OUR TOUR
AROUND THE WORLD

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION IN BRIEF LETTERS

OF

A Tour around the World, through America, Hawaiian Islands, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, France and England, including ten years' residence in New Zealand and Australia.

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Respectfully
John T. Lloyd.

TO

MY BELOVED WIFE

MY COMPANION IN ALL MY JOURNEYING

AND FAITHFUL HELPER IN EVERY GOOD WORK

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

PREFACE.

HAVING recently completed a delightful and instructive tour around the world, a number of friends, both in this country and in the Southern Hemisphere, have earnestly requested me to write out my impressions of the leading features of the trip and to put them into book form. After due consideration I have decided to comply with the request. These impressions first took the form of a series of brief letters which appeared in the *Christian Standard* of Cincinnati, Ohio, and the *Christian Guide* of Louisville, Kentucky. This series covered more than half the tour, closing with our return from the Jordan to Jerusalem. The series has been completed, revised and given to the public in its present form. I can not hope that these hastily written letters, mainly produced amidst the busy scenes of ocean voyages and land excursions, will prove so interesting to my readers as the tour itself did to myself and wife. Nevertheless, if I can only succeed in imparting a reasonable measure of useful knowledge, and in stimulating a desire on the part of those who follow these pages to obtain wider ideas of the world with a view to becoming more proficient in the performance of their obligations to God and to man, I will be satisfied.

The book makes no pretension to be a history of the countries visited or an adequate description of the things seen. It is simply a book of travel, in which I try to take my readers into my confidence, and, in imagination, to enable them to travel with me and to see things as I saw them. It is emphatically a book for the people, and hence I have put it into as few words as possible to furnish an intelligent account of the long journey, so that the price of the book may be within the reach of all.

As I made my home for about ten years in New Zealand and Australia, I have the advantage of being able to speak of these countries with some degree of authority

The plural pronoun "we" is not used in an editorial sense, but to denote the party, consisting of three "globe-trotters," namely, Mr. and Mrs. Trotter and the little trotter, the little trotter starting trotting when an infant and being near twelve years old when he finished the circular trot.

With all its imperfections I hand over the book to the public for what it is worth, and trust that each reader of its pages will judge it with merciful judgment and be profited by those features of it which may prove able to stand the test.

J. F. FLOYD

Chicago, March, 1896.

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OUR TOUR
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LETTER I.

MAKING THE START.

THE start was made from Lexington, Kentucky. Kentucky was my native state. It was the home of my wife's parents. On June 10, 1876, I had graduated in the College of the Bible, Kentucky University, and the pleasant memories of my closing school-days were still fresh in my mind. Lexington, therefore, seems to be the appropriate starting-point for such a tour. It was on October 24, 1882, that we bade farewell to our friends, took our seats in the train at the Lexington depot and started westward on our long journey, with only a vague idea of how and when the journey would be finished. But Providence favored us, and as we traveled from point to point during weeks, months and years our idea gradually took more definite shape, until finally our long cherished hope was fully realized in making the complete circuit of the globe.

I need only briefly describe our rapid ride across

the greater portion of the American continent. A journey through the United States is now an everyday occurrence, and many people have become familiar with the scenes along the various railway lines leading from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast.

We took the southern route to San Francisco, passing through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California. We admired the fertile plains of Kansas and other states, and were delighted with the scenery as we went zigzagging over the southern spurs of the Rocky Mountains. We took special notice of the odd looking towns of New Mexico. We saw tons of red pepper. They prepared it for drying in the sun by spreading it on top of the flat-roofed mud houses of the Mexicans, or stringing the pods on poles and strings. Verily the Mexicans are fond of hot food. In Arizona we were interested in the half savage Indians and their wigwams. These fierce looking red men were clothed in primitive style. They had adopted mother Eve's costume, except that a piece of cotton cloth the size of a pocket handkerchief, adjusted about their loins, had taken the place of the fig leaf. Sometimes this simple costume is supplemented with a trailing strip of red material dangling from the rear belt, like the tail of a monkey. These people will not, however, supply the Darwinian "missing link."

Yuma City, situated on the eastern bank of the Colorado River, which divides Arizona from California, is a peculiar town. The people are mostly Indians

and Mexicans, and their houses are built of sod or adobe. The houses are one story high, flat-roofed and covered with layers of poles. Over the poles are spread cloth or raw-hide, and this is covered by a layer each of willows and dirt. On all sides of these houses are verandas, projecting from ten to twenty feet, also built of poles, the whole being surrounded with fences made of poles set in the ground, close together, and secured by strips of raw-hide. The houses and fences present a very ragged appearance.

We were equally interested in the Giant Cactus, also called the "Boss" cactus of the world, which is peculiar to these southwestern deserts. Before approaching the Gila River we passed through a vast expanse of desert country, known as the Gila Desert, inhabited solely by rattlesnakes, lizards, owls and woodpeckers. This is the home of the "Boss" cactus. It is a veritable tree. It rises from the ground in the shape of a huge cone, and frequently reaches the height of sixty feet, with a diameter of three feet near the ground. Some of these great cacti have a number of smaller cones which branch out from the main trunk at different heights and shoot up parallel to it. Each cactus produces one blossom annually, on top; and it yields a kind of fruit much prized by the natives.

On crossing the river at Yuma City, we entered Southern California and plunged into the Colorado Desert, a succession of barren sandhills as far as the eye could see. It was a welcome relief to emerge from this ocean of sand and enter the beautiful country about Los Angeles.

Our arrival at San Francisco was announced by the noise and general uproar of the cab drivers and hotel runners. We remained a few days in the city, and visited the principal objects of interest We inquired of our hotel-keeper for China Town. He said, "Can't you smell it?" We had no difficulty in finding it, right in the heart of the city, and then we realized the force of the gentleman's significant remark. We visited Fort Point, and examined the guns that command the entrance to the Golden Gate. We drove along the fashionable drive of San Francisco to the Cliff House, on the ocean beach six miles west of the city. We passed through Golden Gate Park, which contains 1,100 acres. Standing on the veranda of the Cliff House, which overhangs the water two hundred feet high, we looked out on the Seal Rocks, some five hundred yards away. These are three small, steep, rocky islands on which were several large seals, sunning and disporting themselves, and making a noise that reminded one of the bray of a donkey. It is a sight which many people go a long distance to see.

From San Francisco we took a coasting steamer to Portland, Oregon, and thence to Monmouth by rail. Here for two years I was editor and publisher of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, a sixteen-page weekly religious paper, that had been in existence several years. At the expiration of this term the HERALD possessed the largest list of subscribers during its history, had become an acknowledged power for good on the Pacific Slope and was loyally supported by the peo-

ple. For a number of years I had also been one of the editors and proprietors of the FAITHFUL WITNESS, which was first published at Fayetteville, Arkansas, and was afterwards removed to Topeka, Kansas, where it was successfully continued after I disposed of my interest in it.

It was while laboring in Oregon that the way was opened for us to continue our journey. We received an urgent and hearty call to preach for a church in Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, and immediately we made our arrangements to go hence. We returned to San Francisco by sea; and on Monday, February 16, 1885, at two o'clock, we were driven by friends to our steamship, the *Australia*, turned our backs on our native country, steamed through the Golden Gate and thus started in earnest on our long voyage.

LETTER II.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE TO THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC.

FROM the Golden Gate to Honolulu is about 2,100 miles, in a southwestern direction. Our steamship was seven days covering the distance. The voyage was a pleasant one. The overcoats and ladies' wraps which we found necessary to protect us from the chilly, foggy weather of San Francisco were laid aside as we gradually entered the milder, sunshiny climate of the Pacific. We stood on deck gazing at the American continent till it faded from our view. Then we were sad. But when we turned our faces westward, the prospects of treading new lands and mingling with strange peoples made us glad. The smooth sea, the bright sky and the bracing air seemed to whisper, "The God of love and peace shall be with you," and all sense of fear and homesickness was dispelled.

At sunrise on Monday morning we saw a speck on the ocean. This was land on the Hawaiian Islands. There was a stir aboard, and all eyes were turned on the distant object whose outline was fast assuming more definite shape. Soon we saw the white breakers tumbling over the coral reef that encloses the harbor. We passed in through the opening in this

reef, and made fast to the pier at Honolulu. As we slowly approached the wharf a number of native men and boys interested us by swimming about the sides of our boat and diving for coins tossed into the sea by the passengers. They never failed to take the coin before it reached the bottom. These natives are expert swimmers, and are particularly fond of the water.

The passengers had only two hours at their disposal. We were soon on shore to see the sights. We procured a carriage, and an American guide who could also speak the native language, and drove off through the city. We were delighted. Everything seemed so strange and inviting. Were we suddenly transported to fairyland? No; but we were in the midst of a city of some twenty thousand inhabitants whose streets were everywhere densely shaded with beautiful tropical and semi-tropical trees, and the homes of whose people were embowered in flowers of great variety, whose fragrance floated to us on the air. There were the tall cocoanut palms with their graceful fronds; date palms, royal palms, banana trees, breadfruit trees, India rubber trees, umbrella trees, and other trees too numerous to mention; and from many of these trees were hanging clusters of ripe nuts and golden fruit.

The streets, laid out in the American style, are straight and neat. The city is situated at the mouth of a beautiful valley, close to the sea, and has for its background extinct craters, tall cliffs and mountain peaks, the last named being three thousand feet

high. We saw the Government houses, the King's palace, the Queen's palace, the college buildings, the music hall, the ice works, the Catholic cemetery, St. Thomas' park, Queen Emma's gardens, the Queen's hospital, and the principal churches. In short, we saw here in the limited time allotted to us all the things that go to make up the necessaries and even luxuries of civilized life. And lastly we drove to the Leper Hospital, in which I was most interested. Here were one hundred and twenty-four lepers, three of whom were white men, the others being natives. They represented all stages of the loathsome disease. The fingers of some and the toes of others were dropping off at the joints, while the faces of still others were much disfigured. It was a repulsive sight, and one never to be forgotten. We were shown through the hospital by Roman Catholic women who seemed enthusiastically devoted to their work of superintendence. They pointed out the lepers' beds, the large dining hall and table and the basins out of which they ate their principal food, called *poi*, made from the native *palo* root. We admired the courage of these women.

As we were returning to our boat our attention was attracted by the long, white, flowing robes of the native women on the streets. A number of girls were riding horseback, of which they are very fond. We were surprised to see that the "new woman" had reached Honolulu at this early day—these girls were riding astride.

Our drive amidst such beautiful surroundings was

very enjoyable, the climate here being almost perfection The extremes of heat and cold do not exist. The average heat is about 75 degrees Fahr., tempered during the hottest season with refreshing breezes. It is a sort of mild, perpetual, sunshiny summer.

This group of islands is officially known as the Hawaiian Islands, taken from the native name of the largest island, Hawaii. When Captain Cook visited them in 1778, he called them the Sandwich Islands, in honor of the Earl of Sandwich. They have also been called the "Paradise of the Pacific," and they richly deserve the name. They comprise twelve separate islands, eight being inhabited and four uninhabited. Their total area is estimated to be 6,400 square miles; the largest island being one hundred miles long and ninety wide. They are all of volcanic origin. They are also mountainous; the highest mountain on the group being a volcanic mountain on Hawaii, 13,805 feet high. There is also on this island two active volcanoes. Mouna Loa lifts its head 13,600 feet above the level of the sea, and has a crater 8,000 feet in diameter with nearly vertical walls from 500 to 600 feet high on the inner side. At the bottom there are numerous cones; and between these there is usually a solid covering of lava through the fissures of which issue steam and sulphureous vapors. On another part of the same mountain, sixteen miles to the southeast, is a hill 4,400 feet above the sea on which is the largest active volcano in the world The crater, called Kilauea, is nine miles in circumference. Its vertical sides are

1,000 feet deep, and at the bottom the vast lake of red, liquid lava is ever steaming, boiling and heaving. As described by an eye-witness, "its surface had all the agitation of an ocean. Billow after billow tossed its monstrous bosom into the air, and occasionally the waves from opposite directions met with such violence as to dash the fiery spray in the concussion forty or fifty feet high." Such was the agonizing struggle of the conflicting elements, with appalling sounds of muttering, sighing, moaning and howling, that one of the party shrank back, exclaiming, "Call it weakness, or whatever you please, but I cannot look again." It is a "bottomless pit." It is a vivid reminder of the Gehenna of the Bible. No wonder the Hawaiian mythology regards this crater as the abode of the dreaded goddess Pélé.

Some of the eruptions of these volcanoes have been indescribably brilliant and awful. At one time a fountain of molten lava 1,000 feet wide played to a height at times of 700 feet, illuminating the surrounding country by night 200 miles away, like the noonday sun. A river of fire has repeatedly flowed out of these craters and continued its destructive course a distance of sixty miles to the sea. When we think of all the mighty burning mountains, eruptions and earthquakes of this world, we have before us not only mentally but in reality, all the scientific elements and possibilities necessary to bring about, with a direct touch of God's hand, the end described by the apostle Peter when he says: "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which

the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

The Sandwich Islands are intensely interesting in many respects. Honolulu, their capital, is a city of considerable commercial importance. The islands are at the cross-roads of the commercial world. They are destined to become the great pleasure ground and health resort of the American people. The mixed population, dominated by American intelligence and thrift, will develop a future worthy of the important centre they occupy in the Northern Pacific. The Sandwich Islands by all means ought to be annexed to the United States But the American government will probably realize this fact when it is too late. Our political leaders will continue to wrangle over partisan politics while neglecting the true honor and prosperity of our nation.

And finally, here, in these islands, we have a striking illustration of the gospel's power in civilization and salvation. Three-quarters of a century ago these natives were gross idolators whose hands were constantly dyed with the blood of human victims. But in 1819 Kamehameha II. succeeded his father as king. The leavening influences of civilization which for some time had been at work led this mild, well-disposed prince as one of his first acts to abolish idolatry throughout the islands. Soon after, in 1820, the first missionaries, sent from the United States, arrived, and on landing, were made to greatly

rejoice by the good news that all the idols were destroyed. The story of the long strides of these natives into civilization reads like a romance. Their Christianization was a rapid process. The gospel, of which they were once ignorant, is now by their personal ministry, money and influence sent to more distant islands of the sea and to the ends of the earth. The missionaries have done their work well, and again infidelity is confronted with the fact that Christianity and civilization go hand in hand. All honor to the brave missionaries who have proved the harbingers of better days.

LETTER III.

CROSSING THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Our last letter left us at Honolulu. Our boat whistle sounds, and we must hasten on board our good ship. We purchase from the natives on the wharf a large bunch of ripe bananas, just off the trees, for twenty-five cents; and what delicious bananas! We notice also that they have beautiful pieces of coral for sale cheap. Again the whistle sounds, the bridge is hauled in and we are off for New Zealand.

The distance from Honolulu to Auckland, the first port of call in New Zealand, is about 3,950 miles, making the total distance from San Francisco to Auckland 6,050 miles. The distance from San Francisco to Sydney, Australia, is 7,200 miles It is a long voyage. It is a voyage over the largest and deepest and most wonderful ocean in the world. The Pacific Ocean measures 9,000 miles from north to south, and more than 10,000 miles in breadth on the equator, its widest place. Its total area is nearly 68 millions of square miles. In some places it is more than five miles deep, with an average depth of about 2,500 fathoms. A voyage over this vast expanse of water may be thoroughly enjoyed by most travellers. We enjoyed it. We were a happy family; but like

many other families, the fraternal relations were not perfect. There was one thing lacking Yet strange to say, it was this one thing that our friends attempted to set in order in the beginning.

On the eve of our departure from San Francisco, a young lady, who gives considerable attention to the details of polite society, accompanied us to our ship and introduced us to the captain with a view of having us assigned seats at his table. On board ship the saloon passengers are assigned seats at the table which they retain to the end of the voyage. The captain's table ranks highest in honor, and the first seat on his right is the most honorable seat. But there were applicants for this honor before us. The captain's table was full. We got, however, what was considered the next best, seats near the head of the first mate's table. We were disappointed. Our good lady friend, in her honest desire to have us well entertained, had placed us in a position to be bored for twenty-one days. We soon wished we had been placed anywhere else, in the steerage, if need be, to avoid the point of the gimlet. But there was no escape. This first mate proved to be a born and bred Englishman whose second nature it was to sneer at everything American. I sneered back; while Mrs. Trotter laughed at the gimlet thrusts and criticised all the ship's English dishes from the tough fowl down to the Bombay duck and curry and rice. (The English have no chickens; the chickens are all fowls.) And so we passed the time at the table. The mate said the Americans at the table all dip their knives

into the same salt-cellar; and he thought it so much more in harmony with good taste, "you know," for all the company, "you know," to use the same little spoon, "you know," to dip the salt out of the same big salt-cellar as we English do, "you know." But "just fancy," it turned out that this mate had never seen an American salt-cellar. When asked by the steward how he liked his tea, he said it was "just beautiful" With him everything we had to eat and drink on the ship was "beautiful." When we left the ship at Auckland the British lion gave a loud roar. The American eagle shrieked; and thus we parted company.

We had another Englishman on board of the same blue-blood (?) type. He took pride in saying he had travelled clean across the American continent without seeing a handsome woman. A Hottentot might have done the same. We pitied his standard of taste. When we changed boats at Auckland we took our first meal as we were leaving the port. The captain was on duty. Seeing the captain's chair at the head of the table empty, the Englishman took possession without ceremony. But the chief steward removed him. He became indignant. He said he would get permission from the captain to occupy the seat, and for this purpose he went on deck. Notwithstanding the sentence in large letters staring him in the face, "Passengers Not Allowed on the Bridge," he boldly ascended the steps. The captain, out of the goodness of his heart, told the intruder to occupy the chair till he came down. We all awaited with keen

interest the captain's appearance at the table; but fortunately his duties detained him till the meal was finished. At the second meal the captain was in his place at the head of his table. But our English friend was observed to quietly take the lowest seat at the least honorable table; and then a smile of extreme satisfaction played over the faces of the passengers. We thought of the language of the Captain of our salvation to the Pharisees, "when he marked how they chose out the chief rooms, saying unto them, When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room, lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him, and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room." "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." We were thankful when we learned that all Englishmen are not alike; but that a few of them, like some Americans, simply make themselves foolish abroad. Since this voyage we are usually satisfied to follow the Master's advice It is not so much captain and mate we want as plenty of good things to eat

From day to day and week to week, after leaving Honolulu we sailed on toward our destination At times, owing to the great ocean swells, our ship sunk down into a valley, surrounded by moving hills. The next moment it would be lifted and perched on a mountain, surrounded by valleys. But for the most part we sailed over a smooth sea, sometimes so

smooth that we seemed to be moving on a boundless plate of glass; and with the exception of a downpour of rain two or three times in the tropics, we had a clear sky. We crossed the equator and thus passed into the Southern Hemisphere. The North Star faded from our sight, and the Southern Cross came into view. The sun, which at the equator had been so directly over us that our bodies failed to cast a shadow on deck, now begins to pass north of us, while our shadows lengthen toward the south.

We whiled away the time after the custom of the ship. The "*Australia*" is a large English vessel, steady going, beautifully furnished and affording every needed comfort. She carried a small complement of passengers. We promenaded the decks, and enjoyed the beautiful sunsets, bright moonlight and the gentle tropical breeze. We played shuffle-board on deck, made swings for the children, read books and sung songs of praise. We had on board a Friend, speaking his sacred language, and a boastful atheist from San Francisco. Occasionally a heated argument between these two on the relative merits of Christianity and atheism proved interesting. One evening we had a lecture in the salcon on Russia from the distinguished journalist and lecturer, the late Augustus Sala. He said he hated Russia; and we quite believed it before he had finished. Sala was anything but handsome; and when his hatred of the Russians was depicted on his countenance we thought the Russians in turn might be excused for not admiring the great journalist. Church of England service was

conducted in the saloon every Sunday morning at 10:30 by the captain, assisted by the first mate. The countless numbers of living creatures in the ocean remained beneath the surface. Only once did we note anything of interest among the monsters of the deep, and that was a whale spouting water in the distance.

Later on our boat stopped for half an hour off Tutuila, a small island belonging to the Navigator, or Samoan group, to exchange mails. Twelve or fifteen of the brown natives, including a number of women, came out in their canoes to sell their strange wares to the passengers. The men were well formed, and in almost a nude state. Their style of rowing is peculiar. They ranged themselves in a row on each side of the canoe, extending its full length. Each one was provided with a short, broad paddle, and the stroke was a quick downward movement. The paddles all moved together, and kept time to a lively song while the canoe bounded forward over the rolling sea with great rapidity. These Samoans are closely akin to the Hawaiians, and Maoris of New Zealand. They are a splendid race of people. Sixty years ago they were gross heathens. To-day they are all Christianized, and keep the Lord's day almost as strictly as the ancient Israelites observed their Sabbath. Had we stopped off a Samoan island on Sunday the natives would have been in the mission churches and Sunday Schools, and no canoe would have come out to welcome us. The missionaries have done a noble work on these islands. We also sighted land on the Society Islands.

On March 5 we reached the 180° meridian of longitude, and as we had accumulated too much time on our hands we found it necessary to cut out a slice. So we passed from Thursday right over to Saturday, dropping out Friday. It seemed a little strange to go to bed on Thursday and get up on Saturday without sleeping more than the usual eight hours. But we meet with many strange things when we get on the other side of the world from where we have been accustomed to live.

On the twenty-first day out from San Francisco we sighted the rugged shores of New Zealand, and steered straight for the harbor at Auckland.

LETTER IV.

OUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEW ZEALAND.

OUR arrival at Auckland, our landing port in New Zealand, was on Sunday at one o'clock. The day was warm and clear, and as we entered the commodious harbor we noted its beauty, a few islets here and there giving diversity to it. We looked up at the city, and saw it beginning at the very water's edge and rising, terrace-like, onto the hills above, Mt. Eden, an extinct volcano, forming a pleasing background. We were met at the wharf by friends who had heard of our coming, and immediately we were whirled away in a carriage to a hospitable home which we made our headquarters during our few days' stay in the city.

In the afternoon there was a heavy rain, giving us an idea how it can rain in Auckland. At night it was fine, and, by invitation, I preached in one of the churches.

Thomas Spurgeon, who now occupies the pulpit of his father, the late Charles H. Spurgeon, in London, was pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle church; and on Monday evening we attended a tea and public meeting of the Baptists in a suburban chapel, and heard "Young Spurgeon," as he was then called, speak. We were told that he was not getting on

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very smoothly with his church, and so he soon afterwards resigned. During the remainder of his sojourn in New Zealand, which was mainly up to the time of his call to the London Tabernacle, he was engaged in evangelistic work among the Baptist churches in the Colony. At that time Mr. Spurgeon was very little above the average Baptist preacher; and even now I am agreeably surprised at his popularity and success among a large class of Londoners. After all, there must be something in a name.

On Wednesday evening a complimentary tea meeting was tendered us at our temporary home, and some forty ladies and gentlemen sat down to a bounteous spread. We enjoyed it very much—all of it—except my own effort at speech-making Mrs. Trotter escaped this ordeal, as the "new woman" had not reached Auckland

One day we were invited by our host to examine a beautiful house he owned on an adjoining lot. It was unoccupied. Soon after entering the house, which contained several spacious rooms, Mrs. Trotter found her way, woman-like, to the kitchen. I heard sharp exclamations, and then a call, "Come here, dear, quick." Thinking something serious might be wrong, I hastened to the spot. "What is that?" she exclaimed, as she pointed to something in what appeared to be a sort of open fireplace in the brick chimney. I looked, and looked, and then had to confess my ignorance. We examined it and found what we pronounced a small, square, sheet-iron goods box set into the fireplace with masonry, with an open

space below it, the open chimney above it and a small front door to it. We ventured to quietly inform our hostess of our discovery, and asked its meaning. "That," she said, "is a colonial oven, for cooking. You see, we put a small fire under it and another small fire on top of it, and put the food to be baked into the oven; and if you wish, hang a kettle over the top fire at the same time." It was then all plain to us. At one time these primitive ovens were in extensive use in the Colonies; but they have now mainly given place to the modern ranges and stoves.

While in Auckland we visited the museum, the parks, the small bays about the harbor, and climbed to the top of Mt. Eden. From the top of this mountain, 644 feet high, we obtained a beautiful and extensive view of the city, the sea and the surrounding country. The extinct crater, which is probably one-sixth of a mile in diameter, retains the perfect basin-like form it had assumed when its fires went out ages ago. There are evidences that Mt. Eden was not the only volcano in this region. Indeed, the whole country about the city is dotted with volcanic cones; and lava is found in abundance on the sides of these small mountains. We also made an excursion into the country, and paid a pleasant visit to the house of an intelligent gentleman from "home," as the English and Scotch in these Southern Colonies usually call their native land. This gentleman took us into his garden and showed us a few stalks of maize which he was growing as an experiment. Very little Indian corn is grown in New Zealand, and many

people have a limited knowledge of its cultivation and use. In fact these were the only stalks we saw in the country. The gentleman said that he had heard that the maize was good to eat, but they had tried some of it, and none of the family seemed to like it. I asked him how they prepared it for the table. "Oh," said he, "we simply took off the outside and just ate the soft grains in their natural state." I said we usually cook our corn in America before we bring it to the table. He had not thought of that, but admitted that the cooking might improve it. We insisted on taking a few ears with us to the city, that we might give our friends a lesson in roasting-ear eating. My travelling companion, with considerable amusement, prepared it and brought it to the table. Then came the fun. The company took up the long ears in their fingers and nibbled and nibbled at them like mice listening for the appearance of the house cat. For the first time in life they had tasted cooked maize. I presume it was also the last time.

But we did not have the pleasure of doing all the teaching. We had learned something from the New Zealanders. The first time we sat down to a meal with our host and hostess we noticed a large plate in the center of the table, and on it was a tall stack of thin slices of baker's bread, one side of each slice being coated with butter. We wondered what sort of a Colonial dish that was and how we were to eat it. But we soon learned that this plate contained all the bread we would get. We ate what was set before us, asking no questions for conscience' sake.

This way of preparing the bread for the table is quite common among the English and Scotch.

New Zealand is called "The Wonderland," and such it evidently is in truth It is full of wonders, and the stranger is constantly wondering. He wonders at the natural beauty and grandeur he sees on every hand, some of which can not be surpassed, if even equaled, in any other part of the world. He wonders why it is that amidst all the jungle-like forests of the North Island, and the extensive plains and fern lands of the South Island, not a snake has ever been found in the whole of New Zealand, except the dead ones which have been imported and placed in the museums. He wonders what use the Lord had for the wingless birds, called Moas, which once walked about in the marshes and mountain fastnesses of the country with legs as large as a horse's, and standing eight to eleven feet high from toe to beak, and whose skeletons in the museums may be examined at leisure. He wonders where the brown natives, called Maoris, came from, and how they managed to reach these islands of the Southern Pacific, probably centuries before the white man discovered or occupied the country. He wonders why these Maoris, when they meet, rub their noses together and wail as tokens of joy, instead of shaking hands with a smile or a hearty laugh as white people do. (How would it do for the white ladies to rub noses instead of kissing?) He wonders how the large flocks of sheep which are spread over the grassy hills of the country manage to nibble the grass in places from between the rocks

without having their noses sharpened. He wonders why the crater on Mount Tarawera, in the Hot Lake district of the North Island, which had not shown the least sign of activity within the memory of the native race, suddenly burst forth on the night of June 10, 1886, shooting its flames hundreds of feet towards the heavens and literally raining its mud on the surrounding country for miles away till large trees were stripped of their branches, houses were covered up, and more than one hundred natives were buried from ten to twenty feet deep. When he looks on the boiling springs and pools, hot lakes, mud volcanoes, sulphur fumaroles, huge volcanic chimneys, and remembers that much of the ground on which he walks is a sort of pie crust, he wonders that the snow-capped mountains, with the glaciers streaming down their sides, are not all blown to atoms by the pent-up forces beneath them. And so he may go on wondering to the end of the chapter, if, indeed, this chapter of wonders has an end. Heaven is as near to New Zealand as it is to any other country. The same is true of the fires of Gehenna. Such were our first impressions of New Zealand.

LETTER V.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND was first sighted by Abel Jansen Tasman, the Dutch navigator, in 1642; but on account of the hostile attitude of the natives he sailed away without setting foot on the soil. But to Captain Cook belongs the real discovery and exploration of the country in 1769. He made five visits to the islands, taking his final departure in 1777.

New Zealand is situated in the Southern Pacific Ocean, Wellington, its capital, being 6,625 miles in a southwestern direction from San Francisco. It is about the same distance south of the equator that San Francisco is north of it. New Zealand comprises three islands, namely, the North Island, the South Island and Stewart Island, and the small islands near their coasts; also the Chatham, the Auckland, the Campbell, the Antipodes, Bounty and Kermodec Islands, lying farther off. New Zealand has an area of about 100,000 square miles, or 64,000,000 acres. Its extreme length from north to south is about 1,100 miles, with an average breadth of about 120 miles. The North Island has an area of about 44,000 square miles, the South Island has an area of about 55,000 square miles, and Stewart Island an area of a little

less than 1,000 square miles. The three principal islands, with their adjacent smaller islands, are about the size of the state of Colorado. Cook Strait divides the North and South Islands; and Foveaux Strait divides the South and Stewart Islands. Both straits are easily navigable by the largest sea-going vessels; Cook Strait being thirteen and Foveaux Strait being fifteen miles wide in their narrowest parts.

New Zealand is very hilly and mountainous; Mount Cook, in the South Island, the highest peak, being 12,349 feet high, snow-capped, and magnificent glaciers streaming down its sides to the level of 700 feet above the sea. Mount Cook belongs to the chain of lofty mountain peaks running along the west coast throughout the entire length of the South Island, called the Southern Alps. The highest mountains in the North Island are the volcanic mountains, the two highest of which extend "above the limit of perpetual snow." Tongariro is 6,500 feet high, and is at times an active volcano. Raupehu and Mount Egmont are 9,100 and 8,300 feet high respectively; and both are extinct volcanoes. The mountain ranges of the North Island are largely covered with thick forests. The South Island is more open, much of the land being covered with native grass which is used for pasturage. Stewart Island is also heavily wooded. The forests of New Zealand are mostly evergreen; and more than once we longed to see the general bursting of buds in spring and falling of leaves in the autumn. Ferns grow everywhere in great profusion and variety, from the smallest and most delicate kind up to the tall, graceful tree-fern.

New Zealand also has some extensive and productive plains. In the North Island these plains lie on the western side of the mountain range; and in the South Island they are found mostly on the eastern side of the Southern Alps. There are also several excellent harbors on the eastern side of both islands. The southwestern part of the South Island is largely cut up with sounds, or fiords, which penetrate the country from the sea. They are long, narrow and deep, and wind about in serpentine fashion. Snow-capped mountains rise precipitously from the water's edge to the height of five and ten thousand feet. Everywhere there is a blending of the beautiful and the sublime.

There are more than forty lakes in New Zealand, several of them large and very beautiful. Lake Taupo, in the North Island, is the largest one, being forty-four miles long and averaging fifteen miles wide. Te Anau, the largest lake in the South Island, is forty miles long and covers an area of 132 square miles. Lake Wakatipu, also in the South Island, is fifty miles long and has an area of 112 square miles. Its greatest depth is 1,350 feet. But the most remarkable natural feature is the extensive district of hot springs, lakes, intermittent geysers, natural tepid baths, steam-emitting earth holes, small mud volcanoes, etc., around lakes Rotorua and Rotomahana, in the North Island. It was here also that the beautiful white and pink Rotomahana Terraces were formed by the deposit of siliceous rock from the water as it flowed from the boiling springs

down the slopes of the hills into the lake, and which were destroyed by the sudden and terrible eruption of Mount Tarawera on the night of June 10, 1886. This district has a great attraction for tourists from all parts of the civilized world, and it is fast becoming the sanatorium of the Australasian Colonies.

New Zealand abounds in rivers and small streams; some of the latter, clear and cold, leap down the sides of the mountains and hills and wind their way to the sea. The rivers are not large; the Clutha, in the South Island, the largest one, is only navigable by small steamers forty miles from the sea.

Almost any kind of climate may be found in New Zealand; for, as some one has said, the climate is largely made up of "samples." The mean annual temperature of the North Island is 57 degrees Fahr.; and that of the South Island 52 degrees Fahr. Yet these figures are somewhat deceptive, for they do not account for the fact that the climate differs greatly in localities only a few miles apart. The greatest objection to the New Zealand climate is the frequent and sudden changes experienced in many places. But taken as a whole the climate is a fairly good one. While in parts it is moist, in others bracing, it is generally free from any great extremes, being mostly mild and balmy. The snow-fall is mainly confined to the mountains and hills, and thunder is seldom heard. Cyclones are unknown in New Zealand. You can pursue your daily vocation with little danger of being struck with lightning, and retire at night without fear of being blown away by a cyclone.

New Zealand produces almost all the things that are to be found in the United States and Europe, and then it has some things peculiar to itself. The chief products of the colony are wool, meat, grain, gold, coal and dairy produce, in the order named. There is much fine pastoral land in the country, and every year large quantities of the finest wool in the world are shipped to England and America. Next in importance comes the meat trade. We never tasted better beef and mutton than we ate during our six years' residence in New Zealand. The frozen meat trade which has been built up during the last fourteen or fifteen years is most remarkable. There are now twenty-one freezing establishments in the Colony, scattered along in the cities of the east coast. The carcasses of the animals are frozen in these establishments, then put onto the great steamships having refrigerating machinery, and carried to London. Some of these steamers are capable of carrying 70,000 carcasses at one time. At present nearly 2,000,000 frozen carcasses of sheep and lambs are shipped to England every year. Also about 56,000 hundredweight of frozen beef. Wheat does well on the plains of New Zealand, and is extensively cultivated. The average yield is generally from 24 to nearly 27 bushels per acre. There are several payable gold-fields in the two principal islands. Oats, barley, potatoes, flax, beans, peas, turnips, cabbages, apples, pears, peaches, plumbs, cherries, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, strawberries, apricots, quinces, loquots, figs, grapes, melons, etc., flourish in New Zealand.

There are two products peculiar to New Zealand of which I must now speak The New Zealand flax, or, more correctly speaking, the *Phormium tenax*, is a perennial plant that grows in bunches or groups, with hard, sword-shaped leaves from three to fourteen feet in length. Each bunch also sends up a number of stalks several feet above the leaves which bear a profusion of yellow and sometimes red flowers, followed by seed vessels containing black seed. I have seen thousands of acres of flat, uncultivated land thickly set with the large, tall bunches of this curious native flax. Before the country was settled by Europeans the Maoris made from the fibers of the plant a coarse cloth with which they partially clothed themselves. They also used it for making baskets, mats, fishing nets and sails for their canoes. The name *Phormium tenax* comes from the Greek words *phormos*, meaning a basket, and *tenax*, strong. It is now mainly used by the Europeans, for making ropes and twine. I have brought some fine samples of the flax home with me.

The other product peculiar to New Zealand is the kauri gum. It consists of the sap of the kauri tree which has become dry and solid. This tree is a species of pine called by botanists the *Dammara australis*. It is found only in the northern part of New Zealand, and sometimes grows to the size of twelve feet in diameter. If you make an incision in a kauri pine it only requires a few weeks in dry weather for a large mass of half dried gum to ooze from the tree. But the great kauri forests have

mainly disappeared, and most of the gum which finds its way to the market has to be dug out of the ground where it was deposited ages ago, before the trees finally disappeared. Some of this land is covered with other forest trees; but other portions of it are open. The gum may be found in large deposits, or in detached lumps; sometimes just above the surface, but more frequently it is found many feet in the ground. The gum-digger uses a steel rod for a spear, which he pushes into the ground; and by constant practice he soon learns whether he is touching a stone or a lump of gum. He also uses a spade for taking the gum from the ground. Gum-digging is not a very profitable occupation, and hence it is mostly the natives and a sort of worthless class of Europeans who engage in it. The merchants who buy the gum from the diggers grade it and carefully pack it in boxes. It is then shipped to the United States and England, where it is principally used in making varnish. In 1892 the export of gum was 8,750 tons, valued at about $2,585,000. The principal industries of the colony are located in the chief towns. Among these we may further mention the foundries, woolen mills, flour mills, breweries, boot factories, biscuit factories, candle and soap factories, fish, meat and jam canning, etc.

This general description of New Zealand is very incomplete; but it must suffice for my present purpose.

LETTER VI.

THE PEOPLE OF NEW ZEALAND.

I AM constantly being asked by intelligent persons: "What sort of people have you in New Zealand?" "What is their color?" "What language do they speak?" "Did you preach any in the English language?" "Were you not afraid of being cooked and eaten?" "What do the people do there?" "How do you manage to get your clothes made in that country, especially according to the latest styles?" etc., etc.

Now let me say once for all that New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania are British Colonies. The great body of the people are not black savages, but are English and Scotch, with a small sprinkling of other nationalities. Hence they speak the English language (or rather some of them speak dialects of it). Their cities are well laid out, substantially built, and are kept remarkably clean. You see no purely white houses, but the paint used on the houses is brown, lead-color and other dark shades. While their manners and customs differ in some respects from those in America, on the whole they are very similar to our own. In short, these people are our antipodal cousins, among whom the American feels at home at once, from whom, as a rule, he receives

a hearty welcome, and whose plain, natural and easy society he finds well prepared for his reception. The children play on the streets, ride on bicycles, wade in the waters on the ocean beaches, go picnicking eat lollies (there is no candy in that country, it is all lollies), and some of them chew gum. The ladies, like their American cousins, make calls, hold little afternoon tea parties, and sometimes gossip a little. Of course most of them attend to their household duties, unless they can hire servants to do the work for them. In New Zealand, since they now have their rights, a few of them write articles for the newspapers on social questions and lecture to the people on politics. The men, after the American plan, attend to business, talk politics, smoke tobacco and drink beer and whisky. They have two redeeming features over the Americans; they do not chew tobacco and they do very little swearing. I heard more profane swearing the first week after my return to America than I did during my nine years' residence in the Southern Hemisphere. Indeed, in all my mingling among the people I do not remember having heard a half-dozen oaths during all these years. There is a stringent law in the Colonies against all profane swearing and obscene language on the streets, and it is strictly enforced. Spittoons are not in demand, and even spitting on the streets, in the houses, and in the presence of company, to say nothing of tobacco juice, is a great offense to good taste.

When we entered the border of Kentucky on our return home the first thing that attracted our atten-

tion was the men entering the train working on their quids, like goats chewing cud, and spitting on the car floor. The goats deserve our respect for being above chewing tobacco and spitting. Indeed, no living thing on earth, except some American men and the loathsome tobacco worms, will condescend to crawl side by side while devouring the poisonous weed. No doubt these men considered themselves gentlemen; but they would not be so considered in Australasian society. When we saw and realized afresh this foolish, expensive and filthy habit, we felt almost ashamed of our native state. Smoking is an improvement only from the point of decency.

New Zealand has a population, stated in round numbers, of about 600,000, exclusive of aborigines and Chinese. The Chinese number about 5,000. The numerous towns and cities of the Colony are mostly distributed along the eastern coast of the two principal islands. The four leading cities are Auckland and Wellington (the capital) in the North Island, and Christchurch and Dunedin in the South Island, all being nearly the same size, with an average population, according to the last census, of about 44,000. Auckland is pretty and warm, Wellington is compact and bleak, Christchurch is flat and dry; and Dunedin is picturesque and chilly. Christchurch resembles an English city; but Dunedin is essentially a Scotch city. It is said that even the Chinamen, in writing letters, add Mc. to their names in order to secure positions in the city.

The people are well supplied with church privileges.

The Roman Catholics are firmly established in New Zealand, and the leading Protestant denominations are well represented. The Church of England takes the lead in membership, and is closely followed by the Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists in the order stated. The Salvation Army number over 9,000; and even the Mormons are trying to establish themselves among the Maoris in the King Country.

The schools, colleges and universities of New Zealand and Australia are first-class. The public schools are well graded, and the attendance at them is everywhere compulsory. This law of compulsion results in the diffusion of education, and practically destroys illiteracy. Hence, the people are intelligent, and are well educated so far as the public schools can teach them. Large numbers of them, especially the working-men, are skeptics, and free-thought societies and halls are to be found in nearly all the principal cities and towns. The great majority of the people, however, are church-goers, and good lectures, concerts, etc., are well patronized by all classes. The hearers can see a good point when made by the speakers, and are quick to respond to it. If they are in sympathy with the lecturer they encourage him by frequent demonstrations of approval. This demonstration usually takes the form of shouting, "Hear, hear," clapping the hands and stamping the feet. When they are not in sympathy with the speaker they do not hesitate to let him know it; they can shout, "No, no," hiss, groan, and create a general uproar. I have seen the mingling of the two elements resulting in

the abrupt closing of the meeting in disorder and tumult. When debating publicly with infidel lecturers, as I have done, their supporters will rally in full force and listen with great approval to their champion; but the moment his opponent rises they try to make such noise and confusion that his points can not be heard. This is their idea of liberty for which they plead so loudly. Sometimes the Christian element in the audience will pay them off in their own coin. Such is the custom of the people; hence it is often difficult to hold what an American would consider an orderly public meeting, except religious services, which are not allowed to be disturbed in any way.

The daily newspapers are numerous, and they move on a higher moral plane than the average American newspaper. They do not fill their columns with the horrible details of vice in order to meet a public demand. Not all the things seen and heard in the worst police courts find expression in the daily papers. There are a few notable exceptions, in which the infidel editors pander to the lowest tastes and passions of the worst class of godless readers. The Australasian newspapers may sometimes lack in American enterprise; but this defect is more than compensated for with the more wholesome moral atmosphere which they create. Their editorials at times may be long and somewhat prosy; but on the other hand they are comparatively free from acrimony and partisan bias. The benevolent institutions and the sayings and doings of the preach-

ers and churches are freely reported in these papers. Some of the leading daily papers of New Zealand have frequently reported my sermons and lectures on popular subjects, sometimes verbatim. Such matter does not have to be forced on the editors; the shorthand reporters seek it for the information and benefit of their readers. My treatment by the press of the Southern Hemisphere, excepting one or two low infidel sheets, the backs of whose unscrupulous editors were more than once subjected to the Christian lash in my hands, was uniformly kind, fair and generous.

The Temperance cause is making very rapid strides in New Zealand. In 1894 Parliament passed a law giving the people the power of the direct veto on a three-fifths majority. Hence, all the people now need is the three-fifths majority to enable them to banish the saloons, or public houses as the English call them, from the country. Local option already exists in some districts; and it is probably only a question of a few years when the Colony will have constitutional prohibition. Also in 1893 the women of New Zealand were enfranchised, Parliament passing an electorial bill which places the women, so far as voting is concerned, on an equality in every respect with the men. The women generally have availed themselves of the privilege of voting, conferred on them by the men. In the first General Election, which was held soon after the passage of the bill, out of a total population of about 298,000 females of all ages in New Zealand, 109,461 women

registered, and 90,290 voted. The election was considered the most quiet and orderly election ever held in the Colony. While the women were considerably divided in their voting, the great majority of them cast their votes in the interests of temperance and purity. No doubt this new power in politics will materially assist in hastening the prohibition cause to a successful issue.

The railways and telegraph lines of the Australasian Colonies are very successfully operated by the Government. The Government has also wisely established Savings Banks in connection with all the principal postoffices. Deposits in amounts as small as one shilling can be made, and four and one-half per cent interest is paid on all deposits for the whole time they are in the bank. Deposits and withdrawals can be made at any time. These banks have been established in the interests of the people, and they have proved a great boon to the laboring class. No form of government that does not consider the general interests of the people has the moral right to exist for one moment.

LETTER VII.

THE NATIVES OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE natives of New Zealand, called Maoris, belong to the Malay division of the human race. The authorities agree in the opinion that they had probably inhabited the country about 300 years at the time of Captain Tasman's visit in 1642. The Bible and science unite in teaching the unity of man; hence these people were not created in New Zealand. How, then, did they get there? We do not certainly know. Tradition, in which all the Maori tribes agree, and modern science make it probable that a fleet of canoes found its way there from the Hawaiian Islands by way of the intervening Polynesian Islands. The natives of Hawaii, New Zealand and the Polynesian group of islands closely resemble one another in appearance; and the language of the people of these various islands is so nearly identical that they have little difficulty in understanding one another.

When discovered by Captain Tasman and visited later by Captain Cook, they were savages and cannibals. They made themselves coarse clothing out of the native flax, tattooed their faces, stuck feathers in their hair, carried ugly war clubs, and, on the whole,

MAORI CHIEF AND WIFE, TATTOOED.

looked somewhat fierce and hideous. They also engaged in bloody tribal wars, and worshiped idols. An early missionary to the Maoris says: "Perhaps it is not too much to say that war was chiefly carried on that they might indulge in their cannibal feasts; and living in an island so destitute of land animals, we see, perhaps, the true origin of this horrid practice, although their traditions assert the contrary, and affirm that it was first done to strike terror into their enemies." We are again told that "even when the lives of those taken in war were spared, still the poor slave, though he might be kept for a time to cultivate his master's land, was yet little more than store provision; and when fat and in good condition, liable any day to be knocked on the head and cast into the oven. Many a memento of this horrid custom still remains; the same word was equally used for a tame pig, or pet bird, as for a slave; they were all *mokai*, and intended, as the word intimates, to be used as food, when required. An anecdote is preserved of a poor slave girl who was commanded to go and bring fuel, then light a fire and heat the oven; and when all was prepared, was herself knocked on the head and put into it."

Yet the Maoris possessed some noble traits of character, which have been too often overlooked by those who have written in the interests of the white man only. Not much of the Maori side of the question has been written; but we know enough to justify us in the conclusion that the conquest (for such is its right name) of New Zealand is no exception to the

general rule, one of deception, injustice, oppression and ultimate extinction. When some of the European sailors first set foot on this fair land, they were received with kindness as well as a degree of wonder by its inhabitants. But true to the instincts of their lower nature, these sailors decoyed some of the handsomest of the Maori maidens on board their ship, and then suddenly spread their sails and disappeared to unknown parts. Other sailors landed, and these natives, by tokens of friendship, persuaded them to go into the thick grass, where they were immediately slain, cooked and eaten What else could be expected? Now, if the pots could have been replenished with the flesh of the veritable maiden-stealers, our horror of cannibalism might have been toned down to a sense of admiration of this heathen measure of retaliation. As it is, the civilized white man has little to say in his own favor.

The first missionaries arrived in 1814, from Australia. They were received and treated kindly by the natives. They labored earnestly for ten long years before they baptized their first convert, which took place in September, 1825. But when once the gospel took root in the minds and hearts of the people it spread very rapidly. A great transformation took place. Tribal wars mainly ceased, cannibalism was abandoned, the idols were thrown away and hundreds from the different tribes flocked to hear and accept the gospel. New Testaments could not be imported fast enough to supply the demand, and everywhere there was a call for missionaries. On

Christmas Day, 1846, there was a reunion of several tribes, when 600, out of an assemblage of 2,000, sat down together at the Lord's Table. A year later the Christmas holidays were observed by a remarkable series of meetings. In one day, after a careful examination of candidates, 672 were admitted to the fellowship of the Church by the officiating missionary.

Respecting this series of meetings the missionary says: "While near seven hundred Europeans were attending the races on one side of the Wanganui River, exactly opposite, nearly 4,000 of the lately barbarous heathen had congregated from all parts, and from considerable distances, some coming fully one hundred and fifty miles, to celebrate the Saviour's birth." On this same Christmas eve 162 natives were baptized according to the rites of the Church of England. In one of these meetings we have related a remarkable example of the gospel's power over the heathen mind. A noted chief, named Tamati Wiremu Puna, was admitted to the Lord's Supper. By his side knelt Panapa, another great chief, who several years before had killed and eaten Tamati's father. This was the first time they had met since the murder; and Tamati was noticed to be perfectly quivering with emotion. After the service, when asked the cause of his excitement, he related the circumstance and said it was only the gospel which had given him a new nature that had enabled him to partake of the same bread and cup with the slayer and eater of his father. We have another il-

lustration of a noble trait of Maori character in an incident that is a complete counterpart of Grace Darling's exploit. Several years ago a fine ship, the Delaware, was wrecked on a rock near the town of Nelson, and the crew were in imminent danger. A young Maori woman, a chief's daughter named Julia, immediately disrobed herself, entered the turbulent sea and swam out to the rock, carrying a rope which, with the aid of her husband, was made fast from the shore to the rock. On this rope all the crew escaped, except the chief mate, who was too ill in bed to make the effort. Julia and her husband were richly rewarded by the English residents for their bravery and skill.

From the beginning the missionaries could move about among the cannibal tribes from one end of the islands to the other, without the fear of molestation, simply because the native was inspired with the idea that the missionary was his friend, and had come to do him good. The Rev. Richard Taylor, M. A., F. G. S., a missionary of long experience among this people, writing in 1868, says: "Had the Government endeavored to rule the native race by moral influence only, there is little doubt that there would never have been any necessity for the aid of military force." . . . "The natives were prepared to receive our laws and institutions, and to yield obedience to the Queen's representative—his word was law; but when they perceived that it was not the advancement of their race which was aimed at, but that of the European alone; that they, as a people, were ignored, that

no power was conceded, no place given to the chiefs in our councils, no voice in framing those laws which they were still expected to obey; but only one grand object was kept in view, the increase of one race at the expense of the other, then a revulsion of feeling gradually took place." Then, after speaking of a number of acts of injustice toward the natives, one of which was an effort to seize their waste lands, the writer says, "This was the true cause of the first war." When the war was in progress, some inhuman acts were perpetrated by soldiers under the British flag. On Sunday morning a goodly number of Maoris who had been taught by the missionaries, were holding religious services in the woods, when a company of Forest Rifles crept stealthily forward, surprised and shot down the worshipers in the midst of a song of praise. One European fiend, captain of a boat, set up a trade in dried Maoris' heads, which at that time were much sought after in England. "So great was the demand," says our author, "that marauding expeditions were frequently undertaken merely to procure heads for traders, and those who had the finest tattooed countenances were often murdered for the sake of their heads."

Time has wrought a considerable change in the Maoris. From about 100,000 they have diminished to some 44,000 at the present time. Most of them live in the northern part of the North Island in what is known as the King Country, where they still retain some of their semi-civilized customs. They are, however, largely under the influence of Christianity

as represented by the leading denominations, and Maoris regularly take their seats in the New Zealand Parliament. It was my privilege, before leaving that Colony, to baptize an intelligent, well educated Maori evangelist who for more than a year preached and lectured to large crowds in New Zealand and Australia; and who subsequently visited England, where he created considerable interest in the Maori race, and in other ways did a good work.

While the Maoris are a doomed race, which has come up through much tribulation, let us hope that the end will be better than the beginning.

Before leaving New Zealand, I have a few fragments I wish to gather up in this closing letter.

On Thursday we took a coasting steamship from Auckland, and sailed down the west coast to Wellington, the capital of the Colony, arriving there on Saturday evening, and were met by a large number of the members of the church, who gave us a hearty welcome. Having received a call from this church before leaving America, we remained here two years, preaching the gospel to good congregations. During this time a large number of people became obedient to the faith. Wellington proved too windy and rainy for us to make a longer stay in it. Here I experienced earthquake shocks, saw the top of my chimney blown over in my neighbor's yard, wore glasses to keep the dust out of my eyes, and chased my hat along the street. It is claimed that a Wellington man is always known in the other cities of the Colony by his putting up his hand to hold his hat

when he turns a corner. Yet the city has some redeeming features, one of which is a commodious harbor which is usually occupied with large ships from various parts of the world.

Having accepted a call from a church in Sydney, Australia, we made our arrangements to leave New Zealand, and after a pleasant voyage of five days, over more than twelve hundred miles of ocean, we came in sight of the Sydney Heads.

LETTER VIII.

IN AUSTRALIA.

THE approach to Sydney is remarkably fine. It was on a delightful summer morning, and the sun was just peeping above the horizon. We looked before us, and the Sydney Heads, rising perpendicularly from the deep water three hundred feet high, were in plain view. The entrance between the Heads is a mile wide, with a minimum depth of fifteen fathoms. On the cliff of the South Head stands one of the most beautiful lighthouses in the world, with its powerful, revolving electric light, which can be seen twenty-seven miles at sea. Powerful guns on the South, North and Middle Heads completely command the entrance.

Inside the Heads there is disclosed, in my humble opinion, the most beautiful harbor in the world. I have not seen all the beautiful harbors in the world, but I have seen the principal ones and know something of the others, and I do not hesitate to say that I have seen none and know of none, taken as a whole, which will equal in beauty the Sydney harbor. Beginning at the Heads, extending on both sides the harbor down to the city, you count no less than twenty-six principal bays, with probably a score of smaller

ones connected with the harbor, with deep water everywhere, so that the numerous steam ferry boats can flit about in all directions, and right up to the shore with perfect ease. All these promontories and coves give a length of water frontage which is estimated at one hundred and ten miles. What pleasing diversity! How lavish has been the hand of nature in distributing the objects of beauty about this spot! As your boat glides along you behold and admire with bated breath. You are charmed with your surroundings. Well may the people of Sydney have reason to be proud of their harbor. The stranger will readily pardon them for making their first question after the introduction, "What do you think of our harbor?" He can honestly respond, "Your harbor is very beautiful," and in doing so he will never fail to please his questioner. Expressed admiration for the harbor is the direct road to the Sydney people's heart, and woe be to the stranger who takes a different route. The city also has an ocean frontage consisting alternately of bold cliffs and beautiful beaches and bays. Indeed, Sydney with her wonderful harbor, extensive parks, beautiful gardens, and other objects of interest, in and around the city, all connected by tram and boat, can furnish the admiring traveler with a new place to visit every week in the year, and something new to see every day in the week. In some respects I know of no more desirable place in which to live than Sydney. It is warm and sunshiny, and its people are prosperous and hospitable.

The city is a splendid one. Some of the build-

ings, notably the Town Hall and the General Post-office, are probably not surpassed in some respects in any other part of the world. Much of the resident part of the city is built on the hills; and the streets and lanes are somewhat narrow, but well kept. The tram-cars are rather formidable-looking objects, and are all drawn by steam motors They all start from a central point in the business part of the city near the principal quay along the bay, and radiate to the distant suburbs. Notwithstanding the main crossings are guarded by flagmen, many fatal accidents result from the running of these great street-trains. Excellent lines of omnibuses also run to all parts of the city and suburbs.

The visitor to Australia from the Northern Hemisphere will at first feel a little turned around and somewhat confused. He needs to feel his way slowly and cautiously. From the moment the American opens his mouth in Australia his nationality is known; and sometimes before he opens it. While he and the Australians speak the same language, he will soon learn that, so far as the placing of words is concerned, he needs a readjustment of his vocabulary. In one of the far-off suburbs of Sydney I asked an intelligent lady the way to a certain house near by. She promptly told me, and then said: "I discover you are from across the great ocean." I admitted the fact, and then asked: "How did you make the discovery?" "Oh," she said, "from the way you spoke;" and this after my two years' residence in New Zealand.

You no longer have smoke-stacks on the steamships, but "funnels." The railroads are all "railways," the coaches "carriages," the depots "stations," the engineers "engine-drivers," the conductors "guards," trunks "boxes," and valises "bags." You purchase your "return" ticket instead of a round-trip ticket, the guard says, "Take your seats, please," the station-master rings a large hand-bell, the guard sounds a sharp whistle, and you are off. The stores, though they may display many American articles for sale, are all "shops," and the ladies do not go storing, but they go "shopping." The dry-goods store is a "draper's shop," the hardware merchant is an "ironmonger." The drug store is a "chemist's shop." You do not call for a "wash-bowl and pitcher," but a "wash-basin and jug." If you wish a spool of cotton thread, call for a "reel of cotton," and if you desire a tin bucket, ask for a "billy," and if you want a tin cup, ask the "salesman" or "saleswoman" to put in a "panikin." There are no fleshy people in Australia, but there are many "stout people," "strong people," "short people," and "tall people." I once lent a colonized Frenchman a book to read. He soon came to the words "fleshy woman," and he returnd the book in a fit of laughter. A "low" person is a person of bad character; and if you ask a lady who has been ill if she is getting "stout" again, you will probably make tracks fast with the heels toward the house. Many of the Sydney ladies are rather tall and slim. They are described as "corn-stalks." The gentlemen do not

walk with canes, but with "sticks;" and instead of tall, silk hats, or "stove-pipes," they wear "belltoppers." The ladies' parasols are sometimes called by the significant name of "husband-beaters." All ladies are women, but all women in Australia are not called "ladies." The general forests are called "bush." A large land owner is called a "squatter," and his holding a "station." Sometimes he establishes a "squatocracy." The small farmer in Australian slang is a "cocatoo." "Bail up," is the same as the American "hold up." The laborer who travels from place to place carries his "swag" on his back, and is known as a "swag-man." To "hump his swag" is to make a start. He calls his food "tucker." The chief part of his food is a "damper" which he makes by mixing flour with water and baking it in the ashes. He makes his tea in his "billy." A simple person is said to be a "shingle short." A stubborn person is "pigheaded," and this quality of mind is "pigheadedness." An ignorant person is an "ass." To criticise a speaker is to "pick him to pieces." A "larrikin" is a street loafer; and a "larrikiness" is a female loafer. A "push" is a gang of "larrikins" or "larrikinesses." The children thank you for a gift by saying "Ta," (broad a); and your friends frequently say, "Ta-ta," for good-bye. In announcements for public meetings the people are urged to "roll up," in large numbers; and sometimes they are askd to "turn up." If you surprise a lady by telling her something, she will exclaim, "Just fancy!" If her tea is prepared to her liking she

says it is "just beautiful," or "very nice." Crackers are called "biscuits," and biscuits are called "scones," and are always eaten cold. The elevators are called "lifts."

You frequently see a card hanging in the windows with the words on it, "Mangling done here." This means that the woman of the house takes in plain washed clothes, folds them and passes them through a machine similar to a wringer, only much larger, called a "mangle." This is a perfect substitute for ironing, and is done so much more easily and rapidly. An American missionary, whose headquarters were in India, visited Australia, and for a time stopped in Adelaide with a prominent gentleman. One day in the absence of the family a knock was heard on the door. The missionary responded. On opening the door a boy stood before him with a large basket filled with something. The boy said, "I have brought the mangling." The missionary, supposing the boy was "hawking" something to eat, said, "Take it away, we don't want any to-day." Later his hostess explained to him that he had sent away the boy with the clothes which he had returned! By the time his friends were finished relating this rich joke the missionary understood the meaning of "mangle." I got this fact from the missionary's own mouth. Perhaps some of my readers can name the man.

Among those who are not very well educated you often hear the letter "h" misplaced. It is said that a preacher who was reading the language of our Lord to his disciples, "It is I; be not afraid," read it,

"Hit his I; be not afraid." These are not all the peculiar and slang words and phrases we heard among the Australians and New Zealanders; but they will suffice as fair samples. But on the whole, the people of these Southern Colonies speak a remarkably pure English.

Many of the Australians have their four meals a day; breakfast in the morning, dinner at noon, including meat and vegetables, tea in the evening and a light supper about nine at night. They are not satisfied with these four meals; but if you make a call in the afternoon you are expected to take a cup of tea with butter, bread and cake. If you make more than one call the same afternoon this form of etiquette must be repeated. The preacher who makes several pastoral calls the same day must touch lightly at each place, or else he will require an elastic stomach and a large basket.

Having walked one day some distance to make a call in a Sydney suburb, I rather relished the invariable cup of tea After taking our departure I remarked to my wife that the cup of tea was very refreshing. "Yes," she said, "it was no doubt the milk I saw through e window the servant girl take from the old goat in the back yard that imparted to your cup of tea that peculiar flavor so inviting to you!" I thought I never liked tea quite so well after that. I may remark just here that it is not the custom of the Sydney people to milk goats immediately before a tea party.

In Sydney we spent three very pleasant and suc-

cessful years. I was constantly preaching the gospel, lecturing on Christian Evidences and holding public debates. In one debate which lasted four evenings, I met the champion atheist, a disciple of Herbert Spencer, sent out from London to demolish Christianity in New South Wales. He did not succeed in his work of demolition. The very "Hall of Science," the foundation of which he and his supporters laid in Sydney with a great flourish of infidel rams' horns, has been secured by the church for which I preached, and is now used as a house of God. It is only another case in which the rider of the dumb ass who set out to curse Israel has been made to bless the Lord's people.

Sydney was the stronghold of infidelity, and I elected to meet it on its own ground To this end I was instrumental in organizing the Christian Evidence and Defense Society of New South Wales, under which it was my pleasure to deliver two courses of lectures to large and appreciative audiences in a popular hall in the heart of the city; the chair being occupied by a mayor, a member of Parliament and other prominent citizens, and the lectures being extensively reported in the daily papers. In speaking of the work of this society its president, in writing in a Melbourne paper, said: "Any of those whose privilege it was to regularly attend the lectures given in the Temperance Hall, Pitt Street, for two seasons past, will bear us out when we say that the work done by the society has been a great success. We have abundant evidence to prove that the lectures

were appreciated, and were instrumental in removing difficulties from the minds of both believers and unbelievers." Alfred Allen, a member of the New South Wales Parliament, who presided over a number of these lectures, in a letter of commendation, also says: "I never heard a more able defense of Christian truth. I consider the cause of Christian truth has a very able and pains-taking advocate in J. F. Floyd. I do not know his equal in calm and thoughtful controversy."

Each summer we took a fortnight holiday. While other people were rushing off to other cities or to the mountain slopes, we preferred to spend our holiday in the woods among the flowers and beside some beautiful bay. Tent-life amidst such surroundings, supplemented by the clear sky of New South Wales, is a real pleasure. One afternoon on a beautiful spring day, myself and wife decided to select our holiday camping ground. We took the tram running several miles toward the ocean; and reaching the terminus, we walked some three miles to a secluded little bay. There was only one small house in the "bush" near the bay. Here we found a hard-faced laborer, with a poor horse harnessed to a primitive looking Australian "dog-cart," who was in the act of starting to the terminus of our tram-line. Having satisfied ourselves with the place and emptied our lunch basket, we asked the man if he would give us a "lift" back to the tram. We wanted the novelty of such a ride. "Certainly," he said, "get right in." We took our seats on a loose board extending across the

cart; the driver sat on the left shaft, close up to the "plug's" tail, and we started. Our consciences were not altogether clear. Turning the top of a long hill the fun commenced. The old horse "bolted," and for three hundred yards his furious movements alternated between plunging forward and sending his heels flying into the air. Seconds lengthened into hours and we wondered what the end would be. Finally he came to a place by the roadside from which dirt had been taken for brick-making, leaving a perpendicular embankment twenty feet high, with a large basin of very uneven bottom filled with a mixture of water and red clay to about the consistency of thick soup. Into this the excited animal plunged, ramming his head against the wall of earth and sending us sprawling, head first, into the puddle. We got a "lift" sure enough. The first thing I saw after scratching the thin mud from my mouth, ears and eyes, was my wife lying under the horse's belly with his feet still flying over her body. I dragged her out, and then we compared notes. It was found that I had one rib broken, the wife had several bruises and the crown of her sailor hat kicked out, and both of us were considerably shaken up. But our black clothes! We retired to a farm house near by and scraped and dried and brushed them, but the red clay defied all effort to get rid of it. We discharged our driver and outfit, and as a matter of good policy on the part of a preacher and his wife, we went quietly into the city in the night time. I was thankful to reach home with all of my ribs, if

one of them was broken. The wife was satisfied to lose the crown of her hat and be saved further loss from the sharp hoof by her hair, which had been rolled on top of her head according to the prevailing fashion. It will be seen that "globe trotters" have their undignified downs as well as ups.

It will have been noticed by the reader ere this that native names of things in Australia and New Zealand have been very largely retained; and with the pronunciation of these names the stranger will have some difficulty. They are applied to ships, houses, mountains, rivers, bays, etc. We thought those in New Zealand bad enough, some of which, when properly pronounced, are musical and full of meaning. But we have met a few in Australia that cap the climax. Take as a sample this name of a Sydney bay and suburb—Woolloomooloo.

LETTER IX.

A SHORT SKETCH OF AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA is too large and interesting to be described in a brief letter; therefore I make no attempt to adequately describe it. It is in many respects a peculiar and wonderful country. It was the last continent discovered by the European. Historically it is, therefore, a new continent; geologically, it is the oldest country in the world. Many animals and plants that flourished on other continents ages ago are still preserved in Australia. Some of these which long since have become extinct in Europe and America reach far back into geological time.

Australia has been a sort of combined Zoological and Botanical garden in which has been preserved the animals and plants of former ages as living examples of what other parts of the world have produced. Hence, Australia has many strange plants and curious animals. It may be called the land of the kangaroo and the emu. But most of the native mammals of Australia are marsupials, and the kangaroo is the largest and most remarkable of the marsupial class. Many species of kangaroos are represented in Australia. The largest size, which mainly inhabits the interior, is reddish; and among the

smaller kinds may be mentioned the wallabies and kangaroo-rats. There is also a peculiar kind that lives in the trees, called the tree-kangaroo, which was discovered by Europeans only a few years ago. Kangaroos have become so troublesome in some parts of Australia that the Government offered a premium on each animal killed, and in five years, between 1880 and 1885, no less than six millions of them were slain.

The large emu, which belongs to the ostrich family, is still numerous in the open country of Australia. While they can not fly, they are remarkably fleet-footed, and are sometimes hunted by the white man on horseback with fast dogs. They are also very strong, and, when being closely pursued, have been known to send a dog into eternity with one vicious kick—that is, if there is any eternity for dogs.

Many of the birds in Australia are brilliantly plumed, but are not noted as sweet songsters. Parrots are numerous, and among these are included the strange black and white cockatoos. There is a remarkable bird, common in Australia, called the laughing jackass. It is probably the ugliest and clumsiest bird in the country. It has a long shovel-like beak, with which it makes it lively for the snakes and lizards on which it chiefly feeds. To hear two or three of these birds together in a tree-top in the early morning with their tittering ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! it is difficult to imagine that you are not listening to a number of men in the height of uncontrollable hilarity. I have met a few laughing jackasses in other

countries, but they are without wings and live in houses.

The forests of Australia, like New Zealand, are evergreen. In many respects the plants and large trees are very curious and interesting. Some trees, for example, have their leaves placed vertically, and hence do not give much shade. Some cherries have the seed on the outside of the berry. The gum, or eucalyptus, is a prominent tree everywhere in the country, and it varies in stature from dwarf bushes to 471 feet in height. They are straight, and send out most of their branches near the top. According to the latest statements of botanists, the number of known species of flowering plants and ferns in Australia is about 8,909. But the most remarkable thing is that 7,700 of these are peculiar to Australia.

Australia is about the size of the United States, having an area of about 3,000,000 square miles, with an estimated population of about 3,100,000. Its surface is a low plateau. It has been compared to a gigantic plate with its flat interior and gradually elevated edges. Much of the interior is desert. It has no very pretentious mountain ranges or rivers. The chief mountain chain is the Australian Alps, the loftiest peaks of which are only a little over 7,000 feet high. Mount Townsend, the highest summit in Australia, is only 7,059 feet high. There are no active volcanoes in the country, though there are several extinct ones. The Murray is the largest river on the continent, and the lower part of it is navigable only during the rainy season.

In the interior the climate is hot and dry; and around the southern and much of the eastern and western coasts it is temperate, pleasant and healthy. Of course the seasons in Australia are reversed, and Christmas comes in the middle of the summer. The cities, towns and tillable lands are distributed around the sea-board, where they get the benefit of the best climate and the greatest rain-fall.

The continent of Australia comprises five British Colonies, namely, Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia; and their respective capitals, in the order named, are Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth. These cities are marvels of beauty and energy, and centres of business which would prove an agreeable surprise to many Americans. Cleaner and better governed cities I have never seen. Melbourne is the largest city in the Southern Hemisphere, having a population of about 400,000. Sydney follows with a population of about 350,000. Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth are still smaller.

Australia has much fine pasture land, and millions of sheep and cattle feed on the native grass. Large quantities of wool are exported annually. Wheat is extensively grown. Oranges, lemons and grapes flourish in New South Wales. Sugar-cane, bananas and pineapples are cultivated in Queensland. Rich gold mines are worked in all the colonies. In 1869 a nugget, called the "Welcome Stranger," was found which weighed 190 pounds, and was worth about $40,000. Now don't all start to Australia at once. Such nuggets are rather scarce nowadays.

The black native inhabitants of Australia, generally called "blacks," belong to the lowest order of the human race, and yet even the most degraded cannibal tribes have some religious ideas. There is no doubt that leading scholars are correct in asserting the universality of religion, and that the Darwinian school is wrong in claiming that the human race in all its branches has been developed from the lower animals. Their genius and skill in making and throwing the famous boomerang have gained for these "blacks" a world-wide notoriety. We brought home with us a fine specimen of the boomerang.

The Australian natives are fast disappearing before the advancing tide of civilization, or rather before the shot-guns and revolvers of the "squatters." From probably 200,000 sixty years ago, they have been gradually reduced to some 60,000. It will soon be a repetition of the old fable of the lamb inside the wolf.

LETTER X.

OUR RETURN TO NEW ZEALAND.

In 1890 we returned to New Zealand. This time we went to live in the Scotch city of Dunedin, in the South Island. But we found it difficult to sever the cords that bound us to Australia. We had enjoyed special advantages in Sydney. We had come in contact with great men from all parts of the world, and especially from England. We had spent many useful hours in the beautiful and extensive Botanical and Zoological Gardens, studying the representative plants and animals of the country and the world. We had read scores of instructive books from the finest absolutely free circulating library we have ever seen; and above all, we had formed many true and pleasant friendships which we hope neither time nor eternity will ever destroy. But duty called us and we responded.

The Australian people are a practical people. They do not show their appreciation of one's worth in words only, but in deeds as well. Hence, their public servants are sent away across the waters with a practical token of their love and best wishes for them. They give their *bon voyage* a special emphasis. This usually takes the form of a tea and public meeting in their honor.

But what is a Colonial tea meeting? This question may be of interest to some of my American readers who have not had the privilege of visiting England and her Colonies, seeing that the Americans have not had much experience with tea meetings. The first and only tea meeting in which the American people have felt much interest was held in Boston harbor in 1773, when the English tea was thrown overboard.

But I can assure my readers that the Australian tea meetings differ somewhat from a gathering we attended several years ago in a leading Baptist church in the state of Kansas, called a "Pink Tea"

Some of us who received complimentary tickets were full of wonder and anxiety as to the meaning of "Pink Tea." But our curiosity was soon satisfied when we entered the large church and found that the letter T, in various sizes and shapes, had been cut out of pink paper and stuck on almost every available object in the room, from the cup containing the tea (or coffee) up to the centre of the pastor's back, while the rest of the proceedings consisted in an ordinary church festival. We began to breathe more freely, and soon settled down to business.

On attending a Colonial tea, you deposit your ticket with the collector at the door. When you enter the hall the first things that attract your attention are the long tables extending the entire length of the hall, with broad promenade passages between them. These tables are dressed in clean, white linen, and ornamented with the flowers, ferns and various plants of the season. The chairs are all placed with their

backs to the tables, and as the people enter the hall they are expected to select their own seats, except honored guests who are given seats at the head of the table or at a special table. This done, you can either be seated and spend the time in social conversation, or exercise yourself on the promenade. When tea is announced each arises, turns his chair, and takes a seat at the table in the proper attitude for eating. Some one from the platform repeats these words:

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and ev'rywhere adored;
These mercies bless and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee."

Then, as an expression of thanks, all stand and heartily sing them.

Now begins the practical part. You begin with a cup of the best tea procurable, prepared to your taste, and a good healthy Colonial sandwich. The tables are also bounteously supplied with the principal varieties that the confectioner's art can produce. There are no plates, except those containing the food, and fingers are the only forks. Gentlemen bring the tea-pots to the tables, and ladies pour the tea. You retire at your leisure. The Englishman takes his time for eating, and likes to linger long at the table after closing his meal. He puts much of the social feature into his meals. He does not believe in imitating the pig that gulps down its food with a few grunts and retires at once from the trough to wallowing in the mire. The English custom is commendable. Of course these teas vary somewhat

to suit the occasion, but the substance is usually the same. Tea being over, the tables removed and the large hall seated with chairs, a choice program, consisting of songs, recitations, readings, speeches, etc., is gone through with, the meeting being brought to a satisfactory close about ten o'clock. Such is a typical Colonial tea and public meeting, many of which we have greatly enjoyed.

We left on the *S. S. Jubilee* on Thursday noon, March 13, 1890, friends waving us an affectionate good-bye from the wharf. We sailed right round the north end of New Zealand and down the eastern coast, calling at Auckland, Napier, Wellington and Christchurch. We were thirteen days in reaching Dunedin, and the voyage was uneventful. It was my privilege to preach to the passengers on the Lord's Day, and we had concerts on two evenings, which helped us to pass the time pleasantly. The weather was delightful and the sea comparatively smooth.

Early on the first morning after leaving Auckland we looked toward the coast, on our right, and saw a conical island standing out in the Bay of Plenty, called White Island. The island is formed by a volcanic mountain rising out of deep water to the height of several hundred feet. A heavy cloud of smoke was hanging above the top of the mountain. There are also on the island boiling springs and geysers of acid waters, the vapors of which form large deposits of pure sulphur. How wonderful are the works of God!

Early on the morning of March 26, we entered the Heads and slowly steamed up the harbor to our landing place at Dunedin. From Port Chalmers, the seaport of Dunedin, up to the city is a distance of seven miles, and the two places are connected by a railway extending along the edge of the harbor. A chain of hills on both sides of the harbor also extends almost the entire distance, the sides of which are covered with grass, small cultivated fields and scrub.

Dunedin, as its name indicates, is a city built on the hills. Most of the business part of it is situated immediately around the head of the harbor, and then the resident part rises terrace above terrace till the top of the tall hills is reached, and even over into the valleys beyond. I have before me as I write a book of 300 pages entitled "Picturesque Dunedin," and I am sure this is an appropriate name for the city. It contains some magnificent business houses, hotels and churches In one part of the cable-tram line that mounts these hills there is, it is claimed, the steepest cable grade in the world. As the car starts down it you seem to be plunging over a high cliff, and timid ladies, unaccustomed to it, give a shriek and hold on for dear life. In this picturesque city we made our home for four years.

Let the reader turn back to the beginning of this book and take a look at the writer's picture, and see how much it resembles a Roman Catholic priest. Nevertheless, he was repeatedly mistaken in Dunedin for a priest. One day the supposed "father" was waiting for a tram near where the Bishop was lying

ill in his home. A strange gentleman approached and said: "How is the Bishop to-day?" I replied, "I do not know; I have seen no notice of his condition in the papers." "Have you been up to see him?" "I have not." "Are you a Catholic priest?" "I am not." "Oh, I thought you were, and of course would know all about the Bishop's health." Before we separated another strange gentleman approached, and the same dialogue followed. The first gentleman laughed and said, "I thought he was a priest." The gentlemen apologized, and we parted good friends. The Bishop has since died, but the "father" has survived the shock.

LETTER XI.

LEAVING NEW ZEALAND.

Our departure from New Zealand in 1894 was mingled with feelings of sadness and joy. We were sorry to have to be called on to say good-bye to so many warm-hearted Christian workers and friends, and we were glad, on the other hand, that the time had come to continue our journey and feast our eyes on the interesting objects of the old world, which we had so long desired to see. But having made up our minds to go, a number of farewell meetings followed this decision; and in describing these meetings I think I can not do better than give brief extracts from the lengthy reports of them that were printed in the daily papers. The *Evening Star* of May 3 says:

FAREWELL TO MR. J. F. FLOYD.

A scone and coffee supper, to bid farewell to Mr. J. F. Floyd and to welcome Mr. R. C. Gilmour, was held in the City Hall last night. Mr. R. Davidson presided, and there was a large attendance.

The chairman opened the meeting with a few complimentary remarks, after which Mr. J. McIntosh said that it was his task, on behalf of the congregation—the Disciples of Christ—to say good-bye to

their dear Brother Floyd, who was going to take his departure for Palestine, the Holy Land, and other interesting places. That the Lord might bless him and bring him, his wife and son to their destination in safety and in health, was the prayer of the congregation. The speaker then presented Mr. Floyd with a book entitled "Ferns of New Zealand," bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. J. F. Floyd, on the eve of his departure from New Zealand, by the members of his Bible class in Dunedin, 2nd of May, 1894." (Applause.)

The choir then sang "God be with you till we meet again."

Mr. Floyd, who was received with loud cheering, stated that this was one of the occasions on which he found great difficulty in expressing his feelings and thanks. He asked those present to excuse him if they found that his address was hardly up to the mark.

[The address is here omitted, and the report closes as follows:]

He had been asked another question, and that was whether he intended to return to Dunedin. He did not know. He might return some day, but it depended very much upon circumstances. He sometimes felt that his work was not quite finished in Dunedin. Under the circumstances it was utterly impossible for him to say all the good things he would have liked to say, but he hoped they would take the will for the deed, and continue to think of him as he would continue to think of them in the future. (Loud applause.)

After the audience had been liberally supplied with refreshments, Mr. W. C. M'Nee extended a welcome to Mr. R. C. Gilmour, who afterwards briefly replied.

An address was also given during the evening by the Rev. Thomas Harrington. Mr. Mackie and others contributed solos; Master W. Hunter played a violin solo; and the choir sang a number of selections.

Later on another meeting was held, and on the morning of May 12 the *Daily Times* made the following report of it:

PRESENTATION TO MR. J. F. FLOYD.

A complimentary social was tendered last evening by a number of friends to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Floyd in the Zealandia Chambers. There was a large attendance, and Mr. R. C. Gilmour presided. Refreshments were provided by a number of ladies, and advantage was taken of the occasion to present Mr. Floyd with a handsomely illuminated address, purse of sovereigns, and an engrossed letter, as a mark of appreciation of his worth and work. Mrs. Floyd was also presented with a lady's handsome bag, a music case, and an engrossed letter, with a number of other gifts. The presentation was made by Mr. Gilmour, who succeeds Mr. Floyd at the City Hall. Mr. Floyd made a feeling reply, expressing his gratitude to all members of the church and citizens who had contributed towards the handsome and valuable gifts presented to his partner in life and to himself. Several songs were rendered during the evening, and a pleasant evening was brought to a close by the doxology. The following is a copy of the illuminated address which was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd:

"*Dear Brother and Sister:*—We, a few of your friends and sympathizers, desire to give you some practical token of the esteem in which you are held by us. During the four years you have labored in this city in the interests of the gospel of Christ,

your manner and conduct have been such as to commend themselves to our sympathies, and we regret that you have at last seen fit to sever that personal intercourse and fellowship that have bound us together in bonds of Christian love. We pray God that wheresoever you may be called upon in His providence to labor you may be cheered in your work by the same counsel and influence which we have been pleased to bestow upon you Kindly accept the accompanying gifts, which express inadequately the esteem and respect in which you are held by us. Signed—Jane Woollett, Margaret Sutherland, Rebecca Anderson, Alice Reid, Catherine Finlayson (Ladies' Committee), on behalf of a long list of donors, of members of the City Hall Church, and friends, among whom are leading public men. Dunedin, May 11, 1894."

One of the friends and liberal donors was the mayor of the city. The address, which was enclosed in a handsome frame, will always find a conspicuous place on the wall of our parlor or study. We purchased our through tickets from Thomas Cook & Son, of whom we will have more to say from time to time during the course of our journey. Most of our heavy baggage, including my library, I found it less trouble and expense to send as freight direct to London. Finally, at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, May 18, a large number of members of the church and friends assembled on the wharf and on the deck and in the saloon of our ship, *S. S. Tarawera*, to say good-bye and to wish us a pleasant and safe voyage. Some tears were shed and many pleasant and helpful words were spoken, and as we quietly sailed down the harbor a whole forest of handkerchiefs

were vigorously waving until first the wharf and then the city itself gradually vanished from our sight. Thus we took our leave of New Zealand.

LETTER XII.

FROM DUNEDIN TO MELBOURNE.

THAT portion of the Southern Pacific Ocean separating New Zealand from Australia, and over which it requires seven days for a first-class inter-colonial steamship to sail, was known to the civilized world and navigated by Europeans a long time before it had any specific name. But a few years ago the Geographical Society of Australasia met in solemn conference and gave this large body of water the name of the Tasman Sea. It is well to distinguish it by name from the rest of the world's largest ocean, for it is evident that this particular part is anything but pacific in reality. It believes in sacrifice rather than mercy; its peculiar cross-currents and head-winds giving to the ship almost every motion known to the old sea captain. We were aware of the bad behavior of this sea, and hence were prepared for any reception it might give us. Our entrance to the sea from the Dunedin harbor was blessed with beautiful sunshine and a gentle breeze, but the rolling of the good ship, *S. S. Tarawera*, soon sent us below for the night. At 7:30 next morning we anchored in the Bluff Harbor at Cambelltown, which is situated at the southern end of the South Island, and is the first and last port of call for steamers running between

Melbourne and New Zealand. It is a bleak place of little importance, except as a shipping point for the southern part of the island. Here our best deck chair decided to discontinue its tour around the world. It took legs and walked ashore without our knowledge or consent. It did not return.

We sailed from the Bluff on Saturday evening, the same day of our arrival, and Sunday, Monday and Tuesday our ship was rolling, plunging and capering like a playful animal. Now we were lifted to the top of a mountain wave, and then we sank down into the valley below; one minute the prow of the boat was pointing heavenward, and the next the stern was lifted out of the water, while the quick revolutions of the screw startled the timid passengers and set the ship to quivering in every part. Sunday passed without any religious service. We had taken on board at the Bluff a company of fine singers who had been touring New Zealand, but we had no song. The berths were well patronized; the stewards and stewardess were kept unusually busy, and sighs, moans and complaints constituted the order of the day. The liveliest passenger we had on board was a man who had become delirious through strong drink, and required two stewards to hold him in his bed most of the time. He was a sad wreck in Colonial high life.

The announcement early on Wednesday morning that we had entered the Heads and were approaching the city of Hobart was a welcome one. We went on deck, and as we steamed slowly towards the wharf

we had a fine view of the city, built on the banks of the river Derwent, and extending in horse-shoe shape around the head of the commodious harbor, and snow-capped Mount Wellington, lifting his head up 4,116 feet toward the zenith, forming the picturesque background. Hobart is the capital of Tasmania, and is built on uneven ground, some of which is considerably elevated. It has some magnificent public buildings and an excellent system of electric street cars. The Government House, built of white freestone, the House of Parliament, with 9,000 volumes of books, the Town Hall and the Museum are the principal ones. It is connected with some of the smaller cities of the Colony by rail, and is regularly reached by splendid steamers from New Zealand, Sydney and Melbourne. Some of the large steamships from England also touch at this port. In consequence of its bracing climate, and being easy of access, Hobart is becoming quite a summer resort. It has a population of about 29,000.

Mount Wellington is not a cone-shaped mountain as I had thought, but is a long ridge-like mountain with one end higher than the other, and forming a tableland on top. It is so near the bay that its base extends right down to the city limits. Heavy clouds were hanging about the mountain, and now and then one of these water-carriers would float over the city and drop a shower of rain. This mountain is almost exactly the antipodes of Mount Ben Nevis, in Scotland, 4,406 feet high. A Meteorological Observatory has been established on the top of each of these

mountains under the superintendence of the same scientific gentleman. Simultaneous observations are to be taken from both mountains, and it is believed that the facts thus obtained from both sides of the world will furnish more accurate forecasts of the state of the weather than have been hitherto attained.

Tasmania is an island lying between the southern end of New Zealand and Australia, and is separated from the latter by Bass Strait. It comprises a little over 26,000 square miles, and it is, therefore, about half the size of the state of Alabama. Its total population is about 128,000, and it is a British Colony. By Australians and New Zealanders it is vulgarly called the "tight little island." The black native population has entirely disappeared, the last one dying in 1872. It is said to be a fine fruit country, and we can testify to the good quality of the beautiful apples we saw in the markets. While walking on the streets we met friends from Sydney, in whose company we spent a few pleasant hours.

Our stay in Hobart was limited to eight hours. Before leaving the wharf, a man came on board with wild-cat, opossum and other Tasmanian skins for sale. At one time these animals were very numerous in the mountains of the Colony, and beautiful rugs are manufactured out of skins and sold at high prices. We purchased a sample.

The remainder of the voyage between Hobart and Melbourne was devoid of special interest. We reached the latter city on Friday, May 25, at 2:30 P. M., and

were met at the wharf by friends who were awaiting our arrival, and who took us in charge during our short visit to the city.

LETTER XIII.

FROM MELBOURNE TO ADELAIDE.

"Marvelous Melbourne" is undoubtedly a wonderful city. When the traveller remembers that a little more than fifty years ago there was no Melbourne, and then looks on the present city, he has good reason to be surprised at its rapid and solid growth. As our steamer slowly moved up the mouth of the muddy Yarra Yarra River, on the north bank of which the city is situated, we were not very favorably impressed with what we could see of Melbourne. It looked too flat and gloomy. But when we entered the fine business part of the city, our unfavorable impression gave place to one of admiration. Its parks and gardens are beautifully laid out, and its public buildings are magnificently executed. The principal streets run at right angles to one another, and they are long, broad, smooth and clean.

Melbourne has one of the most perfect cable-tram systems we have ever seen. Indeed, I could write a book on this one city, but I must hasten on to other places, many of which will, no doubt, prove of more interest to my readers.

We took our departure from Melbourne on Saturday, May 26, at noon, taking passage on the magnif-

icent steamer, *Orotava*, which was to be our home till we reached Egypt. Our passage to Adelaide proved a very pleasant one. Our ship dropped anchor on the following Monday at daylight, in Larger Bay, and a steam tender came out from the wharf bringing, among others, friends to meet us. We were taken ashore and driven to a hospitable home, where we stopped during the two days we were in the city.

On the next day we were taken to the top of Mount Lofty, 2,400 feet high, and ten or twelve miles from the city, where we had a nice family picnic and obtained a fine view of the surrounding country. The drive was a delightful one, the road being smooth, and winding its way gracefully up the mountain side, and near the city taking us between vineyards, orange, fig, olive and almond trees. We saw the Devil's Elbow, a bend in the steep part of the mountain road, which has been the scene of a number of serious accidents. Our host, who is a preacher and ought to know, said the devil was not satisfied by showing his elbow, for he sometimes also showed his hand in this country. If Adelaide has only seen his elbow and hand it has reason to be thankful. There are places where he seems to walk about exposing his whole person without the least fear.

Adelaide is a pretty city, built of stone and brick in accordance with a municipal regulation, as a proof against fire, such houses also being cooler in this hot, sunshiny summer weather. Its suburbs are separated from the city proper by park-like reserves, which give a pleasing appearance to the surroundings. We

much enjoyed a walk through the beautiful Botanical Gardens. In the evening I spoke in one of the principal churches to the Young People's Endeavor Society, a large audience being present.

Altogether, we were highly pleased with our visit to Adelaide. We would like to linger here longer; but our faces are set towards Jerusalem, and the time of our departure is at hand. Friends accompany us to our boat, the whistle sounds, we wave our handkerchiefs and again we are off.

LETTER XIV.

ON THE INDIAN OCEAN.

On leaving Adelaide the line, "We are out on the ocean sailing," was literally true. But the next verse, which says, "Homeward bound we sweetly glide," needed to be considerably modified till our head-wind ceased and the sea became smoother.

From Port Adelaide we sailed right out into the great Australian Bight, and for three days and four nights our boat was see-sawing and rolling on these turbulent waters. On the second day out the tables were cleared three times of much of their contents while the stewards were preparing our dinner, and many of the passengers kept their beds.

We saw no land till we reached Albany, in Western Australia, the first and last port of call on the Australian continent for the boats on this line. Before our arrival, I asked an officer what there was to see in Albany. His reply was: "Sand and rocks." This I found to be about correct. The town has a population of about twelve hundred, and is of little importance, except to the shipping interests. It is connected by rail with Perth, the capital of Western Australia, two hundred and sixteen miles away. It

has a good harbor, and the water approaching the city is called King George Sound. There are no beaches around here worth the name, the rocks, for the most part, sloping abruptly into the deep water.

On rounding the Cape from Albany we entered the Indian Ocean and pointed the bow of our ship towards Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, distant about 3,300 miles We now settled down properly to life on board ship, and we were rather pleased with our new surroundings. Our ship was one of the largest running on the Oriental and Peninsular lines, and so exceedingly clean that there was a complete absence of all offensive smell such as is too often experienced on boats. We had spacious promenade decks, large, well-ventilated and beautifully upholstered dining saloons, hot and cold salt and fresh water baths, and electric light in every part of the ship, which, in the state-rooms, can be turned on and off by the passengers at will. Our bill of fare was all that could be desired, comprising the good and substantial things usually found in first-class hotels, from the soups right down to ice-cream, fruits and nuts.

We sailed on and on, under a clear sky and over a smooth sea—sometimes as smooth as a lake and glossy in appearance—for ten days, with little to break the monotony, except what the passengers and crew devised. Every day at 11 A. M. we had music on deck for an hour by a band of string and wind instruments belonging to the ship. Four evenings we had creditable concerts. Two nights there was

dancing by those who cared to indulge in that sort of amusement. A number of days the gentlemen played cricket on deck. Several times there were sports, including races, jumping, tug of war, and such like. Almost daily we watched the fire drill, by the ship's crew. When the bell sounded the alarm the men came swarming out of all parts of the ship, bringing blankets, etc., with them, some taking up their positions at the boats on deck and others setting the pumps in motion, which sent the water through the hose high in the air, while the stewardesses took up their positions about the passages and doors of the saloon to quiet the nervous women and children. The rest of the time was mainly consumed in reading, writing, conversation and promenading. We saw no sea monsters, but several times we saw schools of flying fish, and watched with interest some of them shoot out of the water to clear the track of our vessel, fly a couple of hundred yards with great rapidity, and suddenly drop out of sight. One of these fish managed to get on our deck, and I secured one of its wings, pressed it and have brought it home for exhibition. It is simply a big fin of a small fish used as a wing. On Sundays the captain conducted Church of England service in the saloon at 11 A. M. (after dancing most of Saturday night), and it fell to my lot to conduct evangelistic services on Sunday evenings at half-past seven. There was a Church of England clergyman from Ceylon on board; but he declined to join me in any sort of service, and the captain did not ask him to assist in the morning

service. But when he saw that the evening meetings proved a great success, even while he was walking the deck, he proposed to "take charge" of them. But the Church of England people, several of whom were on board, joined the other passengers in declining to have the services interfered with. In fact, a High Churchman played the piano while the congregation joined in singing Sankey's songs. We also had on board another very religious gentleman from Australia. He refused to join in any of the innocent sports, and he thought all the passengers who engaged in jumping were jumping straight to hell. With him the tug of war was a contest between demons over which the angels were weeping. He usually sat by himself on some secluded part of the deck with his Bible in his hand. He was never seen to smile during the whole voyage, and he wore a face as long as the face of a Kentucky mule in the civil war. Seriously, I believe there is a difference between piety and longfacedness. I am satisfied with the former without the latter. On board ship the limits of true refinement and pure religion should never be transcended, but all long faces should be charged for the extra amount of space they occupy.

As we entered the tropics we felt the heat considerably, and the crew and passengers donned their white costumes. The large fans in the dining saloons, moved by steam power, were also set in motion.

At 10 P. M., on June 11, we crossed the equator, thus passing into the Northern Hemisphere. We could not see the line, not even with our glasses (this

is a joke). But I dipped up here a small bottle of water, and have brought it home with me as a reminder of having crossed the line. At this point the moon was directly over our heads, and we had some very beautiful sunsets, the clouds streaked with scarlet taking the forms of trees, animals, etc., as the sun sank below the horizon. We were looking forward to a delightful break in our long voyage, and were all making our arrangements to spend a day ashore. Finally, Colombo came in sight.

LETTER XV.

IN COLOMBO, CEYLON.

After a ten days' sea voyage under a tropical sun, the sight of land is very welcome, and the prospect of a day ashore "lends enchantment to the view." The approach to Colombo is fine. First the low coast, fringed with the graceful cocoanut palms, is visible; and then the flag-staff, the forts, the spires of some of the principal churches, and finally the city itself come into view.

It was on Wednesday, June 13, at 9:30 A. M., we rounded the magnificent breakwater, which cost more than $3,500,000, and dropped anchor in the harbor, comprising some 500 acres of water, sheltered from the southwest monsoon. What a scene! The whole harbor seemed alive with floating humanity. Instantly hundreds of boats of various sizes and curious patterns, from three straight logs tied together up to the coal hulks, approached us from all directions, pushing and colliding as they came; while their occupants were pulling, singing and shouting as though each one's life depended on his reaching us first. A few minutes later the sides and decks of our ship were literally swarming with the almost

nude natives, bringing tropical fruits, shells, and various other articles for sale to the passengers. It was an animated and interesting scene, never to be forgotten. Everything was so strange—so different from what we had been accustomed to see. We seemed to be approaching a new world. But the next thing was to get ashore. We could take our choice between a native outrigger canoe, a jolly boat, protected with beautiful awnings, or one of the steam launches. We chose the last-named, and amidst the din of the natives, literally scrambled over a number of smaller boats into our launch. It was every man for himself here; and it also came very near being every lady for herself. It was almost as bad as a game of football played by students of rival colleges. We took a long breath, our little steamer gave a sharp whistle, and we were off for the shore.

We engaged an Indian guide who could speak English fairly well, and a couple of two-horse carriages for our little party of six, and we started out to see the sights. The day was clear, and the sun, which was almost directly over us at noon, was hot. In some of the large European shops, and some of the native ones, great fans, in long rows, swinging from the ceiling, were kept constantly in motion by natives employed for that purpose. Yet toward evening it was pleasant driving in the shade of the trees.

The city of Colombo covers an area—excluding the large lake around which much of the city is built—about ten miles square, and has a population of some 128,000, including a good sprinkling of Europeans.

The streets are broad and well made, but in many places have no sidewalks, the people as well as the conveyances occupying the full width of the street. The streets were lined with wonderful trees of great variety, clothed in all the richness peculiar to the tropics; and the cocoanut palms, banana trees, evergreen shrubs and fragrant flowers, which abound everywhere, looked very beautiful and refreshing. We drove through the principal streets, on either side of which were native huts and bazaars interspersed with European bungalows and business houses. Jinrickshas and hackeries were running in every direction, either carrying some one or soliciting patronage. A jinricksha is a very light two-wheeled conveyance, with a movable top, drawn by a cooly between the shafts. We saw many of these poor coolies running with all their might through the streets with the perspiration streaming off their nude bodies, while behind them, in flowing Oriental robes, sat a great chunk of heathen flesh, urging on what he evidently considered his beast of burden. It seems to me that no person with a conscience can ride behind his fellow-creature in the shafts; and as we had a little conscience left, we declined to get into a jinricksha. We left these conveyances to our long-faced passengers, some of whom we saw riding about in them with much satisfaction. A hackery is a two-wheeled, springless cart, drawn by a little brown buffalo about three feet high, without horns, and having a large hump.

When we stopped a moment the nude natives

MAIN STREET IN COLOMBO, CEYLON.

crowded around us to beg, and to steal if they had a chance. I call them nude, for some of these people wear nothing at all, except the hair on their heads, and that uncombed; while a fig leaf each would suffice to clothe many of the rest of them After a couple of hours of this experience Master Trotter said, "Papa, let us go back to the boat I am tired looking at these naked people." We visited the cinnamon gardens, which have been immortalized by Bishop Heber's well-known stanza: "What tho' the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and we brought away sample branches of the cinnamon trees with us.

When you break a branch from a cinnamon tree or crush the leaves you may smell the spice. But in some parts of Colombo you will meet with anything but "spicy breezes." Indeed, we met with some breezes which we thought might have been improved by being spiced. But in traveling around the world one's nose must learn not to be very critical.

We spent some time in the principal Buddhist temple, where we saw a reclining image of Buddha in beautiful white stone, twenty-seven feet long The walls of the temple are very tastefully ornamented with frescoes, depicting scenes in the history of Buddha; one of the most interesting representations being the great victory of Buddha over the devils. We saw now and then the curious and beautiful banyan tree, which is sacred to these people. We saw women by the lake washing clothes by dipping them in the cold water and beating them over

a large stone. We also visited the wonderful fruit markets, the museum and other objects of special interest about the strange city. While in the fruit markets we bought a large basket and filled it with choice tropical fruits. Our guide called a native policeman to protect us against thieves while we made our purchases. While in the museum we left our driver with the carriage at the door to guard our basket. When we returned a quantity of the fruit was missing. The driver said he knew nothing about the missing fruit, and the guide said the driver was perfectly honest! When our carriage would stop a moment, the brown urchins, who had picked up a few words of English, would lay their hands on their stomachs and say, "Me hungry, no mamma, no papa." We referred them to our driver for fruit. We took dinner at a native hotel, where not a word of English was spoken. They brought us three kinds of meat, and we set to eating and discussing it, but as much doubt was raised as to what we were really eating, the whole company pushed their plates aside, and we finished the meal on fruits and iced lemonade. Besides some good native hotels, there are some magnificent European hotels and business houses in the city.

The native barber shops are a curiosity. Two men sit on the naked ground facing each other, with their feet and legs doubled up under them. One of these is the barber, the other is the barbarized, and the process is barbarous The barber looks his customer straight in the face, holds him by the chin and de-

liberately proceeds to chop off his beard with a dull substitute for a razor. The shop looks more like a chicken house with one side knocked out of it. I would rather take a Nazarite vow than be shaved in these shops.

Ceylon lies in the Indian Ocean a little north of the equator, and is under British rule. The island is 267 miles long and 140 miles wide, and contains an area of about 24,700 square miles. Its highest mountain is 8,269 feet above the level of the sea, and its longest river is 150 miles in length. The island is very beautiful and interesting.

The national religion of the Singhalese is Buddhism, which claims ninety-one per cent of the population. Hinduism and Mohammedanism also claim large numbers of the people.

The Roman Catholic, Church of England, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches and the Salvation Army are all represented in Colombo, some of them having a strong footing. The missionaries have done and are doing good work in Colombo, and in other parts of the island

But our time is up, and we must return to our boat. We paid our guide and released him. The total cost of his services and the two carriages with their drivers for the greater part of the day, was $2.50. We were thoroughly satisfied. We took our leave of the shores of Ceylon a happy company.

LETTER XVI.

ON THE RED SEA.

On leaving Colombo we headed toward the Red Sea, and our good ship was eight days steaming the distance between the two places. The monsoon swept down unmercifully on us much of the way; but our ship held steadily on her course, plowing through the troubled waters, while the mountain waves broke over her upper decks, and tossed the spray clear over her great funnels Wonderful is man's power over the angry sea!

Sometimes the strong wind would lift the spray high from the crest of the huge waves, and the sun, shining through it, would form a small momentary rainbow. When we could find a safe standing-place on deck, we watched with much interest these beautiful rainbows. How wonderful are God's works! To us the ocean in its ever-changing phases, whether wild or calm, is a source of perpetual fascination.

On the sixth day we were running close beside the island of Socotra, eighty-two miles long and twenty wide, with bold and rugged coasts, mostly barren interior, and inhabited by a few Arab and English families, which sheltered us much from the wind. Two days later we sailed very smoothly over the Gulf of Aden, with a gentle breeze from the shores of

Africa to temper the heat sufficiently to make it bearable. In the evening, after the sun had ceased to shine, and the moon and stars were illuminating the heavens, we stepped to the port side of our ship and took our last look at the Southern Cross; and then passed to the starboard side and gazed at the North Star for the first time in nine years. It seemed like an old friend whom we desired to greet pleasantly and accept as our polar guide in the Northern Hemisphere. Though we had not seen it for so long a time, we knew just where to find it. All Christians should be as true to their places in the spiritual firmament, as steady lights and as faithful guides, as this little star is in filling its place in the material heavens.

We passed out of the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea through the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, which is fourteen miles wide, and divided by Perim Island, with high, steep peaks, making the southwestern channel, through which we passed, only ten miles across. To our left, on a gravelly hill near the shore, stood the lighthouse and the British fort. On the right were to be seen the rugged shores and sandy plains of Arabia. We expected to be very nearly roasted on the Red Sea. We were aware that passengers over it have died from the effects of the terrible heat experienced, and we were preparing for the ordeal days beforehand. We were agreeably disappointed. Nature seemed to specially favor us, for we had a nice refreshing head-wind, and the highest register of the thermometer in the cabin after sunset

was 92 degrees. In the absence of this wind, which is only occasionally experienced, there are few hotter places on this earth during the summer months.

If there is one place on earth more than another where a person enjoys eating ice-cream it is probably on the Red Sea on a summer's day. Our chief steward seemed to understand this fact, and hence his supply of the cooling cream greatly pleased us. We also spent a Lord's Day on the Red Sea; and as I spoke to the people in our religious service of the miraculous passage of Israel through the waters near the head of this sea, we seemed to enter into a realization of the fact as never before.

The Red Sea is 1,200 miles long, and 180 miles wide at the widest point; and we were nearly four days in sailing through it from end to end. It has numerous small islands. Soon after our entrance into it, we passed on our starboard side twelve of these islands, called The Twelve Apostles, standing like soldiers in line of battle, facing the African coast, separated from one another by about a mile of sea. "Enormous coral reefs run along the Arabian coast in broken lines, parallel to the shore, but not connected with it. They usually rise out of deep water to within a few feet of the surface; and a navigable channel of from two to three miles in width, in which the water is always calm, extends between them and the land." There are also extensive coral reefs in other parts of the sea, and beautiful shells from it are exposed for sale in Cairo and other like places. The northern part of the sea divides into

two gulfs, those of Suez and Akaba; and the former, over which we sailed, is 170 miles long, with an average width of thirty miles. The name Red Sea is of doubtful origin. Some scholars think it took its name from the limestones of a rich reddish-brown color seen along the cliffs. The water itself, instead of being red, is a beautiful, clear greenish-blue. I secured a bottle of it. Since entering the sea, some of our passengers have been trying to keep cool by moving their beds of nights from their cabins to the saloons and decks. The heat is particularly hard on our whisky and beer guzzlers; the rest of us suffer but little.

We find much interest and pleasure in watching the numerous ships going to and fro over this great world's thoroughfare. About half-way along on the eastern shore of the Red Sea is the Arabian town of Jiddah, also written Djiddah; but our boat did not go near enough to give us a sight of it. The town is the landing place of the pilgrims on their way to Mecca, which is about forty-five miles away. It is estimated that the average number of pilgrims that land here annually is about 40,000. We saw ships crowded with these pilgrims returning from their holy city.

LETTER XVII.

ISRAEL'S PASSAGE THROUGH THE RED SEA.

We are in the land of the Pharaohs, and are touching the borders of sacred history. We reached Suez on Monday morning, June 25, at 10 o'clock, and dropped anchor in plain view of the town. We had a splendid night's rest, the air being refreshingly cool and the sea remarkably smooth. We arose at four o'clock and turned our glasses towards the east, hoping to catch a glimpse of Mount Sinai, which at times is plainly visible from a ship's deck on this sea. We were disappointed, the haze about the tops of the intervening hills obscuring our view. But we saw a beautiful sunrise, the sun shooting up suddenly from behind the Arabian mountains like a great ball of fire, and moving majestically on his course.

We next turned our attention to the place of Israel's crossing and the destruction of the Egyptian hosts; and we obtained a most excellent view from both sides of our ship. We have no doubt that this crossing is correctly located by many a few miles south of the present head of the sea, and in sight of the new town which has sprung up near the entrance to the Suez Canal. On our left, we could see

distinctly where two mountain ranges, running parallel to the sea, meet, leaving a gap between them through which Israel could pass; and beginning at the mouth of this gap, there is spread out a beautiful beach some two miles wide and several miles long, sloping gently down to the water. On this beach, no doubt, Israel camped "by the sea," and thus became "entangled in the land." Here the sea is about eight miles across and sufficiently deep for the waters to stand up as a "congealed wall unto them on their right hand and on their left " On our right, opposite this camping place, is seen the beautiful oasis known as The Fountains of Moses, situated on a sandy plain a mile from the seashore. Here the hosts of Israel could easily land, refresh themselves with an abundance of water, and witness the overthrow of the Egyptians in the depths of the sea At this point the land and the Book seem to agree in every detail; but from a close observation from this place along the canal all the way to Ismailia we are fully convinced that no other place on this line for the crossing for Israel will at all meet the requirements of the Scriptures, and the devout Christian can accept no theory which takes no account of the inspired record, or flatly contradicts it.

It is probably true, as Sir J. W. Dawson and others have ably argued from a geological point of view, that the Red Sea at one time did extend considerably farther north than its present position; but it is not clear that this was the case at the time of Israel's crossing it. Indeed, as has been very clearly shown

by Professor A. H. Sayce, in his recent book, entitled "The Higher Criticism and the Monuments," a canal already existed as far back as the sojourn of Israel in Egpyt, through which ships could pass from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea; and the mouth of this canal, built by the Pharaohs, and re-opened by Darius, is to be seen even now close to the town of Suez, thus showing that the Red Sea at the time of Israel's departure from Goshen, occupied about its present position. Any theory, therefore, supported by the supposed extension of the sea farther northward at the time of the passage of Israel can not be accepted. I never had many doubts respecting the place of Israel's crossing the Red Sea, and all these have been completely set at rest by my personal observations along the Gulf of Suez and the Suez Canal, coupled with a careful review of the whole subject. The trouble with some critics is, they assume the Bible statements to be untrue, and then they set to work to prove their own theories true. But true criticism allows the Bible to be true till proved false, and while it remains true all theories must be tested by its facts.

While in the Suez Bay we were surrounded by small Arab boats, and some jugglers from among their occupants came on board and performed some astonishing feats. One of these grave-looking Arabs sat flat down on the deck, spread his handkerchief on the clean floor, put his hands under the handkerchief and mumbled something in Arabic. He removed the handkerchief and, lo! a beautiful mango

plant stood before you. He repeated the process and the plant became a tree with dirt, roots, trunk, branches, leaves and fruit. He held up a chicken for your inspection, then he appeared to break it in two, when two chickens ran off on deck He would hand you a long white scarf and tell you to cut it into two pieces with your knife Then he took the two pieces, folded them together, set the two ends on fire, extinguished the fire and straightened out the scarf, and no sign of the knife or fire could be seen upon it. He took two persons five paces apart, placed a piece of money in the hand of one and told both to close their hands tight. He then told them to open their hands when the money had disappeared from the hand in which it had been placed and was found in the hand of the other person. How were these and other equally strange things done? The passengers on whom he operated, with scores of others looking on, were bent on detecting the secret of his tricks; but they utterly failed.

Our ship put on an additional rudder, and arranged her powerful search-light, and at twelve noon we weighed anchor and steamed into the famous Suez canal, which is nearly one hundred miles long from sea to sea from two hundred to three hundred feet wide at the top, and seventy-two feet at the bottom, and twenty-six feet deep, and winding its way like a serpent through the sandy plain between the two seas. Sand, sand, sand, everywhere with a few loose camels strolling about at leisure and the glaring sun that made us adjust our green spectacles as a protection

to our eyes. Once our great boat stuck on the sand, but with skillful management she was soon floated off, and we moved on slowly, passing ugly dredges at short intervals, which are constantly at work keeping the canal in order. We increased our speed as we sailed through the Bitter Lakes; and finally at 7 P. M. we entered Lake Timsah, where we disembarked for our trip through Egypt A tender came out from the wharf with an agent and interpreter to meet us. As our little boat steamed away the decks of the great ship were lined with the passengers who waved us a kindly good-bye. Thus we took our final leave of Her Majesty's magnificent *S. S. Orotava.*

LETTER XVIII.

FROM ISMAILIA TO CAIRO.

On landing at Ismailia we were near to, if, indeed, not exactly in, the land of Goshen; and since the departure of Israel, the frogs have also come up to view this goodly spot. In the evening we saw one hopping through the reception room of our hotel, and all night their croaking in the lake near by reminded us of the second plague. Lake Timsah, through which the Suez Canal passes, is a beautiful sheet of water, nine miles in circumference. Timsah is an Arabic word, meaning crocodile. But the crocodiles have all disappeared, and a person can bathe anywhere in the lake with perfect safety. On the northwestern shore of this lake stands the town of Ismailia, which was mainly built up during the construction of the canal. It has a population of between four and five thousand, comprising French, Greek and Arab quarters. Its broad macadamized streets and regular squares are bordered with shade trees, which afford protection from the sun and impart a pleasing appearance to the town. Around the wharf, at the foot of the principal street, there is lying quite a fleet of Arab boats and small steam launches, while a signal station stands on the shore a few paces away. Here the agent of Thomas Cook & Son, who had

landed us from our steamer, assisted us to pass through the small Custom House, conducted us to the Victoria, a French hotel, and put us into very pleasant quarters. The broad balcony, on to which the door of our room opened, overlooked a court embowered in trees, shrubs and vines, laden with beautiful flowers and tropical fruits.

In the morning, accompanied by a guide, we took a stroll through the town and saw the temporary home of the late M. de Lesseps during the building of the canal. We also saw a villa of the Khedive and walked through its beautiful gardens; and examined a collection of ancient monuments standing in the public square, having been brought from the Scripture Pithom about twelve miles away. In this interesting collection are three sitting figures in Syene granite a little larger than life. The central one is Rameses II., and the gods Ra and Tum sit at either side. "There is also a monumental stone of the same granite, inscribed with the record of the building of the temple, a monolithic sanctuary and sphinx, cut in the brown quartzite of Jebel Ahmar, and two large sphinxes in the porphyritic diorite of Assouan. All these objects are in the best style of the art of the nineteenth dynasty, and, as set up in one of the chief cities of Goshen, were badges of the subjection of the Hebrews to the king and his gods."

During this walk we had our first experience with the Egyptian donkey boys, who crowded around us, extolled the merits of their respective donkeys, and begged us to ride. We returned to our hotel, had a

delightful bath in the lake and gathered some nice shells from the waters. At noon we took our lunch, and at 1:25 P. M. we started on our journey to Cairo, which is about ninety-nine miles distant. We secured a compartment to ourselves, purchased a supply of delicious melons, and our train went puffing through the land of Goshen. We can now understand better than ever before why the children of Israel in the wilderness remembered and longed for the melons of Egypt. We noted fifteen stations along the line, Zagazig and one or two others being towns of considerable importance.

It is now generally understood that the Scripture Goshen comprises a narrow valley of cultivated soil, with desert on both sides, about eighty miles long, beginning northeast of Cairo, and extending eastward nearly as far as Ismailia. This valley is now one of the most beautiful districts in Egypt, the fertile land being covered with luxuriant crops, numerous sheep and cattle, large groves of date-palms and populous villages. We saw one herd containing probably four hundred camels, grazing; and on the back of one, going eastward, we counted five women and a number of small children. On the back of donkeys we saw men riding who were larger than the donkeys. When our train stopped at a station Egyptian girls came alongside the windows with earthen jugs on their heads, saying, "*Moyeh*," the Arab word for water, which they hoped to sell to the passengers, as this train did not carry drinking water. At several stations we saw beautiful flower-beds near the homes of the people.

Our first station out from Ismailia was Mashama; and here is the site of the Scripture Pithom, which is distinctly visible from the railway, and "presents the remains of fortifications and extensive granaries of crude bricks." Here is where the children of Israel bent their backs under the cruel bondage of the Pharaoh who "knew not Joseph" and under the increasing burdens of the task-masters Here are to be seen the bricks the Israelites made and the remains of the city and temples they built as unmistakable monuments of the truthfulness of the Scripture narrative respecting God's chosen people in Egypt. It was difficult for us to realize that we were actually in the land of Goshen and on the site of one of the "treasure-cities." Hence as we were hurried along through this section of country, our minds were full of the passing events of sacred history, and this, coupled with the strange scenes by which we were surrounded, made our trip a very enjoyable one. We reached Cairo at 5:30 P. M , and on approaching the city we had from the car window our first view of the Gizeh Pyramids, of which we will speak in a subsequent letter.

LETTER XIX.

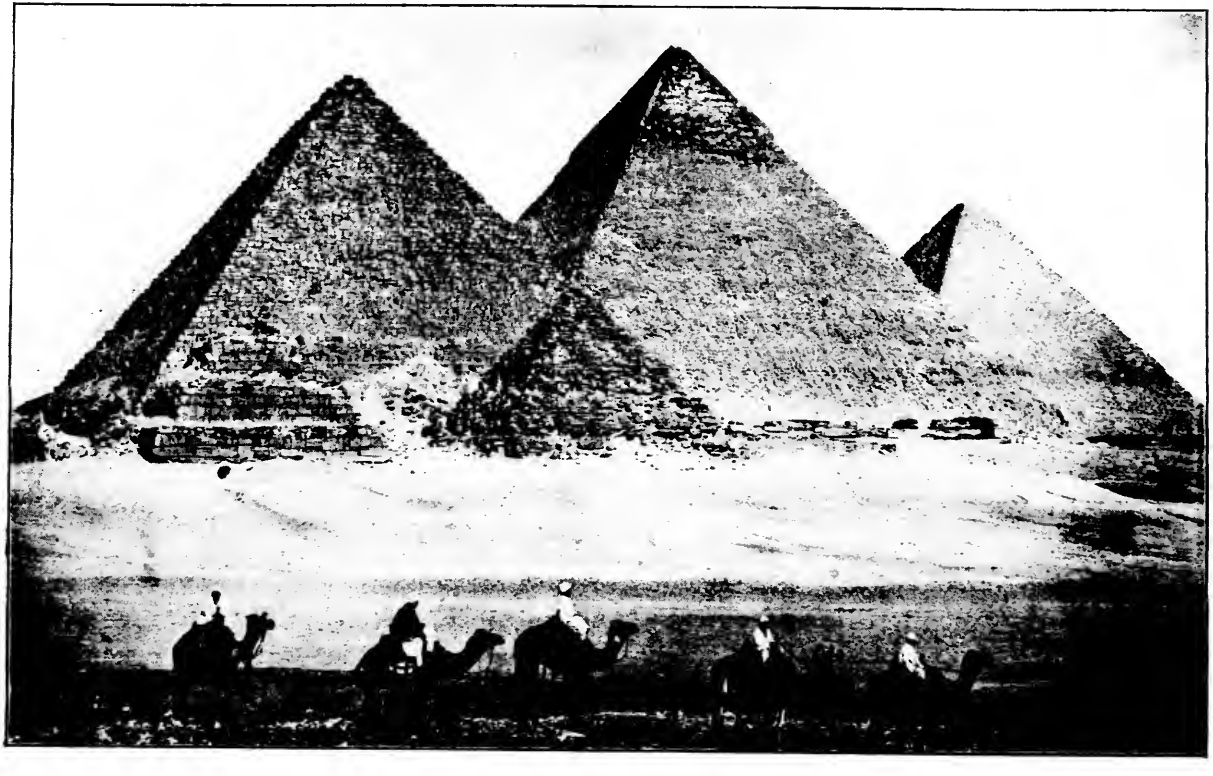
OFF TO THE PYRAMIDS.

Arriving at the Egyptian capital, and being settled in our rooms, we first mingled with the curious crowds on the streets, and then sat on the balcony of our hotel, four stories up, till late in the night, enjoying the refreshing air and looking down on the heterogeneous mass of moving humanity. Yonder, across the Nile, we thought, stands one of the wonders of the ancient world; and here at our feet is a wonder of the modern world. All Cairo seems to turn out in the evening, and the walks, streets and park-like reserves are thronged with people till the middle of the night. A number of brown-back crows came and took up their nocturnal abode in the branches of the trees bordering the broad sidewalks opposite us, and we finally retired to enjoy sweet rest.

According to arrangement, at 8 o'clock next morning a carriage, containing a competent guide, called at our hotel door; we stepped into it and were off to the Pyramids of Gizeh. These pyramids are situated eight miles west of Cairo, on a low rocky plateau at the edge of the Libyan Desert, above the highest water mark; and, hence, like all the pyramids

along its banks, are on the western side of the Nile. Our drive took us through some of the best of the European parts of the city, down to the beautiful and substantial iron bridge 1,260 feet long, which spans the Nile, and of which the people are rightly proud. Just before reaching the bridge the pyramids came into view, and, except when hid by the intervening tree-tops, remained visible the rest of the way. At first sight they were disappointing, appearing small, and too steep and smooth to be ascended; but the nearer we came to them the grander they loomed up, till, finally, when we stood at their base, we felt that their grandeur could scarcely be realized or overestimated. Crossing the bridge we drove for some distance along the bank of the river, and then leaving the river we went due west till the pyramids were reached. The road, the entire distance, is elevated, broad, macadamized, and bordered with acacia trees, whose branches meet overhead, thus forming a shaded avenue. The road was constructed by the Khedive in 1868 for the Prince of Wales and party, the stone for the purpose being taken from the pyramids Along most of the route, on both sides of the road, were numerous plots of ground covered with melons, interspersed with small fields of Indian corn approaching maturity; and here and there were to be seen half-nude peasants working the ground with primitive-looking implements, or standing guard over their property.

At the base of the Great Pyramid we rested in a small stone house built for the purpose, refreshed



PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH. GREAT PYRAMID TO THE LEFT.

ourselves on a delicious melon, contracted with the sheikh of the Arab village near by for nine of his men (three for each of us) to assist us, and then we began the ascent. "Hurrah!" shouted the Arabs, "who can reach the top first?" It was exciting, laborious and somewhat ludicrous work. The mode of procedure is this, namely: Two sure-footed Arabs leap upon the step above you, and one takes each of your hands, while the third one stands behind you to push as the other two pull. This process is repeated till the top is reached. Let our readers step from the floor on to the mantel or the bureau about 160 times, and they will have some idea of what it is to climb this pyramid. But up, up, we went, with short pauses at intervals, till the platform, about thirty feet square at the summit, was reached. When Mrs. Trotter and Master John touched the pole erected in the center of this square, the Arabs gave a shout of triumph, and then, like so many geese, chattered to our annoyance. These Arabs take great delight in their work and are proud of the noted names they have adopted. One of them was called Abraham, another Isaac, and still another Jacob. They seemed to know an American at sight, and they had all heard of Mark Twain. The only lady of our party of three was specially honored with the assistance of Abraham; and I am of the opinion that on the way to the top of the pyramid Abraham managed to get a little extra *bakhshish* in exchange for Egyptian relics with the understanding that he was to take up his charge with as much ease and grace as

could be commanded under the circumstances. These athletic fellows make good use of the few simple words of English they have learned.

The discharge of the time-gun in the city reminded us that it was exactly twelve o'clock noon, June 27, 1894. With a sweep of the field glass, there was spread out before us the most magnificent and interesting view on which we had ever gazed. Above was the cloudless sky, through which the brilliant rays of the sun fell on us; beneath us stood one of the marvels of ancient and modern time; to the west was the Libyan Desert stretching its yellow sand as far as the eye could see; to the east was Cairo with its suburbs extending itself among the green trees and pointing its domes and minarets heavenward; and beginning at the far south and continuing towards the north till lost in the dim distance, lay the rich valley dotted with groves, fields and villages, and which, during the inundation, becomes a vast lake, and through this valley was winding the majestic Nile, full of historic associations, finally mingling it waters with those of the Mediterranean Sea. Also a few miles to the south, on the western bank of the Nile, could be plainly seen the cluster of pyramids about the ruins of ancient Memphis.

After spending some time with these charming scenes, we descended to within forty-eight feet of the ground on the northern side of the pyramid, and entered a passage nearly four feet square, and with some difficulty and fatigue we went first down and then up, creeping through narrow openings and

scrambling over rough places till we explored the interior to our satisfaction. A detailed description of this exploration I will not attempt in these brief letters, but will refer our readers to the numerous books which have been written on the subject. We returned to the surface fairly exhausted, for the awful gloom, lack of pure air and the difficulties experienced in moving about have a most depressing effect on one. Only strong, well people should enter the pyramid, as numbers, especially ladies, have been carried out of it in an unconscious condition.

The Great Pyramid stands precisely to the four points of the compass, covers thirteen acres of ground, and is 451 feet high, its original height being 483 feet. Near by stand two other pyramids, the larger of the two being only a few feet smaller than the great one. They are usually designated as the Great, Second and Third pyramids. We gave an Arab a franc to run down the Great one and ascend to the top of the Second one in eight minutes. He earned his money. There can be but little doubt that the general purpose of the pramids was to serve as royal tombs. The Great Pyramid was built by Cheops, the second king of the fourth dynasty, who lived about 3,700 years before Christ. The pyramid was doubtless intended for the reception of his own body and that of his wife. Herodotus represents Cheops as spending ten years in making the causeway for the transfer of the materials and twenty more years in the construction of the pyramid. On this great work he employed 100,000 men, who were relieved at intervals of three months.

We next examined the sphinx, about a quarter of a mile away, and which is probably older than the pyramids and almost of equal interest with them. Since the outstretched forelegs have been exposed by the digging away of the sand, this wonderful piece of sculpture appears to better advantage. It was chiseled out of the solid rock lying on the spot, and following Professor McGarvey's measurements, "the length of the back, measured from the back of the neck to the haunches, is 123 feet," it lifts its head up from the pavement on which it reclines, 66 feet high, and shows a breadth of face 13 feet and 8 inches, with a mouth 7 feet and 7 inches wide. During its eastern gaze, for centuries past, it has silently witnessed the rise and fall of many empires and the destiny of many peoples.

When you are finished with the Arab assistants, their persistent clamor for *bakhshish* becomes an intolerable nuisance. About the only things to which they would give heed were the commands of the old sheikh and the vigorous wielding of a club in the hands of our dragoman. We beat them off, "and after the uproar was ceased" we returned to the shade of the trees along the road, and took our lunch. We then drove along the Nile near to the spot where tradition says Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in the ark of bulrushes, and being provided with our bathing costumes, we all had a delightful bath in the river, which was once the object of Egyptian worship. Though we paid for it with stiff limbs days afterwards, we thoroughly enjoyed our visit to the pyramids.

LETTER XX.

AMONG THE ROYAL MUMMIES.

WHAT was formerly the Boulak Museum has now become the Museum of Gizeh. The palace of the viceroy, Ismail Pasha, at Gizeh, a suburb of Cairo, has been transformed into a museum, and the store of Egyptian treasures belonging to the Ancient, Middle and Modern Empires has been brought from Boulak, and arranged in it. The building is a magnificent and spacious one, and it cost about $25,000,000. It is surrounded by an extensive and beautiful park, laid out in European style, the walks of which are a Mosaic pavement made of round pebbles brought from the desert and arranged in exquisite designs. There is also a very beautiful garden in the second story of the palace covered with a glass roof, and known as the Harem Garden.

The palace is situated on the road leading to the Gizeh Pyramids, which was described in the preceding letter, and about one-third of the way out from Cairo. Crossing the large bridge over the Nile, and following the fine avenue along the edge of the river, passing on the right the water-works for irrigation, the court-house and the Agricultural College, we came to the entrance gate to the park of the muse-

um. This gate was opened to us at 8:30 A. M., and our carriage drove right up to the door. We deposited our umbrellas in the entrance room, and we then began our wanderings among the curious and intensely interesting monuments systematically arranged in this building of nearly 100 rooms. This museum furnishes no catalogue in English, and the monuments are mostly marked in French. But having a reliable guide, we were not wholly dependent on the French catalogue. We saw halls crowded with fine statues, beautiful sarcophagi, cases of valuable jewelry, funeral scarabs, mummies of animals, men, women and children, and many other things too numerous to mention. We examined the Book of the Dead, written on papyrus, and measured the hand of a statue of Rameses II., and found it twenty inches across the back. We saw on the wall a painting representing a number of geese, which some scholars think is probably the oldest painting in the world, carrying us back some 4,000 years. These geese are so perfect in their outline and coloring that they would do credit to any modern book on natural history. We also saw a curiously-constructed mirror of modern invention, which presented twenty-one distinct images of ourselves as we stood before it, showing every part of the body. But there was one room which we were especially desirous of entering, and that was "The Hall of the Royal Mummies."

It was in 1881 when that remarkable discovery was made of some thirty-six mummies of kings,

queens, princes, princesses and high priests at Deir el Bahari near the ruins of ancient Thebes, on the Nile in Upper Egypt, and which so suddenly sent the scientific world into a fever of excitement. These mummies are now to be seen nicely arranged in this Royal Hall, and the interminable line of tourists is passing by looking into their faces. The first one on whom we gazed was Rameses II., the real Pharaoh who oppressed Israel. His face is long and slim, with prominent cheekbones, small eyes, arched nose, thick lips, and a few locks of hair on the head. The body is draped in linen cloth, called mummy cloth. Next to him lies his father, Seti I., the Pharaoh who began the oppression, and whose daughter found Moses in the ark of bulrushes, and adopted him. Then came Thotmes III., Thotmes II., Rameses III., and six other royal mummies lying close together, the skin of the first two named being quite black. After passing the kings, queens, princes and princesses, we came to the high priests. The richly decorated lids of the coffins are laid on one side. Many of the mummies are entirely unrolled, showing the body slightly draped, with the head, hands and feet uncovered, while others retain all the covering in which they were laid away centuries ago. Some of them are so well preserved that even the characteristic traits of the features are visible. It is a significant fact that the body of the Pharaoh who led the Egyptians in pursuit of the departing Israelites, is not found among this or any other collection. Was he drowned in the Red Sea?

We lingered a long time in this hall; and as we stood before this array of mummied royalty, and looked on the very forms and features of men and women who conversed with Moses, saw the children of Israel bending their backs under the increasing burdens, and whose words are recorded for our instruction, we seemed to see the ancient peoples and monuments of Egypt rising up as living witnesses to the historical correctness and divine origin of the holy Scriptures. The people who painted these pictures, chiseled these statues, built these pyramids, wrote their history on these monuments, and prepared these mummies, were not savages, slightly removed from the brute creation in the Darwinian process of evolution. If this so-called process of evolution has not been discernible since these Egyptians lived and taught sciences and practiced arts nearly 5,000 years ago, which the world has not been able to restore, how long would it require to evolve a perfect man out of a *moneron* or a tadpole? It would necessitate the existence of man on the earth ages before it, according to astronomy, ceased to be a red-hot ball! Verily, such a process of evolution begins and ends in the human brain only.

LETTER XXI.

AMONG THE MOSQUES AND BAZAARS.

BEFORE leaving Cairo we spent one day visiting the principal mosques, bazaars, and other objects of interest in the city. On this day we dispensed with the carriage and regular guide, and had a rich experience with the Egyptian donkey-riding and donkey boys. We made this change for two reasons: first, we wanted the experience of donkey-riding, and, secondly, we could go on these animals among the bazaars and through the out-of-the-way places where a carriage could not take us. These boys are a curiosity, and are an interesting study for the tourist. Most of them can speak a few words of English, French and German, and as they are thoroughly acquainted with the city, they make tolerable guides. Both the donkeys and their drivers understand their business. The donkeys are the street cars and elevated railways of Cairo; and the great body of the people, of all classes, who ride at all, use them freely. There are no strikes on these lines.

When our outfit presented itself before our hotel, we hesitated to mount; for in the first place, the little creatures did not seem large enough to carry the weight; and then we wondered how we could

ride on them without tumbling off. But the saddles were European and well secured, and once on them, we were delighted with the easy manner in which we were carried along. The hair on the body and limbs of these animals was cut into fancy patterns, reminding us of the hieroglyphics on the monuments. Their names were, respectively, Ginger, Flying Dutchman and Yankee Doodle. Mrs T. was honored with the Flying Dutchman, which more than once got her into trouble. Once he refused to climb a flight of steps in our path, and the boys said, "Be quiet, lady; we'll help up," and four of them seized a leg each and carried up donkey and all! I have been asked what I did with my feet. I prefer leaving such details to be filled in by the imagination of our readers.

We first visited the Citadel, which is built on the flank of a hill overlooking the city. The Citadel was erected in A. D. 1166, by Saladin, and the stone for its walls and buildings was mainly brought from the small pyramid at Gizeh. Within the walls are many objects of interest. The palace, built by Mohammed Ali, is occupied by British officers, and it contains a number of fine rooms. Our entrance was by a massive arched gateway and thence along a winding path to the highest part of the Citadel. It was in this road the slaughter of the Mamelukes took place in 1811. We saw the track left by the horse on which the only survivor made his escape by spurring his noble animal over the battlement! It has been chiseled in a large rock on the top of the present wall,

and appears quite fresh. Near here is Joseph's well, with which, contrary to the opinion of many, the Joseph of Scripture evidently had nothing to do. It took its name from Saladin, whose Arabic name was Jusup, and it was discovered during the building of the Citadel. It is estimated to be 295 feet deep, its bottom is thought to be on a level with the Nile and it is descended by a stairway. From the Citadel a fine view is obtained of the city and surrounding country.

There are more than 300 mosques in Cairo, and two of the principal ones we visited. The Mosque of Mohammed Ali stands within the precincts of the Citadel, and it is built after the plan of the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople. It is a magnificent structure. The great court is paved with alabaster and is surrounded with a row of columns; and the whole is surmounted by a dome supported by two massive pillars. In the center is the basin for ablutions before prayer, at which our local guide washed his hands and feet before accompanying us through the building, and in the east corner is the tomb of Mohammed Ali. The Mosque of Sultan Hassan, just below the Citadel, is also one of the finest mosques in Cairo; and before entering either of these sacred buildings, the visitor is required to have his feet cased in slippers provided at the door. One of my slippers came off while treading on a particularly sacred spot. The attendant smiled, and made haste to replace it; but not before I had made at least one unholy track. We next wound our way

through the narrow streets and curious bazaars of old Cairo, where the motley Oriental people are crowded together like bees in a hive, and where we saw many very strange and interesting things. We met a funeral procession, the coffin being carried on the shoulders of four men.

Cairo has a population of some 400,000, representing nearly every nation under heaven, especially the Oriental countries. But the great mass of the people are the native Egyptians, with over 20,000 Europeans. The city undoubtedly presents the most motley crowd we have ever seen, and the visitor meets with many very strange things. The Oriental people mostly wear very loose clothing, which is frequently augmented by a long flowing robe. It looks as if the whole city had turned out in bloomers in every shade of color. The rich Arab rides a large white donkey whose head is decked with bright colored tassels and around whose neck jingle brass and bead chains. The rider has no stirrups and he swings his feet back and forth as if he were keeping time to the movements of the donkey. He wears white stockings, and over these a pair of pointed red slippers to match his red turban. The women wear veils, with an upright gilt ornament on the forehead to keep the veil in place. Water-carriers are on the streets with their goat-skins full of water slung across their shoulders, and the constant clang, clang, clang, of their brass cups is heard everywhere. Occasionally a carriage in which are some noted persons dashes through the streets, and before it are running two gorgeously dressed

natives with long sticks in their hands to clear the way for the carriage. And so the strange tide of humanity in this great city ever ebbs and flows.

We were highly satisfied with our donkey-riding experience, and when we returned to our hotel we enjoyed the rest all the more in consequence of it. We were also pleased with our hotel accommodation. The Couteret Hotel proved to be a nice, quiet place where every courtesy was shown us. We were always received at the breakfast table by the lady in charge with a hearty *bon jour*. As only French was spoken, we sometimes had a little innocent amusement at the expense of our attendants. Once our lady trotter called for a light, and she was furnished with a black bottle of wine. We were not much surprised at this mistake, for the first and last thing for which most Americans call when in Cairo is wine, or something stronger, notwithstanding their temperance sentiments and habits at home. Their excuse is, the water in Cairo is bad. The trouble with these gentlemen and ladies is that they find the water bad everywhere they go. At our hotel the wine bottle and glass were always sitting at our plate to be used without extra charge, and the French people who sat at the table with us were amazed that we did not touch them. We happened to know, however, that the Nile water, with which Cairo is supplied, is quite pure, and, with a lump of ice in it, wonderfully refreshing. I wish further to place on record at this point the fact that we have lived in many kinds of climate and have traveled entirely around

the globe without finding the necessity for the use of strong drink. Near our hotel was situated the Egyptian Mission of the United Presbyterian Church of America, which I had the pleasure of visiting and from which I gathered much information respecting the excellent work being done by this mission.

We took our departure from Cairo for Alexandria at 4:45 P. M., June 28, and we had a delightful ride on the train through a beautiful country. The Nile had commenced its annual rise, and it was sending its waters along the smaller canals and the ditches right out into the heart of the country. The gradual rise and overflow of the Nile is a glorious sight, and there is seldom an occurrence in Egypt that causes more rejoicing among the people; for on this overflow depends the success of the country.

We arrived at Alexandria at 8 P. M., and were driven from the station to Abbat's Grand Hotel, almost in the heart of the city, where English was spoken.

LETTER XXII.

FROM EGYPT TO PALESTINE.

Our stay in Alexandria was short. After securing comfortable rooms in our hotel, we spent the evening walking along some of the principal streets and through some of the beautiful parks, which were brilliantly lighted, and where thousands of well-behaved people, representing many nationalities and displaying a variety of costumes, were to be seen till late in the night, promenading or sitting at tables in the open air, enjoying light refreshments. Instead of going into the restaurants, these people delight in having their ice-cream, lemonade, cakes, fruits, etc., brought out to them, where they take ample time for disposing of the good things under the broad canopy of heaven. There is something about this free and easy outdoor life in the Egyptian cities that seems both healthful and enjoyable. We went into a French café and took our supper; and though no one in the place could speak English, we managed to get what we wanted, and then returned to our hotel for the night.

At an early hour next morning we breakfasted in the beautiful open, tile-paved court of our hotel, with the high walls above us and trees, shrubs and

flowers all around us. Unless especially ordered and paid for, the breakfast in these hotels, or "coffee" as it is called, is usually plain, consisting of coffee, bread, butter, jam, and one kind of meat, or eggs. The bread of Egypt we pronounced first-class, and the loaves are about the same size and shape that they were 3,000 years ago; being about 15 inches long, 12 inches in circumference in the middle and tapering to a point at both ends. In the Gizeh Museum we saw ancient Egyptian bake-ovens containing moulds for loaves of this shape. After breakfast, our carriage being ready, we rode out to see the sights. We drove first to Pompey's Pillar, erected at the commencement of the fourth century, A. D., by a Roman prefect of that name. It stands on a high piece of ground, probably the highest site in the ancient city, and near to an old Mohammedan cemetery. The elegant shaft is of polished red granite, and the total height, including the pedestal, is about 100 feet. It is plainly seen from the harbor. I broke off no specimen of that red granite; I only furnished the hammer, while an Arab chipped the specimens. It was hard work, and had I not seen abundant evidence that other tourists had been guilty of procuring specimens of the pillar, I would not have permitted that hammer to go on its errand of destruction. The two other obelisks, called "Cleopatra's Needles," have been removed from Alexandria, one to the Thames Embankment, London, and the other to Central Park, New York City, where we saw them later on our journey. From the pillar we drove

around the city looking at the principal objects of interest till noon, when we took our departure on the steamship *Vesta* of the Austrian Lloyd Line, for Joppa, by way of Port Said. The agents of Thomas Cook & Son drove us to the wharf, passed us through the Custom House and rowed us to our boat, which was anchored far out in the bay. There were numerous boats in the harbor, which presented an animated scene. The city, which stands on a flat coast, soon receded from our sight, and on rounding the great breakwaters east of the harbor, which are composed of artificial blocks weighing twenty tons each, we were smoothly sailing on the Mediterranean Sea. For some distance along the coast we noticed that the sea was colored by the water of the Nile, which gives it a yellowish-green tint. Alexandria has 280,800 inhabitants, one-fourth of whom are Europeans, and is an important city, which, during its early history, was intimately connected with the development of Christian theology.

At five o'clock next morning we anchored in the harbor, directly before Port Said. Port Said is situated at the point where the Suez Canal enters the Mediterranean Sea and to the canal it owes its origin. It has 21,000 inhabitants, and its transit traffic is considerable. We went ashore in one of the nice little Arab boats which line the edge of the harbor, and soon saw all there was of interest in the place. It is noted for Arab filth and European wickedness. The city is supplied with water in pipes brought all the way from the Sweetwater Canal at Ismailia.

It is here mainly that travelers leave the great through steamship lines to visit Palestine. We carried a circular letter from our Consular Agent in Dunedin, New Zealand, but on the advice of Thomas Cook's agents we also procured here a passport with Turkish *visa*, and for this important document, written in Arabic, which we were never asked to show during all our journey, we paid our American representative and the Egyptian Government $1 each. It will at least serve us in America as a curiosity.

At 6:30 P. M. we left the Port for Joppa. Before sailing, the niece of the ex-Khedive took passage by our boat, and she put on all the airs of a queen. Her stateroom was opposite ours, with only a narrow passage between, and when she drew the curtain of her door to one side, she was seen stretched at full length on the couch, smoking a cigarette! We also saw in Cairo a number of Egyptian girls smoking cigarettes.

The voyage from Port Said to Joppa was made in the night, and, except our supper on board, it was devoid of special interest. We had sat at English, Indian, French and Egyptian tables, and now we are to have a German supper on a boat on which only German is spoken. Well, here it is in eleven courses: 1. Soup. 2. Sardines and prunes. 3. Boiled fish and sauce. 4. Beefsteak, greens and Irish potatoes. 5. Veal chops, nicely wrapped in white tissue paper. 6. Chicken and lettuce. 7. Cheese and bread. 8. Iced pudding. 9. Cherries, apricots,

bananas and muskmelon. 10. Coffee, ice-water and wine. 11. Smoking. At each place there was a stack of plates—ten in number—and you commenced with the top one and kept eating till you got to the bottom. I do not mean that you eat the plates; but that you use a single plate for each course of food. I also include the smoking in the bill of fare, for with the men it seemed to be a part of the regular courses. They smoked their cigars over the table, as the proper thing to do, asking no questions for—I was about to say, "for conscience' sake," but I am afraid the fire of the cigar has so seared their consciences that this faculty is not consulted in the matter. We sacrificed what little German etiquette we possessed, and retired before this course was finished.

After a pleasant night's rest, we arose early next morning to have our first view of the Holy Land.

LETTER XXIII.

LANDING AT JOPPA.

To one who has had a strong desire, from youth up, to visit the scenes of Christ and the Apostles, and is on the eve, for the first time, of satisfying this desire, the approach to the Holy Land creates within him an interest akin to excitement He experiences the strange sensation of gazing upon a land sacred above all other places, and, in many respects, unlike any other land.

Our approach was on a beautiful Sunday morning in June. We arose with the sun and went on the deck of our German boat to catch the first glimpse of Canaan's shores. The first object we could make out was Gaza, far south of us, toward which the eunuch was driving in his chariot from Jerusalem, when he was baptized by Philip. A little later the bluish heights of the Judean mountains in the distance, the yellow Mediterranean shore, and finally Joppa, rising in terraces from the water's edge, like a fortress on the slope of a hill, with trees dotting the shore at the southern end, came into view. The English school for girls, and some other European buildings on top of the hill, showed to good advantage, presenting a pleasing contrast with their gen-

era surroundings. The Roman Catholic Church also occupies a conspicuous position on a terrace near the sea; and, as our boat was dropping anchor at 8:30, the bell was ringing a merry call to its worshipers.

There is no good harbor at Joppa, and so all the steamers have to anchor more than half a mile from the land, and if the weather is stormy, landing here is impossible, and the passengers are taken right on to Haifa or Beyrout. Indeed, landing here is never very pleasant, nearly always being attended with some danger and much noise and confusion. The steamer is quickly surrounded with Arab rowboats, whose occupants clamor for passengers and baggage, while the rocking and bobbing of all the boats by the side of the vessel cause a timid person to hesitate in making the effort to get into one of them. As we were traveling under the arrangement of Thomas Cook & Son, we felt that we were in good hands. They have a number of splendid boats, built specially for their tourists' service on this harbor, and they are skillfully manned by a uniformed crew. We saw their boat, flying a red flag bearing the names of these popular agents, take the lead in the spirited race for our ship, and it was first to reach us. The men immediately came on board, and with an ease born of coolness and experience, placed us and our baggage in their boat, and started on the return journey. Gaze & Sons also sent out a boat and took off two English ladies, who were on their way to Hebron to engage in missionary work.

Between us and the shore were many rocks, partly

hidden beneath the water, and among these we had to carefully steer our way. Boats are sometimes capsized or broken on these rocks, and scores of people, mainly pilgrims, have been drowned here. Finally we came to an opening only a few feet wide between two rocks, and our helmsman, watching his opportunity, allowed his boat to be lifted on the crest of a large wave while he shot it like an arrow through the passage, and we were safe.

We were passed through the Custom House without the Turkish officials examining any of our baggage. We walked a few paces to a street, where we found a carriage in waiting for us, and a five minutes' drive brought us to the Jerusalem Hotel.

On landing in Joppa, we were in the care of Thomas Cook & Son during a specified term in Palestine, and we found their arrangements admirable in every respect. Their management is simple, furnishes the traveler with every needed comfort, and saves him much time, labor and worry. You specify the number of days you wish to spend in the country, and the places in a general way you wish to visit, and then purchase a ticket covering all expenses, except such *bakhshish* as you may desire to give to servants and others for special services rendered. The agents supply the rest. They land you from the steamer and embark you at the expiration of your term, securing your berths, and putting you into the most comfortable quarters to be had on board. They pass you through the Custom Houses without any trouble. They furnish competent dragomans horses,

carriages, muleteers, tents, servants, hotel accommodation, Turkish soldiers and Arab sheikhs, as escorts, when needed, pay all entrance fees to sacred places, and take charge of any money or valuables you do not wish to carry constantly on your person. Everything is first-class throughout. In short, you do nothing but ride in the carriage or saddle, listen to the cut-and-dried speeches of your guide, lie on your back in the shade of the trees, eat, sleep, read books and meditate on the interesting things you have seen. Cook's tours in Palestine and elsewhere are of two kinds—in large parties, or you may purchase individual tickets and select your own party, or go alone. The latter is more expensive. Nevertheless, we were selfish enough to want a party of only three, and thus we could select our own route, the time to be spent at any one place, etc. We like independence.

The Jerusalem Hotel is a pleasant place to stop. The proprietor, Mr. E. Hardegg, is the American Vice-Consul, and he furnishes a first-class table. In the front of the building is a group of twelve rooms, which are named after the twelve tribes of Israel. Judah was assigned to us during our stay in Joppa.

LETTER XXIV.

IN JOPPA.

THE present name of Joppa is Jaffa. It is also called Yaffa. It has a long and interesting history, some ancient geographers affirming that a city existed here before the Flood. In Joshua xix. 46, it is called Japho, which the Hebrews translated "the beautiful." Anciently it was a Phenician colony, in the land of the Philistines. When the division of the land was made under Joshua, it was in the boundaries of Dan. It was to Joppa where Hiram, King of Tyre, brought cedar and pine-wood from Lebanon in "floats by sea," for the building of Solomon's Temple, whence it was carried up to Jerusalem by the road where it now exists. The materials for the rebuilding of the temple under Zerubbabel, were also brought to Joppa from Lebanon. It was at Joppa Jonah took passage for Tarshish when fleeing "from the presence of the Lord." It was here Peter raised Dorcas to life, whose "good works and almsdeeds" made her the object of the widows' love, gave her wonderful influence in the town, and sent her name down through the ages to adorn and inspire the benevolent societies in our churches all over

the civilized world; and it was here that Peter saw the remarkable vision which convinced him that the distinction between Jew and Gentile had been abolished, and henceforth the gospel was to be preached to every creature—that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him.

Since our Saviour's day, Joppa has had its times of prosperity and adversity; several times it has been destroyed, and rebuilt, and over it and around it have swept many destructive military storms Joppa as it now is, is indeed beautiful, if viewed from the sea; but when you enter it, there appears almost everything but the beautiful The rock on which much of it stands is 116 feet high. Its houses are mainly built of tuffstone, flat-roofed, crowded so close together that they appear almost like one mass of buildings, and the streets are narrow, winding, and exceedingly dirty. Having gone through one of these filthy lanes, I thought Mrs. T. should not lose so *rich* an experience, and so she accompanied me on a subsequent occasion. She suggested a bottle of perfumery for our next walk. It is no wonder that many natives here die of fever every summer. On one street in the new part of the town a few business houses have been erected of stone and brick on the European plan, which present a respectable and business-like appearance. The bazaars are small, and usually present a motley throng of purchasers, the natives of the district largely predominating. We saw huge piles of melons on the streets, many

of them as large as a strong man could carry, and without exception the most delicious we have ever tasted. These melons are grown in great abundance on the Plain of Sharon around Joppa. Some of the natives were roasting small ears of green corn over a few coals on the street, and selling them at about a cent each.

The walls of the town have disappeared, and new and pleasant-looking suburbs have sprung up. One of these comprises a German Colony of the religious sect known as the "Temple," or "Friends of Jerusalem." They number about 320, possess a school and hospital, and engage in trade and commerce. Still farther out toward the northeast there is another colony of these people, numbering about 270 souls. About 15,000 pilgrims land here annually on their way to Jerusalem, and to these Joppa owes much of its present importance. Its exports are considerable, and consist of soap, Indian corn, oranges and other fruits, melons and wine of Sharon. The population is estimated at 23,000, of whom 12,000 are Mohammedans, 6,000 Christians and 5,000 Jews. The Bedouin Arabs bring into the town much wheat on the backs of camels and donkeys. We saw one of these dusky "sons of the desert" driving through the streets twenty-five camels, all tied together and walking in single file about ten feet apart, with high heads, swinging gait and independent airs. The orange groves in and about Joppa are extensive, and the oranges are large, seedless and luscious. Lemons, pomegranates and other fruits are also extensively

grown here. Indeed, the scene for miles around is one of luxuriant beauty; and many of the groves and orchards are enclosed with impenetrable prickly cactus hedges. There are four hotels in the town and a number of hospices.

Soon after arriving at our hotel we were introduced to our dragoman, Abraham Lyons, an Austrian, who claims to speak eight languages. He speaks good English, so far as his vocabulary goes. Under his care we entered upon our work immediately. We were first driven to the traditional house of Simon the tanner, where Peter lodged and saw the vision. It is an old, dilapidated-looking stone house, with a stairway on the outside, leading to the flat roof. At the foot of the stairway is a beautiful fig tree, and a well from which you may take a cool draught of water; and on an adjoining roof is a small light-house. It is "by the seaside," and commands a fine view. The keeper of the place, who takes in the pennies from the sight-seers, appears to be in keeping with the shabby building; and one of the things to be remembered is the fact that the place is infested with millions of fleas. Peter is not the only visitor to the spot who has had visions of "creeping things" while trying to sleep. We saw an old tannery near by, and while we do not believe this house is the identical house of Simon, we think it probable that his house was not unlike this one, and that it could not have been far away.

This being Sunday, we next attended Episcopal Church service at 11 a. m. The place was near our

hotel, and we passed round what appeared to be a private dwelling and entered a back room about twenty feet square, with two doors, two small windows, plain seats, and a few neat Scripture mottoes on the wall. The preacher read for his lesson the account of Peter's visit to Joppa and his raising Dorcas to life, and read a short sermon in English, his wife presiding at the small organ. There were present two men, two women, two boys, the preacher and his wife, two of us and our dragoman, eleven in all. The Scripture narratives seemed to take a living form when read on the ground around which the scenes described transpired. A representative of this mission was soliciting money with which to erect a church building. We contributed our mite; but we are of the opinion that the preacher in charge will not convert Joppa very soon.

After having our dinner and taking a short rest, our carriage called at the hotel to take us on our journey towards Jerusalem.

LETTER XXV.

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM.

"And after those days we took up our carriages, and went up to Jerusalem." This is what Luke says in Acts xxi. 15 respecting Paul's final visit to the Holy City. But the apostle and his companions went up from Cæsarea; we went up from Joppa, farther south on the same seacoast. They "took up" their "carriages;" our carriage took us up. Their carriages consisted in their light Oriental hand-baggage; our carriage was a nice two-horse vehicle, with a top and movable side-curtains, so as to protect us from the sun and at the same time afford a fine view of our surroundings. We all probably went up the last part of the journey by the same road, the road which was trodden by the feet of the prophets, apostles and Jesus himself; the road over which the ark of God was borne in triumph to Mount Zion, and the road which, in later times, was made to echo with "the tramp of Roman legions and the war-cry of the Crusaders." This road has been greatly improved, and is now a good carriage road all the way from Joppa to Jerusalem. As the iron horse has now entered the Holy Land, and makes one trip each way daily between Joppa and Jerusalem, Cook's

agents allowed us to take our choice between the two ways of going up. As we wished to see as much of the country as we could, we decided to go by the road and return by rail.

The station at Jaffa is in the northeastern suburb of the town, on the seashore, near the German Colony. On leaving the station, the train makes a curve to the northeast, skirting the beautiful orange and lemon plantations, then turning in a southeastern direction, passing through the Plain of Sharon, by Lydda, and Ramleh, it follows the depression of *Wady el Sarar and Wady el Werd* (valley of roses), till it reaches the station on the Plain of Rephaim on the south of Jerusalem, fifteen minutes from the Joppa gate. The carriage road leaves Joppa through the Jerusalem gate, passing through the southeastern suburb of the town, and runs parallel to the railway, on the south side, till Ramleh is reached, thirteen and one-half miles out; and here it crosses the railway, and taking a more eastern direction, winds its way over the Judean hills, entering Jerusalem from the northwest.

At 3 P. M. on Sunday, we stepped into our carriage in front of the Jerusalem Hotel, our dragoman taking his seat with the Arab driver, ready to point out the objects of interest by the way, and we were off to the Holy City, forty-one miles distant by road and fifty-four by rail. We drove through the crowded bazaars, the dragoman shouting to the curious people to make way for our carriage. "Who are those dignified-looking fellows on the streets in long black

robes and tall black hats, much like the American gentleman's silk hat?" "Those," said the dragoman, "are Greek priests."

Passing through the new suburbs, we enjoy the drive in the shade of trees and admire the lofty cactus-hedges and extensive orchards and gardens We saw water-wheels everywhere, turned by a donkey or camel, lifting the water from the wells and pouring it into the ditches by which the land is irrigated. In a few moments we arrive at the ruins of an old mosque at the left of the road, surrounded by sycamore and cypress trees, and in the wall of which is a fountain of cold water. This is pointed out as the site of the house in which Peter raised Dorcas to life. Once a year hundreds of superstitious people assemble here and hold a sort of religious picnic in commemoration of the noted event. Soon after leaving this fountain we entered the Scripture Plain of Sharon, which averages nearly ten miles wide, and, beginning a short distance south of Joppa, it stretches northward between the central hills and the Mediterranean Sea to Mt. Carmel, beyond Cæsarea, a distance of about fifty miles. It is celebrated in the Scriptures for its fertility, beautiful roses, and suitableness for pasturage. It resembles a rich western prairie, and in the spring it produces flowers and grass in great profusion. Although our visit was late in the season for flowers, we saw some that reminded us of the Rose of Sharon, and we gathered a few and pressed them in our specimen book. The plain is also extensively cultivated, and in proper hands is

capable of much better things. We soon came to a watch-tower rising on the right. It is the first of seventeen, which were built in 1860, at irregular intervals, to guard the road to Jerusalem. At present they are only partially garrisoned.

A little later we passed on the left the mud village of *Bêt Degan*, or Beth Dagon, of Scripture (house of Dagon), probably the site of one of the houses of Dagon, the Philistine god.

At 5:30 P. M. we entered Ramleh and put up at the Reinhardt Hotel for the night. Mr. Reinhardt is a German who has lived several years in America, speaks good English and keeps a neat hotel. At sunset we stood on top of the Ramleh Tower, which is reached by 120 steps, and had a magnificent view. Luxuriant orchards spread out before us, and to the northeast was Lydda, now called *Ludd*, where Peter raised Æneas from his sick bed, and far beyond this was Mount Gerizim, lifting its head up 2,849 feet above the level of the sea, with a white Mohammedan tomb more than half-way up its side. Ramleh is not mentioned in the Scriptures, but is a more modern town of some importance, having a population of 8,000, about 1,000 of whom are Greek Catholics. The town possesses so. soap factories, convents and mosques. The tradition that Ramleh corresponds with the Arimathea of the New Testament in which lived Joseph who laid Jesus in his own new tomb at Jerusalem is without historical foundation, and it probably originated in the thirteenth century. We found the air here after sunset delightfully cool and bracing.

Early next morning we drove out to see Lydda, two and a half miles away. It was a delightful ride. The road took us between beautiful and extensive olive groves and pomegranate trees, large melon and tomato patches, and tall, impenetrable cactus hedges. We drove down a narrow lane, between flat-roofed houses, turned a little to the right, and alighted in front of St. George's Church, now in possession of the Greeks. A monk opened the door and we entered. We smelt the sweet incense from the morning worship. After examining the main part of the church, we took lighted candles and descended a flight of steps into a dark room, where we were shown the traditional tomb of St. George, the patron saint of England. It is about three feet long. In the lanes of the village we noticed large numbers of earthen water-jars for sale, and near the road a threshing-floor of some ten acres of ground covered with wheat and straw, which had been carried there on the backs of camels and donkeys. The camels were kneeling to have their loads taken off, and, like some church members, whether they are being loaded or unloaded, they are continually growling in a most piteous way. The donkeys carry their burdens in silence; and the load they usually carry is astonishing. We met one not much larger than a sheep near Lydda on whose back we counted twenty-five two and three gallon earthen jars, and on top of these was perched a big Arab. It is not an uncommon thing to see these animals so loaded that you can see only the tip ends of the tail and nose protruding, while their little legs are trembling under

the great load. Sometimes they completely break down, and then they are beaten for what they can not do. Our dragoman told us of an American lady in his charge who found a donkey in this helpless condition, and she asked him to intercede for the dumb animal. The only reply of the owner was: "What is this to you? If I kill the donkey, it is mine." The Arab knows no mercy for his beast. Not only the dumb animals in Palestine, but the men, women and children, are great burden-bearers. This is particularly noticeable in Jerusalem. It was no doubt this general burdening of man and beast to which Jesus referred when he said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," etc. We also saw along the road through the Plain of Sharon numerous small heaps of stones, about a foot high, marking the boundaries of the land. These small, loose stones could be easily removed; and hence the law which says: "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark."

We returned to Ramleh at 8 A. M. and resumed our journey to Jerusalem.

We crossed the railroad near the station, passed over a small bridge, and, in about half an hour, we descended the beautiful, winding road into the Valley of Ajalon, probably a mile and a half wide and several miles long, and running in a northeast and southwest direction. It was here that Joshua said: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the Valley of Ajalon;" and Gibeon was directly in front of us, though hid by the top of an interven-

ing mountain. We gathered some stones from the brook that flows through the valley, and flowers from the field, and passed on to the villages of Latrun and Amwâs, a short distance apart on our left, and near the eastern edge of the Valley of Ajalon. Latrun means robber, and a mediæval legend says this place was the home of the penitent thief. It is more likely to be the present home of *im*penitent thieves. Amwâs is believed by some to be the Emmaus of the New Testament, but others, with better reason, think it too far from Jerusalem to meet the Scripture requirement. See Luke xxiv. 13.

At the foot of the hills we took lunch at a dirty Syrian hotel, called *Bab el Wady*, meaning gate of the valley. We wished we could have dispensed with our noses while trying to eat and rest. From here we slowly wound our way up among the Judean hills, till we reached an altitude of 1,500 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, where a fine view to the west suddenly burst upon us—Ramleh, the Plain of Sharon, Joppa, and the sea were all visible. Half-way up to this elevation we gathered some green pods of the carob-tree, evidently the "husks" with which the Prodigal Son "would fain have filled" himself. We saw in this vicinity many of these trees loaded with the green fruit. Passing over the hill, in a few minutes we came to Kirjath-jearim, where the ark of God remained for twenty years. It is a village on the right, close to the road, comprising about 100 square, flat-roofed stone houses, surrounded with olive, orange, mulberry, pomegran-

ate and a few other trees, and built on the side of a hill. We now descended rapidly by a zig-zag course into the upper part of the Valley of Sorek, where tradition has placed the celebrated conflict between David and Goliath, but the site does not agree with the Scripture narrative of the event. It was somewhere in this valley Samson visited the infamous Delilah, who was the occasion of his destruction. Here is Kulôniyeh, a nice little place with orchards, gardens and groves, and is a resting place for travellers. A short distance along the valley to our right is *Ain Karim*, a fresh-looking village, with a Catholic church, and surrounded by beautifully terraced hills set in olive, fig and other fruit trees, and is the traditional birthplace of John the Baptist. It is certainly in "the hill country" of Judea. To our left was ancient Mizpeh, a high, conical hill crowned by a mosque with a minaret, of which we had a fine view before descending into the valley.

We refreshed ourselves in a café, gathered some "smooth stones out of the brook," near where the bridge spans it, in memory of David's victory over Goliath, and then slowly followed the winding road up the hill for about four miles, and lo! Jerusalem came in sight

LETTER XXVI.

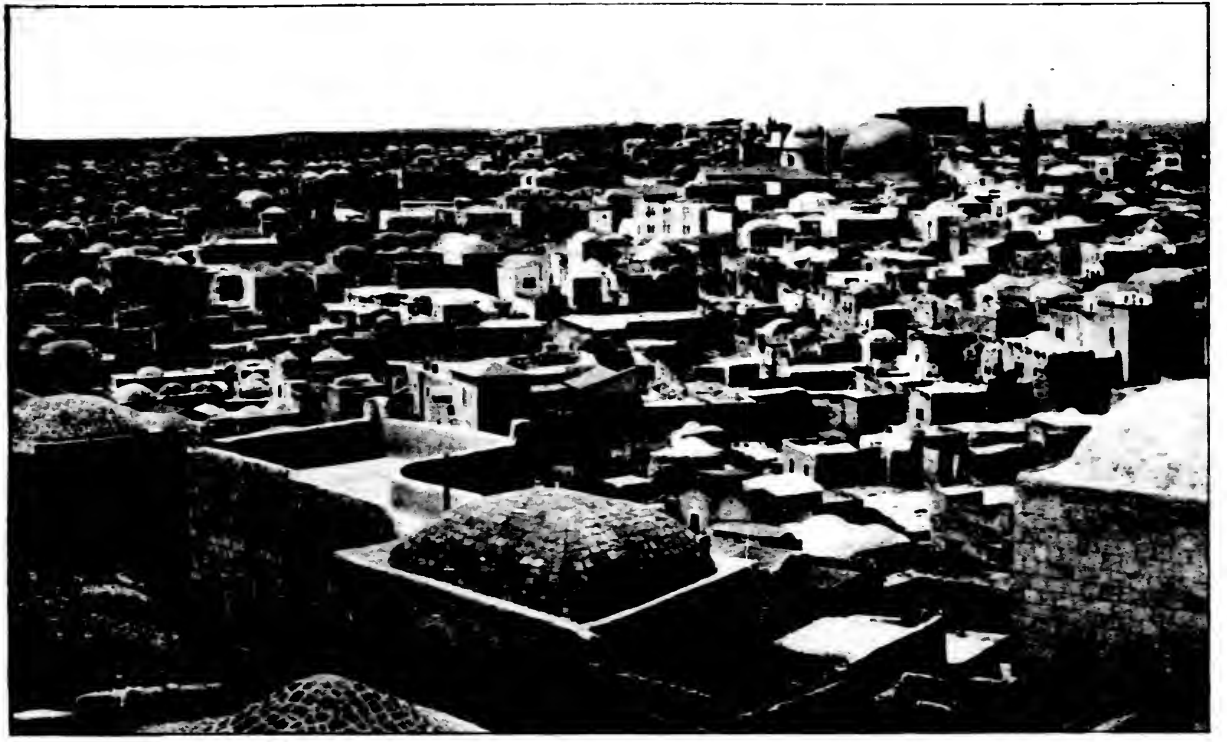
IN JERUSALEM.

Our experience on approaching Jerusalem was unlike that of some travellers. We shed no tears on sighting the Holy City. Our eyes were too busy with interesting scenes to be dimmed with tears. The saddest time to us was on taking leave of the city, when its walls, domes and towers, one by one, gradually faded from our view, probably forever, as our train moved toward Joppa.

The first objects we saw were the houses comprising the new European suburb, through which we passed on the northwestern side of the old city. Then the surrounding hills south and east of the city, including the Mount of Olives, and finally the walls came into view. At 5:30 P. M. we reached Howard's Hotel, a magnificent stone building just outside the Joppa gate, owned by a wealthy Arab, and possessing every needed convenience and comfort. Here in spacious and richly furnished rooms on the second floor we made our headquarters for seven days. At sunset we went on to the flat roof of the hotel, from which we could plainly see and readily locate almost every prominent object in and about the city. The Valley of Gihon, with its upper

and lower pools, overlooked by the walls of our hotel, the Valley of Hinnom, the Mount of Olives, Mount Scopus, the Joppa Gate, Tower of David, Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Dome of the Rock, and many other objects with which we had become familiar by reading, were in plain view. A short walk along David Street, as the night closed upon us, completed our day's work, and we retired to rest with a strong feeling of satisfaction and thankfulness that in the providence of God we had been brought thus far on our long journey. Though this was the second day of July, the night was delightfully cool, and we slept under blankets. At 8 o'clock next morning the thermometer in the shade registered only 65 degrees. This fact shows the folly of the notion entertained by most people that Palestine can not be visited during the summer season without great discomfort and even danger.

Jerusalem is perched on limestone hills, 2,589 feet above the level of the sea, and the surrounding country mainly consists of hills on hills, mountains on mountains, rocky, bare and dreary, and valleys (called *wadies*) running in every direction The appearance of the city is somewhat peculiar, and, to most people, disappointing. A fast walker could go outside the walls and walk entirely around Jerusalem in an hour, provided too many dogs and beggars are not in the way; and yet, owing to the unevenness of the ground in some places, he would have to walk much farther than the actual distance on a level. The walls are two and one-half miles in circumference,



JERUSALEM, FROM THE NORTH.

and the city, therefore, covers only about two hundred and nine acres of ground. Of course, this estimate does not include the new Jerusalem, comprising mainly the European suburb on the northwestern part of the wall. This suburb alone is now a considerable town, and in it are located the Consulates of Europe and America, the Russian property and various other important buildings. The houses in the old city are generally two stories high, are strongly built of stone, are whitewashed or plastered on the outside and from the centre of many of the flat roofs rise small white domes of stone, reminding one of huge inverted teacups, and allowing ample room to walk all around these domes on the roof, or among them when more than one dome occupies the same roof, which is sometimes the case. Viewed from an elevated position outside the walls, the city appears small, decidedly knobby, and the houses are thrown together in such a compact and confused mass that no sign of a street can be seen. The monotony is greatly relieved by the few tall domes, towers and minarets scattered over the city. The finest view of Jerusalem is obtained from the Mount of Olives; and seen from this point in the break of day and the rising sun, as we once saw it, it is really beautiful.

The walls are about thirty-eight feet high, have thirty-four towers on them, and are pierced by eight gates, all of which are open except one. Starting from the west side and walking entirely around the outside of the walls, leaving the city on your right, you pass the following gates in the order named:

Joppa Gate, New Gate, Damascus Gate, Herod's Gate, St. Stephen's Gate, Golden Gate (now walled up), Dung Gate and Zion Gate. Most of these gates are guarded day and night by Turkish sentinels, and about them large numbers of the heterogeneous people congregate to talk, lounge, beg, steal and transact business. There is one notable exception. Next to the last-named gate in the above-named list, the name of which is rather significant, has no sentinel, and even the beggar, who seems to have a certain degree of pleasure in wallowing in a limited amount of filth, has for sufficient reasons forsaken this gate. With some difficulty we managed to pass through this gate once, and it is hardly necessary to inform travellers that once will be sufficient.

The money-changers are numerous about the Joppa Gate, and also along the principal streets; and judging from their efforts to cheat us when getting a sovereign turned into the currency of the country, they have not improved much since our Saviour drove them out of the temple. We felt like following his example, if we had only possessed the whip of cords and the courage to use it. And this leads me to say that nearly every kind of money is in circulation in this country. The money puzzle was great enough in Egypt, but it is worse in Palestine. Your best way out of the difficulty is to get your money changed at the banks of Cook & Son, and make your payments and gifts through your dragoman. It is also well to keep one eye on the dragoman. All Americans who visit Palestine are thought by the people

there to be rich, and hence the sole interest of the beggars is to induce the traveller to empty out his pockets, and, having seized the contents, they straightway proceed to pull him to pieces, preserving the bits as reminders of the good time they have had. One Arab outside the walls of the city, away from observation, became so persistent in his demands for *bakhshish* as to threaten violence, and I had to beat him off with the butt end of my umbrella. This erroneous notion of Americans is generated and perpetuated by the foolish action of some travellers who sow their money broadcast among the people at the expense and annoyance of their less fortunate brethren who follow them. Such people ought to learn a lesson from the mistake of a preacher in Egypt during our visit there. On leaving Cairo a half-dozen Egyptian girls gathered about him with their little water bottles on their heads, hoping to accompany him and sell him water. To get rid of them, as he thought, he stood them in a row and supplied them liberally with *bakhshish*. But judge of his surprise when this act was immediately noised abroad and his half-dozen became several times that number, who followed him about the country making his life a burden. Poor man! I hope he reached home in safety, a wiser if not a better man in consequence of his rich experience with Egyptian water girls. As a rule *bakhshish* should never be given, except in consideration of some service rendered.

In my next letter I hope to get back to Jerusalem and tell you about what I saw on the inside of the walls.

LETTER XXVII.

INSIDE THE WALLS.

In looking on Jerusalem as it now stands, it is well to remember that we are not looking on the identical city which David, Solomon, Nehemiah, Herod, Jesus, and the apostles saw. While the eternal hills, valleys and plains surrounding the city are the identical ones seen by the eyes and trodden by the feet of the Jewish patriarchs, kings, prophets, apostles and first Christians, the city itself, from the Salem of Abraham's day to the Jerusalem of the present, has been subjected to no fewer than twenty-seven sieges, and undergone many changes. Indeed, there are here eight cities piled on top of one another. It is true that in Jerusalem are found many relics of the former cities; and when we couple this fact with the additional one, namely, that the customs, costumes and architecture of this Oriental people remain the same from age to age, we may feel a satisfaction in the thought that the Jerusalem of to-day, on which we are looking, is practically the Jerusalem of Solomon and of Jesus.

With this thought before us, let us enter this interesting city, about which cluster so many sacred memories and hallowed associations, and examine

its streets, bazaars, principal buildings and other curious and instructive objects. We will pass in through the Joppa gate, close to the tower of David, guarded by a Turkish sentinel standing erect with gun in hand, through which crowds of people, camels and donkeys are constantly coming and going. We do not pass straight through the wall like going through an ordinary gate; but we enter a square tower built into the wall, turn to the left and pass into the city. It is like entering a square house at the front door and passing into the back yard through a side door on the left. The new gate recently made in the north wall is an exception to this form of gate, being cut straight through the wall. We saw only one vehicle inside the walls, and that was Cook's carriage that took us from the Grand New Hotel, just inside the Joppa Gate, to the railway station. The streets are too narrow to admit wheeled vehicles within them. There are narrow sidewalks on David Street, extending a short distance from the Joppa Gate. But for the most part the streets of Jerusalem have no sidewalks, are very narrow, being only from six to twelve feet wide, and, with few exceptions, are very crooked. As you walk along some of the streets you suddenly come to what appears to be the end of the street; but you may turn a right angle and then again to the left and continue your walk. Only four of the principal streets are dignified with names. These are David Street, Via Dolorosa, Christian and Damascus Streets. Most of the others are mere lanes, and so winding that when you start in at one

end you do not know where you will come out at the other end. If you get out at all without difficulty you may be thankful. The streets are paved with stones of many sizes irregularly set, round tops and exceedingly slick, so it is with great difficulty for you, without the foot of a goat or an Arab, to maintain your equilibrium. The passage through them is made still more difficult and gloomy from the fact that much of these streets is covered with matting, arched over, or houses or back yards built across them, with now and then a grated window through which the feeble light is admitted from above. It is like going through a coal mine, with the light descending through the shafts to guide you.

But the worst feature of all remains to be told. These streets are frequently crowded with everything that lives and moves in Palestine, from the highest dignified human official down to the lowest species of mangy cur, and also the creeping things with which both man and beast are here unfortunately compelled to associate. Men, women, children, camels, donkeys, goats, sheep, dogs, etc., etc., are all here, pushing, gesticulating, shouting, crying, groaning, braying, bleating, barking, fighting and kicking. Here come a number of camels with uplifted heads and a contemptuous curl on the lip, swinging back and forth their great loads of brush, wheat, salt, stone or other marketable articles, while the pedestrians flatten themselves against the walls to get out of the way, and the bazaar tenders, and fruit and vegetable mongers squatted by their wares,

draw their feet under them to prevent their being chipped by the sharp hoof of a donkey or pressed by the spongy foot of a camel.

Here, next, we must give place to a drove of donkeys with their respective burdens, and an Arab larger than the donkey as a driver, perched on the smallest one, far back near its tail, swinging his big feet, which nearly touch the ground, and giving the poor animal a dig with his heels every other step it takes. Our dragoman could not tell us why these big Arabs always select the smallest donkey on which to ride, notwithstanding its back may be raw, its ribs visible under the skin, and its hind legs trembling under the great weight placed upon it. Our own view is that these fellows are too lazy to climb on to a larger one, and then, if they go to sleep and fall off, there is not much danger of spoiling their nap or bruising their flesh. These donkeys possess at least one trait of human character, for they, too, have learned to crowd. If a little donkey comes to a crowd of people in the street, he looks for a hole into which he can thrust his nose, and then giving that member of his body a few side pushes, he soon makes an opening large enough through which to pass his whole body. I know a lady who got into trouble more than once by supposing that she could compete successfully in the pushing business with a small Jerusalem donkey. On one occasion, as I took the lead to make an opening for the "weaker vessel," I missed her for a moment, and then returned a few steps in time to see her emerging from an Arab ma-

tron's big basket of green beans. The donkey made no apologies.

But the climax is reached when the different kinds and degrees of odors in these city tunnels mingle in one inharmonious whole, which then comes in contact with the olfactory nerves.

The bazaars which open out in the walls on both sides of the streets are insignificant affairs. They are so small that the owner frequently sits in the centre of his shop, and, without rising, can put his hand on almost any article he has for sale. Sometimes he stretches himself on his rug and goes fast asleep, and if you wish to make a purchase you must first wake him up and give him time to scratch his eyes open with his fingers. More than once we woke up these fellows to make a purchase. These little shops usually display a mixture of Oriental and European articles for sale. Sometimes a shop made a specialty of a single line of goods. One bazaar supplied incense, which is in great demand in the Holy City, and from which we obtained samples. Another one had sandals, old shoes, and goat-skin water-bottles; and still another sold pure olive soap, etc. The bakers, silversmiths and money-changers are also found at intervals along the streets. In the new bazaar on David Street, near the Joppa gate, are some more pretentious shops on the European plan, in which are sold almost every imaginable thing that can be manufactured out of the fine-grained olive wood of the country. Work-boxes, napkin-rings, egg-cups, paper-knives, candlesticks,

spectacle-cases, pocket-books, and other things too numerous to mention, are all here for sale. New Testaments, and beautiful albums containing pressed wild flowers from various parts of Palestine, artistically arranged, are bound in this wood. We saw near these shops a number of respectable grocery stores; and on this same street is the wheat market, in which we stood more than once, watching the buyers and sellers literally filling the Scripture requirements in giving a good measure pressed down, and shaken together, and running over

The present population of Jerusalem is estimated at 40,000; and it is divided into four quarters, namely, Christian, Armenian, Mohammedan, and Jewish. Even the dogs seem to have their quarters, and woe be to that dog which ventures into the quarters of his neighbors. The people's quarters are not quite so exclusive.

Reader, if you have accompanied us in our walk through the Jerusalem streets, let us take a long breath of fresh air before we turn aside to see other sights.

LETTER XXVIII.

A VISIT TO THE TRADITIONAL CALVARY.

WHILE I here place all I have to say of Calvary under the head of "A Visit to the Traditional Calvary," yet, strictly speaking, I should say visits, for we visited both the traditional, and what we believe to be the real Calvary, several times and studied them carefully at our leisure during our two weeks' stay in Jerusalem.

To us there is no more sacred spot on earth than Calvary. But where is Calvary? Tradition tells us that the crucifixion of Jesus on Calvary and his burial in Joseph's new tomb, both took place on the spot now covered by what is called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which stands almost in the heart of the city, two hundred yards from the nearest wall, which is on the north. This tradition carries us back to the commencement of the third century, and it gives us a very interesting account of how the site was fixed on as the true place of the crucifixion and burial of our Saviour.

According to one version of the legend, Helena, the mother of Constantine, in the fourth century, had a divine vision, in which the true spot of the crucifixion was pointed out to her. Prompted and

directed by this vision, the Empress made a journey to the Holy City, and set men to digging for the cross, while she sat by from day to day watching with intense interest the proceedings. Eventually three crosses were found, with nails, superscription, crown of thorns, and other relics. But there was a difficulty in ascertaining which one of the three crosses was the true one. But this difficulty was also soon solved. A noble lady in Jerusalem lay very ill, and to her bedside the crosses were ordered to be carried one at a time. When the first and second were brought she gave a loud scream, and was about to go into convulsions; but when she touched the third one she was instantly and miraculously cured. Others say one of the crosses spoke to the Empress, by which she knew it was the true cross. This cross has been split up, and parts of it are on exhibition at different places. Reader, what do you think of the testimony?

It is, however, an historical fact that as early as the commencement of the fourth century, a sumptuously decorated church was erected, consisting of a building over the supposed Holy Sepulchre, and of the *basilica* dedicated to the sign of the cross; and from that day to the present a building in some form has stood over this sacred spot. The present Church of the Holy Sepulchre consists of a cluster of churches, chapels, tombs, caverns, etc., thrown together in a confused mass under one roof, the whole being surmounted by two domes, the larger one towering above the surrounding buildings and becoming a conspicu-

ous object in viewing the city from the adjoining hills. These churches and chapels with their furnishings, sacred stations in them, etc., belong to the Greeks, Latins, Armenians and others.

In front of the main entrance is a court, a little lower than the street, in which may be seen, sitting on their mats, a number of venders of rosaries, relics and other articles, with a sprinkling of beggars about the corners. But our hearts are now becoming too hard for beggars to profit much by their piteous pleadings for *bakhshish*, and so with ears which are dull of hearing we press on towards the entrance to the great building.

On entering the door we notice to our left a number of Turkish soldiers, placed here to keep the peace between the rival sects. This is a sad comment upon the influence of the cross and of the tomb of the gentle Saviour of mankind, on the hearts of these superstitious people. The next object that arrests our attention, almost in front of the door and near the floor, is the Stone of Unction, on which the body of Jesus is said to have been laid for anointing when taken down from the cross. This marble slab is about eight and one-half feet long and four feet wide, and over it the Armenians, Latins, Greeks and Copts burn their lamps and candles. We saw pilgrims kissing the stone, and some of them were measuring their winding sheets by it with the view of making them the same length as the stone. How this sheet is to benefit them in death and the resurrection, we did not learn. About thirteen yards to the left is

a small enclosure marking the spot where Mary stood watching Joseph and Nicodemus anoint the body of Jesus for burial. A few more steps bring us into the rotunda, and here, under the centre of the great dome, is situated the Holy Sepulchre itself, which lies within a small hexagon chapel, about twenty-six feet long and eighteen broad. The sepulchre has two chambers, the antechamber, which we now enter, being the Angels' Chapel, in the centre of which is the stone which the angels on the morning of the resurrection rolled away from the door of the tomb. In this chapel are burning fifteen copper lamps. We next stoop considerably and pass through a low doorway into the sepulchre proper, which is only about six feet square, surmounted by a sort of dome serving as a chimney, through which the smoke escapes from the lamps. On the right of the entrance is a slab about five and one-half feet long and three feet above the floor. This is the tomb. Over this are forty-three golden lamps, which are kept constantly burning. Four of these lamps belong to the Copts, and the other thirty-nine are divided equally among the Greeks, Latins and Armenians. A Greek priest was replenishing some of the lamps during one of our visits. The marble slab, and also the stone which the angels rolled away, are worn by the lips of the pilgrims. We saw numbers of people bowing before these stones and kissing them. Some of them even prostrated themselves on the floor, kissing it at short intervals as they dragged themselves along. Such devotion to Christ, turned into the right channel,

would be a great power in the conversion of the world.

Just back of the sepulchre is the chapel of the Copts, a very meagre affair; and near this is a grotto with tombs, into which we descend with lighted candles. Here are said to be the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathæa. There can be no doubt that these are really ancient Jewish tombs. Near the sepulchre, on the north, we enter an open court, and in the centre of this is a spot in the floor marked by marble slabs inlaid and radiating from a centre stone like a star. This is the place where Jesus stood when he appeared to Mary Magdalene. The spot where Mary stood is also marked near by. The Latin Church, the Greek Church, the Chapel of Division of the Vestments, the Chapel of the Crown of Thorns, and a number of other chapels, are all clustered about here on the same floor. The Greek Church is the largest and most richly decorated of them all. In the centre of its marble pavement is a short column, which stands in the exact centre of the earth! It is well, before completing our journey around the earth, that we pause a moment at its very centre.

From the centre of the earth we now descend twenty-nine steps into the Chapel of Helena, and then down thirteen more steps into the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross. Here is where the three crosses were found, and a niche in the wall overlooking this cave is the place where the Empress sat watching the workmen while searching for these treasures.

Returning to the main floor and examining the column to which Jesus was bound when scourged, we ascend eighteen steps on to a second floor, which is only fourteen and a half feet above the floor on which the sepulchre stands. Here is Calvary. In the end of this chapel is an altar under which is a hole through a marble slab faced with silver, in which the cross of Christ stood. Five feet to each side of this hole are two more holes, in which the crosses of the two thieves stood, that of the penitent thief being on the right. Four and one-half feet to the right of Christ's cross is the rent in the rock made by the earthquake at the time of the crucifixion. The rent is covered by a brass slide, and is said to reach to the centre of the earth (not the centre we visited), but which, in fact, is only six inches deep. The slide may be pushed to one side, and if you are a doubting Thomas you are permitted to thrust in your hand and believe. A little farther to the right is a beautiful altar behind which is a picture of the Virgin, set in diamonds. All the adornments about these altars are of the richest and most profuse description. Also, on this floor, there are some small chapels which I will not take time and space to describe.

The reader must not forget, however, that Adam and Eve and Melchizedek were all buried here under these crosses, and the chapel of Adam and the tomb of Melchizedek mark the sacred spots. It is said when Christ was crucified his blood flowed through the cleft in the rock on to the head of Adam, and im-

mediately the "first man" was restored to life. Whether or not he is still living we were not informed.

There is one other thing of which I wish to speak before leaving this curious Church, and that is the Easter Festival. During this festival, Jerusalem and the Church of the Sepulchre are crowded with pilgrims of every nationality, and both in the Church and on the streets are enacted many disorderly and disgraceful scenes.

In former times the Latins represented Christ entering Jerusalem on an ass from the village of Bethphage, and even now they send to Gaza for palm branches, which they consecrate on Palm Sunday, and distribute among the people. But the greatest farce of all is the so-called Holy Fire, which they claim comes down from heaven. On one side of the sepulchre, there is a hole through the wall a few inches in circumference. On Easter eve when the Church is crowded with the pilgrims, and the galleries filled with strangers, most of whom have spent the previous night in the Church, the Greek patriarch enters the Chapel of the Sepulchre, while the priests pray without, and the people are in the utmost suspense. At length the patriarch who is on the inside of the Sepulchre alone, passes the fire out through the hole, and then follows an indescribable tumult. Every one endeavors to have his wax taper lighted first by the holy fire which has just descended from heaven in answer to prayer. In a few seconds, amidst the uproar, which is always accompanied

with fighting, the whole building is illuminated with burning tapers. Formerly the Latins joined in this monstrous piece of deception in the Christian name, but at present it is managed by the Greeks alone.

In 1834 a terrible catastrophe occurred in connection with this festival. There were more than 6,000 people in the Church, when suddenly a riot broke out. The Turkish guards who are aways present on these occasions, supposing they were being attacked, made a desperate resistance, and in the scuffle three hundred pilgrims were either killed by the soldiers, trampled to death, or suffocated. A German gentleman who has resided in Jerusalem several years, told me that he had talked with the Greek priests about this wicked and dangerous imposition, which they frankly acknowledged. When asked why they perpetuated it, their reply was that the superstitious people demanded it, it brought the pilgrims to the holy shrine, and benefited the city and the Church financially. Verily the whip of the Master is still needed with which to drive out these heartless hypocrites. Almost every foot of this great building is occupied with "sacred" spots which are visited at regular intervals by companies of richly-robed, sanctimonious priests, and kissed by millions of ignorant people. Let us turn aside for something more substantial and refreshing.

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LETTER XXIX.

A VISIT TO THE TRUE CALVARY.

I HAVE called the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the traditional Calvary because the evidence that our Saviour was crucified and buried there is mainly traditional. The scholarship which has blindly accepted this tradition for ages past is compelled by modern research to give place to a more scientific and scriptural view of the question. That Jesus was crucified outside the city walls, is a fact definitely settled by the Scriptures, and it seems equally certain that the burial also took place outside the city, for John says, "The sepulchre was nigh at hand," John xix. 42.

Now, in locating the place of the crucifixion of Christ, there are at least six facts which must be taken into consideration:

1. It took place in a garden. In John xix. 41 we read: "Now, in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid." There is no evidence that such a garden ever existed where the Church of the Holy Sepulchre now stands.

2. It must be a place called "a skull" "And they bring him unto the place Golgotha which is, being interpreted, the place of a skull." Mark xv. 22.

3. It must have been near some public thoroughfare. "And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads." Matt. xxvii. 39.

4. It was near the city. "For the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." John xix. 20.

5. In Matt. xxviii. 11, it says: "Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city," showing that the sepulchre was outside of the walls.

6. And finally, in Heb. xiii. 11, 12, Paul says: "For the bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, *suffered without the gate.*"

Now it is easy to be seen that these descriptions are not filled by the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is situated almost in the heart of the city, two hundred yards from the wall at the nearest point. Nor is there any evidence, as some have contended, that the wall of the city at the time of Christ stood so as to place the site of this Church on the outside of the city. Where, then, is the genuine Calvary?

At the north of the town, a little distance from the Damascus Gate, there is a hill, in shape resembling a skull, and in the southern face of which is situated the Grotto of Jeremiah, which, in the opinion of many modern scholars, meets every requirement of the Scriptures as the place of the crucifixion.

Sir J. W. Dawson, in his recent able work entitled "Modern Science in Bible Lands," after stating several objections to the traditional site, says: "All these considerations militate against the claim of the present Church to be on the site either of the crucifixion, or of the tomb of Jesus, while the points stated in the gospels, though evidently not intended to fix the site as a holy place, are sufficient to indicate that the knoll outside the Damascus Gate, now used as a little Moslem cemetery, and at one time the public place of execution, is the real Golgotha, or 'place of a skull,' to which it also has a claim on account of its singular form, like that of a low-browed calvarium with two sockets formed by old tombs excavated in its front. This strikes every one when it is seen in certain lights. I have advocated the claims of this site in my little book, 'Eygpt and Syria,' for reasons which will be found in that work; but I shall here quote with some slight changes from a recent admirable summary of the facts in a paper by my friend, Dr. Selah Merrill, and shall add some notes on the geology of this site of so great religious and historical interest." The following are among the lines quoted from Dr. Merrill: "For some years past there has been a growing conviction that the hill in which Jeremiah's Grotto is shown, situated a little to the northeast of the Damascus Gate, satisfied the conditions as to the site of Calvary better than any other spot in or around Jerusalem. Indeed, a large number of competent scholars have already accepted this hill as Golgotha. Hundreds of Chris-

tian tourists visit the place every year, and few of them go away unconvinced that both the arguments and the strong probability are in favor of this being regarded as the true site of the crucifixion." Major C. R. Conder, who is very high authority on Palestine, also says: "The probable site of Calvary was first pointed out by the present author in 1879, in consequence of the survival of a Jewish tradition as to the 'place of stoning' (Mishna. *Sanhed.* 6:1) or of public execution. It is a remarkable knoll, outside the third wall, on the north of the city, and certainly never included within the limits of Jerusalem. It is now commonly known as *El Heidhemiyeh*, or by Christians called 'Jeremiah's Grotto'—a fit spot for a public spectacle, with a natural amphitheatre of slopes around it, and in full view of the temple and the second wall. . . This site has become generally accepted as the true site of Golgotha, that is, Calvary."

We were particularly impressed with the appearance of this hill and its surroundings as a suitable place for public executions, and especially the crucifixion of Jesus. There is no mistaking the skull shape of the hill, even what corresponds to the sockets of the eyes being clearly seen in the southern face of the knoll. Indeed, every detail about this hill so strikingly corresponds with the gospel narratives respecting the place of the crucifixion that you seem to see the whole tragic scene transpiring before you. Though the hill is only about fifty feet above the land immediately about it, it is a conspic-

uous object; for, as Dawson fitly concludes: "It is near to the city, between the ancient roads leading from the Damascus Gate and Herod's Gate, not distant from the site of the Pretorium and having gardens and tombs close to it. It is also so situated as to command a view of the whole city and the temple, and of the amphitheatre of surrounding hills, and there is no other place which fulfills all these conditions." The fact that the summit and the northern slope of the hill are covered with Mohammedan graves has preserved to the Christian world, I am thankful to know, this spot in its natural condition. As we gathered a few late flowers from the place about where the cross of Christ may have stood, a woman, heavily veiled, came and sat a long time by one of the tombs not far away.

Having settled the place of the crucifixion within the limits of probability, let us look for the sepulchre which, according to John, "was nigh at hand." We have not far to go. About sixty yards to the west of the spot of the crucifixion, in a low cliff, there is an ancient Jewish tomb which seems to fill the gospel descriptions of the tomb of Joseph. It is in a garden, and in a place where a garden has apparently existed from the first century to the present day. It is "hewn in the rock." It would require a "great stone" rolled to the door to close it. As poor Jews could not own such valuable tombs, it must have belonged to a rich man. And, finally, in the estimation of competent scholars who have carefully examined it, its interior is "precisely the style of

tomb into which we may suppose the apostles stooped down and looked on the morning of the resurrection." After visiting this hill and tomb several times, we came away thoroughly satisfied that on this skull-hill Jesus was crucified, and that he was buried in Joseph's new tomb near at hand, from which he arose on the third day according to the Scriptures

On Sunday before leaving the Holy City we went out on to this hill to see the sun set and to meditate. The view was a charming one. At our feet on the south lay the city, quieting into peaceful slumber, beyond which the hills toward Bethlehem were visible. To our left was the Mount of Olives, over which the full moon was rising in all its glory. To our right was the New Jerusalem, from behind which the setting sun was throwing its soft rays over the Mount of Olives; and behind us was Mount Scopus with some handsome European residences on its summit. Amidst these beautiful surroundings we sat down, read the account of the crucifixion given in the gospels, and tried to enter into a realization of the sacred scenes which transpired on this spot.

LETTER XXX.

DOWN TO JERICHO.

YES, it is down in earnest. When the Bible says down it means down, and when it says up it means up. The Bible in speaking of the relative levels of the country, as in all other respects, has never been known to make a mistake. This shows that the writers were on the spot, that they were well acquainted with the country about which they wrote, and that they were guided by inspiration. In their faithfulness to all details, they have done what the learned, experienced and painstaking authors of our best guide-books have never been able to do. We read in the good Book that "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves." We were more fortunate than this man; we went down to Jericho, and did not fall among thieves. The reason was obvious. We made friends of the thieves by engaging as our guard the chief thief of the tribe.

Before beginning the journey let us go upon the Mount of Olives and have a look toward Jericho, which is distant from Jerusalem about nineteen miles. From this point as you look toward the east, the northern end of the Dead Sea, the wide plain of the

Jordan, the line of green trees bordering the Jordan as it winds its way through the plain till lost in the sea, and the mountains of Moab beyond, crowned with Pisgah's height, are all in plain view. The sea and plain are near 4,000 feet below you, making the descent from Jerusalem very rapid; and through the exceedingly transparent atmosphere of Palestine they appear so close to you that you imagine you can walk down to them in half an hour.

We made the start from Howard's Hotel, outside the Jaffa Gate, at 2 P. M., under a July sun; and our equipments were few and simple, but a trifle grotesque. The two big trotters and the dragoman were mounted on Syrian horses in European saddles, and wearing broad-brimmed pith helmets, flying puggeries and green glasses. The glasses we found very hot to the eyes, and much of the time we dispensed with them. The little trotter rode a long-eared donkey of his choice; the sheikh of the district through which we were to pass, armed with carbine, revolver and dagger, rode a sleek, spirited bay mare, with fantastical bridle, in common with the rest of us; and the muleteer was perched on top of our baggage, etc., thrown across the back of a large mule.

We went single file, for these Syrian horses, being used to following the narrow paths of the country, will go no other way. Our order of procession was usually as follows: The armed sheikh taking the lead, the dragoman, the male trotter, the female trotter, the little trotter, and the Arab muleteer. Our horses were poor walkers, hard trotters, and

harder gallopers, and so lazy that they seemed utterly indifferent to the keen strokes of the whip. But they are sensitive to the bite of flies, and for this reason you need to be constantly on your guard. These horses will suddenly stop and with their hind feet kick the flies off the top of their heads without the least concern for the comfort of the rider. If they would kick with both feet at once, the vigorous process of dispensing with the annoying flies might be tolerated. But the kicking is done with first one foot and then the other; and all the shouting and whipping you may do will not alter the awkward situation till the process is completed. The mule, we noticed, made better progress, for he usually went forward on three legs while he kicked off the flies with the fourth one. Our donkey paid but little attention to the flies, for he was never known to flinch or kick. But he was particularly careful about the treatment of his large ears. His rider took to amusing himself by tickling these appendages with his riding stick, and the donkey becoming indignant at such an insult, bowed his head between his fore feet and set the little trotter off in the road.

We rode around the north wall of the city, leaving Calvary on the left, crossed the Kidron, passed the garden of Gethsemane, wound around the southern brow of the Mount of Olives, and went close by Bethany. I asked our dragoman why we needed the sheikh escort, seeing that there was little danger of our falling among thieves on our way to Jericho. He said the real thief was the sheikh himself, who, if

not paid a sum for the privilege of escorting us through his territory, would stir up his lawless bands and make it lively and dangerous for us. All the wire-pulling money-makers do not live in America. With this rich old thief riding before us to inform his allies that he had contracted with us for a safe journey, we were in no danger whatever while in his country.

Half of the way to Jericho the road is a beautiful carriage-way; but it would be dangerous, if not impossible, for a wheeled vehicle to pass over the remainder of the distance. We soon passed the Fountain of the Apostles, out of which the apostles must have drunk when passing that way. The water bursts out of a stone wall, the remains of an old house, and falls into a stone trough. It is cool and refreshing and is the only spring on the road.

We are now in the midst of the "wilderness of Judea," and it is rightly named. Barren rocky hills and deep valleys are seen everywhere, with here and there a herd of hungry sheep and goats nibbling at the dry grass between the stones, the shepherd going before them as the Scriptures describe it. All the herds we saw in Palestine were mixed, which made us think of the churches, and the division between the sheep and the goats that will take place at the judgment day. In some places the ground was literally covered with locusts, which were making a peculiar grating noise. Near Jericho we procured a sample of this food of John the Baptist, and brought it home with us. We met at short intervals large

numbers of camels and donkeys from beyond the Jordan, laden with wheat for the Jerusalem markets and driven by fierce-looking Arabs.

Half-way to Jericho we came to the place where tradition has localized the parable of the Good Samaritan. It was certainly a fit place for the abode of robbers, and robberies have taken place about here. A newly erected khan stands here to the left of the road for the accommodation of travellers. It stands on a very old foundation, probably the foundation of the inn to which the Good Samaritan is said to have taken the unfortunate man who fell among the thieves. On passing through a gate in the front wall you enter a large open court. The accommodation is only suitable for the natives.

We next find ourselves riding along the edge of a precipice, over which we look and see a small stream flowing in the bed of the ravine hundreds of feet below us. It makes us dizzy to look into this ravine; and in places if our horses were to go too near the edge and slip over they would almost have a clear fall to the bottom. This is the brook Cherith, in which Elijah was fed by the ravens; and away up over the brook in the opposite bluff is the Convent of the Raven, in which is kept the very raven that fed Elijah (it is dead now, I believe), and which you may see for a substantial sum! There are holes along in these bluffs in which monks sometimes live. Probably no more fit place for the prophet to hide could have been found in all Palestine. A little farther on, a beautiful view of Jericho, the Dead Sea, the

Jordan, the plain and the mountains beyond the Jordan burst upon us, and we rejoiced.

Our road now broke down abruptly into the plain, and crossing the brook Cherith and riding through the valley of Achor, in which Achan was stoned, we entered Jericho at 7:30 P. M , tired and hungry, having been five and a half hours in the saddle. We put up over night at a small Russian hotel where we found everything remarkably clean, and a good bill of fare, including the first grapes of the season, which were several weeks earlier than this fruit in any other part of the Holy Land. We slept under Turkish silk quilts of rich, bright colors, which I verily believe Mrs. Trotter envies to this day.

There are three Jerichos, all occupying different sites. The walls which surrounded the cities in the time of Joshua and of Herod, respectively, are still traceable. The present Jericho consists of a group of mud and stone hovels, inhabited by about 300 degenerate Arabs, and probably about the same number of dogs. Our estimate of the number of dogs is made from their barking during the night.

A single palm tree remains in this squalid village to remind us of the once beautiful "City of Palms."

LETTER XXXI.

A VISIT TO THE DEAD SEA.

THE fourth day of July, 1894, with us was an active and intensely interesting day. We spent this Fourth at Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan. We did not forget that this was our Independence Day in America; and although we carried the stars and stripes with us, we had but little time in which to display it, or to let off fire-works. It creates a strange sensation in the bosom of the loyal American to spend the Fourth under such peculiar circumstances. But surrounded as we were, with scenes among which had been manifested so often the wonderful works of God, and which were so closely associated with the world's spiritual independence through Christ, we must confess that the Independence Day of our beloved country lost many of its charms.

We arose at 5 A. M., took our breakfast on the balcony of our hotel, which was embowered in grape-vines and fragrant flowers, and started from Jericho to the Dead Sea in the cool of the morning. All along our journey from Australia we had been informed by European wiseacres, who had never seen Palestine, that on account of the intense heat in this low valley, it would be impossible for us to visit

the Dead Sea and the Jordan during the summer months. But we neither believed their story nor acted on their advice. We had passed through the tropical heat of Ceylon and the Red Sea without harm, and we were quite prepared for the heat of the Jordan valley. We were not disappointed. The two days we spent in this valley we were fanned by a gentle breeze from the north, and the nights were delightfully cool. To be sure, at noon in the sun it was hot, but at no time did we suffer from the effects of the heat. We have experienced hotter weather both in America and Australia than we have experienced any time in Palestine. Indeed, we felt the heat more on the first fourth of July after our return home, than we did on the Fourth we spent in the valley of the Jordan. There are days, however, in the absence of any breeze, when the heat in this valley is very trying; and our dragoman told us of a number of bloated English beer-guzzlers who came very near dying from the effects of the heat here. Beer and the tropical sun are not congenial companions in travel.

At Jericho the Dead Sea seems quite near to you; but it is nevertheless about nine miles away. Our ride over the almost barren plain was a pleasant one, and we reached the sea at 8 A. M. A few bushes and coarse grass bordering the branch from Elisha's Fountain, and a few small thorn bushes scattered over the plain were to be seen along our way, and even these disappeared as we approached the sea; and the sandy ground, near the sea, over which we rode was spotted

at intervals with a sprinkling of salt, left after the evaporation of the water. Of course we all went in for a bath, and instead of experiencing the unpleasant sensation from the effects of the salt water complained of by most travellers who have bathed in this sea, we pronounced it a very pleasant and refreshing bath. The beautiful blue sea was calm, the beach pebbly, and the slope to the deep water, gradual. You can float on the water without effort. In fact, you can no more sink than a light log could sink. The difficulty is the body is lifted so far out of the water that it is not easy to make headway swimming. But Mrs. Trotter, who is a fair swimmer, was delighted with the buoyancy of the water. It is said that a horse ridden into the sea can not sink his body sufficiently in the water to enable him to swim, but will immediately turn over on his side, snort and struggle to regain and maintain his equilibrium. We did not try this experiment, as we had no horses to spare. But we verily believe that the only donkey of our company was so lazy that instead of struggling on going in, he would have stretched himself on the surface of the water and floated out to sea with the greatest complacency. We filled a small bottle with the water to bring home with us, and then we began to think more seriously of our surroundings

This sea, which is known in the Bible as the Salt Sea, the East Sea, the Sea of the Plain, and later, the Dead Sea and the Sea of Lot, is in many respects the most remarkable and interesting sheet of water

in all the world. It is the lowest inland sea in the world, being 3,900 feet below the Mount of Olives, and 1,293 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. It is forty-seven miles long, about ten miles wide, and its greatest depth is 1,310 feet. Its sides are bordered with precipitous bluffs and mountains, varying in height from 500 to 3,000 feet, and a mountain of rock salt stretches for seven miles along its southwestern shore. This salt is of excellent quality, and is the salt principally found in the Jerusalem markets. We procured a sample, and we have been asked since coming home if it is likely to be a piece of Lot's wife. We leave that problem for the "higher critics" to solve.

Into this sea it is estimated not less than six million tons of water are poured daily, mainly by the Jordan. For this enormous quantity of water there is no escape except by means of the extraordinary evaporation which is continually going on; and this evaporation leaves behind every substance which has been washed into the sea that constitutes saltness, and thus it is we have as a result in the Dead Sea water the heaviest and saltest sea water on the earth. You are also struck with the death-like appearance of every object about this sea. There is not a living thing to be seen in its waters or, with a few exceptions, close to its shores. Even the fish which are floated down into it by the Jordan immediately die and are washed ashore. If any living thing exists in the Dead Sea, which is very doubtful, it is of a very low order, and has not yet been discovered.

Neither shells nor coral are found in it The ancients believed that not even a bird could fly across it. But this belief is evidently unfounded We saw anchored at a short distance from the shore a small Arab sail boat. We were told that there was another similar boat on the sea, both of them having been put on by the government for the benefit of the rock-salt and bitumen trade.

We were also impressed with the fact that we were standing on or near the site once occupied by the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah; for it is now generally agreed among scholars that these cities were situated on the northwestern shore of the sea. This site seems to better fill all the requirements of the Scripture narrative. The fact that not a vestige of the cities themselves is to be found, unless some mounds there should prove to contain their ruins, only shows that when God engages in the work of destruction he does his work well. Yet there are not lacking visible evidences of existence here of the material means with which God overthrew these cities. While the "slime pits," or more correctly speaking, the bitumen pits, are now probably occupied by the sea, bitumen and sulphur are both found here. Springs of petroleum are also here, "and this, when hardened, becomes asphalt." We procured beautiful specimens of these substances.

The Hebrew word in the sacred text translated "brimstone" is thought by some scholars to be a general term including all these inflammable substances; and hence it was only necessary for God to unite

miraculous power with the natural means already at hand to produce the complete destruction of these cities with "brimstone and fire."

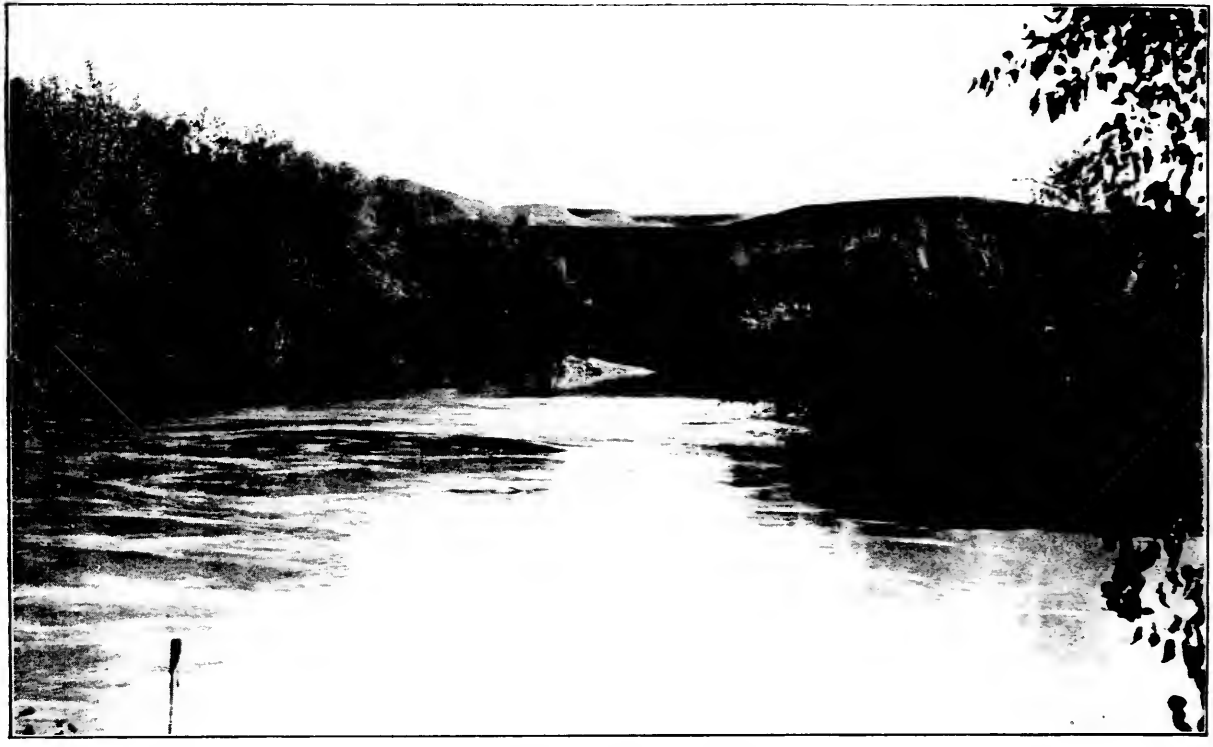
We may fittingly conclude this letter with the words of Lieutenant Lynch, of the American Expedition, who fully explored this remarkable sea. He says: "Everything said in the Bible about the Dead Sea and the Jordan, we believe to be fully verified by our observations."

LETTER XXXII.

A VISIT TO THE JORDAN.

HAVING finished our observations at the Dead Sea, we rode away across the plain in a northeastern direction to the Jordan, at the Pilgrim's Bathing Place, which is about four miles from the mouth of the river. We were one hour riding the distance, reaching there at 10:30 A. M. Soon after leaving the Dead Sea we entered the second bed of the Jordan, over which the water flows during the flood season, and rode along the bank of the river to the ford. Scattering bushes of various kinds and tufts of tall native grass bordered our path, which was dry and firm. During the rainy season this road is so muddy that it is almost impassable. During the entire length of the Jordan as it winds its way through the plain its immediate banks are lined with trees and undergrowth, in some places forming a regular jungle, making it difficult for you to creep through it, and hiding the river from view till you come to the very water's edge. At the bathing place, however, near where the road crosses, there is a comparatively good view of the river for a few hundred yards.

Great interest centres at this point. It is probably



PLACE WHERE JESUS WAS BAPTIZED.

here where the Israelites "passed over" the Jordan, "right against Jericho." It was here that Elijah and Elisha smote the waters with the former's mantle and went "over on dry ground." And still more interesting to know, it is doubtless the place where John the Baptist baptized the multitudes, and where Jesus himself was baptized. There is plenty of room for the people to congregate, and during the dry season it is an admirable place for baptizing. While in some parts the water is too deep for this purpose, at other points the bottom is pebbly, the slope gradual to the proper depth, and the current not too strong for baptizing with perfect safety and ease. I have frequently baptized scores of people in far more difficult places. More than once baptisms have taken place at, or near, this point In 1889 Dr T. De Witt Talmage immersed a young man from America in the Jordan at this ford, and he experienced no difficulty in performing the act. Every year thousands of pilgrims bathe in the river at this place, many of them being immersed by the Greek priests. Immediately after the Easter ceremonies at Jerusalem the great caravan starts for this ford, and their encampment on the bank of the river, lighted with pine torches, presents a curious and interesting spectacle. An eye-witness says: "Early in the morning, at a given signal, the pilgrims leave their resting place and proceed to the river, when old and young, rich and poor, without much regard to propriety, plunge into a promiscuous bath. The scene has been variously described by many travellers, who affirm that

the Greeks attach deep religious significance to the ceremony, which is to them the source of many blessings." Another writer says: "The priests wade into the water breast-deep and dip into the stream the men, women and children as they approach in their white garments. Some of the pilgrims fill jars from the river to be used for baptisms at home." The American Consul at Jerusalem is a Presbyterian preacher, and his wife told us with delight how she had her first-born infant sprinkled a short time before our visit with the sacred water brought from the Jordan. Of course we followed the example of the pilgrims, taking a bath. The only lady pilgrim of our party donned a white dress, waded in and dipped herself seven times, in imitation of Naaman's dipping, probably at this place. As the writer was about to enter the water the dragoman, sheikh and the muleteer all joined in persuading him to hold on to a long rope which they had provided. To allay their fears he did so, but soon they said: "We don't need to look after him, he can swim." We also, like the other pilgrims, took a bottle of water to bring home with us, but not for baptismal purposes.

The Jordan is in some respects a peculiar river, and coupled with its sacred associations, it becomes an intensely interesting one. Its extreme length is 137 miles. It is 65 miles in a straight line from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, and yet so crooked is the river that in going that distance it actually runs 200 miles. It runs to almost every point of the compass, and where we saw it, its flow is so

smooth that we could scarcely hear a ripple as we stood on its bank. The river varies in width during the year from thirty to sixty yards, and during the dry season it is from three to twelve feet deep. The water was so muddy that the bottom could not be seen anywhere. It is no wonder Naaman preferred to dip himself in the clear waters of his own Abana and Pharpar.

We spread our lunch in the shade of the trees and ate it with much satisfaction. We then spent some time pushing our way through the bulrushes, reminding us of the cane-brakes of Louisiana, and cutting sticks from the thick forest to bring home with us. I am not surprised that the lion in olden times lurked in these jungles. It is a fit place for wild animals, and some of the more harmless kinds are still found there.

We returned to Jericho at 3 P. M., and after a short rest we rode out to see Elisha's Fountain, a short distance northwest from the present Jericho. This is undoubtedly the spring which the prophet Elisha healed, an account of which we have in II. Kings ii. 19-22. It is a beautiful spring, bursting forth copiously from the earth and forming a pond surrounded by a stone wall. We took a long, refreshing draught from it and decided that it was the best water we had tasted thus far on our journey. Immediately below the fountain there was a respectable Arab grist-mill in full operation. Its black owner showed us through it with much satisfaction. On the banks of the stream, between the mill and the

village of Jericho, the Russians have located a convent and a school, and the vegetation surrounding them is luxuriant This perennial fountain in proper hands would be made to turn this whole plain into a beautiful garden. Near Elisha's Fountain can be seen the remains of ancient Jericho.

Just back of the spring rises up conspicuously Quarantana, the mountain on which tradition has located the temptation of Jesus, and from the top of which may be had a fine view. The name, which means forty, was given to the mountain by the Crusaders in the twelfth century with reference to our Lord's forty days' fast. Near the summit the mountain is honeycombed with hermitages; but the hermits have forsaken these gloomy abodes. After all, tradition is probably wrong in the selection of this mountain as the mountain on which Jesus was tempted, for it does not seem to meet all the requirements of the Scriptures.

As we returned to our hotel we gathered some curious fruit called the apple of Sodom, and passed a Bedouin Arab encampment with its camel's hair tents, complement of barking dogs, etc. The frogs in a pool near by, the dogs and the Arabs made the night lively for us.

We arose early next morning and returned to Jerusalem. We arrived at Bethany at 11 A. M., and instead of going right into Jerusalem we preferred to spread our lunch under olive trees on that part of the Mount of Olives near Bethany, from which we believe our Saviour ascended into heaven. Here we released

our sheikh escort, his term of service having expired. We had seen him a short time before in close consultation with our dragoman, and we thought we knew what it meant. Sure enough, he had insisted that the dragoman should inform me that the faithful sheikh expected *bakhshish*. I told the sheikh that he was a rich man and I was a poor preacher, that I had already paid all expenses of the trip to the Jordan through Thomas Cook & Son, including his full salary, and that he ought to be satisfied with his pay according to the agreement. He thought over the matter, and then sat down close beside me with a pleasing countenance and said he would be satisfied with whatever I wished to give him. I told him if he would stick to that statement I would make him a gift. To this he agreed. I then took out my purse and with great dignity presented him with *one franc!* The mingled feelings of astonishment, amusement and disgust depicted in the man's face afforded a rare study to all of us. He went behind an olive tree and pouted like a ten-year old boy who had been denied a fishing excursion on which he had set his heart. But I stood firm, and he finally concluded to laugh and bid us a hearty good-bye. The sheikh had taken special delight in lifting the lady trotter from her horse a number of times, and for this attention he probably thought he should have extra pay. But I thought the privilege of thus making use of his dusky hands was ample pay.

Bethany contains about forty hovels inhabited by Mohammedans. It is beautifully situated on the

southeastern spur of the Mount of Olives, and is surrounded by numerous olive, fig and carob trees. We saw in Bethany the tomb of Lazarus and the house in which Mary and Martha lived. Our faith in their identity was weak; though the house of the sisters could not have stood far from the spot, and we examined a cave a few hundred yards away which seemed to us to fill the Scripture narrative of the burial and resurrection place of Lazarus. We then rode over the Mount of Olives, by the Garden of Gethsemane, down the Valley of Jehoshaphat, up the Valley of Hinnom to our hotel near the Joppa Gate, where we arrived tired and sun-tanned.

LETTER XXXIII.

A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM.

We will leave Jerusalem again for the present, while we visit some other points of interest; and there is no place outside of Jerusalem and its environs more interesting to us than the town of Bethlehem, where David lived, and in which our Saviour was born. Let us, therefore, visit it.

Bethlehem is situated slightly west of south from Jerusalem, and only six miles distant. When you stand on the highest point of the Mount of Olives, you turn toward Bethlehem, expecting to catch a glimpse of it; but you are disappointed. Owing to an intervening ridge, the only thing you can see in it is the spire of one of the churches in the western end of the town. Our carriage leaves Jerusalem at the Joppa gate, and we descend into the Valley of Gihon, crossing on a stone bridge which divides this valley from the Valley of Hinnom, on our left. Ascending from the valley by a winding road, we enter the Plain of Rephaim, where David twice defeated the Philistines. We pass the railway station on the right and follow the beautiful level road which extends all the way to Bethlehem. On both sides of the road are well cultivated fields of ripe wheat, green durrah,

olive groves, and vineyards, enclosed by fences made of stones laid loosely on top of one another. Alorg the road we met numbers of men, women and children, some on foot and others riding camels and donkeys, which were loaded with brush, wheat and other articles for the Jerusalem markets. At the farther end of the plain we came to a well in the edge of the road which is pointed out as the well of the Magi, so called because tradition says that the wise men drank from it and saw reflected in the water the star that was guiding them to the Divine Babe of Bethlehem.

We now ascend to the top of the above-named intervening ridge, from which we obtain a fine view of Bethlehem to the south, and Jerusalem to the north of us. Bethlehem looks especially pretty from this point of view. On the left is a large building belonging to the Greeks, called Mar Elyas, or Convent of Elijah. On our right, by the roadside, is a depression in a ledge of limestone rock, which we are told was caused by the Virgin Mary reclining here to rest, as the holy family passed that way. A little farther along, on our left, is a deep valley sloping down from the road which is pointed out as the place where the angels appeared to the shepherds by night when Jesus was born. The lower end of the valley, now green with durrah, is said to be the field of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned wheat. We saw some women gleaning not far away. We next come to the tomb of Rachel, a small, stone, house-like building, with a whitewashed dome, which is thought by many to occupy the true site of Rachel's tomb; but

by others this site is disputed. If this is not the true site, Rachel's grave, according to the Scriptures, could not have been far away. Here the road to Bethlehem turns to the left, and the other branch leads straight on to Solomon's Pools and Hebron.

Bethlehem is built on a ridge, considerably elevated, running almost east and west, and as you approach it you are attracted by the beautiful terraces along the side of this ridge, which are formed by building stone walls parallel to the hill so as to level the ground between the terraces, which are thickly set with olive and fig trees and vineyards. Scattered about in these cultivated fields, groves and vineyards, are stone watch-towers, affording us illustrations of the Scripture watch-towers.

As we are about to enter the town, we turn a few steps to the left of the road to see David's Well, from which David longed to have a cool drink when Bethlehem was held by his enemies. It will be remembered how three of his mighty men fought their way through the Philistines' lines, procured the water and brought it to David, and how he refused to drink it, but poured it out as a thank offering unto the Lord.—II. Sam. xxiii. 14-17. The well is now enclosed by a stone wall, has a care-taker to whom a small admission fee must be paid; and the water is cool and refreshing. Here we noticed the superior beauty of the Bethlehem women, as they gathered about us to ask for *bakhshish*, and noted their peculiar style of head-dress, which distinguishes them from the other native women of Palestine. These

Bethlehemites claim to be the descendants of the Crusaders, and thus it is that they are celebrated for their ruddy beauty and warlike dispositions.

On entering the town, we find the streets narrow and crooked, and the houses, which are built of a yellowish white limestone, are crowded together and are poorly lighted and ventilated. The fresh appearance of the new part of the town presents a pleasing contrast to the weather-beaten houses of the old Bethlehem. Our carriage went bumping over the uneven lane called a street, while the people stood with their backs to the wall, or squatted in the door of their little shops or homes with their feet drawn under them to avoid being hit by the flying wheels of our vehicle. Passing through the small bazaar, filled with a curious people, we alighted in front of the Church of the Nativity.

This extensive, irregular and indescribable mass of buildings is situated in the eastern end of the town, and looks much like an old fortress. Yet an excellent publication just from the press, entitled, "Early Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," by Bishop John H. Vincent and other able scholars, says the Church of the Nativity is "situated in the *western* part of Bethlehem." The late edition of Baedeker's able guide-book on Palestine and Syria makes the same curious mistake. Surely when these great scholars deliberately write down and publish this inexcusable blunder, the "higher critics" should be slow to find fault with the Bible, which makes no such mistakes. This is not the only mistake we have

noted in books and newspaper articles on Palestine.

A little way to the west of this group of buildings are situated several respectable shops, in which are manufactured and sold rosaries, crosses and various other articles in olive wood, corals, mother-of-pearl, and stink-stone from the Dead Sea. A visit to these shops will prove interesting. We made some purchases. One of these shopkeepers was at the Chicago World's Fair and took a premium on his goods. Bethlehem has a population of about 8,000, the great body of whom are Greek and Roman Catholics.

In our next letter we will examine more fully the traditional birthplace of our Saviour.

LETTER XXXIV.

IN THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

THE main entrance to this cluster of buildings, comprising the Greek Church, the Latin Church, and the Greek, Latin, and Armenian monasteries, is on the west, through a heavy, narrow door, only about four feet high, standing in an archway of stone. Stooping to pass through this door, you enter the Church of St. Mary, proper It is built over a cave in which tradition claims Jesus was born. The original building, which has undergone many changes, is a very old one. It was probably erected by order of the Emperor Constantine, about three hundred and thirty years after the birth of Christ.

The Church is built in the shape of a Latin cross, and the style is plain and simple. You pass over the stone-paved floor between five rows of lofty columns formed of single stones, some of which are said to have been taken from Solomon's Temple, and on the walls you notice the remains of ancient, faded mosaics, depicting various scenes in the early history of Christianity, which must have been very beautiful when whole and fresh. It is also claimed that the roof is formed of "beams of rough cedar from Lebanon." The great altar in the eastern end of the

Church is screened by a partition thrown across the building over which can be seen the top of the cross above the altar. Passing through a door in this screen, you stand face to face with this elegant altar, whose costly lamps and brilliant decorations are chiefly the gifts of kings, queens and other distinguished persons from various parts of the world. About this altar are clustered the throne of the Greek Patriarch, the pulpit, seats for the Greek clergy, and Greek choir. On each side of the platform on which the altar stands is a flight of steps leading down into the Grotto of the Nativity. Descending six steps from the left of the platform, we found ourselves in what is called the Chapel of the Nativity, an irregularly shaped cavern about thirteen and one-half yards long, four yards wide, and ten feet high, in which are burning thirty-two lamps. The floor is of marble, and the walls are of masonry lined with marble and decorated with figures of saints, embroidery, etc. On our right is a semicircular recess in which a silver star is let into a marble slab in the pavement, marking the very spot where Jesus is said to have been born; and this fact is expressed by these Latin words extending partly around the star: *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.* Over this recess we counted sixteen silver lamps, kept constantly burning, some of which belong to the Greeks, some to the Latins, and the others to the Armenians, all of whom have a special interest in this sacred spot. We descend three steps to the opposite side of the chapel and we are shown the manger in which

Jesus was cradled. It is made of marble, the bottom being white and the front brown, and over which eight lamps are burning. For eight days during Christmas-time a richly decorated wax doll is laid in the manger, and is placed on exhibition by the priests, while thousands of the superstitious people worship it. This cradle is not, however, the genuine manger; that one, it is claimed, was found by the Empress Helena and carried off to Rome. The Empress seems to have been a remarkably successful relic hunter. She has discovered almost every object connected with the birth and crucifixion of Jesus, even to the nails with which he and the thieves were fastened to the cross! We would not have been surprised if our guide had pointed out the remains of the very donkey which ate out of the manger in which the Babe of Bethlehem was laid.

By following the windings of the cave, we visit various other chapels and tombs, in close proximity to the Grotto of the Nativity, such as the Altar of the Magi, the spot where the wise men of the East presented their gifts; the Chapel of Joseph, into which he retired at the moment of the nativity; the Altar of the Innocents, where a large number of the children massacred by Herod are buried; the Tomb of Eusebius, the church historian, and the Chapel and Tomb of Jerome. There is no doubt that Jerome lived and labored in Bethlehem during the latter part of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth centuries, and he possibly lived as a hermit in this cave. It was also here that he did much of his writing, pro-

ducing, in all probability, his famous Latin translation of the Bible, known as the Vulgate. He died here in A. D 420.

While we were examining these sacred places, a Turkish soldier came round with a candle to see if any valuable thing was taken. He makes this round a number of times each day.

Returning to the floor of the Church, we notice a Turkish sentinel stationed near the great altar, whose duty it is to see that the different sects do not fight when they come to worship at the manger. The Greeks have the lion's share about the Church of the Nativity; but for the accommodation of the Latins, a path on the bare floor, about three feet wide, leads from their Church through part of the Greek Church, to the manger; and woe be to the Latin priest who sets his bare foot outside of this path on to the Greek carpet "Behold how these Christians love one another!"

Was Jesus born here? The objection based on the Bible statement that he was born *in* Bethlehem, to my mind, does not carry much weight with it. The site is much nearer Bethlehem than I anticipated, and I think it sufficiently near to have justified the inspired writer in locating it *in* Bethlehem. But in my opinion the strong improbability that Jesus was born in a *cave*, is fatal to the traditional site. That he could not have been born far from this spot is certain; and this fact brought before us afresh the picture of the wonderful event fraught with so many rich blessings to mankind, and filled us with joy

akin to that possessed by the shepherds when the angel said to them, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

From Bethlehem we drove down to Solomon's Pools, two miles farther on, and examined these three immense reservoirs, all of which were partly filled with water. They are all in splendid preservation. The largest one is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide at one end and 148 feet wide at the other end, and 50 feet deep at the lower end. When full, it would float a large man-of-war. At one time the water from the spring connected with these pools was conveyed in an aqueduct to the temple at Jerusalem. I procured a piece of the earthen pipe as a memento. Native women were taking water out of a well near the upper pool, and we took our first drink out of a Scripture bottle—a goat-skin The women insisted that Mrs. Trotter should remove her glove so that they might touch her white hand with their black ones. This greatly pleased them.

As we returned to Jerusalem we saw, a little way to our left, a fresh looking town, surrounded by beautiful olive groves, which is inhabited mainly by Christians. It is probably the Scripture Giloh, the home of Ahithophel, David's special counselor. We also saw shepherds in this hill country of Judea keeping watch over their flocks by *day*.

Bethlehem had a peculiar fascination for us; so much so, indeed, that we were constrained to visit

it a second time. On Sunday morning before taking our final leave of Jerusalem, we drove out to Bethlehem, and witnessed in the Church of the Nativity what few travellers have the privilege of seeing. While examining the Latin Church we noticed a priest meet a native woman at the door who had a young child in her arms, and conduct her toward the baptismal font, reading Latin as he went. He was joined at the font by a second priest, who assisted in a long ceremony from the Latin prayer book. Finally the mother held the infant in a horizontal position over the font, which was about two feet in diameter, and one of the priests took up a silver pitcher containing about a quart of water and poured the contents over the little head of the babe, completely drenching it. He then wiped the head dry with a handkerchief, applied a few drops of oil to the forehead of the infant, and the ceremony was completed. The child took the pouring good-naturedly. There were present only the mother, a small boy, the two priests, ourselves, and two Bethlehem shop-keepers who accompanied us. The Greeks practice immersion only, and hence, we saw in their division of this great Church a large font in which the immersing is done.

We left Bethlehem with regret, and we took our last, lingering look at it as our carriage passed over the dividing ridge toward Jerusalem.

LETTER XXXV.

WALKS ABOUT JERUSALEM.

After the first week in Jerusalem we moved our headquarters from Howard's Hotel, outside the city, to within the walls. We found very pleasant quarters at the German Hospice, situated on the corner of the *Via Dolorosa* and Damascus Street. Our spacious bedroom, with its white stone floor, partly covered with loose mats, was built across Damascus Street, and under it we could hear the noise from the street late at night and early in the morning. Our special servant was an Arab girl, intelligent and pleasant. She presented the little trotter with a card, on which she had made a beautiful cross of pressed flowers, gathered about the city. The hospice was kept by a German gentleman and his family, all of whom were members of the Lutheran Church in the city. They furnished a good table—except the goat butter. This was our introduction to this article of food. I tasted it once, after which I gave Mrs. Trotter instructions to make it convenient to keep it at the opposite end of the table. I could not even look at it again without losing my appetite. It had a loud goaty smell, and a louder taste. I told Mrs. Trotter she was falling from grace, because she

persisted in eating the lard-looking stuff. No wonder the Bible represents the wicked as goats. I seem to smell and taste this butter as I write. I will change the subject. Here also we met a Presbyterian clergyman from Brooklyn, N. Y., the only other boarder at the hospice, with whom we had several delightful walks.

We arose one beautiful morning at four o'clock and walked to the highest point of the Mount of Olives to see the sun rise from behind the mountains of Moab, beyond the Jordan. It was a glorious sight. At the northern end of the mountain there was a threshing-floor comprising about an acre of ground, and much wheat had been carried there to be tramped out by the beasts of burden. The Arab watch was stretched on a pile of straw, and we walked almost over him without disturbing his slumbers. Near the summit we examined a Scripture bake-oven. It was built of stones and mud, about six feet high and fifteen feet in circumference at the bottom, and cone shaped. There was one opening near the ground about three feet square. The fire was built in the centre of the oven, and when hot, the dough was laid on projecting stones around the inner edge of the oven for baking. Near by we saw large quantities of the droppings of cows and other animals made into flat cakes and stuck on the sides of the houses and stone fences for drying. This is the principal fuel for bread-baking The Mount of Olives is a long, ridge-like hill, having two prominent summits divided by a saddle. The southern summit

overlooks Bethany, so that when you are standing on it you are as "far as Bethany" without being in the town. It was evidently from this point that Jesus ascended into heaven. See Luke xxiv. 50, 51. The ascent of the mount is made by three paths from the Garden of Gethsemane, the centre one leading directly to the summit, and the other two inclining to the right and left.

At the western base of this mountain is situated the Garden of Gethsemane, enclosed in a white-washed stone wall about ten feet high, and includes about half an acre of ground. The entrance is through a grated iron door, and in one corner is a sort of house occupied by the Latin monk who takes care of the garden. The ground is divided into six squares by a small picket-fence, and cultivated in beautiful flowers. The monk supplied us with a variety of seeds from which we have successfully grown some of these flowers. Water is supplied by a well in the center of the garden, dug at the expense of an American lady. We counted in the garden eight very old olive trees. There is no good reason for doubting that it was on or near this spot where Jesus was betrayed by Judas with a kiss.

As we returned from the Mount of Olives about a dozen women were sitting at intervals along the road crossing the Kidron Valley to beg of us. They held out their hands and said pitifully, "*Bakhshish, ya khowaja*," meaning, "A gift, O sir." Our reply was, "*La bakhshish*"—"No gift."

We visited the Mosque of Omar, or more correctly, the Dome of the Rock, which occupies the site of

Solomon's Temple, on Mount Moriah. Except Mecca, there is no more sacred place in the world to the Mohammedans. We had to make special arrangements to visit it. To protect us from all harm, we were supplied with an armed Turkish soldier and the body-guard of the American Consul. And yet the place is gradually losing some of its sacredness. A few years ago no one could enter the Dome without removing the shoes from the feet; but we were only required to put on slippers over our shoes. The natural limestone rock, of irregular shape, under the centre of the great dome, about 50 feet long, 40 feet wide and 6½ feet high, is the most sacred spot of all. Yet in a small cavern immediately under the sacred rock we saw a dirty Arab sound asleep. There is a circular hole through the centre of the rock, and tradition says that when Mohammed made his celebrated flight to heaven from the cave under it, the hole was made by his body passing through the rock. Mohammed must have been a hard-headed, stiff-necked prophet. This rock may have supported the altar on which Abraham offered his son Isaac, and over it some important part of the Temple probably stood. In the Mosque el Aksa, in another part of the Haram inclosure, we saw near the beautifully carved pulpit two marble columns standing about eight inches apart, called the "Strait gate," or "Gate to heaven." The Mohammedans say no one who can not pass between the columns can enter heaven. During our visit the gate was closed, so we did not have the pleasure of going to heaven that way. Had the gate

been open, I much doubt if Mrs. Trotter could have squeezed between the posts, and the thought of going to heaven and leaving her on the outside of the gate would have made me sad.

On Friday in the afternoon we went to the Wailing Place of the Jews, by the Haram wall, not far from the Temple site. We found our way there from David Street along a narrow, winding, filthy lane which was filled with beggars at every turn. We were received very kindly, special seats being arranged for us. About 150 Jews of both sexes were congregated before this wall, 65 feet high, some reading their Hebrew Bibles and prayer books, while others were kissing the immense stones of the wall and wailing, the tears rolling down their cheeks. It was a sad sight. There were present a couple of two-legged donkeys, making light of the wailers. At home, they were probably known as French gentlemen. We also saw here one thing that did present a comical side, to which the Jews, however, paid no more attention than if it had been a necessary part of the programme. It was a case of brawling. An Arab and his wife had a difference, and they settled it in the wailing place. The woman talked with her head, arms, feet and body, and she seemed to have a dozen tongues, each one on a pivot and loose at both ends. The man was no better. I can now understand what Solomon meant when he said: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the house top, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." And Solomon might have added that "it is better

to dwell in the cellar, than with a brawling man in a wide house."

On Saturday we went into a Jewish Synagogue, in which there was a crowd of men, some sitting on benches, some standing, some reading aloud and others engaged in conversation. All had their heads covered. We saw at the back of the building the woman's gallery; but the women were not there.

We visited David's Tomb, a short distance outside the Zion Gate. Adjoining it, on a second floor, is pointed out the traditional Upper Room in which the Lord's Supper was instituted, and in which the disciples were assembled on the Day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit descended on them. The native women are required to approach the tomb by a special way, and to pass through a doorway across which a chain is stretched about two feet from the ground. Under this chain the women must stoop to keep them humble. When the "new woman" reaches Jerusalem this chain will come down. As further evidence that she has not yet arrived there, I saw a man on David Street violently push down a woman, presumably his wife, and no one in the crowd took as much notice of it as if he had kicked his dog. Returning from the "upper room" we passed the Turkish barracks and heard the band playing. It seemed that the whole tune was composed of discords It was a mixture of screeching, creaking, rattling sounds such as we had never heard before. The Turk must have a strangely constructed ear for music.

On our first Sunday in the city we attended the Episcopal Church, at 10 A. M. The service was conducted in English, and the sermon was poor. About 60 people were present, mostly English residents. In theory there are what we may call three Sundays in Jerusalem. The Mohammedans observe Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the Christians Sunday. But practically all days are much alike, except the Jewish Sabbath, which is most strictly observed of all other days In the Jewish quarter all the shops are closed on the Sabbath, and in other quarters the Jew does not hesitate to close his shop, though his Christian neighbors on both sides of him are open. Evidently the Christianity in Jerusalem is not the type to convert the Jews very soon.

We visited and carefully examined the principal pools in and about the city, including the Upper and Lower Pools of Gihon, the Pool of Hezekiah, the Pool of Siloam, the Virgin's Pool and the Pool of Bethesda. On the opposite side of the *Via Dolorosa* from the last named pool, and at the northwestern corner of the Church of St. Anna, has been recently discovered what is considered by many to be the true Bethesda of the New Testament. It is much smaller than the traditional Bethesda, is reached by a flight of steps, is surrounded by old porches, and the water which constantly stands in it is thought to contain sanitary properties. We were also kindly shown through the excavations which Dr. Bliss was making on Mt. Zion, a short distance outside the present wall. Dr. Bliss has made here some valuable discoveries, the principal one of which he believes to be

part of the wall of the ancient city. On the opposite side of the Valley of Hinnom we examined the Field of Blood, and explored the newly discovered tombs, which were partly filled with grinning human skeletons. The tombs are enclosed with a stone wall and kept by a Greek priest. The priest gave me a description of the discovery, etc., printed in Greek. Near this spot we saw a strong limb of an olive tree projecting over the cliff, on which any modern Judas might easily hang himself, and in case the rope should break, giving him a clear fall of thirty feet on to the sharp rocks, probably "bursting him asunder in the midst." The Valley of Hinnom was the hottest place through which we passed in all of our travels, and it was a fit reminder of the Bible hell with which it has been long associated.

On Wednesday, July 11, by special invitation, we took tea with the American Consul, Rev. E. S. Wallace, and wife. Here we met the wife of the English Consul and other prominent ladies. On the following Sunday afternoon the Consul arranged to have my Presbyterian friend and myself conduct service in the large office of the consulate, the first of the kind that had been attempted. Encouraged by the large attendance of Europeans, the Consul announced his purpose to continue the meetings.

Our walks about Jerusalem proved exceedingly interesting, and were far too numerous to admit of even a brief description of all of them here. They will always remain fresh in our memories, and continually furnish incentives to Bible study and the proclamation of the Gospel of Christ.

LETTER XXXVI.

FROM JERUSALEM TO NAPLES.

On Monday morning, July 16, we took our final departure from Jerusalem. The agent of Thomas Cook & Son drove us to the railway station and secured for us the exclusive use of a first-class compartment. At 7:45 our train left for Joppa, and as we moved away through the Plain of Rephaim, the Tower of David, the Mount of Olives and the Russian Tower, on the summit of Olivet, were the last objects about the city to be seen. Our train gradually descended the wadies which wind about, serpentine fashion, passing beautiful vegetable gardens, olive groves, terraced hills and rugged mountains till we reached the Plain of Sharon. We also passed in the Valley of Roses, about five miles from Jerusalem, Philip's Fountain, where the Latins claim the eunuch was baptized. There is a beautiful pool of water a short distance below the spring, with steps leading down into it, which would certainly prove an admirable place for baptizing. We saw other places along the wadies which, during the greater part of the year, would serve the same purpose. It will not be according to fact to contend that there was not plenty of water in the country through which the

eunuch passed in which he could have been immersed.

In the Plain of Sharon we saw what appeared to be straw-stacks moving towards the threshing-floors. But they were simply camels with immense loads of unthreshed wheat on their backs, their legs only being visible. It is said that a full-sized camel can carry more than 800 pounds. I am sure that these were carrying next to the last straw that broke the camel's back. We saw at one large threshing-floor, near Jaffa, a donkey and an ox yoked together, treading out the wheat. Near by we saw a large camel and a small donkey tied together, making their rounds, the back of the donkey reaching only to the knees of the camel. All the animals were unmuzzled. We thought of the passages of Scripture which say: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn;" "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

From the Jaffa station we were driven to the Jerusalem Hotel, which we made our headquarters for nearly four days. Here we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Bliss, President of the Presbyterian College at Beyrout. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter, and also met here by his son from Jerusalem. They were taking a holiday trip.

On Thursday, July 19, we sailed from Jaffa on the Egyptian *S. S. Khedivial.* Cook's boatmen rowed us out to our ship in their splendid "No. 1" boat. The hills and shores of Palestine soon disappeared from view. At sunset the Mohammedan passengers did not hesitate to say their prayers on deck.

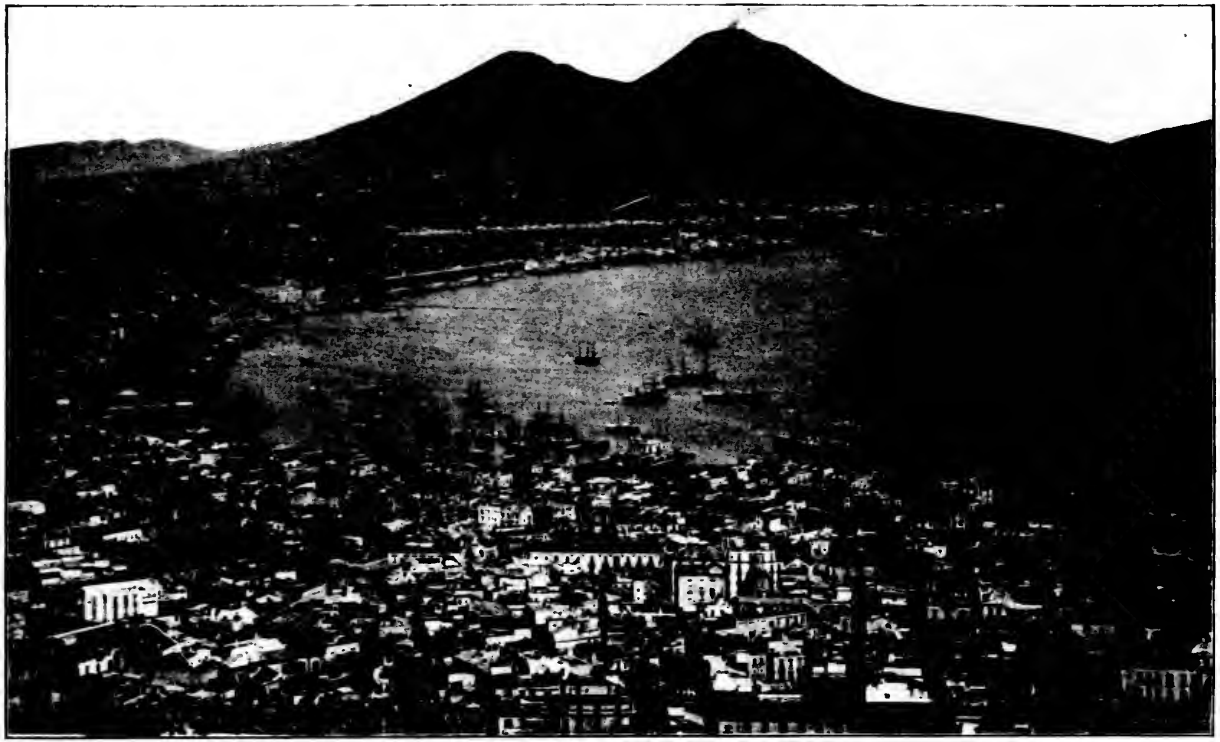
Next morning at 7 o'clock we anchored in the harbor at Port Said. We had to wait here four days for our boat, the *Austral*, from Australia, to take us on to Naples. We stopped during this time at the Grand Continental Hotel, close to the water and commanding a fine view of the harbor and canal. As we sat for hours after dark on the balcony of our hotel, it was an interesting and beautiful sight to watch the great ships, with their powerful search-lights, slowly working their way into and out of this wonderful canal. At first those approaching us looked like lantern lights moving on the desert; but after a few hours the whole city was illuminated by their head-lights. If all the old Pharaohs in the museums and tombs were to suddenly rise up out of their coffins and behold these modern wonders in their land, they would be as much struck by them as we are at the pyramids which some of them have built. Another thing we noted here was the fact that not a single American flag did we see floating over any of the many ships passing through this canal. Even the man acting as American Consul in Port Said is an Englishman. It is a burning shame that our partisan politicians can not cease fighting one another long enough to give our country a little more honor and influence abroad. One day we went out on a beautiful beach to have a bath in the Mediterranean Sea. A Mohammedan, having finished his bath, spread down his mat, turned his face toward Mecca and laboriously went through with his long prayer, while we looked on and took notes.

We were four days sailing over the Mediterranean Sea. We did not see Jonah's whale. But there are whales of the largest kinds found in this sea. The Greek word in the New Testament translated whale, as every scholar knows, is not limited to the whale, but means any great fish or sea-monster; and it is a well known fact that there is a species of shark inhabiting the Mediterranean Sea quite capable of swallowing any ordinary man, ignorant infidel assertions to the contrary, notwithstanding. I saw sharks caught in Australia more than thirty feet long, which could swallow a man with the greatest of ease. Hence, I believe that a great fish swallowed Jonah. I believe it mainly because Jesus has said so, and I must leave the "critics" to dispute with the Lord. The "critics" have no right, however, to make a whale out of Jonah and a minnow of the fish. It is just as easy to suppose that Jonah was a pygmy and that the sea-monster was large enough to swallow a whole family of Jonahs at a single gulp. What the "critics" need is what Jonah got—*a big whaling*. While we saw no whales, we did see porpoises sporting themselves, and many beautiful jelly-fish in the blue sea.

We sailed close by the island of Crete, now called Candia, with its bold headlands covered with tufts of native grass, with a small tree here and there. Here our ship experienced a strong head-wind, and we thought of the ship on which Paul was being taken to Rome contending with the wind along these coasts. It was on this island the apostle left Titus

to set in order the things that were wanting and ordain elders in every city. As the island is now governed by the Turks, I am afraid that Titus would have a difficult task to set in order all the things that are wanting

At daylight on July 27 we passed through the Strait of Messina, which divides Italy and Sicily, and we saw on our right Reggio, the Bible Rhegium, at which Paul's boat touched; and on our left, a little farther on, was the town of Messina, beginning at the water's edge and extending far up the Sicily hills. We also had a fine view of the celebrated Scylla (rock) and Charybdis (whirlpool). We were disappointed, however, in not seeing snow-crowned Mount Etna, on the Sicily side, having passed the point of observation for it before daylight. A lighthouse on the Sicily side marked our exit from the strait into the sea again. One hour's run brought us to the small cone-shaped island of Stromboli, rising abruptly out of the sea to a considerable height. Its top is an active volcano, which every few minutes sent out a cloud of smoke in shape something like a large tree with its spreading branches. A small town of white houses nestles at its base, and the slopes half-way up the mountain are covered with green grass, striped with deep, dark furrows running from the crater to the base of the mountain. We were quite close to it; and it presented a pretty picture with the rays of the rising sun falling on it, and some clouds hanging about its summit. A few weeks after this, Stromboli was in eruption, destroying



NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

much property on the island and causing suffering among the people which had to be alleviated by donations from the principal Italian cities.

At 4 P. M. on Friday we steamed into the famous Bay of Naples, with its vine-clad hills on our right, the city before us and grand Mount Vesuvius, a little to the right, in the background. We were all disappointed with the bay, and agreed that its beauty has been much exaggerated. It lacks diversity, and is so shallow near the landing that our ship could not approach the little pier. It is simply a big sheet of water with the sea rolling right into it. Its beauty will not compare favorably with the Sydney Harbor, Australia. Let us now "see Naples, and die."

LETTER XXXVII.

SEEING NAPLES.

WELL, we have seen Naples and we did not die. Perhaps the reason was our stay there was short. We are thankful we lived long enough to get away from there. Still, we have seen worse places; in fact, on the whole, we were rather pleased with Naples. Beginning with the business part and the principal streets on the level at the head of the bay, the city is built high up on the hills, and crowned by the castle of St. Elmo. Its tall buildings are massed together, making the streets narrow and winding. It possesses some fine public buildings and beautiful parks and gardens. Like the Egyptians, the people seem to live outdoors; especially of evenings, when the streets literally swarm with them. The few who are not then on the streets are sitting at the windows and on the small balconies, from three to eight stories high, looking down on the swaying mass of humanity. But more orderly crowds we have never seen. Nearly all the men and boys wore white straw hats of the same pattern, and most of the women went with their heads uncovered. The bevies of dark-eyed, bare-headed maidens on the streets were very pretty. (I did not say this to Mrs. Trotter.) I laid

off my pith helmet, put on a straw hat and mingled with the crowds. Naples is a great city, having a population of about 600,000.

We came ashore in a small steamer; and we were warned to put away all the tobacco we had about us, for the Italian Customs officials could smell a pinch of snuff half a mile away. If the stump of an old cigar had been found in our possession it would have become at once a smoking Vesuvius and caused us trouble. But as I do not use the weed at all we were soon passed through the Custom House, and driven to the Hotel de Russie. The tall, slick-tongued thief who accompanied the carriage driver charged us eight shillings for the short ride. I declined to pay it. He became angry, and I stood on the hotel steps and smiled while he beat the wall with his fist, danced a jig and swore in Italian. At the close of the performance I said: "I will give you four shillings; take that, or I will call the police." He took the money and disappeared around the corner. Our room was at the top of four long flights of steps, and opened out on to a balcony with the bay and Mount Vesuvius in plain view. We were well pleased with the accommodation. We had no reason to complain of the inadequacy of the food. It is true the breakfast in the European hotels is not so elaborate as the American hotels usually supply. But there is always plenty of bread, butter and coffee, and sometimes eggs and jam; and what is lacking at breakfast is made up at the other meals. Of course if one is thinking more about eating than about

sight-seeing, he may not be satisfied with such a breakfast A Continental tour with some Americans is essentially an eating tour. The pleasure of the journey is measured by the amount of food they can manage to envelop; and the fuss they continually make about it and the way they go about eating give the impression abroad that the American people are more interested in the development of stomachical capacity than they are in brain culture. The climate was perfection. We experienced no shivering between cold hotel walls; the sky was clear and the air balmy.

Early next morning we took a walk through the city before the people were fairly astir. We noted some strange sights. The milk wagons were not rattling through the streets delivering watered milk, coming from all sorts of questionable places. But before one door in the street stood two or three cows; a man was milking the maid's quart-cup full while the maid stood on the steps watching the process. Only one thing could prevent this milk from being pure, and that would be an impure cow. Before another door stood a herd of goats; the herder was milking one, while two others had retired to the middle of the street to apparently settle a difference by cracking their heads together. But we have seen so many strange things that we are sometimes almost afraid to judge things according to the appearance. It may be that these two goats resorted to this method of churning the milk before delivering it. At any rate, the herder was delivering to the household pure goat milk, mostly made from the brown

paper the goats had picked up from the streets. And so the cows and goats went the round from house to house till the supply of milk was exhausted.

Amidst all the splendor in Naples we saw evidences that many of its people are very poor. There goes a rickety old fruit-cart drawn by an ox and a lean horse, side by side. Yonder is another similar cart drawn by a poorly clad man between the shafts and a sad looking donkey pulling in harness before him. Here, in the centre of a principal thoroughfare, is a thin, weak horse that has broken down under the great load placed on it, and some people are gathering about it to enjoy the fun. Out there in that back-yard playing are a couple of boys thirteen years old stark naked. The rich ride by in their carriages, the fountains play, the sweet music floats on the air and the city has put on her holiday dress. Strange mixture!

The most enjoyable and instructive place we visited in the city was the Naples Museum, which is a national institution. The building is an attractive and substantial one, and it contains more than 120,000 specimens. We walked through forests of fine statuary. We saw walls covered with paintings, including many masterpieces. We examined a collection of nearly two thousand beautiful fresco paintings, taken chiefly from the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum. We admired the numerous magnificent mosaics from the same source Of course we were most interested in the things taken from the partially recovered cities of Pompeii and Hercu-

laneum. In addition to those already named, we examined the following: Various articles of food, such as bread, cake, meat, fruits and nuts. There were fifteen loaves of bread found in a bake-oven at Pompeii. A loaf and a half were found on the counter, one loaf evidently having been cut to make up the proper weight. There were walnuts, figs, pears, chestnuts, dates, raisins, almonds, carob bean-pods, onions, eggs, wax, honey in the comb, and bones of fish and fowl. One case contained wheat, barley, millet, beans, lentils and pepper. There was meat in a double saucepan, just as it had been put in to cook, and there was some flour in a jar. Eight glass tubes hermetically sealed contained olives preserved in oil. But the most remarkable thing was a glass jar containing petrified wine. Linen was found in a wash-tub, silk wound in balls, nets for ladies' hair, soles of sandals, and purses containing money. One of these purses was found with one of the skeletons taken from the house of Diomede. There were also toys for the nurseries, scent bottles, plates, tumblers, cups, bowls, vaces, milk jugs, tear bottles, tables, some of which are marble folding tables, bedsteads, iron safes, locks, keys, hinges from doors, folding chairs, fountain jets and sprays, door knockers, bath tubs and ointment pots; iron tools, such as scythes, sickles, bill-hooks, knives, rakes, forks, spades, trowels, ploughshares, saws, hammers, planes, anvils and whetstones; lamps and lanterns, weights and measures, mathematical instruments, surgical instruments, kitchen utensils, etc., etc. Many of these things

I have enumerated were as perfect in their construction as can be produced at the present time by the most advanced civilized nations. I wish to specially mention the stocks that were found in the barracks at Pompeii. They were so constructed as to be fastened to the floor of the prison Each partition confined the ankle of a prisoner, who was thus compelled to sit or lie on the floor. They were capable of securing twenty prisoners, and four skeletons were found in them, the sudden covering up of the city not permitting of the release of the prisoners. It was doubtless this sort of an instrument in which Paul and Silas were confined at Philippi.

We were much interested in the gold ornaments, in great variety and exquisite designs, consisting of earrings, finger-rings, necklaces, bracelets, etc. We have never seen more perfect and beautiful jewelry. We examined a "remarkable gold necklace of ribbon wire set with eight large pearls and nine emeralds. At one end of it is a gold disc with an emerald, and at the other end is a hook. This is one of the richest necklaces of antiquity." On a skeleton in a house in Pompeii were found two solid gold bracelets weighing two pounds. On the finger of the same skeleton was a garnet ring with a small figure, and the inscription, "*Cassia.*" We were shown a solid gold lamp from Pompeii weighing three pounds. But space forbids further mention of these interesting objects.

We left the museum tired, but well repaid for our labor.

LETTER XXXVIII

A WALK THROUGH POMPEII.

On Saturday morning we had a delightful walk through Pompeii, which to me, in some respects, is the most interesting place in the world. We took the train at Naples at half-past ten and were soon at the Pompeii Hotel, before the entrance gate.

Pompeii was a seaport town situated at the base of Mount Vesuvius, about seventeen miles in a south-eastern direction from Naples. It was mostly surrounded by a strong wall which was nearly two miles in circumference, and it had eight gates. Its streets were well made, with raised sidewalks, and supplied with drinking fountains, the water being brought into the city in pipes of lead. It was evidently a city of considerable wealth and influence. But it was overtaken by a sudden calamity.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon of August 24, 79 A. D., an immense cloud of smoke was seen to issue from Mount Vesuvius, resembling in shape a huge pine tree. Soon the surrounding country was shrouded in midnight darkness, which lasted for three days, the earth shook, forked lightning played about the summit of the mountain, the flames burst forth accompanied by terrific thunder. Ashes, scoria

and small stones poured down on Pompeii, while the terror-stricken inhabitants were fleeing for their lives. The scene was awful. The city was buried from twenty to thirty feet deep, and it is thought that some two thousand people perished. Some of the ashes seem to have been mixed with water, forming a paste-like substance in which the bodies of the unfortunate people were encased, preserving the impressions of their bodies with great accuracy. No lava ran down on the city, as supposed by some, for this would have consumed every combustible thing. But the city was so completely covered that finally its very site was lost for centuries, and the rich ground which had formed above it was cultivated in corn, vines and fruit trees The younger Pliny, who witnessed it at a distance of twenty miles, has left on record a vivid description of this awful catastrophe. The neighboring city of Herculaneum was also buried at the same time with fine ash mixed with water or a stream of mud rolling down from the mountain top. In 1748 some peasants, by mere chance, discovered specimens which served to locate the buried city, and from that time to the present excavations have been irregularly carried on. At the time of our visit only about forty acres had been excavated, leaving about ninety acres yet to be uncovered. I was told that, owing to lack of funds, the Italian government is not able to push the work rapidly.

Our entrance to this curious city was through the gate facing the sea, for which privilege we paid two

francs each, which included the services of a guide. Immediately after passing through the gate we turned to the right and entered the Pompeian Museum, in which is collected a large number of the relics recovered from the buried city. Most of these are similar to those I have described in the Naples Museum. But in addition to these, we saw here the recovered skeletons of horses, dogs, cats and rats. And then through the middle of the first room was a row of nine skeletons of men and women whose fleshly forms have been very accurately reproduced in casts taken from the hollow moulds of the bodies where they were discovered. One of these was a faithful sentinel whose remains were found standing erect, with lance in hand, at one of the gates, where he was on guard. A woman was lying with her face to the ground and her hand over her mouth, probably to avoid suffocation; and the arrangement of her hair and the folds of her drapery were plainly seen. Two more women, thought to be mother and daughter, had perished together. It may be well to remember that according to Josephus it was in Pompeii, on this dreadful day, Felix and Drusilla, who neglected to give heed to Paul's special mon to them, perished.

Leaving the museum, we walked through the main streets and explored the principal buildings, covering many acres of ground. Here were paved streets with raised stepping-stones for crossings, and drinking fountains standing at intervals, as they were on the night the city was destroyed In some places

ruts have been worn in the stone-paved streets by the chariot wheels. Here are the stately walls of temples, courts and other public buildings, with some of their beautiful columns, many of which are fluted, standing in their places, while others have fallen to the ground. Here are the humble dwellings of the poor with one or two small rooms; the mansions of the rich with their reception-rooms, dining-rooms, bedrooms, bathrooms, open courts, flower gardens and playing fountains; and the shops with their fittings On the walls of some of the dining-rooms were painted in beautiful colors the articles of food with which the tables were supplied. There were the wine shops with the great jars still in their places. We examined a large bakehouse with a mill attached, and a counter on which the bread was exposed for sale Loaves were found in the ovens. Near by was a drug-store, in which were found bottles of pills and other medicines, and surgical instruments. The public baths were extensive and beautiful, and were supplied with dressing-rooms, heating apparatus, etc. The Basilica, the Civil Forum and the theatres were great buildings. We saw some deserted houses of shame, and paintings on the walls depicting the vices of the people. We saw a place called "Skeletons' Lane," from which seven skeletons had been taken. Indeed, we saw here on every hand unmistakable evidences of the state of civilization and the customs and manners of a Roman city more than eighteen hundred years ago As Sir J. W. Dawson says: "The Pompeian Museum at Naples,

in fact, would make one believe that three-fourths of our modern artistic decoration had come from Pompeii, or from the same sources with the art of that fossil city." But adieu to Pompeii.

LETTER XXXIX.

CLIMBING MOUNT VESUVIUS.

We took lunch at the Pompeii Hotel, procured horses and a guide, and at 1 P. M. sharp, we set out to climb Mount Vesuvius. No more donkey for the little trotter. This time he took a horse like the rest of us, and was very proud when he found that he could actually gallop without tumbling off. Mrs. Trotter discovered that her horse was also a trotter, and a hard one too. On the way we were overtaken by a gentleman and his guide. He was a shipmate from Australia, and an actor. Farther on we came to a Roman Catholic Convent, and over the door to the main entrance was written in large letters, "Purgatory." We thought the name appropriate. I am afraid, however, that our short stop at "Purgatory" did not perfectly purify us; for from "purgatory" we straightway went *up* to hell. Our actor thought the trip was a pleasant and easy one. He said he was used to the road.

At a considerable elevation we arrived at the half-way house, where we had a few moments' rest and a drink of water. Then we rode rapidly on, our winding path leading us through great fields of lava, till we reached the highest point we could make on horse-

back. Here we dismounted for the purpose of making the remainder of the ascent on foot. But a half-dozen Italians had come down the mountain-side to meet us here. They looked as if they had just come from the infernal regions, gaunt, glare-eyed and covered with sulphur and dust. They had come to take their charge. "No, thank you," we all said in a chorus, "we are going to climb this mountain single-handed." The actor was off like a roe. He was in his element. The little trotter next broke away, and seemed to make fair progress. Mrs. Trotter next made the effort. She took one step up and slipped down two. She had stepped into ashes and cinders knee-deep. That settled it. But the Italians were equal to the emergency. They had a rudely constructed chair, with two poles fastened to the bottom of it, in which they proposed to carry her to the crater and back to our horses for eighteen francs. We closed the contract. It was the only chance. The would-be lady climber reluctantly took a seat in the chair, three Italians hoisted her on their shoulders while a fourth one went behind to steady the others; and they went scrambling up the mountain. I told them if they let their load fall that nothing but their heads would pay the damage. It was hard work. The men panted loud and perspired freely. Occasionally they would deliberately set down their burden and take a rest. A fifth man proposed to haul me up by a rope. At first I declined, but after going a short distance I changed my mind. I tied one end of the rope around the middle of my um-

brella, to which I held; the man put the other end of the rope over his shoulder, and thus we proceeded. Thomas Cook & Son have a Funicular Railway, extending from the lower station at the end of the carriage drive from Naples, to within 200 yards of the crater. But the station was on the opposite side of the mountain from us, which would require a long ride to reach it; and then, as it made few trips during the summer season, we were not sure the operator would be prepared to take us up when we reached it. Besides, we preferred going up another way.

We soon passed the actor and Master John and reached the summit a quarter to five. With the assistance of the rope I had made the ascent with little fatigue. As I wished to get the worth of my money, I threw my whole weight on to the rope when I got the hauler into a particularly difficult place. He puffed like a steam-engine, but stuck nobly to his work. Half-way up he proposed to add the sixth man as a pusher, at my expense. But his proposition did not meet with acceptance. We sat down on the edge of the old crater, far above the cloud line, and 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and viewed the "landscape o'er." It was an extensive and a lovely view. Not a cloud obstructed our vision. Lovely Naples seemed to lie at our feet, and over it the sun was hanging low in the west, ready to drop into the sea beyond. The great bay stretched away for miles in a southwestern direction, finally mingling its waters with those of the Mediterranean Sea proper. The surrounding valleys were clothed with

vineyards, orchards and corn-fields, and dotted with towns and villages; and the great lava streams, which had many times rolled down the mountain towards the sea since the destruction of Pompeii, were distinctly traced. It was a picture which a master-painter might have delighted to throw on canvas; but as we had in our party neither brush, canvas nor painter, we decided not to copy it. The unearthly noise at hand reminded us at this moment that there was something still more interesting to be seen.

The summit of Vesuvius may be compared, in shape, to a huge plate with the raised rim, and a cone in the centre, extending a little above the outer edge, leaving a low circle between the rim and the central cone, resembling a wide, shallow moat. As we walked over this intervening ground we found it quite hot in places, and here and there were openings through which steam was issuing, in which you could soon cook an egg. Crossing this depressed crust, which was about a hundred yards wide, we stood on the very edge of the crater and looked right down into the awful abyss. The crater was circular, with vertical sides, reminding one of a great bucket, was probably a third of a mile in circumference and hundreds of feet deep. Over more than half of the south side there was a crust, in places red-hot, serving as a temporary bottom; but the remainder of the crust was broken away, leaving, on the north side, the great seathing, hissing, roaring lake of molten lava fully exposed to view. Every few moments the

mountain would give a belch, the flames would shoot up fifty feet high, and great balls of red-hot lava were thrown far above our heads, falling back into the crater with a thud. As there was no wind, the smoke did not interfere with our view, and the sulphur smell gave us no trouble. We stood for one hour watching this angry lake of fire. Mrs. Trotter could not find words to express her wonder, and declared she could look at it for weeks at a time.

When we turned to make the descent I noticed that the shrewd Italians had carried the chair three hundred yards down the mountain and left it. When I demanded what they meant by such conduct, they said they thought the lady would like to walk a little way down the mountain. Well, she walked with the rest of us, ten feet at a stride. It was not a question of going; it was a question of stopping. It was like descending a pyramid of wheat. We only required twenty minutes to reach our horses. The actor was down first, and when he saw the four men ploughing through the ashes with the dust-covered lady elevated above their heads, he said he would give ten dollars for her photograph taken then. He thought it would be a stage draw.

Now comes the powwow. These Italians are never satisfied with what you have agreed to pay them, and so I stood for twenty minutes in the midst of a half-dozen howling savages trying to pay them what I had promised. This over, we mounted our horses and rode off towards the nearest railway station. We had not gone far when we came to a fine bed of

ashes; and hearing sharp exclamations from the guide behind me, I looked around in time to see Mrs. Trotter's horse quietly kneeling down, and then stretching himself at full length, gently laying off his burden on the upper side while he rolled over down the mountain, saddle and all. There was no stopping him till he had finished his roll, when he got up and seemed ready to complete the journey in an upright position. The little trotter, who kept a journal which he wrote up each evening in his own way, has given this description of the incident: "I set off at full speed, but soon stopped to let them come up with me. They had no sooner got up when I observed a commotion, and on looking back I saw mamma's horse rolling on the ground and mamma standing up looking at him in open-mouthed astonishment. We all had a good laugh, and *that* was over."

We arrived at the railway at half-past eight, and had to wait half an hour for the train. During this interval, our actor expressed a desire to have a glass of milk to cool his "parched tongue." But as we had discharged our guides, he had some doubt about making himself understood. I gave him the Italian word for milk, and after practicing on it a few minutes, he went out to visit the shops. He soon returned to the waiting-room with a sad countenance. He said he went into several shops and repeated the word for milk; and the shop-keepers simply looked at one another and smiled. I suggested that perhaps the people did not understand Italian. But he hinted

that probably my Italian was at fault. Whether he got the wrong word for milk, or there was no milk in the town, or the shop people took the actor for an idiot, remains a mystery to this day. Moral: Always speak English when you can speak nothing else correctly.

We reached Naples at 10 P. M. tired and hungry, but well satisfied with our day's work.

LETTER XL.

"SO WE WENT TOWARD ROME."

THIS is what Luke says of Paul and his companions when they left Puteoli, a town on the bay near Naples, on their way to Rome. We followed Paul's example. We were of Paul's way of thinking when he said: "I must also see Rome." At 2:55 P. M., on July 29, we took a fast train from Naples, and passed through some beautiful country on the way to Rome. We saw much fine hemp which had been taken from rich land; also many fine fig, orange and lemon trees, and vineyards. But there is plenty of poor, hilly land in Southern Italy. We saw acres of corn not more than two or three feet high, topped at the small ear, which was hanging only a few inches from the ground. We arrived at Rome at 8:15 P. M., and stopped at the Grand Continental Hotel, near the railway station. We experienced a feeling of satisfaction when we realized we were actually in the "Eternal City."

We started early next morning in an open-topped carriage, and spent the whole day in sight-seeing. Under the direction of a splendid guide, L. Reynaud, 3 Piazza di Spagna, Rome, we were able to see very much of Rome in one day and two nights

Among the many interesting places we visited I may mention the following, which we saw in the order named: The bone-depository in the Capuchin Convent, St. Peter's Church, the Vatican Library, the Tarpeian Rock, the Catacombs, the Scala Santa, or Holy Stairway, the Colosseum, the Palace of Nero, the Arch of Titus, the Forum, Paul's Prison and the Fountain of Trevi. We crossed the Tiber a number of times, over which a beautiful and costly new bridge is being built near the old one on which we crossed.

The bone-house was a ghastly curiosity. We descended a flight of steps into the basement room of the convent and stood in what resembled Ezekiel's valley of dry bones. At first a sense of horror crept over us, which was soon changed into amusement, and finally into a feeling of disgust at such folly and superstition. Mark Twain's description of this depository in "Innocents Abroad" is true to the letter: "Here was a spectacle for sensitive nerves! Evidently the old masters had been at work in this place. There were six divisions in the apartment, and each division was ornamented with a style of decoration peculiar to itself—and these decorations were in every instance formed of human bones! There were shapely arches, built wholly of thigh bones; there were startling pyramids, built wholly of grinning skulls; there were quaint architectural structures of various kinds, built of shin-bones and the bones of the arm; on the wall were elaborate frescoes, whose curving vines were made of knotted

human vertebræ; whose delicate tendrils were made of sinews and tendons; whose flowers were formed of knee-caps and toe-nails. Every lasting portion of the human frame was represented in these intricate designs (they were by Michael Angelo, I think), and there was a careful finish about the work, and an attention to details that betrayed the artist's love of his labors as well as his schooled ability. I asked the good-natured monk who accompanied us, who did this? And he said, '*We* did it'—meaning himself and his brethren upstairs. I could see that the old friar took a high pride in his curious show." If the collection of the human bones is a necessary part of the final resurrection, there will evidently be a great stirring here when Gabriel sounds his trumpet. Some time before our visit a number of American ladies were cautiously paying their respects to these sacred bones, when the rats, which had made their nest under the wrappings of an undissected skeleton, began to move the ghastly object about at a lively rate, causing the terrified ladies to flee from the place, believing that the resurrection had already begun. We breathed more freely on the outside of this building

I shall attempt no description of St Peter's Church. This has been attempted by many writers; but I have seen no description that does it justice. It is vast and imposing beyond comprehension. It is the largest church building in the world, and is built in the shape of a Latin cross. On the inside we saw workmen, away up toward the top of the walls, who looked

like dolls moving about. As you stand at the entrance and look at men and women at the opposite end, they appear as children walking. All the pictures adorning this great building are inlaid, or mosaic. On our left, near the entrance, was situated the Baptismal Chapel. Over the font is a life-size picture of Jesus and John the Baptist. Both are standing ankle-deep in the edge of a small stream, while the Baptist is pouring water out of a shell on the Saviour's head. Such is the fancy of Roman Catholicism. Here at the small font we also saw a fat priest christen an infant, in the presence of about a dozen people. He first dipped his fingers in holy water and touched the infant's face; then he put on a few drops of holy oil, after which he poured a small pitcherful of water on its head and dried it with a towel; and finally he lighted a candle and gave it to the father of the child to hold a moment. This completed the—what? Two or three Italian girls belonging to the party were laughing all through the ceremony, as though they considered it rare fun.

On the same side, half-way down the church, we saw several detached confessional boxes, one for those speaking each of the principal languages. A perforated brass plate separates the priest from the confessor. The secrets are passed back and forth through the small holes. On the opposite side of the building is the most holy place, in which Christ is said to be preserved in the form of a loaf of bread; and before it were people on their knees worshiping. Near the great altar is a bronze statue of Peter, life

size, the great toe and part of the other toes having been kissed away by the people. On special occasions the police stand by this statue and preserve order, while the long lines of worshipers file by and kiss what remains of the stump foot. The next object that attracted our attention was a beautiful marble statue of a woman, representing Truth. Originally it was nude; but one of the old popes, thinking it immodest, ordered it draped. The people did not like the pope's action, and in referring to it, said they preferred the *naked* Truth. Since then it has gone by the name of "Naked Truth," and this fact, it is claimed, has given rise to the expression in current conversation. We walked through the Vatican Library, which is about half a mile long, and examined many objects of interest, chief of which to me was the celebrated Vatican Manuscript of the Bible, in book form. The offer of $50,000 for this manuscript from the managers of the British Museum was refused. We did not see "His Holiness," though we were close to him, and we did not offer to kiss his big toe, *a la* some American Protestants, to induce him to give us an audience. We had enough to do to look after our own toes. Pope Leo XIII. is now a very feeble old man, who considers himself a prisoner, shut up in the Vatican, whose influence among the people, even in Rome, is continually waning. I was told by good authority that many of the Catholic churches in the city are almost deserted, and that most of the people who do attend them have no heart in it, but do so as a mere form. Our guide, a

very intelligent man, who is thoroughly acquainted with ancient and present Rome, first took me for a good Catholic, and so when he stood before the holy relics of the Church his tone was exceedingly reverent. Later, when he saw me smile at some of his stories, be thought I must be a poor Catholic; and finally he concluded that I was no Catholic at all. Then he opened his heart to us. He thought the "saints" were honored more than Christ, for he said there are 360 Catholic Churches in Rome, and not one of them is named for Christ.

The Tarpeian Rock, down which criminals were thrown during the ancient Roman period, had a precipitous side nearly a hundred feet high. It is now considerably filled up at the bottom, and its top is occupied with houses.

The Catacombs are outside the city; and to visit them we drove along the Appian Way, over which Paul came into the city a prisoner, and out on which he is said to have been beheaded. As we passed out under the great archway of the old city wall, the driver paused; and the guide, pointing to these massive structures, said: "I will now show you the evidences of the beginning of Rome's downfall." We thought that these things looked more like evidences of Rome's prosperity. But the guide explained that when Rome was the mistress of the world she needed only her soldiers to protect her. But when her armies were gradually being driven from the field, and her enemies were closing in on the city, it was then that she needed the walls of defense. The guide was

right. But here are the Catacombs. We alight from the carriage, walk a short distance, pay an entrance fee to an old monk who gave each of us a lighted taper, and we all descended by a long flight of steps into the bowels of the earth. We walked miles along deep, dark, damp passages and through small chambers, excavated in the soft volcanic rock, whose walls are everywhere honeycombed with places, or *loculi*, for the repose of dead bodies. The galleries usually preserve the same level, are from two to three feet wide, interspersed with the small chambers and crossing one another every few steps, forming a vast labyrinth. It was like following the lines of a great checker-board. Almost every foot of the walls of these galleries and chambers has been occupied with a human body. The graves extended parallel with the length of the galleries, and were placed one above another from the bottom to the top. The bodies were carefully placed in the recesses, and the openings were filled with stone slabs or tiles and then completely plastered over, making a smooth wall when all the *loculi* were filled. From many of the graves the plastering had been broken away, and the bones were exposed. The bones were so old that the moment you touched them they crumbled to dust. Light and air are introduced by means of vertical shafts, sunk from the surface of the ground. These Catacombs constitute a most wonderful underground cemetery. The united length of the galleries has been estimated to be from 800 to 900 miles, and the number of graves at between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000.

It is now generally believed that they were the work of the early Christians, and that they were intended as the place of interment of their dead. What a mighty army of Christian soldiers! No wonder that heathen Rome, in fulfillment of prophecy, went down under its influence.

The Catacombs were also used in time of persecution as a place of refuge, and some of the chambers were converted into chapels for worship. These facts are proclaimed by the many Christian symbols which may still be seen on the walls, the tables for the observance of the Lord's Supper and baptisteries for the immersion of the new converts. They would serve as an admirable hiding place. When you once get well into this labyrinth you feel that you would be utterly helpless to find your way to the outside world without a guide. Our guide told us that he had to drill a great deal before he would venture to take parties into them A French artist once had great difficulty in finding his way out of the Catacombs. An atheist was lost for a number of days in them, and he was so impressed during the time that he became a convert to Christianity. It is said that an American gentleman, who boasted much of the progress of his country, visited the Catacombs, some years ago, in company with a number of Europeans; and becoming intoxicated, his companions laid him in a passage, retired and listened to see what he would say when he realized his surroundings. After a while he regained a measure of his usual clearness of mind, looked around on the closed graves and ex-

claimed: "Hello, the resurrection morn, and America up first, as usual!"

The Holy Stairway has twenty-eight marble steps, which are now covered with wood to prevent their further abrasion It is claimed that this is the stairway which Jesus ascended when he was brought before Pilate, and on three of them are pointed out drops of the Saviour's blood. We saw in Jerusalem the place from which, according to tradition, this stairway was taken. The good Catholic who climbs these steps on his knees and kisses the three drops of blood is very near the portals of heaven! It was up these steps that Luther was crawling when he was specially impressed with the central thought of the Protestant Reformation. We watched a lady go from the bottom to the top. It was a laborious process. We preferred to go another way. There is a stairway on the right and another on the left of the holy one. We ascended one of these, with the goats.

What shall I say of the Colosseum? We were much impressed with this vast heathen ruin. Here again the evidences of Rome's grandeur and Rome's decay meet. Most of its stately columns and massive walls are still standing to tell their wonderful story. To this theatre all Rome resorted to witness the bloody conflicts. It is about 612 feet long, 515 feet wide, and 180 feet high. It had seats for 87,000 people, and standing room for 15,000 more. We stood in the arena where gladiatorial combats took place, and in which many thousands of Christians suffered martyrdom. We saw the dens in which the hungry wild beasts were kept, and from which they

sprang forth, as the strong doors swung open, to devour their human prey. Yonder is the seat which the Emperor occupied, surrounded by the seats of senators and other distinguished persons, and over there is the fountain at which the participants in the cruel sports washed and dressed themselves. When a few moments later we stood in Paul's deep, chilly prison, in which he wrote, "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion," we had no doubt that he fully understood the meaning of contending with wild beasts. We could also realize his need when he wrote to Timothy in the same epistle, saying: "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee."

Our carriage stopped under the marble Arch of Titus, which spans the street, and which Titus erected to commemorate his conquest of Jerusalem in A. D. 70. Above our heads, on our left, were sculptured representations of the golden table of showbread and the golden candlestick, being carried by Jews. Thus this well-preserved arch has stood for more than eighteen hundred years as an unmistakable monument of the truthfulness of the Holy Scriptures.

We looked for the seven hills of ancient Rome; but they were not very conspicuous. They were only small hills which have partly disappeared. Indeed, Rome appears to be built on a level area, and it is surrounded by some swampy country. It possesses many nice streets, tall business houses and handsome residences. We saw numerous beer-shops, bare-footed priests and gorgeously uniformed soldiers. But notwithstanding all its defects, Rome presents many attractions and a pleasing appearance

LETTER XLI.

FROM ROME TO PARIS.

We left Rome on Tuesday morning, July 31, at 8:10. Our train skirted the Mediterranean Sea, sometimes running quite close to it, and the country through which we passed was flat and, in places, swampy. At several farm-houses along the line, the people were engaged in threshing their wheat. At 3 P. M. we arrived at Pisa, and we took rooms at the Royal Victoria Hotel.

Our object in stopping at Pisa was to see its four famous monuments, the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistery and the Campo Santo, or Holy Ground. We climbed to the top of the Tower by an inner, spiral stairway, and had a very extensive view. The city is not large, is partly surrounded by an old wall and stands on the banks of the Arno, which winds its way through a fertile plain. This marble-cased, cylindrical tower is about 175 feet high, 50 feet in diameter, and overhangs its base more than 13 feet. The summit is secured with double rails, and a few feet lower is a belfry, in which are hanging seven bells. When you stand on top of this tower, the people and horses on the streets look very small, and when you look over the lower

edge of it you possess a sense of fear, as though the thing might fall with you.

We did not feel much interest in the fine Cathedral, and so we spent most of our time in the Baptistery, which stands a short distance in the rear of the Cathedral. This is a circular, marble building, about 100 feet in diameter, and is covered with a cone-surmounted dome 190 feet high, crowned with a statue of St. Raniero. In the interior there is a beautiful pool for the immersion of adults and infants, the principal part of which is 9 feet square and 3½ feet deep. The building was commenced in A. D. 1153. We tested its remarkable echo.

The little enclosed cemetery near the Cathedral, in which the distinguished men of Pisa are buried, was made holy ground by the fifty-three ship loads of dirt brought from Jerusalem and deposited here. We did not become very enthusiastic over such holiness.

We took the night train from Pisa, and we thought we had secured a compartment to ourselves. But an Italian lady and gentleman managed to get in with us and prevented our sleeping most of the night by their constant talking. We were better pleased with Northern Italy than we were with Southern Italy. The corn, we noticed, was much larger, and the oranges, lemons, figs and grapes had mostly given place to apples, peaches, apricots and pears. The country had a green, fresh appearance. We saw several women assisting the men in saving hay. They seemed to have "equal rights" with the men. We expected to take breakfast at Turin, where we

changed cars. But as our train was behind time in reaching that city, we had only time to pass hurriedly from one train to the other. We could get nothing to eat till the afternoon, except a loaf of bread and some peaches which we purchased from a woman through the car window, and these we washed down with water We thought of Henry Stanley's "Starvation Camp," in Africa However, we partially made up for the loss of our breakfast in feasting our eyes on the scenery. We were now gradually ascending the famous Alps, along a winding ravine, down which a clear stream of water was running, and on both sides of us were the towering mountain peaks, partly covered with forests and streaked with snow. We passed through numerous short tunnels, and finally through Mont Cenis tunnel, 7½ miles long, and which required 40 minutes to pass through it. We entered the tunnel from Italy, and came out of it at Modane, in France. Here we passed through the Custom House, and changed trains for Paris. We descended the Alps with great rapidity, and next morning at 5:30 the conductor threw open the door of our compartment and disturbed our slumbers by shouting, *Parie! Parie!* We called a cab and drove to the St. Petersburg Hotel, right in the heart of the city, where English was spoken, and where we met several Americans. This time we had our breakfast.

After getting settled in our rooms, we hired a carriage, driver and an English-speaking guide, and spent the day in seeing as much of Paris as we could.

Thomas Cook's agents were conducting excursions over the city, but we do not like sight-seeing with a large company of people. We drove through many of the great thoroughfares, visited several of the principal objects of interest and pronounced Paris the most beautiful city we had seen. We admired the River Seine, which runs through the city. After seeing St. Peter's at Rome, we were not particularly interested in seeing Notre Dame. Yet, it is a splendid building, and has an interesting history. It is seated with rough cane-bottom chairs. Its treasury includes fragments of Christ's cross, the crown of thorns, a nail from the cross, etc. Again our faith in holy relics was severely tried.

The Arch of Triumph is the finest triumphal arch in existence. It stands on an eminence and can be seen from nearly all parts of the city It is 160 feet high, 146 feet broad, 72 feet deep and cost $2,000,000. From its top you have a very fine view of the city. It is the centre whence radiate twelve fine avenues, which slope upward to the arch, forming what is called the "Star" The streets of Paris are broad, well shaded and kept in excellent condition. From the summit of the arch, Paris appears to be built on a circular plain, with a slightly raised edge. Around on this rim are the defenses of the city. The Eiffel Tower was in plain view, lifting its graceful head 985 feet toward the clouds; but after standing on the *Arc de Triomphe*, we had no desire to ascend the Eiffel Tower.

At night, as we were taking a walk along the

Champs Elysees, the fashionable promenade of Paris, we saw crowds of people turning to the left into a park. We thought we would follow and see what caused the attraction. We soon found ourselves inside a large covered area with open sides Admission was free, and the place was brilliantly lighted, and filled with thousands of the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the city. At one end was a large platform, in front of which was a band playing. We took our seats, and quietly awaited whatever was to come. We soon learned that we were expected to take some refreshments, and to pay for them according to the seat we occupied. We chose two glasses of lemonade, which cost us six francs! Soon the fun commenced. A middle-aged woman came on to the platform and sang very nicely. Then a girl, who sang and hopped about at a lively rate. Then a young lady appeared in full evening costume, which got fuller the longer she remained on the platform. She sang, she danced, she—well, perhaps the less said about it the better. We put our hands over our faces and retired, having learned a lesson in Parisian manners and morals.

LETTER XLII.

FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

On Friday morning, August 3, at 8:10, we took the train at Paris for Calais. We much enjoyed our ride through France. An hour from Paris brought us into the midst of the farming country, which presented a pleasing prospect. It is thickly populated, the land is divided into small sections and is under a high state of cultivation The houses are mostly small, tile-covered and surrounded by poplar and other ornamental trees, so numerous, in places, as to give the appearance of a timbered country. Extensive vegetable and flower gardens were also numerous. We saw many fine apple and peach orchards. There were green pastures, on which cattle and horses were grazing. The people were busy harvesting their wheat and oats, and here, as in Italy, the women were assisting in the fields. In places men were plowing the ground and rolling it with large rollers. The French peasants evidently have reason to be a prosperous and contented people. The air was cool enough for me to feel quite comfortable in my overcoat.

We arrived at Calais at 3 P. M., the train going right to the pier. We were soon transferred to our

boat, thus taking our leave of French soil. One hour's smooth sailing across the English Channel brought us to Dover, England. Here a fast train for London awaited us. That portion of England through which we passed was beautiful The country looked more like a succession of well-kept gardens, divided by low hedge fences, than like farms. Again we were attracted by the tile-covered farm houses, the people harvesting and threshing their wheat, and mowing their meadows. The English women would not be behind the French wives and maidens, for some of them were also assisting in haymaking. After all, it is possible that such an active, outdoor life is more healthful to body and more wholesome to mind and morals than political speechmaking In the meadows of Italy, France, England and America there is an abundance of room for the women, who are thus inclined, to exercise "equal rights." It is a far more laudable business than being engaged in writing a so-called "Woman's Bible." Our train moved into the Cannon Street station, London, at 5:30 P. M., and we stopped over night at the Cannon Street Hotel.

No, thank you, I do not propose to write up London. You must be satisfied with a bit of our personal experience in the "world's metropolis." Well, in the first place, we were not pleased with the London hotels. They are nearly all conducted on the tariff system, charging separately for each principal item that goes to make up the accommodation and meals. When I settled our bill next morning I was charged

four shillings and sixpence for service in our rooms. The only service we had here received consisted in Lady Bridget sticking her head in at the door the evening before and asking if we needed anything. When I returned to our rooms, I began to turn the beds upside down and misplace things generally. Mrs. Trotter looked on in astonishment, and asked me if I had gone mad. I explained that I was not mad, but as I had just paid four shillings and sixpence for room-service I thought it right that the servant should give us the worth of the money. At one o'clock, when we left the hotel, Lady Bridget had not made her appearance. When we took our seats at the breakfast table, a stately figure, dressed in black clothes, emerged from a side room and moved slowly towards us, as he put the finishing touches on his toilet. We hardly knew whether it was Lord Creeper approaching us to introduce himself, or a servant dispatched to wait on us at the table. It proved to be the latter. As we expected to spend several days in London, we removed to what was advertised as a first-class boarding-house, adjoining the British Museum. We selected this place because it afforded us a rare opportunity of studying the unparalleled collection of interesting objects in the museum. Here we found several American boarders. We had an abundance of room and plenty of style; but the food was utterly inadequate to satisfy the appetite of a hungry American. It was easy to read their disappointment in the faces of the boarders. They finished each meal hungry. The lady of the

house, who sat at the head of the table, tried to keep us cheerful by her pleasant conversation. But we all with one accord got sadder and sadder, as the days passed. The English hang up their fowls to "mellow" before they cook them. They do not care for cheese till it becomes strong enough to walk alone; then they call it "fine old cheese." The few crumbs of cheese we got at our boarding house had a way of announcing their approach to the table. At noon on the fifth day we reached the climax. I arose from the table and went out. I met near the house a lady boarder from New York City. She said in solemn tones: "Mr. Floyd, I have been thinking of asking you what you think of our boarding-house." I told her she could judge my opinion from the fact that I was on my way to find another boarding-house. She said: "I believe I will follow your example." One by one, the boarders quietly took their departure; while others filled their places and had the same experiences.

Sunday proved a busy day with us. At 11 A. M. I preached, by invitation, in the West London Tabernacle. At 3 P. M. we heard Canon Wilberforce preach in the Westminster Abbey. Wilberforce is very popular in London, and hence there was not standing room in the great building for the people who crowded to hear him. The preacher read his sermon; but we were too far from him to follow its connection. It seemed to me that the Abbey was better adapted to cover the remains of some of England's famous men and women than to serve as a

house of worship. After the service we got one of the attendants to point out some of the noted graves. We paused longest over the slabs that marked the resting place of Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. David Livingstone. In the evening, at 6:30, we attended the Metropolitan Tabernacle to hear Thomas Spurgeon, whom I knew in New Zealand, preach. The Tabernacle was comfortably filled, and Mr. Spurgeon preached a plain, practical sermon. This church uses neither organ nor choir; but the singing was congregational and hearty, the leader standing on the platform. The Lord's Supper was observed at the close of the service. The church spreads the Lord's Table on every Sunday evening.

We spent most of Monday in the Zoological Gardens, which contain 3,000 animals. Indeed, during our week's stay in London we were busy seeing what we could of the great city. We spent much time in the British Museum, and were most interested in the Egyptian, Babylonian and Assyrian Rooms. I can not even begin to tell my readers in these letters of what we saw and learned in this immense and valuable collection. Only one thing I will mention. In the "Manuscript Department" I copied the following: "Case G. A volume of the celebrated 'Codex Alexandrinus,' containing the Greek text of the Holy Scriptures written in uncial letters on very thin vellum, probably in the middle of the fifth century. Presented to King Charles I. by Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople." The manuscript is in book form, and the size of the page is about 11 by 14 inches.

We enjoyed several rides through the principal thoroughfares of London. The best way to see London is on top of a bus. Most of the drivers are well acquainted with the city, and are fond of telling you what they know. You can go a long way for a penny, and for a few pennies you can ride on a bus all day. Sometimes your bus will get into a perfect jam of traffic, at the point where a number of streets converge, and you will imagine how you are going to get out. But the driver, with the aid of the police, always makes a way for your escape without accident.

We went to the East End, and down into the notorious Whitechapel district. We wanted to see if General Booth's picture of "Darkest England" is a correct one. We did not meet "Jack the Ripper," but we saw plenty of people there clothed and in their right mind. We also saw evidences of extreme poverty and vice. But we believe the picture has been somewhat overdrawn. We also visited the Houses of Parliament, London Bridge, Tower Bridge, St. Paul's Cathedral, office of the *Christian Commonwealth*, Hyde Park, "Cleopatra's Needle," on the Thames embankment, and had a number of boat-rides on the river Thames.

London is not a pretty city. Its streets and walks are narrow, and seldom dry. The show-windows of its business houses do not always appear to the best advantage, and to one who has been accustomed to a flood of Australian sunshine, the city presents a gloomy appearance.

LETTER XLIII.

FROM LONDON HOME.

My around-the-world story is almost told. I must now hasten to the finish.

On Friday, August 10, at 3:10 P. M., we left the Waterloo Station, London, for Southampton. We were delighted with the fine country through which our train passed. The green grass, the neat hedges, the rich vegetable gardens and the groves of tall pine trees, interspersed with wheat fields and patches of native bush, were very inviting to the eye. Several machines were busy cutting and threshing the wheat on the small fields. We arrived at Southampton at 5:30 P. M, where we remained till the following afternoon. On Saturday morning a friend from London, who was spending a holiday on the coast near Southampton, called for us in a buggy, and took us a delightful drive into the country. Southampton is a chilly place, and we were glad when the time came to get away from it.

We took passage for New York on the *S. S. Berlin*, of the American Line. At 6 P. M we left the wharf, and we sailed out over the fine sheet of water comprising the harbor, called the Southampton Water, bordered with green grass, ornamental trees

and handsome residences. On our left, we passed the Isle of Wight, on which could be seen the towns of Cowes, and Osborne House, the residence of the queen.

We had on board 550 passengers, 300 of whom were in the steerage; and 100 more were better adapted to the steerage than the saloon, as the sequel will show. The passage over the Atlantic was smooth, and, with two exceptions, it was uneventful. On Sunday before our arrival at New York the Germans in the saloon, joined by some English and American passengers, held an orgy that began at noon on the Lord's Day and continued till after midnight. Under the influence of the bad beer and whisky, supplied by the bar, these devotees of Bacchus came to the conclusion that the whole ship belonged to them. The filthy language and general uproar became so unbearable that we had to appeal to the stewards and stewardess, then to the chief steward, and finally to the captain, before we could get a little quiet and rest. This is a sample of the material that the ships are daily dumping on to the American continent. Our immigration and assimilation laws, if we have any worth the name, are sadly in need of serious attention by Uncle Sam.

On Monday morning at 7 we narrowly escaped a very serious accident. As I went on deck the ship was suddenly thrown into commotion by coming in collision with a large four-mast sailing vessel. The fog was very heavy, and the ships did not see each other till their bows were nearly touching. The sailing

vessel did not strike us square, but glanced off and scraped heavily the side of our steamer, doing us no harm. The *Berlin* backed up and spoke the ship; and learning that she was only slightly damaged and needed no assistance, our officers took her name and destination and moved on. At the time of the collision Mrs. Trotter was in her room, and the shock, accompanied by the sudden closing of the port-hole by the ship, startled her. The sons of Belial, who had given us so much trouble during the night and who were sober enough to get on deck, now began to put on serious airs We felt as if the Jonahs ought to be thrown overboard, and cast forth on their native shores, to remain till they repent and learn decent manners.

At noon we passed into the New York Harbor, with the graceful Statue of Liberty on our left, and our good ship was soon made fast to the wharf.—Native land!

"Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above."

We spent two nights and most of two days in New York City. We walked over the wonderful Brooklyn Bridge and visited Brooklyn, the "City of Churches," returning over the bridge by train We were delighted with the beautiful and extensive Central Park, and were pleased to see the Egyptian Obelisk standing on a prominent knoll in the park. On Wednesday morning we crossed the Hudson River on the ferry-boat to Jersey City, where we took the

fast express train at 8:30 for Lexington, Kentucky, by way of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington City. We arrived at Washington at 1:42 P. M., and stopped off to visit the Capitol, the Washington Monument and the White House. We walked through the House of Representatives, the Senate Chamber and the other principal rooms and halls of the Capitol. The Washington Monument stands on an eminence, overlooking the city. It is 555 feet high, is square and tapers gradually to the top. There is a spiral stairway on the inside, by which you can ascend to the top. An elevator operated by the Government also goes to the summit every half-hour. No charge is made for its use. Of course we took the elevator. The President was not at home, but we saw him arrive at the Union Depot on a train from New York, shortly before eleven at night. After driving over the city Mrs. Trotter pronounced Washington next to Paris in beauty. In the evening we spent considerable time in a restaurant, eating ice-cream. The colored waiter went back and forth replenishing our plates till his white teeth began to shine as an unmistakable token of his amusement.

At 11:10 P. M. we took the train over the Chesapeake and Ohio route, and the next morning we looked out on the rugged, heavily wooded mountains and hills on both sides of us. Descending from the mountain ranges, we soon entered the Blue-grass region of Kentucky, and at 6 P. M., Thursday, August 23, 1894, we arrived at Lexington, our starting point, thus completing Our Tour Around the World. At home! Here we will let the curtain fall.

LETTER XLIV.

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE been frequently asked two important questions, which I will here briefly answer. 1. "Did your observations in Palestine serve to confirm your faith in the accuracy of the Scriptures?" 2. "What is the best time of the year for paying a visit to the Holy Land and the Continent?"

To the first question I have no hesitation in replying with emphasis, *Yes.* Ernest Renan, the ablest and most polished writer belonging to the French School of Skeptics, in his "Life of Jesus," says:

"The scientific commission for the exploration of ancient Phenicia, of which I was the director in 1860 and 1861, led me to reside on the frontiers of Galilee, and to traverse it frequently. I have travelled through the evangelical province in every direction; I have visited Jerusalem, Hebron and Samaria; scarcely any locality important in the history of Jesus has escaped me. All this history which, at a distance, seemed floating in the clouds of an unreal world, thus assumed a body, a solidity which astonished me. The striking accord of the texts and the places, the wonderful harmony of the evangelical ideal with the landscape which served as its setting, were to

me a revelation. I had before my eyes a fifth gospel, torn but still legible, and thenceforth, through the narratives of Matthew and Mark, instead of an abstract being, which one would say had never existed, I saw a wonderful human form live and move."

This is a frank confession which must be made by every unbiased and intelligent person who sees Palestine as Renan saw it. This "striking accord of the texts and the places, the wonderful harmony of the evangelical ideal with the landscape which served as its setting," were not only a revelation to Renan, but they constituted the principal reasons that forced him to the conclusion which he expresses in these words: "Upon the whole, I accept the four canonical gospels as authentic. All, in my judgment, date back to the first century, and they are substantially by the authors to whom they are attributed; but in historic value, they are very unequal." So far as my observations in the Holy Land have gone, my experience respecting the "wonderful harmony" between the texts of the New Testament and the places and things described was substantially in accord with the experience of Renan. Indeed, the correspondence between the land and the Book seems to be complete. The "fifth gospel" is a living witness to and a striking confirmation of the historical accuracy of the other four. All the references of these gospel writers to the manners and customs of the people, the cities, towns, mountains, hills, valleys, plains, lakes, streams, relative levels, animals, plants, etc., of the country which they describe are found absolutely

correct in every detail. This fact becomes the more remarkable when it is remembered that it cannot be truthfully asserted for any book except the Bible. Numerous books have been written on Palestine by able authors. Able guide-books have been prepared on the Holy Land by learned gentlemen who have spent years exploring the country with the assistance of modern science, so as to give to the traveller the most reliable information possible respecting the places and things described. But all these books contain more or less mistakes, which may be easily pointed out. But the Gospel writers have made no mistakes. The New Testament, in some respects, is therefore the best guide-book to Palestine. Its writers not only lived and moved among the scenes about which they have so accurately written, but they must have been also guided in a way that no writer at the present time is guided. It seems to me that these facts alone are sufficient to make out a clear case in favor of the divine origin of Christianity. For it is simply incredible that these writers who lived and moved among the scenes about which they were writing would record so faithfully the ordinary facts of gospel history, and then blunder in recording the miracles of Jesus, including His resurrection from the dead. The acceptance of the divine origin of Christianity is the only reasonable way we see out of the difficulty. I have no fears for the ultimate triumph of the Bible over all forms of opposition. Destructive criticism has spent its force, and has already received its death-blow, as Professor Sayce and other

archæologists and Biblical scholars have ably shown, from the pick and the spade which have brought to light and are continuing to do so much monumental evidence confirmatory of the facts of the Bible. In the end the Bible will be found to be true, though every man should be proved a liar.

In answering the second question I may say that my own experience is decidedly in favor of visiting Egypt, Palestine and the Continent during the months of July, August and September, when the great procession of tourists has ceased to pour into and out of them. As a rule, you will not find the weather too hot, you will receive the undivided attention of guides and servants, the best accommodation afforded by the hotels, boats and railways, and in many cases for less than half the price you would have to pay during the tourist season. It is not always pleasant to be hustled about all day in a crush of selfish sight-seers, and then be stowed away at night in the hall-way or baggage room, while the women and children occupy all the beds in the hotels and boarding-houses. Then, too, during the summer months you will have the advantage of a cloudless sky, the absence of chilly weather and the benefit of refreshing sleep at night. But respecting this matter, I may finally say, let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.