessed that the guard and he had divided the money. Going then to the other room, the third degree was tried, but without success. With an air of injured innocence the servant denied all complicity in spite of every threat that was made. Then the door was opened and the man was brought in who had made the confession. The servant admitted his guilt, was discharged, and the doctor is now free from the threatening letters."

"Was nothing done about the blackmail?" asked one of the party.

"'Least done soonest mended' was a proverb which

I learned in America, and it works in Turkey as well as in other countries. But here is Polycarp's tomb, and I want to test the guard."

"Whose tomb is this?" he asked.

"Joseph's," was the prompt reply of the Mohammedan.

"But isn't it sometimes called Polycarp's?"

"It is Polycarp's for the Christian and Joseph's for the Moslem."

The ruins at Ephesus reached from Smyrna are of interest chiefly to Bible students, teachers, and the clergy.

GATEWAY OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, EPHESUS

Ephesus is forty-eight miles from Smyrna by train over a well-built roadbed. It is a pleasant trip through a well-tilled valley, where all the picturesque activities of Oriental life may be seen on every side. The ruins

are somewhat scattered, and not very impressive; but there are many evidences to show that it was one of the greatest and grandest of ancient cities. The Theatre where the Apostle Paul condemned the worship of the goddess Diana of the Ephesians, much to the alarm of Demetrius the silversmith, and the ruins of the Temple of Diana itself, one of the famous structures of ancient times as well as one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," are the most important.

The city of Ephesus was founded by Greek colonists perhaps 1000 B. C. When Alexander arrived there, the Temple of Diana was being constructed on the site of the Artemisium, which was burned in 334 B. C. The second temple enjoyed a world-wide reputation. It was feared that "the great goddess Diana should be despised and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom Asia and all the world worshipeth," the Ephesians said of her, in their discussion with Paul. Ephesus became in the early Christian centuries the head of the churches in Asia. Paul, Timothy and John belonged to this church; here, also, the Third Ecumenical Council was held in 431, when Mary the mother of Jesus was proclaimed the mother of God. To-day the fields in the ruins belong to the inhabitants of Kirkinje, a village in the hills to the east, and to those of Scala Nova. As one looks about over this mass of ruins of splendid buildings, all of which were in their glory in Paul's day, and in some of which the great apostle delivered his powerful addresses, he thinks of that scene

recorded in Acts 20, where Paul gave his memorable charge to the elders of Ephesus, bade them remember the words of the Lord Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and kneeling down prayed with them all. Surely, though in ruins, Ephesus is holy ground!

CHAPTER XI

BEIRUT, DAMASCUS AND BAALBEC

"I THOUGHT in Syria life was more than death;
A tomb there was forsaken of its dead;
But death filled not the place; here with bowed head
Worships the world forever at the tread
Of one who lived, who liveth, and shall live—
Whose grave is but a footstep on the sod;
Men kiss the ground where living feet have trod.
Here not to Death, but Life, they worship give.
August is death, but this one tomb is rife
With a more mighty presence—it is Life."

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

BEIRUT occupies a considerable part of the south side of St. George's Bay, on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. It is the chief commercial town of Syria, the chief city of the vilayet of the same name, the residence of the Vali, the seat of a Latin Archbishop, a Greek Orthodox Bishop, a Maronite Bishop, and the United Greek Patriarch of the East, who lives in rotation at Beirut, Damascus, and Alexandria. The town is beautifully situated on the slopes of Ras Beirut and St. Dimitri, facing the sea. The plain is covered with luxuriant gardens. Beyond them the mountains rise rapidly, overtopped by the snow-clad summits of the Sunnîn and Keneîseh and furrowed by several deep ravines, but cultivated to a

considerable height. The rosy tints of the mountains contrasting with the deep blue of the sea present a most picturesque scene as the sun, falling into the sea, casts its last beam upon the Lebanon range.

The inhabitants of Beirut are Mohammedans, Orthodox Greeks, Maronites, Greek Catholics, Jews, Latins, Protestants, Syrian Catholics, Armenians, Armenian Catholics, Druses, Europeans, and Americans. The Mohammedan element is gradually being displaced by the Christians, who are industrious and seem to share the commercial enterprise of the ancient Phœnicians. Many of the firms have branches in France, England, and America. The bazaar is not especially attractive to one who has been in Constantinople or Cairo, European influence having deprived it of many of its Oriental characteristics. Near the bazaar is the chief mosque of the city, which was originally a church of St. John, of the Crusaders' period; the walls have been adorned by the Mohammedans with rude arabesques. The roads in the suburbs and environs of the city are broad and airy, with many pretty villas, affording charming views, with the foliage of orange and lemon trees, sycamores, and palms adding beauty to the picture.

One of the drives leads out to Dog River, past the ruins of a chapel of St. George, over the spot where the honored saint is said to have fought with the dragon. Dog River received its name from a gigantic stone dog, on a cliff in the sea, which it was believed

barked on the approach of an enemy. An inscription in Latin relates that the mountain pass was hewn out of the rock by order of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Antonius, the conqueror of Germany. Another inscription in Arabic says that a bridge at the mouth of the river was built there by the Sultan Selim I, the conqueror of Syria. Other inscriptions in Egyptian, Assyrian, and Latin record invasions and expeditions, some of them running back to the pre-Christian era.

To those especially interested in education or missions, Beirut and Tripoli and Sidon and Zahleh, in the Lebanon, offer fruitful fields for observation and study. Missionaries of the American Board started work in Palestine in 1820. Owing to the state of the land and interruptions from wars, pestilence, and massacres, growth was slow at first, and the main work was confined to Syria. In 1870 the Mission was transferred to the care of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. The story of the efforts of the missionaries to acquire a difficult language, win the confidence of the people, produce an acceptable literature, make and distribute a new translation of the Bible, to secure religious liberty and plant churches and schools, and at the same time train an efficient consecrated band of native workers, is told in many volumes.

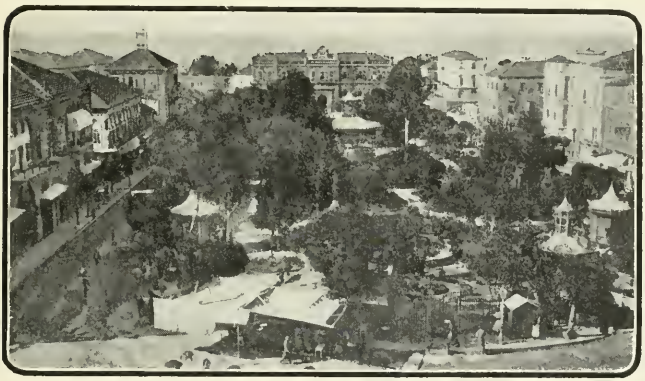
The methods of work are four: Evangelistic, educational, publication and medical. Outdoor preaching is restricted by law and the customs of the land, but

in churches, schools and private houses, or about the tents of missionaries when touring, good audiences can be secured. The people are usually friendly, and there is more indifference than hostility. There are thirty-four churches and ninety-seven preaching-places maintained by the Mission, with 2,800 church members, averaging Sabbath congregations of more than six thousand persons, and eighty-six Sabbath Schools with 5,800 pupils. More than $60,000 a year is given by the Syrians out of their poverty toward maintaining their own churches and educating their children. There are at this time in the Syrian Mission thirteen American clergymen, one physician and one layman, twenty-six women missionaries, fourteen Syrian preachers and 197 teachers and assistants, and 2,718 communicants.

Educational work is done by the missionaries in their day schools and training schools. The Syrian Protestant College while independent in government is distinctively a missionary college. Theological instruction is given by members of the Beirut station to students prepared to enter the ministry who are sent from the various stations.

The Syrian Mission, through its press founded in Malta in 1822 and moved to Beirut in 1834, has served all the neighboring missions, for it has supplied Bibles, educational text-books, religious reading, scientific works and a standard literature in pure Arabic to all using that language from Morocco to

India. The importance of this work cannot be fully grasped until one realizes that the Arabic tongue, in its spoken and written forms, is the religious language of one-eighth of the human race. It is not too much to say that the place of the Arabic Bible in the redemption of the Arabic-speaking world corresponds



PLACE DE CANON, BEIRUT

very much to the place of the Scriptures in Greek at the beginning of the Christian era.

While generous financial support has been given by the British and American Bible and Tract Societies, as well as by the Presbyterian Board, still the work of preparing fonts of type, of writing, translating, and editing these books, has fallen on the Mission. What years of labor that implies can be only inadequately known from statistics. In a single year the sales of

all kinds reached a total of 110,000 volumes. Nearly 700 distinct works in Arabic are offered to the public at cheap rates in an acceptable, beautiful typography.

Medical work, as a pioneer method of removing prejudices, and as daily representing the spirit of the Great Healer, is an honored branch of activity. The Mission owns and manages two hospitals—that at Tripoli, cared for by Dr. Ira Harris; and that at Junieh, under the direction of Dr. Mary P. Eddy. These are also centers of evangelical effort and preaching by means of Bible women, colporters, and Sunday-schools. Both Dr. Harris and Dr. Eddy also travel about, meeting thousands of sufferers in crowded clinics. Property has recently been purchased in connection with the work at Junieh for a refuge and sanatorium for one of the most needy and pitiable classes of sufferers in Syria—those afflicted with the various forms of tuberculosis. Dr. Eddy is loved, well-nigh worshiped, by the afflicted people who throng the hospital of this beloved woman physician.

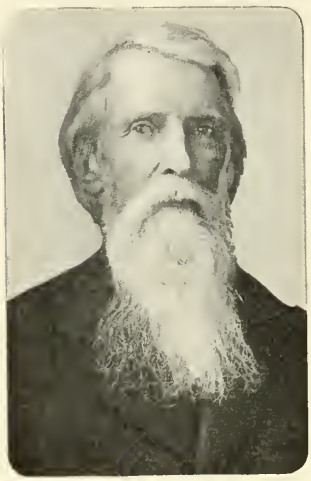
To mention the names of the prominent men who have labored as missionaries in Beirut and the adjacent stations, and whose influence first has been as men, and then as preachers, teachers, physicians, translators, and, to use the words of Ambassador Straus, "statesmen," is to call the roll of many of the ablest men in the American Church who have answered the call of the Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Eli Smith, C. V. A. Van

Dyck, William M. Thomson, Henry H. Jessup and his brother, Samuel Jessup, George E. Post, James S. Dennis, D. Stuart Dodge, Daniel Bliss and his son, Howard S. Bliss, all of these and scores of others have been and are men of vision, of deep religious faith, high mental attainments, and indefatigable energy. They have been able through their personal influence to bring into Syria a great deal of money, devoted especially to education and the publication of the Bible, and of a religious literature whose influence has been felt wherever Arabic is spoken. And what is true of the men is no less true of the equally noble body of women who have toiled during the fourscore years for the women of Asia.

In 1856 a sailing ship of three hundred tons reached Asia Minor, having among its passengers the Rev. Daniel Bliss, D.D., and Mrs. Bliss and the Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D.D., who for fifty-four years labored for the people to whom in their youth they gave their lives and their best affection. Dr. Jessup passed away in the spring of 1910. He had not been well during the winter and had not been able to see many people. Hearing that the writer was in the harbor, he sent a messenger to the ship with a special invitation to call. His wish was a command. The call was not long, but it was precious.

Well on toward fourscore years of age, this veteran of the Cross talked about the progress of the Kingdom in Syria with all the fervor of youth. He did not

intimate that the morning might be dawning when he should follow his life-long companion who had laid down her work two or three years previously, or his beloved associate, Dr. Post, who passed away the year before. If there was such a feeling in his mind he did not refer to it; not much was said by him about the past; it was the future which lay close to his heart; the character of the men who should take up the work as others laid it down; his solicitude that they should be not only men of character, but men of vision, men of undaunted faith in their Lord and Saviour, and men who accept the Bible as the inspired Word of God without question or without mental reservation. He said that he failed to understand why one should wish to go as a missionary to the foreign field with an emasculated gospel. Education, improved forms of living, and a thousand other things have their value, and men who go to a foreign land avowedly to better the material life of the people should have the prayers and good wishes and support



REV. DR. H. H. JESSUP

of Christian people; but the work of the true missionary comprehends all of that and more. He is not oblivious to temporal conditions or the improvement of the surroundings of men, but in addition to the physical he has a message distinctively spiritual which the other man has not; and "first things first" should be the rule for the missionary as well as the educator or the physician or the carpenter.

Thus we talked on, or rather one talked, and the other, as was befitting, sat by the bedside receiving for himself and those who may hear the report of the interview a special blessing. For after all, if a man is better than sheep or goats that "nourish a blind life within the brain," should they not have more than creature comforts extended to them? This was the burden of the interview with Dr. Jessup—an interview it is called for courtesy's sake, but it was really the heart expression of a man who for more than half a century had not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, and who was anxious that those who shepherd the sheep which he had gathered should feed them as he had done; who was anxious that those who talk with the Moslems in the coming years shall not fail to let them know that good as the Koran is, and noble as are its precepts, the gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught in the Old and New Testaments, is better and nobler in precept, and that salvation is possible only through Jesus Christ; who was anxious that the Saviour who loved him and redeemed him and called him into His

blessed ministry should be the Saviour of the great Moslem world. There was no lamentation about the progress made in the half-century gone—there was no reason for any regret; but on the other hand, there was no undue exultation—there was no reason for that, as the work speaks for itself.

In the charming home of President Bliss of the Syrian Protestant College the other members of the party which came from Boston in 1856 were met again. Seldom has it occurred in missionary education that the noble founder of a great institution has been succeeded by a gifted son. Adjectives are selected carefully in describing these two men. Started in 1866 by Daniel Bliss, the college has grown until it has now more than eight hundred students, representing more than a dozen religious faiths and as many nationalities. Building after building has been added to the carefully laid-out campus on the brow of the promontory, until it would be impossible in Asia and difficult in Europe or America to name a more beautiful site or to find a campus better fitted for the needs of such an institution. The sea and the mountains combine to add beauty to the landscape, and the sunset glow which falls over the city and rests upon Mount Lebanon can be found only in Syria.

But it was not the sunset of nature, entrancing as the picture was, which claimed the attention of the Americans that afternoon. The sunset was fascinating, but in a few moments it deepened into twilight

and before one was conscious of the change it was night. The real beauty of the hour was the scene in the home of the President, as, surrounded by his wife and children, he presented the travelers to his venerable parents who had the week previous celebrated their fifty-fourth anniversary in the Holy Land.

Not long ago, when Dr. Bliss was congratulated upon the success of his work in Beirut, he modestly replied he had not been long enough in the Presidency to mar the foundation which his honored father had laid. The sentiment was beautiful and the expression expected by those who had known him in student days. Now that he has been eight years the head of the college, he has met and settled problems to which his father was a stranger; he has added courses to the curriculum and increased the teaching staff and made the institution a greater force in the East than it has ever been. In this development and in the solution of these problems he has had the co-operation and the counsel of the president emeritus, who at the age of eighty-six is younger than many men of half that age. The father has never allowed his interest in the outside world to cease because he was engrossed in the great problem of education, not alone for the youth of Turkey but of Greece and Egypt and Arabia and India and other countries. While a missionary in the truest sense of the word, trying and trying efficiently to "disciple all nations," he has not been oblivious to the fact that there is a great world

to the west of the Mediterranean as well as to the east and south of the Great Sea.

Seated beside this Nestor of higher education in the Orient, the writer shrank from starting a conversation which might lead him into Arabic lore or the mysteries of the Koran. It was not necessary for him to begin the interview. It came to him in a manner unexpected and with the question for which at the moment he had no answer. It was this:

"Do you think that Dr. Cook reached the Pole?" The first thought suggested to the astonished writer, though it was not framed in words, was:

"Who is Dr. Cook?"

The answer that was given seemed to satisfy Dr. Bliss, and soon we were talking, not about the North Pole nor Polar expeditions, but about the Syrian Protestant College and its magnificent work, and about "Howard" as if he were just a man, a loving friend, and not as well the recognized leader of a great educational movement.

Damascus is ninety miles from Beirut, and is reached by rail from Beirut and also from Haifa; the former route crosses the picturesque Anti-Lebanon Mountains and the latter the plains of Esdraelon, the Jordan River, and skirts the southern end of the Sea of Galilee. Damascus will be connected with Mecca by rail before long, and the weary pilgrimage on foot will be replaced by a railway journey more or less weary, according to the wealth of the pilgrim.

Damascus is the largest city in Syria, and it affords the best opportunity of observing the character of the natives. The chief attractions are the bazaars, the mosques, the variety of costumes, the brisk and motley traffic in the streets and the environs, and the mission and hospital work. The history of the city runs parallel with the history of the Hebrew race at least. David captured it after a bloody war. The foreign policy of the northern kingdom of Damascus was almost exclusively occupied with its relations to Damascus.

Nearly every visitor from the West is impressed with the secret charm about Damascus that baffles description. It is easy to understand the story current among the people that when Mohammed saw the city from the heights he exclaimed: "Only one Paradise is allowed to man, and mine is fixed above!" Turning his horse's head the prophet pitched his tent in the desert. American travelers are not Mohammedans, and they make straight for the best hotels which the city affords.

One would not gather from the narrow streets of Damascus that behind the walls there were houses which are marvels of adornment; that fountains play in marble basins while orange-trees and tropical plants add beauty and fragrance to the scene. No one fails to visit the great mosque in Damascus whose history is read in its various styles of architecture. On the south or west the Grecian or Roman style indicates that the building was at one time a heathen temple.

For three hundred years it was the cathedral church, and for twelve centuries the Moslems have worshiped within its walls, in full view of a Greek inscription which testifies to the supremacy of the One who spoke to Paul on the Damascus Road: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth through all generations." The "Street which is called Straight," to which Ananias was directed to go to find Saul of Tarsus, is still "Straight Street," but there is not much there suggesting the visit of Paul. The house of Ananias and the wall where the apostle was let down in a basket are shown by the guides.

Like Athens of old, there is much religion in Damascus, but not much Gospel. The city is a hotbed of contending fanatical sects. With its population of Mohammedans, Jews, and Greeks, with various subdivisions, including the Druses and Kurds and Maronites, it affords an unpromising field for missionary operations. There is a Protestant church, whose members are, it is said, almost wholly from the Greek Church. In educational and medical work, however, there has been considerable progress. The memory of the terrible massacre of Christians in 1860, begun in the Lebanon by the Druses and carried on in Damascus by the Moslems, still has a deterrent effect. In those days of terror foreign consulates were burned, the Christian Quarter of Damascus was destroyed, and six thousand Christians in the city and eight thousand

in Syria were put to death. Finally, aroused by the expressed indignation of Europe, the Turkish Government attempted to interfere and stop the wholesale slaughter, and a French corps of ten thousand men was actually landed in Syria; Ahmed Pasha and a few ringleaders, including several Jews, were arrested and beheaded.

Baalbec, a few hours' ride from Damascus, is beautiful for situation and abounds in picturesque scenery, modified by extensive meadows and winding streams. It is nearly four thousand feet above the sea and contains five thousand people, of whom one-third are Christians. The origin of Baalbec runs back far beyond historical records. It is thought by some scholars that the city existed before the Flood. One suggestion is that Baalbec is the Baal Gad referred to in the Book of Joshua; undoubtedly it is the sacred city for worship of the God of the Sun, and was built at first by the Phœnicians. Subsequently the name was changed to Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, by the Selucid kings, who reconstructed the Temple on the site already used. Six of the fifty-eight Corinthian columns remain, massive pillars seventy-five feet high and seven and a half feet in diameter. Near the Temple of the Sun is the Temple of Jupiter, larger than the Parthenon at Athens, erected in the second century. An inscription at the foot of a statue when translated into English reads:

"Julia, be happy."

CHAPTER XII

HIGHER EDUCATION IN TURKEY

> DELIGHTFUL task! to rear the tender thought,
> To teach the young idea how to shoot,
> To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
> To breath the enlivening spirit, and to fix
> The generous purpose in the glowing breast!
> —THOMSON.

NO one can travel in Turkey, visiting the coast cities or going into the interior, without realizing that a force is working there, silently but powerfully, which is destined to change the government, if not the religion, of the empire. It is not to be wondered at that many Turkish officials view with suspicion, and some with alarm, the efforts of men from a friendly country to build up in their domain educational institutions whose students are inculcated with the idea of liberty as the term is used in America. American education in Turkey has been from the first in the hands of missionaries. Not that every instructor to-day looks upon himself as a missionary, or is regarded as such by the educated Turks; but Robert College in Constantinople, the International College in Smyrna, the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, and similar institutions in the interior of Turkey and in Egypt, have all sprung from missionary effort.

It is difficult for the Turks to distinguish between education and missions, and for the visitor from the West the line of separation, if there be one, is not easily discerned. Missionaries and educators work hand in hand, the former sending their bright young men to the institutions under American control, and the latter returning their promising graduates to swell the ranks of pastors and teachers throughout the empire. The fact of union between missionaries and educators is seen in another relation. Now and then when there have been delays on the part of Turkish officials in granting permission to enlarge buildings, or erect new ones, or to recognize the value of diplomas or certificates granted to graduates of institutions whose governing boards meet in Boston or New York, when individual protests have not availed, the college officer and the missionary have combined forces, and sometimes carried their case to Washington, occasionally making it a subject of diplomatic inquiry.

The authorities of the American institutions are developing their work, enlarging their grounds, adding building to building, increasing their teaching corps and doubling and trebling their student bodies. The educational institutions along the Syrian coast, on the shores of the Bosphorus; in the interior of Turkey and on the Nile, backed as they are by influential men and women in America, are exerting the most potent influences in the Levant. Millions of dollars are invested in Cairo, Beirut, Smyrna, Constantinople, Har-

poot, and other cities, and thousands of Egyptians, Syrians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Arabians and Indians and men from other lands are learning in these American colleges arithmetic and grammar and civil government and also the dynamic statement from the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The story of the founding of the colleges in Turkey, and especially of Robert College on the Bosphorus, reads like a romance of the East; their development by American missionaries, with the aid of money from the keenest financiers in New York and Boston, is far more gratifying to most Americans than it is satisfying to some Turks. Holding the American principle that all men have equal rights to establish religious and educational institutions, it was natural that the missionaries should early demand the right to start schools and colleges and hospitals and dispensaries in which their converts could be educated and cared for mentally and physically; the spiritual not to be forgotten in the development of the mind or the treatment of the body.

The statesmen who established and developed the colleges in the Ottoman Empire never forgot their divine commission nor failed to remember their human nationality. When a Russian Minister assured Cyrus

Hamlin, the founder of Robert College, that his master, "the Czar of all the Russias, would never allow Protestantism to set its foot in Turkey," Dr. Hamlin quickly replied: "My Master, the Lord of Heaven and earth, will never ask your master where He shall set His foot!"

The missionary was a true apostle sent of God. On the other hand, Dr. Hamlin, sought help from the

ROBERT COLLEGE

American Minister and from the State Department in Washington as well, when getting his college started. Further, he secured assistance from the English Ambassador, and finally he wearied the Turks by his perpetual applications and institutions until the Grand Vizier became so irritated that he said in vexation:

"Will this Mr. Hamlin never die and let me alone on this college question!"

Christopher R. Robert, a wealthy man from New York, who visited Constantinople toward the close of the Crimean War, became interested in Dr. Hamlin, agreed to help him secure the college which he desired, and when the Turkish Government hesitated to grant the missionary the necessary permission, Mr. Robert wrote: "We will fight it to the end!" and Dr. Hamlin echoed the sentiment. When Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State in President Lincoln's Cabinet, threw his powerful influence on the side of the missionary, the Turkish Government received a dispatch from its Minister in Washington to this effect: "Settle the College question lest it prove a thorny question." Still nothing came from it.

No forward steps were taken in Constantinople until Admiral Farragut entered the harbor on an American warship. The Admiral was pressed into the service of the college people, although he assured them that he was not on a diplomatic mission. At every official dinner at which he met a pasha, he asked this question: "Why cannot the American College be built?" He entered into no argument, but took each answer as correct and decisive; the following night he would repeat the question, accept the answer as satisfactory, and ask it again at the next dinner which he attended. The effect was what one might expect when such a condition arose. The suspicion of the Turkish officials grew as

the question was asked repeatedly by the distinguished Admiral. Soon messengers came to Dr. Hamlin asking what the question meant.

"Admiral Farragut has come on a mission which he thoroughly understands," was the diplomatic reply. "He will answer all questions concerning the purpose of his visit." In a short time, not a firman, but an imperial irade, was given to the missionary, and the great institution of the present day was begun, and the still greater one, made possible by the will of Mr. John Stewart Kennedy of New York, was an assured fact.

Robert College has a beautiful site on the bluff overlooking the Bosphorus and the city. It has an enrolment of 454 students, of whom 255 are Greeks, 67 Bulgarians, 66 Armenians, 33 Turks, 19 Israelites, and one and two each of ten other nationalities. Mr. Kennedy, who was at his death in 1909 president of the Board of Trustees of the College, left it by far the largest bequest which it or any other missionary college had ever received. By means of this gift several needed buildings, for which President C. F. Gates has been pleading, will be erected; the faculty will be enlarged, and a bright era awaits the institution planted by the indomitable faith and perseverance of the American missionary and the American financier.

The Syrian Protestant College in Beirut was begun about the same time as Robert College—in the early sixties. Dr. Daniel Bliss, still active in its councils, though President emeritus, and Dr. William M. Thom-

son, a brother missionary, often discussed the subject of Higher Education in Syria. In 1862 the two missionaries named were appointed a committee to raise money for the institution. Dr. Bliss came to America to speak at the annual meeting of the American Board, and was followed on the platform by Mr. William E. Dodge, who used this remarkable statement, showing

SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE, BEIRUT

the effect of the missionary's appeal: "When our young brother was speaking I was so moved that there was not a dry thread in my shirt." After conferring with his family Mr. Dodge said to one of his sons, who is now the President of the Board of Trustees of the College: "Stuart, that seems to me to be a good thing; we must look into it." Mr. Dodge became treasurer of the Board of Trustees, and his son Stuart went to Beirut to teach in the new institution. Dr. Dodge has been from the first a constant adviser and

co-worker with Dr. Bliss and other missionaries in developing the institution, which has more than eight hundred and fifty students and one of the finest college sites in the East.

Dr. Bliss was succeeded in the presidency by his son, Dr. Howard S. Bliss, under whose administration rapid progress has been made. History locates an incident in Beirut which affects at least two continents: A generation ago two American lads rode a donkey at the same time through the streets of Beirut. One boy was the son of a traveler visiting Syria, and the other the son of the President of the College in the city. One succeeded his father in the presidency of the institution, and the other became President of the United States. How much of the success of President Bliss and President Roosevelt has been due to their ability to conquer a Syrian donkey may never be fully known.

REV. DR. HOWARD S. BLISS

The college has a faculty of seventy members, and five languages are taught here: Arabic, Turkish, Eng-

lish, French and modern Greek, while a short course in Latin is offered in the School of Arts and Sciences. The language of instruction in all departments is English. Turkish, being the official language of the empire, occupies an increasingly important place in the curriculum of the college.

The number of students in the college is 830, and of these 472 are in the upper departments. In the student body there are 174 Protestants, and 439 belong to other Christian sects; 101 are Moslems, 86 Jews, 25 Druses and 5 Behias. Students represent twelve or fourteen religions and nationalities, coming from a geographical area which extends from the Ural Mountains to the Soudan and from Greece and Egypt to Persia and India. There are 1074 graduates occupying positions of commanding influence as civil and military officers and pharmacists, physicians of military and general hospitals, lawyers, judges, teachers, preachers, editors, authors and merchants.

As a result of the granting of the Constitution in 1908, the Moslem and Jewish students wished to be excused from chapel exercises and Bible study. A concession was made for the remainder of the year, but the following year the parents were obliged to sign a statement to the effect that students should agree to obey the letter and the spirit of all regulations, and in the event of their inability to do so they should agree to withdraw from college without disturbance. The purpose of the college, in the opinion of the trustees

and faculty, is to impart strength and purity of personal character, in the hope that the students may be fitted to become leaders in a movement toward righteousness in society. They believe that this can be accomplished only through instruction in religion, and therefore instruction in religion occupies an important place in the intention of the college. The college is a Christian institution and teaches the principles of the Christian religion; there is, however, no attempt whatever to attack the religious faith or worship of any of its students; but conformity to the rules of the college regarding attendance upon exercises of worship and of religious instruction is required of all.

The International College in Smyrna has a student body of 330 and a staff of twenty-one members. The institution is Christian but not sectarian. Its aim is to afford boys and young men facilities for obtaining a practical education to equip them for positions of usefulness and responsibility in the commercial, educational and religious institutions of the land. In carrying out the same it is assumed by President MacLachlan and his faculty that character is a first essential, and that the life and teaching of Jesus Christ afford the only sufficient model and inspiration for developing that strength and purity of purpose which are fundamental to all true success. The curriculum, therefore, contains, in addition to the languages and practical sciences usually included in a collegiate training, a course of Bible instruction. In this moral and relig-

ious teaching, which is wholly unsectarian, the sole aim is to develop in the students a strong, manly, Christian character, and to do this without prejudice to the interests of those Christian communions to which the great majority of the students belong. While the students are Greek Christians, Armenians and Moslems, they are all obliged to attend the religious services to which they are accustomed and, in addition, they are all required to attend a Sunday service in the chapel.

While there are elective studies, three things are compulsory — chapel exercises, Bible study, and the English language classes. The Young Men's Christian Association has a strong branch in the college, in which are banded together those students who, without regard to creed or confession, acknowledge the personal claims of Jesus Christ upon them for obedience and service. The Association also receives into its membership all students who express an honest desire to conform their lives to the teaching and example of Jesus.

It is interesting to walk through the college buildings and see the wireless telegraphy and Roentgen ray apparatuses, which have been provided by a friend, and a complete equipment for regulating and signaling standard time, and to know that the railway and city time are governed by the noon signal from the observatory, which, by the way, is only partially equipped for meteorological requirements. Every day a bulletin is issued and reports are sent to the meteorological offices

in London, Washington, Cairo, Larnica in Cyprus, and to the representatives of the Turkish, American and British Governments in Smyrna.

The American College for Girls at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus in Constantinople, holds a strategic position of great importance in the enterprise of the education of women. It furnishes advantages of an advanced course of study, and draws its pupils from various nationalities and from wealthy and influential classes. Under the inspiration of Miss Mary Mills Patrick, the President, there is ardor and industry in the faculty, and the atmosphere is favorable to stimulation of the intellect and to refinement of character. Its graduates hold leading positions in society, and many are instructors of others. Its influence has extended not only over the capital and large cities on the seaboard, but into the European provinces and principalities and into Asiatic towns, attracting from far those who are able to meet the expense, which is of necessity much greater than in the interior. It has better furnishings and offers a more advanced course of study to pupils of various nationalities than has up to the present time been possible in any other institution for girls in the empire.

The American Collegiate Institute in Smyrna had its beginning in 1875, when Miss Maria West taught a class of girls in a room in her own house. Under Miss Emily McCallum, the present principal, there are more than two hundred and fifty girls in the five de-

partments—kindergarten, primary, intermediate, collegiate and normal. The graduates of the institute are found in many lands and are doing a noble work for Christ in home, church and school. Sixty per cent. of the graduates have become teachers. The board of instruction has twenty-two members, and on the Board of Trustees, among others, are the American missionaries resident in Smyrna.

There are many other colleges in Turkey and Harpoot and Marsovan and Aintab and Tarsus, each in its own field holding the place of a Yale or an Oberlin or a Williams or a Mount Holyoke. There are also high schools for both sexes and theological institutions, all of which are aiding missionary effort. In each of them Christianity controls the teaching and the conduct, and efforts are made to train the students for the active duties of life.

In many of the institutions in Turkey the influences of the teaching seemed to an outsider to be in sympathy with the Turkish Government and people; one would expect the students from these schools to be better citizens, truer in every relation of life, because of their education. In some of the institutions there did not seem to be the same effort to adapt the methods to the need of the Turks as Turks. The curriculum seemed a replica of schools in New York or Massachusetts. Little attention seemingly was paid to the country in which the students live or the religion of the country in which the schools are located.

This, however, was not true of the larger institutions, whose officials and professors, while loyal to the Stars and Stripes, do nothing to discredit the flag of Turkey; and while faithful adherents to the Cross of Christ, do not seek to have their students forswear allegiance to the Crescent of Mohammed.

If those who send money to Turkey for Christian education understand exactly how it is used, they will favor the method of these educators, letting the non-Christian mind come into close contact with the Christian teachers, and sowing of the seed of Christianity, letting it germinate in ground prepared by the missionary, believing that inspiration received in this frank manner may be better than a confession of a change of heart which is based neither upon thorough knowledge nor honest conviction.

CHAPTER XIII

NAZARETH AND GALILEE

SWEET waters, whose serene and limpid wave
Upheld the pulpit from which words were said
To outlast time; on whose banks feasts were spread
Which to the soul an unknown vigor gave—
You did obey, when storms began to rave,
The "Peace be still," and each foam-crested head
Became like solid oak beneath that tread
Which bore embodied love and power to save.
The mountains mirror their fair heights in thee;
Upon their slopes His blessed footsteps trod
Whom multitudes went to the wilds to see,
And to be fed with bread come down from heaven.
From thee went out the Spirit's mighty leaven,
For here was manifest the Son of God.

—FROM "A BRIEF PILGRIMAGE IN THE HOLY LAND,"
BY CAROLINE HAZARD.

DROPPING anchor at Haifa in the Bay of Acre, the first impressions of Palestine are gained by looking at Haifa and Mount Carmel, in front of which the city lies. Here, in the time of the Crusaders, the fortress was well known, and here it was that the Knights of St. John made their last stand before going to Rome and later to Malta.

Not much time was taken with inspecting the town of 12,000 people, as Nazareth was the destination for the carriage ride the first half-day. A prosperous German colony was observed between the city proper and

the mountain, but it was neither of the colony nor the town about which we were thinking as we crossed the Kishon and started eastward. We were going through the town, under the brow of Carmel, identified so closely with the history of Elijah and Ahab and Jezebel and the prophets of Baal. We were going over the Plain of Esdraelon, where Barak and Gideon and Saul and Josiah and the Maccabees and the Crusaders and Napoleon and other men of prominence had won victories or suffered defeats. Here we saw the flowers which have made Palestine famous the world over, the scarlet anemones, cyclamen, larkspurs, buttercups and daisies, all intermingling with the green grass. Many times the carriages stopped to let a lover of flowers pick a bouquet of the beautiful "lilies of the field," immortalized by the Galilean Peasant whose boyhood home we were approaching. His immortal words concerning the birds and flowers of His native province were on the lips of all the travelers as they looked over the plain above which they were rising, as the road wound up from the sea toward the city where He increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.

After a ride of twenty-three miles and a climb of 1,100 feet, shortly after noon Nazareth was reached. After luncheon the tourists started out to see the places marked by the Church as those associated with the early life of Jesus. The Cave of the Annunciation, the Kitchen of Mary, the Carpenter Shop of Joseph, the stone said to have been used as a table by Jesus and

THE VILLAGE AND FOUNTAIN OF NAZARETH

His apostles, and the Synagogue in which the great Teacher announced the program of Christianity as narrated in Luke's Gospel—all of this and more was shown by the guides and was more or less satisfactory to various members of the party.

Nazareth is five or six miles west of Mount Tabor, two miles up a valley north of the great plain of Jezreel. Owing to its poor water-supply, it is thought by students that it has never been a large village, and but for the matchless life of Jesus, who lived in this village, it would never be visited by the hosts of travelers who include it as one of the chief places in the tours. As Palestine was small among the nations of the East and yet was of great importance commercially as well as politically, so Nazareth, although in a retired spot of Palestine, was in the center of Roman worldliness and paganism. Three and a half miles to the north lay Sepphoris, a place of considerable importance at the beginning of the Christian era. On the coast, near Haifa, was Ptolemais, now Acre, a large Roman city, while Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, was another center of Roman worldliness. It is easy to understand the designation of Nazareth in the midst of "Galilee of the heathen nations," when one remembers its Roman surroundings.

But there are two places visited by all of the party which seemed to satisfy every one. These were the Fountain of the Virgin and the outlook from the hill, perhaps five hundred feet above the town. There is no

record of there having been any other well in the village, and it seems entirely probable that the boy Jesus and His mother may have gone to that fountain day after day with water-jars, as other children and their Syrian mothers go to-day, the little boys taking hold of their mothers' skirts and trudging along as if that was the chief object in life. Girls and children and women gather around this fountain and discuss, presumably, questions relating to their families, and possibly religion, though one not versed in the Syrian language would better not dogmatize. It was a happy sight, however, the passing of the two streams of women and children, on the one line with empty water-pots, and on the other pots filled to the brim with never a drop spilling, carried gracefully on the heads of the women. Many of the women were extremely pleasing in appearance, and the memory of one of the Nazareth women, carrying not water, but a heavy box on her head, will long be held in grateful remembrance by one of the members of the party.

Most of the tourists walked up the hill, and a hard pull it was for some of them, but the writer and the lady who calls him "John" rode on horseback. If there be a steeper place in Palestine than the seemingly perpendicular ascent from the fountain to the ruins overlooking Nazareth, it has not been seen; the couple in question will walk the next time that they climb the hill. The horses were sure-footed, but the riders were not overconfident, as the animals stepped upon great

rocks or walked through defiles made for goats and not for horses.

The Syrian woman, touched by the tense expression on her American sister's face and seemingly forgetful of her own heavy burden, walked beside the horse, and whenever a particularly dangerous place appeared she would lay her bronzed hand upon the hand of her new friend; frequently she would put her right hand against the stranger's back with a gentle pressure that was as helpful as it was reassuring. It is probably too much to say that she prevented an accident, but it is not too much to say that a very grateful heart beat more lovingly for the women of Syria because of this unexpected assistance from one of them in a time of real need. Be it said to the honor of the Oriental that when her path left that of the rider's she simply smiled, and with a wave of the hand bade good-by to the Americans, and did not ask for "bakshish." Had she done so, or had it been possible to stop the horses at that place, her helpful spirit would have been rewarded.

The hill is called Neby Sain, and rises sixteen hundred feet above the sea; from it one of the finest views of Syria and Palestine presents itself. Looking directly in front over the village at the foot of the hill rises the plain of Esdraelon with mountains closing in on all sides. To the west is the Carmel range running from the monastery, marking the place of sacrifice made memorable by Elijah and the priests of Baal clear to the Mediterranean, twenty-five miles away. To the

east appear the mountains of Moab with the Sea of Galilee, out of sight but in the chasm just west of the mountains. Turning to the north, beyond the ruins of Seffurieh, the Sepphoris of Josephus, can be seen the white peak of Hermon, with Safed to the left, some seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea, the city which the Master immortalized as one that "being set on a hill cannot be hid."

Just as the sun was setting, the summit of the hill above the town was reached. The Mediterranean and also the Jordan Valley were visible, as well as Mount Tabor, Mount Hermon and Mount Carmel. Here one could see the Plain of Jezreel and the villages and towns around it, as well as the mountains and highlands of Naphtali and Bashan. In the village below, the "historic" places may or may not be real, but from this eminence one can see a dozen places about which there can be no doubt, and one must believe that He who loved nature, and the God of nature, must often have come to this place and looked on the mountain and the plain and the sea, even as we were looking upon them as the twilight settled upon the little party of humble believers in Jesus of Nazareth. There was no loud talking; the men and women in the company were thinking their own thoughts, but not expressing them. It was their first contact with the Holy Land, and they were near the place where the carpenter's Son grew from childhood into manhood; from one of the hills in front of them they could see the place where an at-

tempt had been made to kill Jesus before His time, because His message did not appeal to those who had known Him as a child and youth.

On the way back to the hotel a call was made at the Girls' Orphanage of the Church Missionary Society of England. The work was begun in 1867, and now seventy orphans of Protestant, Moslem or Greek parentage and religion are fed and clothed and taught free of charge, the annual expense being $35. Two objects are kept in mind by those in charge of the Orphanage: one is to teach the girls the saving truths of the Gospel as found in Jesus Christ, and the other is to train them to be useful wives and mothers. In addition to the Bible the girls all learn housework; several become teachers; others go to serve in European families; and others train as nurses in mission hospitals carried on by these societies. The majority leave the Orphanage to be married. The children entertained the callers with songs, and the superintendent and matron and other ladies explained the working of the Orphanage and related many incidents showing the beneficial results of the work. One of the hymns which the girls sang, "Children of Nazareth," began as follows:

"We are little Nazareth children,
And our Father placed our home
Mid the olive-trees and vineyards,
Where the Saviour used to roam."

The ride from Nazareth to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee carries one down not only as far as he came up

from the Mediterranean to Nazareth, but nearly seven hundred and fifty feet below the level of the sea. Five miles on the direct road to Tiberias is the old site of Cana of Galilee; here it was that Nathanael lived; here Jesus performed His first miracle, and in this place also He healed, by a word, the son of the nobleman from Capernaum who felt unworthy that Jesus should enter his home. The road to Galilee is fairly good, but it will need another visit from the German Emperor before the roads through the Holy Land can be called really good.

Shortly before Tiberias is reached a ridge at the left is pointed out as "Kurn Hattin"—the Horns of Hattin—known also as the Mount of Beatitudes, for here or in this neighborhood the Sermon on the Mount, as recorded in Matthew's Gospel, was probably delivered. Not far away to the north is Safed, toward which Jesus may have looked as he delivered his memorable sermon. The city can be seen over a wide area of country. It was at Hattin, on July 5, 1187, that the Crusaders met the hosts of Saladin and went down in that awful slaughter.

As the carriages drive on beyond the historic Mount of Blessing a magnificent view of the Sea of Galilee and its surroundings suddenly bursts upon the travelers. In the foreground are the steeply sloping banks leading down to the Lake. Beyond the sea rise the irregular hills, bare and barren, but "rich and varied in tone and tint" as the western sun lights upon them.

To the north Hermon appears with its great snow cap, and to the south Mount Tabor is seen, which is associated by many with the scenes of the Transfiguration. Again the hush of nearness to holy places is felt as the carriages swing around the winding road and dash down the steep descent to Tiberias. The old walled town of the city makes a picturesque foreground to the scenery of the Lake so intimately connected with the ministry of Jesus. Tiberias was built by Herod Antipas while Jesus was living in Nazareth, and was dedicated by him to the Emperor Tiberias. It became the chief city of the Province of Galilee, and after the destruction of Jerusalem became the seat of the Jews. Arabs and Turks and Crusaders figure in the successive captures of the city.

The modern town of Tiberias contains about six thousand people, half of them Jews. It does not occupy so large a space as the ancient city. It is partly surrounded by a wall which was nearly destroyed in the great earthquake of 1837, when half the people of the town perished. Perhaps a rainy day is not the best time to judge the city's cleanliness, and yet then, if ever, a city should be clean. Truth compels the statement that it would be difficult to imagine a more filthy town than Tiberias; a word or two might be said about the fleas there, but that subject is not a pleasant one for some people. Drinking-water and uncooked vegetables and salads were omitted by the travelers, and no one suffered any ill effects from the two days spent

in Tiberias, but no one of the party applied to join the Scotch Mission, which is doing excellent work in educational and medical departments. The pastor has been there only a short time, and the organized church work is not extensive, but it promises to increase as the years go by. Progress by means of conversions is slow, the number of confessing Christians in the town, it is said, being less than one hundred. The schools are well patronized, but the children, when old enough to enter the church, or soon after doing so, move to another part of the country or leave the country altogether. The Mission seems to be working against terrible odds, but the workers are not discouraged, and they feel that the seed sown is sure to bear fruit, if not in Tiberias, in some other part of Turkey, or possibly far-away America.

The success of the Hospital, under the very efficient care of Dr. David Watt Torrance, is one of which the Scottish Church in particular, and Medical Missions in general, may well be proud. In the nine months that the doctor was able to stand the climate last year there were twenty-two thousand attendances, and this in addition to the patients in the hospital, who come from all parts of Northern Palestine as well as from beyond the Jordan; every patient cured or even helped becomes a missionary to spread the good news of healing throughout the countries from which they come. Twelve operations in the week before our visit had been performed successfully; several of these were major

operations, and in these the physician had been assisted by his young son who has not yet had a college training. In a single day the doctor treated a hundred cases for affections of the eye. Surely no better illustration of his being a veritable disciple of the Good Physician could be desired. Poor as are the patients who come for treatment, Dr. Torrance was able to collect last year about half the expenses of the Mission, the balance coming from the Scotch Church. It was a great pleasure to worship with this little band of earnest Presbyterians on the shore of the Lake and to experience the truth of the poet's dream:

"O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above.
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!"

The storm of Sunday noon cleared the atmosphere and a beautiful sunset gilded the eastern shores of the Lake. This was succeeded by a purple haze overspreading the Lake and the country of the Gergesenes, an atmospheric condition never seen elsewhere by the writer. What was true of the afterglow of the evening was true also of the morning twilight. An American artist who is painting a shore scene on the Lake is at work every morning before sunrise in order to get the tints which she can find nowhere else.

Four merry boat-loads with stalwart rowers left

Tiberias one morning before sunrise and were rowed to the northern end of the Lake to the place where Capernaum, the exalted city, flourished. Nothing is left there now except the ruins of a city which had an opportunity greater than that given to Sodom and Gomorrah, an opportunity neglected; the result is only a

TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE

name and a pile of stone recently brought to light by the followers of Him who predicted what has taken place, unless repentance were made. Only one man was seen in the town where Jesus lived, the town where Peter had his home and the town where mighty works were done, and he was a Franciscan in charge of the property. The principal "find" so far is the syna-

gogue, believed to be the one erected by the Roman centurion who loved the Jewish people and erected a place of worship for them; but comparatively little has been done toward uncovering the ancient city.

A row of twenty minutes takes one to the site of Bethsaida, but here much less has been found than at Capernaum; a broken aqueduct is the only thing worth seeing. There was some question in the minds of the scholars in the country—doubts raised by much reading—as to whether Tel Hum, back of Bethsaida, was Corajin or the ancient site of Capernaum.

On the way to Tiberias sails were set and the boats passed rapidly the site of Magdala, the home of Mary, out of whom the devils were cast and who followed the Master, ministering to him of her substance. It was this Mary whose name has been identified with institutions for a class of people wholly unlike in character that gifted woman, whose habits of life were doubtless as correct as those of any other Mary.

In the little time that the party had been on shore at the northern end of the Lake the color of the water had changed from purple to blue, and before Tiberias was reached it was a beautiful green. The boatmen sang their jolly songs led by a precentor; as far as one could understand the men were sounding forth the praises of the crew, or this or that member of the crew, or the firm by which they were engaged or the party which they were carrying. Once in a while when one boat forged ahead of the others slightly, the singing

did not cease, but the tenor of the song did not suggest praise so much as something else. It is not best to be ignorant, but travelers say that one loses a great deal, which he never misses, if he does not know the language of boatmen and dragomen in Eastern countries.

The afternoon journey consisted of a boat-ride from Tiberias to Samach, a station on the railway from Damascus to Haifa, and the railway ride to the Mediterranean coast, crossing the Jordan and riding through the plains of Esdraelon and Jezreel and skirting the northern shore of Mount Carmel. A restful night in a German hotel in Haifa followed a strenuous day, and breakfast was taken the next morning on the ship, which steamed along the coast and landed its passengers at noon at Jaffa. As the Galilee country was left behind the words of the hymn sung in the Scotch Church sang themselves in many a mind:

"Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me;'

"As of old apostles heard it
By the Galilean Lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

"Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all."

CHAPTER XIV

JERUSALEM AND THE JORDAN

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

—MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

"I PREFER not to leave the ship," said an earnest Christian worker from New York not long ago, as the anchor dropped outside the mighty rocks of Jaffa. Her explanation was that she was afraid contact with present-day Palestine would destroy her idea of the Holy Land gained from a study of the Bible. And to preserve this mental picture intact she remained on the ship, while the rest of the party went to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Garden of Gethsemane, Gordon's Calvary, the Mount of Olives, Bethany, Jericho and the Dead Sea.

"I feared from what I had heard that I might be disillusioned, but on the contrary my faith has been deepened by my actually standing on the ground made sacred by the feet of the blessed Saviour." The enthusiastic speaker was a charming young girl from

Philadelphia, who added in a burst of confidence: "Do you know that when we landed my blessed mother kneeled and kissed the very ground on which He walked, and I am proud to say that I fell on my knees beside her and did the same. I am so happy to have had the privilege of visiting the Holy Land."

It is said that Jaffa is derived from the word meaning beautiful, and this is a fitting term to apply when the sea is smooth. The sea was smooth when we landed at this port, which has a written history through existing tablets dating back to the fifteenth century B.C. Classical scholars claim that the name is derived from Iopa, the daughter of Æolus, Jaffa being the reputed scene of the legend of Andromeda. It is said that in Pliny's time the chains were still shown with which she was bound to the rock for the cruel monster afterward slain by Perseus. Where we landed so peacefully the cedar and the pine wood sent to Solomon by Hiram, King of Tyre, had come in floats by sea for the building of the Temple, and again other material for the rebuilding of the Temple under Zerubbabel was brought from Lebanon to Jaffa as recorded by Ezra. Here also Jonah shipped for Tarshish, or Cadiz, and here Peter raised Dorcas to life and had that remarkable vision from the House of Simon the Tanner.

By carriage it is forty miles from Jaffa to Jerusalem, but the railroad distance is twelve or thirteen miles greater. One can drive to Jerusalem in eight hours or

can ride in a railway carriage in a little less than four hours; this does not mean that undue haste is made by carriage. The most impressive feature of the journey as one leaves the port is the great number of orange-groves. Other fruits—lemons, pomegranates, water-melons, etc.—are found in great abundance, but it is pre-eminently an orange-growing section. An orange was handed to the writer which weighed twenty-three ounces and had a circumference of fifteen inches. Frequently two or three of these great oranges hang suspended by a single stem. Hedges of prickly cactus and in some cases barbed-wire fences separated the orange groves or gardens. There are in the neighborhood of Jaffa more than five hundred of these gardens, varying in size from three and four acres to ten and twelve acres each; about one garden in five has two wells each and the rest only one well each. A flourishing German colony is at the north of the town and is making good progress in helping to restore Palestine to its former agricultural position.

From whatever part of Palestine one reaches the Holy City, he must go up to it. Through the Holy Land from north to south there runs a mountain range, and on two of the hills, known as Mount Zion and Mount Moriah, the famous city stands practically twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and four thousand feet above the Dead Sea. The former lies thirty-two miles to the west and the latter eighteen miles to the east. In every respect save

one the site is admirable. Its defect is its limited water-supply; cisterns still are numerous, and without them the water-supply would be practically cut off. Were it not for its associations, Jerusalem would not be an attractive place to visit. The barren condition of the hills detracts greatly from the natural beauty of the place. Cover the hills with vines and replace the forests which doubtless crowned the hills at one time, and the change would be tremendous.

The old city, including the area where the Mosque of Omar stands, covers only about two hundred acres, the size of a New England farm. The appearance of the city is ancient, and properly so, for the walls that surround it doubtless antedated the Christian era, but some of them look as if they would not remain in their present position much longer. The houses, like the walls, especially those inside the walls, have an ancient appearance also. The streets are narrow and without sidewalks. David Street, which cuts the city from east to west, and Christian Street, which runs from David Street to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and the street leading from the Damascus Gate on the north to Zion's Gate on the south, are practically the only thoroughfares that are worthy the name of street.

The stores in Jerusalem are primitive, but the merchants manage to do a great deal of business. Some are not more than ten feet wide and fifteen feet long, but the merchant packs in them an unusually large quantity of wares. Camels and donkeys and their drivers

are in the streets with their own peculiar method. While the railroads are cutting up the Holy Land and Egypt, it will be some time before the conservatism of the people will do away with the camel trains which go along the old road from Damascus to Jerusalem and on

DAVID STREET, JERUSALEM

to Egypt. It is easy to refer with a sneer to the donkey as "the Jerusalem nightingale," or to speak of the camel as an American lady is reported to have done: "I don't like to criticise the Creator, but it does seem to me that I could have attached the hind legs to their bodies so as to make just as useful and much more graceful creatures. And I could improve the hanging

of their lower lips." But regardless of criticism, the donkey and the camel are still the popular animals of the Orient, and it will be a long time before the railroad train and the automobile displace them.

Outside the city walls is the new Jerusalem, not the one of which John speaks in the Apocalypse, but the

RUSSIAN PILGRIMS

one which is restoring Jerusalem to its former population, if not its old-time importance. While the old city is unclean and lacks fresh air, in the new city the air is pure. Around the houses, which are new, are gardens and small vineyards. Here also are found the Jewish colonies whose founders have a pride in their settlement. Not far from the Pool of the Sultan, facing the Bethany road, is a colony started by a fund

raised by Sir Moses Montefiore. Committees in Jerusalem and London working together built the houses and sold them to families who are considered worthy. The Greek Church has built hospices for its pilgrims who throng the Holy City at Easter-time. Protestant work is confined largely to the services held by the Church of England and the German Church, whose new edifice was opened by Emperor William, while the Christian Alliance of New York and the Friends carry on missions in and about the city. Schools and hospitals for various classes are conducted by the Protestant bodies, and by societies organized for the purpose, and by a few individuals; a mission to the lepers is maintained.

A danger not wholly Oriental in its tendency was illustrated in Jerusalem by an interview with two young Jews who had just finished what would correspond to a high school course in America.

"What are you going to do with your education?" one of the young men was asked. To the astonishment of the writer the youth replied:

"We are going to leave Palestine."

"Why not stay here and help your people?"

"There is nothing here for an educated youth to do. A few of the young men who pursue higher studies elsewhere can come back as teachers, but for the most of us there is nothing to do except to go to America."

"And what will you do when you reach America?"

"We have no idea. I have a cousin in Brooklyn,

and my friend has a brother in Philadelphia, and we will do something."

The impression produced by the young men was not chiefly that they had no future in their country, which is probably true. While they had been trained away from their own people, they had not gone far enough in their studies to be of any real service in solving the problem of Palestine. Their utter helplessness with the outlook before them was painful. Their cry was not, "How can I help my people now?" but rather, "Now that I have an education I am unfitted for anything in this country." And the pity of it all was that apparently they were right. They were losers and not gainers, so far, by what they had received from the English school, and they knew it, and they blamed the Government. They had decided to leave their land and enter the battle with educated youths of America; if they enter that contest the issue for them is still problematical.

But what of the country which they are leaving? Is the fault with the Government, as so many people in and out of Palestine charge, or is there just ground for criticism in the charge that in Jerusalem, as in New York and Philadelphia and other cities not under Turkish control, the aim of the educator is to produce "finished scholars," the intellectual rather than the practical being ever in the mind of the educators? An agricultural school or college would seem peculiarly fitting in Jerusalem.

Professor Richard Gottheil, of Columbia University, New York, the director of the American School of Archæology in Jerusalem, believes that the time will come when Palestine will be in fact what the Hebrew Scriptures say in poetry it was at one time, "a land flowing with milk and honey." The professor admits that

A BAND OF LEPERS

changes will have to come before that ideal is realized, but he believes that they will come. When a friend suggested that there would have to be a change in the soil as well as in the government, he replied that appearances were often deceitful in Turkey as well as in America, and that what appeared to be ordinary stone on the hillsides of the Holy Land was really a fertilizer in rock form.

Professor Gottheil has been giving special attention

this year to the Mohammedan inscriptions, and has received many courtesies from the Moslems. Incidentally he has been cataloguing rare manuscripts and books in the libraries and visiting various parts of the country to acquaint himself with present-day conditions in order to help in some way to improve them. That there is needed improvement, even he with his op-

GOOD SAMARITAN INN

timism is obliged to admit. Not long ago a band of men and boys stoned his carriage within twenty-five miles of Jerusalem when his wife was riding with him. While the experience was mortifying as well as dangerous, Dr. Gottheil had an excuse rather than censure for their act. The assailants were off the beaten line of travel and did not meet many foreigners; when they had come more in contact with

Europeans there would be no danger of such occurrences.

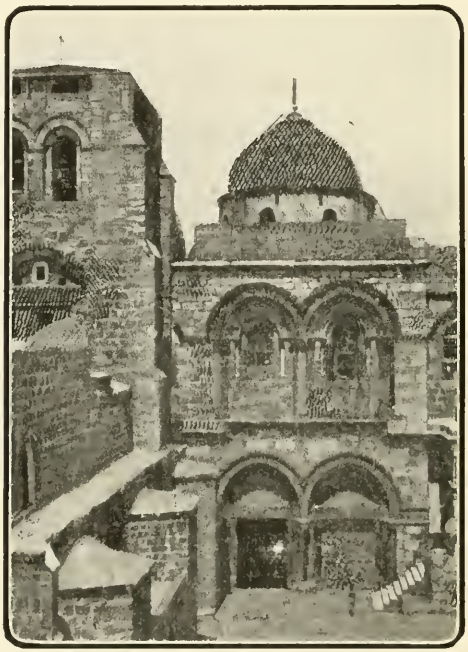
The rides to Hebron and to Jericho and the Jordan Valley are full of interest and attended with some risk, but usually nothing of the thrill of a possible adventure occurs.

It does not take long to see the places of popular interest in Jerusalem, but several days can be profitably occupied in studying those closely identified with Bible history. While the area of the city is small, scenes have been enacted there during the last thirty centuries which have changed the destinies of mankind. To these acres of land the leaders of the principal religions of the world, Jewish, Moslem and Christian, turn for their inspiration; toward these hilltops the majority of the human family to-day look with a reverence and a devotion which are given to no other part of the earth's surface!

Where the Mosque of Omar stands the beautiful Temple of Solomon was erected, and later Herod's Temple. Probably at some place on this very plateau Abraham attempted to offer his son Isaac as a sacrifice to God. The Mosque of Omar is considered by many students of architecture to be the finest building in Asia. Professor Lewis would place it first among the buildings of the world. Beautiful as is the structure, with its colored marble pillars and impressive dome, marble mosaics, tasteful decoration, stained glass windows and magnificent rugs, the main feature of interest

is the rock, directly under the dome, fifty-seven feet long and forty-three broad, which marks the Altar of Burnt Offerings.

Where the Church of the Holy Sepulcher stands the



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

Romans erected a temple to Venus about 125 A.D. Two hundred years later Eusebius wrote of the building of the church there because it was believed to be the

place of Christ's burial. The first church was dedicated in 336 A.D. and destroyed in 614 by the Persians. In the eleventh century it was again destroyed and rebuilt and enlarged by the Crusaders. In 1808 the structure was burned, but it was rebuilt two years later at an expense of three million dollars. It is a sad commentary upon Christianity that Turkish guards hold the key to this Christian edifice, and that one of their duties is to give religious freedom to the Latin, Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian Christians, each sect having its own shrine in the building and each regarding the other as scarcely less obnoxious than the Moslems who are at once their avowed opponents and their legal protectors.

While the Church bears the name of the burial-place of Jesus and not that of His crucifixion, it has long been held by the two main branches of the Catholic Church that it also marks the site of Calvary. Whether or not this be true depends upon the age of the city wall to the north of the Church. If this wall antedates 33 A.D., the Church cannot be on Calvary, because that was outside the city. Experts on the age of the wall in question are probably biased somewhat by their religious creed, but the majority of scholars accept the hill across the road from the wall and nearly opposite the Damascus Gate as the probable site of the crucifixion. Major Conder was the first real authority to press the claims of this New Calvary, though Dr. Selah Merrill, long the United States Consul at Jerusalem,

shared the honor with the English explorer. Their views were accepted by General Gordon, of Chinese and African fame, who in addresses and through the press argued in its favor. An enterprising photographer took a view of the hill and called it "Gordon's Calvary," and Gordon's Calvary it remains in spite of its earlier advocates. The tomb in the Garden near the New Calvary answers remarkably well to the Gospel story of the tomb in which the body of Jesus was laid and from which He rose the third day.

It was neither harvest-time nor the Christmas season when Bethlehem was visited, but it was not difficult to people the plain toward the south, as the carriage turned from the Hebron road into the one going to Bethlehem, with harvesters and shepherds. Here was Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz and finding favor in the eyes of her kinsman, to whom later she gave her heart as well as her hand, becoming in turn the mother of Obed, the grandmother of Jesse and the great-grandmother of David. It was a far cry from Ruth the Moabitess to one of the ancestors of Jesus, over whose birth the angels sang above the same field where Ruth had followed the reapers.

"Good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," was the announcement of the angel as he told the wondering shepherds of the birth of Christ the Lord in Bethlehem, and his message was followed by the presence of a multitude of the heavenly host "praising

God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

"There's a song in the air;
There's a star in the sky;
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a Baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King."

With such thoughts one enters Bethlehem to find himself in an atmosphere suggesting neither shepherd-like simplicity nor heavenly messages. The town has about eight thousand people, all Christians practically, but lacking a good deal of the peace and good-will which was predicted by the angelic choir as the result of the Saviour's birth. It is said by those who know, that the people of Bethlehem have always been celebrated for their ruddy beauty and also for their fierce turbulence, inclined like David to be "men of war from their youth;" the frequent religious disturbances in Jerusalem are said to be instigated and carried on in large part by Bethlehemites. Scripture has many illustrations of similar uprisings from the days of Saul to the fortifications built by Rehoboam, after the division of the Kingdom, down to Chimham, mentioned in Jeremiah in connection with Bethlehem as the gathering-place of the warring faction which persisted in going down to Egypt against the advice of the prophet.

The principal building in Bethlehem to-day is the Church of the Nativity, with its three contiguous con-

vents belonging respectively to the Latin, Greek and Armenian Churches. In the Grotto of the Manger a dozen Americans with their guide were learning the meaning of this and that picture and star. A soldier with his rifle was stationed near, and at a little distance stood a Greek Christian, quite apart from the Ameri-

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM

cans and near to three large candles. A slight noise took the soldier across the room, and the Greek was detained till we had left the Grotto. Immediately another soldier was called. I went back to the Grotto, but the guide said:

"He is not of our party; come along."

Another call, and a Franciscan monk entered the

Grotto. In a few minutes the Greek joined us and explained the cause of the commotion. The candles rest on springs which rise as the candles are consumed; one of the springs became released, and it fell on the arm of the Greek, and could not be touched by him or the soldier, but only by the Franciscan who had charge of the candles.

The Greek protested that it was accidental, and he had plenty of witnesses to prove his statement.

"What would have happened if you had been an Armenian?" the Greek was asked.

"I should have been sent to prison for desecrating the holy place of the Catholics."

"And then what?"

"Who can tell?"

The Greek seemed to feel that he had fallen among Christian friends, and he clung to us like a brother beloved during our stay in the church. Only once did he turn back, and that was when the men in a body were invited to see the orange-tree which grew in the time of Jerome. It was explained to the women that there was no reason why they should not see the tree except that they would be obliged to pass through the vestment room of the monks. The tree, which contained many oranges, is so old that the trunk has wasted away until it is little more than a slab.

The Church of the Nativity is thought to be the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. It is the basilica erected by Constantine in 330 A.D.,

and it is still a fine building, in spite of its extreme age. It contains four rows of marble columns of the Corinthian order, each of a single stone. On some of the shafts are the crests of Crusaders. A medieval font bears the inscription that it was given by those "whose names are known to the Lord." The mosaics on the wall date from 1169 A.D. The Chapel, or Grotto, of the Nativity is a cave in the rock, twenty feet below the floor of the choir; it is thirty-three feet by eleven feet, incased in Italian marble and decorated with lamps, figures of saints, embroidery and various other ornaments. On the east side of the Grotto is a recess where a silver star on the pavement indicates the spot where the Christians of Bethlehem—and for that matter the greater part of Christendom—believe the Saviour was born. Around the star is the Latin inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est." "Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born." Above this spot sixteen silver lamps are perpetually burning; of these six belong to the Greeks and five each to the Latins and Armenians. A plain altar near at hand is used by the three sects on their special festival days.

With the words of Phillips Brooks in our minds as a prayer, we slowly retraced our steps toward Jerusalem:

"O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!"

As one drives to Bethany and stops at the Garden of

GETHSEMANE AND ITS KEEPER

Gethsemane on the western slope of Olivet there is nothing to suggest the sadness and the loneliness prece-

ding the Crucifixion hour; and yet they were there, and the sleeping disciples and the base betrayal. The olive-trees date back hundreds of years, how many no one knows. The Garden itself, enclosed, and cared for by a Franciscan monk, is filled with flowers, including quantities of rosemary, fit tokens of remembrance. While the Garden is small—the one reverenced by the Latin Church and English-speaking travelers as a rule—there is another one farther up the hillside to which Russian pilgrims and other adherents of the Greek Church wend their way, and worship in the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene erected near it by the Russian Emperor in 1888 in honor of his mother. It is thought by many that the two gardens were in the time of Jesus one, and that it was the property of a friend of the Master and a favorite place of retirement for Him. Farther up the mountain still is the Chapel of the Paternoster, a pretty little building erected where, tradition says, the Master taught the Prayer to His disciples. Around the walls of an arcade built about a small garden the Lord's Prayer is inscribed in thirty-two different languages. In a near-by convent Carmelite sisters reside and care for the chapel. Dr. Edwin S. Wallace, a former United States Consul, says that prayer is made by these sisters continually in this chapel, and no matter what hour of the day or night one were to enter he would see the sweet, holy face of one of these sisters as she kneels before the altar.

The Chapel of the Ascension and the Russian Church

with its sightly tower crown the Mount of Olives. From the top of the tower, or from one of its landings, one can look through the windows and get a good view of the Dead Sea to the southeast, with the mountains of Moab stretching away in the distance. Here, as at no other point in Palestine, can one see so many places

DAMASCUS GATE

identified with the earthly life of the Master. If one would "see Jesus" let him go to the Mount of Olives. To the south a half-dozen miles lies Bethlehem, where He was born. To the north, not in view it is true, but just beyond those mountain ranges, He increased in wisdom and favor with God and man as He grew in stature and years. To the east of the tower, a thousand feet below and perhaps fifteen miles away, lies the Jordan River, like a thread of silver, and almost in

sight are the Jordan fords, where His baptism took place and where the words of divine approval were spoken.

Here, in contemplation, one can understand the spirit of the Galilean peasant who, in the forceful words of Richard Watson Gilder, is uncertain whether Jesus was human or divine; but whether man or God his own course is clear as the poet pictures his mind:

"If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

"If Jesus Christ is a God—
And the only God—I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!"

Two miles away are the ruins of the Bethany village, fragrant still, for the Christian believer, with the odor of the precious ointment poured from the throbbing heart of love. Here, also, is the empty tomb from which stepped the brother whom Mary and Martha and Jesus loved. At the foot of the mountain, toward the west, is Gethsemane, and yonder, just over the ravine, is the city which He loved and over which He wept. And once more, a little farther toward the west, on one or the other of two hills, He cried: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Well does Mr. Gilder portray that scene:

"Such anguish! such betrayal! Who could paint
That tragedy! one human, piteous cry—
'Forsaken'—and black death! If he was God,
'Twas for an instant only, his despair;
Or was he man, and there is life beyond,
And soon or late the good rewarded are,
Then too is recompense.
"But was he man,
And death ends all, then was that tortured death
On Calvary a thing to make the pulse
Of memory quail and stop."

But one should not leave the Holy City with such a picture in his mind, true though it be. Let Mr. Gilder close the chapter with the thought of a living, helpful Christ:

"The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, nor the sky,
But here where men live and die.

. . . . . .

"Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said:
'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'"

CHAPTER XV

EGYPT AND THE NILE

> PYGMIES are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
> And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
> Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
> Virtue alone outbids the pyramids;
> Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
> —EDWARD YOUNG IN "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

ONE usually enters Egypt at Alexandria or Port Saïd. Colonel Roosevelt sailed from Naples through the Suez Canal to East Africa, and after his year of hunting went down the Nile to Khartoum and then to Cairo and Alexandria. The approach to Alexandria from the sea is not especially impressive; there is a long low breakwater, behind which appears the dusty gray line of shore, and behind that again equally gray buildings.

Alexandria, founded in 331 B.C. by Alexander the Great, forms a lasting memorial of Egyptian campaign. In 69 A.D. Vespasian was proclaimed emperor by the Alexandrians. In Trajan's reign the Jews caused sanguinary riots. Marcus Aurelius attended the lectures of the grammarians in this city. Napoleon arrived in Alexandria, July 1, 1798, hoping to destroy the British trade in the Mediterranean and by occupying Egypt to neutralize the power of England in India. The fol-

lowing day Alexandria was stormed, and on July 21 the Battle of the Pyramids was fought in which the French defeated the Mamelukes, but the victory was not long-lived. The British fleet, commanded by Nelson, on August 1 defeated the French fleet fifteen miles from Alexandria, destroying thirteen of their seventeen vessels. Alexandria to-day is largely European. Its fine streets and modern buildings suggest an English town.

Christianity early found its way to Alexandria. It is said that the Gospel was first preached there by St. Mark. The first great persecution fell with considerable weight upon the people of this city. The decline of Alexandria became rapid in proportion as Cairo, the newly founded capital on the Nile, became prosperous.

Cairo is one hundred and thirty miles south from Alexandria, and one finds a new phase of life on the journey: Cotton, clover and sorghum fields are seen on both sides of the road. Camels and donkeys and now and then a horse are seen, while the industrious natives are busily engaged in the fields hard at work, with the water coming from the irrigation canals. The principal towns passed on the way are Damanhur, with some twenty-two thousand inhabitants, and Tantah, with a population of sixty thousand. At Tantah there are large public buildings, churches, bazaars, a prison, and an extensive palace of the Khedive. As the train nears Cairo the Libyan Chain becomes more visible and the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, with its splendid minarets,

appears. The scenery becomes more pleasing; gardens and palaces come in sight. To the left lies the site of the ruins of Heliopolis, and soon the guard calls:

"All out for Cairo!"

The origin of the Egyptian race has been traced to Libya and farther back to the Euphrates. To-day the

SAILING ON THE NILE

number of distinct elements in the population of the country rivals that in America. They include the Fellaheen, the tillers or peasants, who are the main strength of the nation; the Copts, who are engaged in trades — watchmakers, goldsmiths, embroiderers — though there is a peasant class among them, especially in Upper Egypt; Bedouins, the term applied to the nomadic Arabs, who, while differing greatly in origin and lan-

guage, all profess Mohammedanism; Arabs, who dwell in towns and are shopkeepers, officials' servants, coachmen and donkey-boys; Nubians, who dwell for the most part between Assouan and the Fourth Cataract, and are physically inferior to the Egyptians, though they are said to be superior to them in cleanliness and honesty; Sudan Negroes, most of whom have been brought down the Nile as slaves; Turks, chiefly found in towns, as Government officials, soldiers and merchants; Levantines and Syrians, members of various Mediterranean races, for the most part professing the Latin form of Christianity and usually speaking Arabic and two or three European languages, employed as shopkeepers, clerks in the consulates and in the Government offices; Armenians and Jews, also adept in learning languages, making themselves useful in the Government service and in business; Europeans, Greeks, Italians, French, Austrians, Germans and a few Russians, Belgians, Scandinavians and Americans. The countries from which they come send consuls to represent their interests as well as to encourage trade with Egypt.

Egypt is peculiarly the gift of the Nile; no other country is so dependent upon a watercourse as is this one. As practically no rain falls in Egypt, the country would cease to exist as a fertile country were it not for the annual inundation of the river which is caused by the heavy rains that fall from June to September on the Abyssinian tableland. The Nile begins to rise at Khartoum about the middle of May and at

Assouan the first of June, reaching its greatest height early in September. The rise is about twenty-two feet at Cairo; the average rise is sixteen feet. By means

AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN

of irrigation the supply of water is led into basins, the mud allowed to settle and the water released when needed.

The dam at Assouan, constructed to regulate the water-supply of the country, is the largest structure of

the kind in the world, damming the water of the Nile to a height of eighty-three feet, so that a regular supply can be furnished for the irrigation of the country during the time of low water. By means of this reservoir upward of five hundred thousand acres have been added to the area of land which can be cultivated. So successful was the dam which was completed in 1902 that the Egyptian Government decided to add twenty-three feet to its height, increasing its capacity two and a half times, and adding nine hundred and fifty thousand acres to the arable district in Southern Egypt.

The Khedive or King of Egypt is the head of the Government, and is supposed to rule Egypt. As a matter of fact, the country pays an annual tribute to Turkey of $3,500,000. For nearly thirty years Great Britain has been the real ruler, acting in an official capacity as trustee for debts due her and France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy and other European countries. Whether England should be in Egypt at all, and if so how long, is no longer an academic question. That she is there and that she will stay there is much more to the point than explaining why she is there, or suggesting that she should go away if she is not fulfilling her mission. That she is improving the condition of the country cannot be denied; that her purpose is wholly philanthropic is denied in strong terms by many Egyptians. Commerce has developed, laws are administered with justice, education, conducted along Western lines, has made rapid progress, and general

financial improvement is admitted. But practical men know that England is in Egypt to insure payment upon the bonds of the Suez Canal, which her people largely own. Were there no Suez Canal cutting the country, England would never have had an army in Egypt.

It is idle to talk about England leaving Egypt. With France having a free hand in Algiers and German power allowed to increase in Africa, England is pretty sure to be let alone in Egypt. There is a power, however, which may cause England at least anxious thought in regard to her Egyptian relations, and on this power the young Egyptians are depending. Three interviews which the writer had in Cairo one day show something of the disturbed feelings in Egypt and how the Egyptians look at English control.

Discussing the shooting of Boutros Pasha Ghali, the Prime Minister of Egypt, by a young member of the Nationalist Society in the winter of 1910, one of the leading writers for the press in Cairo said that he was well acquainted with the murderer; in fact the young man had been a student of his, but the speaker asserted that he had no sympathy with the criminal.

"His motive," he explained, "undoubtedly was to aid his country, but far more than he knew he has helped England and hurt Egypt. England could well afford to have several murders of this kind, for then she would have the excuse which is lacking now of using force, and in a more pronounced form than she does at present. Every Egyptian official murdered by an

Egyptian hastens the day when England will be in actual control of the country. She is playing a waiting game to-day, and may for some time. She can afford to wait until by some avowed act or series of acts she feels compelled to do in Egypt practically what Japan has done in Korea, and the nations of Europe will approve her assuming control of a country which cannot protect its own officials. The only hope of Egypt is to repress such acts as the murder of one of her leading citizens, even though his sympathies are understood to be English."

A young medical student was discussing the tragedy and also lamenting, as the newspaper writer had done, the zeal of the young man. At the same time it was plain to see that he did not regret the act so much as the advantage which England would take of it. The student believed, he said, that Egypt would come to her own, not by bloodshed but by education. When a sufficient number of Egyptian youths are trained and educated to manage their own country as English youths are brought up to believe that the destinies of Great Britain are in their hands, the power of governing Egypt will be transferred to Egyptians, and England will lift her hand gradually and finally withdraw from Egypt, confident that the lessons which she has taught Egypt will be carried on by those whom she has helped to train.

Quite different was the attitude of one of the younger Egyptians met in the bazaar. He spoke English flu-

ently and was a product of English training, not in Egypt alone but in England as well.

"The Prime Minister received what he deserved. Any Egyptian who will side with England must pay the price of his perfidy. Any official who is false to Egypt will suffer as he did. Men must not accept office and become traitors to their country. The bullet has been formed and the knife sharpened to kill Egypt's betrayers."

"But the suggestion has been made that in this course lies folly; that England will avenge such wrongs."

"England knows how far she can go with safety."

"And if she goes beyond that point—?"

"What did the American colonists do when endurance ceased to be a virtue? Do Egyptians not love liberty as well as Americans? Is there no heroism on Mediterranean shores? England will be driven from Egypt as your fathers drove her from America."

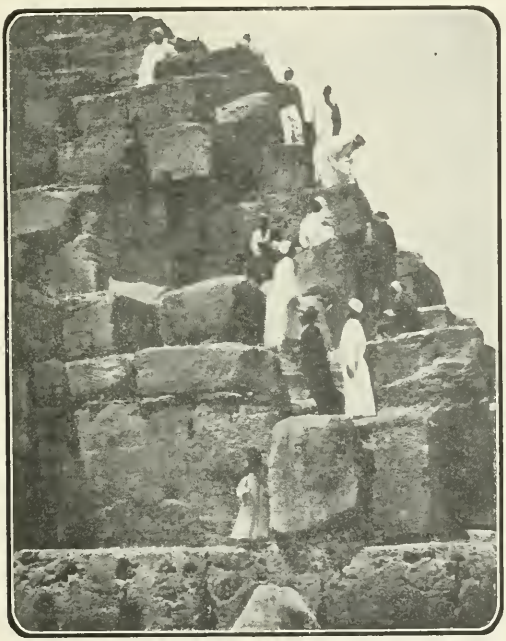
"Do you not forget our ancestry?"

"And do you not forget our allies?"

"And who are they?"

"The Mohammedans in Turkey, the Mohammedans in the Sudan, the Mohammedans in India. It is not mere chance that Turkey receives tribute from Egypt, and the Turks are Mohammedans. Matters in the Sudan are not wholly satisfactory to the people in that district, and the Sudan is Egypt. Do you not think that England knows her limitations in Egypt? Do you

think that England desires to start a Holy War? Do you think she wishes to imperil her standing in India? India is more to Great Britain than Egypt. Her



CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS

wealth beyond the Red Sea is of greater value than her Suez Canal bonds. She knows that, and we know it too. You have seen what the Young Turks have done along the Bosphorus; within a decade you shall read

what the Young Egyptians have done along the Nile. We are not hurrying matters—simply giving traitors an occasional warning, such as the killing of the Prime Minister. In the meantime, in England and France, in Turkey and India, and in Japan and America, our young men are learning how to strike effectively when the time is ripe for giving the blow which shall free Egypt."

Cairo has been styled by some one "the diamond stud on the handle of the fan of the Delta." Situated on the right bank of the Nile, some dozen miles below the point where the stream divides into the Rosetta and Damietta arms, the city covers an area of eleven square miles, running east to the barren, reddish cliffs of the Mokattam Hills, which rise 650 feet in height and form the beginning of the eastern desert. The city has extended so much toward the west in recent years that it has crossed the Nile, absorbing Bulak, which was formerly a separate town, and the Island of Gezireh. It is the largest city in Africa, as well as in the Arabian region. It is the residence of the Khedive and of the ministers and principal authorities. The population is between six and seven hundred thousand, including fifty thousand foreigners, the majority of whom are Greeks and Italians.

As one walks through the streets of Cairo the first impression is that all the world is represented there; as a matter of fact in the tourist season that statement is nearly true. The street scenes afford an inexhaustible

fund of amusement and delight, illustrating the whole world of Oriental fiction, and producing an indelible impression on the traveler from the West. This life, peculiar to Cairo, may be seen when one is driving, but to see it at its best or worst one must go through the Arabian or Coptic quarters, where the streets are so narrow that there is scarcely room for one carriage to drive, not to speak of passing another, and where the balconies of the harems project so far that sometimes they seem to meet.

Cairo is not a good place for a person who has nerves, or who thinks he has—is it a distinction without a difference? No one was killed in the streets as far as the writer knows while he was in the city, but at least a hundred, maybe a thousand people, seemed in imminent danger of being killed or driven insane as the carriages, donkeys and camels twisted in and out among those on foot. Broadway in its busiest hours is quiet compared with many of the streets of Cairo all the time, for in the principal thoroughfares the rush-hour lasts all day, and one literally takes his life in his hands unless he takes a carriage, and then he is torn between the fear that he will kill somebody or that his driver will kill the team. After a day or two, however, the strongest nerves either give way or become dulled, and he learns that the fearful blows that he has heard from the driver's whip fell not upon the quivering flesh of his beasts, but about a foot above their backs. How the Egyptians escape being run down he is not able to

decide; a European or an American would about as soon be run down as to hear the unearthly shouts of warning which are given to prevent his being injured. And when you have added to these noises others caused by the jingling of money at the changer's table at every corner, the rattling of the vessels of the water-carriers, the barking of the dogs, the moaning of the camels—not to speak of the musical notes of the Egyptian nightingale, as the donkeys are called—you have a picture that it would be difficult to reproduce elsewhere.

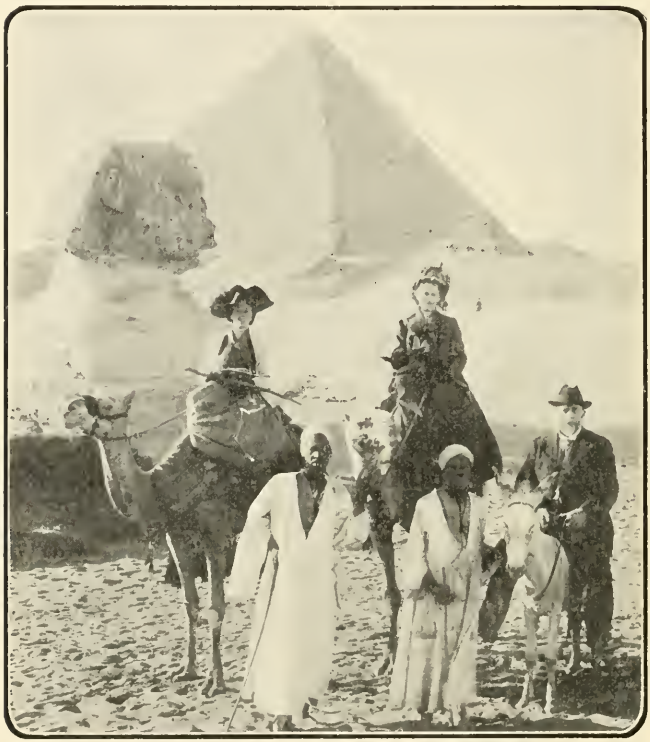
The great official university of Mohammedanism was founded in 975 and is called University El-Azhar, "The Splendid." The various compartments are used by students from different countries, one section being for those from Mecca and another for blind students. There are said to be six or seven thousand students with two hundred and twenty-five teachers. The curriculum for the younger students consists in studying the Arabic language sufficiently well to learn the Koran. The method of teaching consists principally in training the memory, giving little time or thought to original work.

The bazaars are fascinating beyond the power of a man to describe, especially in the Mouski, but even a man can appreciate the Persian tea and the Turkish Delight which are interspersed between sales. Shawls, pillow-covers, necklaces, brasses, canes, rugs, embroideries and—but one must see the bazaars for himself, or better, for herself, to understand the abundance which it is possible to procure while the check-book holds out.

One afternoon was given to Old Cairo with its Coptic Church and the oldest mosque in Egypt, and a visit to the Island of Rhoda, where it is said Moses was found among the bulrushes. Now he is found in the upper end of nearly every souvenir spoon as well as in the watch-charms which the peripatetic venders display—you can buy a Moses at almost any price, with or without a bulrush. The Nileometer, dating from 716 A.D., is also on this island. It is in the form of a well, sixteen feet square with a column in the center inscribed with Arabic measurements, and the height of the river is indicated on this column.

Why people desert Alexandria and go to Cairo at once is not simply to get into the swirl of the Oriental life, but to feel the thrill which comes to one who looks for the first time on the Pyramids eight miles from the city. One may go to the Pyramids by carriage or by trolley-car—but one should go both ways: people who are sentimental plan to have one of the trips at night, that they may gaze at the great burial-places and at one another under the spell of an Oriental moonlight. Both of our journeys were made in the daytime, and were especially enjoyable. Of course we rode on camels and donkeys and had our photographs taken, and did all that was expected of mature and dignified travelers. Another morning was spent in the museum with the mummies and the sarcophagi and the jewels and the household implements dating back to the century of the Christian era and as many more centuries before

the Child Jesus with His parents came to Egypt. The museum is not far from the great Nile bridge and is a



THE SPHINX AND THE PYRAMIDS

fine building in the Greco-Roman style and cost about a million dollars. There is also an Arabian museum well worthy of a visit.

From Cairo one goes to Sakkara, a day's excursion, or up the Nile to Luxor or Assouan, spending from three to eleven days, and visiting the ruins of Karnak, the Tombs of the Kings, and as many interesting places along the famous river as the time at his disposal will allow.

The Suez Canal, connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, constructed 1859–1869 by Ferdinand de Lesseps, shortens the distance between London and Bombay more than five thousand miles. It pays sixteen per cent. dividends upon the stock. In a single month last year 368 vessels passed through the Canal, bringing in receipts of $2,000,000. One ship paid $35,000 toll for its passage of one hundred miles.

Modern mission work in Egypt began with the efforts of the Moravians in 1752, but it was abandoned thirty years later. In 1824 the Church Missionary Society of Great Britain sent out five missionaries. The success which might have been expected did not result, owing to persecution and failure to get additional workers, and in 1862 the mission was discontinued.

Before the English banner was lowered, however, another from America was raised, and throughout the Nile Valley to-day, from the seaboard to the First Cataract, and from the First Cataract to the Sobat River, are stations of the American Mission, which is really the Mission of the United Presbyterian Church of North America. Representatives of this Mission landed in Cairo in 1854. One of them came after ten years

of missionary service in Syria, where the Arabic language had been used. The organization of the first Presbytery in 1860 marked the beginning of the new

SETI I. IN THE MUSEUM AT CAIRO

ecclesiastical organism, molded for the time out of foreign material, but destined to become erelong predominantly Egyptian in its membership. Within ten years every form of missionary activity—medical work excepted—had been started that the conditions in Egypt

called for—evangelistic, educational, colportage, native church, women's work, and theological seminary.

The American Mission in its educational department enrolled a year ago 16,771 children, while in all the Government schools for a year the enrolment was 18,-712. At the head of the system is the College at Assiout, with 700 students. The Pressly Memorial Institute and Luxor Girls' School minister to the higher education of girls in Upper Egypt, while the Girls' School of Cairo is developing into a Girls' College for the elevation of womanhood in Lower Egypt. The book department works in co-operation with the Bible Societies of America and Great Britain, selling tens of thousands of Bibles and religious books every year. Two strong and well-equipped hospitals are found, one at Assiout and the other at Tantah. In the former more than two thousand in-patients are cared for in a year, while twenty thousand are reached through a clinic. With the opening of the Sudan, mission work was started in 1899, which is carried on in part by money and workers sent from the Church in Egypt.

In summarizing the work and growth of the American Mission in Egypt these facts are given by the Rev. Charles R. Watson in his volume, "In the Valley of the Nile." Its foreign missionaries (excluding wives) number fifty workers. To these add thirty-seven men and women, foreign workers, laboring in colleges, schools or hospitals. Forty-six ordained native ministers and fifteen licentiates care for the spiritual in-

terest of sixty organized congregations and a membership of 10,000 people; there are 567 native workers. Some twenty thousand men and women listen every Sabbath to the preaching of the Gospel; 14,177 gather for instruction in the Sabbath-schools, while the hospitals and clinics touch with the hand of sympathy and healing some 35,000 people every year. The harem workers visit 5,220 women, and give them instruction in their homes. Two facts may close this summary: Fifty-three per cent. of the whole cost of the American Mission in Egypt comes from the natives themselves, and the ingathering on confession of faith in a single year amounts to 904 persons.

Persecution has not been lacking in Egypt during the last half-century, but to-day Christianity has won a place in the Nile country which, apparently, persecution cannot affect. No longer on the defensive, the missionaries held in Cairo in 1906 a Conference of Workers among Moslems, when sixty-two representatives from twenty-nine missionary societies in Europe and America, together with an equal number of missionary visitors, considered the problems of Islam, and how to attack those problems. No longer are indirect methods approved, but to-day specialized methods and specialized agents are called for direct attack. Dr. Watson, in his graphic survey of the missionary movement in Egypt in the volume just mentioned, predicts that "ere the present generation pass away Christ may be made known in every city and town and village and hamlet of the Nile Valley, if the Church be willing."

CHAPTER XVI

ITALY: PEOPLE, ART AND RELIGION

DEAR Italy! the sound of thy soft name
Soothes me with balm of Memory and Hope.
Mine, for the moment, height and sweep and slope
That once were mine. Supreme is still the aim
To flee the cold and gray
Of our December day,
And rest where the clear spirit burns with unconsuming flame.

Thou human-hearted land, whose revels hold
Man in communion with the antique days.
And summon him from prosy greed to ways
Where youth is beckoning to the Age of Gold;
How thou dost hold him near
And whisper in his ear
Of the lost Paradise that lies beyond the alluring haze
—ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

"WHEN you sit down to write a newspaper story, take your Bible and read carefully the first chapter of Genesis. There you will find graphic description blended with careful condensation. In twenty-one verses you can read the history of the Creation of the World, given in full, not a detail omitted nor a needless word put in. Moses was a model newspaper man. Why, Devins, if I were to send you out to report such an event you would fill as many pages as Moses did verses."

The advice of the city editor, whose patience with the

young reporter was well-nigh exhaustless, is recalled as he sits down to write a chapter on Italy. Volumes of poetry have been written upon the cities and the people of this wonderful country, running back nearly twenty-eight centuries. Libraries are filled with books relating to the art and the architecture, the painting and the music, the romance and the history of the remarkable people who have lived, or who are now living, on this small promontory thrust out into the Mediterranean. Rome, Florence, Venice—for any one of these cities and others ex-President Eliot would have to add several feet to his shelf to accommodate the books which have been produced; in a recent volume on Florence the bibliography relating to that one city contains sixty-seven titles. Italy has been called by a recent author "The Magic Land," and no other term seems quite so appropriate when one thinks of the modern past of Rome, of the period of Canova and Thorwaldsen, of the Rome of the Hawthornes and the Brownings, of the noble works of Michelangelo and the galleries of the Vatican.

One scarcely needs in a single chapter on Italy more than to refer to her primitive populations, the fortunes of their successors, the civil wars and murders in royal families which changed the dynasties of the nation, the rise, decline and fall of the Empire of Rome, the extension and power of the Papal authority on the banks of the Tiber, the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope, the erection of the Kingdom of Italy, the

successful war against Austria led by Victor Emmanuel II., resulting, with Garibaldi's unrivaled efforts, in making a united Italy. The history of Italy in the nineteenth century, beginning with the victory of Napoleon at Marengo and ending with the accession of Victor Emmanuel III., the present King of Italy, is a veritable romance. In that century, as in other centuries, the artist and the warrior worked side by side, each doing the work appointed to his hand; the statesman and the preacher lived their lives and made their impressions and left their records.

"God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind; nor gives the realm of truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race."

Naples has been called the City of Fascination. Rome is admitted to be stately and impressive, Florence all beauty and enchantment, Genoa picturesque, and Venice a dream city, but Naples is simply—fascinating. Who that has been there does not sympathize with Thomas Buchanan Read, who says in his lines on Naples:

"My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peak remote."

Naples in the Roman period was a favorite residence of the nobles. The Emperor Augustus lived there, and on the hill of Posilipo Lucullus had his gardens. Some of his best poetry Virgil composed with the Bay of Naples in the foreground and the smoking Vesuvius in

BAY OF NAPLES AND VESUVIUS

the distance. The out-of-door life of the Neapolitans is picturesque and entertaining. In the Via Rome, the main artery of the traffic of Naples, which presents a busy scene at all hours, one may find a motley throng, especially in the evening and after dark. The Villa Nationale, a fine public garden, was laid out in 1780 and is a fine afternoon and evening promenade. Here one may see the fashionable world in carriages on the

drive bordering upon the sea or strolling through the paths of La Villa.

In buildings and monuments of historic and artistic interest Naples cannot equal Rome and Florence and Venice, but the treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii preserved in the Museum at Naples compensate in part for this deficiency. The Museum contains more than one hundred and twenty thousand specimens, the great majority of which are Roman antiquities. It includes many important collections, several of royal nature, and especially the priceless treasures excavated at Pompeii and Herculaneum, which are without rival. In one wing are busts of such Greeks and Romans as Æschinus, Demosthenes, Homer and Socrates.

Just above the Museum the Via Salvator Rosa ascends to the hill of St. Elmo, where one may enter the outer enclosure of the castle founded in 1343 and now used as a military prison. Here, also, he can enter the Carthusian Monastery of San Martino, rebuilt in the seventeenth century. The view of the city and the bay, lying more than seven hundred feet below the castle, is superb. At the left is Vesuvius, beautiful in its quietness, but terrible in its activity. Between the volcano and the bay are houses and farm gardens and villages, as if Vesuvius were one hundred miles away. Turning slightly to the right, one's eyes fall on Pompeii with its awful history, and Pugliano, built over the buried city of Herculaneum.

Farther to the right is Sorrento's long point of land

reaching out into the sea, and behind it the snow-line of the Apennines, and across the bay, at the right, is the Island of Capri, noted chiefly for its Blue Grotto, and the Island of Ischia, an island of volcanic origin, the largest island near Naples, with about thirty thousand inhabitants, most of them engaged in vine and fruit culture and fishing. Near at hand lies Posilipo, and nearer still the great seething city, with its churches and museums and parks and shops—not forgetting those where one may buy real coral at any price to suit the customers, the reality of the article not depending altogether upon the amount charged for it, however.

STREET SCENE IN NAPLES

From Naples it is a night ride by ship or train to

Sicily, the Garden of the Mediterranean. Is it Goethe who says:

"Italy without Sicily leaves no image in the soul—
Sicily is the key to all"?

One may go directly from Naples to Palermo and get a view of the scene of Greek colonization, Saracen

A SICILIAN CART

dominion and Norman conquest, and also find one of the most beautiful places on earth. He may ride through the finely kept streets, past modern buildings, out to the great Capella Palatine, built in the twelfth century, a fine specimen of Arabic-Norman style, filled with mosaics, and then climb the hill, three or four miles, to Monreale, and visit the Norman Cathedral

and Cloisters with their beautiful mosaics and richly ornamental columns. The Benedictine Monastery of San Martino, founded by Gregory the Great in the sixth century and now used as a reformatory, may also be seen. The curious will also go to the catacombs, but they will not wish to remain long.

From Palermo one may reach Syracuse and Catania and Taormina on the eastern coast of the island and come to "Messina the Desolate." With a guide, whose

MESSINA BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

wife and seven children and three other relatives were buried in a twinkling on December 28, 1908, beneath the house in which they slept, the ruins of the city were carefully inspected. The effects of the earthquake and the flames and the mighty tidal wave which did their threefold work of destruction are all too apparent yet.

It was refreshing to go from the scene of desolation, where more than one hundred thousand lives were lost, to the new Messina, constructed for the survivors just outside the old city by direct gifts from several Governments, and to feel that the philanthropy of the world

had united in a real service of humanity. The buildings in the United States section include a church, a school, a parish house and a building for higher education. The houses are only one story high and are

RUINS OF MESSINA

evidently for temporary use, but they are serving their purpose well. The work of the American Red Cross relieved the immediate necessities of many thousands of sufferers; $250,000 was appropriated for an agricultural school, where orphan boys will be educated under the direct patronage of Queen Elena.

From Naples it is a ride of four or five hours to the "Eternal City." And when the journey is ended, Longfellow's lines come to mind as one realizes that he is in Rome:

" 'Tis the center
To which all gravitates. One finds no rest
Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities
That please us for a while, but Rome alone
Completely satisfies. It becomes to all
A second native land by predilection,
And not by accident or birth alone."

The foundation of Rome is usually dated from B.C. 754 or 753, but historians believe that it may properly

THE NEW MESSINA

claim greater antiquity. Various rulers left their marks in walls and temples and prisons and aqueducts and streets, but it was Augustus, who spans the B.C. and A.D. periods, who first entirely transformed the city. To his reign of forty-two years, beginning B.C. 28, belong many important buildings, such as the vestibule

of the Pantheon, the Forum of Augustus and the Temple of Mars. Streets and villas sprang up on the Esquiline, one of the Seven Hills of Rome, which had formerly been a burial-ground. Augustus could well boast that he found Rome brick and left it marble.

THE APPIAN WAY, ROME

It was a great pleasure in the Passion Week at Rome to drive out along the Appian Way and recall the story of Paul as he entered the city to which he had looked with longing from his home in Asia. Christianity, which gained its first convert in the City of the Cæsars in the middle of the first century, continued to main-

tain itself against the political forces arrayed against it by a declining paganism. Here, as one enters the Colosseum, the lines of Heber come to mind:

"They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel—
Who follows in their train?"

ST. PETER'S, ROME

The Church of St. Peter has not only the advantage of position, but also in having before it a square, or, as it is called, the Piazza di San Pietro, which measures

374 by 262 yards. It is enclosed by huge colonnades. Three covered passages are formed by 284 columns and 88 pillars of the Doric order. But now we are within the church founded by the Emperor Constantine at the request of Pope Sylvester I. The original church with the centuries fell into disrepair, a new one was projected, and the present structure shows the power of Pramante, Raphael and Michelangelo; the latter strengthened the pillars of the dome, reduced the size of the side chambers and planned porch with columns and a pediment. His great work was the dome, a marvel of lightness in spite of its immense size. The dome, to the top of the cross on the lantern, is 437 feet high, while its diameter is stated to be 138 feet, or more than half the width of a city block in Fifth Avenue, New York. It is impossible to reproduce an idea of the vastness of a church whose interior area is eighteen thousand square yards, nearly twice that of St. Paul's in London.

The Vatican with its Sistine Chapel, containing the works of Michelangelo and other painters, and the Stanze, adorned with the magnificent works of Raphael, the halls, containing Raphael's tapestry, the picture gallery, the great collection of antiquities in the various museums, the library, containing 250,000 volumes—all of this and more one may see in the day or days given to the Vatican quarter.

Other days may be devoted to the Colosseum, the largest theater and one of the grandest structures in the

world, completed by Titus in A D 80, which had seats for more than forty thousand spectators, and in which it is said that five thousand wild animals were killed in the gladiatorial combats, lasting one hundred days, when the structure was opened, to several forums of Augustus, Trajan and others, the Baths of Agrippa, Caracalla, Diocletian and Trajan; the Catacombs, which were at first the officially recognized burial-place of the Christians, who gave them the Greek name meaning resting-place, and the picture galleries and the hundreds of Catholic churches, many of which are well worthy of a visit. Nor must one fail to see the Scala Santa in St. John Lateran, and recall Luther's experience as he saw men, women and children paying their devotions on their knees, climbing the twenty-eight steps and kissing each as they ascended. While there are several hundred Roman Catholic churches in Rome, there is some Protestant work being done by English, Scotch and American bodies, in addition to the strong Waldensian Church. All of the non-Italian churches, except the Methodist, minister chiefly to English-speaking tourists and residents, but the Methodist Episcopal Church has a strong work for Italians, and because of this fact it has the special disapproval of the Pope and the Vatican The Young Men's Christian Association has a good plant in Rome and is doing excellent work for the young Italians.

Neither Diocletian nor Decian could finish the work which Nero began; the gospel spirit could not be

quenched by the horrors of martyrdom. In 313 an edict of Constantine the Great proclaimed equal rights for all religions.

Florence is called by the Italians "La Bella." Its chief charm is that it preserves to-day, almost unchanged, the aspect of the Middle Ages. Samuel Rogers says:

> "Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
> None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
> Of purest ray; what a light broke forth
> When it emerged from darkness!"

Florence has its galleries and museums and churches and piazzas which can be seen in a couple of days, but to which as many months should be given. In fact, one can imagine no more delightful city in Italy to spend a vacation, winter or summer, than this city on the Arno. For one contemplating such a trip the outline of five days prescribed in the guide-books may be followed only for suggestions, and one day for each week will be sufficient, the other five being used for reading Dante, Browning, the Life of Savonarola, Byron, "New Italy," "Italian Days and Ways," "Italian Highways and Byways," and, if possible, the series of charming letters written for *The New York Observer* by Mrs. Charles Augustus Stoddard, under the general title of "A Lady's Letters From Abroad," which for description and diction have scarcely been equaled by any writer on Italy.

Around the historic Piazza della Signoria, where Savonarola was burned, stand in perfect preservation the famous Palazzo Vecchio, the forum of the Republic begun in 1298, the beautiful Loggia dei Lanzi, erected in 1376, and the Uffizi Palace with its celebrated portico. The Grand Duomo, or Cathedral, 1298, with Giotto's unrivaled Campanile and the wonderful Baptistery, founded in 1100, retain much of their original beauty. Of Giotto's Tower in Florence, Longfellow has written:

THE CAMPANILE, FLORENCE

"How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,

And are in their completeness incomplete!
In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's Tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone—
A vision, a delight and a desire—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

The houses of Michelangelo, Dante, Macchiavelli, Galileo and other famous old Florentines exist intact, while mementoes of the great Medici family abound. One of the city's picturesque features is the ancient Ponte Vecchio, the quaint and interesting old bridge over the River Arno, since 1593 lined with goldsmiths' shops. One cannot be long in Florence without thinking of the Brownings, husband and wife, and of their great love for this city No one will wish to miss seeing the Protestant burial-ground and the square marble sarcophagus with the initials "E. B. B." on one side, and "June 29, 1861," on the other

While Rome is the ancient center of Italian life, Florence, since the Middle Ages, has been its chief intellectual center. It was here that the Italian language, literature and art reached their prime. Florence has been called the cradle of modern culture, and to speak of that city is to bring to mind the author of the "Divina Commedia," Dante, who was born here in 1265. What is true of literature is also true of painting. Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael at the beginning of the sixteenth century were working side

by side in Florence, but soon afterward transferred their sphere of action to Rome.

In the Pitti Palace, with its far-famed gallery, are five hundred pictures, including six by Raphael, five by Titian, and four of the highest rank by Rubens. In the Uffizi Gallery one sees the Florentine schools of painting at their best. Different rooms bear the names of distinguished artists: for instance, the Michelangelo Room contains an early work entitled "The Holy Family," said to be the only panel picture by the master in Italy. A little slab in the Piazza Signoria marks the spot where Savonarola was burned. The Vatican was able to stifle the voice of one of its greatest friars, but his influence did not cease with the death of the reformer, preacher and martyr.

An ancient ceremony was witnessed in the Piazza del Duomo on Holy Saturday, called the Scoppio del Carro. Four stout white oxen had drawn from its keeping-place in another part of the city a car covered with fireworks. The oxen were decked with flowers and escorted by firemen. The procession occupied nearly two hours before it reached the Cathedral, where the oxen stopped and were unharnessed. A wire, stretching from a wooden fixture beside the choir of the cathedral and through the central door, was fastened to the car. Upon this wire was placed a colombina (dove) which was to set off the fireworks. The time for the Scoppio drew near, the throng in the Piazza, which had been growing all the morning, became as dense as the space

would permit. Throngs of peasantry and mountaineers mingled with the citizens of Florence.

The people, especially the peasants, are convinced that if the colombina sets off the fireworks without a hitch the coming harvest will be a good one, but if on the wire it stops or jerks backward, the harvest will be

BURNING OF THE CAR AT FLORENCE ON HOLY SATURDAY

a bad one. Hence, to avoid disturbances, the man who arranges the fireworks, the wire and the dove is threatened with non-payment for his services if the result is not a success: in former times he would have been imprisoned. It is needless to add that the result was a great success when we witnessed it.

"Whatever you miss," said several friends, "do not omit a trip to Fiesole." The advice was heeded, and

it is passed on for the sake of all visitors to Florence who read this volume. Fiesole is an ancient Etruscan town, a few miles from the city, whose inhabitants are largely engaged in straw-plaiting. As one sits on the terrace enjoying his luncheon, or walks about the town, he gets a view of Florence with the Arno flowing

FIESOLE, NEAR FLORENCE

through it and the hills and mountains beyond the city to which no painting and no description can do justice.

Pisa may be reached by an express train from Milan or Rome or by excursion from Florence. As an Etruscan trading town and as a Roman colony, Pisa ranked well among the towns of the early Christian centuries; at the beginning of the eleventh century it became a supreme sea-power in the western Mediterranean.

The Baptistery at Pisa, built of marble, dates from the twelfth century. In this building an attraction is the remarkable echo which is produced. The custodian has a rich musical voice, and he sounds the notes of the scale in thirds and fifths, now in major and again in minor tones. The echoes are heard first lightly, then they increase in volume and number until all the chords and tones appear in rich combination; after a few moments the sound diminishes until silence reigns.

Pisa is not visited because of its rich Cathedral or its beautiful Baptistery, but thousands of tourists and Italians go to this little town to see its far-famed Campanile, or leaning tower, erected in 1174–1350. With its six colonnades, one above the other, it is 179 feet in height and fourteen feet out of the perpendicular. The fact that the upper three stories were straightened by the architects to compensate for a sinking of the foundations during the erecting of the tower lessens the fear that every visitor has that it will fall while he is

LEANING TOWER AND CATHEDRAL, PISA

looking at it. While sitting in the shadow of the Cathedral, the moon outlining in detail the peculiar leaning form of the Campanile, it was interesting to recall the fact that Galileo made use of its oblique position in his study of the laws of gravitation.

Fifty-three shiploads of earth brought from Jerusalem in the thirteenth century form the groundwork of the Campo Santo which bounds the piazza on the north. After visiting Pisa it is easier to understand why the hills of Palestine are covered with rock instead of soil.

Genoa, the seat of a university and an archbishop, the headquarters of an army corps and one of the chief seaports of Italy, has the honor of having destroyed the naval supremacy of Pisa in 1284. Her activity in the Crusades secured for her a busy trade with the Levant. Her well-nigh matchless situation, her splendid harbor and her past filled with glory impress the visitor to-day. The native school of art never attained great importance, but several of the palaces in the city possess admirable family portraits painted by Rubens and Van Dyck.

Milan, next to Naples the most popular town in Italy, lies in the fertile plain of Lombardy, not far from the chief Alpine passes. It is the financial capital of Italy, while in painting its only rivals are Venice and Rome. It has been an important place since remote antiquity. Founded by the Celts, it rose during the Roman period to be the chief city of Northern

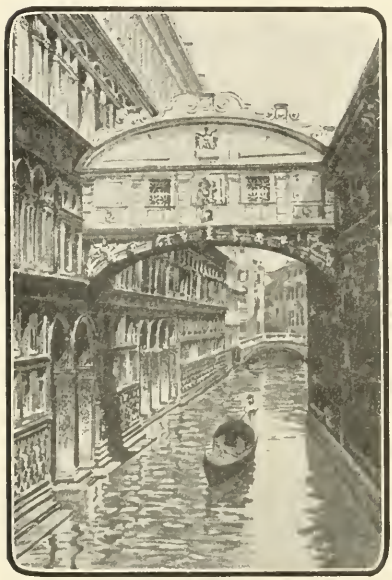
Italy. In the fourth century it was often the residence of the emperors, especially of Constantine the Great (324–337) and Theodosius (379–395), whose edicts in favor of Christianity were issued hence.

The glory of Milan, and the focus of its commercial and public life, is the Piazzo del Duomo. The Cathedral, a Gothic edifice begun in 1386, built entirely of white marble, is one of the largest churches in the world. It is 500 feet long, with a transept of 288 feet and a façade of 219 feet. The roof is adorned with ninety-eight turrets and the exterior with about two thousand statues in marble. The aspect of the whole is fairylike, especially by moonlight.

The manifold attractions of Venice may be seen, or rather glanced at, in three or four days with the aid of gondolas and steamers. It is difficult to realize that this city, lying back between two and three miles from the mainland in the Lagoon, a shallow bay of the Adriatic, and built on piles on 177 small islands, was once the most brilliant commercial city in the world; and yet such is its reputation. It is intersected by more than 150 small canals, in addition to the Grand Canal, which are crossed by nearly four hundred bridges, mostly of stone.

The Church of St. Mark, the tutelary saint of Venice, whose bones were taken by Venetians from Alexandria to Venice in 829, was begun in 830. In the tenth century it was burned and rebuilt, but after the middle of the eleventh century it was entirely recon-

structed in the Byzantine style. The church is in the form of a Greek cross, crowned with five domes. The building is lavishly enriched with more than 500 marble columns, chiefly Oriental, and with mosaics, many of them dating back to the tenth century. Over the chief portal are four horses in gilded bronze, five feet in height, the only horses, by the way, in Venice.



BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE

The slender Campanile, which seemed to Thomas Bailey Aldrich like a "falling shaft of silver," actually fell in 1902, after standing in front of St. Mark's for more than a thousand years; it is now being built on lines as closely as possible resembling the old ones.

The art of Venice bears an Oriental stamp not only in the Church of St. Mark and its mosaics, but also in the palaces of the Gothic period, the splendor of which

was enhanced by external decorations in gold and color. The Piazza of St. Mark, without a rival in Italy, affords the most striking evidence of the ancient glory of Venice. It is bounded by the Church of St. Mark, the so-called Procuratie, now the residence of the nine Procurators, the chief officials of the Republic, and the Atrio. The ground floors of these buildings are occupied by cafés and shops.

THE WINGÉD LION OF VENICE

Of course we fed the pigeons in Venice; every one feeds the pigeons in front of the Cathedral and has his photograph taken with the doves resting on his arms and shoulders. Venice has a museum and picture gallery and bridges, any one of which is well worthy of a visit, especially the one over the Mole, facing the Bridge of Sighs between the Palace of the Doges and the Criminal Prison.

And what shall be said of the ride in a gondola on the Grand Canal, under a full moon and a starlit sky?

A concert was in progress, the music being on two gondolas locked together; from every direction gondolas were seen slowly but gradually veering toward those from which the music came. In a few moments we found our gondolas in the center of the small fleet, all apparently drifting toward a common center. The fascinating music, the bewitching moonlight and the delightful company—what a combination, and in Venice too!

ON THE GRAND CANAL

One can understand Mrs. Browning's letters upon Venice better after being in the city where she wrote them. Her words are worth repeating: "The beauty of the architecture, the silver trails of water up between all that gorgeous color and carving, the enchanting silence, the music, the gondolas—I mix it all up together and maintain that nothing is like it, nothing equal to it, no second Venice in the world."

CHAPTER XVII

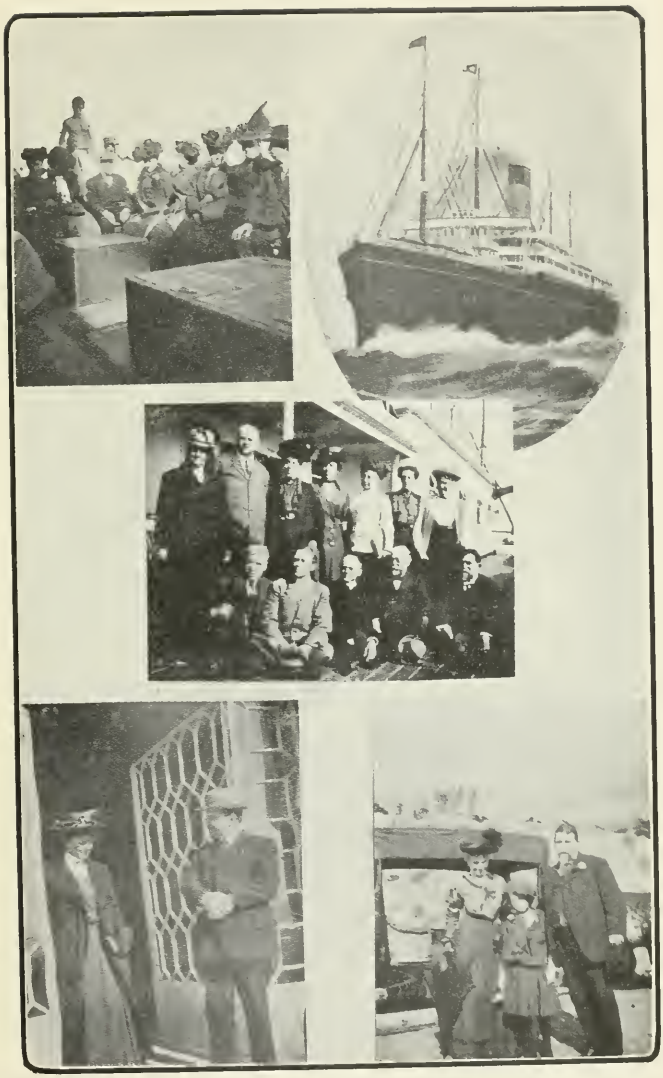
THE CRUISE OF THE ARABIC

AND when, in other climes, we meet,
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild and sweet,
And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this
With some we've left behind us.
—THOMAS MOORE.

"TRAVEL," says a Boston preacher, "is good for the soul—when it is of the proper kind and pursued in company with the right sort of people." Such a company sailed out of New York Harbor on a cold January morning on the steamship *Arabic* of the White Star Line bound for a cruise of seventy-three days in the Mediterranean. "The ripe culture of a wise old world," predicted the preacher, "will be under tribute to the travelers on the cruise." The prophecy became history in the weeks which followed. Clergymen, college and seminary presidents and professors, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, Christian Association leaders—men and women—all of these classes and many more were among the passengers. It was a party considerably above the average steamer company in point of intelligence.

While there was no expressed principle actuating the conduct of the members of the party, the following illustrates the spirit manifested: "From each according to his ability; to each according to his need."

In addition to the round of sightseeing at every landing, there were receptions, lectures, entertainments, musicales, promenades and dances and concerts on board the ship. Nearly every night the main saloon was filled with several hundred people gathered to be instructed or amused. On Sundays, morning and evening, there were sermons and addresses. The writer had been invited to serve as chairman at the entertainments and lectures and to arrange for the Sunday services. The Church of England service was used on Sunday morning, in accordance with the custom on an English ship, but Methodist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal clergymen were heard with equal pleasure; the federation, if not the unity, of Christendom seemed near at hand. Special services were held for the Roman Catholic brethren at which several priests officiated during the voyage. The Lord Bishop of Ontario; the Rev. William Allen Knight, D.D., of Boston; the Rev. Joel Leonard, D.D., of Melrose, Mass.; the Rev. Orville Reed, Ph.D., of Montclair, N. J.; the Rev. J. O. Knott, Ph.D., of Covington, Va.; the Rev. E. E. Madeira, of Titusville, Penn.; the Rev. H. M. Tyndall, D.D., of New York; the Rev. George Maxwell, of California; Principal George E. Fox, of New Haven, Conn., and the writer were



SOME MEMBERS OF THE ARABIC PARTY

among those who by sermon or lecture or address added to the enjoyment or instruction of others.

The most popular speaker among the score or more of clergymen on board was Dr. Knight, of Boston, the author of "The Song of Our Syrian Guest" and "The Love Watch." His addresses, "Over the Bow of the *Arabic*," "Four Shadows on the Sea," and "Keying the Mind for Palestine," will long remain a cherished memory.

It is scarcely fair to describe the idiosyncrasies of fellow-travelers, lest the pit that one digs should be his own burial-place. The breeze which seemed gentle to most passengers was doubtless a "hurricane" to the one who "never crossed before." The slight roll, or the occasional dip, probably suggested "turning turtle" or preparing for "Davy Jones's Locker," and historic experiences are on record where ships have turned over or gone down. There is a difference between "dialect" and "derelict," but when one uses the former term in referring to a water-logged vessel, he is excusable.

One wearer of the Cloth described the first day out the kind of young women whom he desired to meet on the journey:

"They must be ideal, or I shall not seek an introduction," he said.

"And your standard of ideality in a woman is—what?" suggested one who was desirous of rubbing off the rough corners of what had been authenticated as a veritable "diamond."

"No woman is really attractive unless her face is beautiful, her dressing exquisite, her form perfect, her vocabulary without a flaw, and to this she must add a bank account of no mean size."

"And in exchange for all this you can offer—what?"

"Absolutely nothing but myself."

"You have omitted an important asset."

"What is that, pray?"

"An abundance of nerve."

The better part of two days was spent at Funchal, in Madeira, the first stopping-place. Glad indeed were all to be on land again, especially those who had felt, like Henry Ward Beecher, afraid first that they should die, and then that they couldn't. The quaint sleds drawn by oxen; the ride up the mountainside and the slide in a wicker sledge down to the starting-place; the visit to the shopping district; the prayer-meeting at the Methodist Mission; the ball at the Casino, with the gardens a veritable fairyland—one was sorry to hear the steamer's whistle summoning him to return in order to take up the journey from a Portuguese possession to Spain.

A sail past the Pillars of Hercules with Gibraltar and Trafalgar Bay on the right and not far away, and then the *Arabic* anchored near the place from which Columbus set sail when he started on his great voyage of discovery. After the verdure of Madeira the white walls of the Cadiz buildings strike many unpleasantly. It takes the edge off of the novelty of other Spanish

towns to see them after one has been in Seville. One could well afford to go a long distance to see the old Cathedral with its tomb of Columbus and its picture of St. Anthony, from which a piece of canvas was cut not long ago and later restored; to stand before the Giralda,

REV. DR. JOEL LEONARD THE LORD BISHOP OF ONTARIO

the wonderful tower near the Cathedral erected as an observatory by the Moors; and to stroll through the palace grounds of the Alcazar with their beautiful gardens. When one goes to Granada he wishes to get away from the crowd and with one, or at most two or three, walk slowly through the Alhambra.

The sail from Gibraltar to Algiers was enlivened by

the recital of experiences in Spain and Morocco, by a concert and a lecture on the countries next to be seen. In Algiers carriages took the visitors through the Arab quarter to the Governor's Palace, and over a picturesque drive, through the Botanical Gardens, ending with a visit to the mosques and the markets.

Interest was divided as one approached Malta between the fortifications constructed by Great Britain and the Bible narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck. Breakfast was forgotten as the steamer whistle announced that the place where Paul's little boat went to pieces was less than a half-mile to starboard. Two or three small parties, not satisfied with the view of the bay from the steamer, drove out to the "place where two seas met" while the rest of the company were visiting the public gardens, the church of St. John so closely identified with the Knights of Malta and the Chapel of Bones, sufficiently grewsome to thrill the most staid members of the party.

Two days were spent in Athens; a small party visited Corinth as well. Through the illuminating lecture on Athens given on the way from Malta it was easy to locate the buildings as soon as one came in sight of them. The fact that the lecturer himself visited Greece for the first time on this Cruise did not detract from the interest of his description; on the contrary, he entered more into detail doubtless than he would if he were describing the city now that he has seen it.

The ride through the Dardanelles gave one an op-

portunity to read for a day about the wonderful city of Constantinople which was reached shortly before night. It was cold during the stay at the Capital of the Turkish Empire. In fact it was the only day during the trip that one could complain of the cold; but so much time was spent in the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Imperial Treasury and the bazaars that even the cold did not chill one unduly.

A day in Smyrna and Ephesus and another in Beirut prepared the tourists for a week or fortnight in the Holy Land. The Lord Bishop of Ontario and a few other choice spirits went to Baalbec and Damascus, reaching the Sea of Galilee by rail from the north, while other members of the party rode from Haifa to Nazareth and Tiberias in carriages, and after a sail on the Sea of Galilee to the sites of Capernaum and Bethsaida returned by rail to Haifa. Perhaps a dozen people went across country from Nazareth to Jerusalem, but the rest of the party reached the Holy City by rail from Jaffa.

Bethlehem, Hebron, Nablous, Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea, as well as Bethany and the Mount of Olives, were visited by members of the Cruise, according to the time reserved for Jerusalem and for the side trips. No one could take all the excursions provided, as considerable time was needed for places of interest in and about the Holy City. Many of the tourists attended the American Church in Jerusalem supported by the American Christian Alliance, and later they held a service near the Russian Church on the

Mount of Olives. The Garden of Gethsemane, the garden near Gordon's Calvary, and the tomb in the garden produced a deeper impression on the minds of the non-Catholic part of the company than did the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, though every one went through that historic building as well as the Mosque of Omar, not far away.

One week or two was spent in Cairo and on the Nile according to the selection made in dividing the time between Egypt and the Holy Land. Egypt still is the land of romance as well as history. A young Armenian from Constantinople, to whom one of the Southern ladies had carried a letter of introduction, followed the party to Cairo, and pressed his suit with such effect that the young lady was in tears as she considered what answer she should give to the old but ever new question.

The members of some of the Nile parties saw Luxor and Assouan, and if reports are true, at least one of the couples found time to take a fishing trip, for it was reported on their return to Cairo that their future was assured, as he had "hooked her up the Nile." There were other romances connected with the Land of the Pharaohs, and not a few interesting incidents experienced by members of the party; and many amusing comments were made by those who were visiting Egypt for the first time. It was difficult for one of the American travelers to remember the name of the stone image back of the Pyramids, but she was able to iden-

tify it by this designation: "I mean that fixin' with a man's face on it." No one failed to know that she had seen the Sphinx, and in referring to it as masculine she had shown greater wisdom than some travelers with more book knowledge than she possessed.

A day in Sicily after sailing through the Straits of Messina whetted the appetite for Naples and Rome and Florence and Pisa and Venice and Milan, for those who went through Europe. About two-thirds of the party contented themselves with Naples and Rome, and after a few hours on the Riviera and a glimpse of Monte Carlo sailed for Queenstown and Liverpool. There a transfer was made to another ship, and after another week of ocean life, the Cruise of the *Arabic* was at an end, and enough information and inspiration had been gained to last its five hundred members many years.

Thackeray concludes his story of his month on the Mediterranean with a paragraph which may well encourage future travelers in the Orient: "What a number of sights and pictures and novel sensations and lasting and delightful remembrances after such a tour! You forget all the annoyances of travel, but the pleasures remain with you; the sorrows of the journey pass away with the soothing influence of time; the pleasures of the voyage remain, let us hope, as long as life will endure. It is but for a couple of days that those shining columns of the Parthenon glow under the blue sky there; but the experience of a life could scarcely impress them more vividly. Who can

forget the Bosphorus, the brightest and fairest scene in all the world! But the happiest and best of all recollections, perhaps, are those of the hours passed at night on the deck when the stars were shining overhead as the hours were tolled at their time, and your thoughts were fixed upon home far away."

For those who desire to trace the course of the trip in the Mediterranean which Thackeray took, and to see the ports visited by those on the cruise described in these pages, reference may be made to the frontispiece of this volume, which is reproduced by the courtesy of the officers of the White Star Line, to whom grateful recognition is made.

From first to last Mr. P. V. G. Mitchell, the director of the Cruise, representing the White Star Line, had done everything possible to insure the safety and comfort of the passengers, and, assisted by Mr. E. L. Herman, of Thomas Cook & Sons, had carried out every promise made for side trips in Spain, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt and Italy. To call the trip ideal is to speak within bounds; and no one could fail to recognize the good hand of an overruling Providence in the journey by land and sea.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM EUROPE

By the Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., LL.D.

It is good to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous countries and the cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles, and the monuments and kings;
But soon or late you have enough of antiquated things.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to loaf in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

Oh, Europe is a fine place, yet something seems to lack,
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back;
But life is in the present, and the future must be free;
We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again to God's countrie,
To the blessed land of Room Enough, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine and the flag is full of stars.