

In Tent's & on Horseback THROUGH THE HOLY LAND

BEING JOTTINGS FROM A DIARY OF TRAVEL THROUGH JUDEA, SAMARIA, GALILEE,
AND THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON, ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES TAKEN
ON THE WAY, BY REV. W. M. TEAPE, M.A.,
WITH PREFACE BY REV. CANON TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.,
AUTHOR OF "BIBLE PLACES, OR THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND," &c.



JOHN HARRISON, PRINTER, STOCKTON

"The Dome of the Rock"
under the tower of Olivet.

JERUSALEM (from photo.)

The Mountains of Moab
in the distance.

~~115~~

To the British School of Archaeology
in Jerusalem

from the Author

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—||| CORRIGENDA. |||—
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- p. 13, line 2 : for "sons" read "son."
" line 9 : for "decent" read "descent" : for "groteque"
read "grotesque."
" line 11 : for "benefited" read "benefit."
p. 51, line 4 : for "ackward" read "awkward."
" lines 16, 17, 18 : for "Jabel" read "Jebel."
p. 52, line 1 : for "Kasuin" read "Kasiun."

1713
BRITISH SCHOOL
OF ARCHAEOLOGY
AT JERUSALEM

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The Author.

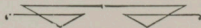
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PREFACE BY REV. CANON TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., AUTHOR OF "BIBLE PLACES, OR THE TOPOGRAPHY
OF THE HOLY LAND," "FLORA AND FAUNA OF PALESTINE," &C., &C.



CONTENTS :

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|--|--|
| i. Joppa, and across Plain and Mountain to Jerusalem. | vi. The Ascent of Mount Tabor, and the Lake of Galilee :
with Note on Mount Carmel. |
| ii. Bethlehem and the country South of it. | vii. A Journey round the West of Hermon and the Ascent
of the Mountain. |
| iii. Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan. | viii. Damascus, the Temples at Baalbek, and Beyrout. |
| iv. Jerusalem at Passiontide and Easter. | |
| v. In the Mountains of Samaria and across the Plain
of Esdraelon. | |

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PREFACE

By THE REV. CANON TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

THE writer of this brochure has asked that it may be prefaced by a few words from me, as an older traveller. He has evoked the memories of much loved scenes through which he has passed with the freshness of impressionable youth. My friend set out evidently with a well prepared mind. His journal proves that he has a facile pen and a truthful pencil. He has admirably succeeded in depicting in short sentences incidents and impressions which a bookmaker would have elaborated into pages. He has never gone out of the beaten track, nor had he time to do so, but he graphically points out the salient features of interest, and blends them with scriptural and historical associations in a way that must prove useful and attractive to those who follow in his footsteps, as well as to the stay-at-home traveller.

H. B. T.

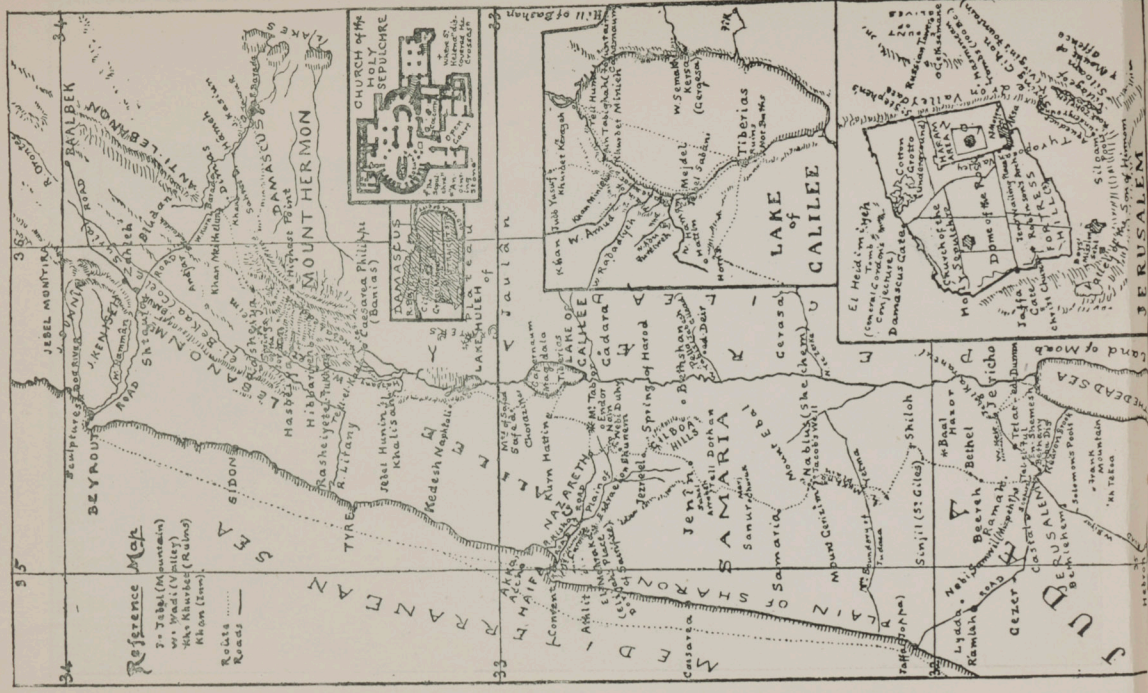
Besides thanking Canon Tristram for this very kind preface, I have to thank him for revival of the proof sheets and valuable information, or which I am glad to have been able to take advantage in final corrections for the press.

I very gladly take this opportunity of thanking Sir William Muir or his information to me regarding the burning of the Great Mosque of Damascus, Mr. George Armstrong, of the Palestine Exploration Fund for kindly interest, information, and for obtaining permission, by generous courtesy of the Fund Committee, for reproduction of some of their excellent photographs; my thanks are due also to Miss E. W. Arnott for her kind loan of the block of the Jaffa School, to Messrs. Murray for permission to copy their engraving of Robinson's Arch: and last but not least to Mr. John Harrison and his Manager, Mr. Gardner; whatever attraction of letterpress, line, or "half-tone" the little book may possess is due to the skill and perseverance of Mr. Gardner.

W. M. T



NAZARETH.



I.—JOPPA, AND ACROSS PLAIN AND MOUNTAIN TO JERUSALEM.



At 4 o'clock in the morning of the 27th of March (the fourth Sunday in Lent) I had my first view of the Holy Land. That is the first jotting one would make. The steamship was "slowing off;" I had scrambled up to the deck to see what was the matter. Over the gunwale not far off there lay a low bank of sand; it loomed through the mist; the stars, few and faint, were twinkling above it; it was, I knew, one of the sand dunes of the coast of Philistia.

Little more than an hour brought us within sight of Jaffa, the ancient Joppa; there it lay—a dome shaped town at the end of a brown ridge of sand; behind it lay the cold blue-grey line of the Judean hills; the sand-dunes hid the intervening plain of Sharon. Presently the sun rose from behind the hills, and we saw more clearly the houses of the town, brightened as they were with red-tiled roofs here and there.

Now we are moored. The town is right opposite: we are about half a mile from it. Round our ship is a cluster of little boats. There is much shouting and pushing about, for each boatman is doing his best to secure passengers for the shore. After a while, our boxes are deposited in one of these craft, and we and our baggage are soon pulled by sturdy rowers over the light green waves into the calmer waters within the low reef of rocks that girds the promontory on which the town is built. Friends greet us on the quay; and anon we make our way up the narrow streets. Our brightest hopes are realised; we are walking on holy ground.

What are our thoughts as we step along the streets of this town—the town where St. Peter saw the vision, and Dorcas was raised, the town whence Jonah fled, and whither Hiram sent his cedar wood for King Solomon? Our first thought is an eminent satisfaction at being in a place so notable; and our second thought—forced upon us by the actual condition of things—is that notability (even sacred notability) is not a guarantee (in the East) of cleanliness. Our path is along uneven, unpaved streets, and beside noisome gutters; the house walls that enclose the way are of rough masonry. We are taught—and shall be so taught throughout our whole Palestine tour—that it is the inner eye that discerns the glories once revealed.

The visitor to Jaffa is shown the "house of Simon the Tanner" and the "tomb of Dorcas." I stumbled into the former by mistake, and we paid a devout visit to the latter, which may be, one would like to think, the resting place of the earthly remains of the good mother of charity. One has always to be careful in accepting the assertions of dragomans and others with regard to sacred sites; while the general locale is usually correct, the special identification is too frequently wrong. We were in the town of the Tanner and in the place where Dorcas lived and no doubt was afterwards buried—that was as close an identification as one could hope for.

The most interesting features in the scenery of Jaffa are its market-place and its gardens. The market is held in a large space near the Jerusalem Gate; in vivacity and crowding it might be said to be equal to the busy market held in (for example) our Stockton High Street, while we cannot boast of the gay turbans and the long strings of camels and merrily-jogging donkeys that lend to it



MISS WALKER-ARNOTT'S SCHOOL AT JAFFA JOPPA). By kind permission of Miss E. W. Arnott, Edinburgh.

their peculiar varieties. The gardens at Jaffa are a sight to behold. They girdle the land side of the town. One sees them very well from the Coptic Bishop's house. They form a large oasis of rich greenery : dark grey olive trees dot the higher ground : tufted palms rise here and there. The air is filled with the delicate fragrance of the blossoms. Oranges, as everybody knows, are the chief export of Jaffa : the trees are grafted on lemon stocks. Beyond the orange-gardens—to north and south—are the arid sand-dunes : sand borders the sea-coast as far as one can see, and asserts itself even at Ramleh at the other side of the agricultural plain. Jaffa owes its fertility to the copious springs in its subjacent sandstone.

The town of Jaffa itself is estimated to contain 15,000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Musalmans, about 3,000 Christians, and 2,500 Jews. The irregular jumble of houses is not an attractive field of exploration : sweeter are the orange gardens, and delightful, airy excursions may be made to the various German and Jewish agricultural colonies on the plain. It so happened that we arrived in Jaffa at the beginning of the Ramadan Fast. This is the yearly fast of the Mohammedans ; it lasts the month Ramadan, the 9th month of their year. The people fast during the day, and to make up for that they feast on sweetmeats at night, and the mosques are gaily lighted. The people put on their best clothes for these evening festivities. While journeying through the land, we used to hail with delight the brightly-lit minarets of the mosques when we arrived, belated, at the end of our day's journey. Not with joy, however, did I hail these incongruous rejoicings of the fast, when in the midst of a sermon I was preaching in Christ Church, Jerusalem, the Turkish soldiers' brass band nearly disconcerted me by suddenly striking up in the street just outside the church, a blatant and unmelodious concerto.

The extensive orange gardens, interspersed with white freestone buildings with flat or red-tiled roofs, are certainly the most pleasing feature of Jaffa ; and the eye ranges with pleasure over the green areas of spring wheat that lie beyond the gardens. This fertility is the result mostly of German and Jewish labour. Still more pleasing is the labour being bestowed by many devoted people upon the spiritual harvest ; and here one would note—in the English work with which one became acquainted—Miss Walker Arnott's Girls' School as one of the brightest results of earnest perseverance and steadfast prayer. Miss Walker Arnott is an Edinburgh Lady, who for over thirty years has devoted her time and money in training girls in Jaffa in the way of Christ ; she pointed out to us the house in the town where in 1863 she first began her labours ; now she has a large boarding school with 40 boarders, besides three day schools. I read in the visitors' book : " I have inspected many schools in the Holy Land, and I give Miss Arnott's School the palm—James, Bishop of E. Equatorial Africa." So wrote the late Bishop Hannington ; and what we saw amply corroborated his testimony. My father examined the school : the answering, singing, musical drill, and good behaviour of these Greek-Christian, Jewish, and Moslem girls would have done credit to any school in our more favoured land.

But we must away ! across the plain and up the mountains, to the chief goal of the pilgrim in Palestine—Jerusalem. We took a day to go. We went in a carriage drawn by three mules. It was bitterly cold on the Plain of Sharon : round us were the green fields of the colonies, broken here and there by villages of mud-houses on natural or artificial knolls : before us were the Judæan

hills, showing, as we drew nearer them, purplish tops and lower slopes of pale green. There were stretches of olive plantations too, through one of the first of which we passed just before we got to Ramleh. We reached Ramleh some four hours after leaving Jaffa. Ramleh is the first station on the railway. It is a town of about 8,000 inhabitants. Some have thought it to be Arimathea; but the name is Arabic, and there is no doubt it was founded by Suleiman, son of Abd-el-Melik, in the year 716. The view from the tower of the ruined "White Mosque" is very fine, and includes a peep of Lydda nestling, about three miles off, in the midst of olive plantations. It was at Lydda that St. Peter raised the cripple Æneas, and thither the Christians of Joppa sent for him on the death of Dorcas. Less than an hour after leaving Ramleh brought us to the foot of the hills. Just before we entered them, we passed by the barren hill that marks the site of Gezer. This hill commands the entrance of the pass; so we can easily understand why the Israelites fought so hard for it, and why it was thought by Pharaoh a fitting dowry for his daughter. We frequently noted villages on the slopes of the hills as we toiled up steep ascents or (sometimes) rattled down declivities. Perhaps the most striking scene was the view we had of the sea and plain when we reached the head of the pass. We could just catch peeps of it between intervening hill-tops. The colouring of the view was exquisite—the bright blue sea, the golden dunes, a faint ruddy patch (Joppa), the green plain getting bluer as we distanced, were the elements of the picture. The hills round us were stony, with occasional crimson wild flowers and olive plantations: sometimes, indeed, they presented valleys of utter barrenness. The road passed close to the top of Castal (2,650 feet), one of the highest tops of the hills: after this the way was comparatively level, and about an hour brought us to Jerusalem. The sun was low when we first caught sight of the long top of the Mount of Olives and its high tower (see the photo. reproduced on the cover): next we saw beneath us the dome of the "Mosque of Omar" and the houses of the city: a short descent past numerous modern buildings brought us to the city walls. What a strange mixture of feelings moved one as we drove down the dusty roads, and amidst the shabby, mixed crowd of Jerusalemites! The glory of the past, the prosaic character of the present, strove in our minds for the mastery. With beating hearts, nevertheless, we dismounted, and stood, if it was but for a moment, within the city gate. The approach of darkness hastened us. Our destination that night was Bethlehem, six miles off; and we arrived there not a minute too soon: it was pitch dark before we reached the open square within the town, and we needed lanterns to guide us by devious and narrow streets to our night abode.



I
The Church of the Nativity
crowns the hill.

BETHLEHEM.

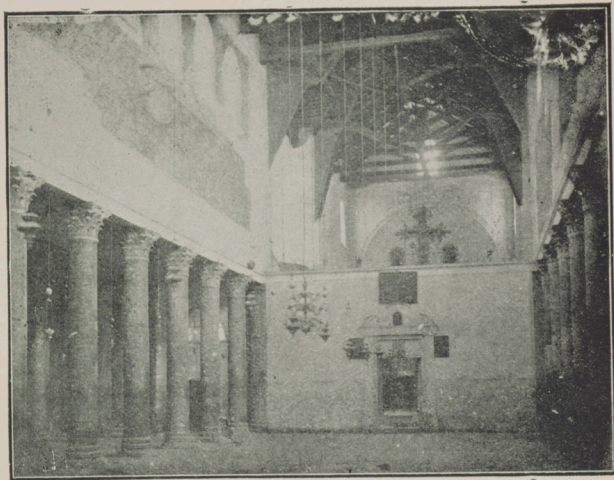
I
The "Frank Mountain"
in the distance.

2.—Bethlehem and the Country South of it.

BETHLEHEM to situated somewhat like Jerusalem, on twin knolls of a plateau. The town crowns these mountain tops and the saddle between them. On the one top, just outside a house, is a cistern shown as the "Well of David;" on the other, overlooking the broad, green sweep of the "Shepherds' Plains is the Church of the Lord's Nativity. A narrow streets runs along the length of the town; the other streets are entangled branches from this main line—narrower of course, than their stem. Some of the religious institution are new and handsome; but the dwelling houses are of the usual rough description.

Bethlehem is distinctly a Christian town. It contains about 7,000 souls (Baedeker). It is more Christian than Nazareth (so Baedeker), the other Christian town in Palestine; for, while Nazareth contains 24 per cent. of Mohammedans, in Bethlehem only 4 per cent. of the inhabitants are followers of the Prophet. The women (see photograph of our cook page 13) wear a peculiar, stiff, round cap, decorated with coins; over it a white cloth is thrown, which they use as a veil: this lofty head dress gives them a stately appearance. The men do highly artistic carving in mother-of-pearl.

Let us go to the Church of the Nativity. It is of the deepest historic interest. The Basilica is no doubt the very one built here by Constantine (330 A.D.): little remains of Constantine's other churches; and no certain date can be assigned to any church building erected before the time of that great first Christian Emperor: so when, having groped our way through the low doorway and dark anti-chamber, we survey the great nave with its massive limestone pillars, we are at once transported, as we could scarcely be anywhere else, to the early centuries of our faith, when



NAVE OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

(From photo. by permission of the Palestine Exploration Fund.)
The East End (over the Cave) is behind the wall.

the Church, triumphant through her martyrdoms, was at last revered by the world of the day. The roof of the nave is some 27 or 30 feet above the pavement. The pillars that enclose the nave are made of single stones set up in a double row on each side of the nave: the pillars number 44 in all. The nave is lit with clerestory windows. The clerestory walls were inlaid with mosaic by the Emperor Komnenos (1143-1180): here and there the gold glitters through the dusty gray: we can see the figures and leaf-work; but it is hard to identify the subjects that decorate this and other parts of the church. The nave is some 30 feet wide; the aisles, measuring the floor from the rows of pillars next the nave, are somewhat less than half that breadth. The pillars have Corinthian capitals with a small cross.

But we must proceed. A great wall (see photo.) shuts off this venerable, but somewhat dusty and desolate nave from the east end of the church: let us go through its doorway. The east end, in which we now find ourselves, owes its interest to the cave which runs underneath the pavement in front of the gilded screen of its high altar. We have the testimony of Justin Martyr, who was born at Nablus, two days' journey from Bethlehem, at the beginning of the 2nd century, that our Lord was born in a cave, and it was claimed by those who advised Constantine that this cave was the very cave of Justin Martyr's statement. This, then, is, next to Calvary, the most venerated spot in Christendom.

The cave is 38 feet long, by 11 feet broad, and somewhat less than 10 feet high. It has not been suffered to remain in its native state. The roof is evened, in pitched form, and bound with iron; the walls are hung with tapestry, and skirted with a marble dado. In a recess at the entrance is a silver star; round the star are the words "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est" (Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born); close by is another recess which is said to be the place of the Manger. From the far end of the cave a passage through the rock runs north into a net-work of rock-chambers, each with a more or less sacred association. Perhaps the most interesting is the grave of St. Jerome, the great translator of the Bible; his translation (the Vulgate) became the authorised version of the Middle Ages, and is still that of the Roman Catholic Church. St. Jerome died about the year 420; it is generally believed that he was buried near the Grotto of the Saviour's Birth: it was at Bethlehem he translated the Old Testament. So in the grave here shown and in the adjacent rock-chamber, where we are told he made his translation, we may have the very burial-place and study of this great Church Father.

We visited the Church of the Nativity on a Sunday as well as during the week. We noticed many, after they entered, kiss a certain picture on a pedestal. The Greeks were assembled in front of the gilded screen of the sanctuary; the service was monotonously chanted; a boy and a young layman read—one or other of them—an accompanying translation, at intervals, at the top of their voices, for the benefit of the people; there was towards the end of the service the carrying of a fragrantly-smoking censer among the crowd. In an adjoining church, the Latins, with florid organ-music and an enthusiastic, crowded congregation, were worshipping. Still more impressive was the scene in the Grotto of the Nativity: we noticed a tall man stoop down to kiss the marble threshold as he entered: and the women taught their children to kiss the Silver Star and the Manger where the Saviour lay.

We went two afternoons to visit the Frank Mountain. It is interesting as being the place where Herod the Great besieged the partisans of Antigonus; no doubt the massive masonry and vaults on the top are the remains of the castle Herod subsequently built there. The ruins are choked with debris and grass-covered; so that the mount has the shape of a cone. The scene from the top is a striking contrast to the green strath that lies between the mount and Bethlehem; for the Frank Mountain is on the confines of the desert. Judea cannot indeed boast of much fertility, save in certain valley-bottoms and in occasional strips on the lower slopes of the hills; but the view eastward from this Castle of Herod is one of utter barrenness. Beneath us lay mole-hill shaped eminences of burnt yellow; in the distance on the right, rose a plateau scarred with white on its edge; through a wide gap in the plateaux the Dead Sea was seen, deep in its desert trough, shining like polished turquoise; the mountains of Moab rose steeply from the sea with their various gradations of purple and (to the southward) pink, and their even line against the sky—a fine picture for the artist, but a dismal one for the farmer.

Some three miles south-west from the Frank Mountain are the ruins of Tekoa. On the day of our visit we saw an encampment of Bedouin on the grassy slope beneath the ruins; we passed yet another group of their black tents the same day. The men are rough-looking specimens, and carry guns; we saw women occasionally at the tent doors, and children sprawling about. The shepherds we met were usually boys. The ruins of Tekoa are very extensive; we noticed some pillars, and a Christian font. I wonder what Tekoa was like when Amos, the wild herdsman thereof, startled the obsequious priest of Bethel with his awful message.

Hebron is 16 miles or so from Bethlehem. We visited, on our way to it, the Pools of Solomon at the head of a richly-grassed valley near Bethlehem. It is quite probable we have here a good deal of Solomon's work. A part of one of the aqueducts that led water to Jerusalem (seven or eight miles away) is composed of pierced stones joined into a continuous tube so as to lead the water up-hill; that is certainly not Roman work, for these stalwart world-conquerors do not seem to have known that water can be led up-hill to its own level; to whom then, other than the great Jewish Builder-King, Solomon, can we attribute its construction? The Wady Biyar, along which we drove from the pools, was beautifully green. For the next few miles the country was stony and sparsely grassed; but it bettered as we drew near Hebron. Hebron is a rabidly Mohammedan town. It is pleasantly situated along the south slope of a hill. There is abundance of water, and therefore general cultivation. The vines of Hebron are so good, that it is thought by some to be Eshcol, whence the spies brought the grapes. The boundary wall of the sacred area of the Cave of Machpelah is high and massive: Canon Tristram tells me that we have every reason to believe that the lower portion of the building is Solomonic; the masonry, he says, is far older than Roman or Saracenic times. The Mohammedans jealously guard the entrance. It was somewhat tantalizing to have to climb among some houses to the top of rising ground, and have pointed out



OUR COOK AT BETHLEHEM.
(Photo by Rev. C. R. Teape, M.A.)

to one the cupolas only of the reputed graves of the Patriarchs ; the worst of it was that our swaggering guide ("sons of the Sheikh," if you please !) did not himself seem clear as to what graves the respective cupolas covered. Yet here was the Cave of Macepelah, and this town was—despite the noisesomeness of its bazaars—the first capital of the heroic King David. Historic reflections brought its own reward. The population of Hebron is about 15,000, of which there are about 1,000 Jews, all the rest being Moslems (Haskett Smith).

To decent to the grotto : by news from a friend taking a holiday lately in Hebron, I was informed that the Mohammedans have (beautiful toleration in latest style !) instituted for the benefited of the Jews an "at home day" with Abraham ; the Jews are suffered accordingly once a week to put papers with requests through a hole in the wall of the tomb of their greatest forefather. What a contrast between this superstition and the way the Apostle exhorts us to regard the Father of the children of faith !



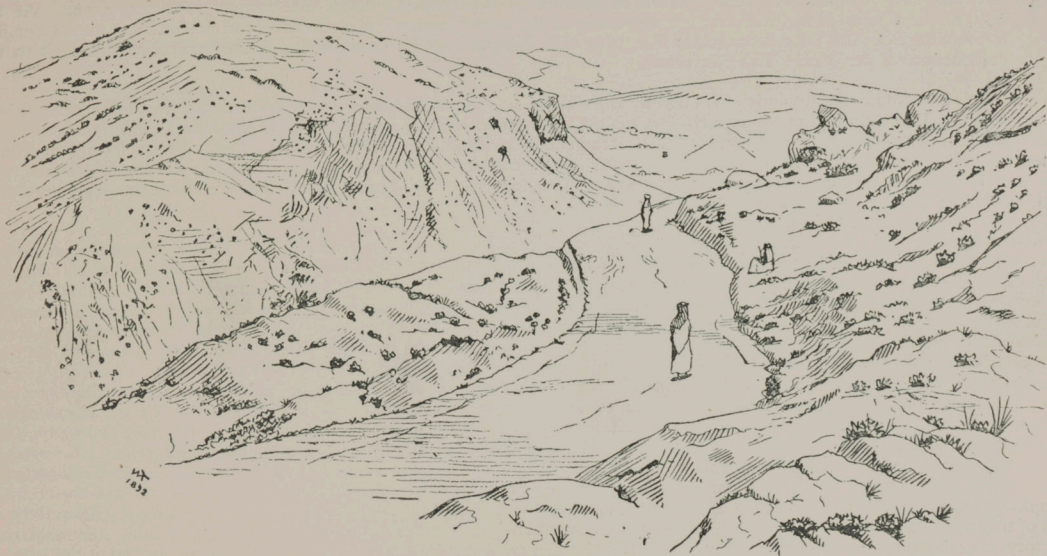
THE DEAD SEA.

III.—JERICHO, THE DEAD SEA, AND THE JORDAN.

 ON the 8th day of April we went "down to Jericho." We travelled under the conduct of a dragoman. At the head of the Wadi-el-Hod (that is, at the beginning of the desert journey), a Bedouin escort joined us, a man belonging to the village of Abu Dis; he marched along side with his gun over his shoulder during the excursions this visit to the embouchure of the Jordan Valley involved.

The road from Jerusalem to Jericho is notable, as we all know. It is probably largely coincident with the boundary of the tribe of Judah. The well of the Wadi-el-Hod is almost certainly the En-Shemesh ("Well of the Sun"), and Telat-ed-Dumm is very probably the Adummim, two points of the marking-line, mentioned in Joshua xv. 7. The Pilgrims from Peraea, and Galilee as well, took this road to the sacred feasts of Jerusalem; the Jews avoided travelling through Samaria: we know our Lord went this way to His last Passover. On this road our Lord places the scene of the parable of the Good Samaritan and the Waylaid Jew.

Our dragoman (guide)—Demetrius Domian—finely caparisoned (a photo. of Domian in his costume is reproduced on the cover) conducted us first along the north wall (see reference map) of Jerusalem: we passed the Damascus Gate, and then the mouth of the Cotton Grotto (a great cavern which was Herod's and perhaps David and Solomon's quarry for Temple building-stone): next we went through the narrow defile between El Heidimiyeh and the city wall (this El Heidimiyeh, with its steep cliff facing the wall, is thought by Major Conder and others to be the site of Calvary). Having reached the corner of the wall, we left the city, and descended into the Kedron Valley. We crossed the dry bed of the stream by a bridge just below Saint Stephen's Gate: the Valley-floor was clothed with green corn, and dotted with olive trees. We ascended immediately the shoulder of Olivet, passing by the enclosure of Gethsemane, with its dark cypress trees. Soon we were on the top of the saddle that joins the mount to the Mount of Offence, and, winding round the lower slopes of Olivet, at once left sight of Jerusalem, and presently came to Bethany at the back of the hill. On our right, as we rode along these loops of the road, there was a green knoll by the roadside, which some have thought to be the site of Bethphage. The village of Abu Dis, a mile or so distant, crowned an opposite height. It was shortly after we had passed Bethany that we first realised the descent to Jericho: for, half a mile or so from the village, we suddenly came upon a steep, grassy descent, which could hardly be less than 650 feet, down which the road wound by zig-zags. I have been told by a friend, who went down to Jericho before the present metal road was made, that the gallant way the horses dropped down the rock levels of this bank was calculated to inspire respect for the surefootedness of the quadruped, and, one might add, somewhat contradictory apprehensions for one's own safety. This is the green *cul-de-sac* of the Wadi-el-Hod. When we arrived at the bottom, we were delighted to see a copious well of water. This no doubt is En-shemesh: there is no other spring between this and Jericho. Since the 15th century the spring has been called the "Apostles' Fountain": we may well believe that the



Apostles, and our Lord Himself, here drank. The Wadi-el-Hod, at its head so verdant, leads afterwards a thinly-grassed, gradually-descending course for some three or four miles, hemmed in from all outward view by the sloping walls of the bleak hills, save that a thin piece of the top of Olivet with its crowning tower peers down upon the traveller who looks back. Leaving this wadi, the road crosses over one or two ridges to the rocky eminence, Telat-ed-Dumm, where it resumes a direction more congenial to the trend of the Jordan-ward valleys, and begins a continuous descent to Jericho. Telat-ed-Dumm is half-way between Jerusalem and Jericho: the name means "hill of blood," and is accounted for by the red colour of the rock. This red colour is probably caused by the intrusion of lava in the neighbourhood: it is just before one arrives at Telat-ed-Dumm that one notices a change in the rock, which is evident more or less frequently till near Jericho. The white, unfired limestone one has seen hitherto becomes brown-tinted, either metamorphic or seamed with lava. When we had passed round the corner of the road on which Telat-ed-Dumm looks down, we lost all view of the distant tower on Olivet behind us, and found ourselves at the door of an old khan, said to be the Inn whither the Good Samaritan brought the wounded Jew. While on the continuous descent that followed, one noticed that the landscape became bleaker than even it had been before: long mountain ranges without inhabitants presented themselves to view. At one point our dragoman invited us to ascend the rising ground on the left hand side of the road, and look down into Wadi Kelt: the yellow gorge was right beneath us, and one could just see the greenery sheltering the brook below: on the opposite side near the foot of the cliff was a monastery: in the courtyard we discerned the black-robed brethren, diminutive in the depth. Presently we had our first prospect of the Jordan Valley, still nearly 1,000 feet below us: its floor was a grey green, broken with lines of white cliffs: on the far side were misty, purple mountains. The Wadi Kelt was now our guiding line. Before us, as we descended, the Jordan Valley was gradually opening out more into sight. Looking down one of the deep breaks into the Wadi Kelt, we espied a hermit's cell, and the narrow ledge-path leading to it. At last the Jordan Valley came full in view: we saw beneath us the green oasis at the embouchure of the Wadi Kelt, and, descending still nearer, the mounds of the ancient Jericho within and close by the green. Soon our horses were picking their way on the level ground scattered with the ruins of the Roman Jericho: this mound, this widespread medley of stones, this enclosure (a tank or garden), all now outside the limit of verdure, are no doubt the remains of the Jericho built by Herod the Great and Archelaus, reminders of the days when Jericho was a city of palaces, palm trees, and balsam gardens. Of the mounds within the oasis, those far back, close to the cliffs of the Kelt, are said to mark the site of the Jericho of the Old Testament. The Jericho of to-day is only a collection of mud huts, containing some 300 souls. It is on the site of the Jericho of the Crusaders,* whose former presence is attested by the ruined keep. The hotel and hospice—whitewashed—present a strange contrast to the scattered thorn-bushes and squalid huts beneath them.

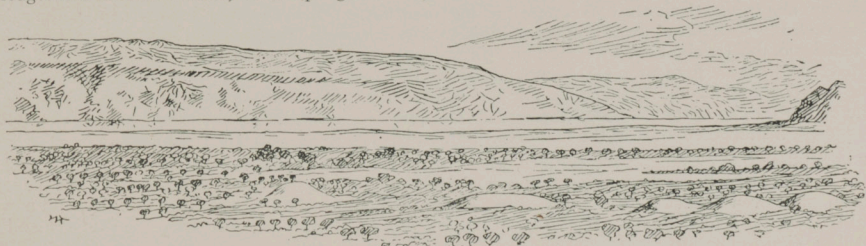
The heat was stifling that evening in the hospice, where we stayed: we opened the windows to let in as much of the outer air as we could: we lay on our backs on the cushioned divans of the hospice: it was too much effort to watch the dragoman prepare our dinner: it was an effort even to eat it. We had been travelling a monotonous and hot 20 miles that day, and now were experiencing the tropical heat of the Jordan Valley. The floor of the valley is at Jericho 1,167 feet below the sea-level, and 3,605 feet below the Fortress Hill of Zion. The surface of the Dead Sea is 1,292 feet below the level of the sea.

* Canon Tristram doubts this.

The next day, still tired, we set off to visit the Dead Sea and the Jordan. White in the light of morning, the sea lay before us; the Jericho oasis with the few blue bushes that straggled beyond it was soon left behind; a weary ride of some seven miles across the grey sand brought us to the shore. The light green waters, full of sunshine, laved the margin. The scene was bright; one could hardly imagine that here was utter lifelessness: for no life can exist in such brine, nor can beast or bird drink of it. The tawny rocks of the Judean wilderness formed the western barrier of the sea: on the east the range of Moab lay, showing, near us, a welcome strip of green, and rising in grey heights to the purple head of Nebo (to name the most notable of the mountain tops). We bathed: the water stung us with its saltness; it is more than four times saltier than the ocean.

Then we made our way to the fords of the Jordan. We travelled some four miles—a hot ride, with plenty of annoyance from flies as we drew near the stream. The Jordan is bordered with a narrow fringe of scrub and bush-land, which marks the overflow of the river in winter: beyond this area one noted higher land edged frequently with white cliffs: these successive levels mark old beds of the Jordan. We saw, as we looked westward from the ford, the blue-grey mountains of Ephraim rise beyond this uneven floor of silt. The river itself was brightened with trees somewhat graceful, of light-green foliage: their roots and branches were welcome holdfasts to us as we bathed in the brown, swirling flood. Another sandy ride of six miles, between the narrow border of Jordan scrub-land and the oasis of Jericho, brought us close to the hospice: on our way we were startled to see the tower of the Mount of Olives, a thin, grey pinnacle on the mountain line above us.

In the afternoon we visited Elisha's Fountain. It rises at the foot of Jebel Karantul (the Quarantine Mount); it is 2,865 feet below the top of the tableland of Central Palestine; this depth is more than sufficient to account for the temperature of the water, which Bædeker places at 84 degrees Fahrenheit. The lane to the spring is bordered with tall and rank vegetation; all round, corn-fields and olive trees greet the eye. The spring is on the edge of the oasis, and no doubt is the means of most of the growth one sees; over the spring is one of the mounds said to mark the site of the Jericho of the Old Testament; close by, there rises grandly, with its barren ledges and numerous caves, the steep "gable" of Jebel Karantul.



THE DEAD SEA AND MOST OF THE MOUNDS THAT MARK THE SITE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT JERICO

A Sketch at Sunset from the mound above Elisha's Fountain.



Dome
of the Rock
(Zion).

Mosque el
Aksa.

The Siloam Pools are hidden, close to the left of the two adjacent, windowed buildings on the hill side : the Spring Gihon is just beyond and below the third windowed building.

Olivet is seen in the
distance behind
the Siloam Hill.

Village of
Siloam on the
Rock Zohcleth.

THE KEDRON VALLEY.

4.—Jerusalem at Passiontide and Easter.

See reference maps of Jerusalem and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

WE spent twelve days at Jerusalem, not including sundry visits we made to the city from Bethlehem. The position of Durham Cathedral has been used to illustrate that of Jerusalem. The comparison is not inapt: just as the "holme" on which the Cathedral stands is girdled—and all but islanded—by the river, so is the plateau which Jerusalem well nigh covers excised and all but isolated from its parent ridge by the sweep of the moat-like valleys of the Kedron and Ben-Hinnom. Yet there the comparison stops, dimensions and scenery are so entirely different. The "holme" must be enlarged five or six times, and denuded of its bosky maze; the refreshing vision of the waterway with its continuous and easy descent must be replaced by two valleys bottomed with olive yards and spring wheat, shallow as they leave the isthmus of the plateau, but more than 600 feet deep when, after girdling each a different side of the city, they meet beneath the barren heights of the Fortress Hill of Zion. The frequent walls (terrace banks and field boundaries), the out-crops of limestone rock, the general dusty and dry appearance of the landscape, make the contrast great. When we are in the deepest part of the valley, the city walls above are hidden from us by the bulging Hill.

We are, then, let us imagine, at Jerusalem, in the hot glare of the southern depth of the girdling valley (here called Ge Ben Hinnom, the "Tophet" of old). We are making our way along its farther side that we may examine the curious rock-cut tombs, many of them Jewish no doubt, but afterwards used by Christians. On our left, north of us, is the bulging plateau, the "holme" of Jerusalem: this part of the "holme" just above us is now "heaps." The city has moved farther north. The fortress Joab took might have been on this barren part of the knoll, but more probably, I think, crowned the cliff that used to overlook the Tyropean Valley, unless, indeed, we reject the single adverse testimony (of Josephus, however) and identify the "Fortress of Zion," with the Hill of Zion or Moriah on which the Temple stood.

Let us proceed, however. We are walking along the Valley of the Son of Hinnom (Ge Ben Hinnom): soon we pass into the Valley of the Kedron. How rich is the Kedron Valley here at its meeting with the Vale of Hinnom! We may well believe that here just below the City spring (known as Gihon, perhaps En Rogel, now "the Virgin's Fountain") Solomon had his gardens. Let us go towards the spring: notice the village of Siloam on the opposite cliff: think of that triumph of loyalty in the days of old, when Abiathar and the captains of the army, celebrating treason on this very cliff Zohelath, were dispersed by fear at the citizens' shouting when Solomon, Bathsheba's son, came riding down to this the City Well, on his father's mule (i. Kings, i. 32-49). Before we reach the well, however, the two pools to our left claim attention; one of them (the one in the pit, down which steps lead to the surface of the water) is connected with the well by a rock-cut tunnel nearly a third of a mile long; an inscription (called the "Siloam inscription") was discovered here in 1880 belonging to the 8th. century B.C., or older, and describing the process

of excavation; this then is almost certainly Hezekiah's Pool of which we read in 2.Kings xx.20 ; 2 Chron. xxxii. 30. The well of Gihon is the only spring of Jerusalem. The Siloam waters mentioned in the Bible must be this spring or one of these pools ; the context will help to show whether spring or pool is meant. The chief interest of this Kedron Valley as of the Valley of Hinnom is its tombs. There passed us just as we were nearing the Virgin's Fountain a company of Mohammedans, mostly men, singing a low dirge, and bearing a corpse on a bier. We examined the clear-cut Hebrew inscriptions, below the Siloam cliff (the Mohammedans bury on the opposite side of the valley, close to the Haram Wall) : farther up the valley are more pretentious monuments, probably erected a century before the time of Christ.

We have now reached the upper part of the Kedron Valley. The eastern wall of the city is overhead. This part of the wall helps to inclose the Haram area of the city. This area is 35 acres in extent : it is the crown of Mount Moriah, and is kept "Haram," i.e. "reserved," on account of its sacredness. Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan tradition regard this as the site of Solomon's Temple. Let us, then, under due escort of the Consul's Kawass, enter the court. We were peculiarly fortunate in having the features of the place described to us by the Rev. J. E. Hanauer. The area is partly bare, partly paved ; on the east side there is grass with olive trees and cypresses. We mounted the platform within the area. On it is an octagonal shrine of blue mosaic. We saw the shrine with its purple dome in the blaze of sunshine thrown up from the white flagstones. Within the octagon is the highest point of this part of Mount Moriah. This rocky summit, about 60 feet long, 45 feet wide, and from 2ft. to 6ft high, is the precious thing this shrine was built to fence from vulgar eyes. The Dome of the Rock (Kubbet-es-Sakrah) was erected, it would seem, in 688, probably to rival the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the shrine of which round the sacred rock-tomb it closely resembles ; but others give it a much earlier date. Most authorities are agreed that this rocky knoll of Moriah was either in the Holy of Holies (so Major Conder), or was the site of the Altar of Burnt Offering in front of the Sanctuary : its prominence of position certainly makes it a most natural site for Araunah's threshing floor (2. Sam. 24-24, 25) and (according to one's usual notion) for the Temple ; it seems to me of importance, too, to remember that the Samaritans, close imitators of the Jews, chose for their Temple on Mount Gerizim a rocky summit exactly similar to this before us. Colonel Sir Charles W. Wilson, however, is willing to believe in the exactitude of Josephus and relegates the Temple (according to Josephus only 600 feet square) to the south-west corner of the area. One must admit that walls and gateways of Herod's Temple have been discovered only in this portion of the area boundary ; yet Josephus's "600 feet square" may be a measurement of the compact Sanctuary within the Great Court of the Temple, and his figures are very possibly a "memory after stormy years." The chief interest of the visitor to the Haram Area will be, however, in these undoubted remains of Herod's Temple. We went down a long passage under the Mosque-el-Aksa, and saw a great pillar with a lettuce-leaf capital and the great stones of the Lintel of a double gateway ; here we had before our eyes work of the age of Herod or Solomon ; farther to the east was a similar gateway. Leaving the interior of the Haram Area and making our way through the crowd of Russian Jews with their sallow faces and round fur caps, we came to the outside of its wall, and saw other great stones of Herod's Temple and heard the ancient people sobbing in verity

over the demolition of their House.



Robinson's Arch, Jerusalem.

By permission of Messrs. Murray; London.

A little nearer the south-west corner we saw the spring of Robinson's Arch (so named after the discoverer of its meaning) which formed part of a viaduct from the Royal Cloister, the southern porch of the Temple, across the Tyropœan Valley to the western part of the city. The excavators discovered the ruins of a still more ancient arch (probably part of the viaduct crossed by Pompey in the year 63 B.C.) underneath the Herodian Work.

On Monday, April 11, we were present at the Passover Feast of a family living in a Jewish colony outside the Damascus Gate. It was pleasant to note the family character of the festival, and the charity that so warmly invited us "strangers" to join. It was sad to think, on the other hand, that the Passover Feast is for the Jews now but the remembrance of a memorial; there is with them now no Temple, and therefore no Passover-Lamb; the former was indicated by an egg, the latter by a well cleaned bone: these were exhibited on a large dish on the table. We Christians cannot but see here the judgment of history on those who reject the Lord of the New Covenant. The service was faithfully read through in Hebrew, and its stately alternation of sacred narrative, intercession, and praise was strangely broken (though suitably, no doubt) by the substantial supper that came in the middle. Two cups of a white wine preceded, two followed, the supper.

On Maundy Thursday evening, after service in Christ Church, we, a small English band, went out to the Mount of Olives and sang hymns, and offered up prayers just outside the Garden of Gethsemane. That service in the solemn shadow of the slopes of Olivet, and in view of the City dimly lit with the rising moon of the Lord's Passion, impressed one with a solemnity that can never be forgotten.

On Easter Eve we saw the ceremony of the Holy fire in the church built originally by Constantine over the site, as he was informed, of the Holy Sepulchre. The people believe the fire comes from the Sepulchre miraculously, and, each with his or her bundle of tapers, crowd every available corner of the great Rotunda to receive it as soon as may be. We got inside the dome; beneath us was a seething crowd; when the fire came, a great shouting arose: the fire was rapidly passed from hand to hand: in about three minutes the women and children in the topmost gallery, where we were, were joyously lighting each other's tapers.

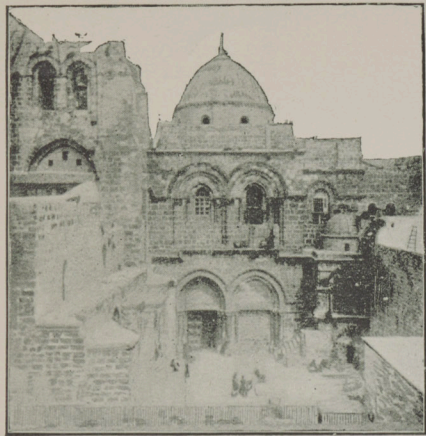
We went again to the Church that night. The crowds were again thickening. The faithful were kissing the "anointing stone" and ascending the slippery staircase to "Golgotha." At last, about 11 o'clock, the great Easter Service began. The Basilica was full of people standing close to each other; one noticed the number of stolid Russian faces; there were but few women.



The darker hills are the west side of the Kedron Valley; the very faint hills are the land of Moab

Mosque el Aksa.
THE DOME OF THE ROCK, ON THE SUMMIT OF ZION.

The hill behind is the south side of the Hinnom Valley.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE,
JERUSALEM.

It was a contrast to attendance at these crowded services in the Church of Constantine, to visit (as we frequently did) the bare hill El Heidimiyeh with its white Mohammedan tombs, believed by Major Conder to be the true site of Cavalry. Josephus's description of the second wall of Jerusalem leads us to believe that the Church of Constantine is on ground that was within the city in our Lord's days. If Constantine's site of Calvary were in our Lord's time "outside the wall," the position of El Heidimiyeh even

Turkish Soldiers kept the way clear for the movements of the dignitaries. First the Patriarch sat in his throne, then he went to the high altar, and put on a silver robe; then he and his bishops, after walking round the shrine of the Sepulchre five or six times, sat in chairs placed in front of the door of the Shrine. There was continuous chanting with responses all the while. The Latins proceeded round the Shrine at midnight. The Greek procession I have alluded to took place after theirs; the Patriarch, who is a very fine-looking man with an olive-tinted face, aquiline nose, and finely-shaped hands, looked most magnificent in his dazzling silver robe and jewelled mitre. Young men in bluish costume bearing poles with silver discs led the procession: then came representatives of Russia and apparently of France; then, preceding the Patriarch, came his bishops, with robes embroidered with gold. The Patriarch, having taken up his station with his bishops in front of the Shrine, now took part audibly in the service: his voice was musical and far-reaching: he went several times within the Shrine. At the words "He is risen" from the Patriarch, there was a clanging of bells and twirling of banners, the lights became more numerous, and began to twinkle even in the topmost galleries: the people shouted. One realized more than perhaps one ever did before the joyousness of the Resurrection to the Church. The people after these acclamations, began to disperse. Still the chanting went on: the Patriarch now and then rising to take part. We were already wearied: so now—though even at the last, reluctantly—we left the stately Patriarch in his chair, with his bishops, before the Sepulchre, a sight never to be forgotten. It was then 2-30 a.m. We were told the service would last half an hour longer.



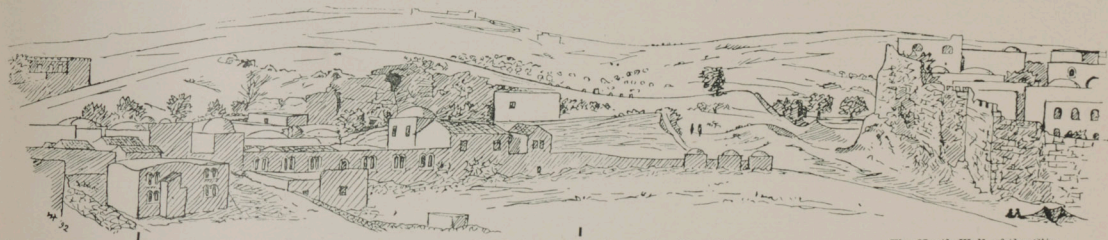
HIS HOLINESS GERASIMOS, PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM, ETC.



GROUP OF RUSSIAN PILGRIMS AT JERUSALEM.

Photo. by permission of Palestine Exploration Fund

then would better accord with the Scripture narrative. Anyway, whether it be the true site or not, El Heidimiyeh, standing as it does just outside the present wall (Mark 15, 20), near the Damascus Gate (Heb. 13, 12), presenting itself to the view of travellers on the high roads (Mark 15, 29), with rock-cut tombs close to it (John 19, 42), certainly brings home to one the natural scenery of the "transcendent tragedy," while the verve and clamour of the Christian services bring to mind the exultation the victory of the Cross awakens in the Church of Him who rose triumphant.



The Rock-Tomb conjectured by General Gordon to be the Tomb of Christ is behind these two trees.

Note the Tombs crowning the saddle of the hill.

The North Wall of the City.
Tents beside the Damascus Gate.

EL HEIDIMIYEH (supposed by many to be Calvary.)

5.—In the Mountains of Samaria and across the Plain of Esdraelon.

I HOPE now to describe our journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth. It was a journey of between 80 and 90 miles. The Palestine rate of horse travelling is, however, but little over three miles an hour. Locomotion is difficult on account of the mountainous nature of the country, and the character of the bridle paths. The dragomans, being paid by the day, do not hurry the march. So the journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth usually takes four days: we took seven. On one of these, however, we were storm-stayed.

The storm that hindered us took place the first night of our journey. For most of us it was our first experience of a night under canvas, and the elements gave us a rough reception. We left Jerusalem about 8 a.m. on April 22nd. The day opened unpropitiously: the sky was grey, and broke occasionally into showers. The weather suited our temper, for one can hardly but despond as he takes leave of Jerusalem. We looked back on it from the top of Scopus: there lay the city a little way below us, the purple Dome of the Rock in the scantily-built Area, with the grey mountains of Moab behind, the purple Dome of the Holy Sepulchre among the houses. The scene was a reminder of privileges; beside these walls we had lived a while, seen these sacred sites, and been witnesses (or one would rather say partakers) of the city's solemn rejoicings. We noted specially the black dome of the Abyssinian Church outside the north-east corner of the city wall: it was close to the house where we lodged. It was the last piece of Jerusalem we saw; we had a glimpse of it late in the day from a height just beyond Bethel.

Our way over Scopus was roughly paved (Roman pavement, no doubt). Presently we rode along a smoother path bordered with green crops: the range of Nebi Samwil (probably Mizpeh) with rounded spurs was on our left, and, having passed Tell-el-Ful (a hill cone-shaped, partly because of the ruins of a Crusaders' castle) on our right, we viewed, on this same side of the road, Ramah, a city of Saul (1 Sam. 22, 6), crowning a lofty hill beyond the wide sweep of a somewhat sterile valley. Ramah we had visited before. We did not cross the valley to visit it now: but, keeping towards the left, entered a succession of narrow valleys among the hill-tops. Noon found us at Beereh, from which, looking north-east some two miles, along a deep long valley, we saw Bethel on a ridge athwart the valley end, its square tower (of ancient foundation) overtopping its houses.

The view from the ridge of Bethel was very fine. We saw Nebi Samwil and the Russian Tower on the Mount of Olives. The colouring was the chief feature of the scene. It was late in the afternoon: there was a "clear shining" after the rain of the morning. On the north, the land dipped beneath one into a moist, green gorge: its limestone columns were in purple shadow: the slope above the opposite cliff was broken with white outcrops of stone (and might well have been the "ladder" the dreamer saw set up to Heaven with footholds for God's Angels, to adopt a comment I have read somewhere on Jacob's dream): a long hill-top near at hand was saffron-tinted with the combined colour of sun-dried grass and slanting sunlight: the red (oxidized) soil made the other hills, which were barer, orange in glowing contrast: through the valley one saw at the end a thin segment of the white town of 'Ain

Yebrud, with a neighbourhood of rolling hills of green, dotted with olive trees. To the right, between four and five miles away, rose in delicate green and red the round hill of Tell 'Asur (Baal Hazor of 2 Sam. 13, 23), the highest hill of Samaria. The sky bore in its purple clouds and lower levels of yellow light the colours of the sunsetting which was doing so much to enhance the local tints. How much richer in its olive trees and grassy dells does the Holy Land become as one goes north! So we experienced in this journey of ours from Jerusalem to Hermon on the eve of the hot season: the acme of luxuriance was beyond Dan, in the rich, green corn plain of Coele-Syria and the Mulberry Gardens of Beyrout.

That night—spent at Sinjil—was a night of blackness, thunder, wind, and rain. The luncheon tent succumbed during the night. The tent in which my brother and I were was blown over early the next morning. We took breakfast with damp canvas overhead and rain-pools beneath our feet. We halted for the day, which was moderately fair, but cold, in the hope that the roads and our tents, might become dry.



The part of the top apparently artificially levelled. SHILOH.

ascending the steep and long opposite side of the Wadi, we viewed, at a point some eight miles' journey from Shiloh, the long Plain of Mukhna in the depth beyond. The plain was green with cornfields: the range of Gerizim, with white towns on its slopes, formed its western wall: the shadows of the clouds, moving capriciously over the ruddy hills, showed the division at the north end of the range between Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal. The plain is seven miles long, and from one to two broad. Having traversed most of its length, we halted about sunset at the Well of Jacob at the mouth of the above mentioned cross valley between Gerizim and Ebal. Here, at the well, we looked down into the cavity made through the ruins of a church and later vaulting, and viewed the well's mouth. At this well our Saviour rested, foretelling the advent of a better worship than that of the rival and then well-nigh chauvinist sanctuaries of Gerizim and Jerusalem (St. John, iv., 21). We now entered the cross valley;

The next day we started. We came first to Shiloh; forty minutes or so brought us there. We found ourselves in a lonely place among somewhat barren mountains; the town is a complete ruin, and covers an oval-shaped hill overlooking a welcome stretch of red, ploughed land; part of the hill is apparently artificially levelled and but little built on, and has a natural ascent to it; is this where Israel's central sanctuary stood? (Joshua, 18-22.)

From Shiloh we wound through the hills, passing two villages and two ruined khans on our way, and then descended into the Wadi Yetma. After

Ebal was in shadow, the valley in twilight. We noticed, as we went up, the mountains suddenly recede and form between them a grand amphitheatre, well suited for the solemn assembling of Israel to hear the law (Josh. viii., 30-35). Presently we came upon Nablus (Shechem): round us were olive-trees, old and gnarled, and white tombs in the dim light: before us were the houses in a long hollow; behind them, the yellow and pink of sunset: on the westward slopes of Ebal strange scatterings of light, shed by the dying day, shone upon the cactus growth. Our camping ground was an olive grove on the other side of the town: the Ramadan lights of the minarets flashed out upon us as we passed by the darkened houses.

The next morning we saw an old manuscript (probably not the oldest) at the Samaritan Synagogue, and visited one of the Soap factories of the town. The Samaritans (see illustration) number only 190 now (so Bædeker).



Looking back on Ebal and Gerizim: Shechem (to which no doubt the camels are going) is in the hidden hollow between the hills.

Luncheon time saw us at Samaria. Samaria was given to Herod the Great by Augustus. The numerous columns, most of them still colonnades, show how lavishly he adorned his gift. The Crusaders built a fine church here, now in ruins, over the traditional grave of St. John the Baptist. The peculiar glory of the Hill of Samaria is its military position; its height and the width of the valley that sweeps completely round it make it a natural fortress; the circuit of the hills that form the valley is broken at a point nearly due west, so that one standing on the top of the hill sees through the defile the cornfields of Sharon, the stretches of yellow sand, and the white light of the Mediterranean—one can hardly imagine a better post of outlook to view the movements of dangerous-looking Egyptians and Assyrians and meddlesome Philistines. No wonder this was the final capital of ancient Israel.

Proceeding on our journey north, we toiled up the steep slope of the girdling hills. The view as we looked down the other side was magnificent. Beneath us were slopes plentifully clothed with trees, and, far below, was a rich plain of cornfields (Merj el Ghuruk), invaded somewhat here by the hills of its western boundary; two of these hills, curiously cone-shaped, were crowned with villages. We descended to the merj (i.e. meadowland) passing close below one of these fortress-like villages (Sanur), and, after a zig-zag route through hills, came out into another plain (Sahel Arrabeh) as fertile as that we had left. As we entered Sahel Arrabeh, by Wadi D'auk, we had our first sight of Mount Hermon, and, having passed near the green hill Tell Dothan, we viewed



GROUP OF SAMARITANS AT NABLUS.
Photo. by $\frac{1}{2}$ permission of Palestine Exploration Fund.



Four ancient Columns
on the hill-side

The end column of one of Herod's Colonnades may be seen on the horizon.
THE RUINED HEAPS OF ANCIENT SAMARIA—from the North.
The modern village is on the other side.

help of the eatables donkey, which was pushed in by a sturdy muleteer to try the water's depth, we crossed our Rubicon. A weary progress for man and beast—to the edge of the Sahel, and then through an apparently interminable valley—brought us to the Ramadan lights of Jenin, and the welcome repose of our tent beds.

Jenin is at the south-east corner of the Plain of Esdraelon; it is probably En-Gannim of Issachar, and we may well imagine it was Beth-hag-Gan ("the garden house") by way of which Ahaziah fled (2 Kings, ix., 27) from the slaughter at Jezreel, seven and a half miles distant. From the orchards of Jenin we again descried Mount Hermon: the snowy range, blue-flecked, with obtuse apex, some 60 or 70 miles away, glittered between the tawny heights of Gilboa and Nebi Duhy, beneath the azure, like a white dove hovering with outstretched wings. For the next two days we tracked by easy stages the eastern boundary of Esdraelon, a circuit of 20 miles, first skirting the Gilboa range then crossing a narrow extension of the plain by Jezreel to Nebi Duhy; then, crossing another "bight" of corn-land, we made our way to the hills of Nazareth.



Some of the houses of
Nazareth are just visible
on the hill-top.

JEZREEL, with Shunem behind it (at the foot of Jebel Nebi Duhy.)

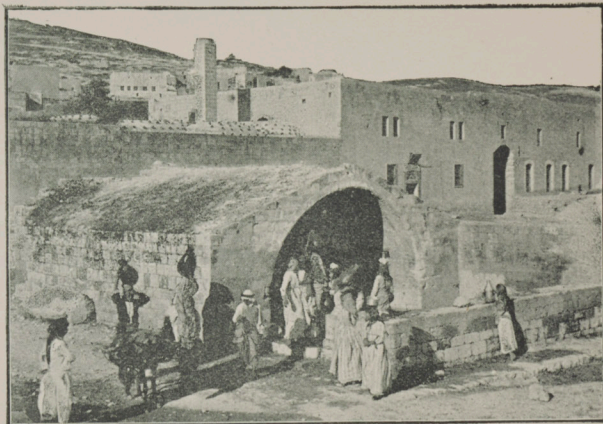


'AIN JALUD at the foot of Gilboa : the Spring where Gideon tried his men.

collection of mud huts with a big, modern tower : crowning the watershed, it commands the plains east and west : there are cornfields all round : how changed is its condition from that of the days when it contained vine-walks pleasant enough to make a king discontented (1 Kings, 21), and was the convalescent abode of King Joram (2 Kings, 9, 15.)

The next day we rode through the fields to Nebi Duhy, visiting Shunem (2 Kings, 4, 8-37) with its orchards—like Jezreel a village of mud huts. The hamlet of Nain (St. Luke, 7, 11-17) is on the other side of Nebi Duhy. There was a fine view of Mount Tabor from Nain : it lay just across a valley. A short distance from Nain, we caught sight of the snowy apex of Hermon : one thought of Psalm 89, 13—"Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name." Continuing our way to the foot of the Nazareth Hills, we had our first experience of the heat : we sympathised with the Shunamite's son (2 Kings, 4, 18) : many a hot hour were we to endure in the the rest of our Palestine sojourn. Having toiled up the steep range,

The scenes we saw were full of historic memories. On these low, rolling hills of Gilboa, Saul fell upon his sword (1 Samuel, 31). This limpid spring and pool at the north end of Gilboa, called 'Ain Jalud (i.e., Spring Jalud), is thought to be, because of its name and situation, the Spring of Harod at "Mount Gilead," where Gideon tried his men (Judges vii., 1-8). From the edge of the pool of 'Ain Jalud, looking over the tall wheat, we saw the mountain-wall of the farther side of the Jordan Valley in blue-grey mist ; Jabesh Gilead (1 Sam. chap. 11 and 31, 11-13) among these distant hills was pointed out to us, and Pella where the church of Jerusalem established itself when Titus took the city. We spent the night outside Jezreel. Jezreel is a miserable



THE VIRGIN'S WELL, NAZARETH.

we suddenly came in sight of Nazareth : its houses were built from top to bottom of the opposite side of a great round valley, somewhat seared with the early heat. Here, then, in this not unimportant town of ancient Galilee, shut in among the hill-tops, but not far removed from the centres of its busy life, He who is our Saviour waited till with the "anointing of the Spirit" He went forth. More interesting than all the other sacred sites—for apparently the only certainly, or even probably genuine one—was the town well : it is the only spring Nazareth ever possessed, so far as we know ; here, then, must Mary the Virgin oft-times have come.

The Rev. Haskett Smith ("Murray's Guide") gives the present population of Nazareth as about 12,000 (9,000 Christians and 3,000 Moslems, with not a single resident Jew.) Dr. Selah Merrill thinks that its population in New Testament times may have been fifteen or twenty thousand.

6.—The Ascent of Mount Tabor, and the Lake of Galilee.

A FIVE miles' journey brought us from Nazareth to the foot of Mount Tabor. We soon mounted the rim of the girdling hills of Nazareth, then by a steep descent we reached the oak-scattered spur of the mountain. From this spur we began our ascent. A zig-zag, roughly-paved, and rocky path, a mile or so long, brought us to the top. Mount Tabor may be best described as a great half-disc ; so it appears to the traveller as he looks across to it from Nain, or as on his way to Tiberias he looks back upon it as its oak copses rise to view over the plateaux at its base ; so again it appeared to me as in the early morning I took my last view of it from the ship's deck, when, about a month after our visit to it, we were steaming past the coast somewhere near Carmel. Tabor rises 1,400 feet above the plain. When one views the edge of the disc, as on coming to it from Nazareth, the mountain has, of course, the shape of a cone. One side of the disc—the southern—we noted somewhat seared and dotted with bushes : the northern side was thickly covered with shady oak-trees.



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF MOUNT TABOR : LOOKING SOUTH.

After the heat of the ascent, it was refreshing to feel the breeze of the mountain-top. Just before we reached the monasteries at the end of the long, flattened top, we had our first view of the Sea of Galilee, just a fragment of the north end of the lake seen over the plateaux on which Mount Tabor stands. The monasteries are not old ; but there are remains of ancient churches on the summit, for there has been a tradition from the time of Origen (third century) that the Transfiguration took place here. One passes ruins scattered along the mountain-top and almost hidden in an entanglement of shrubbery. We know there was a town on the top in the third century before Christ ; Gabinius (53 B.C.) slaughtered the Jews here ; Josephus fortified the place. Among the ruins ancient cisterns and great blocks of stone have been discovered : these most likely belong to the Jewish period. All this shows how unlikely it is that the Transfiguration did take place here : the context of the Gospel-narrative indicates rather a spur of Mount Hermon as the scene of that manifestation. The view from the top of the mountain was most impressive. To the north was the monotonous moorland of the low-lying plateaux, the white fragment of the Lake of Galilee, the grey plateaux beyond, and behind them just the faintest trace of the snows of Hermon through the mist. On the south, the places one saw brought to mind memories suited to the gloom of the day. We were looking upon the scenery of the most tragic passages of the life of Saul : beneath us in

the midst of fields partly green, partly of red fresh-turned soil, lay Endor (1 Sam. xxviii, 7-25) on a hill slope: just beyond were the barren heights of Gilboa, where the king died (1 Sam. xxxi, 1-4): near the Gilboa range, on the edge of the broad strath of the Jordan Valley, was Beth-Shan, where Philistine foes fixed the body of the self-murdered king (1 Sam. xxxi, 10-12): on the other side of the Jordan Valley a slight flush of green, a little way up the grey hills, marked Jabesh Gilead, the inhabitants of which did not forget to show honour to the king who had with such promptitude and vigour rescued them in their distress (1 Sam. chap. 11). To the west, the plain of Esrdaelon was almost quite hid: one noted, on the long purple wall of Carmel, the eminence where Elijah's sacrifice probably took place (1 Kings xviii, 19-39). There was nothing to relieve the gloom but streaks of sunlight here and there in the Jordan Valley, and the strange, cold, greenish-white sheen of the sea to the far west. We slept in one of the Monasteries.

The next day we went to Tiberias, first down the sides of Tabor with its oaks and clothing of grass and wild flowers, then through the extension of the oak-glades in the small valleys at the foot of the hill, and then for some six or seven miles across a weary wilderness to the top of the Kurn Hattin (Horns of Hattin), thence to another edge—the eastern edge—of the plateau, going over which we came, after a descent of 600 feet, to the town of Tiberias on the lake shore. The part of the plateau above Hattin, the hill-top called "The Horns," is thought to have been the scene of our Lord's great sermon (St. Matt. v.-vii): the place is admirably adapted for the occasion: the plateau rises gradually till within a short distance of its fall, and then is uplifted suddenly to meet the lofty margin: the nearer bands of listeners might have been on this steep bank, while the attendant multitude, to catch a word if it might be, might have been on the more level part of the plateau. From the Horns one has a fine view; the Wadi Hamam lies just below, reaching down to the narrow plain of Gennesaret: one catches sight of the far end of this plain, and the lake waters along its toothed margin: a little to the west the hills of Safed are piled up into the sky: one sees the distant houses of the town near the top of the hill. Can Safed be the "city that could not be hid"? (St. Matt. v. 14). Making our way towards the lake, after nearly three miles' continuation of the hot and dreary downs of grass, we saw, from the brow of the plateau, the lake beneath us, full in view; Tiberias, its tumbled-down castle at this end, on the margin of the lake, and, a mile to the south of the town, the gleam of the white-washed bathing-houses at the Hot Springs. Tiberias is a huddled-together collection of houses; the population is between 5,000 and 6,000 (Haskett Smith). The architectural glory of Tiberias belongs to the time of its founder, Herod Antipas, the Herod who ruled Galilee and Peræa in our Lord's time; the foundations of the great Roman buildings are still to be seen on the way to the baths. But the chief glory of Tiberias is that here the Jerusalem Talmud was written (in the fourth century) and here too the present system of Hebrew vowel-pointing originated (sixth and seventh centuries). Notwithstanding the inroads of Christians and Mohammedans and the rise of Safed (from the sixteenth century) to Rabbinic pre-eminence, Tiberias is still a Jewish city. Safed is a larger town: there is a population of 15,000 there: but each contains the same proportion of Jews, namely, two thirds.

The morning after our arrival at Tiberias we rowed in a bee line to the mouth of the Jordan. What memories of the Lord's life came to one's mind! These waters—milky-white with reflection of the mist-filled sky, when one looked along their surface;

(1)



Wadi Karamah Wadihadiyah Lake W. Amud
The Plain of Gennesaret from the Lake
J. Sabani Kura, Mattin

Marker - Akon Mingsh 6 km. N. of Tin



Wadi Semakh & Geigesia

Wadi Yik

(6)

(6)

THAN MINYEH looking down Gennesaret
The Hill of Safed

(3)

(4)



MACDALA
The Summer-houses
on the house-tops



The Jordan entering the Sea of Galilee

brown-tinted when one looked into their depths—were the scene, and the plastic material, too, of his miracles. The shores we were passing by—this green strip of plain (Gennesaret), three miles long and one and a quarter broad, with the sun-scorched hills, yellow and red flushed, behind it (see illustration 1 on page 37); and this succeeding shelving coast, about five miles long to the Jordan's mouth, with the scattered heaps of basalt debris breaking its monotony—this shore of bush-clad plain and grassy slope was the place where men beheld in such wondrous phases the tabernacled Glory of God (St. John i., 14, R.V. margin). Behind the hills bordering Gennesaret lay the misty-grey heights of Safed. On our return journey from the mouth of the Jordan we kept close to the coast we had thus surveyed from a distance. We visited the ruins of Tell Hum on the margin of the shelving land, thought by many to be Capernaum.* How dismal the heaps of lava-stones looked! We found the heat very severe at both the Jordan mouth and Tell Hum. Then we passed the five-fold Spring Tabighah, where from the base of an octagonal tower a plentiful supply of water rushes out into the lake: this no doubt is the Fountain Capernaum mentioned by Josephus. Capernaum must have been somewhere near this fountain: in the name Tell Hum we most likely have a lingering reminiscence of the word "Capernaum"; but Tell Hum is more than a mile and a half from the spring: Minieh, another claimant for the site of Capernaum, is scarcely a mile away, and the aqueduct from the spring ran near it; yet the ruins of Minieh are very scanty. We rested on our oars opposite Minieh, however; it is on a low hill behind the luxurious brakes that border the margin of the north end of the Plain of Gennesaret: a small spring issues into the lake. We continued our way along the strand; the shore was mostly white, sometimes pink (on account of the number of pink shells): the dark green bushes, brightened here and there with crimson oleanders, gave contrast to the light-tinted beach: the corn ripening into yellow in this lake-trough, while still green on the uplands, lent colour at the southern end of the plain, as we came near Mejdél, a village of about 20 mud-huts, probably the Magdala of Gospel history (St. Luke, viii, 2, &c.) Past Mejdél, we found ourselves under the ruddy cliffs of Jebel Sabani, for here the edge of the plateau overhangs the lake. Jebel Sabani is the southern postern of the Wadi Hamam, from the rock caves of which—we see caves in the rock above us—Herod the Great in his youth, while Governor of Galilee, ousted the rebel robber-bands with grappling hooks and fire. Three miles brought us back to Tiberias, the coast all along shelving steeply to the water's edge.

How different is the Lake of Galilee from what it was in the days of our Lord! The Plain of Gennesaret was then well irrigated; now it is almost entirely a wilderness of brushwood. Round the lake were "nine cities" (Professor George Adam Smith tells us), "each said to have not less than 15,000 inhabitants, and some probably with many more." We have to picture, if we

* Canon Tristram accepts Tell Hum as the actual site of Capernaum; he writes: "If you had examined the Synagogue of Tell Hum, I do not think you could doubt the identity with Capernaum."

Major Conder says the Synagogue (which we visited) is "clearly not older than A.D. 130:" is this date correct? if so, how does it affect the identity of Tell Hum with Capernaum? The reader will see that I *incline* to Major Conder's view, that Minieh is the site. The question will seem to most of us, at all events as we investigate it, a question of nice balance.

would see things as they once were, a lake traversed with many craft, and reflecting all round its shores the several cities, dark-hued in part, on account of the occurrence of basalt stones, but gleaming white (and sometimes red), where the limestone—as especially in public buildings or the houses of the wealthy—was employed, the shores themselves, as a rule greener than now, even where they sloped steeply down, and where they were flat, showing forth in orchards and gardens the varied beauty of a vegetation at once sub-tropical and upland.

One may here remind the reader that the size of the Lake of Galilee is $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, by 8 wide, at the widest part. The average height of the plateau on the west is about 1,000 feet above the lake, of that on the east 1,200; the level of the lake itself is 680 feet below that of the Mediterranean. These numbers are given by Major Conder in Sir Wm. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." The waters of the lake are sweet: our boatmen drank of them as we crossed over to the Jordan's mouth. The greatest depths, according to Mons. T. A. Barrois, do not exceed 130 to 147 feet.

A great deal of labour has been given to the identifying of the Gospel sites. Those not contested are the Plain of Gennesaret and Gadara. Chorazin (at Kherazeh), the Fountain of Capernaum ('Ain Tabighah), and Magadan or Magdala (Mejdel) appear to be certainties also. One can hardly but identify the shelving coast near Khersa with the Steep down which the Swine ran (St. Luke, viii, 33). On the other hand, Capernaum itself and Bethsaida are not exactly located: the site of Dalmanutha is a mere matter of guess. Gerasa we know: but it can hardly be the Gerasa the Revised Version has given us in St. Mark, v, 1. The term Decapolis, by the way, is political rather than geographical, and refers to a confederation of towns not necessarily of constant number. Upon the cities of the lake generally the doom of forgottenness has fallen: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! . . . And thou, Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted unto heaven? thou shalt go down into Hades" (St. Matt. xi, 21-23, *R.V.*). The traveller notes the lava ruins near the strand: there are great stones heaped even beneath the waters: the name of the city they once were is as a rule lost.

On May the 2nd my brother and I left the lake to journey farther north. The rest of the party stayed a day or two longer. We left Tiberias early in the morning. Our way lay by the Plain of Gennesaret. It was a morning of fitful sunshine. Upon the even top of the opposite coast lay masses of shifting cloud. We noted Wadis Fik and Semakh: Wadi Fik was in gloom, though a pearly strip of light rested in front of it on the darkened sea: down the moist green expanse of Wadi Semakh the soft sunshine poured. At Wadi Semakh is the only place where the east coast has no marginal plain: so the cliff-banks there are no doubt the steep, mentioned above, where the swine perished (St. Luke, 8, 33): hard by are the ruins of Khersa, which can hardly be other than the Gergesa of our Authorised Version (St. Matt. viii, 28.) We passed under Jebel Sabani, then by Mejdel, then tracked the pink strand and wound among the oleander bushes of the margin of Gennesaret: then, having ridden the length of the plain, we made our way up the slope from Khan Minieh. As we went up the long grassy ascent, we noted the black heaps of Tell Hum on the shore to our right, below us, and viewed from Khan Jubb Yusuf ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the plain) the black heaps of Kerazeh (Chorazin)

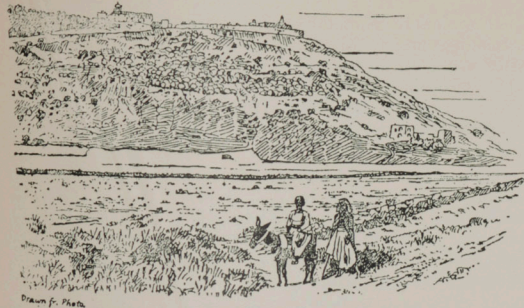
crowning a lone valley-side, some two miles away. We saw from the knoll by the Khan not merely Kerazeh with the upper valley of the Jordan, but, looking southwards, we viewed the lake, over the brow of the withered slope we had been ascending—the flat-topped east shore, the irregular slopes above Tiberias, the low land at the far end, through which the Jordan made its way south into a cloudy valley : such was our last view of the lake—an elliptic shield of pale blue with yellow, more or less steep, shores of grass, and, behind the golden edge of the southern valley-floor, the dark mists over the nether Jordan : we had hardly left the Khan before the lake was hidden from view, as we wound among the hollows of the grassy mountain land. After some five miles more of toiling up this wilderness, it was pleasant to enter the high-pitched Wadi of Safed : though the valley's inclosing hill-tops were dark grey under cold mists, the green of its orchards of pomegranate and other trees was a welcome change. Soon from the head of the pass the white houses of Safed gleamed through the sombre weather ; anon we were riding through a large town built on the converging slopes of the crowning hills.

Note by my Father (Rev. Dr. Teape, Edinburgh) on his journey from NAZARETH to the head of MOUNT CARMEL.

I have been asked to describe our journey from Nazareth to Haifa on the coast (22 miles). We first drove through hills, and in due time came to the plain of Esdraelon and the Kishon. We found the banks of the river 15 feet high, and 20 feet apart : but the water was low, and our carriage was easily driven through. But the Kishon does not deal so gently with all travellers : a lady told us that, when she and her friends crossed the stream some months after, her carriage was overturned, the horses had to swim, and the Arab with the luggage-horse was carried down the flood and drowned. We know how the Kishon, swollen with autumn rains, overwhelmed the host of Sisera (Judges, v, 21).

Having ascended the river-bank we drove along the foot of the main ridge of Carmel, which is about 15 miles long, and has a general elevation of 1700 feet. The scenery was most beautiful, abounding in trees, chiefly evergreen oaks. Isaiah (xxxv. 2) speaks of the "excellency" of Carmel. We lunched in a park that any English mansion might be proud of. Here and there were small hamlets, and we noted the Arabs' black tents, now in this neighbourhood as they were in the days of the Judges (iv. 17).

The tops of the Ridge came into sight, north-west trending to the sea. With what interest we kept looking at the peak El Mahrakah ("The place of burning") where Elijah's notable sacrifice (1. Kings, xviii, 19-40) is said to have taken place ! The site wonderfully fulfils the conditions of the narrative. The peak is perfectly open towards the plain: it is so commanding that the inhabitants of Jezreel, where Ahab's palace and Jezebel's idolatrous temple were, might have seen the fire from the true God coming down from heaven ; yet there is no view from it westward, for a hill rises at that point, up which the servant had seven times to go before he could see the ocean and the "little cloud like a man's hand," the torrent of which was to fill the Kishon's bed and the surrounding plain (2. Kings, xviii. 43. 44).



THE CONVENT ON MOUNT CARMEL.

service. There is a medical mission at Haifa : and good work is being done through the Church Missionary Society, by a native pastor with whom we had pleasant and profitable conversation.

On Monday we took a Russian steamer to Beyrout, past Tyre and Sidon : thence we drove to Damascus, where our sons joined us. Their journey overland, by Mount Hermon, is described in the next chapter.

Carmel has received general reverence. Pythagoras the great Greek philosopher of the 6th. century B.C. is said to have spent upon it a period of meditation. The Roman Emperor Vespasian, according to Tacitus, consulted here the "Oracle of the God of Carmel." We ascended the part of the ridge above Haifa, and saw abundant evidence of Christian veneration. We visited the Convent, and stood in the "Grotto of Elijah" under the High Altar : we also entered the "Cave of the Sons of the Prophets," filled with Greek names and inscriptions. These Greek letterings in the caves of Carmel bear witness to the residence of hermits here in the early centuries of our Era : the Latin Order of Carmelites dates from the 12th. century.

From Carmel we saw a narrow strip of Sharon, with the ruins of Athlit and Dor standing out of the sea. On the North, on the other side of the beautiful bay was Acca (Acre), 10 miles off.

We went to church at Haifa on Sunday : we enjoyed the

7.—A Journey round the West of Hermon and the Ascent of the Mountain.



AY the 3rd my brother and I spent in journeying from Safed to Kedesh Naphtali. We descended first the steep of Safed, then the shelving plateau beneath them : then, after making our way for a while by the side of the lake Huleh (marked as the "Waters of Merom" on the maps, probably wrongly), we mounted the hill country again, and about sunset greeted the green expanse of cornland on the margin of which, on the farther of two adjacent grassy hills, stands the village of Kedesh. Kedesh was the home of Barak, and a fortified city of Naphtali. It is on the list of the Cities of Refuge (1 Chron. vi, 76). We had time before sunset to examine the ruined Roman temple which stands on a thistle-covered promontory of the village-hill.

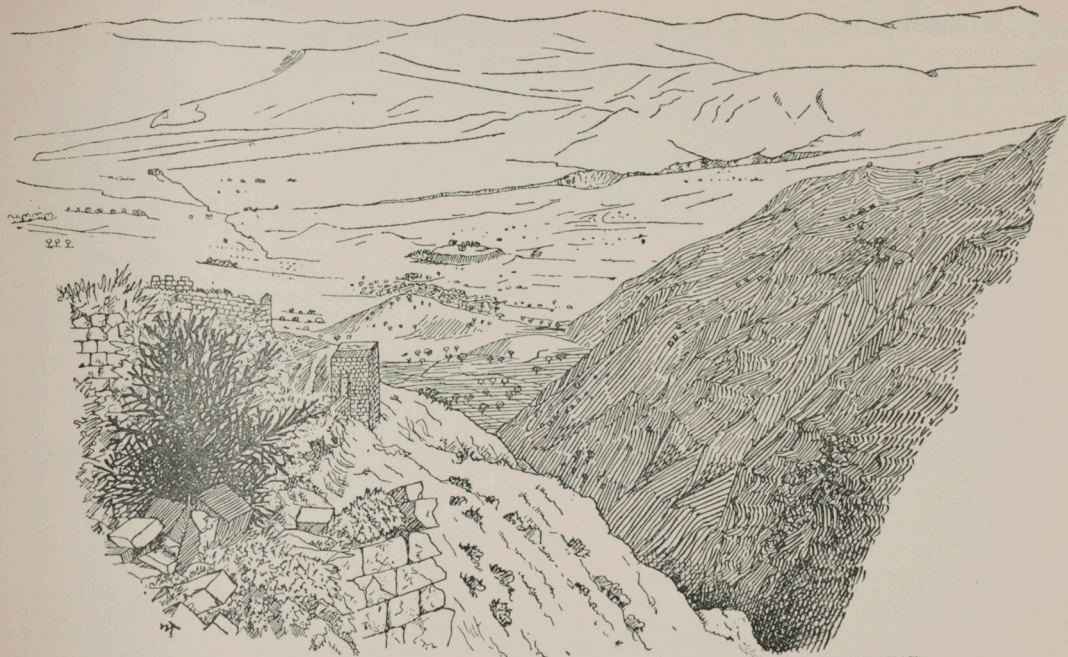
The next morning we started for Banias, at the foot of Mount Hermon. In front of us, as we left the hill of Kedesh, was the cornland of the upland plain, with strips of ripened produce, and a rim of brown bush-and-tree dotted hills. Behind this table-land, and 1,500 feet beneath, was the great gulf of the Jordan. The hollow was filled with white mist, partly purple-tinted. Struggling to free itself of mist, there rose beyond the gulf the purple mass of Hermon (see the sketch I took; reproduced on the cover), some 15 miles away, in shoulders of successive height, streaked here and there with lines of snow. We were looking upon the "dew of Hermon," the refreshing symbol of the benefits of unity (Psalm cxxxiii).

From the brow of the plateau we had a fine view of the Lake Huleh. The mists had cleared away. The shallow lagoon lay beneath us, light blue, four miles long by $3\frac{1}{2}$ broad, the russet-green marshes of papyri at its northern end, and on its west side the ripening fields of the colonists. We did not go down directly into this Jordan Valley, but made a gradual descent, so that it was not till noon that we reached the foot of the hills, and found ourselves by the fields of Khalisah, where ploughing with oxen and buffalo was busily going on. Khalisah is seven miles from Kedesh.

The hill sides we passed over were sometimes very steep. There are fine basalt cliffs close to Khalisah. Geologists tell us that this region, in which the Lakes Tiberias and Huleh are situated, was a scene of wild volcanic eruption in the Pliocene period. The first basalt we noted in this region was at Nebi Duh: the last was in the Wadi-et-Teim just before we came to Rasheiya to commence the ascent of Hermon. Kurn Hattin and the Hills of Safed are no doubt cores of lava vents: the cones of the Jaulan, rising from a flat table-land, are unmistakeably ancient craters.

Khalisah has a grove of tall trees close by it. Some of the village lads entertained us with reed pipes and dance as we reclined at luncheon: they were merry enough: the conclusion of the entertainment was crying for "baksheesh," after the "Eastern Mode!"

Our route now lay across the plain to Banias. Banias is $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Khalisah. The road ran where the flat floor of the Jordan Valley begins to rise into low longitudinal hills. The waters of the Jordan, while there are two or three main channels, find their way almost anyhow among these hills: we often stepped our horses through shallow streams: the road was frequently



VIEW FROM THE CRUSADERS' CASTLE ON A SPUR OF HERMON ABOVE CESAREA PHILIPPI (BANIAS)
Caesarea Philippi is hidden from view, but the mound of Dan (Tell-el-Kadi) is seen in the centre of the picture, with the long cleft of the Hasbany behind it,
and above it the heights of Naphtali.

itself a watercourse. We crossed the Hasbany by a bridge, however: this main channel of the Jordan here holds a continuous cataract: the pink oleander graces the margin: above its low banks rise higher banks of green grass.

Two-thirds of the way across the plain to Baniyas brought us to Dan, now called Tell-el-Kadi. Here at the farthest confine of the Israelitish possession (1 Sam. iii, 20) the quiet folk from Sidon were put to the sword by the rough men of Dan (Judges xviii 27). Here, or near here, Jeroboam set up one of his Golden Calves (1 Kings xii, 29-30). It was delightful, after traversing wide flats open to the scorching sun, to enter this cool retreat shut in from all outward view by dark green foliage, and filled with a deep, large, and brimming pool. There is a marvellous volume of water; Robinson, so says Haskett Smith, declared the spring of Tell-el-Kadi to be one of the largest natural fountains of the world; the "birth of a moment," it is the largest source of the Jordan. On the top of the green hill beside the great spring and its encircling grove there are another spring and a flowing river under the shade of tall trees.

We were now little more than three miles from the foot of Hermon. The great shoulder of the mountain rose up grandly. The low hills among which Baniyas lies were immediately before us, and behind them rose a grey, rocky pointed hill crowned with the ruins of a Crusaders' castle (es-Subeibeh). A winding path among oak trees brought us to Baniyas. The town itself has little to commend it. Its situation, however, is fine. Tall trees surround it, the rocky Castle Hill overlooks it, while, to the north, Hermon reaches far into the sky; just behind the dull brown houses is the orange-coloured cliff whence one of the Jordan's sources issues, and on which niches and Greek inscriptions evidence the ancient worship here of Pan, the God of Nature. This is the Cæsarea Philippi of New Testament times; it is probable that it was on one of the neighbouring mountain-spurs the Lord was transfigured before His disciples (St. Matt. xvi. 31; xvii. 1-13).

We determined to ascend Hermon from Rasheiya on the north-west side; so, after a day at Baniyas, we began our journey round the mountain. Rasheiya is 28 miles from Baniyas, and more than 3,000 feet nearer the mountain top. We spent the night at Dr. Shakere Dahaghy's house at Hasbeiya, which was a little more than half way. Our journey was more or less a continuous ascent.

When some four miles from Baniyas, we saw on our right among thick foliage the gleam of the waterfalls of Neba Leddan, yet another source of the Jordan.

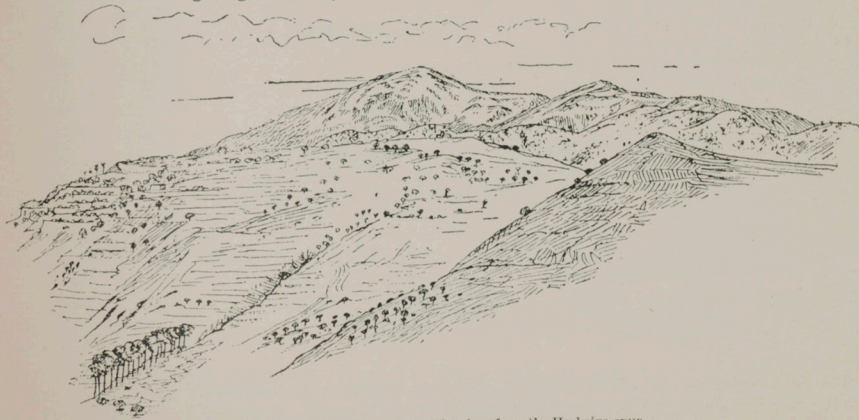
From Rasheiyet-el-Fukhar, a village more than half way from Baniyas to Hasbeiya, we had a fine view south. We looked back over the now low-lying, hilly floor of the upper reaches of the Jordan Valley, and saw in the distance, beyond the banks and hollows, the flat plain of the Huleh, bordered on the west by the grey heights of Naphtali, and showing the white gleam of the Huleh Lake at its far end. The name Rasheiyet-el-Fukhar means the Rasheiyah of the Potters. It was refreshing to see the brisk business being carried on; the men preparing the clay, and the long strings of donkeys with potters' earth in their panniers. The

houses, as we had already noticed in a village we passed earlier in the day, were of substantial stone and not mud plastered. We were now among the sturdy mountaineers of the Lebanon.

From Rasheiyet-el-Fukhar we descended to the deep gorge that divides this spur from the next (on the farther side of which Hasbeiya nestles.) This gorge of Hibberiyeh was one of the grandest I have seen. It was of great depth and width; the houses of Hibberiyeh twinkled feebly beneath us at its far corner: the great Hermon shut it in, a sombre, threatening mass with calm far-uplifted fields of snow. At the bottom of the valley, just below the massive wall of the mountain, there is a peculiar assemblage of limestone rocks, some prostrate, some upright like natural Asheroth or "Druids' stones," one of them flattened artificially with two cavities; one of these cavities had an outlet. Near this island-like group of rocks there were close by, in the side of the valley, two curious, inward-shelving, shelf-like recesses high up in the cliff with great natural, wide-mouthed pits beneath them, 100 feet deep, one would say. Here at any rate were peculiar natural phenomena. The ice and lava floes no doubt are largely accountable: and one would like the geological history of these formations narrated. What interested me most, however, was the surmise (not

an unknown conjecture) that of the great ancient sanctuary of Baal-Gad (Joshua xi, 17) was here. If the reader has seen this place or a more likely in the Lebanon, I should much like to hear his opinion regarding this identification.

From the top of the Hasbeiya spur we had a most interesting view of Hermon. One saw that the spur itself and the other outermost spurs of the mountain, which are of a rich red soil, of which terraces for vine-culture are made, and on which the



THE TOP OF HERMON: A Sketch taken from the Hasbeiya spur.

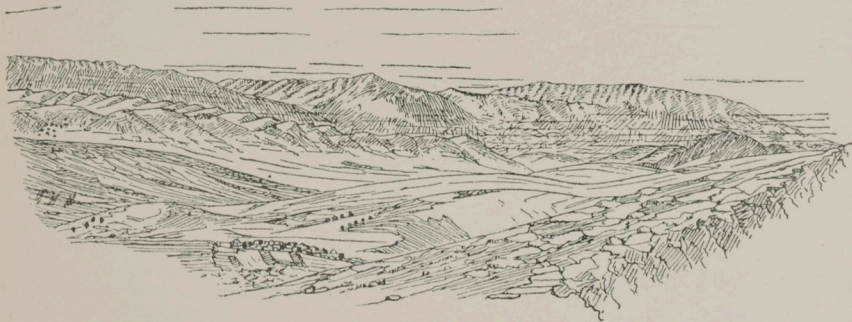
villages are built, form a continuous girdle round the mountain (this west side of it, at all events) ; within this, one noted another belt of hills, higher than the vine-terraces, covered with sparse grass and dotted with stunted trees ; within this second frontier of the mountain was the central mass itself, the mountain proper, the long barren ridge, the sides of which were draped with snow.

To get from Hasbeiya to Rasheiya our dragoman took us away from the vine-terraced zone of Hermon into the valley of the Jordan again, which we had left to visit Rasheiyet-el-Fukhar, Hibberiyeh, and Hasbeiya. The valley here bears the name of Wadi-et-Teim. A short ride to the foot of the deep cleft in which Hasbeiya stands brought us to the Jordan, here named as it was in the hills above Huleh, the Hasbany. We crossed the stream by a bridge, and, walking up a short way, came to some springs which have well earned the name of the Springs proper of the Jordan, for the Hasbany, the longest feeder of the Huleh Lake, is above them but a trickling rivulet, and in summer, I understand, but a chain of pools, if not quite dry. We noticed some water-tortoises, lively little fellows, disporting themselves in the water of one of the springs. The valley of the Jordan is here very narrow : on the one side is the terraced zone of Hermon, on the other a white (chalk—or sandstone ?) range separates this valley from the adjacent valley of the Litany.

Jebel Baruk

Jebel Kenisch

Jebel Sunnin



THE HEAD OF THE WADI-ET-TEIM ; FROM RASHEIYA, ON MOUNT HERMON ; a sketch at sunset.
Note the village immediately below Rasheiya, also the village among the sloping tops of the "chalky frontier." Behind the thin mist of the valley of the Litany the Mountains of Lebanon rise.

We had a fine view from Rasheiya. To the west one looked over the Wadi-et-Teim with the peculiar chalky frontier above mentioned; the valley is wide here and is diversified by rolling hills, chequered fields, and villages. Beyond lay the long, slightly-serrated backs of the Lebanon range: the more longitudinal and nearest ridge (Baruk) was completely in purple shadow: the westward-inclined Keniseh and Sunnin were yellow and pink in the dying light; the last ridge (Sunnin), the highest of the three, was the most streaked with snow. At Rasheiya both the vine and stunted-tree zones of Hermon are broken with a wide gap, so that one sees a great part of the inner mountain proper. In the moonlight it was an impressive sight to look upon: the snow, lit-up, appeared to hang like broad, straggling ribbons from the sky independently of the huge misty slopes on which it lay; on each side were the great broken ends of the zones: immediately before one, with moonlit roofs and shadowed sides, were the houses of Rasheiya.

On the 9th of May we ascended the mountain. Two sturdy fellows, the one a white-turbaned Druse, the other a Christian, were our guides. Habib, our dragoman, managed to pull himself up too: Hashim, one of our two lads, accompanied to attend to the horses. The top of Hermon is 5,066 feet above Rasheiya. We took five hours to go, spending about half the time on horse-back. We went through the wide gap between the zones: the road wound first among low hills and corn-fields: then we came to less fertile land where oaks were numerous, and, diversified with wild roses, shaded the path: here, to the very foot of the mountain, the vines straggled along the ground, and there were fields of a sort of bean. Then began the climb. The incline is steady and continuous: what cliffs there are are easily avoided: so that one has never to clamber. This great central ridge of Hermon (nummulitic limestone) has had its main corners knocked off by the adverse weather (a glacial period included) it has had to endure. The snow lay in long stretches: we walked up along side these, occasionally crossing them.

Soon after we began the climb, the grass began to disappear and bushes, grey-green and prickly, took its place: these bushes of astragalus never quite deserted us, though they became brown and more insignificant as we went up. The flowers in their sober hues of yellow, light-purple, and blue, began to diminish in number after we passed the first layer of snow: presently only bushes and shingle were around us: yet we found a little yellow flower bravely holding-out in a niche on the very topmost point: and wheatears and horned larks cheered us in the almost complete absence of even "brown-prickly" above the highest snow-drift.

The temperature fell, as it will be at once imagined, when we were amongst the snow; the wind on the top was biting cold, so that we were compelled to crouch for shelter in the curious hole, some four feet deep by ten across, say, cut down in the topmost rock.

Round this topmost crag are the ruins of a circling wall, and apparently of a temple. We noted a pillar's base. There is a hollow cut out at the foot of the crag. These are no doubt Roman. The second century (as we shall see when we visit Baalbek) was remarkable for the fostering care the Romans displayed toward sun worship in Syria: numerous temples were built on Her-

mon then. The remarkable views of the rising sun from the top marked it as a sun-worshippers' holy ground. These no doubt, then, are the remains of the circling wall of an altar of a sun temple and of a cavern of Mithraic "mystery."

We had no view: all around there was haze, a mere continuous blur of ruddy purples towards the north, the eastern slopes of Anti-Lebanon, shining through, and in front of, the brown haze of the deserts: to the south, the dull, grey flats of the Jaulan and Bashan. Major Conder tells us (in the "Dictionary of the Bible") that "the view from the summit is very remarkable, extending over the gardens of Damascus to the deserts near the Euphrates on the east, and on the north-west across the Lebanon to the sea. On the south, Palestine, as far as Mount Tabor, is spread out like a map; the lakes of Merom and Galilee, the ridges of Upper Galilee, and the coast near Tyre, Accho, and the Carmel Bay, being well seen. The appearance of the Jaulan craters, as seen from this point, some 7,000 feet above them, is very remarkable, and the plains of Bashan are visible throughout with the northern part of Gilead." The height of Hermon is 9,200 feet above the sea.

On our descent it was pleasant to note, when we had nearly accomplished the long gradient of shingle and bush, the green flush of grassy growth a little way up the base of the lowest ravine. It was hardly unwelcome, after shivering at the top, to feel in the winding valleys near Rasheiya the familiar burning of the sun again.

The next day we made our way to the Damascus Road, a journey of some 13 miles, joining it near Khan Meithelun, which is 17½ miles from Damascus. Our way to the road lay through a succession of valleys, some with green floors of wheat, others with desert bush and coarse grass, one somewhat sandy. Just before we reached the road we had a fine distant view of the abrupt, ruddy tops of the Anti-Lebanon, the village of Bludan glinting on one of the slopes.

We felt we had come to civilization as we walked our horses along the chalky, metalled way laid by French engineers.

The night was spent at Dimas, the village above the next station on the road after Khan Meithelun, and five miles nearer Damascus. The next morning we set out for the city.

8.—Damascus, the Temples at Haalbek, and Beyrout.

DIMAS is $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Damascus. The city road, always more or less dazzling white and dusty, first crosses a desert plain (Sahret Dimas), five miles or so long, monotonous in spite of its yellow and purple sheetings of wild flowers, and surrounded with barren hills. At Hameh we entered this cordon of hills: the white precipices of sterile chalk looked down upon us. In our immediate vicinity, in strange contrast, usually on both sides of the road, were orchards and tall poplars, for here the road met the river Barada: stately houses appeared among the trees: the waters of the Barada ran in channels by the roadside: frequently we saw the river itself: the constant murmur of waters was in our ears, and was to be almost continuously during our stay in Damascus, that City of Running Streams. We lunched on a grassy plat by the river. Just before we burst through the hills the road wound right under a chalky precipice, and the heat was intense: but once through the "throat of white fire," the scenery in the "open" revived us, for the road, turning to the left, ran beside a wide stretch of embowering trees, and the minarets of Damascus, itself almost quite hidden, rose before us from the green expanse: on our right, still with us, as it had been in the last hot exit, flowed the Barada, broad and free.

In this approach to Damascus one thought of the experience of St. Paul on the burning noon when he heard the Lord (Acts ix. 1-6), though, no doubt, he travelled in a direction more directly from Jerusalem. The magical effects of the waters in the wilderness, the city itself being on a great oasis, reminded one of the praises Naaman ascribed to Abana and Pharpar. It might be here mentioned that a branch of the Barada is called Abanias, and where the original text of 2. Kings v. 12, has "Pharpar" the Arabic version has "Taura," the name of another branch of this same Barada.

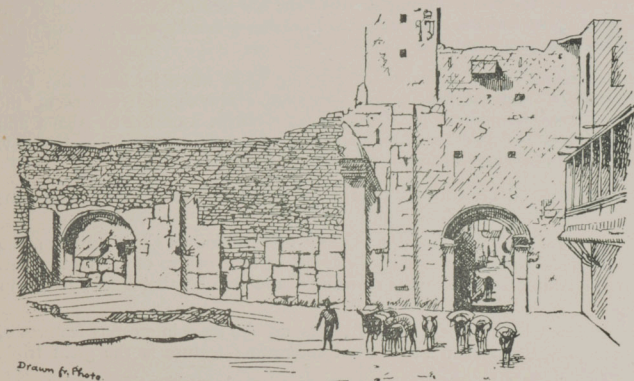
Damascus contains about 180,000 inhabitants. Twenty-thousand are Christian, 8,000 Jews, and the rest are Mohammedans (Haskett Smith).

We were the guests of the Rev. J. and Mrs. Segall, in the House of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. It was pleasant to receive such genial hospitality, and to sojourn in so cool a retreat. In the course of our visit we saw the Boys' School and the Mothers' Meeting, and attended the Arabic service of the morning of the Sunday that befel during our stay.

The Great Mosque (which has, alas, suffered so much lately by fire*) and the Bazaars are the most interesting features of Damascus. The lower courses of the walls of the city are evidently ancient: their most interesting feature is the great triple

* Oct. 14th, 1893. The Fire broke out in the roof: the greater part of the building, including the covered colonnade on either side, was destroyed: Othman's Koran (mentioned in the attack on Damascus by the Crusaders) was lost. I describe the Mosque as we saw it, shortly before this its terrible dismantlement. Immediate and vigorous steps were taken to repair the building: but, as Sir William Muir says (from whose interesting account of the Conflagration in the "Scotsman," Jan. 15th, 1894 [and the Times] these statements are taken)—"its glory, one may fear, has passed away."

gateway of the "Street called Straight" (still so named): here we have the remains of a Roman portal; the centre arch is 38 feet high, and 20 feet 6 inches wide, the arch on either side half these dimensions. There is no doubt this is the street where St. Paul lodged. It was, and is still, the chief street, running "straight" (with a few curves, however!) from almost end to end of the city. A fine street one feels it to be still, as one walks through its bazaars, where, under a long curved roof, the crowd in soft slippers moves along in the cool on the beaten earth, and shopkeepers display their wares: the shops of Mount Hermon ice nicely flavoured with fruits (cushioned divans there, too, on which to rest the while) presenting luscious allurements to the passer-by. A noble street it must have been, when the ambassador from the Jewish high priest was there received (Acts ix, 1, 11): its magnificent gateway afore-mentioned, only the north side gateway of which is now used, shows its proportions then: Haskett Smith tells us it was divided by Corinthian colonnades into avenues, traces of the colonnades being still discoverable by those who have the patience to look for them.



GATE OF STREET CALLED STRAIGHT.

The great Mosque was originally a Christian church; and before the church was founded, by the Emperor Arcadius (395-408), a heathen temple, which no doubt contributed material to the Christian foundation, stood on the spot. The site then has had a strange and fitful religious history. We can hardly doubt (because of the fixity of such successions) that here was the house of Rimmon where Naaman worshipped in body with his Master, while his heart because of his cure from leprosy was with the God of Israel (2 Kings v, 17, 18): that here Ahaz saw the altar (was it the importation of the Assyrian Conqueror or native Damascene?) which so took his fancy that he sent a pattern of it to Jerusalem (2 Kings xvi, 10-16). The Mohammedan has dealt harshly with the magnificence of the church. The bazaars have pressed in upon it to its very walls; they invade the colonnade of its approach. To see the pediment of the pillared way one had to look up through a bazaar roof, and catch a glimpse as best one might of the

stone flower work and the Corinthian capitals : to read a Greek text on the outside wall we had to go through a silversmiths' workshop, and, crossing a small alley, read the lettering from a low house-top. Within, one cannot resist the impression that the strips of white-wash, so incongruously crossing the top of the old mosaic work of trees and houses, cover Christian texts which would be awkward reminders of Christian precedence to the present occupiers. The text* above-mentioned is of interest ; it is Psalm xlv., 13 ("Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations"), with the words "O Christ" inserted after the words "Thy kingdom"; the inscription might well be a protest of orthodoxy (remember the Arian controversies of the century of the Church's foundation), and reminds one of the article "Whose kingdom shall have no end" in the Nicene Creed. On the door of the mosque are evident representations in bronze of a cup and circular loaves, which, it seems to me, can be no other than the cup and the bread of the Eucharist. The mosque is of great dimensions, 430 feet long by 125 feet broad. After walking through its long, carpeted, covered colonnade with its prayer rugs, prayer niches, and pulpit, we ascended one of the minarets ; beneath us was the long court of the mosque with three dome-topped structures in it, one never yet opened ; the city was round about us, the purple roof (the covered portion) of the "Street called Straight," and the citadel, a thirteenth century Mohammedan building of Roman foundation, being the most notable objects among the massed houses ; outside the city was its setting of rich green, and behind that the yellow desert with its fiery hills ; in strange contrast to this last the snowy slopes of Hermon, a refreshing prospect of coolness, rose clear-cut against the lower levels of the sky.

The evening before we left Damascus we took towards sunset a view of the city from the foot of Jabel Kasiun. It was on Jabel Kasiun Mohammed stood, and, looking on the city and its gardens, exclaimed he would not enter because man might only once enter Paradise. A photograph of this view is here reproduced. Before us travellers, then, standing on the slopes of Jabel



The Great Mosque. The Citadel.
DISTANT VIEW OF DAMASCUS. (photo.)

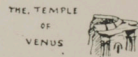
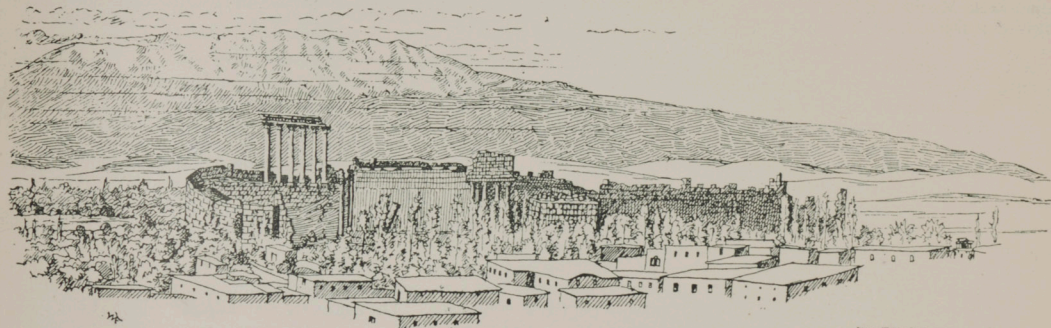
* One is glad to know that this famous inscription—"a monument of the past" and "a prophecy of the future"—has survived the late Conflagration, as it has survived other trials of the ages.

Kasuin, Damascus lay, white and yellow, amid its greenery. The varied tints of the rich, thick foliage were broken frequently with the white stems of branch-clipped poplars. In the city was the Great Mosque, a light brown line topping the houses, crowned with a darkish dome, marked out at the corners by its tall minarets; the Citadel was nearer us: the long roof of the Straight Street ran through part of the city. Behind, in the distance, was the tawny desert. In the distance, on the left, the blueness of the lakes in which the Damascus rivers lose themselves gleamed at the foot of the purple hills.

It is 70 miles from Damascus to Beyrout, whence we intended to take steamship to join the boat for England at Port Said. We wished to visit Baalbek on our way to Beyrout; so we made Shtaura, from which a branch road runs to Baalbek, our halting-place for the night. Shtaura is more than half way to Beyrout. The road, after traversing the Sahret Dimas mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, afforded us, after we had passed in sight of Dimas, fine views of Anti-Lebanon rising in ruddy tiers as we had seen it before on our way from Hermon, with Bludan some little way up the mountain side. Then, about half way to Shtaura, we entered the narrow Wadi-el-Kurn, with steep cliffs of inclined strata, sometimes with fantastic, tower-shaped tops. A short drive across the green plain Sahel Judeideh brought us at last to the edge of the mountain country and to the beginning of the long and steep descent into the Beka'a, the green trough fitly retaining the formerly more extensive name of Coele-Syria (Hollow Syria). We inspected a broken down Roman Temple, and the ruins of Chalcis ('Anjar) at the margin of the plain, and then drove the seven miles or so that still lay between us and Shtaura on the opposite side.

The next day we drove to Baalbek, 23 miles up the Beka'a, on its east side, and near the watershed which parts the waters of the Litany from those of the Orontes. When not half-way and still on the west side of the valley, we could see the colonnade of the Great Temple at the foot of the opposite mountain slope. There are two large temples at Baalbek; the Great Temple of the Sun, nearly 1,000 feet long, and the Temple of Jupiter, 150 feet long. There is, besides these, the small semi-circular Temple of Venus. A tradition of the seventh century tells us that the Emperor Antoninus Pius (133-161) built here a great temple to Jupiter. On a Baalbek coin of the Emperor Septimius Severus (192-211) we find an impression of a temple—on another a different impression: this, if the artist meant to be accurate, indicates the existence of two temples. So the present temples appear to belong to the second or third century. The style of ornamentation points to the same period. We can hardly, however, but feel that much of the masonry used is more ancient than that time. The Egyptians and the Phenicians had, one cannot but think, to do with the foundations. On the north and west of the innermost court of the Temple of the Sun are gigantic blocks black with age: their size is astonishing: six of them measure each 30 feet long, and 13 feet high: there are three colossal blocks, respectively 64 feet, 63½ feet, and 63 feet in length, and their transverse sections 14 feet square. The mystery is how they were placed where they are, for they rest upon masonry 20 feet high, and are half a mile from their quarry. The substructural passages beneath the great court of the same temple also remind one of the most ancient times. In the presence of such phenomena as these we feel ourselves in the age of the Pyramids. Yet—and here is a difficulty—the great columns in late Corinthian style, and the Temple

of Jupiter which the historical testimony, above quoted, such as it is, puts at a late date, also are marvels of structure ; for these columns rise from the innermost court of the Sun Temple, each shaft (in three pieces) 75 feet high, 7 feet 3 inches in diameter at the base, and 6 feet 6 inches in diameter at the top, with a crowning entablature of 14 feet ; and the pillars of the temple of Jupiter are but little less. One noted in the sculptures of roofs and niches familiar figures of Roman mythology: Ceres with an ear



THE BAALBEK TEMPLES AT SUNSET :

Jebel Munitira rises behind the layers of mist : the rounded heights of the valley-floor on the right mark the watershed of the Litany and Orontes.

of corn, Diana with the crescent moon, Medusa with her serpent hair, the Bird of Jove with the stars and (to refer to a photograph of a lintel now walled under for support) the thunderbolts writhing about his feet. From the near hill-slope the view across the Beka'a was impressive: the ruins, great in their demolishment, caught the passing light of the sun on the edge of western walls and columns still standing: behind the Temple the floor of the valley rose in brown heights with green stretches of wheat beyond: behind these Munitira, a long ridge of Lebanon, walled in the plain, its purple slopes thin-veiled in mist, its top seamed down with long and multitudinous lines of snow.

On May 20th we returned to Shtaura, and thence continued our journey to Beyrout. Not without regret did we look back upon the green floor of the Beka'a, now gradually lessening in view as we wound up the steep shoulders of Lebanon, between the Keniseh and Baruk ridges. From the other side of the trough the ruddy range of Anti-Lebanon looked across, and behind Anti-Lebanon the snowy, broad-based Hermon. As we neared the head of the pass, the temperature sensibly fell, and when we found ourselves (at a point not more than a fifth of the way to Beyrout) descending the long slope of Lebanon to the sea it was through an almost impenetrable mist we drove. We had glimpses, however, grand in their mistiness, of the Wadi Hamman: far beneath, no doubt bathed in sunshine, were white houses dotting the valley-floor. It gave strange fascination to watch the gradual revelation of the landscape as at last, while oak trees were on each side of the way, we left the shrouding mist of the mountain top. As the mist thinned, the white sea shone far below us mysteriously. It was only after a while that the further unveiling of the indented coast line showed us that the white light was indeed that of the upward sloping ocean. Looking behind and above, we saw now the clearly defined margin of the purple mist from which we had emerged. Soon we were driving down the pine-clad hills with their rich, reddish-brown soil. Then greens and browns and greys broke up, in the plain beneath, what had been a dim monotony: and white houses gleaming at sundry points further diversified the landscape. The mulberry plantations gladdened our eyes. Beyrout by this time was near; and after we had witnessed, as we were driving along, a sunset of grey and gold, we found ourselves in its darkened streets.

Beyrout contains 110,000 inhabitants (Haskett Smith). The soil is rich. The climate is sometimes hot; so that Europeans prefer in summer the heights of Lebanon. One may see palm-trees, acacias, and plantains in the open gardens. We noted the cornfields ripe to whiteness, though we had left, as I have noted above, the Beka'a fields still green. Beyrout is a "happy home" for the pressmen: there are 13 printing presses, and 12 Arabic newspapers (Baedeker). The American press was, I believe, the first; it has been long, and still is, the chief centre of light in the Levant. The American College is an institution of immense value to the Syrians, and is well attended by them. The British Syrian Schools, which we visited at Damascus, Zahleh, and Baalbek, as well as at Beyrout, where the native Teachers' Training College is, are doing incalculable good in promoting Christian education—refinement as well as knowledge—among the girls and women of the Lebanon. Their schools are in other parts of



GIDEON AWAD.

Mount Lebanon, at Hasbeiya, and at Tyre; their total number is 30. On the Sunday we spent at Beyrout we visited the Women's Bible classes, one containing 76, another 127 members, another (a class of negroes, most of them once slaves) 17. There is a class in the town for Bedouin children too; one cannot forget the warm greeting and the too-generous gifts of Gideon Awad, the young Bedoui, a missionary among his own people, when he met my mother, one of his chief patrons.

I cannot conclude these jottings better, I think, than by inviting the indulgent reader to a drive of 8½ miles from Beyrout through the mulberry gardens and the cornfields to the mouth of the Dog River, for on the cliff shelving up in successive galleries from the stream one has a vignette of world-history, a representation as it were, of that historic glamour which is the constant charm of a visit to the lands of the Litany and the Jordan. Round this headland of grey rock three roads run. The topmost—utterly broken by the detrition of ages—is the road Assyrians and Egyptians took when they marched to push their lines of empire, inflicting passing blows on Philistines, and now and then on Israelites. Inscriptions and sculptures on the cliff-face evidence the presence of these marching bands: the hieroglyphics of Egypt and the arrow-head writing of Assyria are evident enough: one can make out the figure of the Egyptian King before the Sun-God, and that of the curly-bearded Assyrian. Lepsius tells us the Egyptian tablets bear the cartouches of the great Ramses II (1333 B.C. so Brugsch): he it was who conquered the Hittites in battle at Kadesh on the Orontes, afterwards making treaty with them: one of his lists of conquered cities is an invaluable acquisition to our knowledge of ancient Palestinian geography: the temple at Aboo Simbel and other numerous monuments in Egypt and Nubia are his: he was the founder of the city Ramses, and not without likelihood has been identified as the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The name of Sennacherib has been read in the Assyrian writing: his campaign



Sketch of the head of the Assyrian King on No. 11 of the Dog River Inscriptions.

against Phœnicia, Philistia, and Judah took place in the year 701 B.C. There are 11 inscriptions in all: 3 Egyptian, 6 Assyrian, 1 Latin, 1 Greek. Below the Assyrian Road is another old highway: an inscription of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus (161-180) by the riverside testifies this to be Roman. Below this Roman Road is yet a third, the modern French Road, close to the sea, its foundations built out in part upon the rocks immediately above the water's edge—a symbol of man's greater conquests over Nature in these more peaceful times. So this rocky cape is a sort of a monogram of history, bearing, as it does, the impress of the old world-masters and their cleverer children of to-day. The whole was lit up when we saw it with the brightest sunlight which—as surely it did in those ancient days, (for there cannot be much change in the scene)—broke into the most exquisite greens and blues in the shallows of the river's sandy bed, and on the breadth of the open sea.

On the second day after the visit to the Dog River, Gideon Awad, with smiling face, yet solemn withal, was waving us his last adieu from the lowest step of the stairs of the Beyrout Quay. The next evening (May 24), after landing for some hours, we saw Jaffa's white town and the long purple hills of Christ's Holy Land quickly fade, even before the sunset, into misty grey. Soon the sight was entirely past: but the memory of these things can never fade, in spite of fleeting years.



BEYROUT.

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