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**GEMS FROM A JOURNEY**  
**Excerpts From "A Journey To Palestine"**  
**By Beverly Carradine**

Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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**A-TOPICS**

TOPIC: Ambition To Occupy Great Seats  
SUBTOPIC: One's Smallness Seen Thereby  
CHAPTER: 7

Melrose Abbey was built in the twelfth century. Judging from the ruins it was beautiful as well as colossal...In the chancel I was shown an upright stone of several feet in height on which I was told that Sir Walter Scott used to sit when he visited the abbey. No sooner is the information given than down go a certain number and a certain set of tourists upon that stone. By repeated sittings they have already brought out a high state of polish, and a certain amount of wear. If they keep at it, the time will come when the aforesaid rock will be brought even to the ground and disappear, just as the great toe of the Apostle Peter in Rome is steadily vanishing under the repeated kissings of the faithful. What a strange ambition this is, to sit in the seat of the great. What a fearful contrast is instantaneously drawn!

TOPIC: Anointed Preaching  
Subtopic: God's Method, The World's Need  
CHAPTER: 25

[In Jerusalem]

There are several things that to my mind, militate against the salvation of this people. One is the type of Christianity we have reigning here in Jerusalem. I cannot see in what respect the

Catholic, Greek, and Armenian Churches are superior to the Moslemism around them. The degrading superstitions, the lying miracles, the senseless mummery, the endless and lifeless ritualistic forms, and the sight of the priests themselves, are sufficient to drive the Hebrew from such a church. that professes to be of Christ.

Again, there is no preaching here! As certainly as the Bible is true, men are to be saved through preaching of the Word, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Singing is not the divinely ordained method; chanting does not bring souls to Christ; whining out a ritual through the nose never broke a heart or stirred a sleeping conscience. The whine, hike an ecclesiastical lullaby, actually puts to sleep. All these things we have in abundance in Jerusalem, with bowing priest and swinging censur. None of these things can move the Jew. He, thousands of years ago, had better -- a greater temple, a more richly clothed priesthood, longer liturgies, more incense, and louder chanting. It is gospel preaching that is wanted. It was the preaching of the Savior that woke up this people. It was the preaching of Peter and Paul that brought in thousands of converts, and it was the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield that swept England and America as a wind sweeps and bends a wheat field. And it is this kind of preaching that is wanted here, and that we have not.

One Sunday Morning I heard a talk of twenty-five minutes, in which the sermon was full of painful pauses, and the minister perfectly unmoved by his subject. On another Sabbath in this city I listened to a little essay that was complimentary in its character of Nathaniel, which lasted just fifteen minutes. Preaching is what Jerusalem needs. A man full of the Holy Ghost, and who can stand up in the pulpit full of the love of God and man, and can strike out from the shoulder at his audience without a thrill of fear, such a man, I believe, would see a crowded house, and conversions Sabbath after Sabbath.

TOPIC: Apostolic Christianity

SUBTOPIC: Needed Instead of "Loaves and Fishes" Converts

CHAPTER: 28

A curious thing that prevails here is the church's support of its membership. A vast majority of the native members, if not all, are substantially helped by the ecclesiastical organizations to which they belong. A Syrian told me that his house cost him nothing, inasmuch as his wife, being a Catholic, received it from that church free of rent, and that all the other churches did the same. On making inquiry of the American consul, he confirmed what the man had said, saying that it was the custom of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches alike. I learned that it was quite common for the native members to change their church relationships from the Latin to the Greek, and vice versa, the only reason for the change being the offering of some superior material advantage by one over the other. One man left the Greek Church because he was offered, free of rent, a better tenement by the Church of Rome. I leave you to imagine the effect of all this upon the religious character of the people. Truly they are the descendants in spirit, if not in flesh, of the multitude that followed Christ for the sake of the loaves and fishes.

I can conceive of two causes that bring this state of things about. One is the poverty of Jerusalem. Once silver abounded here like the stones in her streets; but today she is the poorest of all cities. Mendicancy abounds, and her inhabitants are supported as in no other city in the world. The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians all support their members, while Jewish philanthropists

abroad send help to multitudes of Israelites here, who are barely able, with all the help they receive, to keep soul and body together. The other cause is church pride. Each one of these rival organizations desires a large following -- large religious retinues, so to speak -- in their chapels and churches; and to obtain this following in Palestine, requires, it seems, the "loaf-and-fish" policy.

As for the genuinely converted natives, I sought for them in vain. One man who is called a Christian in Jerusalem I detected playing cards on the Sabbath; and a female member of a Protestant church I found to be utterly ignorant of experimental religion. However, this argument might be turned with fatal power upon Christian America. As for Christian Jews I was shown several; but if they possessed Christianity then have I not so learned Christ.

Everything I saw convinced me that what is needed in Palestine is an apostolic ministry and a church on fire with the Holy Ghost. Then, and not till then, will we see here a pure religion, with conversions clear as a sunbeam and as lasting as the mountains.

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## B-TOPICS

TOPIC: Baptism

SUBTOPIC: Mode of Thought to be Sprinkling

CHAPTER: 30

From this place we turned up the valley of the Jordan to the spot or ford which is called Bethabara.

The river at this point makes a bow-like sweep, with shores wooded with cedar and acacia, whose branches dip in the rapidly-flowing stream. The western bank is low and shelving, while the eastern shore is a bold bluff fully forty feet in height. At this point is the celebrated ford of Jordan, and here tradition says that John preached and baptized. This is claimed to be the Bethabara of the Bible. Aside from the fact that the next crossing place is a bridge, and several miles north, we have a second proof that this is Bethabara, from the fact that the present Arabic name has almost the identical meaning of the scripture title. The Bible name means "house of passage:" the present Arabic name means "place of passage." As I studied the locality I saw at once its natural advantages for the purposes mentioned in scripture, and saw in that fact presumptive proof that tradition, in regard to this spot, was doubtless correct. The western tongue of land, arched around by the river, is level, pleasantly shaded, and could afford standing and camping room for a vast multitude. John, standing on the shore, could have been seen by all, while the bluff, on the opposite bank, made a sounding-board for his voice of super-excellence. That he could immerse all the multitudes of Judea and other provinces in this rushing stream, I doubt most profoundly; while to stand on this gentle, shelving bank, and sprinkle or pour water upon the heads of many thousands a day, would have been a simple and easy task. At this place it is said that the Savior received baptism at the hands of His servant. As He came up the bank from the margin of the water the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove fluttered through the space overhead and alighted upon the head of the Lamb.

TOPIC: Beatitudes, Mount Of  
SUBTOPIC: Carradine's Description and Thoughts About  
CHAPTER: 36

The Mount of Beatitudes is two or three miles northwest of Tiberias. On reaching the foot of the sacred eminence, I dismounted, left my dragoman, and ascended alone. I found a plateau at the summit, and, rising from either end, a peak. These peaks are separated from each other about three hundred yards. Because of the jutting points the mount has received the name of Horns of Hattin. The southern peak is the loftiest by thirty or forty feet. From the northern edge of the plateau summit, and from the east and west sides as well, there is a gentle fall or slope in the ground to a point at the base of the southern peak, making a most remarkable auditorium on the top of the mountain. Some ten or fifteen feet up the side of the southern eminence, and facing the natural auditorium just described, is a ledge of rock on which the Savior could have sat with His disciples about Him and addressed with ease far more than four thousand men besides women and children.

I was deeply impressed with the natural advantages of the place, that fitted it for just such a purpose as is mentioned in the Gospel.

The mount is not lofty; it could easily be ascended by young and old; it was in the time of the Savior in the midst of a populous region; it was not far from the lake-shore with its cities, and yet it was retired, and, as I have mentioned, afforded sitting-room for thousands, and where all in the audience could see the face of the Divine Speaker.

Such a location in America would instantly be seized upon as a place for public gatherings; and happy would be that camp-ground association that could possess such a spot.

Here was delivered the grandest sermon that was ever uttered. A sermon from which all other sermons are taken. One that grows on the world more and more as it is read and pondered over. A sermon that has within it the solution of every earthly problem and difficulty, and is destined to straighten out the world's crookedness, and is the new law that is to make this earth a paradise.

And yet how quietly this wondrous discourse was spoken. No platform walking around, no display of rhetoric, no forensic fury, but, as the Bible says, "And when He was set He opened His mouth and taught them."

May either common sense or a kind providence save us, who are the ministers of Christ, from all cant and rant and everything like snort and cavort in the pulpit.

I repeated aloud some precious passages from the fifth chapter of Matthew in this lonely secluded spot, and was answered by the chirp of a sparrow in a neighboring bush. Its little song interpreted was: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and yet not one falleth to the ground without your Father."

Thus it is impossible to get away from the thought of Christ in Galilee. The mountains are granite sentences of the past that keep on telling about Him, and the sparrows twittering at their base and by the highway, will not let you forget the Divine Teacher who mentioned them in His sermons.

The Preacher of that day on whose lips the multitude hung has gone, and is now King of the Universe; and the multitude is likewise gone. God grant that they did not hear His words in vain, and are now with Him forever.

TOPIC: Bed, Take Up and Walk

SUBTOPIC: Seen by Carradine in 1890 Palestine

CHAPTER: 40

"Arise, take up thy bed and walk." This you can see at any hour of the day. I used to think when a boy that when the Savior healed a man and gave this command, that the restored sick person walked off with a four-post bedstead crowned with a Victoria-top and loaded with heavy mattresses, all on his shoulders, so that the last act was really a second miracle. Very different, however, is the bed of the East; it is not the heavy and ornate affair of the West, but consists with the great mass of the people of a piece of carpet or square of matting or the cloak or outer robe they wear. Arabs and Syrians are greatly given to lying down in the shade of a wall or hedge for a doze in the daytime. Traveling much in the night may account for this peculiarity. If the traveler will be patient and wait, he will see the slumberer awake and then "arise, take up his bed and walk." That is, he will take the matting or cloak from the ground and depart with it on his shoulders or wrapped about his form.

TOPIC: Benevolence of True Christians

SUBTOPIC: Its Measure Exemplified by Good Samaritan, Paul

CHAPTER: 31

We passed the inn, or rather the building, that stands on the site of the inn made immortal by the parable or history of the Good Samaritan. Passing into the court-yard, we found it well filled with recumbent camels and resting Arabs. I seated myself on a rock near the gate, and read, while our animals rested awhile from the intense heat of the day, that beat down with the force of a furnace upon the treeless road and rocky hillsides of this country. That part of the Scripture was doubly enjoyed here which commences: "A certain man went down to Jericho." How thankful I am for the picture the Lord draws of a man who, when he started to do a benevolent or kind thing, went to the end of it, leaving nothing undone, because believing not in half measures! "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." Most of us think our duty done when we put the traveler in the inn. Let the landlord do the rest. Some of us go two pence farther in kindness, and say: "Let the next traveler contribute something; let the landlord tell each passer-by, and raise a purse." All hail to the man that stops not and turns not back in a good work, but says, in substance: "If anything more is needed, let him have it. Behold, I will pay for all!" Such a man was Paul. Hear him writing to Philemon about Onesimus: "If he oweth thee aught, put that on mine account; I, Paul, have written it with my own hand, I will repay it!"

TOPIC: Boasting

SUBTOPIC: Over Little, Or Nothing  
CHAPTER: 17

[In Venice]

It was on the same evening when searching for the Waldensians that as I was approaching one of the diminutive openings, called squares or piazzas in Venice, that my attention was attracted by the terrific bawling of a fruit-vender; such vociferations I never in any circumstances heard surpassed. Judging from his cries one would have supposed that he had a ship-load of fruit and vegetables; but when I drew near I discovered to my amusement that on a little table before him he had a single watermelon cut up into a dozen longitudinal slices. This was his stock; and all that tremendous fuss and noise was about and over this. Other venders around had more goods than himself, but he swept beyond them all in stentorian yells! I thought of a certain preacher in a certain preacher's meeting, who on every Monday morning boasted so much of his large prayer-meeting, that my heart in listening to him fairly sank with discouragement. It was true that I had a large prayermeeting, but this brother bawled so much, and hallooed so loud over his watermelon that I went down one night to see it, and also to learn the brother's methods by which he attracted such a crowd. To my amazement I discovered that his meeting was not as large as my own.

Some people are given to bawling. Some people are given to bawling over a very little.

I have known certain individuals in my life to halloo louder over a few slices of watermelon, so to speak, than others did over an entire watermelon patch!

TOPIC: Brogue  
SUBTOPIC: By Whom Possessed, Detected  
CHAPTER: 8

[In England]

My landlord drove me out in a handsome two-wheeled vehicle to visit the ruins of Kenilworth Castle that are six or seven miles north of Warwick. The weather was biting cold. Think of it, that in July I had two buffalo robes over the lap, together with the protection of glove and overcoat. My landlord remarked, as we bowled along at a rapid rate through the beautiful English scenery, that it was an unusual spell of weather for England. I accepted his apology for his country. There was an apology needed. After awhile he remarked that he never had the least trouble in recognizing Americans, and that he knew I was from the United States the instant he heard me speak at the door the previous night. I begged him to tell me how he thus recognized me. "By your brogue," he replied. His words fairly knocked me into a brown study. In fact, these English people are continually throwing me into the deepest spells of thought. Now here I had crossed the sea, expecting, and, in a measure, prepared to hear brogue from others, and yet before I have had the opportunity of fairly wiping the spray of the Atlantic from my face I am told that my speech--my speech that I had prided myself on for its true inflections and faithfulness to consonant and vowel sounds--that behold it was nothing but brogue! My meditation lasted a good while, and

when I arose to the surface again, I came up bearing this conclusion with me: that every man's tongue, no matter how pure, is mere brogue to his brother dwelling across a national border.

TOPIC: Brutality Toward a Woman  
SUBTOPIC: Thwarted By Carradine  
CHAPTER: 22

[In Egypt]

I little thought in starting out on my morning trip that I would be instrumental in stopping two Mohammedan fights before I returned to Cairo, but so it proved. The first was in the shadow of the pyramids. The second was on the acclaimed avenue to Cairo. The cries of a woman under terrific blows from a cudgel by a man made me look up, and demanded prompt action. Calling on my dragoman to do what he could to stop the brutality, we charged on our donkeys right into the crowd. It was "the Charge of the Light Brigade." The dragoman harangued in Arabic, and I protested in Anglo Saxon; and with one or two natives, stopped the sickening spectacle. It seemed that the woman's offense was that she had not cleaned away the dust sufficiently under the trees where they lived. The normal state of the dust was four inches, and she had left about an inch in depth unremoved, whereupon the man beat her for untidy housekeeping. Here was a nabob indeed, an exquisite of the Nile, whose refined nature and cultivated habits rebelled when dust reached the depth or height of one inch. The male nature could stand no more, so he called on the female nature to suffer. A number of natives witnessed the scene in perfect indifference; some did not even look up to see what was going on. My own sudden arrival and irruption [forcible entrance] produced far more curiosity and interest. That surrounding unconcern spoke volumes: it showed that they were accustomed to such scenes. I called the woman to me. O how she sobbed! Great welts ran over her hands and arms where the brute had struck her. The agony of her face I shall never forget, as she wailed out in language I could not understand. But I pitied her, and she understood that. I took her brown hand in mine, and, looking up, pointed her to heaven. I meant that to God she must look now, and that He, after awhile, would give her deliverance and rest. I then laid some money in her hand and rode off, getting from the man a scowl that was like a storm-cloud at midnight.

TOPIC: Bubbles of the World  
SUBTOPIC: Burst and Bring Sorrow  
CHAPTER: 6

One of the loveliest pictures I saw while in Scotland met my gaze in the suburbs of Stirling, in the person of a little boy, about four years of age, standing on a fence blowing soap bubbles, and watching them float away and burst. As I passed in the cab I smiled upon him, and the little fellow smiled back, and turned to look after another bubble that he had just cast off. How interested he was, and what a bright, eager little face he had! He little thought or cared that the stranger who had just passed him prayed God to bless his future life. As I looked back at him, the reflection came: Well, the world is doing just what that little boy is doing -- blowing bubbles -- there being this one difference: that the world cries when its bubbles burst and vanish; but the boy smiled.

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## C-TOPICS

TOPIC: Christ

SUBTOPIC: Absent From Senseless Religious Practices

CHAPTER: 32

My next visit was to the church [of the Nativity] upstairs, where the Greeks were holding religious service. Priests, men, and boys were in one end of the room, chanting in the most discordant and monotonous manner. The females stood at the other end of the room, and were not allowed to approach nearer for fear of their defiling the altar. With a burning pity I looked upon the faces of these mothers, who, with their daughters, young and old, were thus banished, while strapping boys and hard-looking men went carelessly in and out of the sacred place. These women were far better-looking and nicer-looking than the men, and seemed much more interested in the service. So the wonder grew, over the custom that shut the woman out and shut the man in the holy place of this church. But let me not forget to mention that after a while one of the priests went out with a censer, and, passing in front of the women, waved smoke in their faces. I suppose it was partly to fumigate them. Anyhow, it was something; their existence was thus recognized, and they were, doubtless, made happy and grateful for small favors in absence of larger ones. A little perfumed smoke, the rattle of a censer, is good enough, the Greek Church thinks, for a woman. The error upstairs locks hands with the error down-stairs. And God, in His amazing mercy, allows this monstrosity, that covers the reputed site, to stand untouched by the thunderbolts of His power. The heart stands in the midst of all the senseless mummery of this place, and says, with Mary of old: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

TOPIC: Christ

SUBTOPIC: His Preference For Humble Surroundings

CHAPTER: 29

I climbed one evening to the top of the minaret erected by the Russian Church on the summit of Mt. Olivet. The view takes in a vast scope of country -- the Wilderness of Judea; the Dead Sea, and the Mountains of Moab, beyond the Jordan and the Dead Sea. From this lofty position you can see Jerusalem spread out like a map beneath you on one side, and Bethany on the other side of Mt. Olivet in the little valley. The lofty perch brings the village out from its hiding-place. It was in looking at the two places, Jerusalem and Bethany, now and always so full of contrast, that I had a flash-light revelation of the character of the Savior. Some people prefer the large city, with its palaces, crowded streets, rush of men, and all the glitter and show of a great municipality. But Jesus turned with evident relief to the quiet hamlet, and to the simplicity and natural life of poor and obscure people. He said of Himself that He was meek and lowly, and the constant turning of His steps from the rich and populous city to the quiet village was a confirmation of His words.

TOPIC: Christ

SUBTOPIC: Earthly Rulers Paled In Comparison With

CHAPTER: 43

[Passing Napoleon's Birthplace]



On the eighth day we passed between the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. I had no time to stop and view the birthplace of the man who so agitated France and convulsed Europe. Neither did I have the inclination. I had seen the land of the Perfect Man and my heart had no room for men of passion, war, and sin. Like one who looks steadily upon the sun, and then finds its image on everything else, and is unable to see aught else: so is it with the soul that has looked long upon and thought much of the Savior. His image is so painted on the mind's organ of vision that other faces and objects are for a time eclipsed.

TOPIC: Christ, The Homeless One  
SUBTOPIC: Contrasted With The Pope In A Palace  
CHAPTER: 18

[In Rome]

The Vatican, the palace of the Pope, has something over eleven thousand rooms; and yet the prelate is not happy. He seems to want more space. He claims to be the Vicar of Christ on earth. What a startling difference between the two is suggested by the sight of the Vatican. The one said long ago: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." The man who claims to be His representative in the world has a palace that is a vast fortune in itself, whose long halls are filled with statuary, whose walls are lined with paintings, whose rooms cannot be counted, and whose doors are carefully guarded day and night by gorgeously uniformed companies of soldiers.

I saw a cardinal richly robed and in his carriage with liveried coachman and footman on his way to call on the Pope. Again by very contrast I saw the Man of Galilee on foot amid the hills of Judea and traversing the long, hot roads of Samaria.

TOPIC: Christ Preached  
SUBTOPIC: Through Song  
CHAPTER: 4

[Liverpool England]

The hour here for evening service in the churches is half-past six. At this time the sun is several hours high. Returning to the hotel from these double services I was attracted by the sound of singing above the rush of a great throng and roar of wheels on the street. On investigation I discovered that it proceeded from a blind man and his family, accompanied by his accordion, and assisted by his friends stationed in the crowd. The voices were all remarkably fine. He would sing from the place where he sat, and his friends would respond from a distance of ten yards. The airs were all gospel hymns and melodies. The name of Jesus was prominent throughout. The effect was most gracious. Hundreds stood for an hour and listened. As I turned away I said in my heart: "Notwithstanding, every way Christ is preached, and I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

TOPIC: Church Services  
SUBTOPIC: Reverence vs. Disrespect For

## CHAPTER: 4

On Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, of July 13, I found myself whirling along the streets of Liverpool from the steamer...The streets were filled with people going to church, and the most delightful sight was frequently seen of the family group wending their way to the house of God. As my cabman drove rapidly along toward my distant hotel, suddenly, as we came near a church, a policeman signaled the driver, and made him walk his horse noiselessly by. I thought of New Orleans, where, between parrots and organs, brass-bands, fire-men's processions, and rattling cars, the minister at times cannot possibly be heard. One preacher in our city was much annoyed by a rooster that crowed vociferously and pertinaciously near his pulpit window just after he would take his text and begin his sermon. The preacher earnestly entreated the lady owner to have the chanticleer removed, or silenced in some way. Her reply was that a man was a poor preacher who could not preach louder than a rooster could crow. O New Orleans! Thou Babel of multifarious noises on the Sabbath-day, draw near with a few of thy sister cities, and sit at the feet of Liverpool, and take the first lesson in reverences -- viz., silence when the Gospel is being proclaimed. This English custom looks like a ray of the millennial dawn.

TOPIC: Clinging To A Destroyer

SUBTOPIC: The Inhabitants Around Vesuvius

CHAPTER: 20

[The Climb Up Mt. Vesuvius]

Mt. Vesuvius is five miles from Pompeii. Taking a guide and two horses, I had a wild gallop over the plain and fields toward the smoking volcano. What a gallop it was, through dusty lanes, and wide-spreading vineyards, and queer-looking villages with high stone walls, over whose top peered and clambered the boughs of all kinds of fruit trees! The half-naked children rushed out at our coming, crying out for money in shrill tones, while more than one old peasant woman dropped distaff and spindle, and gazed after us as we went clattering by. We had no time to tarry, for it takes several hours to climb Vesuvius, and it was now in the afternoon. As the guide and I swept on, vineyards followed upon vineyards. As we began to ascend the mountain, they actually became more luxuriant. The black ashes and cinders seem to be the soil in which the vine can best flourish. The wine, I understand, is very strong. The fire of the mountain, I suppose, has stolen into the grape. You climb more than one-third of the height of the volcano before the grape-bearing vine ceases to follow you. Further along we began to encounter lava beds. Remarkable when first seen, they became more wonderful in appearance the higher we ascended. Conceive of a vast level field, across which runs a strip of plowed land, say fifty or a hundred yards wide. But this plowed slip has been thrown up by plows that can cast a furrow fifteen or twenty feet high, and leave clods as big as a hogshead. Think of an ebony river churned by a cyclone into wildest confusion, and then its black, convulsed waves suddenly turned to stone. I saw every conceivable fantastic and horrible form in these lava rivers that poured down the sides of Vesuvius, and were arrested midway. Implements of war, human forms twisted in agony, and serpents folded and knotted together.

Two-thirds and more of the distance up, the guide came to a halt in a wild, rocky spot at the foot of the cone proper. He remarked that the rest of the way must be pursued on foot, as it was too

steep for the horses. At this juncture four men presented themselves, and offered to carry me up in a chair. Their price staggered me, and I said "No;" I would climb the rest of the way. Faithfully did I try, sinking in the ashes several inches with each step. High above me loomed the mountain, and desperately did I surge for an hundred yards to gain the top unaided. To my surprise, the four men toiled along by my side. It actually appeared that they believed I could not make the ascent. In fact, that was just what they believed and knew. They had seen hundreds do as I did that afternoon. It was of no avail; I had to give up, with breath and strength gone, and the head of the volcano still high in the air. At once they placed me in a chair, to which two handspikes were nailed, and I was lifted up thus, throne-like, on the shoulders of four stalwart men. And then how we climbed! And what an experience it was to be going on the shoulders of four men up the steep side of a roof four thousand feet high, whose eaves overhung Italy and the Mediterranean Sea, and the chimney at the top on fire! At last we reached the summit, and stood in twenty feet of smoke that boils up from the crater. Around the crater there are two lips, each one fully thirty feet high. The outer one is twenty feet off from the danger spot; the inner one over hangs the fire, and has rattling upon it a constant shower of stones thrown from beneath. Every minute or so there is a deep explosion in the crater, and a shower of black rocks are hurled two or three hundred yards in the air, and come rattling down, some in the gulf, many on the inner lip of the crater, and some on the outer lip where we stood. I had not the very blissful experience, in company with the guides, of dodging and retiring precipitately several times from these stones.

What a view bursts on the charmed vision from this lofty place! What reflections crowd on the mind while you linger at the top, or descend the Steep sides of the cone, and the gentler slope of the mountain proper! The city and Bay of Naples are westward, and just beneath you. The Mediterranean is outspread in its calm blue beauty; a dozen populous towns are at the base of the volcano; houses and vineyards clamber up its sides, as though it was perfectly harmless. A vast plain, dotted with houses and towns, amid which I notice the ruins of Pompeii, and covered with orchards and vineyards, circles around three sides of Vesuvius, and stretches away in the distance till shut in by a lofty range of mountains that makes a fitting frame for so large and lovely a picture. At the foot of this fire-breathing monster is the town of Terra del Grecco, fair and flourishing, and yet it has been destroyed seven times by this volcano at whose feet it now confidently nestles. How strange it is that men will believe in and cling to the thing that destroys them!

I gave a farewell look and descended. This has always been a wonderful spot. Capua, where Hannibal's soldiers were changed to the nature of women is close by. I took in the soft beauty of the landscape, the fertility of the plain, the slumber of the ocean, and the swoon in the air. I remembered the fire of the grape, and the warmth of the sunbeam, and I began to understand the meaning of the word Capua as Hannibal saw it; and I also think I saw some of the circumstantial causes that developed finally into the overwhelming ruin of Pompeii.

TOPIC: Colloquialisms

SUBTOPIC: Endlessly Repeated Grate The Nerves

CHAPTER: 10

Another thing that immediately arrests attention is the unwearying, perpetual, and everlasting expression, "I beg pardon." If you look at an Englishman hard, he says, "I beg pardon." If you address him, and he does not catch the sense of the speech his invariable reply is, "I beg

pardon," with a rising inflection on the pardon. Whether he hears you or not, and no matter what you ask, before the Britisher gives satisfaction, he draws his little verbal scimitar and plunges it through the ear into the brain centers made exquisitely sensitive by many previous stabs. While in England I had my pardon begged, on the average twenty or thirty times a day, until one unfamiliar with the custom would have supposed that I was the most injured and trampled-upon individual in the land.

TOPIC: Colosseum

SUBTOPIC: Its Description, Its Martyrs, Its Evil Heritage

CHAPTER: 18

[In Rome]

My first visit was to the Colosseum. So deeply was I interested that I paid three visits to this world-famous structure. It is the acknowledged largest ruin in the world, and yet it was not that fact that flung such a spell over me. It is difficult by any array of figures to convey to the reader the proper conception of the magnitude and sublimity of this building. After saying that it is elliptical in shape, over six hundred feet in length, five hundred in width, and one hundred and fifty-six in height, one still cannot by a mental process do the great amphitheater justice. But when you stand in the center of the arena and look up, counting five galleries as the eye ascends, one rising above the other with scores of rows of seats, all ascending in an unbroken line to the edge of the topmost wall, and accommodating ninety-three thousand people -- then the size colossal breaks upon you! It is well called the Colosseum.

The arena in which the gladiators fought, and in which thousands of Christians were killed by sword and wild beast, is nearly one hundred yards long and sixty wide. The wall that surrounded it, from the top of which the seats of the spectators began, is about twenty-five feet in height. As I stood there I conjured up the scenes of agony that had transpired there for centuries. I thought of the crushing sense of loneliness and helplessness that swept down upon the heart of the doomed Christian when led into this arena to die. He heard the dull roar of lion or tiger behind yonder iron-barred cell; in another moment he saw the animal leaping toward him; he glanced up and saw one hundred thousand faces looking down upon him, and their countenances were harder and more pitiless than the face of the animal rushing upon him. One moment to look upward, one cry to the Christ who was also murdered, and then the tearing of flesh, the cracking of bone, the swimming of the vast audience before the dying eyes, and then a mutilated, unconscious body upon the sand, with white face upturned to the sky. This is only the beginning. New victims are brought in singly, in groups, and as families. The spectacle must last for hours and when the odor of shed blood becomes offensive to the royal and patrician smell, then fountains of perfumery cast their jets high in the air. There beneath us is left the remains of the ingenious piece of mechanism. What kind of people were these Romans! On the right hand close to the arena is the place where the Emperor sat; just opposite to him were ranged the vestal virgins; in the topmost gallery sat the people. And yet when the gladiator looked to see if he should spare the man at his feet, the emperor and the people and the vestal virgins would unitedly give the signal to kill! High and low, church and world, agreeing on murder.

Again and again, as I have journeyed over this land of Italy, I have asked myself the question, What is the cause of these naked fields, these half-cultivated lands, these mountains scraped bare, this pauperism and ignorance and error that abounds? Why is it that Italy, in many respects, does not measure up to her sister kingdoms? Standing in the Colosseum, part of the answer came to me. He who has not yet finished paying the Jew for what he did to his Son, is still settling an awful account against this land for the precious Christian blood that was shed on this spot before me for three hundred years! Verily Rome, whether pagan or Catholic, is, as God says about it, "drunk with the blood of the martyrs."

TOPIC: Colosseum And Forum

SUBTOPIC: Visited, Viewed, At Night

CHAPTER: 18

[In Rome]

At 9 o'clock at night, while reading and meditating in my room, a great desire to visit the Colosseum by night came over me, Taking a cab, I drove to the ruin, and leaving the vehicle and driver on the road, I entered the dark and shadowy building alone and walked to the center of the arena. I had not the moonlight to illumine and glorify the place, but the somber night to deepen its solemnity. The sky was studded with stars. One beautiful planet hung tremblingly upon the broken edge of the southern wall. At one moment the place would be as silent as the grave; in the next it would be alive with echoes. The Colosseum sits alone in a valley between the Esqueline and Coelian Hills, and the sounds from distant streets of horses' hoof and human voice came through the many openings of the walls and produced a hundred rattling echoes among the walls around and in the vaults below. It would have seemed to the superstitious that the multitudes who had gathered here in the past centuries were assembling once more. Again I conjured up the scenes of the dark past; again I saw the hundred thousand faces looking down into the arena; I saw the helpless Christian victim; I saw and heard the spring and roar of the wild beast; I saw the waving sword of the gladiator about to be sheathed in the heart of a dying saint; and then those sudden echoes that filled the building! was it the voices of an invisible audience in the seats above me in the dark, crying out "Habet!"

I left the building with a great awe upon me, and with a realization of those days of trial and horror to the church, that I never could have had from any amount of reading in my quiet study in New Orleans.

I returned to the hotel by way of the Forum. I looked across the empty place toward the palaces of the Caesars that skirt the edge of the Palatine Hill in that direction. A dozen street lamps have been stationed at regular distances around the side of this hill in front of the ruins. For what purpose I do not know, for that part of the city is completely deserted. But the shining of these lamps upon and through the doors and broken walls of the palatial ruins produced the strangest effect. It seemed as if the palaces were full of light; as if their old-time masters had returned and were holding high revel in their courts, after an absence of two thousand years. And so, like Nehemiah, "I went up in the night and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned; and the rulers knew not whither I went or what I did."

\* \* \* \* \*

## D-TOPICS

TOPIC: Dead Sea

SUBTOPIC: A Precursor of The Lake of Fire

CHAPTER: 30

As I looked over the [Dead] Sea, as it stretched in the distance, I noticed a thin, white mist that overhung it, as though the stones of Sodom and Gomorrah had not yet cooled, and the steam was still escaping from the sea-depths and hanging like smoke in the air.

Far away, on the dim western shore, my eye fell on the mountains that rise up from that quarter, on one of which took place one of the most solemn scenes, in my judgment, mentioned in the Bible. I refer to the standing of Jehovah upon the brow of the mountain and silently and fixedly looking down upon Sodom as it lay in the distant plain. A holy God observing unholy men; the Creator looking at a doomed city. What if they had known that at that moment the God of the Universe was resting His eye upon them, not from heaven, but from a neighboring mountain!

What a scene was that which Abraham beheld next morning! The land, says the Bible, was like a furnace. It has never been the same since that day. The Lord's handwriting does not wear out with the ages.

As I turned away I said, verily as this sea is the winding-sheet of Sodom and Gomorrah, and just so certainly as God has covered up the wickedness of this place by these billows of salt, so will He as surely cover up all wickedness in another lake that the Bible says burneth forever and ever.

TOPIC: D. D. Degrees

SUBTOPIC: Useless If Not True Teachers

CHAPTER: 9

My card secured me here, as elsewhere, immediate attention. Perhaps it was because of the "D. D." attached to the name. These lay brethren in England do not know how cheap a degree it is in America, and has come really to mean next to nothing. While in Mr. Spurgeon's church I happened, in speaking to one of the ushers, to say Doctor Spurgeon. He quickly replied, "He is not a doctor; he is only a teacher!" Here was rebuke, and here was food for reflection. Is a "D. D." one thing and a teacher of God another? Do we cease to become a teacher when we attain unto this title? "He is only a teacher!" May the Lord grant us to be teachers, though we never have half the alphabet swinging, like a comet-tail, to our names!

TOPIC: Desert

SUBTOPIC: Benefit From The Sahara

CHAPTER: 22

[Viewing the Sahara Desert]

Westward stretched forth the vast expanse of the Desert of Sahara. This desert rises suddenly from the valley of the Nile in a bluff forty or fifty feet high, and then spreads out as far as the eye can see as a vast, yellow field fall of slopes and hillocks. The Nile valley reaches out its emerald fingers as if timidly to touch it, but the desert refuses to be tamed. Like a great, tawny monster, it stretches itself unto its full height of fifty feet, looks out of its yellow eyes over the plain, and spying a traveler or caravan, springs with a sudden bound and roar upon them, shakes over them its brown mane, strangles them in its embrace, and then leaves their bones to bleach in the sun as a silent evidence of its power. But aside from this figure into which I have been betrayed, what a benefactor it really is to Europe. Men talk of turning the Mediterranean Sea into it, and making it a great inland ocean. Nothing would be more disastrous, I am confident. The Great African desert is the furnace of the continent that lies to its north. The ripening fruit, the mellowing grain, and comparative mildness of winter in Europe depends on the heat generated or reflected by this desert, and then spread or fanned northward by the winds that blow in that direction. This warm, desert air touches the frozen fields of snow on the mountain side and turns them into brooks and fountains; breathes upon the hard fruits of the land until they blush under its whispers and grow tender under its caresses; and, besides, making the more northern latitudes of Europe tolerable for human habitation; gives to Spain and Italy, in especial, the rich landscapes, the luscious fruits, the beautiful skies, and the soft and delightful climate for which they are famous. Poet and statesman, lover of beauty and political economist alike say let the Great Desert remain as it is, uncovered by the waves of the Mediterranean.

TOPIC: Desert

SUBTOPIC: God's Power To Transform

CHAPTER: 22

[In Cairo Egypt]

Cairo, with a population of four hundred thousand souls, is about one hundred miles up the river Nile. The desert that stretches away east to Palestine touches it on one side while the yellow lip of the Great Desert is drawn back to the west fully eight miles. These two deserts are remarkable for their bluffs. They do not melt away into the shore or plain line of the Nile valley, but draw themselves up, as if saying, in conscious majesty, "I am the wild, unconfined Desert that laughs defiance at all the labors and implements of man to change and bring me into subjection." There was a time, doubtless when these two ghastly lips met, and there was nothing but death and sterility over this spot. But God trained the waters from the mountains, and brought them in a winding course until the channel was made, and a valley was formed to support a mighty nation, and, indeed, become the granary of distant peoples. He also did this to show, even nature, how He can bring life out death, and to reveal to us in figure how, out of earthly Saharas, He will cause a paradise yet to bloom. The valley varies in width. It is so fertile that I think it can grow anything and everything. As some one wrote,

"Tickle it with a hoe and it smiles with a harvest."

TOPIC: Dryness of David's Well

SUBTOPIC: Contrasted With Christ's Ever-flowing Fountain

## CHAPTER: 32

Of course, I visited the well of Bethlehem, or David's Well, as it is called, situated on the edge of the town. Here he drank often as a barefooted shepherd-lad, and in remembrance of its cooling draughts, said on the hard-fought field of battle: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate." What devotion to David and courage is seen in the consequent act of the three mighty men, and what loftiness of spirit in the king as he poured the water upon the ground! God forbid that he should drink water that cost blood, and the blood of such men! The mouth of this well is today almost even with the surface of the ground, and, looking in, I found that it was dry! Alas! for the fountains of this world, for which we so ardently sigh, and over which such struggles take place. They all run dry. There is but one fountain-satisfying, unchanging, eternal. It is spoken of in John vii: 37, and again in John iv: 14.

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## E-TOPICS

TOPIC: Elijah and Elisha

SUBTOPIC: Their Fitness as Types of Christ Contrasted

CHAPTER: 31

The valley of Cherith enters the plain near the Jericho road. One or two miles up the valley is shown the cave of Elijah, where he was fed by the ravens, while hiding from Ahab. The cavern is situated high up on the precipitous side of a mountain. It is a good hiding place, even among the bare rocks; but if in former times these heights and slopes were covered with forests, it would have been next to impossible to have discovered the prophet. The brook of which he drank winds along the valley several hundred feet beneath the cave. Its course can be easily traced by a narrow line of green shrubs that overarch it in its progress to the plain. As I viewed the place I could not but recall the life of hardship through which this man of God was called to pass. Elisha was of a softer make, and kept a servant. Both, I notice, were accepted of God. Nevertheless, when the time came for the transfiguration of Him who came to minister and not to be ministered unto, it was the toil-worn Moses, and the toil-worn Elijah, and not Elisha, that stood in the company of the Father and the Son, talking about the coming death at Jerusalem, and the completion of the plan of salvation.

TOPIC: Emptiness

SUBTOPIC: Of Earthly Pursuits

CHAPTER: 22

[At The Pyramids]

A hot, fatiguing time was spent in reaching the king's chamber, which occupies the very center of the pyramid, measured up or down or from any side. The sight beheld, after the tramp, was an imposing sarcophagus in which there was nothing; a spectacle seen even until this day in America and elsewhere. Moreover, the result of that toil in the steep, dark galleries was strikingly



like the reward given by the world to those who toil after its honors -- a rich coffin, and then darkness, emptiness, loneliness, and by and by, forgetfulness.

TOPIC: English Accent  
SUBTOPIC: Carradine's Assessment Of  
CHAPTER:

In addition to features of greater moment many lesser things struck me while in England. One was the English accent. To obtain it requires first that a man should contract a bad cold in the head, next that there should be a rigidity if not paralysis, of certain throat muscles and vocal chords; then let him labor for chest notes, banish from the face all appearance of animation, and doing these things he will have the appearance and rejoice in the lingual excellence of the subject of Queen Victoria.

TOPIC: Epitaph  
SUBTOPIC: Of A Child  
CHAPTER: 10

One of the first places a person desires to visit when in London is Westminster Abbey...James the First has several children buried in one of the chapels. I was much touched with a verse that was carved on the headstone of one of them. I copied it with my pencil:

"She tasted of the cup of life,  
Too bitter 'twas to drain;  
She put it meekly from her lips,  
And went to sleep again."

TOPIC: Eyes Lifted Up  
SUBTOPIC: Seen by Carradine in 1890 Palestine  
CHAPTER: 40

"And he lifted up His eyes." To fully realize the force of this expression, one has to travel in Palestine where the roads are covered with stones and where the path becomes so faint at times as to demand a sharp attention to keep from going astray. These facts necessitate a downward carriage of the head, and thus you see the pedestrian of the East moving along the road. When he would scan the distance or some approaching object it requires something more than the swift glance known to us on our broad thoroughfares, where we walk with head erect and eyes cast straight forward -- but he, the man of the East, picking his way amid great boulders and narrow ledges and mountain paths, has to "lift up his eyes." The expression is not a synonym of the word behold, for that word is always added, but it is a phrase born of a fact noticeable in the countries of the far-away Orient. Whenever I approached one of the people of the East, and saw him from afar off "lift up his eyes" to behold, a freshness and force and life animated and made strangely attractive a Bible saying that I had often before read carelessly and thoughtlessly.

\* \* \* \* \*

## F-TOPICS

TOPIC: Faith Strengthened

SUBTOPIC: In The Storm

CHAPTER: 43

Next morning we found that the storm was increasing in fury...Ascending the companion-way I found only a few gentlemen that were bold enough to cross the wave-swept deck. A rope was stretched between the masts; and holding to this as others had done, I walked amidships and stood looking upon a scene that for wild and terrible grandeur I never expect to see surpassed. The ocean had been changed into a vast expanse of liquid hills. The ship was plunging and sliding down these eminences into dark glossy valleys between, and then with tremendous struggles and violent tremors running through every part of her large frame, would strain and climb to the summit of another hill. Occasionally she would be thrown almost on her beam ends and the great deep would yawn like a gulf beneath us; then slowly she would right herself again.

The air was filled with the flying spray that I felt like calling the dust of the sea. The wind was blowing with the force of a hurricane. Sky amid sea were close together. The clouds reached down their hands to grasp the fingers of the sea that were stretched upward to them, to make an awful compact to overwhelm the vessel. But another hand, invisible and all-powerful, had hold of the ship and would not suffer the deed.

For hours I remained on the deck viewing the scene with fascinated eye, and with my heart constantly ascending in worship and praise to the Lord God of the heaven and earth and sea. The wonderful picture before me of the power of God strengthened my faith, strangely exhilarated my soul, and filled me with a joy and exultation in the conscious possession of the Saviour that no words could adequately describe.

TOPIC: Feasting

SUBTOPIC: Absurdities From Deifying The Stomach

CHAPTER: 19

[In Naples]

These Italian people who move on hotel planes are great for long dinings. To please them possibly, the courses are multiplied until the consumption of time in such a way becomes a positive affliction as well as a sin. Moreover, their courses amount to very little. There are never more than two dishes to a course, and oftentimes not more than one. So a hotel dining is really, after all, nothing but a few dishes strung out for more than an hour, the clatter of many clean plates, the whisk of napkins, the running of waiters, and a bunch of toothpicks.

The other day, while at the dinner-table, a silver-covered dish was brought to me containing one of the courses. On removing the cover my eyes fell upon a double handful of snap-beans! Not so much as a piece of meat to rest their heads upon, or under which to coil their long, lean limbs.

Now, suppose the reader had known in early life a poor, obscure, ordinary youth, and in traveling, should suddenly find him in the company of the nobility passing himself off for some great one. The feeling would be one of surprise and amazement on addressing him, or even beholding him. Thus was it I looked on the snap beans. I mentally ejaculated, Why, Snap Beans, I know you! I know how you are regarded in America, and your social standing there. You know that very few of the high-born care for you, and that your true place there is on a tin plate in the kitchen with the servants. And yet here I find you here lying on a silver dish and passing yourself off as somebody. Why, Snap Beans, thou friend and acquaintance of my boyhood, how did you get here, and how did you manage to fool these European people?"

Snap beans as a course for dinner! Whenever people begin to live for the stomach they at once go into all kinds of absurdities. There are follies and ridiculousities of table manners and bill of fare. In the dethroning of Reason and Conscience, and the enthroning of the Stomach, we may look for absurdities. The brain that is left is racked for table novelties and culinary inventions. The result is often such as to excite the whole family of risible muscles.

Then I have noticed that when a people swing like a pendulum between the two thoughts, what new things shall we eat, and how much shall we eat; when they spend much precious money, and much still more precious time, in feasting, and in a general deifying of the stomach, such people are getting at a place where God knocks them down with His providences and tears them to pieces with His judgments. The Bible says it is so, and History confirms the saying.

TOPIC: Fetishes

SUBTOPIC: Nonsensical Faith In

CHAPTER: 16

[In Venice Italy]

We paid a visit to St. Mark's Cathedral. Poets and sculptors and painters and imitative Americans rave over the beauty of the building. It is, beyond question, lovely. Ruskin, in his Stones of Venice, may be consulted by the curious. The floor of the cathedral was thrown into undulations by an earthquake years ago. The solemn handwriting of God is allowed to remain. The church custodians claim to have under the altar the body of St. Mark. As they are certain about it, I did not investigate. In a corner of the church is a small black statue of the evangelist. I saw four men rub their hands over it, and then rub their bodies in various places. Each man had his afflicted spot. As they did this they dropped a copper coin into a box near the statue, in payment of the homeopathic cure.

The fourth man rubbed the statue vigorously, and then as earnestly rubbed a portion of his body just beneath his chest, which convinced me that his misery was altogether abdominal. He next felt in his pocket for his centime, and behold! the penny was not there. He looked dismayed and a trifle foolish, and then slowly departed. Here comes up some interesting questions. Would the tutelary saint heal on credit? Would the statue part with its healing gratuitously, considering the circumstances? Or did the statue let out its pain-easing power, ignorant of the fact of the man's impecuniosity? If we could have followed that man and found out how his pains were, doubtless these solemn and important mysteries might have been explained.

TOPIC: Fig-Tree, Under The  
SUBTOPIC: Seen by Carradine in 1890 Palestine  
CHAPTER: 40

"I saw thee under the fig-tree." These words, spoken by the Savior to Nathaniel, I saw fulfilled many times. If I beheld one person under fig-trees, I saw hundreds. In the northern part of Judea and through Samaria it is the best shade-tree to be found, and rarely is there any other. The broad leaf, the heavy boughs coming within two or three feet of the ground giving a delightful shade, and allowing a free circulation of the air in that hot yet breezy land, affords a most grateful retiring place in the sultry hours of the day. I rested under them at noon a number of times and saw the natives all along the road doing the same. Would that to the physical act of resting could have been added the deeper spiritual exercise that gave the force to the words uttered by the Lord to Nathaniel.

TOPIC: Fires of Men  
SUBTOPIC: Not Eternal  
CHAPTER: 18

[In Rome]

Very near to the latter-named building [The Forum] are the ruins of the Temple of Vesta. In the floor is the spot where the perpetual fire was kept burning. It was all out when I saw it, and the virgins and their successors gone. They that turn the thumb downward, crying out "Habet" to the gladiatorial executioner, must pass away, and their fires be put out in darkness.

TOPIC: Foundation of Christ  
SUBTOPIC: Demands Proper Building Thereon  
CHAPTER: 18

[In Rome]

As a specimen of the mixing up of the ages, the conglomeration of architecture and the triumph of the new over the old, I saw one day a modern house perched on the top of a tomb built long before the dark ages. The mausoleum in this instance was a massive wall, circular in shape, and twenty or thirty feet in height. The nineteenth century contribution to its top by no means added to the appearance of the sepulchre, but suffered itself by a damaging contrast. The foundation was grander than the superstructure.

TOPIC: Future We Face  
SUBTOPIC: Known and Lived Already By Christ  
CHAPTER: 21

[In Egypt]

I possess by my present remoteness a peculiar advantage in respect to the day. While writing this at 4 of clock in the afternoon, people in the United States are just sitting down to breakfast, or, perhaps, rising from bed. The day with me is far spent. I have looked into its history, lived its life, seen it grow old before they rub the sleep from their eyes. This gives one an advantage. It makes me something like a prophet, in that I have seen what they have not seen. I have dipped, in a sense, into the future, and looked into the face of the unborn and unknown.

\* \* \* \* \*

## G-TOPICS

TOPIC: Galilee, Sea Of

SUBTOPIC: Verses Of A Song About

CHAPTER: 35

I camped two nights and a day by Lake Galilee, and then one morning at sunrise struck tent, and departed in a southwesterly direction, turning many a longing, lingering look behind.

"O, Galilee, blest Galilee,  
Come sing thy song again to me."\*

\*I herewith attach to this chapter the words of the beautiful hymn quoted above. Most of my readers are familiar with the melody in the New Life; but there is another air to the same words that is far lovelier. I first heard it sung by a band of men and women one night on the streets of Liverpool, and many times since in Centenary Church in St. Louis. For plaintiveness and tender power I have never heard it surpassed. It is to be found in Temple Themes, page 75.

## MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

Each cooing dove and sighing bough,  
That makes the eve so blest to me,  
Has something far diviner now,  
It bears me back to Galilee.

Each flowery glen and mossy dell,  
Where happy birds in song agree,  
Thro' sunny morn the praises tell  
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

And when I read the thrilling lore  
Of Him who walked upon the sea,  
I long, oh, how I long once more  
To follow Him in Galilee.

## CHORUS.

O, Galilee! sweet Galilee!  
Where Jesus loved so much to be;  
O Galilee! blue Galilee!  
Come sing thy song again to me.

TOPIC: Gilgal  
SUBTOPIC: Seen As Synonymous With Holiness  
CHAPTER: 31

Gilgal is about two miles from the Jordan. Nothing is left but a heap of stones of the place that figured so prominently in Jewish history. Here, after crossing the Jordan, the Israelites made themselves holy unto the Lord: and it is remarkable to notice how often, in after days, they would return to this spot. After battles and campaigns and great national experiences; after victories and defeats, Gilgal would be fallen back upon or sought after. Very much like Jacob was led back to Bethel for a renewal of spiritual life, so to the place where, as a nation, they had given themselves to God in solemn covenant, the Israelites would return again and again. Well for all believers to turn the face and heart -- not frequently, but continually -- to Gilgal. I can see why Samuel retained it as one of his judging-places. It is remarkable that to this day the idea of holiness is connected with the spot by even the Arabs. I was informed that when they wish to get the whole truth from a man, they ask him if he is willing to swear by the tree that grows at Gilgal.

TOPIC: Giving For Show  
SUBTOPIC: False, Like Retrieved Ring  
CHAPTER: 17

[In Venice]

Much has been sung and written about the nuptials of Venice to the Sea. It was a wonderful scene made up of a sunlit sea, sweeping fleets, fluttering pennons, imposing ceremonies, and the Doge in gorgeous robes casting the begemmed and flashing ring into the Adriatic. Much needless pain has been felt by the economic heart at this annual loss of a valuable gem. The fact was, as I am informed, that the same ring was cast every year into the sea. A fine net placed skillfully at the stern of the vessel under the waves, received the glittering treasure when it was flung down so freely, and held it safely for its owners. After the deluded public had disappeared the gem was slipped from the aqueous finger of the Adriatic, stolen in a word from the maritime spouse, and kept for a similar annual occasion. This is not the first or last thing of the kind beheld in the world.

TOPIC: Gone Into Heaven  
SUBTOPIC: But Christ Remains  
CHAPTER: 32

The other attractive point is the field where the shepherds were watching their flocks by night when the angels descended and proclaimed the glad tidings of the Savior's birth. As I looked at the grassy slope, now brown under the burning sun of summer, there was nothing to show that it had once been dyed with the rich colors of heaven, stirred with angel wings, and full of echoes of the eternal world. It looks like any other field, with its gentle declivity, quiet surroundings, and

absence of life; but, nevertheless, no other field ever had a more glorious announcement made over it than the shepherds' field near Bethlehem. I have often thought of the feelings of the shepherds after, as the Bible says, "the angels had gone away into heaven." The praising, the singing, the angels themselves -- gone away into heaven! Can't you see the shepherds gazing after them into the empty blue vault as the disciples gazed after Christ? The starry sky was the shut door to the shepherds, the cloud to the disciples.

"Gone away into heaven!" Has the reader sounded the depths of these words? The light gone, the beauty and glory gone, the loved one gone into heaven -- and you left in the field.

"Gone away into heaven!" But, thank God! they left the Savior. He was at Bethlehem that night, He is by the side of the reader now, and, having Him as a present helper and comforter, we can stand the loss of all things until we, too, shall go away into heaven.

TOPIC: Grapes of Eschol  
SUBTOPIC: Thought Of In Jericho  
CHAPTER: 31

Jericho is a small mud village, with two or three modern houses for the comfort of travelers. Here I passed the night. Wearied with the long trip, and parched with thirst, I sat under a grape arbor thinking of the history of the place, when my dragoman approached with several bunches of grapes of such huge size and such rich color, that I instantly thought of the circumstances of the spies, and the grapes of Eschol, that so amazed the Jews by their size.

TOPIC: Grinding at the Mill  
SUBTOPIC: Seen By Carradine in 1890 Palestine  
CHAPTER: 40

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill." I saw this in a Bedouin encampment in the mountains of Judea. As I entered I heard a low, grinding sound, and looking about, saw "two women grinding at the mill." The same slow and laborious method of making meal is observed now as when Christ uttered the words in the quotations. The stone mill was resting on the ground, and the sound was low and melancholy. "The sound of the grinding shall be low." The mind also took note of the fact that there were two women at the mill.

TOPIC: Guides, Spiritual  
SUBTOPIC: Should Use Words Easily Understood  
CHAPTER: 42

I offer for the reader's inspection a few hasty sketches of some individuals I met while gone, and who for courtesy's sake men called guides.

The Unintelligible Guide.

This character I found in all of his native excellence in Scotland. He talked volubly and doubtless correctly, but as he spoke in Scotch and that part of my education had been totally

neglected, it is needless to say that I did not receive much light. There were occasional words of English at which I grasped as a drowning man would at a straw, but as they were pronounced in the broad Scotch accent I was not certain even of them.

I was reminded of a lady friend who was presiding at her table in Mississippi and dishing out oyster soup. The company was larger than usual and the oysters were few, while the milk part was plentiful. The effort of the lady was to give at least one oyster to each guest. And so she fished. A colored servant girl, aged twelve, looking over the lady's shoulder, was deeply interested in the spoon search or exploration, and suddenly, to the amazement of the company, cried out, "Dar one, Miss!"

About as eagerly did I pounce upon an English word happening to float to the surface of the Scotch conversational broth dished up for me that day.

It is an experience to listen intently for an hour and not learn a thing.

TOPIC: Guides, Spiritual  
SUBTOPIC: Who Use Humor  
CHAPTER: 42

The Humorous Guide.

I found him only in France. He was flourishing in Paris. His pleasure seemed to be to floor the male travelers. The ignorance and eagerness of the European excursionist paved the way to his downfall in every encounter. I recall an instance. We were passing through an historic cemetery. The guide suddenly paused before a large family tomb and securing the attention of the entire party remarked that the gentleman who built that tomb had every one of his family buried there but would not allow his own body to be entombed with the rest. "Why," eagerly asked an unwary traveler. "Because," said the guide, turning to leave, "he is not dead yet."

TOPIC: Guides, Spiritual  
SUBTOPIC: Thrust Into Service With Too Little Knowledge  
CHAPTER: 42

The Ignorant Guide.

I found him in several countries, but flourishing in greatest verdancy at Pompeii. I had requested the hotel-keeper at the railroad station to secure me a guide who could pilot me to the top of Mt. Vesuvius and point out and explain the notable features of the landscape. In due time he was brought in for my inspection. I asked if he spoke English. The hotel-keeper replied "that he would answer." The guide himself looked restless and uneasy, shifting about on his feet, and turning helpless glances to the head of the house; which looks I failed to take in at the time, but afterward recalled, and recognized their nature, when too late. I noticed that while together in the room he kept far off from me, and when mounted on our horses he managed to keep a considerable distance between us so as to prevent conversation. He simply pointed down the road, motioned me to urge the horse on to a rapid gait, and then lifted his hand warningly to the sun.



It was after a gallop of six miles and we were halfway up the mountain, that I paused to take in the view, and addressed my guide for information. In one minute I discovered that I might as well have had with me for the purpose of instruction a Hottentot fresh from African wilds. The man was a sealed book to me and I was a mystery to him. The only two words that sounded like English were "Gen-teel-mon" and "Pompay." I guessed at them by his finger being pointed at me with the first, and at the distant buried city in the pronunciation of the second. Here I was over seven miles from the hotel with this piece of chattering ignorance. This is the guide that the hotel man said "would answer!" and so he did, but not in the way I expected or desired.

This is the man I had engaged for so many Italian coins to ascend Mt. Vesuvius with me and discourse to me along the road for my delight and the enlargement of my stock of knowledge concerning the objects and cities that lay at my feet, the wide sweeping plains, the ranges of mountains shutting them in, the buried towns, the ship-sprinkled bays and the islands in the blue distance of the Mediterranean Ocean.

I had calculated largely. And in return three distinct times that guide "that would answer" aired on the breezy summit of Vesuvius the only English he could pronounce and the only piece of knowledge he possessed.

"Gen-teel-mon. Pom-pay."

TOPIC: Guides, Spiritual

SUBTOPIC: Should Not Be Brilliant (?) "Yes" Men

CHAPTER: 42

The Brilliant Guide.

I encountered him in Egypt. I remarked to him as we rode along the bank of the great stream of Egypt, that the Nile was a grand river. His reply was:

"It is a very good Nile."

He spoke as if he was well acquainted with a large family of Niles, and singled out this one in a patronizing manner, patting it on the head, so to speak, while he said approvingly, "It is a very good Nile."

Being struck with the frequent recurrence of the word "Yes," I began to grow suspicious that it was either spoken in ignorance or laziness. I determined to test the matter and see which it was, and so propounded the following query --

"I suppose that these Acacia trees remain green all the year?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!" said the guide.

"I suppose," said I again, laying my trap, "I suppose that they shed all their leaves in the Fall and Winter?"

"Oh yes, yes," answered the guide.

This was the man employed at so much a day to give me information. As the reader will see the information was quite remarkable.

I tried him again.

"The water stays here on the fields until October, does it not?"

"Yes."

"It leaves the fields before October?"

"Yes."

I leave it to the reader to decide whether the guide was lazy or ignorant.

TOPIC: Guides, Spiritual

SUBTOPIC: Should Know Where They Are Going

CHAPTER: 42

The Lost Guide.

This seems a strange statement and a strange condition for a guide to be in. A lost guide! Yet I saw this phenomenon more than once in Palestine. Once in the quarries underneath Jerusalem. We had gone into these subterranean depths at about three in the afternoon. I was deeply interested as we explored the dark vaulted passages, listened to the trickling water on the rocks, and saw the blocks of stone that had been cut out in the time of Solomon, and the stone chips made at the time of the erection of the First Temple.

The air was quite cold and our tapers gave a feeble light in the gloomy depths, that were once filled with busy workmen and their twinkling lights in the time of Hiram of Tyre.

The shop and material and rock shavings were left, but the workmen with their tools had been gone three thousand years!

Suddenly I noticed that the guide had become silent and was evidently crossing and recrossing his track. I watched him in silence while following him until at last the conviction forced itself upon me that he did not know the way out. In a few minutes he confessed the truth, that he had lost the way. At once I told him to blow out all the tapers and that we would economize the light and so not be left helpless in the darkness. The next thing I did was to consult a small pocket compass that I had purchased in London, and discovered that the guide was going in a direction

opposite to the point we should be aiming for. Thus taught by one of God's silent but infallible laws we altered our course and after a little regained the entrance.

The guide immediately sat down and wiped his brow repeatedly. The heavy beads of sweat that rolled down his face in spite of the cold air of the quarries was an outward exhibit of the internal excitement that had been going on in the last half hour.

Another guide became bewildered in the fields that skirt and run out about five or six miles from the shore of Lake Galilee. He persisted in traveling in a direction that I felt assured would cause us to miss the lake. On consulting the compass I so convinced him and we had a swift ride over yellow corn and wheat fields and came out just where we should, on the lofty heights back of Tiberias that look down upon the blue and beautiful Sea of Galilee.

A guide can be bewildered and lost. To this fact I can sign my name and attach sign and seal.

TOPIC: Guides, Spiritual  
SUBTOPIC: Should Not Be Fleecers  
CHAPTER: 42

The Money-making Guide.

This individual I met in all countries, but I found him excelling in this regard the farther East I traveled.

The impression has been made upon them that all Englishmen and Americans are wealthy; that they really have a superabundance of means and need bleeding. And they proceed to bleed.

One method they have is to pass you over into the hands of relatives and friends when they can go no further with you and can get nothing more out of you. For instance, if you have gone out with a "hack-guide," and should decide to change from a vehicle view to a pedestrian tour through art galleries and palace halls, the hack-guide will call from a motley throng some Jean or Mustapha who happens to be his brother or uncle or sister's husband, and he in like manner will deliver you to another beloved relative of this interesting family, and when you have become acquainted in this peculiar method with their family, your own family will be much poorer and theirs much better off by the change of locality of certain moneys on that memorable day.

If the relatives give out then they have friends. And when you leave their city they frequently give you the address and a letter of introduction to others in their line of business in distant cities who turn out on inquiry to be a nephew or brother-in-law. By any and all means the money is to be kept in the circle of love and friendship and especially in the family circle if possible.

I found more than once I was expected. The party at the other end had been notified that I was coming. And I was as quietly received as a boy's marble is swallowed up by the circular opening in the ground made by his knife, and which in his game he calls by the name of "home."

At two ancient cities of the East my departure and arrival were heralded by telegram. Arriving at Alexandria late one evening after leaving Cairo, I was startled from my meditations as the train paused in the depot, by a swarthy face being thrust into the window of the railroad carriage and the loud question put --

"Is Dr. Carradine here?"

Think of one's name thus sounded out in Egypt, in an ancient city, in a land of robes, turbans, palm trees and crocodiles; and by a man in robe and turban, a genuine child of the desert. The effect, with such surroundings and circumstances is, that the traveler is literally astonished at and by his own name.

The man who thus surprised me in Alexandria I have no doubt in the world was a near kinsman, perhaps the brother-in-law to the telegraphing personage in Cairo.

Let me give an instance of how I was, so to speak, passed ball like from hand to hand in my trip to Pompeii and Mt. Vesuvius. I soon discovered that never was a stage coach sent from station to station more certainly than I was, according to some law or custom, passed from hand to hand, expected at each place and made to drop a portion of my purse with every new acquaintance, and at every stopping place.

Landing at the seaside station near Pompeii, I entered a hotel and from that moment ceased to be independent, becoming a kind of captive, until the last hour of the excursion, and the last coin had been given that could by any manner of means be surprised from, extorted, or otherwise secured from the besieged and suffering pocket.

As well as I can recollect it costs two francs to get admission to the buried city. A guide then took possession of me, evidently put on my track at the hotel. Then followed so many francs to him as a gratuity, the law forbidding charge. After finishing with me he passed me over at the gate to a group who had something to sell; they in turn, hand me over to a youth who stood at a wicket gate in the hotel garden wall. He brought me first to a picture gallery where several francs were left for sundry views of Pompeii. He then consigned me to the care of the hotel-keeper who obtained several francs for a luncheon. While eating, there was brought in an Italian musician -- doubtless the uncle of the hotel-keeper -- who on a discordant, tin-panny sounding kind of guitar, sang to me what was called a love-song. The guitarist sang with the Italian accent I described in the beginning of the chapter. I could but think during the performance that if a woman ever capitulated to the power of that song, she did it because she was dazed and stunned and knew not what she was doing. To this man I gave a coin equal to a sixpence. I was next passed out of the house to the Venetian guide who was waiting at the door with horses. Several boys and youths stood about my animal, each trying to do something to earn a penny. One of them held the horse who needed no holding. Another held the stirrup and then assisted me to mount. Doubtless they were the sons and nephews of the hotelkeeper! Getting free from them I thought the ball-throwing process was over; but half way up the mountain I had to dismount and rest for a few minutes for no earthly reason I could see but to give a man who lived in a hovel there a half-franc.

This man I judge was the brother or uncle of the hotel-keeper by his wife's side.

At the foot of the "cone" I was turned over to four men who carried me in a chair on their shoulders to the summit at the cost of a gold pound or five dollars. These I question not were relatives of the hotel-keeper. At the summit, bleak, bare and fire-swept, I found a hut of stones and a man who had a basket of grapes, fruits and a bottle of wine awaiting us, which last article he pushed unavailingly upon me. More money was spent here. The last man I suppose may have been the distant cousin of the hotelkeeper. The journey in one direction was now ended. Only the crater remained, but if there had been room for one of his wife's relatives to have stood over there, and travelers could have been persuaded to descend, the hotel-keeper would have arranged to have had a few more coins deposited for his family's sake or perished in the attempt.

At the foot of the "cone" the chairmen made a plea for what we called *lagniappe* in Louisiana. At the base of the mountain a fee was paid to a cottager for allowing a small bundle to be stored in his house for two hours while I ascended Vesuvius. At the railroad station where the guide left me, he urged in a pantomimic way a plea for extra pay for the remarkable services he had rendered me on the trip. I returned to Naples in a decidedly collapsed condition, and with a sucked-in sensation that defied all verbal description.

I did not ask the guide, but it would not have surprised me to have discovered that he was the son of the hotel-keeper's wife by her first husband.

TOPIC: Guides, Spiritual

SUBTOPIC: Should Not Be Prodigal Stewards

CHAPTER: 42

Another way in which the guides bleed the traveler is by keeping his expense account for him. Alack the day! when you tell your guide to give a beggar a coin here or a copper there, or tell him to pay the door fee at this place and gate admission charge at yonder place. At night when you reckon up with him you will be amazed.

In Palestine I called on my guide to give to several beggars and to pay for certain extra services. In settlement I was made to marvel at the science of Mathematics, especially at the branch known as *Arithmetical Progression*.

The guide reckoned with me in a Turkish coin of which I knew nothing. This gives the conductor of travelers a decided advantage when it comes to a financial settlement.

I have never ceased, since the settlement with my Palestine guide, to marvel at my munificence to beggars. According to the guide's record I really out-did myself.

TOPIC: Guides, Spiritual

SUBTOPIC: Who Brood In Silence When Failures Mentioned

CHAPTER: 42

The Blank-Faced Guide.

The face of this man is not always blank. On the contrary, just before you engage his services, he has the most expressive and engaging of countenances. The smiles ripple over his bronzed face like wavelets over a sun-lit sea. "Everything," he says, "shall be just as you desire. He has no other desire on earth than to please you. Your satisfaction will fill his cup to overflowing."

So speaks the guide of the East to the traveler from the West. The West relaxes and takes to the East. Whereupon the East in due course of time proceeds to take in the West.

It is after a number of these takings-in, disappointments, failures of duty and non-fulfillment of promises that we begin to notice the blank expression coming upon the face of the guide. He ceases to smile, he seems disappointed in you. A vacant, faraway look settles down in his eyes as though he had forgotten your existence and his own. It is a facial phenomenon of a rare order.

You remind him that he has made a mistake in his route; that he has failed to show you what he promised; that he has made quite an error in his monetary account, and immediately the blank look comes upon his face so deep and expressionless that the stony-eyed, stony-faced Sphinx becomes almost a shining countenance and smiling; beauty by his side. You might as well wrestle with the night on the hills and the fog on the plains, as to try to pierce or remove that blank shadowy look that comes on the face of the oriental guide at certain stages of Eastern travel.

There is no use trying, he will not be his bright self again until you are gone and another traveler heaves in sight. And then some kind of sun will rise above certain moral or immoral hills in his nature and day will banish night once more. And then while his face beams with light and interest, and his voice falls with the harmony of the bird-awakened grove, he will say to the new traveler that "He has no other desire than to please him -- and that his satisfaction will fill his, the guide's, cup of happiness full to overflowing."

TOPIC: Guides, Spiritual

SUBTOPIC: Who Prey Upon Spiritual Travelers

CHAPTER: 42

I see them with the mind's eye before me a long line moustached, bearded and smooth-faced; white, yellow, brown and black; in modern hats, red fez caps, white and red turbans, and dark flowing head gear of the Bedouin.

How different they look, but in some respects they are all alike. To know one thoroughly is to know all. The traveler is to them a piece of legitimate prey; he seems to be made providentially for them, exists for them and travels in a sense for their sake. And so they like eagles gather around the carcass.

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H-TOPICS

TOPIC: Hardships  
SUBTOPIC: Endured By Christ  
CHAPTER: 29

Not far from the village of Bethany I saw a solitary fig-tree by the roadside. The sight of it deeply moved me, summing up instantly and powerfully the scene in the Gospel beginning: "Now in the morning as He returned into the city He hungered. And when He saw a fig-tree in the way He came to it." How little we realize the hardships that Christ endured for us. Often his meals were a crust of bread, with a cup of wine, divided among twelve men. At another time it is bread and fish; at another a piece of honey-comb. He seems never to have had more than two articles of food. His nights were often spent on the ground, while here He approaches a fig-tree for His breakfast.

I plucked two or three leaves from the fig-tree that grew by the side of the road, while my heart melted at the thought of Him who had walked here so often tired, hungry, unknown, and rejected of men.

TOPIC: Heights Of Great Men  
SUBTOPIC: Not Attained Quickly, Easily  
CHAPTER: 1

Yonder, on the right, at Newburgh, where you see the United States flag floating over an ancient-looking building, was Washington's headquarters. Lower down the river, on the western side, nestles West Point, the cradle of our military greatness. Washington himself selected the spot. It is certainly lovely and commanding. The buildings and grounds are on a plateau half way up the tall bluff that faces the river. Further down still is Stony Point, which, if my historical memory is not at fault, was taken from the British by Gen. Wayne in a night assault. Up those rocky sides our men climbed and swept all before them. Strangely, there comes to my mind a verse, suggested by this incident of war. Let, the young reader stop and memorize this stanza of a famous poet:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

TOPIC: Holiness  
SUBTOPIC: Not Found In Isolation  
CHAPTER: 36

[At Mt. Tabor]

A Greek monastery with twenty men as inmates crowns the summit of the mountain. To the question, Why do you have so many men in this lonely place, the reply was: "To keep the holy place!"

The men, or "Brothers," whom I saw were neither intellectual nor spiritual-looking. I scarcely ever met on the back streets of a city, or in the swamps of the Mississippi a rougher

looking set of men. Cut off from the softening, enlightening, and uplifting influence that comes from mingling with the human kind in domestic, social, and religious lines, their appearance shows the result of their mistaken and unblessed isolation.

TOPIC: Husband

SUBTOPIC: Who Did Not Love His Wife

CHAPTER: 5

[In Scotland]

At Rowardennan, halfway up the lake, I left the great body of tourists, and disembarked at the foot of Ben Lomond, in order to ascend to the summit. It takes two to three hours to ascend, and one and a half to descend. Procuring a guide and pony, I sallied forth and up. And up it was. A dozen times I thought I saw the top, and as often another, and bolder and higher swell of the mountain greeted me. The path runs zigzag all the way to overcome the steepness. Halfway up a covey of grouse flew from the heather at our feet, and went skimming down the mountainside. A few sheep scattered about were hard to be distinguished at first sight from boulders of limestone, which cling here to the face of the mountain in great profusion. The sheep seemed surprised to see us, and, after a swift, startled look, scampered off amid the rocks.

As we toiled upward the guide and I entered into conversation. He informed me that his wages was ten shillings a week. Think of it! -- two dollars and a half a week, in which he is required frequently to climb to the top of Ben Lomond.

"Have you a family?" I asked.

"Yes; a wife and six children."

I then begged him to ride, and let me walk some; but he wouldn't hear to it. After a little he told me that a few days before he had piloted a lady and gentleman up, and that the gentleman rode and the lady walked all the way.

"What!" I exclaimed, and then added, "They must have been husband and wife!"

The guide was not certain.

"Was the man from America?"

He thought he was.

"What excuse did he offer for riding, and allowing the lady to walk and climb a distance of five miles?"

"He said he wanted to keep his feet dry!"



Here I collapsed. I fell into a fit of musing about that precious man, with those blessed feet of his, that lasted a mile. I finally emerged from a brown study with the conclusion that he was already dry through and through. Heart dry, soul dry, the whole life and man dead and barren and dry.

TOPIC: Husbands

SUBTOPIC: Ill-Treatment Of

CHAPTER: 8

Stratford-on-Avon is a town of eight thousand inhabitants...In this immortal place, made famous by [William Shakespeare] the many-sided man, as he is called, is found the birthplace, the school, the home, and the tomb of Shakespeare. It is remarkable that here was his life begun and ended. He was born here, educated, married in the neighborhood, Came back to it after an absence of years, lived here, died, and was buried. I know of no other instance like this among prominent characters, and it is a rare case with any man. Born in one place, we marry in another, live in a third, and die and are buried oftentimes in a fourth.

The return of Shakespeare from the great throbbing London to the quiet country town greatly impressed me. Was it that he was ignorant of his greatness. (?) The return looks to me like conscious defeat, and consequent sadness. If he could have foreseen the vast pilgrimage of admirers that annually visit this place he would have been astounded. I counted forty people in the house the morning I was present, and thus they came and still they come. The house in which the great dramatic genius was born is a plain two-story cottage. He was born in the second story in a room so low that I could touch the ceiling with my hand. The child outgrew the room and defies measurement. How strange and often how humble are the places in which the prodigies of the world first see the light.

The cottage of Anne Hathaway, his wife, is near the town. I did not visit it because of her shrewish memory. I gladly journeyed to this part of England to see the locality where lived and died a being whose lofty genius has stirred this generation, but I had no desire to look upon a place notable with recollections of a scolding tongue.

Before Shakespeare married the damsel, he, in a poem addressed to her, wrote wittily:

"Anne hath a will,  
Anne Hathaway."

Written in jest at first, the lines afterward could have been penned in deep earnest. Tradition says that things were not comfortable at all times in the Shakespeare mansion.

How careful the matron of a house should be. Who can tell but the quiet husband who cannot be understood and who is the target of many a lingual arrow, may burst in greatness upon the wondering world, and then the sharpened curiosity of the nations will inquire insatiably into all the affairs and circumstances of home life, and as a consequence sundry infirmities of temper and certain peppery qualities of speech pertaining to the female head of the house might be revealed.

When Anne, the wife of William, closed the door and administered certain wifely rebukes, she regarded him as simply the husband of Anne; but he turned out to be Shakespeare! the literary marvel of the world. And as the world insists upon hearing all that is said and done to its favorites and idols, behold! through the crack of the closed door the heated tirade of the woman has issued and been heard by pitying multitudes.

So Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, has become famous by certain lip-dressings she gave her philosopher husband. She little dreamed that her curtain lectures would resound through the world. When Mrs. Wesley practiced certain indignities and cruelties like hair-pullings upon her sainted husband, she little dreamed that the scene of privacy would be thrown out in strong colors upon the canvass of the future and gazed at in astonishment by the world.

Let certain wives call a halt, and consider their husbands afresh. It may be, the quiet that is so irritating to the bustling housekeeper, is the ponderings of intellectual greatness. The husband may be a genius. If so, look out, for the world will want to know how said genius was treated.

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## I-TOPICS

TOPIC: Ignorant of The Scriptures  
SUBTOPIC: Palestinian Guides in 1890  
CHAPTER: 39

Truly a volume could be written about guides. Certainly if I would tell all concerning my acquaintance with them there would be both amusement and surprise. One of these Palestine guides informed me that Absalom was hung by the hair and died near Bethlehem. Still another made a most absurd mistake in the location of Mt. Tabor.

I found that their Scriptural knowledge was frequently of a most confused nature. Happening one evening near Bethlehem, while looking at Rachel's tomb to say in a half-musing, half-inquiring way, not recalling the circumstance at the time of the Shechem murder, "I wonder what brought Jacob down so far south at the time of his wife's death," when the guide spoke up promptly, saying that Jacob was a member of the family of David and was on a visit to Bethlehem! A good idea is to come prepared for them by a thorough knowledge of Palestine and the Scripture.

TOPIC: Impatience  
SUBTOPIC: Of Saul  
CHAPTER: 23

[At or Near Gibeah]

Two miles farther on, and northward on the Jaffa road, is Gibeah. It was near this place that Saul, in such sinful haste, sacrificed to the Lord with his own hand. Samuel had gone to Mispeh with promise to return; but Saul would not await his coming. When the eye takes in the two places, separated only two miles, something of the dark, impatient spirit of the King of Israel at

once impresses the mind. Although separated from Samuel two miles, he would not wait for him, or tarry until a message could be sent. Here was light suddenly thrown on the character of Saul. With deep interest did I look upon the places connected with a life of the most brilliant beginning and dark and fearful ending, that is mentioned in the Word of God.

TOPIC: Inconsistency

SUBTOPIC: In Denouncing Evils

CHAPTER: 43

[Last Day On Voyage To America]

The last afternoon at sea we were visited by a dozen or more birds that came out from the invisible shore, flew about the ship or alighted upon the rigging, and chirped us a welcome back to America. The pleasure of their visit was soon marred by the presence of a large hawk who had followed them out to sea, and now hovering around the vessel, deliberately swooped down upon one after another until he had slain and eaten at least five. Great was the indignation and excitement on board. A gentleman aimed his gun in vain; ladies appealed for the protection of the birds to no purpose. The hawk with wary eye watched his opportunities and carried on the bird slaughter until his appetite was satisfied.

As I studied the excitement and evident pain of the passengers over the scene, I could not but reflect of a greater slaughter going on all the time on the land, to which most of these same passengers were perfectly indifferent. The Saloon Hawk, the Lottery Hawk, the Gambling Hawk, and the Hawk of Impurity are swooping down upon and destroying countless thousands of the youth of the land. Character and immortal souls are being ruined on all sides, and yet comparatively little is said about it; and worse still, far less is done; indeed, is all right with many. But let a hawk kill a few sparrows at sea, and, mercy on us! The sight is horrible! We can't possibly stand it! Our feelings are lacerated! Our hearts bleed! Here somebody hand us a pistol or gun! Kill the hawk! Save the sparrows!

O consistency!

TOPIC: Invasion By God's Army

SUBTOPIC: Accomplished By One Prisoner

CHAPTER: 21

[On The Mediterranean Sea]

It has been both pleasant and interesting to me to discover that I am traversing the same route by sea that Paul passed over in coming to Rome. According to the last chapter in Acts, he took a vessel that had sailed from Alexandria; I took one that was sailing to Alexandria. He landed at Puteoli, just nine miles above Naples. Passing this place in the day, as he evidently did, from the narrative, his eye rested on the beautiful bay and the smoking summit of Vesuvius. This was the very year in which the terrible earthquake occurred that almost overwhelmed Pompeii and several other cities. God was letting the corrupt land know that his servant had arrived! Luke says that they came from the island of Melita, thence to Syracuse, and touched at Rhegium. With what interest, as

our ship passed down the Straits of Messina, did I look at this old city of Rhegium, and at the mountains that line both the Italian and Sicilian shores! The thought that this noble herald of the gospel had passed this way, and that his eyes had surveyed the landscapes before me, gave a charm to them over and above that which they possessed naturally. What a spectacle for men and angels was this journey of the apostle! I can realize its moral sublimity here as I could not far away. Christ's ambassador in chains! God's invading army, consisting of a single individual, and he a prisoner!

TOPIC: Influence of West on East  
SUBTOPIC: Evil Instead of Good  
CHAPTER: 39

As we approached Jaffa the caravans of camels increased in number and length. They were coming and going, and loaded with every kind of commodity and merchandise.

Mounted on one of these camels I saw a genuine Bedouin, with robe and flowing head-cloth, smoking a French or American cigarette. Back on the mountains near Samaria I had beheld a spectacle just as surprising. Two shepherds were standing on the side of a mountain with their flocks grazing near by. One of them was playing on some kind of musical reed, with the note of a fife, and the other shepherd was tranquilly smoking a cigarette. Think of a shepherd of the East in the mountains, or a Bedouin on his camel with an American cigarette in his lips. Here is a kind of incongruity against which the historic and sentimental mind rebels. Who would desire to see a beaver hat resting on the heads of the dwellers of the Congo; and who feels that it is a proper thing to see a French or American habit taken up by these swarthy children of the desert? This is an encroachment of Western upon Eastern life that the tourist feels like resenting. This is an embellishment of Oriental habits that fails to charm, and, instead, stirs the risibilities. I could not help but wonder if that was all the West could do for the East. Are the gifts of the enlightened nations to this people to be opium, whisky and tobacco? Is this the best we can do for the benighted nations of the East? The thought came as I journeyed on, how much more quickly does a thing that is hurtful and evil travel than that which is good. Instead of flasks of liquor or bundles of cigarettes, why should not New Testaments be scattered abroad. The Eunuch from Ethiopia went out of Jerusalem with a copy of the Scripture in his hand; while the Bedouin I saw coming out of Jaffa carried a package of tobacco.

TOPIC: Invulnerability  
SUBTOPIC: Wrongly Presumed  
CHAPTER: 6

In Edinburgh we first visited the castle. This is built on an eminence even higher than that of Stirling Castle, being, as we were informed, five hundred feet above the level of the sea. There are seven gates to be passed before you get admittance into the castle proper. As I counted them, looked at the huge portcullis arrangement beside, and then glanced down from the lofty walls that crown the rocky and perpendicular crag to the street, over four hundred feet below me, I saw here was another impregnable fortress. The guide told me it always had to be starved into surrender. History speaks of one exception, and the case is told very thrillingly in one of Grace Aguilar's books, called "The Days of Bruce." How I pored over that book when a boy! Randolph, a gallant

follower of Bruce, one dark night, with thirty men, climbed these heights that previously, on account of their loftiness and perpendicularity, had been regarded as unscalable. It was accomplished through the leadership of a young man who had formerly dwelt in the castle, and who, from the ardent desire to visit his sweetheart every night in the town, found a way down the face of the precipice to the ground below. What will not love make a man attempt and achieve! He it was who guided Randolph and his small band up the face of the cliff, to the surprise and capture of the garrison.

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## J-TOPICS

TOPIC: Jeremiah

SUBTOPIC: Seen In A New Light

CHAPTER: 29

From this final scene of woe I entered suddenly upon the Wailing Place. From one to two hundred men and women were gathered in what is really an inclosure. The great majority of the people had Bibles in their hands and were reading audibly therefrom. Many were crying as they read, some were swaying their forms backward and forward while they read aloud from the Holy Book. Still others were standing close to the wall, with their faces hidden against it. I observed with especial movement of heart a long line of gray-haired women, clothed in threadbare raiment, but spotlessly clean, who were sitting down reading from the Old Testament, while from the eyes of a number I saw the tears dropping on the open page.

It would have required a heart of stone to have remained unmoved at such an hour.

The words of Him whom they rejected stood out over against the scene.

"Yet a little while is the light with you."

"Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

Their house! -- Yes; it is left desolate.

"Daughters of Jerusalem weep not for me, but weep for yourselves."

"Ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and shall not be able."

How I longed to offer them the Gospel -- And tell them that Christ would save them and their people if they would turn to Him.

I felt my indignation stirred on seeing a group of Mohammedan men and women present gazing on the scene in a derisive spirit. They were much amused and openly laughed. And even this -- the presence of a mocking enemy, and in this little spot allotted them -- the Jew has to bear.

I inquired what passages they were reading from, and found that they were taken, with a single exception, from Jeremiah.

Let the reader remember how earnestly and vainly Jeremiah had lifted up his voice against this city. How they had refused to believe in or listen to his warnings, regarding him as a bird of ill omen, as a man of gloomy mind, and so not to be regarded. Recall how they treated him, and then, as we turn back again to the scene before us, where of all the writers he is the one selected for quotation, his words uttered and his lamentations caught up and repeated -- you are ready for one or two conclusions.

One is that honor will come at last to whom it is due. It may be slow coming, but it will come.

Another is that change of circumstances throws wonderfully new light over a man. The prosperous Jerusalem could not endure the voice of the weeping prophet, but Jerusalem wailing itself, turns to the books of the once despised man of God, and finds in his words the happiest expression of its own sorrow.

TOPIC: Jericho Road

SUBTOPIC: Christ's Final Journey Upon

CHAPTER: 31

The Jericho road truly, as the Gospel says, ascends to Jerusalem. For the greater part of the way it is a steady ascent. The expression, "go up to Jerusalem," so often recurring in the Gospel, is not carelessly nor meaninglessly used. The traveler, approaching the capital of Judah from any direction, "ascends," because of this superior elevation of Jerusalem, being nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Jericho and Jerusalem, in a straight line, are not more than ten miles apart; but following the windings of the road, the distance is considerably greater. So it is a long road, and a steep road, and a toilsome road, and in summer a hot road. Many must have been the resting places of the Savior and His disciples when they ascended to Jerusalem by this highway. The road possesses to the Christian a most tender and sacred interest, because Christ walked along it; and, in addition, His last journey on earth was here made. Although millions have trod the stony highway, yet will it stand forever and inseparably connected with the Savior. I could not but regret to see that the Turkish government is building a highway, which leaves the old Jericho road at many points. This new road was commenced last year, and is now nearly completed. A great part of it pursues the same ancient course, and when it deflects, there on the right or left, is seen the old Jericho road, a solemn, heart-moving relic of the sacred past. His feet, you say, walked there! All along this way the figure of Christ would rise up before my mind. The "face steadfastly set to go to Jerusalem" was before me. I could see the group of disciples and the faithful women of Galilee around Him, and following Him. What a mystery He was to some of them as they saw Him toiling along the road on foot, when only the day before they saw Him heal the blind Bartimaeus! What conversations and teachings fell from the gracious lips on this last journey! The Light of the world was nearing the hour of sunset, if they had known it. They thought He was going up to raise Lazarus from the dead, and so He was; but He was also going up the toilsome, exhausting road of Jericho to die at Jerusalem. And yet who so patient, and gentle, and uncomplaining as He on this journey to the most dreadful death known to man!

TOPIC: Jerusalem  
SUBTOPIC: Carradine Wept At Its Sight  
CHAPTER: 23

[Just Before Reaching Palestine, and In Jerusalem]

In all my journeying I have looked forward with a tender, glad feeling in my soul that each day brought me nearer the Holy Land. I would say, "One week more, and I will be in Jerusalem;" and then again, "Tomorrow I shall see the land forever made sacred by the presence of the Savior." The experience, as I studied it, was like that of one who urges his way and draws nigh to the place where abides one whom he loves above all others.

It is impossible to see Jerusalem as you approach it from the west. A new town is rapidly growing on that side of the city, hiding the wall and ancient buildings from view. Through droves of camels and donkeys, and through crowds of Arabians and Syrians, I entered the Jaffa Gate and found myself in Jerusalem, and, in a few moments, in the Grand New Hotel. In several minutes more I ascended the terraced roof of the building to look upon the city of our God and His Christ. I went up alone, with my heart in my throat. The lofty lookout wall was near the west wall by the Jaffa Gate, and commanded a widespread view of the city and the "mountains round about Zion." On the left was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre covering, it is said, the sites of the cross and the tomb. Immediately in front was the unmistakable site of the temple where infinite Wisdom taught and Infinite Power wrought miracles. Still farther beyond, and lifted high, was Mount Olivet, with its northern and southern slopes, and roads to Bethany, so familiar to the Christian and reader of the Bible. Here was suddenly arrayed before me the sights of the most amazing and important transactions in the history of the world, and, indeed, of the universe. The incarnation, the life and teaching of the Son of God, His crucifixion and death; His resurrection, and ascension; and the descent of the Holy Ghost, were all, in a sense, before me. It was a sudden materializing of spiritual truths before my eyes. It was a startling presentation to the eye of places thought about, talked about, loved and revered from the far-off days of childhood, and a far-away country, with but little hope of ever seeing them in the flesh. How would the reader have felt under the circumstances? What would any lover of Christ have done? Shall the Crusaders, at the first sight of the distant city, fall upon their faces and knees, with streaming eyes, crying out, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem" -- and the more spiritual follower of the Savior feel no melting of the heart? and shall his cheeks be dry in the city of our God? At first a feeling swept over me that baffled all analysis and description. A pressure, a weight, an awe was upon me as came, I fancy, on Zechariah, when he saw the vision in the temple; or that fell on men of old time when they drew nigh the visible presence of God. And then, let men call it weakness; let them question the propriety of mentioning such things in print; but somehow I feel that I am not writing to critics, but to friends, and so I say that the sight of these places of the gospel fairly broke my heart, and I bowed my head on the railing before me and wept as I rarely weep in my life.

TOPIC: Jerusalem  
SUBTOPIC: Going Up To  
CHAPTER: 40

"They went up to Jerusalem." There is no other way of coming to the Holy City. Whether you arrive from the east, west or other quarters, you have to ascend to get into Jerusalem. Such is the superior height of the place that all roads lead upward that approach it. When the brethren of our Lord were asking Him if He intended going into Judea and He replied, "Go ye up unto this feast; I go not yet up unto this feast," there was not only a reply in the words, but a natural fact imbedded in them as well.

Two thoughts at once rush into the mind, as we contemplate this frequently repeated statement of a physical fact. One is, that God may have ordered this for the sake of its deep spiritual significance, viz., that the way to the New Jerusalem is an upward way -- that we have to ascend to get into the Holy Place of our God. The other thought is, that the correctness of this statement is an argument for our belief in the other statements of the Word of God. As the traveler in Palestine finds that the Scriptural declaration that you reach Jerusalem by ascending paths and roads is strictly a fact, so will the investigator of any and all other Bible statements find them to be likewise true.

TOPIC: Jerusalem

SUBTOPIC: Jeremiah 26:18, Micah 3:12 Fulfilled

CHAPTER: 28

I had often heard of the piles of rubbish in or rather on the old Jerusalem; but not until I came and saw for myself could I realize the truth of what I had read on the subject. So deep are these accumulations in some places that it is impossible to tell how far beneath is the ancient city level. Not long since rubbish, to the depth of twenty feet was removed by workmen for the purpose of securing a foundation for a hospital, when suddenly they came upon an arched opening. It proved to be a sky-light in the vaulted ceiling of a street that lay thirty or forty feet below. I went to view it, and stood wondering and solemnized as I looked down upon a city thoroughfare along which people walked in the time of the Savior. It was a kind of Pompeii spectacle. Another case, equally remarkable, occurred in the excavations made under a monastery. The ancient floor, made bare in that place, is fully fifty feet below the first rubbish that was removed.

One evening, in a walk on Mt. Zion, and inside the walls, I was amazed to see that the rubbish of ages had so accumulated that there were piles which now overtopped, by several feet, the walls of the city, which, at that point, are fully thirty feet high. The words of the prophecy, uttered six centuries before Christ, rush upon the recollection, "Jerusalem shall become heaps!" Let the skeptic come and see for himself, and be convinced.

God has various ways of burying cities out of sight. The sluggish waves of the Dead Sea tell of one way; the black lava of Vesuvius, twisted in grim handwriting on the plain, declare another; and the debris and ruins of the centuries speak of another.

TOPIC: Jordan River

SUBTOPIC: Different Today From Bible Times

CHAPTER: 30



The bed of the River Jordan is quite remarkable. It consists really of two beds, the first being four or five hundred yards wide, and long ago forsaken by the river, and the second channel, thirty yards only in width, is lower than the old channel by at least twenty-five feet. One curious result of this is that as you approach the Jordan over the plain, instead of seeing a gleaming river fringed by trees of full height, you see simply their tops, like a narrow line of green shrubs, appearing over the edge of the banks of the old and upper channel.

That the Jordan ever filled this wider channel, and, for some great natural cause, has contracted into its present narrow bed, there can be no doubt. But what kind of body of water was it at that time? The reply, I think, is given in the shore itself. These banks have assumed rounded, conical, turret-like, and other curious and beautiful shapes. Such forms could never be produced by simply a river rushing past, but is done by the long action of tidal water or water driven by the wind in rolling waves.

All Bible students know how rapid is the fall of the land from Lake Galilee to this point, and how much lower the Dead Sea is than any sheet of water north of it in Palestine. Therefore, I doubt not, that if someone with the lever of an Archimedes, could pry up this portion of the country a few hundred feet, the waters of Jordan would forsake the present narrow bed and fill once more the broader channel, and we would have not only a rushing river, but a narrow inland sea, whose constant chafing would bring out upon its banks the curious and beautiful shapes that we see here today.

The Jordan, filling this upper and broader channel in early times, would undoubtedly make certain statements of the Bible far more forcible. The "stormy banks" sung of in the hymn would reappear in tide-washed shores, separated by a distance of one-third of a mile. The miracle of the crossing of Elijah and Elisha would stand forth in lines of additional grandeur. And the necessity for the halt of the Israelites on the east bank would be at once seen.

The Jordan of the present low channel and narrow width is not an alarming crossing, except in the time of a freshet or spring-rise; but the Jordan of the upper banks would be such a flood, that the division of its waves for the prophets, and the piling up of its waters to allow the passage of God's people into the Promised Land, would be a miracle in keeping with a rocking Sinai and a yawning Red Sea.

TOPIC: Joys  
SUBTOPIC: Doubled By Sharing With Others  
CHAPTER: 14

[Along the Rhine]

The castle of Drachenfels has been immortalized by an English pen. I cannot refrain from quoting the verse that appears in "Childe Harold":

"The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells

Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine;  
And scattered cities crowning these,  
Whose fair white walls along them shine,  
Have showed a scene which I should see  
With double joy, wert thou with me."

TOPIC: Judgment On France Impending  
SUBTOPIC: Predicted In 1890 (Before WWI & WWII)  
CHAPTER: 12

The first thing that strikes the tourist in entering Paris is the cafe system. The pavements are fairly lined with small tables and chairs, where the people are eating ices and sherbets, drinking wine, or partaking of their meals, according to the hour of the day. At night especially, upon the larger avenues and the boulevards the throng of laughing, chatting, drinking, eating people at these little white-topped tables is simply immense, requiring a most sinuous course in some places for the pedestrian to move along. Sunday night, as I passed to and from church, the crowd was, if possible, even larger. Vehicles of every description were flashing hither and thither up the broad thoroughfare; merriment and conversation rose and fell like waves along the pavement, crowded with nicely-dressed men and women; wine glasses were clinking, and through the leaves of the overarching trees the electric light and the moonlight, in strange companionship, fell in checkered, quivering light and shadow upon the sitting and moving groups beneath. These scenes on the week nights declare powerfully the absence of the home-life in Paris; but when beheld on the Sabbath, it teaches something sadder and more awful still, and that is, a city without God. The Congregationalist minister informed me that the one method open to them of saving the people of Paris is through pastoral labor and personal contact, and then drawing them into halls of religious worship. No street meetings of a religious character are allowed in Paris. To attempt a harangue of this kind on the street would quickly result in arrest and imprisonment. Meantime the vast audience we crave to save sits Sunday evenings on the brilliantly lighted boulevards, laughing, chatting, smoking, and emptying wine glasses, while the churches are empty, the holy day of God desecrated, and Eternity forgotten.

It needs no prophet to affirm, after beholding such scenes and others of a darker nature, that, as a people, they are yet to taste in judgment "the wine of the wrath of God." God vindicates his holy day and law, and history is one long confirmation of the fact.

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## K-TOPICS

TOPIC: Knowledge of The Scriptures  
SUBTOPIC: Lacking in Palestinian Guides of 1890  
CHAPTER: 39

Truly a volume could be written about guides. Certainly if I would tell all concerning my acquaintance with them there would be both amusement and surprise. One of these Palestine guides informed me that Absalom was hung by the hair and died near Bethlehem. Still another made a most absurd mistake in the location of Mt. Tabor.

I found that their Scriptural knowledge was frequently of a most confused nature. Happening one evening near Bethlehem, while looking at Rachel's tomb to say in a half-musing, half-inquiring way, not recalling the circumstance at the time of the Shechem murder, "I wonder what brought Jacob down so far south at the time of his wife's death," when the guide spoke up promptly, saying that Jacob was a member of the family of David and was on a visit to Bethlehem! A good idea is to come prepared for them by a thorough knowledge of Palestine and the Scripture.

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## L-TOPICS

TOPIC: Language Barriers

SUBTOPIC: Humorous Instances Of

CHAPTER: 42

### The Word-bewildered Guide.

We found this individual in various places, but in his greatest excellence in Venice. He had his little speech, a thread of general unintelligibleness strung here and there with words we knew. By guessing we managed to get along. Woe to us when we propound a question and woe also to the guide. We simply brought down upon us a deluge of explanation in a non-understandable language, after which we would crawl up on some recognized sentence as upon a rock to dry.

But as we have intimated, woe would likewise at times befall the guide. Two American ladies joined me in a morning excursion among the palaces of the Doges in order to get the advantage, as they supposed, of the superior lingual accomplishments of my guide, and because at the time it was difficult to obtain another.

As the guide was showing us the portraits of the Doges, he directed our attention to one who had signed the death-warrant of his own son.

I promptly asked --

"What had his son done?"

Immediately a blank look passed over the countenance of the guide while he hesitatingly repeated my last two words --

"Sun-Dun!"

Evidently he thought I was using a word he was not acquainted with, and was mentally running over his small stock of English and comparing what he had there with the phrase I had just uttered. "Yes," I repeated with greater emphasis, "what had his son done?" "Sun-Dun," ejaculated the guide, and sat down on a bench with the word, a thoroughly mystified man.

I came at him a time or two more, throwing the accent first on the word "son" and then on the word "done."

The guide continued to ejaculate, placing the accent where I had placed it, but failing to obtain light.

By this time the two ladies bade fair to go into hysterics. Finally one of them straightened her face and fired with a desire to make the guide understand, and feeling that she could put the question to the Venetian mind in a simpler way, she drew near with great assurance and animation of manner and swooped down with identically the same question.

"What had his son done?"

Evidently she had not intended to fall into the same verbal rut, but just as her lips parted there rushed on her the sudden recollection that the guide rejoiced in the possession of only a few English words, and that to change the sentence into larger words would be only to deepen the mental fog of the Adriatic personage before her, and that indeed the question had been as simply propounded as it was possible to be.

So the same old question propelled and given force to by these very thoughts fairly whistled from her lips --

"What had his son done?"

The same old question!

"Sun-Dun," murmured the guide in despair, and it was evident that his own sun was down and done-for as well.

The lady was manifestly embarrassed at her decided failure to improve on the question and equal failure to enlighten the mind of the guide. The second lady was fairly shaking with laughter near-by. My own countenance was not that of a mourner. I could hardly trust myself to look at the now thoroughly saddened guide. He had boasted of his knowledge of English, and here was evidently a common phrase that he could not translate.

There was one more charge made. The first lady had her blood up. She would try again and now falling into the mistake so common that foreigners are deaf and that elevation of voice is all that is needed to secure a better understanding of the Trans-Atlantic words, she lifted her voice and fairly shrieked --

"What had his son -- done?"

There it was again. We could not get away from it. The sentence held us like the "ancient mariner!" Try as we might and did, and swoop down as we would with full intention to put the query differently, yet somehow we would always alight on those five words. Such was the slender mental furnishing of the individual before us that it was impossible to ask about that family affair in which we were so much interested except in and with that ironbound sentence --

"What had his son done?"

"Son done?" cried the lady, "Son done! Don't you understand? "What -- had -- his -- son -- done?"

The guide here turned upon us one of the most helpless and bewildered looks that I ever saw on a human countenance, his lips parted, and in a far off hopeless way he uttered the words --

"Sun-dun."

The cup of mirth here overflowed, and such a laugh went up from both ladies and myself in the Palace of the Doges that fairly stirred the portraits that were solemnly gazing down upon us, and that if indulged in in their life-time would have cost the laughers their heads.

The guide after this was much saddened. Doubtless he continued to revolve the sentence in his mind, and perhaps to this day asks of English and American travelers if they can tell him the meaning of the English word, "Sun-Dun."

TOPIC: Little Acts, Thoughts, Words

SUBTOPIC: Made Known

CHAPTER: 33

I spent the night at Bethel ... How little Jacob thought that night, as he gathered the stones for his pillow, that this act would be known to all the world! How little we realize that certain acts of ours, gone through quietly, even secretly, will have a publicity fairly amazing! Nor can we tell what act it will be. Thus we read that Sarah laughed behind the tent door. Surely no one ever would know that. She was hidden; her breath scarcely stirred the curtain; no one was in the tent when she laughed, and yet that laugh has resounded through the world! Guard your laughs, my reader; and when you pick up a stone in a lonely spot, say to yourself: "This act, so simple and trifling, may yet be known to the world." What a value this places on daily transactions, and what watchfulness it demands of human life!

TOPIC: Loneliness

SUBTOPIC: Carradine's Comfort In By Christ's Creation and Presence

CHAPTER: 21

[In Egypt]

Traveling as I am now doing, independently of excursion parties, and alone, there are moments when, naturally, a feeling of solitariness sweeps down upon the heart. For instance: It is hard to be seeing constantly striking objects, and have no one to commune with on the subject. It is trying to see parties of friends and loved ones together, and feel shut out from like pleasures. There is a trying experience in being forever surrounded with strange faces, listening to a babel of strange tongues, and moving all the time through strange lands. But there are three things that instantaneously save me from the lonely feeling. One is: That I am traveling for the very purpose of seeing the strange and unknown. Next: A number of years ago I struck up an acquaintanceship and friendship with the clouds and stars. We have been on delightful communing terms for quite a while. As a boy they spoke to me and said many things that set me to thinking and quieted my spirit. As a child of God, I have recognized a still, small voice coming out from their beautiful sanctuaries. Their voices are kindly, their faces are friendly and familiar. So, all through the different countries I have journeyed, I have repeatedly steadied and cheered my heart with a view of the clouds and the stars. They are the only things that have not changed since I left home. There they are, the same "bright, motionless pillars of heaven" when piled up of the horizon; and there are the same constellations that I saw bend over the land in America. They actually give a homelike appearance to every foreign country. A third fact may be easily guessed by the reader. It is the sense of the perpetual presence and companionship of the Savior.

TOPIC: Luke 23:28 Fulfillment

SUBTOPIC: In Jerusalem In 1890

CHAPTER: 29

You have to pass through the Jewish quarter of the city to reach the Place of Wailing; and your own sorrow is fully aroused by the time you arrive, by what you see of the poverty and wretchedness of the Jews all about you. The streets are narrow, and many of them filthy; the houses are small, and a number look more like ruined foundations of houses than dwellings. You take in the fact that these abodes are on the slope of Mt. Zion! You think of the past glory of Mt. Zion, and cannot keep back a feeling of sadness at the contrast.

The last street, or rather alley, into which I turned was lined with beggars whose importunacy transcended anything I had ever seen elsewhere. From this final scene of want I entered suddenly upon the Wailing Place.

From one to two hundred men and women were gathered in what is really an inclosure. The great majority of the people had Bibles in their hands and were reading audibly therefrom. Many were crying as they read, some were swaying their forms backward and forward while they read aloud from the Holy Book. Still others were standing close to the wall, with their faces hidden against it. I observed with especial movement of heart a long line of gray-haired women, clothed in threadbare raiment, but spotlessly clean, who were sitting down reading from the Old Testament, while from the eyes of a number I saw the tears dropping on the open page.

It would have required a heart of stone to have remained unmoved at such an hour.

The words of Him whom they rejected stood out over against the scene.

"Yet a little while is the light with you."

"Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

Their house! -- Yes; it is left desolate.

"Daughters of Jerusalem weep not for me, but weep for yourselves."

"Ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and shall not be able."

How I longed to offer them the Gospel -- And tell them that Christ would save them and their people if they would turn to Him.

I felt my indignation stirred on seeing a group of Mohammedan men and women present gazing on the scene in a derisive spirit. They were much amused and openly laughed. And even this -- the presence of a mocking enemy, and in this little spot allotted them -- the Jew has to bear.

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## M-TOPICS

TOPIC: Making The Landing

SUBTOPIC: In The Eternal Haven Of Rest

CHAPTER: 43

[The Landing At New York]

The landing scene was as remarkable as our departure months before. The pier was black with people awaiting to greet friends and relatives that were on board; while the deck of the ship was crowded with passengers tremulously and delightedly expecting and waiting for the landing. Both parties were eagerly scanning each other from a distance. As the vessel drew nearer the wharf, there were recognitions from afar exclamations that thrilled; and wavings of hats, hands, and handkerchiefs. Parents recognized children, friend shouted aloud to friend, and husband and wife singled each other out from the crowd by the amazing intuition of love. Some climbed into the rigging, others sprang upon the gunwales, and all crowded each other unceremoniously but kindly under a strain so intense, as to make certain artificial proprieties forgotten for the time being. One gentleman said to me, with glistening eyes, "Do you see that lady yonder--that is my daughter." A lady lifted her child in her arms and with glad, tremulous voice pointed out the father on the pier. The child's call to the father, unheard by him on account of the noise and confusion, was not the less thrilling to those that did hear. One man shouted from the rigging to a friend on the wharf, "We thought a few days ago we would never see your face again; we had such a storm." And the reply came ringing back, "We were all praying for you; and we knew you would come."

Many could not speak at all, but stood looking at remote and beloved forms in the crowd with their whole soul in their eyes. And there were others who stood like myself looking on the scene, unknown and unwelcomed, but nevertheless full of sympathy over what we beheld.

Then by and by the ship touched the pier, the gangway was run out, and then came the flowing together of the two crowds; and in the midst of smiles, tears, handshaking, heart-melting and fervent embraces, long-parted lives were reunited once more.

So, I thought, will it be when the grand reunion in heaven takes place. We are still storm-tossed on the ocean of life; but we are sailing along on the good old Ship of Zion, and getting nearer all the while to the port of the Land of the Blessed. Friend and relatives are there awaiting us, talking about us, and looking for our coming; and one of these fine mornings--and the Day of Death will be a fine morning--with not a cloud in view, some one will say to us: "Heaven is in sight," and looking up from our pillows we will see it, and a great white-robed throng coming down to meet us! But who can describe the scene that will then take place--the meeting of husband and wife, the coming together of long-parted friends, and the rapturous embrace of parent and child; while smiles of welcome, love and sympathy fall like sunbeams from the angel-crowned walls, and the redeemed sway their palm-branches, touch their golden harps, and the whole multitude, whom no man can number, gives glory to God and the Lamb with a voice like the sound of "many waters and a great thunder."

May God grant that the reader of these lines and the writer shall take part in that coming blessed reunion of the skies.

TOPIC: Marriage Avoided  
SUBTOPIC: By A Perished Race  
CHAPTER: 14

[Along the Rhine]

Still farther up there is another ruined castle where formerly dwelt seven lovely sisters. (This being four or five hundred years ago, there is no possible way of disproving the fact that all the sisters were lovely.) Having very large estates in addition to their beauty, they had quite a number of suitors. (Comment here is superfluous.) But these sisters did not desire to marry. (Perhaps they saw the men were after their land and money.) Anyhow, when compulsion was brought to bear upon these seven females in regard to matrimony, the legend relates that they drowned themselves in the river Rhine. (I have seen women who felt like drowning themselves for having married, but none affected like these Rhinish sisters.) The legend goes on to say that forthwith there came up above the surface of the river seven rocks, into which form the rocky-hearted sisters were transformed. (On reflection, this was not such a change after all. Nevertheless, it was a warning to other females who, since that time, have been more tractable. Think of it! -- seven sisters kill themselves rather than get married. Their race is perished!)

TOPIC: Methods of Evangelizing The Heathen  
SUBTOPIC: Apostolic Contrasted Modern Methods  
CHAPTER: 41

I am perfectly well acquainted with the arguments made, of Christianity coming to the heathen with blessings of all kinds in her hands; that Christianity is to instruct the mind, relieve the



body, make the hand skillful in the trades and in a word, build up and equip the whole man. All well and good if we do not devote more time to the trades than we do to the aggressive movement on the nations, which after all is the only commission we have. It hardly strikes me that the duty of a picket line or vanguard of an army is to teach school or instruct in various mechanical callings the people of an overrun country. Luke was a physician, but he did not stop to found a medical college. We are pointed to the fact that Paul made tents in Corinth, but, mark you, he did not gather together the Corinthian children and instruct them in the sublime art of making canvas canopies. He had no time for this. Shoemaking and tent-making are excellent in their way, but let the church save souls first, and attend to the trades afterward. We have no surplus life-force to spare just now upon cloth and leather.

I could say much under this line -- but refrain. It does seem to me that the apostolic style was God's manifested way of reaching and saving men, and that to this method we must return to behold the results that daily greeted them at that time. I believe that when we emphasize the Word -- when we depend altogether upon the Holy Ghost -- when we look to Christ to protect us -- when we cease to fear man, and are perfectly willing to die for Christ -- that when we have a faith that looks to God alone -- hangs on God alone -- that then, and not till then, will we see heathendom stirred, Ethiopia stretch out her hands unto God, nations born in a day, the institutions and empire of Sin tumbling down in every direction, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our God and His Christ.

TOPIC: Money and Men

SUBTOPIC: No Shelter From Divine Judgment

CHAPTER: 20

[In Pompeii, viewing its Vesuvius-destroyed sights]

Of course, I visited Pompeii. Let us get our local bearings. Mt. Vesuvius is ten miles east of Naples, and Pompeii is five miles southeast of Mt. Vesuvius. They are all nearly in line, and all three are on or near the Bay of Naples. Taking an early morning train, I ran along the shore of the bay, reaching the station in less than an hour.

One hundred yards from the station is the Sea Gate of the city of Pompeii. It was through this gate that thousands rushed in the direction of the Bay of Naples, which is, perhaps, not over a half-mile away. I pause a moment at the gate to say that Pompeii, at the time of its destruction was no mean city in size, wealth, and importance. Its population at the time was about thirty thousand. It had a large trade by sea, was surrounded by a most fertile country, and was the abode of wealthy people, and even visited by royalty. It had been almost destroyed in A. D. 63 by an earthquake, but had recovered from this disaster, and the city was more richly and beautifully built than ever, when in the year 79 it was overwhelmed by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. There was first a fall of hot, suffocating ashes to the depth of three feet, and then a prolonged pouring of rapilli, or red-hot pumice-stones, on the doomed place to the depth of seven feet; then more ashes, and then more stones, until the city was covered. Two thousand people were destroyed.

The city of Pompeii is one mile long and a half-mile wide. It was surrounded by a considerable wall, and had about eight gates. Not quite half of the city has been as yet exhumed.

What we see of it shows a town most compactly built, having a large population, and abounding in wealth and luxury.

At the entrance of the Sea Gate is one of the ancient buildings now turned into a museum. Many curious things pertaining to the buried city are here exhibited. In glass cases are the figures of a number of men and women whose bodies were discovered in various places in Pompeii, and preserved by a method familiar to the reader. With one exception, their petrified positions and attitudes show horror of mind and agony of body. The one exception is that apparently of a middle-aged man. The features and lines of the face are very plain, and show unmistakable calmness. His head rests on his left arm, and he seems to have accepted his fate and laid down to die. The body of a dog is a picture of physical agony. His legs are thrown upward and bent; his head twisted under his body, as if biting at the fire that was consuming him. His skeleton was found tied to the door of a man named Orpheus. How the howls of that confined dog pierced the ash-laden atmosphere, and added another sound of mournfulness and terror to the already overburdened and horror-stricken night. Just beyond is the body of a young woman who has fallen upon her face, apparently to hide from her eyes the dreadful sights of the hour.

Pursuing my walk up one of the streets, I came to the southwest corner of the town where laborers are engaged in the work of excavating. It was there I saw distinctly the different stratas of destruction that fell on the town as they appeared in the banks upon which the spades of the workmen were employed.

There are a number of public buildings that were not only large, but elegant and beautiful. The Basilica, or Temple of Justice, has a breadth and massiveness, even in its ruins, that deeply impresses the beholder. The Forum is worthy of the name. The size of the marble columns, the paved court, the life-size statuary, now deposited in the museum at Naples, show what this place and other similar public places were and of what architectural excellence and artistic taste these people were possessed, while the inhabitants of Great Britain were wearing the skins of beasts, dwelling in huts, and worshiping in a rude way in the center of twelve upright stones.

The public baths are similar to those of today. There are hot and cold waterpipes, marble bath tubs, marble fountains, steaming-room, and sitting-room, while wine shops and restaurants are just across the street. You find wine shops at almost every corner. They are easily recognized by a front stone counter, in which still stand large jars and receptacles for the wine. Ashes, to the depth of five or six inches, now lie in the bottom instead of the lees of the liquor.

The Temples of Venus, Jupiter, and Mercury, are all impressive by their size and remains of former beauty. The Temple of Isis is here with the rest. On this altar was found a sacrifice just deposited, when the sound of doom put an end to the service.

The houses of wealthy men abound. I saw no homes of the poor. As I went through a number of these reputed abodes of the rich and noble, and saw the remains of marble fountains, the mosaic pavements, the walls richly colored or covered with paintings, the marble pillars and the small but beautiful rooms opening on the inner court, in whose center an ornamented fountain played, I saw there was no mistake about the tradition of the wealth of the place; and when, afterwards, in the museum at Naples, I saw the pictures and statuary and articles of various kinds

that came out of these homes, there was not left the shadow of a doubt in my mind about the luxury that once filled these homes, and that made this city remarkable. There are some things I saw in Pompeii that I cannot speak of; only there are unmistakable signs that declare that the place was as generally corrupt as it was beautiful and luxurious. Long before I left the city I saw why the fire of Vesuvius had fallen on this particular part of the plain . There are some sins upon which God always rains fire. The offense of Pompeii was seen in more than one sin. Even at this distance of time four or five of the most wrath-provoking are perfectly manifest.

TOPIC: Mothers

SUBTOPIC: Faithful Care For Their Dying Children

CHAPTER: 34

Shunem is on the northern edge of the plain of Jezreel. It is to be remembered by Elisha's visits, and on account of its being the first place mentioned in the Scripture, and I believe in history, where a preacher had a room especially built for him.

They have marvelously increased since that day. Our parsonage societies would do well to call themselves Shunemites.

As I passed through the fields surrounding the town, I thought of the pathetic cry that once fell from the lips of a little boy in this immediate neighborhood: "My head, my head!" "Carry him to his mother," said the father. Was not that like a man? But here is seen the woman: "It came to pass that he sat on her knees until noon, and then died." God bless these tender, faithful mothers, with a love in them like unto the love of God. I knew a mother once whose child was dying, and to soothe it she rocked and sung to him until he died. Think of a mother singing to her dying child, observing the shadows deepen on the face as she sings, and expecting the soul will flit away before the song or hymn is ended. O these mothers all over the world who are watching with breaking hearts the children dying in their laps! We never see them commit the sick or dying child to another; but martyr-like they bend over them or hold them in their arms till they die. The only one they will resign them to is the Savior.

TOPIC: Mount of Olives

SUBTOPIC: Christ Missing From

CHAPTER: 29

I was never wearied of looking at the Mount of Olives. I saw it at sunrise, and with the midday sun beating upon it, and with the evening shadows stealing over it, and with the moonlight falling like a silver glory upon its rocky slopes. I looked on it many times. It held me with a tender, solemn, and holy fascination. Night after night would find me on the roof-top of the hotel glancing over the dark city to where it lay sleeping with its bold and beautiful outline under the stars. Even at night the white lines of the four roads are visible as they spread like the diverging sticks of a fan over the mountain side. All these roads converge at a point opposite St. Stephen's Gate, and all pass over or around the hill to Bethany.

The Mount of Olives rises five hundred feet above the valley of Kidron. Its northern and southern ends slope off at the same angle. The summit from a distance appears perfectly level. and

has a length equal to that of the city. A straggling line of olive trees runs up the center and spreads out in the form of a grove at the summit. A little north of the grove is a lofty spire built by the Russian Church as marking the place of the Ascension. The greater part of the mountain-side today is bare, though I doubt not in the time of Christ it was robed and crowned with olive groves, vineyards, and gardens. The part opposite the Temple is covered with tombstones that begin at the brook Kidron, and run up the mountain-side more than half the distance. "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of Jehosaphat!"

The secret of the charm of Mt. Olivet to the Christian world is not its natural beauty, but the remembrance that Christ glorified and sanctified it with His presence.

Along these roads He walked; on this mountain slope He sat looking down upon the city of Jerusalem and talking to His disciples; under its old-time olive trees He often slept; up yonder on the brow of the hill He wept over the city; lower down He agonized in the garden; on this mountain He was arrested, and from it He ascended into heaven. It is the last spot on earth that He honored with His presence. From this mountain footstool He stepped upward to the Throne of the Universe. Truly the heart is moved as the eye falls upon this sacred mountain. Its every curve, and slope, and tree, and road brings up the thought and even person of the Son of God. There comes to the heart in viewing the mount not only a rush of tenderness, but a peculiar experience of pain. You miss Christ. You scan the mountain-side where He sat and He is not there; you look on the roads that wind over the hill to Bethany, along which He so often walked, and His figure with the group of followers is not to be seen. Something is gone from the mountain and road that was a light and glory. You go over the places with a wistful, aching feeling in the heart like we go into rooms made vacant by death or sorrowful departure. You reason with yourself and say: I know Christ is reigning in heaven; and even now my soul rejoices in the consciousness of His presence. But in spite of this knowledge and the spiritual presence, it is impossible to look upon this mountain-side and these roads forever forsaken by the Savior, without experiencing a pain and bereaved feeling that is simply indescribable. You cannot but think of the missing figure all the while.

TOPIC: Murmuring

SUBTOPIC: Christ's Example Contrasted With

CHAPTER: 31

The night at Jericho will not be soon forgotten. It was a night of almost breathless calm in August; the whole valley of Jordan was a bed, upon which the day had lain for hours, and left all heated. The very moonlight, which flooded the country, fell like the weight of additional covering. How we panted, like David, for water from the deep well of Bethlehem! But that was too far, and so was Elisha's Spring, which is over a mile from modern Jericho, Some Bedouins were beating a drum a half mile away, which performance they kept up until nearly midnight; every monotonous stroke coming through the still night air, and falling with undiminished force upon the suffering ear. In the midst of this night of discomfort and wakefulness there was a sight that I obtained while walking amid the fruit trees of the orchard that served to steady me and keep me patient. It was a view of the Mountains of Temptation, lying in the moonlight, one or two miles away, toward Jerusalem! How it all rushed over me that Christ, the Holy One, dwelt in that desolate region without food, or drink, or companionship, for forty days and nights, and did it unmurmuringly. Is it

not wonderful that we should ever count our lot or surroundings hard in the face of the suffering life lived by the Son of God!

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## N-TOPICS

TOPIC: Nazareth, Where Christ Was Brought Up  
SUBTOPIC: Carradine's Thoughts About  
CHAPTER: 37

Most travelers come to Nazareth along the southern road, but I approached it on the northwest, and had my first view of it from the hills in the rear. I found my tent pitched on a little green, back of the church of Annunciation where they say Gabriel announced to Mary her coming high honor, and near the fountain called Mary's Well. Here we spent Saturday afternoon, and rested the Sabbath-day.

Nazareth is in a valley and is entirely surrounded by lofty hills, or mountains as they are called here. The town is built well on the slope of the hill, and faces south, but as new buildings are going up, the place is gradually assuming the form of a crescent. The population is now five or six thousand, but in Christ's time it was a small and insignificant village. The thought that the Son of God spent thirty years of His life in this quiet, secluded spot is simply overpowering to the mind.

"Is not this the carpenter's son?" they said. So He labored here as well as lived in this place.

As I walk these streets, look down on the town from the hills, and pore over the natural features of the landscape, I can with difficulty grasp the wonderful truth that one of the persons of the Trinity abided here in the flesh for over a quarter of a century. Here the everlasting Son, equal to the Father, submitted to the surroundings and personal discomforts of bitter poverty. Here He dwelt in an humble house, tolling hard all day and eating the simplest of fare. Here the High and Holy One lived amid lowing cattle, barking dogs, toiling camels and donkeys, and crying children. Here He beheld the daily petty strifes of the village, and heard the Babel of their empty disputes and shallow conversation.

I found that reason fairly staggered under the thought of these things; but faith like a Samson in the heart held up the amazing structure of the Incarnation, while the heart cried out again and again: O my God! my God! what love and condescension is this!

It is a gracious experience, and one never to be forgotten, to worship in Nazareth where dwelt the Lord and Savior for thirty years. Whether you sit in the church, or walk the streets, or look down on Nazareth from the hills, the one uppermost and amazed thought all the time is, that the Son of God lived in this place for thirty years! The words "for thirty years" follow you wherever you go.

We sometimes wish for a sentence to express an act of astonishing condescension. And often we have desired a phrase in which could be crowded the fact and spirit of an infinite patience. I herewith offer the long desired sentence to the reader: "The Son of God dwelt in the village of Nazareth for thirty years!"

TOPIC: Nehemiah's Sabbath Enforcement  
SUBTOPIC: Missing In Jerusalem  
CHAPTER: 29

So the Jaffa Gate is an experience. There is bound to be a sigh over such an entrance into the City of David.

This Jaffa Gate is the same old portal, or rather the successor of the city portal that gave Nehemiah such trouble in the way of Sabbath breaking some two thousand five hundred years ago. The merchants and venders brought in their fresh fruits and vegetables for sale on the Holy Sabbath; but when the man of God threatened them, they lodged without on the sacred day until Nehemiah said, "I will lay my hands upon you" if you do not remove. I was awakened early on Sunday morning with the sound of traffic, and looking out, saw coming in through the gate of Jaffa on the backs of men and beasts, meat and fruit and vegetables, as of yore. Some households retain family sins, and some localities keep up bad reputations. Certain walls held leprosy, and certain gates and houses are hoary with ages of disobedience to God. It is all the same with this old gray gateway what Sabbath Day is blessing the earth. The arches of this queer right angle entrance resound with the tinkling bell of loaded camel, and tread of busy vendors alike on the Friday Sabbath of the Mohammedan, the Saturday Sabbath of the Jew, and the Sunday of the Christian. It has a contempt for them all, has this old Jaffa Gate.

What shall be done with it, and where is the race of Nehemiah?

TOPIC: Nominal Christianity  
SUBTOPIC: Squabbles Discredit Christianity  
CHAPTER: 28

One of the sad spectacles in Palestine, and that hurts Christianity to the heart, is the hatred and strife between the Latin and Greek Churches. This bitterness is seen in various respects. One way is in their dispute and struggle over sacred places. If there is a holy site in a village or town, immediately these two churches contend for its possession, or set up rival churches in different quarters of the town, both affirming that the true site is under their church roof. So in Jerusalem there are two places of the Ascension of Christ -- One Greek and one Latin; in Bethany, two places where Christ met Martha and Mary ere He proceeded to the grave of Lazarus -- One on the left of the road, believed in by the Latins; and another on the right, believed in by the Greeks. In Nazareth they have two places where the angel Gabriel made the announcement to Mary of her coming motherhood -- one in the north quarter, held by the Greek Church; and the other in the southern quarter, owned by the Romanists. Besides this, there are two Mounts of Transfiguration and two Gethsemanes -- One Greek and the other Roman. And thus it is all over the land. When all of the evidence goes to show that one of these churches is correct, then the discomfited one makes up for its loss by an abundance of sacred relics, traditions, and sites of other Scriptural occurrences.

It is amazing to see how many important things have occurred on one little spot of ground after it gets a church roof over it. The effort to outdo each other in traditions, and in the exhibition of sacred relics is painfully evident. If the Roman Catholics show the impression of Peter's foot on a paving-stone, the Greeks promptly exhibit the impress of Elijah's whole form on a bed of rock near Bethlehem. If the Greeks show a footprint in stone on Mt. Olivet, the Roman Catholics point you to a handprint on the rock in the Via Dolorosa.

The strife between the two has been evinced in a far more serious way than I have yet mentioned. That way, sorrowful to relate, has been bloodshed. Today a Turkish soldier stands in the Chapel of the Nativity, in Bethlehem, and a Turkish guard is posted in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, for the purpose of keeping peace between two churches that call themselves Christians.

Can not the reader see what harm is wrought to Christ and His cause by such a state of things? Of course, we know this is only a nominal Christianity; but the sad thing is that the Turk and the Syrian can not distinguish between the nominal and the real, the formal and the spiritual. They look at this spectacle and say: "If this is Christianity, then we prefer our own religion."

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## O-TOPICS

TOPIC: Outdoing and Outstripping Bible Statements

SUBTOPIC: With Fables

CHAPTER: 28

The Greek and Roman Catholic Churches certainly outstrip and outdo the statements of the Bible. They evidently feel that they can help the Scriptures out of certain difficulties; that they are imperfect, and need supplementing. So they fill out the unwritten sentence, and speak where God was silent. In the Gospel the only allusion made to the exhaustion of Christ on His way to Calvary, is where it is said that the cross was laid upon Simon the Cyrenian; but these two enterprising churches declare that the Savior fainted three times on the road. The only time He spoke was when He addressed the weeping women of Jerusalem; but the Greek and Latin Churches have Him pause and speak at the door of the Wandering Jew, at the house of Veronica, and I know not how many other places besides. They have in all fourteen stations or stopping-places of the Savior in the Via Dolorosa.

I was shown the chapel of St. Longinus. And who was St. Longinus? These two veracious churches say that he was a soldier, blind in one eye, and that a drop of blood from the cross fell on the injured organ of vision and he saw at once, whereupon he became a Christian, and afterward a saint.

These same churches show the place where the Virgin Mother held the dead Christ on her knees, and also the place where the Savior met His mother after His resurrection.

All of this is being wise above that which is written, and fills the heart of the Christian with unaffected pain.

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## P-TOPICS

TOPIC: Palestine in 1890

SUBTOPIC: Some Observations by Carradine

CHAPTER: 23

[In Palestine]

I left Joppa in the afternoon in a carriage with a dragoman, who proved to be an intelligent man, and blessed with remarkable knowledge of Scripture. One or two miles from the town we entered upon the plain of Sharon. Its width is twelve miles, and length over thirty. This historic plain, although bare and brown in the sultry month of August, yet greatly impressed me by its size and natural beauty. In the spring it must be a lovely spectacle. I looked in vain for a rose or any kind of flower; and, stopping the carriage in the search, had to pluck instead a little thorny bush, with which the plain abounds. Think of plucking a thorn from the plain of Sharon as a memento. Nevertheless the Rose of Sharon blooms on fairer plains above. All this may be part of the judgment which is on the land. On the eastern edge rose up the mountains or hills of Judea. As I looked on them I recalled the verse, "And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Judah."

During the afternoon we passed the site of Timnath, where Samson lost his wife and had his revenge on the standing corn of the Philistines. A wretched mud village now marks the spot. I was also shown the town where the Temple, or House of Dagon stood, and where the wonderful scene of the image falling before the ark of God took place.

Farther on we came to Lydda, called by the Arabians today Ludd. Two points of identification are readily seen -- one in the similarity of names, and the other in Acts ix. 38: "And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa." I suppose it is seven or eight miles distant. Here it was that Peter healed Eneas, and a great revival sprang up therefrom. I walked through the streets of the dirty and poverty-stricken town where "once dwelt the saints." The houses are constructed of mud and the stones of ancient ruins. The streets, which are narrow, winding alleys in reality, are strewn with litter and filth. The floors of many of the houses, mud-colored and windowless, were often four or five feet below the level of the street. The refuse accumulates well. The things noticed by the eye were revolting in many instances to almost every sense. I felt that Lydda was not such a place in the time of Peter. A great crime has been committed in this country. God's Son was killed not thirty miles from this spot, and the face of Jehovah has been turned from the land for two thousand years. And his vengeance is written in barren fields, and naked mountains, and long lines of ruins all over this land. What will not happen to a country when God hides his face!

I am struck, however, with the fact that the Jews constitute a small part of the population that partakes of this desolation. I meet twenty Egyptians, Arabians, Syrian peasants, and people



who don't know who they are, to one Israelite. All this, however, is in perfect fulfillment of the prophecies of old. The Jew was to be driven into all nations and the stranger was to enter in and possess the country, Mr. Rothschild is, however, still importing them from Russia and elsewhere. He has five or six colonies between Joppa and Damascus. Here he is settling the poor wanderers, and teaching the boys how to be farmers. I saw one of his colonies in the plain of Sharon.

I can not, in suitable words, convey to the reader the dreariness of these mountains around Jerusalem. The road runs for twenty miles through and over them, and throughout it is a scene of profound desolation and mournfulness. The mountain sides show unmistakable signs of having once been terraced from summit to base, and cultivated; but the vineyards have vanished, and the terraces are in ruins, and, with the exception of an occasional grove of scattering olives, these noble trees are gone. The mountains themselves, denuded of their once beautiful covering, stand up and roll on to the distant horizon in bold, bare forms of gray limestone and red clay.

[See Also A Journey To Palestine, Chapter 24]

TOPIC: Palestine  
SUBTOPIC: Its Desolation Without Christ  
CHAPTER: 34

To visit Palestine and behold it without Christ and His disciples, is this experience multiplied a thousand-fold in intensity and sadness. And to see this country in the possession of people who do not know nor care for Christ and His blessed life and achievements adds immeasurably to the pain.

TOPIC: Paul's Entrance Into Rome  
SUBTOPIC: Via The Appian Way  
CHAPTER: 18

[In Rome]

In the afternoon I drove out on the Appian Way, through the gate and beyond the old walls of Rome. The remains of that famous road are plainly to be seen. The interest born in my heart for this ancient national thoroughfare arose from a single verse in the scripture, in which we are informed that Paul came along this road as a prisoner to Rome. One or two miles from the city, where the driver turned into a little inn hard by to water and rest his horse, I strolled down the road, and seating myself on one of the old Appian blocks of stone, read the latter part of the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts. I could see the gate and wall distinctly, and the Appian Way leading in a direct course toward them and disappearing in the city; and then imagination caused Paul and his companions and guard to pass by me. That he had been discouraged I know from the fact that when a few Roman brethren met him farther away down the road, it is said, "he thanked God and took courage." That he was resolute appears in one of his letters: "I must see Rome also." From this very point I doubt not his eyes saw the gate and distant city. What must have been his thoughts, and what a spectacle to heaven and earth and hell he presented. I see him nearing the city, and now he is at the gate, it opens, he passes in and is lost to view. One man gone to confront a million men! What cannot and will not a man do who loves Christ as Paul did, and which is full of the Holy

Ghost? Many great men had gone through that gate -- Caesar, Pompey, Marius, Sylla, Antony, and Octavius -- and yet never before or since has a greater man passed through that archway than a man named Paul, who, in the year (33, entered footsore and weary, unknown and a prisoner into the city that was then the recognized ruler of the world. There was no revolution. Take courage, my brother. He did not win Caesar, but he gained Caesar's household. He did all, and accomplished what God desired him to do. "My bonds are manifest in the palace and in all other places." Who can tell how much is behind these words? Anyhow, he wrote to Timothy that he had "finished his course."

TOPIC: Perspectives Of Men

SUBTOPIC: From Above, and From Beside Them

CHAPTER: 13

The Eiffel Tower was of course ascended. Think of standing on the top of a slender spire nearly one thousand feet high, which an excited fancy would have you believe is bending and swaying in the wind. The traveler may leave his hotel with the full intention of mounting to the dizzy summit, but when he reaches the base of the tower and looks up, he has to go through sundry additional process of mental bracing and determinations of will...A man seen on the ground from this height is a small sized spectacle never to be forgotten.

As I looked down and saw a black dot moving about on the earth's surface with two little specks alternately appearing and disappearing under the dot, I said, as I recognized the dot to be a man and the specks to be legs, is it possible that such a tiny creature as that could ever inspire fear in the breast of anything! A great courage seemed to arise within me, as I contemplated the human ants rushing around one thousand feet below me. Perhaps it was the distance that inspired the courage, but the wonder, nevertheless, arose that I should ever have dreaded those insects in the dust. Then came pity for them in their low estate, and so by and by I came down and stood with them and was like them once more.

On the whole I prefer the horizontal view of my fellow-man. It is best every way. You can see into his eyes, and all but hear the beating of his heart. The lofty observation of men has been the trouble of the world, and will be, I fear, for generations to come. It is very difficult to recognize a man, and what is in a man from altitudes of any kind. May we all come down from Eiffel Tower, especially those of us who are called to the work of the pulpit. The people will be very glad to see us; and all of us who come down will be glad, now and forevermore, for the descent. I have remembered very clearly for years the description given of a certain minister, that he "was invisible six days and incomprehensible the seventh." He certainly must have been on Eiffel Tower. Let us all descend, even though we have to jump the distance. If we will not come down, may a kind Providence knock us down, and keep us among the people where we belong.

TOPIC: Peter Worshiped By Catholic Rome

SUBTOPIC: An Idolatry Peter Himself Would Condemn

CHAPTER: 18

[In Rome]

The impression that the traveler gathers from statue, painting, book, and lip, and carries away with him from churchly Rome is that St. Peter is undoubtedly the greatest being in heaven and eternity. It is no extravagant speech to say that the Son of God Himself is overshadowed in Rome by him. From the statue whose foot is being worn away by repeated kissings, to the vast building that bears his name and from the many paintings where the figure of the apostle is central and commanding, to the glances and prayers that are being constantly directed to him the fact is painfully manifest that Peter is again thrust in between the Savior and His divine work and glory.

No one can look at the paintings that contain the figures of our Lord and Peter without seeing to what great advantage the apostle is made to appear. The glorious manhood of the Lord Jesus never appears, but he is invariably drawn with drooping figure and lifeless or melancholy face while Peter stands out from every work of art an embodiment of manliness, courage, and noble triumph. Even in the famous picture of "The Judgment," by Angelo, and where you would expect the Savior to be the most prominent figure, behold! St. Peter is there again the main man and actually seems to be directing and controlling the tremendous events of the day.

What a holy sorrow would fill him in heaven, if he knew of these Romish follies committed in his name. The real Peter who in humility was crucified head downward, by his own request, would be the first to protest against this unmerited, anti-scriptural, and sinful exaltation of himself in the church.

TOPIC: Pillow a Stone  
SUBTOPIC: Seen by Carradine in 1890 Palestine  
CHAPTER: 40

Several miles further on I saw a young Syrian stretched at full length on the roadside, with "a stone for a pillow." Jacob and Bethel at once rushed upon the recollection. Moreover, I could not but think how unlike this was from anything seen in America. I never saw one of my countrymen take a rock to lay his head upon, but in the country of Jacob and in the neighborhood of Bethel, this was one of the first sights I beheld.

TOPIC: Pleasures Of Earth  
SUBTOPIC: Vain Search For  
CHAPTER: 8

In leaving Oxford, and one or two miles south of it, I noticed from the car-window a group of boys in boat-uniform walking swiftly over the fields toward the brow of a neighboring hill. With what an eager and assured air did they press their way along the path. The great object of life was evidently awaiting them. What they wanted was just over the hill. They had the thing tied, and it was waiting for them.

Ah boys! I thought as I looked sympathetically after them, you are mistaken, you are deceived--the thing you want is not over there, I have been over the hill myself, not once, but many times, and it is not there!

TOPIC: Pompeii, Like Sodom and Gomorrah

SUBTOPIC: Overthrown Because Of Sin  
CHAPTER: 20

[In Pompeii, viewing its Vesuvius-destroyed sights]

Near the end of this street is the famous house of Diomede. The cellar is the strong point of interest with the tourist. I was much surprised at its shape and extent. It is fully ten or twelve feet in width and equally as high. It runs west fifty yards, and then, with another sharp turn, runs east the same distance. It is located under the flower-garden, and connects with the house at two points by a gradual rise in the floor. This was the wine cellar of Diomede, and the jars are still seen in ruinous condition, or with their imprint against the walls. The cellar is pierced with a number of small square apertures for the reception of air. Through these the ashes and suffocating fumes entered in destroying power upon those who had fled here for refuge. In this cellar the skeletons or bodies of fifty-eight people were found. The impression of the figures of some, with their clothes wrapped about their heads to keep out the hot ashes and air, is plainly seen on the wall against which they leaned. A man with a ring on his hand, and holding a key was found near the door. Close to him was his slave, bearing a box of jewels. But the servant and key and precious stones availed nothing at such a time. There is an hour when men and money can do nothing for us. That hour is when God "looks on the hills, and they tremble; when he touches the mountains and they smoke;" and when he rises in his omnipotence to shake terribly the earth.

TOPIC: Preacher, and Aged  
SUBTOPIC: Jocular Sort Not Fitting  
CHAPTER: 18

[In Rome]

Modern Rome failed to impress me agreeably. It is a feeble imitation of Paris. The sight really jarred upon me as does the spectacle of a jocular preacher, or an aged person indulging in the pranks of a child. The minister should always be the recognized man of God; let a sweet dignity clothe the old; and let Rome be marked by solidity and grandeur of structure rather than by flashiness of shop. The long centuries and the grand events back of her seem to demand this.

TOPIC: Prejudice  
SUBTOPIC: Hinders Spread of Gospel  
CHAPTER: 23

[At Joppa -- House of Simon the Tanner]

As soon as I landed, and before going to the hotel, I visited Simon the Tanner's house by the sea. Along streets narrow and dirty I walked to the place. This much we have in identification that only three other houses dispute the claim; that this house is certainly by the sea, and has the flat, retired roof that the sacred narrative leads us to expect. As I stood upon the roof I took in the wide-open heaven through which that wonderful sheet was let down. A wide space was a fitting frame for the lesson given the apostle. What a lesson it was! And how hard it was for Peter, even after that, to remember! Of all the instruction that the Spirit strives to impress upon the human

heart, there is none that man learns with greater difficulty, and forgets with greater readiness, than that of the "four cornered sheet." The gospel flood of salvation cannot go as it should, because of the walls and barriers that men have built everywhere between each other. The Egyptians would not eat with the Hebrews, for "that would be an abomination to the Egyptians." "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." "God, I thank thee," said the Pharisee, "I am not like this publican." Caste law and hatred are implacable and undying. Let us all take a fresh look into the sheet, and listen to the interpreting voice of the Spirit. After I had descended from the roof I noticed I had been there at the very hour of the day that Peter had the vision, viz: "the sixth hour," which is twelve o'clock.

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## R-TOPICS

TOPIC: Remarks About Us

SUBTOPIC: Some Better Not Heard

CHAPTER:

I saw the empty tomb of Cromwell. After the Restoration his body was removed and burned, I think, while his head was fastened on a spike on Westminster Hall near by, and kept there for years. As I was looking at the tomb, several ladies drew near, of a rough pattern, and one, with strong Hibernian accent, cried out in regard to Cromwell: "And was he buried here? -- the witch!" Well for the great that they do not hear all that is said about them. How thankful all people ought to be that we cannot hear over a few yards, and that when we are dead we cannot hear at all!

TOPIC: Resting

SUBTOPIC: On Stormy Waves

CHAPTER: 3

I was especially interested in the storm-petrel -- a little bird with the size and movement of the swallow, that followed us across the ocean. I asked a sailor where they rested when they got tired, and he replied, "On the waves."

"But may not a fish take them under if they do that?" I asked.

"Oh!" replied the sailor, "they takes their chances."

Next morning I saw them resting on the waves. As their little forms were lifted up and down by the great rolling swell of the Atlantic, I thought what a grand cradle these birds have; and another thought, sweeter and better, was: He that feedeth the sparrow on the land, cares for, feeds, and protects these little birds far out upon the boundless sea. What a sermon those petrels preached to me that day!

TOPIC: Rest of Christ

SUBTOPIC: Should Be Seen In His Ministers

CHAPTER: 37

[At Nazareth]

I attended service at the English Church. It was held in Arabic, but, nevertheless, did me good. The very sound of the Gospel helps the soul. The minister had a tired look that greatly touched me. He had a cord or wrinkle of nervousness that ran up the center of his forehead while he preached. Such a cord is equal in effect to a range of mountains in keeping people out of the Rest of Christ. If a man would will a congregation from the toil, bondage and sadness of the worldly life to the spiritual life, he must have a smooth brow, and something in the face and voice that speaks of twelve wells and seventy palm-trees, or better still, of a land flowing with milk and honey, and white-robed people resting under trees of life by the side of a calmly flowing river of life.

TOPIC: Resurrection

SUBTOPIC: Will Bring Divine Revelations

CHAPTER: 17

[In Venice]

Still another sign of the past is the prison at the farther end of the Bridge of Sighs. The cells of midnight blackness, once seen, can never be forgotten. In a narrow passage I was shown the spot where the prisoners of state were beheaded. The stone block which received the victim's head, and the groove in the wall for the descending blade are still there. A small door near by opens just over one of the lagunes.

What sorrowful and blood-curdling scenes have taken place in this little passage! I could see again the masked executioner, the silent guard, and the presiding official. I could see the flickering lights, and ghastly moisture on the walls, and the pallid prisoner as he stood helpless before the instrument of death. Let him scream aloud if he will, no one could possibly hear him through the thick walls that shut him in. It is not known in Venice what has become of him -- it may be that he is forgotten. In five minutes more the decapitated body will be stowed into a sack, thrust through the little door in the wall, dropped into a waiting boat on the canal, and rowed out to sea and sunk with weights to the bottom.

And so they sleep by thousands in the depths of the blue Adriatic, and the secret of the crime and death sleeps with them. Oftentimes they stir uneasily, as if they would arise and come back to the streets of Venice and proclaim aloud to the world the false accusation, the kidnapping, the long, unjust imprisonment, and the awful, solitary death. The limb moves, the hand is lifted as if the sleeper was arousing himself, but it was only the movement of a wandering wave, and so the skeleton lies down again amid the sand and shells and coral of the ocean floor. There is but one who can awaken them, and when they hear His voice in the morning of the Last Day they will come forth, and with them volumes of unwritten history. Nothing shall be hidden that day; the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, men shall be rewarded according to their deeds, and these sleepers in the sea shall obtain justice at last, and find mercy, perhaps, for the first time.

TOPIC: Return of the Jews to Palestine

SUBTOPIC: From Carradine's Perspective in 1890  
CHAPTER: 39

Still further information was given me in regard to the return of the Jews to Palestine. Many, I am told, arrive in the depths of poverty. Their appearance is remarkable. Long-haired, long-bearded, long-fingernailed, and with long overcoats, their appearance is so weird and wild that the native Syrians, and Turks are alarmed. They think that no such looking people ought to be allowed to enter.

To the question put to me, Is this the return of the Jews prophesied in the Bible? I hesitated for some time, and then replied: Why not? Does not God take the things that are despised and are not, and with them bring to naught the things that are? It is true that these bands constantly arriving are rough-looking sets of people; but we are to remember that the Israelites, when Moses took charge of them, were precisely of the same pattern. People toiling as they had been doing in bitter bondage for centuries could not be expected to have the polish of the drawing-room. And they did not. The laws given to them, their frequent outbursts, their rough manners cropping out in numerous ways reveal to us what they were as they came out of Egypt. And yet God took them in hand, and by the death of multiplied thousands, and by providential castigations and chastenings and polishings, He out of their descendants brought forth a grand people, whose kings and priests and prophets are talked about and honored all over the world today.

What God did once, He can do again. The Jews have got to return. If the Israelites of America and Europe who are well to do, and are so devoted to their possessions that they will not go -- if they refuse -- then God will use the rough material we have mentioned, and by his disciplining hand and out of their descendants make a people that may surpass in every respect the Israel of other days.

The strange thing about God's Providence is that He accomplishes His work in such unexpected ways and so quietly that men are suddenly amazed to find the work done, the prophecy fulfilled, while they were waiting and looking for the bare beginning or inauguration.

When did God ever work in a way that the carnal mind thought He would? Here are people looking for the Jews all over the world to sell their stores and houses, take ship and sail in a body to Palestine. Nothing but long lines of sailing fleets and the disembarkation of a nation will satisfy them; and as they see nothing of the kind going on they are disposed to believe that the great occurrence is yet afar in the dim future, when really God may be at work on the problem now. The rough bands coming back to Palestine in groups of tens, twenties, and fifties may be the clay that is to make the vessel. This may be the return of the Jews; and suddenly in two generations from now, while still writing and talking about the Jews Return, we may happen to look over to Palestine and find to our amazement, and to the glory of God that it is filled with Israelites. And not only Jews outwardly, but Jews inwardly, who have the circumcision of the spirit, whose praise is not of men, but of God, and in whose heart there is no guile.

TOPIC: Roman Catholic Jargon  
SUBTOPIC: Aped By English Clerics  
CHAPTER: 10

I listened one Sabbath afternoon to one of these ministers of the Established Church intone the service in Westminster Abbey, and if there had been a half-dozen candles burning I would have supposed that I was in a Roman Catholic church. O what a humiliating conception of Christ's and the Apostle's manner of conducting religious services. Here is a rising and falling voice, confining itself to two notes, and with a sound that is a compound of a whine and moan, chosen as a vehicle to bring to my heart and understanding the blessed truth of God. Nor is this all; the rising and falling whine-moan was perfectly unintelligible. For all I could tell, it might have been a collection of the veriest nonsense. Would the soul feed on such food? Could it do so? Think of John or Peter or Paul whining away in the pulpit after such a fashion. May the Lord pour out a spirit of common sense upon certain branches of His Church! Rome patterned after pagan worship, the English Church is modeling after Rome, and certain of the American Churches are drawing from the faded design in England, which is itself a copy of a copy of a copy.

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## S-TOPICS

TOPIC: Saint-Worship Of Catholic Rome  
SUBTOPIC: A Hindrance To True Worship  
CHAPTER: 18

[In Rome]

I have no heart to write of the things seen and heard in Ecclesiastical Rome. This is the grand gathering place of relics and traditions. Bones and falsehoods abound. This is one place where the ear gets heartily weaned of hearing the word saint. The dead saints are here in force. They line the galleries, look down on you from the top of buildings, stare at you out of canvass, and pose rigidly before you in marble. They settle like a cloud between the mind and heaven. They come as a veil between the soul and Christ. Intended by Catholic invention to be an assistance, they have burdened the religious soul unnecessarily, and robbed Christ of His glory as Mediator and Intercessor. Many of them died in profound ignorance that they were saints. Are not acquainted with the fact yet, and, what is more, will never find it out.

TOPIC: Scolding Wives  
SUBTOPIC: A Barbaric Punishment Of  
CHAPTER: 6

High street, in Edinburgh, is interesting from one end to the other. I question whether another street in the world can group together as many historic places and objects of note. The Heart of Mid-Lothian is here, the Church of John Knox, the residence of the same apostolic man, the place where the coronation of kings was publicly announced, the house where the first Bible was printed in Scotland, the houses of illustrious men, and, not least in interest, the stone pillar where scolding wives were once chained for a certain number of hours. I accepted the last piece of information with a certain amount of mental reservation. The guide spoke with some feeling on



the subject. He regarded it as a good custom, and, in a word, I gathered from the little he said that there was an agitated family history at his home.

TOPIC: Singing In Worship  
SUBTOPIC: Lacking Among The Spiritually Dead  
CHAPTER: 21

[In Egypt]

There is no music in a Mohammedan service. But after listening to their secular or profane music, one has reason for being thankful that there is no song service in their mosques, if he happens to be dwelling in the vicinity. Infidelity has no hymn book, and Mohammedanism has no singing in its worship. Both facts are significant, and mean the same thing, and that thing is that they are both spiritually dead. The dead sing not. "The living, the living, they shall praise thee," said King Hezekiah.

TOPIC: Slavery  
SUBTOPIC: Song Stirred Opposition To  
CHAPTER: 1

As a child -- although my father was a slave-owner -- my eyes were often moistened under the influence of these songs of slavery. But my eyes were not the only ones that were wet. Tears dripped in many States and lands. And these tears meant revolution and deliverance; for when you see thousands of people grieving over a state of things, that means a coming social or moral upheaval; and when a nation gets to singing about its troubles, the day of redemption is nigh. When the Marseilles hymn leaped from lip to lip, and, we might say, flowed from eye to eye, a nation awoke from its long slumber and sprang into freedom. I am convinced that Song is one of God's mightiest agencies for the effecting of His purposes, and I feel assured as well, that the songs of slavery, or the Negro melodies did as much, if not more, than speech or book, for the preparing of the people for emancipation.

TOPIC: Speech That Is Clear  
SUBTOPIC: Alone Appropriate In True Worship  
CHAPTER: 38

I had always supposed that the call of the muezzin was given in a loud and solemn way. I once read of the impressiveness of the call. So it would be if it came to you from a distance over terraced roofs and groves of palm-trees through the deep stillness of an Eastern night. But nearness spoils the effect. All that I heard were given in a whining, drawling, tremulous tone or in a kind of sing-song manner.

Again I ask what is there in this part of the world that is so generative of whines in the religious service? If there is any utterance that should be characterized by clearness, manliness, and naturalness, it should be the creature's language of worship in approaching his God. Why should we reserve for our daily conversation, and for our addresses and debates in courts of law and houses of legislation, an intelligible and natural speech; but the instant we come into the

presence of God we begin to whimper, whine, and use rocka-bye baby tones. Does God love whimpering? Would He not prefer the voice that He gave, and not its perversion? And yet all through the East whining is the invariable mode of address to the Deity. Roman Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, and Mohammedans, all whine. And it has spread to the West. The Episcopal Church is rapidly learning and excelling in the custom, nor is the practice confined to them. It is still spreading. We have heard it issue from various pulpits and pews of our own, and sister denominations in such nasal richness, tin-panny accent, and rise and fall intonation as to give overwhelming promise of super-excellence in the noble art of whining.

TOPIC: Sphinx

SUBTOPIC: Need For Church Leaders To Be Like

CHAPTER: 22

[At The Sphinx]

In the temple of the Sphinx near by I had a piece of alabaster chipped off a great column as a paper-weight for one of our bishops. It is an appropriate gift, for if anybody needs to appear solemn and mysterious, and do a great deal of steady looking, and be silent at the same time (I won't say for four thousand years), that person is a Bishop.

TOPIC: Spurgeon

SUBTOPIC: Power Imparted Through Personal Prayer

CHAPTER: 9

I Arrived in London late on Saturday afternoon...At eleven I directed my steps to Mr. Spurgeon's church, which I found was twice as large as Dr. Beecher's. I was escorted into the prayer meeting, held in a room back of the pulpit, just before preaching. One of the brethren, in the midst of a long prayer, called the meeting the center of power in the church. I had only been in the room a short while, but felt he was mistaken. Each succeeding prayer convinced me more than ever that the brother was incorrect. The center of power always means a glorious death to circumlocutory and mechanical prayers. In a few minutes more I noticed that Mr. Spurgeon was not present. An half-hour later I was listening to him as he poured a rich and unctuous gospel into the hearts of five thousand people. I knew then that the center of power was in Spurgeon. A man has to pray himself, and to pray much, and to pray mightily and importunately, to have power over the hearts and consciences of men. Nothing else will bring it.

Mr. Spurgeon commented on the chapter he read for thirty minutes, and after that preached forty minutes. But no one wearied. What a feast he gave us in Christ's first miracle in Cana of Galilee! Christ filled the discourse; was felt in every accent of the voice, and looked out of every expression of the face. The man drew the rich provisions for us as if, like Joseph, he had been filling the storehouses of his mind for years, and there was no stint nor limit. And yet in the midst of the feast I looked down and saw two of his prominent members asleep! I was comforted for myself and my brethren in the ministry. The great orator shows signs of physical feebleness. He moved stiffly in the pulpit, as if he feared the awakening of slumbering pain. But his square English face was lighted up with God's own love and peace, and his intellect was as lordly as ever.

TOPIC: Sweetness Remaining  
SUBTOPIC: In The Healed Waters Of Elisha  
CHAPTER: 31

Elisha's Spring is close by, and gushes out at the foot of the mountain, and is overshadowed partly by a small palm of Gilead. The flow is so abundant that it could easily be made to irrigate the plain between the River Jordan and the mountains. Already below the mouth it has been divided into a number of channels, several of which I crossed, and found them all rushing along with the accent of rapidity and abundance. Today the fountain is shallow; but if the stones and debris of former walls around it were removed, it could be made a pool fifteen or twenty feet square, and six or eight deep. Then, indeed, if an ax flew off the helve into the spring, the owner might well cry out, as did one of the young men to Elisha: "Alas, master! for it was borrowed." I noticed the remains of an ancient wall that once encircled it, possessing about the same dimensions I have named. Truly, all Scripture statements of places and things can bear examination. The water of this spring is sweet, cool, and refreshing. When Elisha healed this fountain, he did it effectually.

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#### T-TOPICS

TOPIC: Tarrying  
SUBTOPIC: By Drinking Husbands  
CHAPTER: 2

Major Andre was captured on the high road that runs on the crest of the Hudson River hills towards New York city. The arrest took place a mile north of Tarrytown...I was set to thinking by the guide's explanation of the word Tarrytown. He said that long ago the farmers used to visit the village, and drank so deep and drank so long, and so protracted their stay from home, that the good wives called the place Tarrytown.

O the Tarrytowns in the land!

TOPIC: Temptation of Christ  
SUBTOPIC: In the Wilderness of Judea  
CHAPTER: 30

One or two miles from Bethany we left the Jericho road and entered what is called the Valley of Pomegranates, and plunged at once into the depths of the wilderness of Judea. According to the name, the above-mentioned valley must have once been beautiful and fruitful; but today not a tree or flower or blade of grass is to be seen; nothing but countless myriads of stone. The pomegranates have given way to granites of a different kind. We were fully five hours in crossing the wilderness of Judea. The route led up and down and over and around the mountains; but no ups or downs, no changes of view could relieve the monotony and desolateness of this rocky waste. Conceive of an ocean heaved by a tremendous wind into gigantic waves of gray and brown, with yawning-like depths running between as deep as the waves were high; and that suddenly this ocean should be arrested, fixed and petrified. Over the adamant surface scatter stones of every size as

thick as hail; and let them cling to the sides of the valley, and lie in the bottom of the ravine, and cover the mountains to the very summit. Now let the sun pour down from a cloudless sky, not only a blinding light, but a blistering heat, and you have before you the wilderness of Judea.

The remembrance that it was in a part of this desert that the Savior was alone with the wild beasts and evil spirits for forty days and nights, gave a peculiar interest to the scene, while the sight of the desert itself helped me to a conception of the painfulness of the wilderness temptation never had before. I could not but be struck with the fact that myriads of the stones that covered the ground are exactly the size and shape of loaves of bread. How easily and naturally from beholding them did Satan insinuate the tempting thought, "Command that these stones be made bread."

TOPIC: Threshing-Floor

SUBTOPIC: Seen by Carradine in 1890 Palestine

CHAPTER: 40

"The Threshing-floor." "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." "The wicked are like the chaff which the wind driveth away."

They are threshing grain in Palestine just as they did in the days of David. The oxen still tread out the corn. Round and round they go of themselves or are driven by the master's hand. They were all unmuzzled except one. It was refreshing to see a part of God's law remembered and obeyed in this refractory land. They have no rapid method of separating the wheat from the chaff as we have, but selecting a level place exposed to the strong breezes of the country they throw with wooden forks the chaff and wheat together high in the air, when the wheat falls back upon the ground and the chaff is driven away by the wind. I had my face filled with it repeatedly as I passed to the leeward of the threshing-floor.

TOPIC: Truth of The Bible

SUBTOPIC: Confirmed By Archaeological Findings

CHAPTER: 27

Many of my readers will remember engravings or pictures of what has been called the pool of Bethesda. The fifth chapter of St. John gives a brief description of it by saying that it had five porches, and was near the Sheep Gate. For a great while many have believed that the large pool located by the northeast corner of the temple wall, near St. Stephen's Gate, is the place mentioned by St. John. There were no porches to be found, but there were two arches; and they were supposed to indicate the fact of porches and the existence of the other three. Nevertheless, there were many who were not satisfied in regard to this site, and their doubts were confirmed less than two years ago by the result of certain excavations made under the old church of St. Anne, that lies north of the pool about one hundred yards or more.

These excavations still going on have revealed the existence of a structure fifty feet under ground, having five porches, with two tiers of arches, and at the farther end a pool that is filled with water. The last corroborating proof was made one year ago in the discovery of a fresco or painting on the wall of the upper tier in the last porch that is nearest the pool. The fresco represents an angel descending into a pool of water.

Mr. Gillman, our American consul, in a fine paper on the subject, gives a minute description of this fresco, and laments that after exposure to the air the colors have begun to fade. I saw the picture in its faded state, and could only see the representation of the water and what I supposed was the halo, or nimbus, above the angel's head.

Another confirmation is the nearness of the place to St. Stephen's Gate, which is believed by nearly all to be the Sheep Gate mentioned in the Scripture.

Another curious corroboration of the locality I noticed in the difficulty in getting down to the pool. The steps in descending from the upper tier are narrow, and have a sharp, angular turn in the descent. Now read the impotent man's complaint: "While I am coming another steppeth down before me."

The value of this discovery is evident to the thoughtful. It is a voice from the dust, saying to the skeptical, scoffing world that the slightest statements of the word of God are true. If the Bible says a house has five porches, when we find the building we discover that it has not four or six porches, but five. One by one the statements of God's book are being proved in various ways to be facts. The result is bound to come, a child can foresee it, that the day is approaching when the world will rise up convinced, overwhelmed, and say the whole book is true.

I begin to see the divine use of the rubbish of ages; that by it God covers up objects of value for future use or reference. The debris of the centuries is one of God's secretaries, with a multitude of secret drawers therein, which we are slowly finding and opening just, I think, at the right time. What gems they contain with which to stud the crown of Truth?

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." God plants stones in the dust that are full of light, and that will, in coming centuries, bear a harvest of gladness for His people.

TOPIC: Truth Remains  
SUBTOPIC: Even After Its Pulpit Is Destroyed  
CHAPTER: 31

Nothing seems to be left of the town in which Zaccheus resided as a rich and despised publican. The sycamore tree, as well as the man who climbed into its branches to see Jesus, is gone. Bartimaes, the blind beggar at the gate, has become dust, and so has the gate by which he sat. The road itself, along which the multitude poured that day, is today a faint pathway, and frequently lost sight of amid the stones of the field and the rubbish of the village. However, it matters but little, seeing that the truths of that day are preserved. We can stand the pulpit being knocked to pieces if the great saving sermon has been preached; and you can take the framing of the picture if you leave me the picture itself. The great lesson of that day -- Christ's love for, and kindly attitude to the poor and rich alike -- remains with us, if Jericho does not. Time has destroyed the poor Jericho pulpit, but heaven holds the preacher, and immortal souls and eternity have the sermon.

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## U-TOPICS

TOPIC: Unbending Courage and Righteousness

SUBTOPIC: Of John Knox vs. Preachers Today

CHAPTER: 6

Holyrood Palace and Abbey made a profound impression upon me. The palace faces west, and, with its four-story front and four towers in a line, is a most imposing building. Although a number of kings and queens of Scotland have dwelt here, yet the mind singles out one above all, and keeps that one in memory all the time of the visit. I refer to Mary, Queen of Scots. Her rooms were on the third floor...She had four apartments. One was her audience-room; back of that...In the audience-room the stormy interviews between herself and John Knox took place. Every time he denounced her worldly, or Catholic, course she would send for him, and there would be bitter upbraiding, ending with a shower of tears. Knox stood like the Eddystone Lighthouse; the water dashed in vain, and he shone on.

On one occasion Queen Mary, in her indignation, sent him out in the ante-room to await her good pleasure. There he found himself in the presence of the "four Marys," her attendants and maids of honor. Without a moment's delay he turned to the simpering, bedizened girls of the court, and gave them a solemn exhortation and warning.

How differently some of us would have acted! If we ever had screwed up sufficient courage to have rebuked the sins of the wealthy or of royalty; if even then we had been dismissed to cool the blood in an ante-room, and there found these giggling maidens, we would have said: "Fine weather we are having, ladies. I hope to see you out to our evening service at St. Giles. We will not keep you long, and, beside, there is a lovely song service preceding the sermon. Do come." And so, graciously smiling, we would have bowed ourselves out, and left four immortal souls unwarned.

This is just where comes in the difference between our spinality and the vertebral column of John Knox. And this difference, barely touched upon, explains exactly why the Scottish preacher has a great monument, and is known to the world, while some of us have none, and are not known or felt anywhere.

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## V-TOPICS

TOPIC: Variety

SUBTOPIC: Some Speakers Lack Of

CHAPTER: 9

Monday morning I ascended to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral to get my bearings and map London in my mind forever. On our way up I was stopped in the dome to hear a whisper one hundred and fifty feet away. As I stepped in the gallery that runs around the inner wall of the dome

I noticed five gentlemen, on the opposite side, with their ears to the wall, while the guide, standing near me, was whispering the following information: "St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren. It required over thirty years for its completion. The paintings on the ceiling were executed by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The height is four hundred and four feet. The diameter of this dome is one hundred and twelve," etc. The gentlemen left, and I took their place, whereupon the guide bowed himself against the stone wall, and, in a whisper, which I heard distinctly over one hundred feet, said: "St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren," etc. As I left three gentlemen took my place, and I saw the guide go down for the third time against the wall, and impart the thrilling information that "St. Paul's Cathedral was built," etc.

My heart melted for the man. He spends his life going over about a half-dozen sentences, telling people that this cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and that, too, in a whisper, with his mouth against the wall. Over and over he tells it. He told it, the day I was there, doubtless, a thousand times. He is still telling it, and will continue to affirm and asseverate that matter about Sir Christopher Wren to the traveling multitudes through the years. If he is a man of much nervous sensibility, there are, doubtless, days that he heartily wishes that Sir Christopher Wren had never been born. Suppose a book should be written of the sayings of this guide?

I remember a colored man who kept a coffee stand in Jackson, Miss., by the depot. I was passing through the place when I had just entered the ministry sixteen years ago. It was then I first heard his voice crying out: "Hot coffee and cold cakes!" Four years after I passed through again, and he was still calling, with the exception that he had left off the cold cakes. Either he had met with business reverses, or was growing more sententious. Eight years passed away, and, as my train stopped at Jackson for a few minutes one night, the first voice I recognized was that of my colored friend, with his unwearied statement of "hot coffee." This spring, in going up to deliver an address at Oxford, a midnight stoppage of a few moments at Jackson was rewarded with the sound of the voice of my old friend, still insisting that he had "hot coffee." These two words constituted the man's vocabulary. He was never heard to say anything else. To my knowledge he has kept it up for sixteen years. There have been wars and revolutions in distant States; great have been the changes in the business and political world; but he has not changed. Suppose a book should be written containing the sayings of this man, as a companion volume of the biography and speeches of the guide of St. Paul's Cathedral!

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## W-TOPICS

TOPIC: Watering the Flocks

SUBTOPIC: Strife While Doing So

CHAPTER: 30

The wilderness of Judea, from the point we entered it to the Dead Sea, is without a house or abode of any kind save the mosque of the tomb of Moses, and without a single tree, and without any kind of vegetation except a brown, thorny shrub growing about a foot high upon which the goats feed. Nothing but somber-looking mountains and somber-looking valleys meet the sight. It was in the midst of this very wilderness, however, that I obtained my first view of that peculiarly

Oriental scene, the watering of flocks. We had reached the summit of a mountain and were glancing down a gray-looking valley at our feet when we noticed, fully a mile away, objects in motion, which, on drawing nearer, we discovered to be a dozen flocks of sheep and goats. The fountain or well was at the side of the valley, and gathered around it were several flocks being watered, while the other herds were lying down at a little distance awaiting their turn. The sun was beating down with midday force, there was no shade, and the bleating of the flocks filled the valley. To crown the scene, two of the herdsmen got into a difficulty about the watering of their respective flocks, and I had to get my dragoman to separate them. This gave the finishing touch to the Eastern picture. I could read with better understanding the words of Abraham to Lot, "Let there be no strife between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen;" and also what is said about Isaac, that he dug a well, and there was a contest of herdsmen over it, and so with another, and still another, and then he had rest.

The well or fountain in this place is one of extraordinary size, being fully twenty feet square, and thirty feet deep from the brink. It was overshadowed by "a great rock in a weary land."

TOPIC: Weaknesses Peculiar To Men, To Women  
SUBTOPIC: Both Seen In Achan's Sin  
CHAPTER: 31

What a resounding crash went along the side of these mountains, and up these gorges, when the walls [of Jericho], on the last day of circular marching, fell down flat! In the victory was found the element of future defeat. One man carefully brought it forth. Is it not strange that the two articles secretly taken from Jericho represent the especial weaknesses of the two sexes, a piece of gold [men] and a garment [women]?

TOPIC: Wesley  
SUBTOPIC: Not Honored At Oxford  
CHAPTER: 8

Every Methodist will readily realize with what interest I visited [Oxford] the college where John Wesley studied, and the one where in later years he was an instructor.

No true Methodist or Christian can visit unmoved this place where our church was born, and where began the greatest revival known to the world since the days of Pentecost. In the great dining-hall of Christ College, which is a portrait gallery as well of her distinguished sons, I looked in vain for the face of John Wesley. I saw other faces that we have never heard of on our side of the water, and not generally known on this side of the sea--but the face of the man who under God sent a thrill of life, and a wave of power over the churches of the entire world is not there.

Perhaps he did not cast out devils in the way some people desired; perhaps the people that followed him were not among the "chief rulers;" perhaps a prophet is not without honor save in his own home and country.

TOPIC: Wesley, His Grave and Home  
SUBTOPIC: Carradine's Remarks About



## CHAPTER: 11

In the rear of the chapel stands the tomb of Mr. Wesley. I bent my steps in that direction. You approach by a narrow yard on the right side of the church. This yard was bedecked with bed and table linen waving in the wind. I fervently wish that the parties who hung out these household banners had been blessed with a certain amount of proper sentiment, and a realization of the fitness of things. Emerging from this canopied side-yard, I came into the rear of the church, which I found to be a square court about thirty or forty yards each way. The place is filled with tombstones. In the center is that of Mr. Wesley, and near him are the plain tombs of Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke and Richard Watson. I lingered here as long as I could, and as I turned away my thought was that these four truly great men have not such sepulchers as I saw at Westminster covering men who had nothing but their titles; but in the morning of the resurrection there will burst forth a glory from these four graves before which the splendor of Westminster, and the magnificence of London itself, will pale into insignificance. God's time has not yet come, the day of His people is yet to dawn.

Mr. Wesley's house is nearer the street than the church, and is on your right hand, as you stand facing the chapel. I was shown several pieces of his furniture, and I was struck with the taste of Mr. Wesley, and the richness and genuineness of these articles themselves. The founder of Methodism seemed to desire but few things, but these few he wanted solid and good. He had but two spoons, but they were both of silver. On the inside of the doors of his desk were the pictures of a dozen of the prominent Methodist ministers of his time. He cut them out of magazines and books, and pasted them with his own hand where he could see them. His room was a back room on the second floor. The front room he gave to his mother. Opening into his bedroom is a closet or dressing-room, in which he had a small writing-table, and where doubtless much of his praying was done. His bedroom is decidedly small, being not over ten feet square, if even that large. I remember noticing that the door could not be fully opened if a bed stood in the corner opposite. Here stood out to my mind one of the innumerable acts of self-denial that marked his life. The large pleasant front room was given first to his mother, and, after her death, turned over to some one else. I felt that here was holy ground, as, with uncovered head, I paused a few moments in the bedroom. Here he read, and prayed, and composed his sermons; here he thought and planned for Methodism; here he rested from his long, exhausting journeys, and here finally he died. It was in this room that, just before his spirit sped its way to heaven, he uttered the memorable words that have gone all over the world. It was a sentence of pure gold, akin to inspiration, and outweighing the globe with all its values: "The best of all is, God is with us."

TOPIC: Wesley's Purity, Piety, and Power

SUBTOPIC: Not Attained By Standing In His Pulpit

CHAPTER: 11

City Road Chapel, so familiar in name and history to the Methodist reader, sets back twenty yards or more from the street, with a few trees of moderate size in front. The sexton admitted me into the plain, unpretentious building...I was invited to walk up and stand in the round, lofty pulpit, in which Mr. Wesley used to preach, but I declined with thanks. I have not the morbid desire to sit in the chairs or stand in the pulpits of great men. I saw a dozen men sit in Shakespeare's chair in Stratford-on-Avon. They also dip by thousands in the chair of Walter Scott. Alas for them that genius does not ascend through and from a leather cushion or a piece of polished

plank. The contrast presented to the mind at such a time is damaging to one of the parties. I preferred to stand off and view the place where this holy man of God, full of the Holy Ghost, so preached the gospel that the hearers often fell like dead men around him. O that the purity and piety and power that dwelt in him might abide upon us all at this day.

TOPIC: Wife, Serving For A  
SUBTOPIC: A Practice in 1890 Palestine  
CHAPTER: 40

"And Jacob loved Rachel and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy youngest daughter." All Bible readers know the laborious service that Jacob rendered Laban for his beautiful bride. This custom of paying or serving for one's wife is still observed. In the West it is thought to be an expensive thing to have a daughter, but in the East they are sources of revenue and a father with a number of them finds in their possession very profitable pieces of household property. The price, I was informed, that the native pays for his wife to the head of the family is equal to three hundred dollars or thereabouts. If the suitor is a poor man and without money, he goes to the father and says, I love your daughter and will serve so many years for her. And so he does laboring for three or four years, as the case may be, for the coveted prize. After that, he sometimes works another year for the parent to pay for the bride's outfit. Certainly there are some things in the East that might well be studied by our American youth. The value of a wife thus practically taught is a good idea;. although it would be most novel, and perhaps unpopular, to many whose only expense in procuring and sustaining a wife is the price of a marriage license costing between one and two dollars.

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THE END