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MY TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND

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01 -- INTRODUCTION

For many years it had been the desire of my heart to some day visit the Holy Land. At one time I had planned to make the trip, but the Lord seemed to block the way. However, the time finally came when I felt perfectly clear to go, and it seemed the Lord had arranged everything for me.

The things that I have always been interested in concerning the Holy Land, I was unable to find in any book, and could not get the information from any lecture on Palestine. I particularly wanted to know where the different cities were located, and what direction and about how many miles they were from Jerusalem.

Our party was made up of Rev. Frederick Owen, and Mrs. Owen, Dr. J. T. Upchurch, Rev. Julius Himes, and this writer. We sailed from New York on the S.S. Columbus, February 10, 1934, with Mr. James Boring as the excursion manager, this making his eleventh Mediterranean cruise.

We touched several foreign ports on our trip across -- Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, and others. The stop at Naples was particularly interesting to me. We arrived in Naples on March 22, and spent two days there. Our party secured a car and a driver, and made the trip from Naples to old Pompeii. The reader will remember that this city was destroyed in an eruption from the volcano Vesuvius. We spent about a half day around the ruins of this old city. My recollection is that Pompeii was destroyed in A. D. 70. The following day we made the trip to Vesuvius, one of the greatest volcanoes in the known world. There are thousands of acres of lava here, and in

walking over some of it, we could look right down through the cracks and see the liquid fire rolling. Our steamer left Naples that night. Farther on we stopped at Tunis, and Carthage, and again at Susa. Our last stop was at Tripoli. On Monday, March 5, we arrived in Beirut, where we were met by Rev. S. Krikorian, pastor of the Nazarene Church in Jerusalem. On our tour we traveled altogether about thirty-five days, making around three thousand miles and visited about eighty of the most historical old cities in the world.

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02 -- BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM

Beloved, if I should take a text for this little booklet, I would select Luke 24:47, "Beginning at Jerusalem . . ." Jerusalem is the most interesting city in the world, from the fact that God placed His name here. In I Kings 11:36 we read: "And unto his son will I give one tribe, that David my servant may have a light always before me in Jerusalem, the city which I have chosen me to put my name there." We find in a number of other Scriptures that God placed His name in Jerusalem, but this particular one covers all the ground, and from it the readers may know that God chose this city as His headquarters on the earth. This fact may explain why the nations of the earth have never been able to destroy Jerusalem. Someone may reply that the city has been destroyed many times, but this is not truly the case. We know that armies have gone to Jerusalem and have knocked the walls down, but the walls are not Jerusalem. They are only the fence that went around the city. And after the walls were knocked down, the armies went in and demolished the buildings, but the reader will remember that even the buildings were not Jerusalem, but were built in Jerusalem. And when the walls and also the buildings were destroyed, Jerusalem was still spread out before God.

When I was there I found it to be a city of 100,000 population, and the inhabitants speak fifty-three different languages. There are scores and scores of religious denominations or sects of believers, and four days in the week are kept for the Sabbath -- Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. So you can be religious here if you want to be.

There are only 210 acres of land inside the walls of old Jerusalem. And Mount Moriah, on which the big rock is found where Abraham offered up Isaac, and on which the great temples have been built, covers a number of these acres. A very interesting thing about this old city is its streets. Many of them are only five or six feet wide. The stores open right out on the streets from either side, and here one can buy just about anything the world produces. We saw the money changers with their tables of money so that we could buy money from any nation in the world, right on the streets of Jerusalem. Occasionally you meet a donkey coming toward you, a huge box of meat or vegetables on his back. The street not being wide enough for both, one must dodge into one of the many holes in the wall, evidently made for this purpose.

One morning I saw them bring in from somewhere north of the city a truck load of mutton -- fine dressed sheep. These were sold out to the markets. A butcher would buy three or four sheep, put them in a container on the back of his little donkey, and start back to his butcher shop. The sheep are hung up right in the sun, to gather dust and flies. A buyer shows the butcher which part of

the sheep he desires, and this is cut off while the customer waits. The business methods of these people apparently have not changed in three thousand years.

The grain markets are interesting places. Right out in the open, on stone floors, are great piles of wheat, barley and soy beans. One dealer told me that Palestine had, the year before, raised enough wheat to feed that country for two years and they had exported some to other parts of the world. Apparently there was no shortage of food in the city. The bakeries here turn out loaves of bread, but not at all like ours. The loaves are baked in rolls as round as a hoe handle, and I judge about two feet long. I met one peddler with a great arm-load of bread, who stumped his toe and fell down in the street, scattering his loaves in the dust. He got up cursing, picked up his bread and went on with his sales.

Another strange thing around old Jerusalem is the dairies. A dairyman comes along with a queer hat on his head, wearing a garment resembling a dress, with a gunny sack hanging down like a tail behind. He leads four or five little goats behind him, and stops at the doors to sell milk. One may buy what, in our money, would be one or two nickels' worth of milk. The dairyman brings his little goat into the house, sits down on the floor and milks her. Then he collects his money, takes his goat, and goes on his way. He walks all day selling milk. At night he returns with his goats to the little village where he lives.

Right in the heart of old Jerusalem is the great building known as "The Church of the Holy Sepulchre." As well as I remember, this was made up of four sections connected to form a square, leaving a large court in the middle. I attended a number of services in this big church. One service lasted several hours, and was conducted by the Greek Catholics. Their Pope was there, and consecrated twelve of their bishops by washing their feet and by laying on of hands. All the time this was going on, a young man in a little cage on the wall overlooking the scene, sang in Greek. I also attended one Roman Catholic service, in one of their churches. Here they show visitors the Holy Sepulchre, and the three crosses on which Christ and the two thieves were supposed to have been crucified. I saw Catholics from the United States get down on their knees over what was said to be the location of the tomb of Jesus. They would weep, confess their sins, and leave money on the large stone there; and the priest, coming out with a golden cup, swept the money off the stone into his container and took it away with him. No telling how much he makes in a day!

But the reader will remember that it was half a mile from the city, due north, where the real tomb of Jesus was located. About one hundred feet from where the cross stood, is a ledge of rocks or stone wall. Here is an old garden, and in this garden there is everything to prove that this is the actual place of Jesus' burial. I went into the tomb and read my Bible and prayed. I felt I was in the place where the Savior had lain. The reader will remember that this is called "the place of the skull." I have heard preachers explain this by saying the top of the hill resembles the shape of a man's head. But this is not the reason; for right in the wall is the picture of a human skull, just as plainly as it can be made. It was not made there by man, but put there by God Almighty. We made pictures of this. It was from this old tomb that Jesus was resurrected, and it is to this country that Jesus will come back again.

All the big business of Jerusalem is done outside of the walls and west of the old city. Here are located the big banks and great hotels, and a post office which covers nearly a block.

This building was under construction while we were in that country. In Jerusalem is located what is said to be one of the finest Y. M. C. A.'s in the world. Our Nazarene Church is located just across from this institution. We have unusually fine property in Jerusalem. It is on the main highway coming from the north, which runs down through the new city, passing by the post office, the banks, the Hotel King David, the depot, and which goes on down to Bethlehem and still farther south. Rev. S. Krikorian, a fine Armenian boy, educated in Pasadena College, is the pastor of the Nazarene Church in Jerusalem.

While we were in the Holy Land, we saw where some wealthy Jews had put down wells around Lydda, and had struck quantities of fine water. They planned a great plant at Lydda, and ordered the big pipes from New York, just as we use here for water mains. Several trucks were loading and unloading the piping, which came to the seaport of Joppa. Laying these pipes end to end, the castings reached nearly to Jerusalem from Lydda when we left. The city has always been short of water; Solomon's pools were fine, but not sufficient. But with this new water supply Jerusalem should have all the water necessary. I believe that since this fine water has begun to flow into the city (as they were expecting it to begin within a few months from when we left the country) that there is no reason for Jerusalem's not becoming one of the great cities of the world.

To return to the text "Beginning at Jerusalem ..." we see that from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, the home of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, the distance measures three miles due east. Bethlehem is five miles south of Jerusalem, and is a town of 5,000 or 6,000 population. There is no city in the known world that is more interesting and has a warmer place in the heart of God's children than Bethlehem. Every Christian in the world wants to see this little town, the place where Jesus was born.

About 337 A. D., the mother of Constantine built the beautiful church over the manger where Jesus was born, and it is called "The Church of the Nativity." The shepherd field lies about one mile due east of Bethlehem, where the shepherds were watching over their flocks when the angels brought them the good news of the birth of the Saviour. Bethlehem was also the home of Boaz, who married the little Moabitish girl, Ruth. The Lord gave Boaz and Ruth a baby boy, and from this family sprang King David, from whose line we have the blessed Christ.

From Bethlehem going south, it is seven miles to Solomon's pools. When we were there England had just relined all these pools with cement, and the people were using this water to supply Jerusalem.

Across the highway from Solomon's pools is Rachel's Tomb. Going on south you will reach Hebron, twenty-seven miles south of Jerusalem. It was at Hebron that Abraham bought the field from the sons of Heth, in which the cave of Macpelah is located. Here Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah, are buried. Out from Hebron we went about a mile to the little valley of Mamre and saw Abraham's oak, where Abraham entertained the angels. When they left, Abraham went with them to the mountain-top and talked to God. Here God said, "Shall I do anything and keep it hid from my servant Abraham?" And here Abraham persuaded God not to destroy Sodom for the sake of the righteous people in the city. Let the reader see the eighteenth chapter of Genesis for the complete story.

On our trip we went out from Hebron three miles to the little valley of Eschol. It was to this valley that Joshua sent the spies to look out the land of Canaan. From this valley, the spies brought back a tremendous cluster of grapes. This valley has been producing grapes for three thousand years. And though they told us here that they no longer have clusters as large as the one described in the Bible, some of them are said to fill a three-gallon bucket.

In going on south from Hebron, it is about twenty-seven miles to Beersheba. This was the home of Abraham for many years. Here is where Isaac was born, and Abraham became a millionaire in the cattle business. Here also Abraham dug his wells to water his flocks. We drew water out of these wells and ate our lunch in the lovely little park, then went to visit the school located here. A fine young man and young lady from Jerusalem were in charge of this state school. Our party was introduced and we all spoke a few words to the students.

It would be interesting to the reader to remember that there was a division and something like a war between Isaac and Ishmael, who was the son of Abraham by the Egyptian maid, Hagar. But Isaac, being Abraham's lawful heir and the son of a free woman, inherited his father's estate. At the death of Abraham, at the age of one hundred seventy-five years, Isaac and Ishmael met at their father's funeral, and it seems that their troubles were reconciled. It sometimes takes a funeral to unite families that are broken up. And also the reader will remember that there was a war and division between Jacob and Esau. They were the sons of Isaac. When Isaac was about one hundred eighty years old, he died, and at his funeral, Jacob and Esau were united and together they buried their father. This whole story may be found in the twenty-fifth and the thirty-fifth chapters of Genesis.

Twelve miles southeast of Jerusalem is the beautiful Frank Mountain. In earlier days it was called Mount Herodian. Here King Herod had his great mansion at one time. We climbed this mountain in our travels. It is so steep that we had to dismount and leave the donkeys with the driver. Here we were nearly three thousand feet above sea level. Standing on the mountain looking north, one can see Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and many miles farther north, taking in a number of the old cities. Looking east from the mountain one sees the Dead Sea, and across the water is the beautiful Mount Nebo, where Moses was buried. West from Mount Herodian is the cave of Adullam, where you will remember that David hid out with his men when he was pursued by King Saul. Farther on west is the old city Tekoah. This was the home of Amos, who stated, "I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit." This city is fifteen miles southwest of Jerusalem. And though the great temple on the top of the mountain is in ruins, we had our pictures made on our big donkeys, standing right on the old temple site, where no doubt Amos preached and many of the other prophets warned the people of the doom to come to that place.

Going back to Jerusalem and starting east, three miles down to Bethany, and going east on the highway down the mountain twelve miles east of Jerusalem, you come to an old tavern or wayside inn. It was near here that a man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, was beaten and robbed, and left for dead. A priest came by and looked at him, but passed on. A Levite also came along, and beholding the sufferer, passed by on the other side. But a Samaritan journeying along the road, was moved with compassion toward him. He poured oil and wine upon the poor man's wounds, bound up his bruises, and put him on his beast. He brought him

to this old hotel and paid his bills until he got able to go back to work. Christ dubbed this fellow the "Good Samaritan."

Going on down the mountain from this inn, east, you will have dropped down about twelve hundred feet below sea level when you reach the valley. Four miles north from here is the city of Jericho. Jericho was the first city captured by the Israelites when they returned from Egypt about thirty-five hundred years ago. At that time Jericho was a large city, with great walls surrounding it. The modernistic preachers have made Jericho and its capture by the Israelites a joke and a laughing-stock. But when you go on the ground and see where the great walls at one time stood (with the stones piled up in heaps and thousands of them carried away to be used in other buildings), and see the ashes and charcoal which were dug up out of the bottom of Jericho, then you are convinced that every word of the capture and destruction of Jericho is told truly in the Old Testament. We visited the old city several times, and here drank water out of Elisha's pool.

The reader will remember that Elisha had a school on this spot -- the school of the prophets. When he visited the school, the young men complained of the bad water which they were unable to drink. Elisha called for a cruse of salt, cast it into this spring, and healed the waters until there is no finer drinking water in the world than comes from Elisha's springs. Jericho is only a straggling village now, with two or three hundred Arabs composing the population. It is twenty-four miles east of Jerusalem, and twelve hundred feet below sea level.

Leaving Jericho, it is about seven or eight miles southeast to the place where the Israelites crossed the River Jordan when they were going over to take Jericho. They camped at Gilgal; we passed through the ruins of this old city. From Jericho down the valley to the north end of the Dead Sea is a distance of twelve miles. This body of water is twenty-five miles southeast of Jerusalem. The Dead Sea is 1,292 feet below sea level, about ten miles wide and fifty miles long. It has been said by scientific men that there is more wealth in the Dead Sea than there is in the combined United States. Take our land and railroads, our buildings and banks, and for every dollar of value the Dead Sea will have five. Since I was in the Holy Land, a gentleman took a few hogsheads of that water and made a shipload of potash -- the finest that a man has ever seen. They brought a carload of it to Detroit while I was there holding a revival. The man who made the potash says that the Dead Sea has more value than every nation of the world combined. Another point about the Dead Sea: Just before I visited it there was an earthquake in that country and enough asphalt broke loose and came to the top to hard-surface several miles of road. Some way the main asphalt block was measured and found to be four hundred feet thick, ten miles wide, and fifty miles long. One can see that here is enough asphalt to just about hard-surface the roads of the world.

At the south end of the Dead Sea is the great salt mountain -- four miles long, one mile wide, and two hundred feet thick. Here is enough salt to salt down the world!

In going east from Jericho you will go by the great Agricultural Experiment Station, irrigated from Elisha's big spring. We saw fine oranges, grapefruit, bananas, and papayas (just like are grown in southern Florida). Six miles east of Jericho you come to General Allenby's Bridge. This bridge is exactly thirty miles east of Jerusalem. It is here that you cross out of Palestine into Trans-Jordan.

But coming back to Jerusalem and making another start, it is about three miles north to the home of Kish, where King Saul was born. Traveling on for nine miles north we came to Ramah, the home of Hannah and Elkanah, where Samuel was born. One mile north of Ramah is old Beroth, where Joseph and Mary lost Jesus.

Continuing on north, twelve miles from Jerusalem, we came to Bethel. Here Abraham built the first altar in the land of Canaan, and worshipped God. Twenty miles north of Jerusalem is Shiloh, where the judges judged Israel for four hundred years. Here Eli judged Israel until he was ninety years old. Some three miles west of Shiloh a great battle was fought between the Israelites and the Philistines, and the Israelites lost the battle. The next day they renewed the battle and carried with them the Ark of God. And we read that Eli trembled for the Ark. While he sat in the gate watching for tidings a young man came and informed him that his two sons had been slain in battle and that the Ark of God was captured by the Philistines. When he heard the news, Eli fell backwards and broke his neck. I stood about where the old gate was, and read about it in the Bible and prayed.

The Philistines took the Ark of God to Ashdod, which is sixty miles west of Jerusalem, and a little south. The reader will remember that they put the Ark in the temple with the Philistine god, Dagan. The next morning they went in to see how Dagan and the Ark had got along together. We read that Dagan had fallen on his face before the Ark of God. They took their pitiful god up and put him back in his place, but when they went in the following morning, Dagan had fallen out of his place again, and both his arms, and his head were broken off. We read that there was "nothing left of Dagan but the stump." This is the last account we have of Dagan.

Forty miles north of Jerusalem is Jacob's well. It is located just outside the old city, which in those days was called Shechem. At the present time they call the place Nablus, which is right in the east end of a little valley with a small mountain on either side of it. In this little city is probably the oldest chapel in Palestine -- the little Samaritan temple. Our party visited this old church, and met the sons of the high priest, and in their church I had the privilege to quote the thirty-fifth and the fifty-fifth chapters of Isaiah, and we prayed, and our preachers testified. We took up an offering for the people and gave them about \$8.00. Then the sons of the high priest opened up their treasure and showed us the oldest scroll in the world. My recollection is that it was 3,470 years old. I was told by someone there that either England or the United States would give a barrel of money for this Samaritan scroll, but it is not for sale.

At the close of the service, these sons of the priest invited us to their home to drink coffee with them. We were told there that if you ever drink coffee with a Samaritan he will stand between you and danger till he loses his own life. So I could afford to drink coffee with a man if I could make a friend who would die for me. They made that coffee and brought it out in very small cups. It was about as black as tar, and as bitter as quinine -- the worst pill I have ever swallowed. Some of the boys couldn't get theirs down, but I said I would drink mine, whether or not I could keep it. After drinking the coffee we had our pictures made with the two sons of the high priest, and then went down to the little hotel, where the high priest himself was staying. His sons brought him out and introduced us to him, and he was the oldest looking man I have ever seen. He had quantities of white hair and beard. He and I had our pictures made together. I was surely a "swell" that day -- having my picture made with a Samaritan high priest.

The two little mountains on either side of this small city of Nablus, are Mount Ebal, Mount of Blessings, and Mount Gerazim, Mount of Cursings. Going on down this valley between the mountains, about sixty-eight miles north of Jerusalem, you pass through the little city of Jenun, and go down off the Judean mountains into the Valley of Asdraelon. The historians and writers tell us that in this valley the great battle of Armageddon will be fought. There is so much connected with this valley, that a man could write a whole book on it, but in a short sketch we will just have to give a brief report and move on. The valley is some twenty miles wide. The west end reaches over to old Haifa on the banks of the Mediterranean Sea, while the east end goes clear over to the River Jordan. The southern border of this valley is the Judean hills, and the northern border, the beautiful Lebanon Mountain range. When you cross this valley you arrive in the little city of Nazareth, where Jesus grew up. We visited this little city a number of times. Right at the foot of the Lebanon Mountains is a lovely fountain which is called by some, "Mary's Fountain" and by others, "The Virgin's Fountain." We made pictures of this beautiful place.

Nazareth is about eighty-seven miles north of Jerusalem, and is just about sea level, while Jerusalem is some twenty-six feet above sea level. The reader will remember that when Joseph and Mary visited Jerusalem, the Bible says "they came up to Jerusalem," and when they returned, it says, "They went down to Nazareth."

Some three miles northeast of Nazareth is an old wrecked stone building, which we were told was the home of Jonah, who was the first man ever to travel in a submarine. He was hundreds of years ahead of the "Huns." But this trip in a submarine got Jonah into trouble, and it seems that the submarines operated by the "Huns" are getting them into serious trouble at this time.

On three miles east of Jonah's home is the little city of Cana of Galilee, where Jesus performed His first miracle. We stopped there and spent a few hours in Cana of Galilee. There was a little old stone church with some old water pots in it, claimed to be the same ones Jesus had used when He turned the water into wine. This city is about ninety-three miles north of Jerusalem.

We went on around the mountain-side, and winding our way to the top of it, we could look down on the Sea of Galilee. From the top of the mountain, looking on this scene, it seemed to me there could be nothing more beautiful in the world. I had preached about Galilee, and had sung the lovely songs written about it, but truly was wonderful to actually behold that Sea, so often mentioned by Jesus. It is some six hundred feet below sea level, about six and a half miles wide and thirteen miles long. We spent three nights in the beautiful little city, Tiberias, on the shores of the lake. I think Josephus tells us that at one time there were thirteen cities on the lake; Tiberias is the only remaining one. It is said to be the only one on which Jesus did not pronounce a curse.

We arranged for a boat and rowed on the Sea of Galilee. This to me was the joy of a lifetime, to be on the Sea of Galilee in a boat. The three nights I was there, I went out and watched the fishermen leave in their boats, taking their nets and going out on the Sea to fish. I got up early in the morning and went out to see them come in with their catch. They all had boat loads, and the people gathered at the boat landing to buy fish. An old gentleman, wearing a peculiar garb, stood up as an auctioneer, and sold the fish to the highest bidders.

While there we visited the hot springs a few miles down the lake on the west side, then we descended to the lower end, and crossed over a little bridge to the River Jordan, where it flows on out of the lake. We went around on the east side where Jesus landed one day, and where He met the man who had the legion of devils, coming out of the tomb. At this place, Jesus granted the Devil his request -- the only place in Holy Writ. They said to Jesus, "Suffer us to go into the swine," and Christ gave them permission. The whole herd ran violently down a steep place and choked in the sea. When I stood there and looked at the place, I thought about a herd of hogs running into the water to drown, and I said, "Hurrah for the hogs, for they would rather drown than to keep company with the Devil." From that day to this, I have taken off my hat to the old sow and pigs.

On another trip we went north on the western banks of the lake to the home of Mary Magdalene, the woman out of whom Christ cast seven devils. On north we came to the home of Simon Peter, the man who had enough grace to live with his mother-in-law. We went into the old city of Capernaum, and let the reader remember the words of Jesus, when He was rejected of all those cities. He said, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which have been done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have remained unto this day." Then He said, "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell."

At the north end of the Sea of Galilee, the River Jordan flows into it. The north end of the lake is about six hundred feet below sea level, but going up the River Jordan some thirteen miles, you reach sea level, and this is at the south end of that old marshy lake which is called Merom.

Traveling north, we left old Dan a little to our left. We are told that some of the largest springs in the world are located here. Dan was the north end of the homes of the tribes of Israel. The reader will remember that it is put down in Holy Writ "from Dan to Beersheba." Beersheba was the south end of the inheritance of the tribes, and Dan the north end. When the Israelites came back from Egypt and they put the Canaanites and Philistines out of the land of Canaan, God divided the land among the tribes. Reuben and Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh received their portion east of the River Jordan, in the land of the Moabites and the Amalekites; but the other nine and a half tribes received their inheritance west of the River Jordan, from Beersheba to Dan, a distance of about two hundred or two hundred fifty miles.

On north of Dan is the city of Damascus, a distance of two hundred ten miles from Jerusalem. We visited Damascus and spent the night there. The next morning I hired a man to take his car and drive us to old Baalbek, which is nearly one hundred miles north of Damascus. Baalbek is the wonder of the world. It would take a book of one hundred fifty pages to describe the ruins of this great city. Here I stood by a polished stone shaft to have my picture made. This stone was thirteen feet by fourteen feet and seventy feet long. A great engineer in this country told me that there was not an engineer in the world now who could build a machine to handle that stone. And as it cannot be described, the only thing I can offer the reader is to go over to the Holy Land, and make the beautiful trip from Jerusalem to Galilee, to Damascus, to Baalbek.

On our return trip from Baalbek to Damascus, we hired a man with a horse and carriage to drive us through the city. We drove from one end to the other of the old street called Strait. It was

on this street that Paul was saved. We went to the old stone house and down into the basement where it is said that St. Paul was actually converted, in the home of Ananias. Two old ladies were apparently running a mission in the basement of this old home. We saw the old gate which the governor and the king had closed, in order to arrest St. Paul. Then we went to the west side of this old wall and saw the window, some twenty-five or thirty feet above ground, where Paul was let down in a basket, and escaped.

Returning from Damascus, we spent a beautiful night again in the city of Tiberias on the banks of Galilee. You will remember that this water is called both the Sea of Tiberius and also the Sea of Galilee. We drove back through that lovely country to Jerusalem. This was a most lovely trip, and one that I will never forget.

Before going farther, I want to tell about the trip from Beirut to Jerusalem, before we started on our tours out from the city. We spent one day in Beirut, and then secured two automobiles, and left Syria for Palestine. Some fifteen miles down the coast, we came to the old town of Sidon, which was built by Canaan's eldest son. This has been a great city, and has several thousand population even now. About six miles farther down the coast, we pass through the little village of Zarephath, built so historians say, by the Sidonians. Here the Lord sent Elijah to stay with the widow while the great famine was on in the land of Canaan.

Our next stop was in the old city of Tyrus, where we had a fish dinner. We saw the Scriptures fulfilled in this old city, Ezekiel 26:14: "And I will make thee like the top of a rock. Thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon; thou shalt be built no more: for I the Lord have spoken it, saith the Lord God." And we saw nets spread out over rocks, covering, I think, two or three acres.

On down the coast we traveled and passed out of Syria and into Palestine. Here we had our baggage inspected.

Our next stop was at old Akka (Acre). This is a very historical old city. If the reader will look up history, he will find that Napoleon came over to Akka to defeat the people, and destroy them, and here he met his own first defeat. The great English prison is located in Akka. We saw seven hundred prisoners having their lunch and then their prayers. They stood up, then fell on their faces, screaming, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" They kept up this racket until the officers put them back to work.

On south ten miles, we came to Haifa, which is one hundred seven miles northwest of Jerusalem, on the banks of the Mediterranean Sea. This is an extremely old city, and one of the largest seaports in Palestine. When we were there, officials were rebuilding the city, making it a beautiful place. England has spent a great deal of money to make this a great seaport. The city is built on the northwest corner of Mt. Carmel. From here Brother and Sister Owens and the Krikorians drove on to Jerusalem. Dr. Upchurch, Rev. Himes, and I spent one night in Haifa and the next morning we went to the top of Mt. Carmel, over-looking the city. Here we spent three days and nights in a German mission with some fine people.

Mt. Carmel, which is ninety miles northwest of Jerusalem, is one of the outstandingly historical places in Palestine. This mountain is about eighteen miles long, and at the highest point about 1,800 feet high. It is at the east end of the mountain that Elijah met Ahab and the false prophets, and pulled off his challenge. We saw the place here at the east end where all Israel came together with the prophets of Baal and the Grove. Here the "God who answers by fire" proved Himself. We saw the place where the prophets of Baal built their altar and Elijah built his. Elijah was one of the interesting characters and prophets of Old Testament times. He was born in the old village of Tishbah in the highlands of Gilead, 897 years before Christ. Old Tishbah is about ninety miles north of Jerusalem, east of the River Jordan.

Here I have given just a few of the high points in the life of Elijah. You will understand that a large book could be written about this old saint. But we will only record one other high point in this man's life. This is found in II Kings 2:11: "And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." These are some of the outstanding points in the life of Elijah: he won a great victory for God in the sight of all Israel, through his challenge to Ahab, and he was translated in the Jordan valley.

Around Mount Carmel are some of the most beautiful flowers you will find anywhere. On the roadsides, and over the hills and mountains, those beautiful red poppies grew so thickly on the ground that sometimes the mountains would look red. We were told that it was this poppy to which the Lord referred when He said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." They are the most beautiful flowers I have ever seen.

From Haifa and Mt. Carmel, we went on down the coast some thirty-five miles to Caesarea. This city is seventy miles northwest of Jerusalem. In the early days, this was the headquarters of the Roman Empire. The great statehouses were located here. Here also were great docks, as this was an important seaport. This is all in ruins now, but you can still see beautiful marble shafts sticking up out of the sand. While the docks and the statehouses have all been destroyed, God allowed the old prison, in which Paul spent two years, to remain. We went to this old prison and stood on a sand bank where we could look right through to the little old cell where Paul stayed. I stood there on that sand bank and read the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts, and prayed with the boys. We prayed so loudly that some little Arabs became frightened and ran off. This was a remarkably interesting trip.

We journeyed on down the coast till we came to Joppa, called by the Arabs "Jaffa." This has been one of the early seaports, and it is about forty miles west of Jerusalem. Joppa is probably the town where Hiram, King of Tyre, sent the cedar wood for the temple. It was cut in the Lebanon Mountains, exported to Tyre, and then sent on floats to the seaport of Joppa. From here Solomon transported it to Jerusalem for construction of the temple. Joppa was also the home of Simon the Tanner. It was here that Peter was praying on the housetop when he was called back up to Caesarea to the home of Cornelius in order that he might lead the family into the light of salvation. We went to the top of this old building and had prayers. It was also in this town where the widow named Dorcas, lived, and St. Peter was probably in a meeting at Lydda, about thirteen miles northeast of Joppa, when she died. The friends sent a runner up to Peter to tell him to come at once,

which he did. God heard the prayer he offered for Dorcas, and the woman was restored to life. We saw the little rock house, supposed to be the one in which Dorcas lived.

Near Joppa the Jews a few years ago, bought up a big tract of land. They purchased well machinery out of New York, and put down wells to irrigate that little valley. Then men were sent to Los Angeles to study orange culture. I understand they shipped over thousands of Valencia orange trees, and here in Palestine are some of the most beautiful groves I have ever seen. Wonderful oranges and grapefruit are raised here; they have perfected an orange called the "Joppa Golden Sweet," which is very fine. Also they have put out great vineyards. We went through one great winery where they make thousands of gallons of wine. This was a wonderful trip told that out of Joppa growers shipped through the groves and vineyards. We were 3,000,000 boxes to England.

Some thirty miles on down the coast from Joppa, we came to Ashdod, which was one of the great cities of the Philistines. Traveling on south we reached old Gaza, eighty miles southwest of Jerusalem. This was the last city we visited on the coast. Gaza is one of the most fascinating places of the whole country. It was here that that remarkable character, Samson, did his exploits. You will remember that it was at Gaza where Samson pulled out the gateposts and carried them off. Here also he broke the cords off his hands "like a thread." But Samson was unfortunate in that he married a beautiful girl who told his heart's secrets to her kinfolks. Her family captured Samson, cut off his hair, put out his eyes, and set him in the mills to grind. But as you know, five of the Philistine lords put on a great convention in Gaza, and rejoiced that their gods were greater than the God of the Hebrews. On the great day of the feast, they sent for Samson to come and make sport for them. While they were carrying on their festivities and rejoicing, Samson prayed his last prayer. He said, "O Lord, remember my afflictions and avenge me of my two eyes. Give me back my strength and let me die with the Philistines." God heard this prayer, and Samson had the boy who was leading him to place him between the pillars of the temple. The power of the Lord came upon Samson, and his great strength returned. He pulled down the mighty pillars, killing all of the Philistines and himself.

While we were there, Sir Flanders Petri, Lady Petri, and their daughter were excavating this old city of Gaza. They showed us how they were examining the great temple Samson had pulled down. They had reached the bottom of the ruins, and I saw one young man take out a wheelbarrow nearly full of human skulls. There is no use for the higher critics to tell me that the Old Testament account of Samson and the temple is not correct. I asked Sir Petri if he had found anything in the excavations of these old cities to convince him that the Old Testament is not correct. He replied that all his excavations had substantiated the stories of the Old Testament.

Several times in this small book, I have mentioned the Arabs. It might be interesting to you to know how these people live. Their homes are made of black goat skins, and there are generally two or three hundred of these houses in the little village. In some places, we saw a man and his wife, four or five children, two or three goats, and one or two donkeys, all in the same tent. I saw lots of children eight and ten years old that apparently had never worn a garment. You can see why these people think that everyone from the United States is a millionaire. We are, compared to the way those dear people live.

They go out two and three miles into the country to do their farming. They still use the old wooden plows with one handle. Some of them plow with an ox and a donkey, or a cow and a donkey, and I saw one team composed of a camel and a little cow. I thought of the Scripture which says, "Be ye not unequally yoked together." The long pole on the cow's neck, reaching up to the camel, made about as interesting a sight as I have ever seen. I took the picture of the first man I saw plowing with a donkey and a cow. He stood by his team, holding his plow with one hand, and a long sharp spear affair in the other. You remember that the Bible speaks of an ox goad. This is a stick, six or seven feet long, and sharpened at one end, which is used to keep the animal moving.

I saw one man plowing with a donkey and a cow, who apparently was having difficulty, as the cow had a little calf. The farmer didn't seem to know enough to put the calf in a pen or tie it up, but let it run in the field. When they all came to the corner, and were turning around, the calf would run up to get its dinner. The man threw down his plow and took out after the calf, throwing rocks. Then he returned to his plowing. By the time he came to the corner again, the calf would be back and the same thing would occur. I am sure he put in more time running the calf than in plowing. Apparently it never entered his head to tie the calf.

About the time we were leaving Palestine, the farmers were beginning to harvest their barley in some places. Seventy-five or eighty people gather in one little field, each with a little reap hook in his hand. They stoop down, cut off the barley and lay it in piles. When each has enough to make a little bundle, he ties it up. A boy comes along with a cart and a frame, drawn by a donkey. The bundles are loaded into the cart and hauled to the threshing floor. Here they beat the ground down nearly as hard as a rock. In the middle is an upright post with a lever something like our old cane mills in America. A yoke of cows is hitched to that lever, and they unload the barley, put it in a circle around the track, and the cows in the circle walk around over the barley. A small boy rides one of the cows, and keeps them moving in a circle. Just behind the barley is a group of old ladies; they pick up the straw, shake it, and bring it right around behind them in a small ridge. They each have a small basket, holding about a quart, and a sack holding about twenty-five pounds. These women pick the barley up in their hands, throw it up to let the wind blow the chaff out, and put the barley in their baskets. When these are full, it is poured into the sacks. A sack full of barley is a day's work. I judge they have worked just like this for three thousand years.

One day we went out some three miles east of Jerusalem to the mountain called the Mount of Olives. On this little mountain there is a church, claimed to be over the very spot where Jesus stood when He ascended to the Father. However, I had no such feeling that that was the real place. For I walked out to the little mountain where Jesus stood when He wept over Jerusalem, and I felt it was near that very spot where Jesus ascended. The reader will remember it was from this place where He sent the disciples to get the donkey on which He was to ride into the city. We went down this same mountain and I remembered that the Scripture says that the disciples began to shout, and say "Hosanna to the King who cometh in the name of the Lord." They broke down palm limbs and olive branches and praised God. But this religious service was like all the others I have ever attended. There were some people there who did not believe in shouting. Because they shouted to the Master and said, "Master, bid thy disciples to keep quiet." But Jesus answered and said, "If these men should hold their peace, the very rocks would cry out." As I went down this road I said, "I don't want the rocks to have to do my shouting!"

We came to the old eastern gate where Jesus rode into the city. This gate is in the northeast corner of the walls. But Ezekiel prophesied that the time would come when this gate would be closed, and according to history, about 400 years ago, for some unknown reason, that old gate was closed in with stone and sealed up; just why, I don't know. But just a little south of this gate is the little garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus fought the greatest battle of His life -- where He prayed in agony until His sweat became blood. I visited that old garden, and the strangest feeling came over me. Apparently I couldn't pray, or get blessed or shout. It just seemed that my heart was melted down to tears and sorrow. There are so many things around Jerusalem and Palestine, where you can see the footprint of Jesus, and the works that He did, that it makes this the most interesting spot on this globe.

The last interesting facts that I want to bring to my readers is concerning the four names which are applied to this country. The reader will remember that it was called the "Land of Canaan," and also called "The Promised Land;" the third name, "the Land of Palestine," and the fourth and most interesting, the "Holy Land."

I couldn't imagine why it was called by all these names until I went there and studied it, but now I feel that it is plain to me. Let the reader remember that the most prominent character in early Bible times, in some respects, was Noah. After the flood, Noah's three sons were sent to repopulate the earth, I Chronicles 1 :4. Shem, the eldest, settled over in Mesopotamia. Ham raised four sons: Cush, Mizraim, Put, and Canaan. Canaan went down into that country called by his name, and settled up the country along the coast. He raised eleven sons. His eldest son built the city named for himself, on the banks of the Mediterranean Sea. His sons, the Sidonians, built Zarepta. Then the Canaanites built down the coast from Beirut to Gaza, nearly three hundred miles. And the name Canaan came from the man who settled the country. I used to think they called it this because of the milk, honey, olives, grapes and pomegranates. But they did not raise these until after Canaan settled the land.

The next name, the "Promised Land" is interesting also. Why was it so named? God gave this land to Abraham by promise. You will remember that God sent out Abraham from Hebron to view the land, walking through it east, west, north and south, and God said, " . . . For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it: for I will give it unto thee." There is more to this promise than the little land of Canaan. God promised Abraham the land from the river of Egypt to the River Euphrates. Now that promise covered the land from the Nile in Egypt to the Euphrates in northern Syria. This river went east and southeast until it reached Babylon, one thousand miles east of Jerusalem. All of this country was included in the promise that God made Abraham.

Then we have the name "Palestine." The reader will remember that during the four hundred years of the stay of the Israelites in Egypt that a race of people called the Philistines, of whom many were giants had apparently taken the cities of the Canaanites and lived in them. When the Israelites came back from Egypt and got established in the land, God raised up an army among the Israelites to put the Philistines out of the country. The first King of Israel, Saul, son of Kish, raised an army and went out to fight the Philistines. Jesse, a farmer who lived near Bethlehem, had a

number of sons, and when Saul raised his army, Jesse's sons joined up and went out to fight the enemy. About twelve miles west of Bethlehem is the east end of the valley called Elah. And Jesse sent his young son, David, out to the army camp in this valley to see about his brothers. He carried food from home to them, with cheese for the captain. When he arrived, the Philistines were camped on the south side of the little valley, Elah, and the Israelites on the north.

At this time, a great giant, Goliath, walked down and challenged Israel to fight. All were afraid to meet him. David took in the situation and was surprised that none of Saul's men would meet the challenge. The boy said he would go out and fight. Though his brothers ridiculed him, David replied, "Is there not a reason? This uncircumcised Philistine has defied the armies of the living God." Let the reader see Samuel 1:17 for the entire story. But David went down the little hill, crossed the brook, took up five smooth pebbles and put them in his shepherd's bag. With his sling in his hand, he ran to meet Goliath. The giant cursed him in the name of his god. But David had no fear, and as he ran to meet him, he took a little pebble out of his bag, and brought the sling around his head. God and David both directed the pebble, and the giant received the stone in his forehead, and he fell dead. This was the newest idea to enter the head of Goliath. Then the Israelites pursued the Philistines and slew them. Don't forget that David left home with a basket of food, and returned home with a giant's head. Thus the Israelites finally conquered the Philistines and put them out of the land. As far as I know there was not one of them left. Then the Israelites changed the name of the land from Philistine to Palestine. Therefore they call the land "the land of Palestine."

The fourth name is the Holy Land. This is the most beautiful and to me the most sacred. The land was called "holy" by the prophet Zechariah in his book chapter 2, verse 12. Now the reasons for its being called the "Holy Land:" It is in this country that God raised up His patriarchs, His kings, and finally the Christ and His apostles. And from this country we have received the Bible. God raised up Moses to write the law. He was God's lawyer, and wrote the law for the whole world, for every kindred, tongue and people. Later God raised King David to write the hymn book for the world -- the beautiful Psalms of the shepherd boy. Later on God raised up Saul, or Paul, the Apostle, to write God's theology. Paul was God's theologian. No man or set of men has been able to improve on the law of Moses, or the hymn book written by David. And what shall we say of the writings of St. Paul? I have labored now with seventy-three denominations, and they all claim St. Paul for their leader. The theology of St. Paul will challenge the brains of the world, and will knock every higher critic and every evolutionist off the platform. There is not a man in the world who can take issue with the writings of St. Paul and sustain himself.

On my way back home from Palestine, I went to the place down the Appian Way in Rome where Paul was beheaded. But thank the Lord, by the time Nero's army had beheaded Paul, God's army was ready to crown him with a crown of life. It will be great some day to sit down and talk with him on the banks of the River of Life. And while God raised up these men to do the work of His calling, He sent His Son to die on a Roman cross and redeem a lost and ruined world. I saw the place where He was born, where He was crucified, and then buried, and the place where He ascended, going back to the Home of God.

I think these explanations will help the reader to see why this country was called by these four names.

It would be easy for me to write much more on my travels than I have given you here, but we want to keep this little booklet down to some eight or nine thousand words, and all the details would make a large book. I hope and trust that every one who reads this little writing will enjoy reading about the place where Jesus lived. I realize it is imperfect, but the work is necessarily shortened, and also I am writing it largely from memory.

In perfect love and all for Jesus,
Bud Robinson

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03 -- DISTANCES OF IMPORTANT CITIES FROM JERUSALEM

Following is a list of the important cities of Palestine, and their distance from Jerusalem:
From Jerusalem to:

Bethany -- 8

Bethlehem -- 5

Rachel's tomb -- 7

Solomon's pools -- 7

Frank Mountain -- 12

Cave of Adullam -- 12

Tekoah -- 15

Hebron -- 27

Endor -- 80

Shunem -- 75

Mt. Tabor -- 80

Mt. Gilboa -- 70

Megiddo -- 90

Haifa -- 107

Acre (Akka) -- 117

Caesarea -- 70

Beersheba -- 54

Dead Sea -- 25

Jericho -- 24

River Jordan -- 30

Home of King Saul -- 3

Home of Samuel -- 9

Bethel -- 12

Shiloh -- 20

Jacob's Well -- 40

Shechem -- 40

Lydda -- 30

Joppa -- 40

Samaria -- 65

Dothan -- 60

Jenin -- 68

Nazareth -- 87

Jezreel -- 80

Afulle -- 79

City of Nain -- 85

Ashdod -- 60

Gaza -- 80

Cana of Galilee -- 92

Tiberias -- 105

Damascus -- 210

Baalbek -- 275

Beirut -- 200

Old Sidon -- 185

Tyre -- 165

Es-Salt -- 51

Mt. Carmel -- 90

Tel Aviv -- 41

Amman -- 69

Allenby Bridge -- 30

Beisan -- 79

From Dead Sea to Galilee -- 100 miles

From Dan to Beersheba 300 miles

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THE END