

WINGS OF THE MORNING

OR

HERE AND THERE IN MANY LANDS



SETH COOK REES

The Wings of the Morning

A Record of Recent Travel

BY

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PASTOR-EVANGELIST

Author of "Fire From Heaven," "The Holy War,"

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To The Memory Of
SETH COOK REES, JUNIOR

Whose

Alertness Of Mind,
Nobility Of Purpose,
And Music Of Soul

Made His Life Of Seventeen Summers

A Benediction;

Whose

Companionship Brightened The Way In Our

Distant Journeyings

And Whose

Spirit, Since These Pages Were Prepared, Has Gone

"To Fairer Worlds On High,"

This Volume Is Tenderly Dedicated

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PREFACE

The providence that permitted and overshadowed the travels described in the following pages was an expanding one. It began with the crystallization of a plan for the authors to visit England for a period of evangelistic ministry, grew happily to the inclusion of the Holy Land and developed into an irresistible call to touch the Far East. The result was a world-tour.

All of the matter in Part I was written by the senior author originally in the form of weekly letters of travel for "periodical" publication. These letters were characterized by much of the informal ease and personal license of private correspondence. The variations of light and shadow, of which all life as well as all art is made up, were to be found in them. The little happenings of the way, whether saddening or gladdening, did not escape record. Many of these touches, some of them quite frankly personal, have been allowed to survive in the task of compiling and editing this manuscript, in the hope that their

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presence will serve as a relief from the stiffness of a conventional travelogue.

If at times the reader encounters rather sharp, rough transitions in paragraphing, let him bear in mind that each chapter represents, with certain essential modifications, a grouping of letters which were separately written and separately published.

Part II is confined entirely to the Holy Land. It may be likened to a series of "insets" which map-makers frequently offer when a particular locality appearing on a map requires special magnification of scale. The "inset" brings out details that were hidden in the larger view. Chapters VI and VII of Part I sketch the broad outlines of our visit to the Savior's land; Part II selects certain places of importance for more detailed treatment.

Paul S. Rees

Lancaster, Missouri

May 31, 1926

PART I

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD

The great **Navajo** train of the famous Santa Fe System rolled out of Pasadena Station at 9:30 A. M. on March 16th. She was drawn by one of the greatest iron horses of America. More than a hundred Pilgrims were there to say Goodbye to their pastor and his family. They sang Gospel hymns with such emotion and fervor as to greatly impress strangers and passengers. As we rolled away from the station we heard them singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." They are the most precious people we have ever served. We have been with them for eleven years, and we know them. They are pure gold.

Pasadena, a city of 70,000 people, is, in our judgment, the cleanest and most beautiful city of America. Every city of its size has its one or more show streets or avenues, but Pasadena has more than fifty show streets. The city has never had a saloon, and therefore

never a slum. The bankers, merchants and business men are not only capable and courteous, but also men of integrity. The Pilgrims are spiritual and whole-souled. Can we ever forget that scene at the station platform and that sweet singing that followed us all these miles?

Crossing The Continent

As we swept through the "sixty miles of orange groves" we were simply showered with sweet perfume. By the aid of an extra engine we rolled over the summit of the beautiful God-made mountain range "Sierra Madra," with the tops of their snow-capped peaks towering above the clouds, then down through the Majave Valley, never more beautiful with its variations of colour. The mountains so majestic, made heaven seem so near. The sky was so blue, and there was such beauty in everything in this valley! It all reminds us of the vastness of Salvation. How lavish, and even prodigal, God is both in nature and grace. When He makes a mountain He makes it so great that man can never weigh it. When He makes a sea He makes it so deep that man cannot fathom it.

When He made Salvation He made it without a floor or sides, and purposely left the top off.

The second day out we celebrated all day long. It was the celebration of our fifty-second year in the Kingdom of God. Fifty-two years ago we were graciously and powerfully converted to Jesus Christ. The stream of salvation is broader, deeper, sweeter and swifter today than ever before. It is all-transcendently gracious and wonderful, with all the joybells of heaven ringing—"Don't you hear the bells now ringing?"

Just now we are approaching the Raton Pass, almost 8,000 feet above the sea, and my soul is rising above the highest mountain of God's highest heaven. As we cross the plains of Colorado, we remember the gracious revivals and camp meetings we have held in Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Cripple Creek and Denver, and the dear saints in this great country.

We just escaped the cyclone that killed a thousand people and injured three thousand more. We saw the dark angry clouds, but were mercifully preserved from their wrath. Despite a heavy snow storm in the night we arrived in Chicago on the minute, where we

were met by friends and taken to the LaSalle Hotel for a sumptuous breakfast. It is like a brook by the way to meet the saints. Another hour and we were on our way to New York City. In four days and nights we were carried from the Pacific to the Atlantic. May I say just a word for the engines which snorted and screamed and laughed and shouted from sea to sea? They acted like living souls. They are marvels of power and speed. They delivered us in safety on scheduled time.

In New York City we were delighted and surprised: delighted to meet our dear Paul, and surprised and delighted to meet our old friends, Brother W. R. Cox and Brother Henry J. Olsen, who had come to see us off to the old world. What a delightful time we had!

Departure From New York

After running and rushing from place to place looking after baggage, rooms and accessories until we were almost ready to drop, we were finally located in rooms 818 and 820 on the great S. S. **Leviathan**, the greatest steamship in the world. We found three comfortable beds in each room, and we were

told that we would sail at 3 P. M. The **Leviathan** is 972 feet in length, 59,000 tons, capable of developing 100,000 horse power, carrying 4,000 passengers and a crew of 1,000. The sailing of such a mammoth ship was a most eventful hour. The scene we shall never get over. It will never fade from our memory. On the decks there were hundreds of tear-stained faces and aching, bleeding hearts. Partings never to be renewed in this life! Relatives and friends saying Goodbye to fine looking ladies who are going out as missionaries in the very heart of Africa!

With joy we looked forward to the time coming when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and we shall never say Goodbye in heaven. Decay and disappointment are written upon everything here, but there is a Home that shall never change, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. I think of our Eternal Home as being as stable and unchanging as God Himself. A Home God-planned, God-built, God-finished and God-furnished! The Home of the eternal God! The Home of the soul!

At exactly three o'clock six powerful steam tugs took the great **Leviathan** into North

River. It looked as if her stern was going to touch the New Jersey shore before her prow could safely clear the docks. Then the tugs literally took her by the nose and led her toward the sea, and then left her to the wisdom and skill of her pilot. Sailing with the Statue of Liberty on our right, and the skyscrapers of lower New York on our left, we made for the open sea. Twenty-two miles out we dropped the pilot and a bag of mail which returned with our last message to our dear ones left behind. Now we remember that the floor of the sea is strewn with the bones of the dead whose very dust perhaps our propellers are churning into foam.

On The High Seas

Very soon the Purser came to our room to engage us to preach at 10:30 Sunday morning. First, he must assure us that there were no straps on us for the service. This done we were glad to take the opportunity to preach on the largest ship afloat. For once we made the godless musicians of the ship play and sing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul", "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," and "My Faith Looks up to Thee." The service seemed a

little dry, not much like a Holiness Camp Meeting, but the Purser was very much broken up, and gripped our hands, thanking us most heartily. It was more comforting than I can express to have our dear Paul at our side to assist in the service. At the close of the meeting an old saint came up and said, "I heard you preach in Boston long years ago," so I conclude I had better walk straight as I am not able to get away from my shadow, and they have tracked me out to sea.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon the great ship suddenly turned about and went back for some distance. No announcement was made. We heard on the side that there was a man overboard. If there was, he was lost, for we picked no one up. We may never know, but we know they would never have turned this mammoth craft back for a mere trifle.

In a long conversation with our steward about his soul and his eternal interests, he told us that he had traveled the sea for years, that he had waited on many ministers and missionaries, and yet we were the first persons who had ever said one word to him about his personal salvation. He said, "I have made up

my mind that there is nothing in it, that religion is only a farce." But as we talked with him from day to day we are sure that he changed his mind. We believe that God brought him under real conviction for salvation. The saddest thing he said was that he had been unable to see any difference between ministers and missionaries and other passengers on the sea.

The **Leviathan**, though so large, is a very fast boat. Her best record for twenty-four hours was the fourth day out. We sailed 575 knots, or 621 miles, or about 26 miles an hour. On the fifth day we were reminded that our American money will be no good after leaving the ship, and that by seeing the Purser we could get it exchanged for British money. And I serve notice on you now, dear reader, that the currency of earth will be no good in heaven. The Wall Street of the skies will not honor your cheques or pass current your earthly treasure. It will be better for you to see the Purser of the old ship Zion, and have him exchange your money for something that will be honored in heaven. If I had nothing but United States money in Liverpool, I should be as poor as a church mouse. I could

not buy a sandwich. You may have a million in America, and be dog-poor in the New Jerusalem. Look out for your interests in the next world.

Europe

At Cherbourg, France, we dropped 600 passengers and 11,000 sacks of mail. We are now in the English Channel, and only three and one-half hours from Southampton, but to our dismay, we are told that we are too late to cross the bar, which can be done only at high tide, on account of the ship's size. The bar is fourteen miles from Southampton docks. So we were transferred to four tenders. These were good sized boats, but by the side of the **Leviathan** they looked like toys, and our great ship looked more mammoth than ever. Only twice in every twenty-four hours is the tide high enough for the **Leviathan** to dock. She had lost her opportunity. This was our misfortune. There are some splendid things in spiritual life that are only reached at high tide. If you miss your opportunity, you may suffer loss forever. Keep a sharp look-out and take advantage of every swell in grace. Be sure that you are not found napping.

Now that our feet press the English shore we are confronted with the Customs Official. This we dreaded, for to open three trunks and nine pieces of small baggage would be no little task, and it is now after ten at night. But fortunately the officer had eaten a good dinner. He was feeling fine, and we showed such willingness to open up everything that he soon lost his interest, and went through only two pieces. But remember, when you sail across heaven's bar, everything you have will be inspected, and heaven is quarantined against all sin.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLAND.

It is no wonder that we call it the "Old World." The strange, quaint, old houses look as ancient as the hills. The first impression is that nothing resembles America, absolutely nothing. Fuel is so expensive that the people live almost without heat. In eighteen days I have never been warm. Houses are ancient, the rooms very large, the ceilings very high, the atmosphere cold and damp. If you find a room with a little fire, the best you can do is to get so close to it that you will burn on one side while you chill on the other.

The only physical attraction thus far is the little farms. "The country," they call it. The meadows have a deep, rich green. The brooks are clear, deep and quiet. The well-kept gardens are little beauties.

Our very dear friends, Pastor and Mrs. Drysdale, met us at the station and gave us a most cordial English welcome. Our first Sunday on British soil was in the Missionary

Training School and the Emanuel Church at Birkenhead. Paul preached in the morning, and we were asked to give the message in the evening. It was said to be a good day, though to us a little stiff and strange.

Liverpool and Birkenhead

The following night we began in Liverpool. This convention was held in the very heart of this great seaport of more than a million people. The attendance was good, and the first service was fruitful. At the second night service there were twenty-seven seekers at the altar. The salvation of a professional gambler proved to be a thrilling case. He had squandered fortune after fortune. In his last episode he had dispensed with ten thousand in gold. But now he has found a richer treasure. Our English friends regard the meeting as a real success.

Brother Drysdale took Paul to Glasgow, Scotland, for a five-day meeting, and left us to hold the fort at Birkenhead, and get ready for the second convention. The Glasgow meeting was fruitful and the convention at Birkenhead opened well. Here our co-workers were Major John Russell and Mr. Reginald T.

Naish, both congenial brethren. Major John Russell we regard as an able preacher as well as a mighty man of God, and we hope God will send him to America.

The spiritual tide rose gradually, and several times there were twenty or more seeking God. This meeting was all too short. It closed on a Monday night with a crowded house and more than twenty seekers. It was a more glorious closing, and far deeper convention than the Liverpool meeting. The convention was held in Pastor John D. Drysdale's church, known as the Emanuel Church, neat, commodious, and well located. May God make this a mighty storm-center. Praise the Lord!

London

Battersea Tabernacle, London, is widely known as the headquarters and place of the founding of the International Holiness Mission, which is more than its name suggests. It is a regular and well organized church. David Thomas, a London merchant, is its founder and president. Their churches are scattered throughout England and Wales.

They all stand for radical second-blessing holiness and the evangelization of the world.

It has been a great joy to the writer to be associated with them in a few days' meeting at Battersea. Their fellowship is sweet and every service fruitful. Some beautiful cases of salvation and sanctification have resulted. Great battles have been fought and glorious victories won on this territory.

At Speke Hall God gave us more than twenty souls in three services. Speke Hall is the headquarters of the Pentecostal League, founded by the late Reader Harris, who, though one of the King's Counsellors, was a humble, holy man and to the day of his death stood for straight Wesleyan Holiness. The League is not a church but works within all churches where it is allowed. They are a very delightful people to work with.

A visit to St. Paul's Cathedral is worth while. St. Paul's ranks with St. Peter's in Rome, two of the largest and most famous in the world. The so-called great dead have been buried here for twelve hundred years. The architect of this immense and magnificent structure is entombed within it. We were struck with the last words of his epitaph: "If

you wish to see his monument, look around you." Perhaps no man ever lived who had a greater earthly monument than Sir Christopher Wren. The structure is 515 feet long 250 feet wide and 365 feet high. Here Sebert, King of the east Saxons, was buried in 677 A. D. and also the third Bishop of London who died in 685 A. D.

The funeral car of the Duke of Wellington is the wonder of the crypt. It is made entirely from the melted cannons which he captured from Napoleon at Waterloo. It was used to bear the body of the great conqueror to its last resting place. The car weighs nineteen tons and was built in eighteen days. At his funeral the car was drawn by twelve black horses. How fitting that the spoils of that gigantic struggle of his life should bear him to his final resting place.

It is possible that the spoils taken in the spiritual conquests of Christian life may be beaten into our triumphal car to bear us to our final Home on high? It is certain that the souls that we have captured from the enemy will march by our side in the great royal review of the ages to come.

The Abbey

Let us now turn to Westminster Abbey, But why is it called an Abbey? Why not a cathedral? Is it not a church? Its name is more than a thousand years old, and came from the fact that the holy fathers of the long ago ruled in its precincts, and from the expression "Abba Father."

A most doleful service is in progress as we enter. The service ended, we begin to move about among the ancient dead. They are on our right, on our left and scores of them under our feet. Strange feelings are ours as we walk among the dead kings and queens of a thousand years. Princes, lords, prime ministers on every hand! They all sleep alike, but they shall not all awake together. A few of them ruled with credit, others with shame and disgrace. Some will rise a thousand years before others. A few will come forth to life eternal, but many to shame and everlasting contempt.

We felt to linger with the bones of some, and to hasten by the less honorable dust of others. We lingered by the bones of Mary, Queen of Scots, only long enough to remind

her that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than she feared all the armies of Europe. A large corner of space is given to men of renown in literature. In "Poet's Corner" sleep Tennyson, Browning and others.

The Wesleys are not buried here but are honored with very fine statues. The two heads are together at the top. Then below, John Wesley is seen preaching to the masses in the open with his church house in the background. Here I halt with tearful eyes to pray that God will raise up another such leader in the army of Zion.

When I stood in the presence of David Livingstone's dust, my breast fairly heaved and my feelings I can never express. To think that I have the honor of standing by the side of that very sun-smitten body which belonged to the man who died on his knees, alone in the heart of Africa, that body that those native converts carried fifteen hundred miles through the jungles of Africa to the coast, after burying his heart in the country which he loved so much! I have stood in the presence of his bones; I must one day stand in the presence of his blood-washed spirit in the City of Gold. At the tomb of William Wilberforce

I remember his noble and successful fight against human slavery, and that when John Wesley was dying he sent Wilberforce an encouraging message to inspire him to fight the battle to a finish.

I pause with William E. Gladstone, "The Grand Old Man" who was four times Prime Minister and the greatest Christian statesman since Moses. I am quite overcome as I stand among those who have not only ruled on thrones but in statesmanship, politics, literature, poetry, commerce, society and religion. They are all laid low. They sleep the common sleep of the peasant. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

A small fee admitted us to the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, to see the chair where all the kings and queens for seven hundred years have been crowned. Under the chair is the stone upon which Jacob is said to have pillowed his head at Bethel, and on which David is said to have been crowned king of Israel. The great Professor Totton of Yale College and many other students of prophecy actually believe this to be true.

There is a stone that I know about, absolutely. I have fallen upon it and been broken.

It is a Corner Stone, a Top Stone, a Foundation Stone. It is the Rock of Ages. It was cleft for me. To it I have anchored my all.

Since leaving America we have held five conventions, and seen hundreds of souls seeking God. This is the joy of life next to personal salvation.

Bunhill Fields

It was my privilege to spend a day with many of the most honored dead of four centuries. With an ample supply of flowers I went first to Bunhill Fields. I felt clearly led to decorate the graves of many in the name of the Master, for Whom they had laid down their lives. It could do them no good, certainly not; but it proved a blessing to my soul that I shall never get over in time or in eternity.

First, I stood in silent awe in the presence of the sacred bones of John Bunyan. His effigy is on top of the marble tomb. On one side of the tomb is carved the figure of Pilgrim with his load, bending low as he climbs the rugged way. On the other side he has dropped his load at the Cross. With deep feelings we drop our first flower here.

Our next stop is with Isaac Watts whose sweet songs will live until the end of time.

We were greatly blessed in dropping a flower on the mortal remains of Susannah Wesley. She was the twenty-fifth child of her father, and she had nineteen children of her own. She was the mother of true Methodism.

With the remains of George Fox we tarried in deep meditation. We have just read again the tragic story of his many imprisonments. How the so-called Quakers of the twentieth century can claim to be followers of George Fox is a great mystery. He was so aggressive, so daring and so fearless that rather than compromise a hair's breadth he would defy the British throne. At Stickhill, Yorkshire, while he was yet preaching, they struck him down, dragged him into the street and stoned him; but as soon as he was able to rise he preached the truth to them. It required such courage for anyone to show him a favor, that he was often without food and was obliged to sleep in the fields. At Ulverston he was thrown out of the church, whereupon he preached to the throngs in the graveyard. On another occasion when Fox was knocked

down and starved and beaten, Judge Fell, who was his friend, wanted him to witness against his enemies, but he only said: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

At Launceston Castle Fox lay in prison eight months because he would not take his hat off to Judge Glyn. They could take his head off, but he would not take his hat off. We felt honored to be allowed to drop a flower on the grave of such a hero.

We then decorated the graves of Edward Burrough, Stephen Crisp and Francis Howgill. Besides these there are ninety Quakers buried together who died in prison without trial; a bouquet we were glad to deposit here! Then just over there are the graves of a hundred Quakers who died on a transport in the river. They were loaded like cattle to be exiled, but the boat for some reason was held up in the river until a hundred of them were dead. We dropped a flower to their memory. Then to the hundreds of martyrs buried here we made a solemn deposit. Turning from Bunhill Fields, where thirteen thousand early Quakers sleep, we were greatly blessed and inspired.

We had a few flowers left. What should we do with them? We remembered that though we had been through Westminster Abbey we had never decorated any of the graves of the noble dead there. It was not more than ten miles away, and that is not far in London. So we descended to the "tube" and were sent to the Abbey like a shot.

We made the first deposit at the grave of David Livingstone. By the way, Livingstone's faithful old servant, who superintended the carrying of his body fifteen hundred miles through the jungles, was here a few days ago to visit his master's grave. He was then a young man; now he is more than seventy years old. What devotion this!

Our next service was over the grave of Lord Shaftesbury who when Parliament would adjourn at midnight or later, instead of going to his home, would go to the slums and spend the remainder of the night for Christ among the poor.

Then nearby lies all that is mortal of William Wilberforce, the eloquent, suffering hunch-back who would swing and sway Parliament like a monsoon, until he killed human slavery in the British Empire.

While others would say, almost flippantly, "Oh, there are the Wesleys" and pass hastily on, I tarried long and prayed with tears that God would raise up other such.

Earlsfield And Hampton Court

This week has been a glorious season. The convention at Earlsfield was a happy occasion, not only because souls were saved and believers were sanctified, but, oh! the saints were so blessed. They are a fine lot, unusually free and responsive, cordial and hospitable, like one great family. The blessing of God was on the first service and all were fruitful. The mission hall was too small, so we were invited into a Baptist Church, and the attendance increased until the close. We are much in love with the British saints.

From Earlsfield we visited Hampton Court Palace and its world-famous Gardens. Hampton Court was built and occupied in the sixteenth century by Cardinal Wolsey, with his eight hundred servants. After long years of the most loyal service to King Henry the VIII, the wicked king ejected him and took possession of these vast premises. We were taken into the room where Queen Catherine

was imprisoned until her husband had her beheaded. She was a faithful, noble woman.

King Henry the VIII had six wives, and he beheaded two of them. Just to show the depths to which human depravity may sink a man who is otherwise great, we quote the pathetic but fruitless appeal of Queen Catherine for her life. Flinging herself at the king's feet, she addressed him as follows: "Sire, I beseech you to pity me, a woman and a stranger without an assured friend and without an indifferent counsellor. I take God to witness that I have always been to you a true and loyal wife, that I have made it my constant duty to seek your pleasure, that I have loved all whom you loved whether I have reason or not, whether they are friends to me or foes. I have been your wife for years, I have brought you many children. God knows that when I came to your bed I was a virgin, and I put it to your own conscience to say whether it was not so. If there can be any offense which can be alleged against me I consent to depart with infamy; if not then I pray thee do me justice."

But the brute who could reject such an appeal and behead such a noble woman was

already entertaining Anne Boleyn with royal state in his palace. My visit to the place of this infernal tragedy has increased my hatred for sin and carnality a hundred fold. My soul is stirred to its deepest depths. I am sure I shall preach stronger and hotter than ever before.

In the garden we were shown a grape vine which is two hundred years old. But for many years it did not do well, and bore but little fruit. The authorities were considering the matter of destroying it, when suddenly it sprang into tremendous fruitage, and this increased until it bore two thousand bunches of fine grapes in one year. It was such a marvel that investigation was made. It was found that its roots had reached the Thames River fully four hundred feet away. Drinking from great depths, it produced great fruitage. Planted by the River of Life, your leaf shall not fade, your fruit shall not fail, and you shall never grow old. Brother, live forever "down where the living waters flow."

Elsewhere In London

In the British Museum we were shown a Strassburg clock which has been running four

hundred years, and is still marking time. If man can build a clock that will keep good time for four centuries, God is certainly able to construct the running gears of your soul, brother, so that you will go and go correctly during your short life time.

Among the Egyptian mummies in the Museum we found a girl, or young woman, who belonged to the family of Cornelius of the first century, and a man preserved almost to perfection, who lived before the flood. If by the art of man a human body can be preserved five thousand years, why should anyone question God's power to preserve a human soul from all sin for all time. Friend, if you will let God have full control of you, He will preserve you from evil forever, and not mummify you either.

In the National Art Gallery in London we stood before those famous paintings of Christ, awed, bewildered and then blessed until we wept like a child. Nor did we care what the guards or visitors thought. Those masterpieces by the world's greatest artists are enough to break a heart of stone. Raphael's great picture of Christ before Pilate is a miracle of art, wonderful beyond description.

David and his heroic band at the cave of Adullam is vivid, striking, wonderful. The painting of the feast of Bacchus sets forth what Paul had in mind when he exhorted the church to "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Such a description of drunkenness and revelry as this picture furnishes is almost unbelievable. Paul would chastely suggest the thought of intoxication, not of the type that debauches but of the kind that inspires to joyful, helpful living.

For long years we have read of the Tower of London but had small conception of what it was like. London Tower is a group of towers or prisons covering eighteen acres. It was here that many kings, queens, princes, dukes and lords were beheaded. Lady Jane Grey, Queen of England only ten days, and a holy woman, was beheaded here. Her husband preceded her to the block only by a few hours. Just before her execution she saw his headless body as it passed before her window being carried to burial. Anne Boleyn and Catherine, wives of the notorious Henry VIII, were both beheaded here.

One of the five towers is called the "Bloody

Tower." It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. It was here also that scores of other distinguished personages were executed.

In one of the towers we were shown the royal jewels and crowns worn by the King and Queen on all state occasions. The largest diamond in the world is also shown here. Among the smallest of the pieces of royal tableware exhibited was a salt cellar worth fifteen thousand dollars. In that one huge glass case were millions of pounds of wealth. It gives me great satisfaction to humbly confess that there is not in my heart a single trace of a desire for anything represented within that case. My heart was singing "Take the world, but give me Jesus." The City coming down, with gates of one pearl each, will totally eclipse all this glitter and glow.

Incidental

In London we met Miss Kirshaw, a missionary to the lowest of the low in Belgian East Africa. She gave us this story: One of the lowest and most illiterate of a most benighted tribe in East Africa was gloriously saved.

Sometime after his conversion, without ever hearing one word about holiness or sanctification, or a second work of grace, the Holy Spirit led him into the experience of entire sanctification. It was so clear to him that he taught it to the missionary who had led him to Christ. And the missionary was sanctified under the teachings of a heathen. Here is an example of the preaching and teaching of this untutored native: "Some of us have leprosy. Doctor give one bottle medicine to make you well. Then he give another bottle medicine to keep leprosy away. You take one bottle away, then leprosy come back. So God give one bottle to cure sin. He give another bottle to keep it away. If you take one bottle, you cured. If you throw other bottle away, sin come back on you." Brother, look to it that sin does not come back on you.

When D. L. Moody came to London forty years ago and it was proposed that he should hold a revival meeting at Oxford, a large number of the Oxford students derided his coming, and even plotted to break up the meeting. They said a man so illiterate shall not teach the people of Oxford. But Mr.

Moody went, and God went with him, and the fire fell, and hundreds were converted to Christ, many of them learned infidels. Twenty of the most defiant among them were not only converted but called to China as missionaries. China was at that time the most forbidding and undesirable field. Among the leading lights of the student body was C. T. Studd. He was foremost in the opposition to the revival, and foremost in the party that went out to China. Mr. Studd was ten years in China, nine years in India, and when his health failed in the Far East, he went to South Africa. In the twelve years which he spent in Africa, he has established a work with eighty missionaries. What if Mr. Moody had turned aside for opposition?

The Watford Convention was the hardest meeting we have been in since coming to England. The large number of called preachers—thirteen in all—who had to be worked in somewhere, made it difficult for any one to get under the burden. But on the last Sunday of the meeting the Lord broke through, and we had fifteen good cases of salvation. He gets the glory. When Britishers go after salvation or sanctification, they are more defi-

nite than our American seekers. They are hard to move, but when they do move, there is no foolishness. They go straight after the thing they want. One young lady prayed: "Oh God, take out this old carnality—every root of it—and shut the door tight." She then rose up and testified that it was done. Another prayed, "Oh God, take out of my heart this nasty temper. Oh, glory to God, He has done it." And that was all the fuss there was about it. It was very refreshing to have a dozen seekers at the altar, and every one of them get through in a few minutes, and every one get right up and testify without hesitation. It beats lying around the altar until midnight with seekers and then have no assurance. I confess that I am in love with England, and with the English people. We turn now to the north again.

CHAPTER III

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

At Manchester, a city of more than a million people, we visited the famous Star Hall. When Francis Crossley, an English gentleman, turned to Jesus Christ, he laid his millions at the Master's feet. After he was sanctified wholly he not only left worldly society but left his mansion and moved into the slums to live for souls. He bought several properties, lived in a plain house, preached Christ and holiness until a little hell was converted into a large heaven.

In this spacious hall, widely known as Star Hall, many great holiness men have preached and thousands have been saved and sanctified. Though Mr. Crossley is now in heaven, great numbers will rise up in the last day and call him blessed. When we bowed on that great platform we felt that it was a sacred spot. Miss Crossley and Miss Hatch, editors and publishers of **The Way of Holiness** have their office near by and it was a privilege to

pray with their secretary Miss Bower, who is also acting as secretary for the Oriental Missionary Society. The O. M. S. is widely known and greatly loved in England.

Turning to the great Manchester Cathedral, a part of which dates back to the fifteenth century, I walked among the famous dead of long ago. Near the Cathedral we stood in front of the monument of Oliver Cromwell and were reminded that it was he who first said, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

When Cromwell was posing before an artist, the latter wanted to leave off a certain wart on his face and flatter him a bit. To this proposal Cromwell replied with emphasis, "No, paint me just as I am, warts and all." I would honor a man like that if he were my sworn enemy.

Queen Victoria felt very different, for when she was in Manchester she refused to pass through the street that would lead by his monument. Carnality is the same in kings and queens as in peasants. When God paints our pictures, He paints us warts and all. He never flatters us and it is better for us to see the worst now than to wait until the judgment.

At the Old Cross Mission, near Manchester,

the altar was several times filled with seeking souls. That is always a most charming sight. There is no music like the cry of a penitent soul. There is no joy like the joy of salvation.

The Grimsby Convention, following the meeting at Old Cross Mission, closed well. Twenty-five seekers were at the altar on Monday night and ten the closing night, with much conviction on the people. A few days with my family before the next meeting was like a brook by the way. God is so good.

Epworth And Lincoln

Epworth is a quaint old town of only a few thousand people, nestling among the hills of one of the most charming, picturesque portions of England. It is the birth-place of Methodism, the greatest evangelical movement since the first century. We visited the parish house where John Wesley was born, and saw the window from which he was rescued at the age of six when the house was partially destroyed by fire. From that time on he always considered himself a "brand plucked from the burning."

It was here that his father, Samuel Wesley, was rector for thirty-nine years, during which

time John often preached in his father's pulpit. But his father's successor had him ejected from the chapel, whereupon he climbed up on his father's tombstone in the old church yard and preached to the eager throng. We felt a new inspiration as we stood on that same stone and remembered that eventful occasion. It was when the man was put out of the synagogue that Jesus took him in. It may have been Wesley's ejection which gave birth to the movement which swept millions into the kingdom during the first century of its existence.

The ejection of holiness from the church founded by John Wesley has resulted in several independent holiness movements during the last half century. Oh, that fire from heaven would fall upon the holiness movement and set the world on fire once more.

Lincolnshire is one of the most charming shires of England. England is all pleasing enough in the summer, but Lincolnshire is beautiful beyond description. Its meadows of rolling green, grazing herds, thick shades, meandering brooks, singing birds and fragrant flowers thrill us with delight. Then there are the substantial, ample, old farm houses

with cellars and larders filled with all good foodstuffs.

After traveling for twenty miles over the old Roman road built as early as 45 A. D. (some authorities claim it was built a hundred years before Christ) we drove through the great arch in the Roman Wall of the same date, and were then in the City of Lincoln. How strange, and yet how wonderful! Here we find one of the largest cathedrals in Britain. Perhaps York, Canterbury and St. Paul's are a little larger, but none of them display finer ancient architecture. Ruskin said of the Lincoln Cathedral, "Out and out it is the finest and most precious piece of architecture in Britain." If men of the dark ages could design and construct a building so exquisite, and yet so magnificent, what must the many-mansioned City be, designed and constructed amid the blazing light and glories of eternity? In the crypt of this cathedral are the tombs of the Bishops of seven hundred years, their effigies on their tombs. Bishop Hugh, the famous saint who died in 1292, rests here, buried above ground.

From the cathedral we turn to the old prison of long ago. In passing through the great

castle gate we find ourselves behind walls so high and so thick that escape is impossible. Inside of the prison proper we felt a little chilly. When we sat on the uncomfortable bench, where the convicts sat in chapel the last Sunday before they were executed and stood in the cell where they spent their last night on earth, we had strange feelings. In the tower, on the way up to the gallows, are seen the great iron rings where convicts were chained to the stone walls like beasts. In the prison graveyard we visited the grave of an innocent woman who was executed for a crime to which a man afterward confessed on his death bed. A judgment day is an absolute necessity to correct all the injustices of sixty centuries.

Silloth And Keswick

Silloth, Cumberland, is a watering place on the east coast of the Irish Sea. The people are not there for religion but for pleasure. Only eleven sought the Lord at the mourner's bench, but nearly all seemed to be good cases. We met with a royal welcome by Captain John Lawson and the few saints who reside there.

We were four days at the Keswick Convention, not as a worker by any means, for we would not be allowed to sit on their platform, much less to give testimony. Keswick has a world-wide reputation. The annual convention is the largest religious gathering in England. The village of hardly more than two thousand people is located in the very heart of the English Lakes, one of the most charming spots in the United Kingdom. Six thousand people come from all parts of Britain to this convention every year. They come for the convention only. Few of them ever miss a service to go to the lakes or the beautiful mountains among which these lakes nestle.

Let us say some good things about the Keswick Convention. First, it is a magnificent sight to look on six thousand people each with a Bible and a hymn book. Second, all of them are pronounced and radical fundamentalists. They stand for the divine authenticity of the Bible and the deity of Jesus Christ. Many of their speakers are scholarly, profound and eloquent. They certainly do some great preaching. Again, they are a devout people.

We have reason to believe that many of them live better than their creed.

Now we are forced to say, and they would want us to say, that they are solid against what is widely known as the Wesleyan doctrine of Holiness. They preach the doctrine of suppression of inbred sin. They have coined a new word which is more popular with them now. It is "counteraction." By this they mean that one may have grace enough to counteract the principle of sin in the heart, but that the heart cannot be freed from sin in this life.

As a soul-saving institution I am forced to regard the convention as a gigantic failure. Everything is run by the clock. There are five sermons each day. They begin on the minute and close on the dot. There was no altar call or inquiry room while we were there. In all that great throng there seemed to be no burden for souls either on the part of the preachers or the people. No tears, or groans or soul travail! The addresses are full of teaching, teaching, teaching, with no application. Most of it is splendid truth, as far as it goes, sound on justification through faith

in the Blood, but never touching on repentance or restitution.

Dr. Daniel Steele, whose writings are so widely known among holiness people, said, "Keswick is a good half-way house." It may have been so in the days of Dr. Steele, but we could not regard it so at the present time, for the following reason. By the half-way house we understand Dr. Steele to mean that Keswick teaching would lead a soul into all that is included in the first work of grace, the grace of justification, or regeneration, which would include repentance and separation from the world. These they do not touch. I did not see one of their preachers who did not wear a heavy gold ring, and some of them were flashy. With such examples set before the people it would be folly to expect plainness or modesty of dress among the women.

The only time we heard the word "Pentecost" mentioned was when one of the speakers said, "Keswick is Pentecost." At Pentecost one hundred and twenty saints had three thousand converts in one day. At Keswick six thousand professors had no converts in the four days that we were there, so far as was known to us.

Now to our people of America we would say, by way of warning, that this Keswick teaching is spreading throughout the religious world. It is creeping into some of the so-called Holiness churches. As soon as we become a little less radical in our stand against the world, the flesh and the devil, and less drastic in our preaching, this damaging doctrine will appear in our midst. Let us bear down on repentance, restitution and separation from the world. Can you imagine Peter preaching at Pentecost with a gold ring on his finger? How would Paul have looked as a prisoner with rings on his hands and prison irons on his arms? How would Martha and Mary have looked with sleeveless, collarless, skirtless dresses and heavy strands of beads about their necks?

May the God of all grace keep us clean, hot and little in our own eyes, and victory shall perch on our banners until Jesus comes.

Glasgow And Edinburgh

Glasgow, the second city in size in Great Britain, is Scottish to the limit. It is a hive of industry, on the Firth of Clyde. Its mountains, sea and charming lakes add greatly to

its attractiveness. Castles, lakes, cathedrals and battle fields abound. The Robert Burns country is near by and David Livingstone was born, reared and educated here. It was our honored privilege to visit and pray in the very room in which Livingstone was born. It was by this very open fire-place that he pored over his books in the late hours of the night. It was here that he earned his first shillings at the loom. The Livingstone family were so poor that they all lived, cooked, ate, and slept in that one room. Young David was so eager for an education that he kept an open book on his loom, so that he could read snatches while he earned bread. A little later in life he walked eight miles to the Glasgow University in the morning and the same distance back each evening in order to secure a college education. All this was giving him brain, brawn and fibre for his strenuous task in Africa.

The venerable old Glasgow Cathedral is an impressive relic of pre-Reformation times, built by the Roman Catholics eight hundred years since, now occupied by the Church of England. Away down in the dark, cold crypt we found a most striking epitaph to the

memory of Robert Burton, John Hart, Robert Scott, Matthew Paton, John Richards, James Johnston, Archibald Stewart, James Winning and John Main all of whom suffered on the cross at Glasgow for the covenants and principles of the Reformation, because they "durst not own the authority of the tyrants, destroying the same between 1666 and 1688." Then on the same stone is the following poem:

"Years sixty-six and eighty-four,
Did send their souls home into glore
Whose bodies here interred lie,
Then sacrificed to tyranny.
The covenants and reformation
Cause they adhered in their station.
This nine with others in this yard
Whose heads and bodies were not spared
Their testimonies foes to bury
Caused beat the drums then in great fury,
They'll know at resurrection day
To murder saints was no sweet play."

The one name that is inseparable from the city of Edinburgh is John Knox. The enemies of Knox attempted to reproach him because he was born of humble parents. But men who are great enough to swing, sway, reform and mould nations are never ashamed of their

parentage. The noble Knox was as little ashamed of his humble birth as was Martin Luther, the son of a miner. Knox said, "I am of lineage small, but God is wont to call humble persons to fulfill His purposes." Had Knox been the son of a lord he could not have reached the hearts of his countrymen as he did.

Knox was educated in a school where the students, all in one room, sat on straw on the floor; not clean straw either, for it was seldom changed. Instead of windows there were holes in the wall, which in cold or wet weather were closed with old clothing or rags. The children had to bring little lamps with them in order to be able to read in the dark. Only the teacher had a bench in front of his desk, on which lay his instruments of chastisement.

Three hundred years ago it was believed that the more a child was whipped the better he would be. Even in homes of high rank a child would sometimes be brought into the room after dinner and whipped before the guests, though he had done nothing to deserve it. The school teacher felt that he had neglected his duty if he had not whipped about all the students every day. One historian says

that you might pass the school house almost any time of the day, and you would hear the wail of the student and the rage of the teacher. It was under these conditions that the stalwart, sturdy Knox was educated and nerved for the strife of battle between right and wrong, truth and error, liberty and tyranny. It was this school boy who, during his two years as a galley slave, being presented with an image of the Virgin Mary which he was asked to kiss, flung it into the sea, and jestingly exclaimed, "The Virgin can save herself." At another time the galley came in sight of the Church of Saint Andrews and when Knox caught sight of the steeples of the church, he said to his companion at the oar, James Balfour, "There is the Church where I first preached, and where I am certain I will one day preach again."

As a galley slave he wore a shirt of the coarsest canvas, a jacket of serge, cut in such a way that he could use his arms freely in rowing, his hair cropped close, and a little cap on his head. From four to six slaves were chained to one bench on which they sat and rowed through the day and under which they slept at night in all kinds of weather, yet his

expression to James Balfour showed that through it all he never lost courage.

It is no wonder that Regent Morton stood by Knox's grave and said, "Here lies one who neither flattered nor feared any flesh." When Knox was entering on his last struggle he asked his wife to read the 17th chapter of St. John. He was asked to give a sign, a parting sign, that he was at peace. He lifted his hand and, apparently without pain, passed quietly away. God give us a similar courage in fighting the battles for true holiness against sin and worldliness.

CHAPTER IV

SWEDEN, BELGIUM AND FRANCE

It was with deep and tender emotions that we said Goodbye to our many dear friends in and about London. They have come into our lives to go out never. At Birkenhead, Liverpool, Ashton, Grimsby, Hull, Silloth, Speke Hall, Battersea, Watford and, Oh, so many places, we have mingled with these dear saints. God bless them forever. We had forty hours' beautiful sailing on the North Sea from London to Gothenburg. Only the Bay of Biscay has a worse reputation than the North Sea, but she was certainly on her good behavior for forty hours. Our good boat the **Saga** could have made the trip in thirty-seven hours but for one night of fog which slowed us down a little.

Gothenburg

For a few hours the second evening we sighted the beautiful coast of beautiful Denmark, that flower garden where everybody

grows flowers. If they are so poor that they do not have enough to eat, they will grow flowers. At five o'clock the next morning we sighted the shores of Sweden. What a picture! What a harbor! Islands, islands, large and small! Lighthouses, forts, bays, inlets, seas, rocky shores, boats of every size from the row-boat up to the ocean liner!

What shall I say about Sweden? I must write as if my wife were looking over my shoulder, for this is the home of her happy childhood. Careful I must be to say some nice things first. Sweden is more beautiful than it has ever been pictured. The Gothenburg harbor is a dream, charming beyond expression. No one but God could have drawn the plans, to say nothing of its construction. To stand on Fort Hill and look in every direction for many miles is a rare treat. One sees more than twenty islands of various sizes and shapes lying in the bay, really the northeast end of the wonderful North Sea, which is more than six hundred miles long. On the Island of Hono there are two thousand people, mostly fishermen, who work on a large scale. Some of their nets are almost a mile long, and some of their boats bring in fifty tons of fish at a

load. To see them mending their nets reminds us of the days when Jesus called some from the nets and boats to follow Him. It was among these that He found much of His best material.

The Swedish people are lovers of beauty, cleanliness and courtesy. Such Courtesy I have found nowhere else. When two brothers of the same family meet in the morning, they will both take off their hats and shake hands as if they had not met for months. Children two years old and even less will come into your presence and bow most gracefully, and do the same when they leave the room.

The women are beautiful, the men as a rule homely. The women work in the fields. They plow, plant, and harvest like men in America. Women wait on men as if they were lords. The women are good cooks, and the men are good feeders. I have counted five kinds of meat and three kinds of fish on the table for breakfast. I have never been treated better in my life than I have been here, yet their State religion is about as dead as Romanism.

One of the things that impressed me most in visiting the Swedish Island of Hono in the North Sea, was the old church built about

seventeen hundred. At its altar Mrs. Rees was confirmed thirty-nine years ago. The most interesting thing about the old church is that the whole of the ceiling is one vivid painting. One portion represents four angel trumpeters on the four corners of the earth calling the nations to Judgment. The saints with happy faces are gathering. The other portion is a most horrifying picture of the devil, and the wicked are gathering to him and with a pitchfork he is pitching them into hell fire. The painter was not only an artist but was fairly close to orthodoxy in his conception. The painting is most impressive.

In the old church yard are buried side by side eighteen victims of the World War. Some of them are German soldiers and others British. It came about this way. There was a naval battle fought in the waters of the North Sea in which many perished. Swedish boats picked up these bodies and Sweden, being friendly to both sides, buried them all in the same plot of ground, and erected an expensive monument on which are these words: "From the strife of battle and the stormy sea, they rest in peace." This is true of their bones, but Oh, a harvest for hell was

the World War. Here they lie, enemies in life but neighbors in death.

Enroute To Belgium

We are now plowing through six hundred miles of the North Sea, headed for Antwerp, Belgium. The sea is a little rough and I have lost that appetite which has served as a good companion for some weeks. We are now passing through some of the naval battle grounds of the World War, where the floor of the sea is lined with the bones of the dead, and we are churning their dust into foam. Yet the great resurrection morning will find and open all these unmarked graves, and the slimy weeds of the deepest seas will surrender their deposits.

Oh, I see land; it looks good. No wonder, for it is the beautiful coast of Denmark, and we are to follow her rocky shores for a hundred miles or more. But while I slept, she slipped away, and we are far out in the open sea. After another rough day, it is evening, and I manage to stagger out on deck. We are passing the famous Holland dikes. The Old Holland windmills, one by one, loom up against the distant sky. The historic old

lighthouses are still on duty. For centuries they have warned the millions who have traveled this waterway.

The whistle blows, and we slow down. The blast is too short for fog. Is there a man overboard? No, we are taking on a pilot. We are about to enter Holland waters. This quaint little country with its quaint little folk is furnishing us a quaint little pilot. An ordinary row boat has weathered the sea and brought him alongside our ship. It is interesting to see him leap from the rolling boat and catch a swinging rope ladder and climb it to our upper deck. But it is more interesting to see our grave, proud old captain humbly surrender his ship to the little pilot and take a back seat. Well do I remember when in my Christian experience, I thought I was captain of the ship until I found that I was going on the rocks. Jesus, who had been watching me attempt to weather the high seas, offered to come on board and breast the storms and thread the channels, and dock me safely at the right port. Fortunately, I had religion and sense enough to give Him the wheel and take a lower seat. How happy I am that He knows the way that I take.

In the harbor of the city of Flushing, Holland, just after dark a thousand lights gleamed and flashed and quivered and twinkled and reflected in the water until the harbor was like a "Great White Way." It suggested at least the Harbor of the City Four Square, the Home of the Soul. But with fifty miles of river and harbor water yet before us we must push on. Sailing out of Flushing we drop our little Dutch pilot down the side of the ship and take on a Belgian pilot who ties us up in the Antwerp port at two o'clock in the morning.

Antwerp is the second largest shipping port in the world. After breakfast on the boat, the usual formalities of changing from one country to another, and satisfying the customs officer, we are loaded into one taxi—two trunks, nine pieces of smaller baggage and four passengers—and whirled to the train a mile away. Forty-five minutes' express ride and we are in Brussels, the capital of Belgium, a city of seven hundred and fifty thousand. In the public plaza, the heart of old Brussels, is where some of the great battles of the fifteenth century were fought and kings and princes were slain.

Brussels

In Brussels we visited the old "Bread House," which is now a museum, filled with relics of long ago. We went to the Royal Palace but were not admitted. We say it humbly, but we stood in front of the palace with the conscious witness to the fact that we belong to the Royal Family, but the Belgian guards could not recognize us.

On the old city hall there is an early Gothic spire three hundred and forty feet high, and on the top is a huge brass archangel, placed there in 1454. The spire itself has weathered the storms and battles of nearly five hundred years. When the French bombarded Brussels in 1695, four thousand houses were destroyed and most of this ancient structure was burned, but the spire and the archangel witnessed it all, unharmed.

Miss Edith Cavel, a British subject, was at the head of a school for training nurses in the City of Brussels, Belgium, when the Germans invaded and occupied the city in 1914. She converted her training institution into a hospital, and nursed wounded soldiers regardless of nationality. Among the German soldiers

which she nursed back to life was one Mr. Rammler. When a little later Miss Cavel was charged with being a British spy and condemned to be shot, there was a man condemned to be shot at the same time. The German officer said to Miss Cavel, "We will shoot the man first and let you witness his execution." When the man was killed, Miss Cavel was so weak that she could not stand. She was seated in a chair about fifteen feet from the gunman. The soldier chosen to shoot her was Mr. Rammler whom she had nursed back to life and health. When the moment came to fire, he refused and threw his gun away. He was at once shot down by the officer.

A lady standing by felt that it was such an outrage that she wanted to give her life as a protest against the injustice. She stepped out, opened her breast to the gunman and was shot. One sympathizer after another was killed until thirty-five men and women were dead on the spot. This occurrence is but briefly related as an illustration of the cruelty of war. It is also, together with many other incidents of the German method of warfare, an illustration of what the highest education

and culture without Christ will do for a nation. For half a century Germany has been regarded as the seat of learning. A man who had not studied at Berlin had never finished his education. The thousands of unnameable crimes committed on the fields of Flanders and France are the products of culture without Christ, science and philosophy without the God of the Bible, evolution from the pit of dark damnation.

This day we have stood with uncovered head in the presence of the dust and ashes of William Tyndale who was burned October 6, 1530. We also prayed and renewed our covenant and courage in the presence of his monument which stands a short distance from the place of his execution. The inscription on it reads: "To the Memory of the Englishman, William Tyndale." Then in smaller type: "William Tyndale who suffered martyrdom under Spanish rule on October 6, 1530 was first strangled and then burned. Among his last words were these, 'Lord open the eyes of the King of England.' This prayer was answered within a year by the issue under royal authority of the whole Bible in English. This monument was erected by friends of the

Trinitarian Bible Society, October 6, 1913.” With bowed, uncovered head and with a prayer, we dropped a beautiful flower at the foot of it.

In the British museum in London, we were shown Tyndale’s original translation of the Bible. It was most beautiful.

Waterloo

Yesterday we took a tram car and went to Waterloo, only about fifteen miles from the heart of the city. Here sixty thousand men fell in five hours and a half. That fatal October Sunday witnessed one of the most tragic charges of all time. Here Napoleon made the mistake of his life, and went from the highest pinnacle of fame to exile and disgrace on a lonely island. His was the mistake that millions are making to-day. He simply failed to reckon on what is known as the “Sunken Road,” which was a sudden drop from the level of the battlefield into a marsh on the Victor Hugo farm. When Napoleon’s cavalry and artillery went over the embankment, escape was impossible. The “Sunken Road” was filled with dead Frenchmen, over whom Wellington and Blucher marched their

armies to victory. Teeming millions are this hour rushing on pellmell to a "Sunken Road," an awful declivity, and into the marshes of eternal night, from which there is no escape.

As we stood on these bloody fields we remembered what the Duke of Wellington said of Waterloo. "This was the hardest battle I have ever fought, and the greatest victory I have ever won." Remember, Christian soldier, that your greatest conflicts may become your achievements. Let us wring from our foes the strength they seek to take from us, and convert our trials into triumphs.

Across France

Now our faces are set toward Paris. On the eastern side of the English Channel our first undertaking after prayers is to swallow a continental breakfast. These breakfasts are uniform and consist of rolls, butter and drinks. Breakfast over, things happen quickly. A run to the bank for more money, French money this time, and a hurry and hustle to get a taxi and get nine pieces of baggage into it, a few moments of wheeling, whirling, and dodging, and we are at the station a mile away. Then comes weighing of baggage, tipping

every fellow who turns a hand for you, and drilling your way through a dense crowd to board the train. We draw a few long breaths and we are off. As there are only four of us, we must have four strangers in our compartment. One of them insists on smoking though I shake my head at him. He doesn't seem to understand my motions any better than my language. At the end of the first hour's run the French officers hold us up for half an hour, and all our baggage is dragged out of the train and taken to the customs office, and there searched. They are especially looking for wines and tobacco, but they have seized the wrong passengers.

We are now in the wake of the great German Army which devastated Flanders and northern France. For a hundred miles our train is in a land of blood. City after city and village after village remain to this day largely in ruins. There are many buildings newly built, but ten years more will not rebuild all. Tens of thousands of our American boys sleep here. And Germany, we learn, is rapidly making ready for war.

We have met the wonder of ages in this devastated land. It is that by the grace of

God, through Jesus Christ, a Belgian can be so saved that he forgives the German people, and loves them for Jesus' sake.

Paris

But now we are in Paris, a city of more than four million. Paris is a surprise, and a mystery. How a city can be as beautiful and charming as Paris, and yet be so wicked seems beyond human conception.

Of the hundreds of celebrated paintings by the great masters of the world, which we were shown in Paris, particularly in the Louvre, those that impressed us most were: First, The finding of little Moses among the bushes of the Nile. That whole tragic scene is made as real as life. The expression of delight in the face of Pharaoh's daughter, the satisfaction and suppressed joy pictured in the face of the mother, make the whole scene vividly dramatic.

Second, the picture of the great caravan camping on the desert in the darkness of a starless night. The reflection from the camp fires suggested an army of Pilgrims journeying to the Holy City.

Third, that marvelous masterpiece by Van

Dyck, representing Christ driving the vendors out of the Temple, cleansing the House of God. He is represented as doing thorough house cleaning. Brother, has He done this for you?

Fourth, the old philosopher, Diogenes, represented as going through Athens with a search light in his hand, hunting for an honest man. As he flashes the light into the face of one after another, their countenances so change and are so filled with fear and terror, that he passes on. Brother, when the white light of the Judgment flashes into your face, your countenance will reveal the state of your heart. The countenance may be so changed by gazing into the face of Jesus in prayer that the light of eternity will create no terror. But if the countenance is not lifted up and made transparent by a holy life here, it will be filled with fear there. The Louvre Museum is the largest and most famous Art Museum in the world, and all that marred our visit was want of time.

Impressions Of The City

A visit to the place of the awful Massacre of St. Bartholomew's night filled us with strange emotion. Concorde Square in Paris

is the most spacious and the most celebrated Square in the world. Here stood the Guillotine where so many nobles lost their heads. Here is a great structure built of the ruins of the Bastille. Here is that tremendous one-piece obelisk from Egypt. This magnificent square is located at the head of the Champs Elysees, the broadest and most celebrated avenue in Europe, leading to the Arch of Triumph. France has much to celebrate her triumphs, but nothing to say about her defeats.

Standing in the center of this Square, looking down this broad thoroughfare to the massive Arch, it is easy to imagine the superior glory of the streets of gold in the new Jerusalem, leading up to the great Arch of Triumph of the ages, the triumph of Calvary—the triumph in which all the triumphs of time are wrapped.

As we stood at the base of the old Roman Wall, built fifty years before the birth of Christ, we observed the disfiguration of two thousand years, and remembered John's description of the wall of the City Four-Square. The eternity of the past has never affected it, and the eternity of the future will never fade it. Its glowing walls and gates of pearl will

shine undimmed amid the glories of eternity.

At the grave of Napoleon we had only a word to say: "And this is what you have come to! And is this all that you possess after all your bloody butchery and boasted achievements?"

When we stood by the side of the first automobile that ever crossed the great Arabian desert we lifted our hat and said, "Thank you, Sir. You have added to our Christian courage. We shall never stop for the sands of time. We are bound for the Holy City."

We stood by the side of that magnificent railroad coach in which General Foch rode, and in which the Armistice was signed, out near the battle line, November 11th, 1918. The car was elegance and comfort to the limit. From it went out a message that thrilled the world with delight. But we are traveling in a Gospel car, bearing a message which will not only thrill but transform the nations of the earth.

Before leaving Paris we must see Versailles. In the royal Palace of Louis the XIV we were shown hundreds of the finest paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But the one room in which I lingered longest was the

great mirrored room, more than one hundred feet long, in which the Peace Treaty was signed in June 1919. Leading up to this room are two spacious granite stairways. The representatives of twenty-one nations marched up the principal stairway and the Germans came up the other and they met under a magnificent cut glass chandelier in this wonderful Glass Room. It must have been spectacular. When we stood where the table sat and remembered how much the world was affected by the action of that eventful hour, our mind turned at once to the Peace Treaty of Calvary, when Jesus signed and sealed with His own Blood the Declaration of Peace between God and man. When Jesus cried out "It is finished," and gave up the ghost, human redemption was completed. If man will lay down his arms, the war is over. Peace, Peace, Wonderful peace!

But as we are to leave Paris tomorrow, let us say a word to express our surprise. In England, Scotland, Sweden, Belgium and France we have seen less drunkenness, less lawlessness, and heard of fewer crimes than in America. Such politeness, courtesy and kindness we have never witnessed in the

States. There are far fewer women with bobbed hair and painted faces than in America. We see no such outlandish fashions among the women of Paris as we see in our American cities. Our ideas of Europe, and even of Paris, have been entirely revolutionized.

CHAPTER V.

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY

For grandeur, beauty and cleanliness Switzerland is unsurpassed by anything we have seen. Hotels are clean, food is palatable, the people are courteous, the train service is good, and the scenery sublime.

Lucerne

The city of Lucerne is geographically the center of Europe. It is in the very heart of the high Swiss Alps. It is said by many to be the most beautiful locality on earth. It is on the banks of that beautiful Swiss lake bearing the same name, with towering snow-covered peaks all about it. Mounts Rigi and Pilatus, of world fame, stand like everlasting sentinels to guard the city.

One of the things that impressed us most among the art works of Switzerland was a series of paintings by Casper Meglinger, done in 1630 and known as "The Dance of Death." Originally there were seventy-two paintings

but only about twenty-five of them have been preserved to date. They were executed a short time after a terrible plague had ravaged the beautiful town of Lucerne, as a gloomy memorial of those awful days.

First, there is a picture of Death, ghastly enough to make one shudder, driving Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden. Then there are paintings representing the way Death accompanied the plague from place to place and from house to house. One picture shows him in the home of the poor, breaking up the family circle. In the next he is seen in the royal chamber where there is feasting and dancing; then in a villa on the mountain side. Next he is among the monks and friars in the abbey. Then he is found in the law courts, laying his long bony hands upon the most busy and active. He is also shown entering the studio, marking the artists for the shroud.

Another product of a master's brush held us in silence for a time. It was the picture of a home whose happiness had been turned into grief by the illness of the baby. The doctor came, made his examination, shook his head, and stepped back. The mother, convulsed

with sorrow, had thrown herself on her knees at the bed-side. The father's face was filled with grief. How suddenly and completely a happy home may be changed by the uncertainties of life! How comforting it is to know that in sickness or death "Christ is all and in all!"

We wept as we lingered in front of a marvelous painting of the beheading of John the Baptist. How delighted we shall be one day to meet those who have suffered death for Jesus and the Gospel!

Dear, quaint old Switzerland, we regret to go so soon!

From Interlaken, Switzerland to Venice, Italy, a distance of about two hundred miles, was a charming and thrilling journey. We fairly shot under and over and through the high Alps. We ran through more than fifty tunnels and across as many beautiful valleys. The terraced vineyards and orchards were panoramas of beauty.

When we entered the longest tunnel in the world, we closed our eyes on Switzerland, and after twelve miles in the tunnel we opened them on Italy. Great changes in twenty-two minutes! Switzerland is a Protestant country.

We seldom met a petticoat priest in all that land of thrift. Now they abound everywhere. Of Italy's thirty-eight million people, thirty seven million eight hundred thousand are Roman Catholics. The general appearance of the country shows it. The women work in the field; the soil is turned and tilled with oxen as one hundred years ago. Italy is dirty, slovenly, neglected, God-forsaken.

We have seen women work in the shafts like horses or mules, and that in the city. Of course, there is the better class of Italians; we are speaking of the general conditions and the general public.

Venice

It is dark when we run into Venice. What a strange city! There is nothing like it on earth. It is called the "City of a Hundred Islands." It is on the Adriatic Sea. We cross a bridge two and a half miles long to reach it. A city of two hundred thousand people and not a wheeled vehicle of any sort in it! Not a horse, donkey or ox!

All the principal streets are canals and all the transportation is by gondolas. There are a few gasoline launches. There are thousands

of gondolas, often dodging each other like automobiles in an American city. The way one man can manipulate one of these craft with one oar, and it always on the same side of the boat, is amazing. The streets for pedestrians are from five to twelve feet wide. For these the canals are bridged. There are about four hundred of these elevated bridges.

In the Palace of the Doges (kings of the middle ages) we visited the rayless dungeons where the criminals, or supposed criminals, were kept while awaiting execution. We went alone into one of these most dismal places to see how it would feel to be thus incarcerated. Lord Byron, at his own request, was shut up in one of these dungeons for twenty-four hours, that he might be able to write on the conditions of those awful times. It is no wonder to us that many have become insane in such solitary confinement.

In this palace we became much interested in a fine painting. It represented a saint of long ago, who, on a dark, stormy night heard the cry of a child in distress. He went on a search and found the child. Without knowing or asking whose child it was, he took it in his strong arms and carried it across a swollen

stream. When the child was safe, he was told that it was the Child Jesus. A beautiful illustration of how we may be doing better, and more, than we know when we are unselfishly doing for others! Giving a cup of cold water may be a very small act, but if for and in the name of the Master it may be a glorious service. You may entertain strangers, and find them to be angels.

Florence

Florence is one of the most historic cities in Italy. We were much interested in the tombs of Michael Angelo, the famous artist, and Galileo, who was burned in Florence because he believed that the earth was round and that it revolved around the sun. When passing through the room where Savonarola spent the last night before he was burned at the stake, we allowed the party to go on. We felt that we wanted to be alone for a few moments in that sacred room. We knelt in prayer and were greatly blessed. We said, "If Savonarola spent his last night on earth in this room, angel feet have pressed this floor and celestial light adorned these walls." When we stood on the spot in the open square where

he and two of his sympathizers were burned, we were reminded that when the Pope wrote him that he was going to excommunicate him from the Church, he wrote back: "From the Church militant you may excommunicate me but from the Church triumphant never." When we sat in the church where he denounced the sins of the Papacy and thundered forth the gospel of Jesus Christ, we undergirded all of our resolutions and strengthened all our purposes to be loyal to Christ and never compromise a hair's breadth.

In Brussels Belgium we had a little test. The grave of the Unknown Soldier is out in the open and we had no thought of visiting it. But when we stood in front of it, an officer demanded that we remove our hat. Like a flash of lightning we felt a check. Since we were not in a church or any place of worship, we would be countenancing the spirit of war; we therefore refused and would not have compromised if he had shot us down on the spot. It was not done as a mark of disrespect to the Unknown Soldier, but it became a matter of principle. We would rather die than to disobey the Holy Ghost. General Sherman said:

“War is hell.” We refuse to uncover our head to hell.

Enroute from Florence to Rome, we passed the beautiful lake on the banks of which Hannibal slew fifteen thousand Romans on his march to Rome two hundred years before Christ. The water in the lake was so colored with blood that it has taken its name from the occasion.

Rome

Rome, “The Eternal City,” the “City of Seven Hills,” has ordinarily about eight hundred thousand people. But this is “Holy Year,” and there are hundreds of thousands of so-called “Pilgrims” here from all over the world. Rome was a center of more than four million people in the long ago, and has been since reduced at times to less than five hundred. As a city she has had a strange and varied career.

We arrived Saturday afternoon. As soon as we were located in our hotel we took a taxi and drove to the Colosseum. Here fifty thousand people often witnessed the wild beasts eating the Christians alive. Here Nero used to have Christians covered with pitch and

then set on fire for his evening entertainment. There are scores of dens where the wild animals were kept. Strange feelings one has as he stands in the center of such almost unbelievable history.

On the Lord's day we went to the Methodist Church and heard a good sermon in English. Monday morning we went early to the Pantheon, originally a heathen temple but at present the "Westminster Abbey" of Rome. It dates back seven hundred years before Christ. It is enormous, and cost millions of dollars.

In visiting the Palatine Hill, one of the seven on which the present Rome stands, we are told that 753 years before Christ, Romulus founded a village and erected a palace here and named it after the yellow Tiber which flows at its foot. A number of the Emperors erected palaces here. Augustus was born on this hill and lived magnificently. Julius Caesar resided here, his palace having stood on the eastern brow of the hill.

From the Palatine Hill we turned to the Roman Forum lying below. A marvelous piece of excavation has brought to light the famous place where Caesar walked in power

and Cicero thundered in eloquence. Some very tall and wonderful columns are still standing. Part of the ruins of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, erected five hundred years before Christ, and certain stone water fountains of twenty-five hundred years ago, are well preserved. Nearby stood the Temple of Vesta, the place where the celebrated Vestal Virgins ministered. Here the sacred fire was never allowed to go out.

We might stop on this hill for a month, but we turn from the remaining fragments of Nero's gardens to the Catacombs where thousands of Christians perished underground. Some time ago twenty-seven wagon loads of the bones of the Christians were gathered up and buried in the crypt of one of the great churches of Rome, but hundreds of loads remain. If all the Catacombs which are under Rome were put in a line, they would reach five hundred and twenty-five miles.

Now our guide gives us a beautiful drive on the famous Appian Way over which St. Paul walked into Rome in irons. Next we visited the Old Mamertine prison, where both Paul and Peter were imprisoned at different times. We descended into that cold, damp, window-

less cell where Paul wrote his second letter to Timothy. It was in this dungeon that he wrote: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." As we laid our hand on the cold stone bench where he probably wrote at least some of the six epistles which he is said to have written from Rome, our thoughts and feelings were too much for utterance.

But we cannot stop now. We must go three miles out of what was old Rome and visit the place where Paul is thought to have been beheaded. The location is between two hills, not far from the Appian Way, and only a short distance from the supposed site of the home of Priscilla and Aquilla, with whom the apostle made tents. We are certain that somewhere in this city he lived in his own hired house for two whole years and preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And it was to the Church of this city that he wrote the book of Romans.

We visited the great Cathedrals of St. Paul and St. Peter. We have visited some of the largest, costliest and most elaborate cathedrals

and palaces in the world, but all their wealth and splendor dwindle to that of mere chapels in comparison to the Vatican, the Palace of the Pope. The Vatican is a house of a thousand rooms, covering thirteen acres. It is doubtful if such splendor and elegance have ever been piled up in one structure since the construction of Solomon's Temple. It is here that we witness the greatest contrast between riches and poverty that we have found in any country. On our way up to the entrance we were accosted by the most abject beggars we have ever met. Again and again we have stopped and said, "And this is what the Papacy has done for Italy." The blast and mildew seem to us to be on the land.

We visited the "Sacred Stairs" where Martin Luther was converted while ascending on his knees. They are wide enough for six people to ascend them abreast. No one ever goes up these stairs except on his knees. The stairs were crowded and hundreds were waiting their turn. They were so anxious that they had to be held back by officers. It was here on this marble flight that the great religious revolution, the Reformation, was born. It was here that Luther received the grace that

caused him to throw his ink bottle at the devil, and to say that he would go to Worms if there were as many devils in Worms as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses. When I think of all the ink that has been thrown at the devil since, in the way of holiness books and papers and tracts and Bibles and Gospel portions, I conclude that this first battle was prophetic.

In St. Peter's Cathedral we saw people in great numbers kissing the great toe of the bronze statute of Peter. It is being worn away with kisses, one of the most unsanitary things we have witnessed in all Italy.

Pompeii and Vesuvius

Naples has seven hundred thousand population. It is without exception the filthiest city that we have ever set our feet in. The old slave market section of New Orleans would be decent compared with Naples. This was one place from which we were glad to get away.

Pompeii is only fifteen miles away. When Pompeii was destroyed by Vesuvius in A. D. 79, it was a city of forty thousand people. The city went to sleep one night, and has slept

nearly two thousand years. We saw a number of people lying in their beds in the position in which the steam and fire and stone found them. We went through block after block and street after street, shop after shop and palace after palace. The palace of Cornelius was both elegant and elaborate. His own statue in white marble stood at the entrance, well preserved. In some of the recent excavations they have found a wine bar with the drinking glasses unbroken, and the coins lying on the counter. Men had paid for the drinks but never enjoyed their effects. Even so shall it be when the Son of Man cometh.

Long before we reached Naples we saw the smoking mountain, Vesuvius, belching forth melted rock. When we were through in Pompeii, we ascended Vesuvius. The rim of her crater is four thousand feet above the Mediterranean. Thomas Cook and Son have a railroad to a point within a fourth of a mile of the rim. We ascended by trolley as long as the grade was not more than ten degrees, then by cog rail until we reached the cable line which makes a grade of sixty-five degrees to the top. When we stood on the rim of the crater, we received an enlarged conception of

the internal conditions of this old world and of our God who created it. We were not on the rim more than fifteen minutes. In that time I think there were six eruptions. There are not adjectives enough in the English language to give a description of one's own feelings, much less to describe the thing itself. This is Thomas Cook's second railroad to the top of Vesuvius. In 1906 an eruption buried the other out of sight. There is one village of considerable size which has been destroyed fourteen times and rebuilt each time. The people seem to have no fear of God, Vesuvius, death, or the judgment. Scientists tell us that the crust of the earth is only eighteen miles thick (which is no more in proportion to size than the shell is to an egg) and that all within this crust is fire. Some Bible students believe that this is hell, the "Lake of Fire."

The eruptions that we witnessed were red as the fires of hell, roared like seven thunders, and reverberated through the mountains until they quivered. Seth Jr. went near enough to pick up hot stones. We were near enough and stayed long enough. We have no desire to play with a burning mountain.

CHAPTER VI

EGYPT AND PALESTINE

On this the 27th day of September, 1925, God's high and holy day, we are on the Mediterranean Sea with little or no opportunity to converse with the passengers or crew, as few of them understand English. They are Italian or French. We do record this day, this glorious Sabbath day, that we are more in love with Jesus Christ than ever before. Though deprived of the blessing of public worship in the house of God, and denied the privilege of preaching the blessed, everlasting Gospel, we are praying for all who do this day stand up anywhere to publish this message.

Across The Mediterranean

We are sailing the very same waters through which the Apostle Paul sailed on his missionary journeys. For two hundred miles we sailed the Adriatic Sea. Then for another two hundred we were in the Ionian Sea, but

just now we are well out in the Mediterranean. We have been sighting the coast of Greece; now we are passing Crete. It was in these very waters that Paul was shipwrecked. It was not far away that the angel found the wreck and climbed up the side of the boat and told Paul that he was going to give him all that sailed with him. It was on this island that Cretan civilization was born, a civilization older than that of Greece. It dates about the same as Egypt. In fact, Crete and Egypt have many things in common in all the past.

As our long sail through Mediterranean waters came to an end, we came in sight of the North African coast. We had no idea that the sight of African soil would affect us so deeply. We have prayed for Africa for fifty years. Dear Sister Clara is buried there. Dear Charlie Miller is buried there. More than half of the fifty-four missionaries who went to Africa when Sister went, never returned. Many of our friends who went out under the Christian and Missionary Alliance sleep in this dark land. Then we thought of Moffat, Livingstone, and others and slipped away into the social hall and wept our heart out to God in thanksgiving.

Alexandria

When we came to dock at Alexandria, what shall we say? It was so bafflingly strange and amusing that one is tempted to say nothing. A thousand people were on the wharf waiting for our boat to tie up. Hundreds of them were Egyptian, Arabic and Sudanese porters wanting to handle the trunks and luggage. They were all hallooing at the top of their voices something that we could not understand and acting as if they were angry or insane. Their flowing costumes, so colorful, added a picturesque touch to the whole scene. We are as certain that we never can forget the vision as we are that we cannot describe it.

Alexandria is a cosmopolitan city of about half a million. It is a great seaport and commercial center. We cross the Nile in several sections. There are two main branches and several smaller ones. Crossing the valley of the Nile we are in the most fertile country in the world, a part of which is the land of Goshen. It was here that civilization began and for thousands of years crops as rich and as heavy as those we now see have been reaped from these same fields. Here we meet or pass

trains of loaded camels going to or from market. Some are loaded with lumber, some with cotton or vegetables. Thousands of acres of Egyptian cotton are now being picked.

Before crossing the Suez Canal we were held up until nearly midnight by Customs House officers. Customs and passports are a great nuisance and yet one can't get on without them. We boarded a Jerusalem train and retired too weary to rest on the hard bed. After a few hours of troubled sleep we awoke in "The Holy Land."

Jerusalem

To get to Jerusalem we had to ascend twenty-five hundred feet. The mountains are rugged, the canyons deep, the curves sharp, and the grades are stiff. When the train officials called out "Jerusalem," the emotional thrill was indescribable. You may do as I have done—read about it for fifty years—but you will never get the thrill from books however well written, or lectures however well delivered. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, with deepest emotion we greet thee! "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

(Psa. 122:1) "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever."
(Psa. 125:2.)

We enter the walled city through the Jaffa Gate. This is the gate through which General Allenby walked after he captured Jerusalem, December 11, 1917, the surrender having taken place on December 9th. Jerusalem is a city of seventy thousand population, almost half of which is outside of the city walls. Once inside of the gate we find ourselves at the head of David Street, the principal thoroughfare running directly through the city. It is about twelve feet wide, without sidewalks. No wheeled vehicles of any sort are allowed beyond David's Tower, which is located a short distance inside the Jaffa Gate.

David Street is a bedlam from one end to the other. Camels, donkeys, goats, sheep, dogs, cats and people of every description by the thousands! It certainly is a task to get through this indescribable mob. Blacksmith Street is not so wide; it is hardly more than eight feet from wall to wall. It is cut through solid rock, and the hundreds of shops or places of business are so many rooms or holes of

various sizes cut into the rock. In these cave-like places are smiths of every possible kind, not only workers in iron, brass and tin, but wood, ivory and stone. A carpenter shop where sash and doors are made (all by hand) may not be larger than eight by twelve feet. The odd little artisans within seem almost as amused at us as we are at them, toiling away in their dingy quarters.

Our friends, Miss Crossley and Miss Hatch of England, referred us to Mr. Shelley, a Christian gentleman at the head of the Chamber of Commerce in Jerusalem. He received us most cordially, and furnished us a guide, than whom there is perhaps not a better in Palestine. He is a fine Christian gentleman who does not draw on his imagination, but gives us as near the truth and the whole truth as is known.

We are looking for the Catholic Calvary, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; not that we believe that they have the correct location, but it is all worth seeing, and their story is very interesting. They have chosen and adorned a place which is inside the city walls. But in Hebrews 13:12 we are told that "Jesus suffered without the gate." And John says

“The place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city.” (John 19:20.) We prefer to believe the Bible.

We are now at the Pool of Bethesda, the pool with five porches, in which “lay a great multitude of impotent folk.” (John 5:2-10.) We stand in silence with uncovered head. What reflections! What feelings!

Next we are conducted to the place where the Apostle James was beheaded. Our feet are now pressing Mount Zion. This is one of the places about which there seems to be no question. It was on this mountain that the last supper was held, and nearby is a large upper room which would be quite ample enough for one hundred and twenty people. We are told that this is probably the place where the Holy Ghost fell at Pentecost. One thing we are certain about is that He descended on this mountain. Mount Zion is a hundred feet higher than Mount Moriah. It was on Mount Zion that the New Testament Church was born and the Holy Ghost was inaugurated as the “Chief Executive of the Godhead” on earth. This is where He made His personal advent into this world as really as Jesus made His advent at Beth-

lehem five miles south of here. We have this day walked over the very territory where three thousand were converted in a day, and five thousand the next day. From this mountain have poured streams of Holy Fire for twenty centuries. Is it any wonder that our feet burn and our whole being quivers as we stand in this presence. Shall we not live better? Shall we not minister with a new anointing? It was here that cloven tongues of fire sat upon each of them. All the revivals of two thousand years were born here. We are reluctant about moving, but we must.

The Jordan Valley

Friday morning we are seated in a seven passenger Studebaker and headed for Jericho, Jordan and the Dead Sea, which are more than thirty miles away. Enroute our first stop is to visit the Garden of Gethsemane. Here is a well preserved olive grove of great age. It was here that Jesus loved to hide away in seclusion for prayer. It was here that His disciples failed Him, and could not watch with Him one hour. It was here that He trod the winepress alone. It was here that He met and conquered fear, and put behind Him for-

ever all dread of pain. It was here that He sweat as it were great drops of blood. Amid the beautiful flowers of the well-kept garden we knelt at the foot of an olive tree which is not less than a thousand years old and offered up a morning prayer. We are told that these old trees may have come from the roots of those that were there that night of agony.

Passing over Olivet our attention is called to the Kedron, frequently alluded to in the Old Testament as the Brook Kedron. (II Sam. 14:23.) Twice in the Old Testament it is spoken of as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Just across the valley is the place where Stephen was stoned, while young Saul held the clothes of the murderers. Every acre of this slope is rich in Biblical and historical associations. We have just passed the place where Jesus is supposed to have cursed the fig tree.

Our next call is at the village of Bethany. Bethany was the home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus, where Christ was always welcome and where He often lodged. The tomb of Lazarus is pointed out.

Next is the Inn of the Good Samaritan, where the man who fell among thieves was cared for. The Jericho road is still exposed

to thieves and bands of robbers. Our next stop is at Cherith where Elijah was fed by the ravens. For at least ten miles we are driving through the wilderness of Judea where John the Baptist preached repentance. In this wilderness Jesus fasted for forty days, and not far away we see the Mount of Temptation, where Satan took Him "up into a high mountain." The mountain stands 1130 feet above the plain. On our right Godfrey, the first Crusader King of Jerusalem, camped at the time of his siege. By the way, our guide put in our hand yesterday the sword with which Godfrey marched into Jerusalem at the time he captured the city. But our Quaker principles (of which we are not ashamed) prevented our feeling any thrill. Far off on our right is a cave claimed to be the "Cave of Adullam," the scene of the meeting of Saul and David; and nearby, the home of Amos the prophet. We now have an extended view of the Dead Sea on our right, the Jordan Valley in front and on our left, and the beautiful range of the Mountains of Moab on the other side of Jordan. We have descended more than 3000 feet and are entering the modern Jericho which consists chiefly of flat-roofed

mud huts. The population numbers about four hundred, principally of a degenerate race of black Bedouins.

We journey two miles further and arrive in ancient Jericho where the walls fell down flat when the people shouted. The old Bible Jericho is 792 feet below sea level. Its climate and vegetation are sub-tropical. The soil is very fertile. Gardens and trees flourish. Jericho was destroyed by Israel under Joshua fifteen hundred years before Christ (Josh. 6:1.) Elijah and Elisha visited Jericho a short time before Elijah was translated, and when Elisha opened the Jordan by smiting the river with the mantle and returned to Jericho, the people complained that their waters were bitter and Elisha healed them. Christ visited Jericho several times, and on one occasion He healed the blind beggar. Joshua pronounced a curse upon the man who would rebuild the city. The prophecy was fulfilled in the days of Ahab (I Kings 16:34) and the city has never amounted to much. It was afterwards destroyed, even before the coming of Christ. After being under the Turks for more than four hundred years Jericho was taken from them February 21, 1918.

We approach the Jordan where Christ was baptized and near where Elisha caused the axe head to swim. We sit in a small boat and bathe our head and hands in Jordan water. What a sacred spot! Next we bathe our hands in the Dead Sea. Standing at the north end we can see the high peak of Pisgah on Mt. Nebo from which Moses viewed the promised land; also the site thought to be the ancient Beth Jeshimoth where the Israelites were encamped in preparation to cross the Jordan.

The Dead Sea is the lowest place on earth. We stand on its quiet beach and think of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the marvelous past. We have passed the place where Naaman was healed of leprosy by washing in the Jordan. We turn back to Jerusalem, passing near the home of Herod where John the Baptist was beheaded, then by the place where Jesus wept over Jerusalem, and over the way of Jesus' triumphal entrance into the city.

The Wall of Wailing

Friday afternoon, weary as we are after the long trip to Jericho, Jordan and the Dead Sea, we must go to the Jews' Wailing Place, for

while they wail every day in the year, there are more of them mourning Friday afternoon, especially about the time of the setting of the sun, which is the beginning of their Sabbath. This is the most heart-rending sight of all that we have yet seen. Old men kissing the cold stone walls, reading aloud in the most mournful tones of their by-gone glory, almost stricken with grief as the great tears stream down their wrinkled faces! They have driven nails between the courses of the great stones in the walls in accordance with Ezra 9:8.

To see and hear a hundred of these homeless people chanting their litany of distress with such unearthly moans and wails, leaves no wonder in one's mind that Dr. Godbey said when he was there he wailed with them.

The leader will read, "For the temple that is destroyed."

All the people will answer, "We sit in solitude and mourn."

Leader: "For the walls that are overthrown."

People: "We sit in solitude and mourn."

Leader: "For our majesty that is departed."

People: "We sit in solitude and mourn."

Leader: "For our great men who lie dead."

People: "We sit in solitude and mourn."

Leader: "For the precious stones that are burned."

People: "We sit in solitude and mourn."

All this and more, is kept up over and over.

We now turn to the Pool of Siloam where Jesus put clay on the eyes of a blind man, and told him to wash and he saw (John 9:7.) And while we are so near we visit Ophel, the old City of David. This is most ancient. It was once the stronghold of the Jebusites. It was destroyed and David rebuilt it and called it the "City of David."

Saturday morning, October 3rd, we visit the Temple Area, where Solomon's Temple stood, on the summit of Mount Moriah. King David made extensive preparations for the erection of this magnificent structure, but God objected because David was a man of war (I Chron. 22:8;28:3.) I must not attempt to write a history but it is all intensely interesting. It was just here that Christ drove the money changers out of the Temple. It was on this spot that He entered into the Temple so often and taught, sometimes early in the morning. It was here they laid hands on the Apostles

and put them in the common prison, but the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and said, "Go, stand and speak in the Temple to the people all the words of this life. And when they heard that, they entered into the Temple early in the morning, and taught." (Acts. 5:19-20.)

We turn next to Pilate's Judgment Hall which is not far away, and sit where the mob cried, "Crucify Him." We do not care to tarry long; it feels like the gate-way to the pit. When we had taken a good long walk on the city wall we were ready to go to lunch.

Bethlehem

The ride over to Bethlehem is indeed an interesting one. It is only six miles and the road is fairly good but very winding, having several of what they call "hair-pin curves." Then the road is lined with heavily loaded camels and asses. Sometimes there are as many as twenty camels in a train, each carrying 600 pounds or more of lumber, trunks, household goods, or often great blocks of building stone. Herds of goats and sheep also delay auto travel. Besides, there are droves of Arabs and Bedouins going both ways. It

is a wonder we do not run over some of them. We pass Rachel's tomb and take a picture of the same. Approaching Bethlehem we sweep down through a beautiful valley, then up a stiff grade and on one of the first important streets is the place of the Nativity.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest cities of Palestine and is second only to Jerusalem in historical interests. It is the scene of many important events in Biblical history. Near here Rachel died. This was the home of Boaz and Naomi. Here was consummated the beautiful poem of the book of Ruth. Bethlehem was the home of Jesse and David, and it was here that David was anointed by the prophet. Most important of all, it is the birthplace of Jesus Christ. The name means the "house of bread, or food." From all antiquity this section has been noted for its cultivation and fruitfulness. How striking in view of its spiritual significance! Bethlehem, the home of the line of David, and the place where the world's "Bread of Life" came forth! This is the only section where the original wheat, from which the cultivated stocks have come, has been found wild.

The first mention of Bethlehem in the Bible

is in Genesis 35 where the story of the death of Rachel is related. In the 14th century B. C. occurred the events recorded in the story of Ruth and Boaz. We learn from I Samuel 16 that it was still the home of David's house in the early part of the 11th century B. C. Then it was fortified by Rehoboam a thousand years before Christ. (II Chron. 11:16.) The present population is 10,000, all professing Christians except 300 Moslems.

Emperor Constantine built a Church over the stable of the Nativity in 330 A. D. This structure stands today but is controlled by three religious sects, all claiming to be Christian: Greek Catholics, Latins or Roman Catholics, and the Armenians. They are always fighting among themselves about their rights in the church and especially their time of prayer at the manger. They sometimes come to blows and blood-shed in the church, so that the place is always guarded by the police to keep peace. Occasionally even this precaution fails. We arrived on one of these stormy occasions. When we attempted to enter the Grotto (which is the stable), two armed soldiers stopped us. Down below a conflict was on between the Latins and the

Greeks. The war was too much for the police and they had sent for the Governor of the city. So we had to wait until peace was restored before we could enter. Thus can peace be maintained only at the point of the sword on the spot of the birth of the Prince of Peace.

All scholars, critics, and historians agree that this is probably the location of the Nativity. It was here that the wise men from the East dismounted and opened their knapsacks. We entered in with tears of reverence, and came away with a more vivid sense of our unworthiness and of His great love and mercy.

As we look out over these Judean Hills we can almost hear the angelic song which greeted the ears of the shepherds by night. Oh, the strains of heavenly music which broke forth over these hills. (Luke 2:8-16.)

Since driving near the place where David is thought to have received the inspiration for the 23rd Psalm, we have been deeply impressed with the fact that this is the only country on earth where shepherds **lead** their flocks. Shepherds elsewhere drive their sheep as a rule. It was among these hills that Ruth, as a gleaner, met her future husband. On one of these hills was the "house of Chimham." (Jer.

41:17.) Here too was the "tower of Edar." (Genesis 35:21.)

While in Bethlehem we were delighted to visit David's well, or "the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate," which we have alluded to so many times in our public ministry. This is where three of David's brave men, who broke through the enemies' ranks, drew water for their master, and he considered it so sacred, that, thirsty as he was, he would not drink it but poured it out unto the Lord.

Hebron

The city of Hebron, located on and about Mount Hebron, we can safely say is one of the most ancient cities in the world. We read in Numbers 13:22 that it was built seven years before Zoar, before the time of Abraham. Mamre (or Hebron) was the scene of Abraham's vision and of the visit by the three angels who appeared to the patriarch, as he sat in his tent door under the oak. (Genesis 18.) This is undoubtedly the location of the field and cave of Machpelah which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite for a family burying-place. In it he buried his wife, Sarah, (Genesis 23.) Here Abraham himself was

buried, as were Isaac and Rebecca. Later Jacob and his wife Leah were laid here. It is believed that the bones of Joseph which were carried up from Egypt were deposited here also.

Hebron was destroyed by Joshua (Joshua 10:36-37) but afterward rose to prominence and was one of the ten cities of refuge. At the gate of Hebron Joab murdered Abner after he had brought him back from the well of Sirah. Absalom was born here, and here he raised the standard of rebellion. (II Samuel 15:10.) David reigned here for seven years and six months. Hebron was fortified by Rehoboam. It was captured by Judas Maccabeus in 165 B. C. The town was destroyed by the Romans. In fact it has had an up and down career. It fell into the hands of the Crusaders in 1099 A. D. and was captured by Saladin in 1177, then by the British, December 4, 1917.

Near Abraham's Oak we picked and ate the grapes of Eschol. These grapes are still famous as in the days of the Israelitish invasion. Some clusters are eighteen inches long.

The Mosque of Machpelah is controlled by the Mohammedans and it is next to impossible to get a permit to enter the cave. Before the

war no one was ever allowed to enter, and now it is most difficult to get a pass. They hold that only lords or distinguished persons should be allowed inside the mosque. When Americans apply, they say there are no "lords" in America. Another rule that makes it hard is that no more than seven persons can enter a week. Well, the Lord helped us. Paul visited the American Consul, and he interceded for us and secured a permit for the whole family. Enroute back to Jerusalem, we passed the spring called Ain Sareh, "Well of Sirah" (II Samuel 11:26), and the spring of Philip where Philip baptized the Eunuch.

Ramallah And Bethel

Sunday, October 4th, we went to the Friends Church and School at Ramallah, twelve miles out of Jerusalem. Ramallah means the "Mountain of God." It is three hundred feet higher than Jerusalem, and from it both Jerusalem and the Mediterranean Sea may be seen. Paul and I were both invited to preach in the Friends Church. An Arab interpreted. This is an institution founded by Sybil Jones of New England Yearly Meeting some fifty years ago. They have a large school for boys and

another even larger for girls. It is here that Joseph and Mary made the discovery that Christ was not in the company and returned to find Him in the Temple disputing with the lawyers.

After dinner we drove three miles to Bethel where Jacob slept with no curtain but the night, no covering but the clouds, and no pillow but a stone which, after his vision, he stood on end and anointed as a pillar. It was here that the angels ascended and descended, and Jacob said, "This is none other than the house of God."

Calvary And The Tomb

We now turn to what is known as the Gordon Calvary, and this we have reason to believe is the true and real Calvary. Here we wanted to pray. We kneeled down on the brow of the mount and had a sweet season of prayer. This is certainly the most probable place where our Lord suffered on the Cross. For three long hours Calvary was as dark as night. On these rocky heights Heaven's brightest glory and hell's blackest hate and crime met in conflict. Is it any wonder that all nature was convulsed, that these rocky

sides were rent, and that the sun refused to shine while his Creator died.

“Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre wherein was never man yet laid.” (John 19:41.) The gardener received us kindly unlocked the door to the rock-bound tomb, and allowed us to enter. The enclosure is about eight by ten feet. The place where they laid Him is six by two feet, with a rock bench at either end where the angels sat one at the head and the other at the foot. There are thousands of rock-cut tombs in and about Jerusalem, but we are told that this is the only one ever found where there was a bench, or seat, where an angel could sit at each end of the grave.

CHAPTER VII

PALESTINE AND EGYPT

A visit to the home of Zacharias and Elizabeth, the birth-place of John the Baptist, was not only thrilling but soul-inspiring. The trip itself into the "Hills of Judea" almost made our hair stand on end. Climbing and descending those rugged steeps in a big auto, with an Arab driver who would make those hair-pin bends like Jehu, we confess was not a little exciting. It was among these rugged steeps that John the Baptist received his training for his rugged, lonely life in the wilderness of Judea. It was here that Mary visited and saluted Elizabeth. (Luke 1:41.) It was over these terraced mountain sides that John must have climbed and played for years. These very hills must have echoed his boyish shouts a thousand times.

I sincerely hope he was not subjected to the poverty, rags, and filth known to these bare-foot Arab children all about us. Beggars abound all over Palestine from the oldest and

most decrepit down to the children of three years. Mothers with a blind, or deformed, perhaps one-armed baby in their arms appeal for help for the child who may be less than a year old. Everywhere you turn you hear the cry from old and young: "Bakhsheesh," "Bakhsheesh." That means "Give me a gift." A coin is what they want. We met a beggar leper in the street without a finger on either hand. When we laid a coin on the stub of her hand, she looked up to heaven and said something in Arabic, kissed the coin and fell on her knees in the dirt of the street. It was a most pitiful sight.

The social and economic conditions of Palestine furnish a striking illustration of what the Turks and Moslem religion have done for this country in four hundred years. What cultivation the soil gets is the same, and is done in the same manner, as it was four hundred years ago. They scratch the ground with a wooden stick, which may be termed a plow, drawn by an ox, or if by two oxen one is in front of the other. Their threshing floors are the same as they were in the days of Abraham—a dirt floor out in the open made in a circle. Oxen tread the wheat from the straw as in the

days of David. The wheat is separated from the chaff by the use of a sheet and the wind to blow the chaff away. We visited a threshing floor and secured some wheat which was threshed and cleaned in this manner.

There are thousands of camels in this country and in Egypt. No difference what road you take or in what direction you go, you will see camel trains loaded with every imaginable thing: lumber, building stone, sand, cement, furniture, vegetables, trunks, pianos, any and everything which must be transported. Each camel will carry six hundred pounds or more.

Through Northern Judea

Leaving Jerusalem for Galilee we pass again the Garden Tomb, the Tomb of the Kings, and the Mount of Olives on our right; also Mount Scopus. Mount Scopus is without doubt the site where Titus pitched his army camp in preparation for the capture of Jerusalem in A. D. 70. Before reaching Ramallah and Bethel (of which we have spoken elsewhere) to our left we pass Nob, the home of the Priests (I Sam. 21:1; Isa. 10:32.) The tabernacle was located here in the time of

Saul, and hither David fled for refuge from Saul. (I Sam. 22:9-19.) On the right is the fortress of Gibeah, the chief town of Benjamin (Judges 19:12), also Gibeah of Saul (I Sam. 15:34), and Gibeah of God. (I Sam. 10:5.) The high hill on the west of us is the Mizpeh of the old Testament where Samuel judged Israel for twenty years. (I Sam. 7:5.) In ten minutes more we are at Ramah of Benjamin, the birth-place and home of Samuel. (I Kings 15:17.) The next prominent hill is Adar. (Joshua 16:5.)

We have now descended into the deep, narrow gorge, six miles long, known as the "Robbers' Valley." It has not been long since it was very unsafe, and is only made reasonably safe now by British patrol. About half way through this valley is a spring known as the "Robbers' Spring." It was here that the highwaymen would congregate. Ascending from this dark valley we are soon passing Shiloh. This was an important place as early as the time of Eli and Samuel. They both lived here when it was the home of the Ark of the Covenant. (I Sam. 11:3.) Here the maidens danced at the annual feast, and on one of

these occasions the Benjamites raided them and obtained wives. (Judges 21:19-21.)

Samaria

A few minutes more and we are among the mountains of Samaria, and before us are Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, mountains of blessing and cursing. At the base of Gerizim we came to Jacob's Well, one hundred feet deep and seven and one-half feet in diameter, cut in solid rock. This well was dug by Jacob when he was at Shechem. (Gen. 33:19.) We drank from it and remembered that it was on this well-curb that Jesus rested, and the woman of Samaria was converted. (John 4:5, 12.) Here was born the great revival in Samaria. We ate our meal in the city of Nablus nearby and saw the Samaritan scroll of the five books of Moses, said to be the oldest copy in the world. Jesus stayed two days "and many of the Samaritans believed on Him." This city is ancient Shechem (Josh. 24:32) and Joseph's bones rested here. Tradition claims that his bones were moved to Hebron, and that they now rest in the Cave of Machpelah. German excavations have found the Oak of Joshua. (Josh. 24:26.) It

was near here that the Patriarchs camped at various times. (Gen. 12:6; also 33:18 and 25:4.) Just over there on our left are seen Gibeon and Ajalon where Joshua said, "Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon, and the sun stood still, and the moon stayed." (Josh. 10:12,13.)

Samaria, the next important site north of Nablus, was founded by Omri, king of Israel. (I Kings 16:24.) It was the capital of the Northern Kingdom until 722 B. C. While the party have gone to the heights of the city of Samaria, a climb which we did not care to make, we have slipped off into a lonely place among a thousand ancient olive trees and had a revival meeting—a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. This olive orchard, high on the slopes of Samaria, is a place of sacred memory. From the solitude of this mountain side we have gathered new courage and added strength for the battle. Just over there in plain view on the right is Dothan, where Joseph was let down in a pit by his brethren and afterward taken up and sold into Egypt. And I remembered that it was at Dothan that Elisha asked God to open his servant's eyes, and when He did, the young

man saw these very surrounding mountains full of horses and chariots of fire.

We are now in the great Plain of Esdraelon or Megiddo. It is the valley where the battle of Armageddon is to be fought. (Rev. 16:16.) This plain can well be called the battle field of the nations. For in it numerous armies have stoutly contended and momentous battles have been fought and won. Tabor, rising right up from the plain, is the finest mountain in all Galilee. It is only 1968 feet high, but its picturesque shape and graceful slopes give it a peculiar charm. Tabor, like Carmel and Hermon, is often referred to in a poetic style in the Old Testament. Jeremiah in his poetic prophecy of the invasions of Nebuchadnezzar says, "he shall come like Tabor among the mountains, like Carmel above the Sea."

Nazareth

We are now leaving this wonder valley, and climbing the great ascent to Nazareth. From this first hill can be seen the village of Endor where Saul consulted the witch on the eve of his defeat at the battle of Gilboa. (I Sam. 27:7-20.) On our right is a rocky cliff over which the infuriated Jews of Nazareth wanted

to throw Christ headlong. (Luke 4:28-30.) As we reach the top we see Nazareth spread out before us like a panorama.

Our principal interest in Nazareth lies in the fact that it was the home of our Lord. We visit His supposed home, and the carpenter shop, with deep and tender feelings. The stone steps and stone floors are worn enough to indicate great age. There is only one spring in or about the city of seven thousand people. And if the house and shop are not identically the same places where He lived and worked, the spring must be the same. No one doubts but that as a boy He often visited and drank from this flowing fountain. We are absolutely certain that He climbed all these surrounding hills to their tops, breathed the ozone, and enjoyed the magnificent panorama of the vast Esdraelon plain.

From Nazareth to Tiberias is a delightful run of sixteen miles. We soon pass the birth-place of the prophet Jonah, in ancient Gath. We next visit Cana of Galilee, where Christ performed His first miracle by turning water into wine. The supposed house of the wedding is pointed out. The next place of special interest is Mount Hattin where the greatest

Preacher that ever lived preached the greatest sermon that was ever recorded—the “Sermon on the Mount.” At the base of Hattin is the beautiful plain where Christ may have fed the five thousand .

Lake Of Galilee

Our first view of the Sea of Galilee was like a dream. No such picture has ever been framed. The Sea of Galilee is as blue as the sky and the Palestine sky is the richest blue of any canopy we have ever walked under. It was here that Jesus walked on the water to His disciples. It was here that His disciples wakened Him when their ship was sinking. We washed in the sea, and ate the kind of fish that Peter robbed to get money for taxes. Just across the sea are the mountains of Gilead, and the country of the Gadarenes where Christ cast the devils out of the man and they went into the sea and were drowned. The sea is just as treacherous as it was two thousand years ago. Two Americans lost their lives here in a sudden squall not long since. We drove to the south end of the lake and crossed the Jordan to visit a busy little

city on the other side. When we returned we sat on the shady banks and sang,

“I am over the Jordan tide,
The water did there divide;
I am in the Land of Canaan
And abundantly satisfied.
And now with joy and gladness
I am singing along the way,
In fellowship with Jesus,
I am happy night and day.”

Retrospect

We have been recording many of the beautiful, charming, and wonderful things of travel, and have purposely left unrecorded all that was inconvenient, trying, or disappointing. Why should we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and not evil? And why should we not record, and rejoice over, our trials as well as our triumphs? It is in trials that Satan threatens everything imaginable. And trials are real trials and not imaginary. Trials and not triumphs are they. One may triumph over them; it is possible to triumph in them; but it is not possible to escape them. “It must needs be that offenses come.” Grace does not propose to remove the stinging, biting pain in trial. It did not restrain the bloody

sweat in Gethsemane, or the suffering on the cross at Calvary.

“Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there’s a cross for everyone,
And there’s a cross for me.”

Soon after arriving in England three of the family were taken down with the “flu.” And, after kind friends have done all they can do, “flu is flu,” with all its consequences. I doubt if Satan ever spoke to me more definitely than he did at this time. I was one of the three victims, flat on my back, and he regarded this as his chance. He first said, “You are a fool.” Well that was not so far off; but he proceeded to tell me why. “You are a fool to take your family abroad when you knew the the ‘flu’ was raging in England. You will bury a part of your family in Europe among strangers.” I saw the coffins and the graves. I said, “It doesn’t matter about me, for unless the Lord comes I will be buried in a few years somewhere.” But when he threatened the younger members of the family, I confess the sweat broke out on my body. They were then in great pain. Mrs. Rees certainly had

her hands full nursing the three of us. It became necessary for us to change quarters, and though we were paying a good price for board, with third story sleeping rooms, we found that the beds were inhabited and the occupants were miserable comforters. It was providentially and circumstantially dark.

I called to mind a lot of my own preaching, times when I had swung across the platform and gesticulated furiously, preaching from the text, "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound," or "The iron did swim." "Well," I said, "the preaching was all right; it doesn't look as though the iron is swimming, but things are not as they seem to be." Then I would announce to the powers of darkness: "The iron does swim," and quote texts to support it: "All things work together for good," "All things are possible to him that believeth" "He shall abide with you forever." Then I was reminded how I had pranced about in the pulpit, and told the saints how they could "smile through their tears, and span the darkest cloud with a rainbow." Then I yanked myself up and said, "Are you doing that? Here is a chance to practice your own preaching." I said, "Yes, I may not look like it but

I am," and away down in my soul I laughed aloud. I have great satisfaction now in knowing that I faced the regiments of hell, and declared that though "weeping way endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." And I further said, "It is always morning somewhere and it will soon be morning here." I rose up in the strength of Jehovah and declared to all the regions of night that this is only temporary. With joy I record that there never was a moment when I did not want the will of God more than anything else, and I did not hesitate to tell Satan that I would rather be in hell with Jesus than to be in Heaven with him. There was nothing imaginary about the trial. It was real, and the triumph was correspondingly great, for we went out from that storm cloud to see hundreds of souls weep their way to the Cross. Wellington said, "Waterloo was the hardest conflict I have ever encountered, but it was the greatest victory I have ever won."

Return To Egypt

When we were through in Palestine we were to spend two days at Cairo with the Pyramids and the Sphinx. As we were about to

depart Seth, Jr. was taken very ill, so that the trip was cancelled. When the sick was convalescent, and we must board a train for Port Said in order to intercept our boat for the Orient, Mrs. Rees was suddenly taken sick making it impossible for her to travel. We wired Port Said the cause of our delay, and wired Heaven the situation. To miss that boat meant a two week lay-over, with no certainty that we could secure passage even then. It would mean a disarrangement of our conventions in China, Japan and Korea. But we cried to God and in twenty-four hours He touched the sick, and she said, "We must get that boat if possible." It was three hundred miles, the train was slow, and the Egyptian desert was hot, and dusty. There was no American sleeping or parlor car to ride in. When we reached Kantarra on the Suez Canal, a telegram announced that the boat was sailing and that we must take a train south to the city of Suez, instead of north to Port Said. This meant that we would not get a bed for the sick before midnight, and an extra outlay of fifty dollars and more.

At Suez, a city of forty thousand, we lay in awful Egyptian heat for seventeen hours

waiting for the boat, and it, we learned, had waited eight hours for us in Port Said after it was ready to sail. The agent ordered us to Suez and never informed the Captain of the order. Much confusion and inconvenience can come of the mistake of one man. Suez has no harbor, so we were thrown on a steam launch and pushed out into the channel where we climbed up the side of the ship and were glad to get a bath and retire. We were still saying, "All things work together for good," and we were looking for the good. If we do not see it in this world, we will see it in Eternity, for "the trial of your faith is more precious than gold tried in the fire."

CHAPTER VIII

IN TROPICAL WATERS

The Red Sea is twelve hundred miles long and an average of one hundred miles wide. Its waters at times and in places assume a reddish color, from which it takes its name. For more than a thousand miles this beautiful sea washes and lashes the African coast on one side and the Arabian coast on the other. It was just after night-fall when we crossed the trail of the three million Israelites who marched through the sea dry shod. There is a tradition that white foam still marks the spot where the stones were set up as a memorial. In any event the Red Sea witnessed the most magnificent tragedy, the most overwhelming victory, the most surprising and confounding defeat, ever witnessed by any body of water in all time. It was on this very Egyptian shore that Pharaoh marshalled his mighty army, "Six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and captains over every one of them." And Pharaoh and his horse-

men and his army overtook Israel encamping by the Sea.

I stand on the deck of this ship to-day and see this mighty army camping just over there on that very shore. I see six hundred royal chariots, even all the chariots of Egypt and all the thousands of horsemen, and all the Egyptian army. Think of it! Pharaoh ruled the world. His was the mightiest army on earth. I see three million Israelites camping on the sand, their last night in Egyptian bondage. And when the Israelites lifted up their eyes and saw the clouds of dust made by the on-marching Egyptian army, their hearts failed them for fear. I can hear them crying to God with more of a wail than a supplication. Then this very sea opened wide, and stood a solid wall on either side, while Israel's host marched through by tribes. "By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land; which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned." (Heb. 11:29.) "There remained not so much as one of them." "And Israel saw the Egyptians dead on the sea shore." What a sight! Six hundred royal chariots, with all their wheels off in the sea, then thousands of other chariots with their horses and horsemen all

clashing in confusion and death. The floor of this very sea was strewn with their bones. As the **Kashmir** is churning the waters into foam I lean over the rail of her port side and imagine that I hear the "Song of Moses." When Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, "all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

We can almost see over to Marah where the water was so bitter that they could not drink it, and the Lord showed Moses a tree which when he had cast it into the waters, the waters were made sweet. (Ex. 15:25.) And it is not far across there to Elim, where were twelve wells of water and seventy palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters. Our eyes are now resting on the Wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai (Ex. 16:1.) It is not far to where the manna fell, and quails came in droves. Our God is still making bitter waters sweet, and stormy waters calm. "He is the same yesterday and today and forever."

Life On Shipboard

The **Kashmir** is a British ship and is therefore much cleaner, with a much better menu, than the Italian boats, and comparatively a civil list of passengers. She sails between London and Yokohama, Japan. She is only nine thousand tons, but is a very steady ship. She is loaded to the water line. We are only fifty-five passengers in our cabin. The captain comes over and lunches with us once a week. Four out-going missionaries are on board, several men who do not smoke, and quite a number who do not seem interested in card playing or the dance. With only one fool on board we have comparatively little foolishness.

It was posted that there would be a public dance one night from 9:00 to 10:45. I was writing in the social hall when the dance began. After the first round I said to the musicians, "Aren't you going to open with prayer?" They seemed quite confused, but made no answer. I said, "If we hit something to-night, and the captain says we are going down in thirty minutes, you will wish you had opened with prayer." The interest in the

dance was noticeably small, and they did not continue late.

The sunsets on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean are gorgeous to the limit. They are unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The tropical sky has a deeper, richer blue, and the great southern waters have a greater variety of tints than is found anywhere else. Sometimes the sun looks like a great world on fire, slowly settling down into the sea, appearing as a partial eclipse, then half, then three-fourths, and finally only a rim of fire and all is over. One naturally thinks, "What if it should never return"? At other times there is present a great variety of clouds of all shapes and sizes, each contributing a peculiar tint, and reflecting a beauty indescribable. The pearly grey and delicate pink of sky and sea charm us for but a moment, for the grey and pink suddenly give way to orange, and then a fiery red as the sun is blazing his silent beauty across the dome of heaven, and the great Indian Ocean seems to stretch away into a southern eternity. As soon as the sun is gone the starlight begins to reflect on the restless waters as we whip them into foam. Just as the last rays of the setting sun have

mirrored themselves on the broad, smooth surface of the great sea I look, and a full moon hangs low in the eastern sky. And I say, "It's no use; I can never describe this tropical beauty, by day or by night." I find in these eastern waters a charming peacock blue that I have never found elsewhere.

Ceylon

We are now sailing into Colombo, Ceylon. Colombo is a city of two hundred thousand, and the island has a population of nearly five million. Ceylon grows the best tea in the world. Cocoanut plantations abound and the trees are loaded with the most enormous nuts. The people are raw heathen, almost as nude as the wind. The port has no dock; we anchor in the harbor channel. As soon as our passports are examined and stamped we take a launch and go ashore. As in all cities of the Far East, the moment you place your foot on shore you are besieged by a motley crowd of bawling men offering their services and another wailing crowd of beggars. In this, Colombo and Alexandria, Egypt, surpass them all. In Colombo I got my first ride in a jinrickshaw. It was great fun to me, but not so to the man

in the shafts. After he had run a few miles he said "You heavy, you pay double." Do you wonder? Not if you know my avoirdupois.

We were taken to the cinnamon gardens where all sorts of spices are grown. The way leads by cocoanut groves, banyan trees and many things and places of interest. My man could talk a little "pigeon English." He was pointing out some places of interest, among them the Salvation Army Hall. I said, "That is good; do you go there"? "No," said he, "I go Buddhist Temple." I said, "What has Buddha ever done for you"? But I could get no reply. If they do not want to talk, they cannot talk English.

That strange looking cow, with a horn or hump on her back, which you may have seen in the zoo, is the beast of burden in Ceylon. Hotel carriages, laundry wagons and delivery carts of all sorts are drawn by these cows. Hundreds of them are everywhere, and we saw only one horse. But if you are in a hurry, take a jinrickshaw. The rickshaw men run like ostriches.

We hurry to catch the last steam launch to our ship; for Captain Stringer keeps his word

and away we go out to open sea. Penang will be our next stop, fourteen hundred miles away.

These days of quiet furnish much time for prayer and meditation, reading and writing. Since visiting Palestine our Bible is like a new Book. We read the gospels over and over. What a fund of riches has been opened up to our souls! How real the life of Jesus on earth seems to us! How His compassion, long-suffering, and goodness bless us! All glory to His holy name forever!

Malaya

After five long days and five longer nights at sea the Penang Island, in British Malaya, appears in the dim distance. The city of a hundred thousand does not appear until we round the point of the north end of the island. We are to lie here twenty-four hours, which affords a fine opportunity to visit the city and see the island. Long drives through immense cocoanut forests, the botanical gardens, the wonderful waterfalls, the wild monkeys and the snake temple were all interesting.

The trip from Penang to Singapore through the great waterway, the Straits of Malacca, is

usually only a thirty-six hour run but we were ordered to call at Port Swettenham. It is an insignificant looking place but the approach to it is beautiful. It being Sunday we did not go ashore. We are told that the river abounds with alligators, crocodiles, and other carnivorous creatures of the sea, and the jungles are full of wild animals all the way from the monkey to the elephant. We are not sufficiently armed to tackle that herd.

As we went into the harbor we met an ill-fated ship coming out. It preceded us six hours to Singapore. On its arrival in Singapore, one of the passengers, supposed to have suddenly become insane, killed the captain and seven others before anyone who was armed, or had presence of mind enough, stopped the slaughter. He was finally killed, making nine dead on the ship, all in a few minutes. Perilous times! Strange and terrible tragedies in these last days! One is never safe, except as he rests in the hollow of His hand. The sea was smooth, the scenery beautiful, the sky serene, the air balmy, all on board were happy. Suddenly, he that goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour leaped on the deck of that peaceful ship and in a few

minutes nine were dead, and all on board stunned and horror-stricken, while hundreds of relatives and friends were thrown into the most unexpected sorrow.

In Singapore our ship unloads two thousand cases of distilled damnation, and at Penang she left almost as much. She is taking four missionaries to this field and perhaps 5,000 cases of liquor. Singapore is a city of four hundred and fifty thousand population and has one of the most wonderful harbors in all the East. It is the great gateway to the Orient. We made a most interesting and enjoyable trip through the city, the botanical gardens, cocoanut forests and rubber plantations. We drove through a rubber farm of twenty thousand acres of bearing trees. In California we put from 80 to 100 orange trees to an acre but I feel quite certain that here there are 150 rubber trees to the acre. The trees are tapped about fifteen inches from the ground and the rubber in liquid form drips into a tin cup holding about a pint. These cups fill in three hours and are replaced by others. There is one rubber plantation on this island, of fifty thousand acres.

The rich are very rich and the poor are

poverty itself. A man without a family works nine hours a day and gets a wage equal to twenty-five cents in American money. I pray with tears for these poor heathen. For three or four cents an hour they are carrying coal in baskets, a distance of five hundred feet, and putting it on this ship—a thousand tons of it. Our ship is burning ninety tons a day.

We were to sail at 4 P. M. We are sailing at 5:40. Our lines are off and we are swinging out into the great deep again. From Singapore to Hong Kong, sixteen hundred miles, requires five days for this boat, but we did a few hours better than usual by being in the wake of a typhoon, the whirl of which set the currents in our favor. It is often said that "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." But it is seldom that a typhoon favors anyone. We are thankful we were not in front of it. The latest report of the typhoon in the Persian Gulf is that over seven thousand are dead.

CHAPTER IX

CHINA

The trip from Singapore to Hong Kong was uneventful, except that the sea became disagreeably rough the last two days. At four o'clock on the fifth morning the light from a light-house flashed into our stateroom window. Most welcome light was this, for it announced that we were nearing Hong Kong. We were early on deck. If Singapore is the greatest harbor in the East, Hong Kong is certainly the most beautiful. I admit that any sort of land looks good after twenty-five days on the sea, but I do not hesitate to say that Hong Kong is most beautiful and picturesque. We remembered the charm and loveliness of the Gothenburg harbor, and it would be difficult to exaggerate its beauty. But here at Hong Kong beauty and majesty combine in a most striking manner. Dozens of islands rise abruptly out of the sea, their sublime summits piercing the clouds.

Hong Kong

The approach is magnificent as we swing about among these rugged heights. Some of the lofty peaks have great guns located on their heights for the protection of the city. What a fortification! The German war fleet was in this harbor the day before the World War broke out in 1914. She did not escape a day too soon. Think and say what you may about the English, wherever you find British rule you find a safety and solidity in society that you will appreciate when you are abroad.

It was 7:45 Sunday morning when we tied up at the dock and the gang plank was opened. The Captain posted that we would sail at four P. M. So with breakfast over we were off to find an English speaking Church. We wanted to find the Peniel Mission with which our friend Mary Friske was associated for some years but we had lost the address. After a diligent search we found an English Church and heard a Bishop preach to a scattered congregation in a big room. There were about one hundred soldiers in the bottom of the congregation. After a long famine of Christian fellowship we were glad to hear a congregation

repeat the Lord's Prayer, though they all declared that they sinned every day in thought, word, and deed.

We finally found the Peniel Mission and had a most profitable season of sweet fellowship with Brother and Sister Reiton and Brother Grant who are pushing the battle for God and holiness in this great warring, heathen nation. They came on deck and remained with us until the announcement "All ashore." Then they stood on the pier and waved until we were well away. They are such happy missionaries. The last thing we heard them say was, "We are glad that it is you who are sailing and not we." How beautiful! I turned away in tears of joy. I said, That is as it should be. I had never met any of them before, but how I love them. Their happy faces are photographed in my mind and memory, and they will have a large place in my heart until we meet in the air.

We left the harbor in the opposite direction from the way we came. The way of our departure was quite as wonderful as was our approach. We finally went out through the famous Monloon Pass, a narrow channel between rugged heights. Just as we were

passing the outer gate-way of this magnificent harbor the sun was setting back of the city and behind all these wonderful islands. I am not unmindful that in a former chapter I used all the adjectives at my command in an attempt to describe sunsets on the Red Sea, and on the Indian Ocean, but I weigh my words when I say that this sunset on the shores of China eclipsed all that I have ever seen on land or sea. If I were a master of languages, I should fail utterly to portray the eternal splendors of this tropical twilight. The sky has faded and we are away out at sea, but that picture is fixed in my mind and will never die. What must the rolling waves of celestial light be, as they sweep over the sea of glass mingled with fire!

Shanghai

The sail from Hong Kong to Shanghai, a distance of a thousand English miles, was very fine. A number of the passengers, some who had been over the line before, predicted bad weather for the run, but it never came and God favored us all the way. It was night when we passed the new island that was thrown up by an earthquake two years ago,

so we did not get to see it. There was for a time a floating island in the China Sea. It was detached by an earthquake from some island somewhere, but I understand it has been anchored. I hope so for it would be far more dangerous to navigation than an iceberg.

We entered the Yangtse River in the early morning. It is navigable for two thousand miles, but we followed it only sixty miles, where we entered the Whangpoo River which we followed for fourteen miles more to this city of more than two million people, Shanghai. We docked at noon. Brother E. A. Kilbourne, President of the Oriental Missionary Society, and four other missionaries met us at the boat.

Convention Work

Our first convention in China was announced for five days in a church which would seat a thousand people. Our first service was a day service with only about three hundred in attendance. I preached thirty minutes through an interpreter. About one hundred seekers were at the altar, all Chinese except one or two. There was such conviction and weeping and crying aloud that it seemed to

staid folk somewhat confusing. I did not notice it, for it was not near the noise that a hundred seekers in America would make. But while I was occupied with the seekers the church authorities held a council and decided to close the church against us, which they did. It was all done in Chinese, and I knew nothing of what their long speeches were about, though I observed that it was causing a great disturbance in the congregation. People seemed to be taking sides, and answering each other, but I knew nothing until a missionary told me that they were locking the doors of the church against us. I was very happy over the altar service, and when I knew what had taken place, there came such a laugh into my soul that I almost laughed aloud.

In all their confusion, with which I had nothing to do, another church opened at once and it was announced then and there that the meetings would continue in another place. Many of the seekers followed us, and in the first service in the new location there were fifty-four seekers at the altar. Not less than three hundred seekers were at the altar during the first three days. Yesterday (Sunday) there were four churches opened to us, and

we each spoke three times. We are to be here fifteen days instead of five. If we could be thrown out another time or two, the whole city might be open to us. But that is not probable for the tide is turning our way, and those who turned us out appear somewhat embarrassed over what they have done. We are really holding two conventions in the city at the same time. Paul is preaching in one place and I am in another. The two churches are five miles apart. But the altar is not half large enough to accommodate the seekers in either of the churches. Poor old China, torn and bleeding, has her thousands hungry and ripe for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In going over to where Paul is preaching we pass the heads of three men, fixed to poles by the street. Six have been beheaded since we came less than a week ago. They behead here for theft, and hang the heads up in the street as a warning. But Oh, what good does it do? They have twenty more in the "pen" to be beheaded soon. And no one knows when they will go to beheading missionaries again. A religious war seems to be brewing in the East.

Ninety seekers at the altar yesterday and

more than fifty tonight. To God be all the glory forever. Tides of salvation continue to roll on from day to day, and there are many wonderful cases. It is most interesting to see old heathen women hobbling up to the altar on baby feet. Some of the large heavy women have feet so small that they look like knots on the ends of sticks. Foot-binding in China is dying, but it is dying hard and slow. Last night there was a man at the altar who was just in from an interior Province, who could not understand one word of any language represented in the congregation, and no one in the congregation could understand one word he said. There are seven or eight dialects in the congregation, but no one could understand his language. Yet he came to the altar to seek God. The Holy Spirit was talking to him in a language that is understood by the heart.

A Christian Chinese, a graduate nurse, left her hospital work on the opposite side of the city and came to hear for the first time a sermon on holiness. She listened intently and intelligently and walked to the altar with tears rolling down her face. She said, "This is what I have lacked among the sick and the dying in the hospital." Another bright

Chinese girl, who last year was a leader in the anti-Christian movement was at the same altar, and when she got through and witnessed, she remained standing while the great tears of joy ran down and dripped on the floor. There were about forty at the altar at that service and I have seldom seen so many tears in one service in any country. Do not tell me that the heathen do not break up and weep as Americans do. There is nothing to this almost universal effort to educate and civilize the heathen in order to make them weep; give them the old time Bible Gospel, preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, and they will have tears.

Personal Touches

It was my privilege to attend a service at the China Inland Mission in Shanghai, and to look upon that wonderful "Roll of Honor" in memory of the China Inland Missionaries who were beheaded during the Boxer uprising in 1900. I looked over the roll and counted the names. From the China Inland Missionary Society alone there were eighty missionaries beheaded at that time and one that had been killed two years before the

general uprising. There were twenty thousand native Christians and missionaries beheaded during the outbreak. There have been many smaller uprisings since, and the outlook at present is anything but promising. It looks to me as though the English speaking people are reaping something of what their missionaries have sown, for it is the educated classes who are making the trouble. The common people want the Gospel. Educate the heathen without the Gospel and they are very independent and defiant. The last day of our meeting, Sunday afternoon, the student class held an anti-foreign demonstration and defied the police force. They were educated "Reds." full of the devil and of hatred for foreigners.

Counting the number of seekers at the altar at each service, we saw more than a thousand in the twelve days. I do not know how many came twice or three times but many came through the first time they came. It was a gracious revival and much of it will live forever.

We met a number of very remarkable characters in Shanghai, a few of which I must mention. I wish I could introduce to the Pilgrims of America Dr. Mary Stone, a

Chinese lady of Shanghai. She is quite well known in educational circles, and widely known among the Methodists all over the world. She graduated from the University of Michigan and did postgraduate work at Johns Hopkins at Baltimore. She founded and was for many years at the head of the great Methodist Hospital in China. Six years before she was sanctified wholly, she was so deeply spiritual and was so pronounced against modernism and against modernist missionaries being sent to the heathen world that, while in America, she offered a protest and made such a plea before the Women's Foreign Missionary Society at the General Conference, that many were in tears. But those who should have wept rose in opposition. Certain leaders waited upon Dr. Stone and made such demands of her that, after waiting upon the Lord for three whole nights, she resigned from her official position. She turned her back upon the great institutions which she had founded in China, and for which she had raised hundreds of thousands of dollars, institutions which had made a phenomenal growth under her supervision. She turned her back upon

the salary which was due her and walked out without a dollar.

Before finishing what I want to say about Dr. Mary Stone, I must introduce Dr. Stone's colleague and co-worker for the last twenty years, Miss Jennie V. Hughes, a daughter of the late J. W. Hughes who was for years the Editor of the Guide to Holiness. Miss Hughes' relation to the educational department of these Methodist institutions in China was similar to Dr. Stone's relation to the medical and hospital departments. At the same time that the Committee waited on Dr. Stone, they presented Miss Hughes with a written agreement that her curriculum which she used in the schools should be so changed as to conform more closely to a modernistic program. Miss Hughes is wise and sufficiently considerate, and yet too quick of discernment to require much time for the consideration of a subject like that. She promptly resigned.

Now that these two prominent women, so widely known, especially in medical and educational circles, were cast upon their own resources, what were they to do? They were in America with no money, no equipment, not

a single surgical instrument, ten thousand miles from their divinely chosen field of labor, and how could they get back to China? They said, "We will trust God." Dr. Mary Stone went into Cincinnati, Ohio, without money and selected six hundred dollars worth of surgical instruments and said "Lay these to one side. I will be in to-morrow or next day and pay for them." The next morning a lady handed her a check for six hundred dollars. Then she received a letter from a man with a check for five thousand dollars and a statement that the Lord had told him to send her that amount each year as long as he lived.

And so without their ever making a single appeal, the money rolled in by the thousands, five thousand, ten thousand at a time. Then a party gave twenty thousand to start a hospital, and on and on until they have eight acres in Shanghai with a Hospital and School and Dormitories and a Church; with lawns, gardens, cement driveways and walks, trees, flowers, playgrounds, automobiles and Christian servants. "Bethel" is a place of beauty, a home of delight, a storm center for God and salvation! This was the place of one of our conventions. Paul preached there every day

for twelve days and the altar was filled with seekers at every service. One reason I have so much to say about these two royal women is, that I am expecting them to visit America again and attend some of our great Camp Meetings.

CHAPTER X.

JAPAN.

Promptly, as posted, at eleven A. M. we threw off our shining lines in the Shanghai harbor and made for the open sea. In an hour we were out of the Whangpoo River into the Yangste River. The Yangste is from seven to thirty miles wide. All the Chinese rivers have very muddy water but the Yangste water is especially yellow, and figures largely in giving the Yellow Sea its name. At about five P. M. we were swinging out into the open sea. The sun, a great ball of fire, seemed unusually large and unusually red. It was most interesting to see him in his majesty and glory settle slowly down into the yellow waters. The Holy Ghost, through the setting sun, talks to me of salvation at the closing of the day. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Now is the day of opportunity. It is nearly night. The sun of this day of Gospel grace is almost down. "Let us work while it is day." "The

night cometh, when no man can work." For four hundred miles the Yellow Sea was not friendly. In fact she became quite angry, and the madder she got the more quiet I became. I refused to quarrel with her; I went to bed and let her fight it out.

A Dual Port

In the early hours of the second morning we anchored in Japanese waters, about one mile from Moji, Japan, a city of one hundred thousand, and about the same distance from Shimonoseki, another city of about the same size on the opposite shore of the channel. To our great surprise a steam launch came gliding up by the side of our ship flying four flags. One was Japanese and the other three were white flags and on them in large red letters were the words "Welcome Reeses." Some of the ship's officers looked surprised also. Some of the passengers who knew our name recognized the flags before we did, and called our attention to them. Three men carrying the three white flags came on shipboard. They introduced themselves, the first as the pastor of the Holiness church in Moji; the second, the pastor of the Holines church in Shimonseki;

the third, a member of one of the Holiness Churches, a man in uniform who proved to be an inspector for the Imperial Railways. Bishop Nakada had wired them 600 miles that we would be on this boat. They had hired a launch and had come out to welcome us to Japan. They also handed us a letter from Brother Nakada giving us a most hearty welcome. They remained with us all day, and we not only fell in love with them, but we at once felt that we were among our own people. The two pastors could not talk English, but they could smile and say "Amen." Fine shining faces had these holy men.

At Moji the **Kashgar** took on coal, the strangest sight that we have ever witnessed. Five great barges loaded with coal and with a hundred men and women, mostly women I think, drew up beside the ship. They raised platform ladders from the barges up to the shoots. These platforms were six feet long and two feet wide. They were hung by ropes and placed about three feet apart up to the coal shoots. These platform were six feet long platform making two rows of men, six in each row, from the coal in the barge to the shoot. There were hundreds of baskets which would

contain forty or fifty pounds of coal. Women in the barges filled the baskets and started them up the ladders. They were handed from one coolie to another until they reached the shoot.

In baskets they loaded fifteen hundred tons of coal in twelve hours, or one hundred and twenty-five tons in sixty minutes. However, there were derricks used in handling some larger baskets. The system was perfect. These heathen coolies had it down fine. No one dares to fail in filling his place and doing his part. What a mighty Christian Church we would have if every member was in his place, and on the moment did his whole duty! We could evangelize the world in ten years. Brother, are you at your post, doing your duty? Does every motion count for God and souls? But we have sixteen hundred tons of coal, the hatches are closed, we have weighed anchor and are off for Kobe nearly three hundred miles away.

Leper Work

There are three hundred thousand lepers in Japan. Bishop Juji Nakada, Superintendent of one hundred and forty Japanese holiness

churches, has founded a Bible Training School for these unfortunates. Six hundred lepers have gathered to the town where the Bible School is located. There are more than twenty young preachers (lepers) in training to go out into the leper colonies and give the Gospel to these poor people. These young leper preachers are all well saved and nearly all sanctified. Rev. S. Abe, the principal of the school, was trained in the Oriental Missionary Society's Bible School at Tokyo, before leprosy appeared on him. After the disease made its appearance he felt definitely called to the work of training these young preachers for the ministry. When it became known that such a capable man had given himself to this work, a talented young lady who had also been trained in the O. M. S. Bible School, but who was not a leper, felt that God called her to become his helpmeet and wife. She asked Brother Nakada to approach Brother Abe with this proposition. When he was asked to consider the matter, he broke down and said, "Yes, he would be delighted to have such a self-sacrificing woman for a helpmeet!" So the time for the wedding was arranged and Brother Nakada married them.

They have lived together twelve years in this noble work and she has never contracted the disease. Such self-sacrifice, consecration and devotion we have not found round the world.

These saved and sanctified lepers with shining faces sing and shout and clap their stubs of hands together after their fingers are gone, or are so diseased and twisted out of shape that they can make but little noise with them. I am impressed with the fact that they are willing to make what noise they can for God. They have often testified and said, "I thank God for leprosy. If I had not been a leper, I should never have been saved." Brother, have you salvation enough to clap your hands for God while you have hands? You may not always have them.

Leprosy finally makes its victims blind, perhaps years before they die. They cannot read raised letter Bibles because they have lost the sense of touch in their fingers and hands. So one of the brightest of them has made a new discovery. It is that the sense of touch is never lost in the tongue and that he can read raised letters with his tongue. But a paper Bible will not last long. So Brother Nakada wants to make a raised-letter Bible of

celluloid. The only problem left to solve is the matter of expense.

A Chain Of Providences

Two married couples (lepers), living on an island in Tokyo Bay heard the Gospel through the preaching of Brother Abe and were all saved and baptised. On that same island was a young man dying with tuberculosis. He lived alone and was very despondent. One evening while he was out walking he heard beautiful singing in the valley below. He walked a little farther to discover the source of the music. He was charmed and drew near enough to learn that it was these happy lepers. He finally asked them from a distance what made them so happy. "We are Christians," shouted they, "and our joy is in the God of our salvation." Through hearing them sing from time to time, he was so impressed that he himself was converted to Christ.

He had a sister who nurses only among nobility and aristocracy. When he was dying, he asked his sister to turn to Jesus, and she did and was beautifully saved. Afterwards she received the Holy Ghost and was sanctified wholly. A little later she was called upon

to nurse a royal princess. Under the influence of her life and testimony, the princess was converted to Christ and was so happy in her new-found joy that she approached the Empress with reference to the matter. As a result, the Empress has turned to the Bible and is reading it every day of her life. It is believed that it is through the influence of the saved princess and the attitude of the Empress that the Crown Prince has become a total abstainer and never smokes. And in so doing he is setting an example that is unprecedented in the history of the Japanese nation and perhaps in that of the world.

Kobe, Osaka And Tokyo

At Kobe Brother Hitchcock had come almost four hundred miles to meet and welcome us. Brothers Tsuchiyama and Dwight Metcalf were soon on the ground to greet us. Also Brother Millikan, a Free Methodist Missionary, proved to be a real friend in time of need. At Kobe we side-stepped to preach once at Osaka where three Free Methodist Churches came together for a Sunday evening service. The congregation was large, we preached with liberty, and one hundred and

ninety seekers by count came forward to the altar. The power of God was over all.

Brother Nakada came and escorted us to Tokyo. At the Yodobashi Station in Tokyo we were met by about one hundred Japanese saints bearing a great banner with the following in large letters both in English and in Japanese: "Welcome Seth C. Rees and family." They sang and shouted and cheered in both languages until it sounded like a holiness camp meeting. They escorted us to the Bible School compound where we had to stop and address them in the open. What a dear, cordial people they are! How any one could fail to love them, we do not understand. Before the great Annual Assembly convened we preached a few days in the Yodobashi Church, and saw many raw sinners converted, as well as many believers sanctified. It was in this church that I had the joy of preaching to some who had never heard the Gospel before, and who were converted under the first message. The convention assembled on January 1st, in the Cowman Memorial Hall with seven hundred present in the first service. Some came as far as six hundred miles.

Five lepers came from the leper colony away

up in the mountains where six hundred lepers are congregated, many of whom are saved and sanctified wholly. They said they were sent for two purposes: to express the colony's appreciation of the fact that we intended to visit them (we would have done so but for sickness) and to get some crumbs to carry back to their fellows in affliction. Their salutation was most touching. They kept their hands in their pockets and were careful to come in contact with no one. It was a great disappointment to us to be unable to visit their colony and preach the Gospel to them.

It was most interesting to see eight hundred or a thousand people sitting on the floor, so eager to hear the Gospel that no one moves no difference how long the message. We never think of urging people to come to the altar; we rather insist that they shall not come unless they are definite seekers for pardon or purity, and yet they come by the scores and by the hundreds. Out of a congregation of a thousand people we have seen two hundred and fifty on their knees and on their faces seeking the Lord.

When Brother Kilbourne asked me to write something for **The Standard**, I said, "Brother,

if I write the truth the people at home will not believe it." Nearly everybody thinks that his own little work is the greatest thing on earth. How we need an enlarged vision! The Oriental Missionary Society is reaching millions with the Gospel. We must not neglect the fields which have been opened at our door, but let us labor together with others in prayer, that the Cross may touch the ends of the earth.

CHAPTER XI

FROM THE FAR EAST TO THE GOLDEN GATE

The **Taiyo Maru** is a beautiful ship of twenty-five thousand tons. She is German built, taken in the World War and now operated by the Japanese in trans-Pacific service. We boarded her at Yokohama, January 8th, 1926. We were hardly out of Tokyo Bay before we discovered that our good ship had an unhappy swagger, a roll which was to us quite distressing. This she persisted in for more than twenty-four hours.

A Storm

Then the stewards went around and locked all the windows, tied up all the plants in the Winter Garden and told us that we were going into a storm. What's that? Who knows? All who know put up your hands. That's good. Sister, tell us what you know about it. "I am very fond of works of art and in certain

galleries I have seen some of the most popular paintings portraying a storm at ——.”

There, there, that's enough. Who's next? All right, brother.

“I am very fond of excitement, and I suppose I have read the most thrilling storm descriptions ever printed in prose or poetry, and ——.”

Oh, sit down, brother. There is nothing prosy about a storm at sea.

Well, what does the writer know about a storm at sea? Not much perhaps. Not so much as he thought he did yet more than he used to. He thought that the Atlantic was rough for a night, that his second trip over the North Sea was an uneasy one, and that six hundred miles of the south China Sea were somewhat distressing. But all these proved to be zephyrs compared to this disturbance on the North Pacific.

We had already spent one restless night when this cheerless announcement came that we were due to strike a storm. About midnight the real tempest began and the sea set in to pound the starboard side of our ship. The ship rolled and pitched and shivered and creaked and groaned as if every joint in her

structure were loose. This continued for fifty-four hours without a break. The sea would pound our windows until our cabins were dark at noon. About two o'clock one afternoon a wave swept the promenade deck, which was two decks higher than our cabins, bent the iron railing as if it were copper wire, lifted one of the life boats out of its cradle and injured three passengers on the deck. The ship's doctor was busy and the whole ship's crew seemed to be in action.

A little later the waves began to break in the windows on our side, soaking the passengers. Orders came from the bridge to move all the passengers from the star-board side to the port-side of the vessel. Some excitement now! Our belongings had been unpacked and distributed to suit our convenience for a seventeen day journey. No time now to pack. Things were gathered in heaps and hurried into new quarters. We had not been settled more than three hours before the storm turned and began violently to beat upon the port-side. The water broke in and began to wet our baggage, whereupon orders came to move us back to our own cabins. More excitement! Yes,

by this time there was excitement to give away.

One passenger walked the halls and decks all night in his dressing gown, nearly beside himself from nervousness. We had been told that a ship of this size would be very steady but when God's waves hit her, she acted like a match box. I am reminded of the man who was kicked in the face by a mule. He said, "I may not be as good looking as I was, but I know more." Since the storm I am sure I do not feel as big as I did, but I know more.

The only ship ever built which will weather the storms of time is the Gospel Ship—the old Ship Zion. She carries only first class passengers. Brother, do you have your ticket? Is your baggage correctly marked and checked through? Be sure to get on board.

Recapitulation

Over this "Pathway of the Sun" we are moving toward the end of our world journey. When we climbed the gang-plank and walked the decks of the **Leviathan**, the largest ship afloat, almost a thousand feet long, we said, "This is truly wonderful"; and when she roared and leaped and bounded and in five

days, eleven hours and nineteen minutes steamed into the British Channel, we exclaimed, "Wonderful!" Then England yielded its charm, Scotland its quaintness, Sweden its hospitality, France its glamour, Switzerland its grandeur, Italy its romance and Egypt its antiquity. In Palestine we walked among countless holy sites and sacred scenes where prophets proclaimed and poets sang and priests administered and where our Lord Himself, God's only Son and our only Savior, was born, lived, wrought, taught, suffered and died. Then came those new thrilling experiences in the Orient where the evils of false faiths are so manifest and mighty. Hundreds of Chinese and Japanese coming under the touch and spell of the Christ of God—that was indeed wonderful.

And now, after spending seventeen days on this good ship that weathered the storm, we are nearing the shores of the great land that gave us birth and that holds to-day our treasures of blood and affection. Yonder from the low-hanging mists emerge the dim outlines of San Francisco's Golden Gate. The cliffs are there as ever on each side of the great portal, dark, bare and formidable. The breakers are

beating their thunderous sea-music on the rocks below. Native shores, those are! No wonder we are grateful and happy—we are home!

God has been good, His love has enfolded us, His angels have encompassed us, His grace has preserved us, His Spirit has been out-poured upon us, while these morning-wings of mercy have been carrying us from land to land and sea to sea.

PART II

Glimpses of the Holy Land

CHAPTER I.

PALESTINE TO-DAY

To Palestine perhaps belongs the distinction of having undergone more changes, historically, religiously and politically, than any other land on earth. It has been the highway of civilizations, the birth-place of faiths, the battle-ground of empires, the asylum of wandering tribes and drifting populations and, for a long period, the "football" of international politics. It has been crushed beneath the heel of one invader after another—Hittite and Ethiopian, Scythian and Assyrian, Chaldean and Persian, Roman, Mongol and Turk. Last of all, it has heard the thunder of the guns of deliverance and has come to have a share in the great shiftings that followed the World War and the Peace of Versailles. In the seven years of peace it has been swept with the force of tremendous changes. The old Palestine is rapidly giving way to the new.

What then of Palestine to-day?

I.

Territorially it is reduced. Consult any good map made since the war and you will see, first, that it is no longer a part of Syria; and, second, that its eastern boundary is now the Jordan River. What lies across the river is known as Trans-Jordania and, though a part of the British mandate, belongs to a separate administration. Thus it will be seen that Palestine has been crowded back within confines that more nearly correspond to ancient Canaan: the "great sea" (Mediterranean) on the west, the Lebanons north, the desert south, and the Jordan on the east. I am thinking now of the **ideal** Canaan toward which Israel proceeded from Egypt, not the Canaan which later came to include the territories of the two tribes and a half who settled east of the river.

A strip some two hundred miles long, nowhere more than sixty wide, comprising little more than nine thousand square miles and ranging in topography from sea level up to three thousand feet and from sea level down to thirteen hundred, such are the area and extent of Palestine. Within this territory, according to the latest census, that of 1922, is

a population numbering 757,182, of whom 590,890 are Moslems, 83,794 Jews, and 73,024 Christians. Since then there has been a considerable growth. The official estimate for the year 1925 stands at 802,000, with the highest proportional increase in the number of Jews.

II.

The government of the land is directly under the British, indirectly under the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. It will be recalled that one of the outstanding results of the Versailles settlement was the awarding to Britain of the Palestine mandate. For two years following the close of the war a Military Administration, headed by General Allenby, was in control. In 1920 this was succeeded by a Civil Administration with a distinguished Jew, the Honorable Herbert Samuel, as High Commissioner.

Prejudiced by the blood of the new leader and by other acts and attitudes of the British which were construed as indicating partiality toward the Jews, the Arabs have persistently refused to cooperate with the Administration. Though offered a voice in legislation, they have rejected it on grounds technical and

otherwise. Since the resignation of Herbert Samuel and the succession to his office of Lord Plumer there are among them some signs of a more conciliatory attitude. At present, however, legislation lies with an Executive Council consisting of the High Commissioner and his three closest colleagues, the Chief Secretary, the Attorney General and the Treasurer. All ordinances are subject to the approval of an Advisory Council and the British Secretary of State for the Colonies.

IV.

To those who look at Palestine from points far removed such changes as affect territory and government are, with one exception, the most conspicuous. That exception, reference to which may be reserved to the last, is of course religious development. But to those whose touch with the land takes the form of residence or sojourn there are other changes both significant and vital. What for example of public health? This is certainly no mean question in a country over which malaria has brooded like a curse for centuries and in which such eye diseases as trachoma have so long afflicted the people. Great and beneficent has been the progress made in combating these

evils of the flesh. Swamps have been drained and cisterns oiled to rob the malaria mosquito of its breeding places. Against these bulwarks of disease, as against the appalling ignorance and incredible uncleanness of the natives, the Department of Health has waged incessant warfare. The mother of whom I learned, who refused to brush the flies away from the inflamed eyes of her little infant on the ground that "God sends them." illustrates the type of living and thinking that must be broken down before sanitation and health can be secured.

As further instances of achievement in the field of public welfare one might mention the purging and increasing of water supplies, the enlargement of hospital accommodations and the establishment of eye clinics and maternity wards. In all this difficult work the government has been greatly aided and supplemented by the activities of various religious and philanthropic societies. It is a tribute to the spirit of Christianity, which makes life a sacred trust and health a sacred concern, that the habitations of disease are being turned into the dwelling places of living strength and sweetness.

V.

Travel facilities have shared with the question of public health in demanding and receiving the effective consideration of the government administration. Means of communication have been so much improved since the war that Palestine, never large, has become in effect much smaller. Within the past five years one hundred and seventy-five miles of main roads have been either constructed or rebuilt, and three hundred and seventy-five miles of secondary roads. These figures become large only as one stops to consider the diminutiveness of the whole territory.

Over these highways the latest types of motor cars, most of them American made, pass in increasing numbers. In 1914 the natives nourished their curiosity on the first automobile ever to invade upon the immemorial rights of braying donkey and humping camel. To-day there are more than a thousand. You can see their dust from Dan to Beersheba. No tourist before the war ever made the popular trip from Jerusalem to Jericho and the Jordan in less than two days. But in this

year of our Lord hundreds have left the Holy City after breakfast, dropped down across the Judean Wilderness, stopped at Jericho and Elisha's Well, crossed the valley to the Jordan, proceeded south to the Dead Sea, and returned to Mount Zion for luncheon. And so it has come to pass that even in the land that gave birth to the prophet, Nahum's vision is being realized: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightnings." (Nahum 2:4.)

The railway system of Palestine now includes a main line from Egypt and the Sinai Desert to Haifa, with branches to Beersheba, Jerusalem, Nablus (Shechem), the Jordan Valley, and Acre. The main line traverses the Maritime Plain, while these local lines run out at different intervals to serve the places named. The system is under the management of the Palestine Railway Department.

VI.

There remains to be considered in this brief survey the religious situation, with particular reference to the present relation of the Jews

to their fatherland. Palestine has been called the "Land of Three Faiths." Two of them, Judaism and Christianity, are her own products. The third, Mohammedanism, is an exotic. It remains one of the mysteries of providence that for centuries the sword of the Moslem should have been supreme where once the swordless Son of God went forth to proclaim the gospel of peace and good will. Though that supremacy, as regards civil power, is no more, it remains as a form of faith and a way of life. For every Jew in the land of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, there are to-day six Moslems and slightly more than that number for every Christian.

But, as if it were not enough to carry the handicap of such minority-numbers, both Jews and Christians are torn up in rival schools and sects. The former are divided among the Ashkenazim, the Sephardim, the Karaites, the Yemenites, the Bokharans, the Georgians, the Syrians and the Baghdads. The latter are represented—or are they misrepresented?—by such organizations as the Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Syriac, Coptic, Armenian and Abyssinian Churches, not to mention the several Protestant denomina-

tions. Between a number of these sects there exist apparently every shade and species of bigotry, jealousy and prejudice. So that visitors to the historic land-marks of the Christian Church are, as I can testify from experience, not infrequently called upon to witness a spectacle in which a Moslem sergeant is summoned to settle an ugly and menacing dispute between clashing Christian sects whose sole claim to unity is thus whittled down to their formal loyalty to a common title.

Now through this confusion of religious movements and manoeuverings one factor is assuming ever increasing prominence. It is the Jewish. It will be remembered that shortly before the end of the war the British Government, through Lord Balfour who was then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, made a pronouncement regarding the future of Palestine, which utterance afterwards became a watchword of the mandatory system that she was asked to assume. It was made in the following terms:

“His Majesty’s Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the

achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing should be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

It should be noted in passing that this declaration was subsequently endorsed by unanimous resolutions of both of our Houses of Congress.

Though difficulties of interpretation have arisen, and Arab opposition to the spirit and purport of the statement has been bitter, later pronouncements made by the British Government, and indeed the whole policy of the Administration in Palestine, have made it plain that no wholesale displacement of the Arab population by a Jewish one was intended. God and time will have to work out such problems as arise from these differences of race and land rights. On the other hand the purpose of the Administration has been to encourage **within** Palestine the development of an already existing Jewish community which by common blood, language, custom and aspiration is rapidly becoming "national." Even limited organs of government for the

direction and regulation of domestic concerns are being allowed it.

VII.

The British Administration by its sympathy and the Zionist Organization by its funds are the two great agencies encouraging Jewish immigration, especially the immigration of such Jews as will become agriculturalists. An official estimate made at the time of the Armistice placed the number of Jews then in Palestine at 55,000. So great was the tide of returning wanderers which at that time began beating upon the shores of the home-land that measures had to be taken with a view to control. The country would have been overwhelmed. Ordinances for the regulation of admittance had to be enacted. Accordingly, only as labor conditions permit or require, only as the land is economically fit to receive and support them, are the Jews being permitted to return. Under these restrictions between September 1, 1920 and February 28, 1925, 46,225 Jewish immigrants entered Palestine, nearly all of them prospective residents. In consequence the Jewish population, which at the close of the war stood at 55,000, num-

bered 84,000 when the official census was taken in October, 1922. And in the "Report of the High Commissioner on the Administration of Palestine" the number in March 1925 is estimated to be 108,000.

Of the 5,000 square miles of cultivated land in Palestine the Jews possessed, before the war, only 177 square miles. To-day they have more than twice that number. Near all the towns of importance and in almost all the fertile valleys Jewish agricultural colonies are springing up. Their number reaches a hundred. They have their schools and synagogues in which Hebrew is used exclusively. The tongue which half a century ago was merely the dead language of ritual is to-day the official language of the Jewish population of the land. From our window in Jerusalem we looked every morning up to quiet Mount Scopus, where Titus encamped with his legions during the siege of the city in the first century but where now a Hebrew University crowns the summit. The dreadful instrument of Dispersion has been displaced by the peaceful symbol of Renationalization.

Under these circumstances Palestine is to-day experiencing and the world witnessing

the most marvelous and meaningful racial stirring in modern times—the revival of Jewish hopes, the renewal of Jewish corporate life, the rehabilitation of Jewish soil; in a word, the apparent fulfillment of the Isaiah prophecy: “And they shall build the old wastes; they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities and desolations. And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and vinedressers. But ye shall be named the priests of the Lord; ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles and in their glory shall ye boast.” (Isaiah 61:4-6.)

CHAPTER II.

MORIAH

It is the first morning of the Feast of Tabernacles. We are going to visit the site of the ancient Temple. While the day is yet young we arrive at the Jaffa Gate, the principal entrance to Jerusalem. The Gate proper, however, which is a narrow, crooked, alley-like affair, pales into insignificance beside the broad breach in the wall through which all vehicular traffic must pass.

I.

This gap is not the gate. And thereby hangs a tale. W. Basil Worsfold has told it in his **Palestine of the Mandate**, one of the latest books on the Holy Land. He draws a contrast between the formal visit to Jerusalem of the ex-Kaiser in 1898 and the more recent entry of General Allenby. It was on the occasion of that imperial scouting trip twenty eight years ago that the breach in the wall was made for the Emperor to pass through. With

the garb and air of a "crusading knight" Wilhelm II took the Holy City. The center of a brilliant cavalcade, he presented an imposing spectacle. Six military mounts, a carriage of foreign officials and a contingent of trumpeters preceded him, while in his wake came his gorgeously uniformed staff and the carriage of the Kaiserin with her ladies. Through the opening by the side of the Jaffa Gate, to the music of a Turkish band playing on the Tower of David, entered pompously this imperial pilgrim. It was the unspeakable glory of the Fatherland reduced to a gesture.

Change the scene. It is nineteen years later—exactly eleven months before the signing of the Armistice. Jerusalem as a Turko-German stronghold has surrendered to the British. At the head of his Egyptian Expeditionary Force, General Allenby is entering the city for official occupation. In every sense of **the word he is a conqueror.** The Holy City is at his mercy. But see! No soldier rides a prancing charger; not even the General. No band sounds a martial welcome. There is no spectacular flaunting of colors. Through the **humble Jaffa Gate proceed the conqueror and his staff, walking.**

He who runs may read. It is not difficult to decide which entry was the more in keeping with the spirit of Him whose memory is Jerusalem's most priceless treasure. And the comparison thus made possesses a certain instructive value. The now discarded Kaiser was the Knight Errant of the new **kultur**. He symbolized the majesty of a ruling philosophy—a philosophy of life that was basically anti-Christian, a menace at once to the soul of the German people and to the peace of the world. Never perhaps was physical force, lending itself to what the Christian conscience of the world came to regard as an immoral purpose, centralized with such magnitude as in the person and position of Wilhelm II.

What was the result? Defeat! Bitter defeat for the philosophy that flies in the face of Christian love and righteousness and modesty, and for the forces that represent such a philosophy. Victory! Victory for the spirit that "stoops to conquer" and for the forces that go reverently afoot in the presence of the great sanctities of life. In the fear of God and the modesty which that fear begets there is ultimate triumph, be the odds never so great.

II.

Once inside the Jaffa Gate, in the shadow of the Tower of David, one would hardly suspect the narrow passage directly ahead of him to be the principal highway of the city, yet that is its distinction. It is the Street of David, Jerusalem's quaintest and busiest thoroughfare. It is our most direct course to the temple site. Pushing our way among pallid Jews coming from or going to their Wailing Wall, fierce-visaged **bedouins** from across the Jordan, mahogany colored **fellah** from the fields and vineyards, handsome, up-standing Arabs dressed in the latest European suitings, poor native women clad in dirty black gingham with heavy coin-strings hung over their foreheads as their dowries, and many other social and racial types, on past open jutting shop-fronts, through the dusky tunnels of the colorful bazaars, we finally arrive, after a bewildering quarter of an hour, at the very end of the street. Here we stand at the entrance to the Temple Area.

Another moment and we are within the great inclosure. Bounded on the south and east by the city wall and on the north and west

by a series of Moslem buildings and cloisters, it forms roughly a parallelogram of some thirty-five acres, or one sixth of the area of the city within the walls. This is Mount Moriah! The Hill of the Lord! His Holy Place! Of the four hills upon which Jerusalem rests the names of two are virtually household words throughout Christendom: Mount Zion and Mount Moriah. It fell to the latter to shoulder the weight of the Sanctuary.

Abraham, when coming up from Beersheba to sacrifice Isaac, saw Moriah from afar and by his flawless faith consecrated the rugged summit to on-coming events of transcendent greatness. "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I shall tell thee of. . . . And on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off." (Genesis 22:2-4.)

Here where Abraham won the title of the "Father of the Faithful" Solomon reared, through seven years, his marvelous temple (I Kings 6) and upon its dedication prayed one of the most notable prayers in the Bible (II Chronicles 6:14-42.) Built of huge blocks of

white limestone and ornamented with costliest treasures of silver and gold, it stood for more than four hundred years as the most magnificent and inspiring structure the Jew ever looked upon. It was the acme of Israel's architectural genius. It was the most noble expression of her indomitable faith. Solomon finished it in 1000 B. C. and Nebuchadnezzar razed it in 590 B. C.

The second temple, erected on the same site, was the work of Zerubbabel, following the return from the Captivity, 520 B. C. (Ezra 5:2.) It had stood for five hundred years when it was wrecked to make way for a new one which Herod the Great determined to build. The latter, though never completed on the scale on which it was planned and never so rich in gold as Solomon's, has nevertheless carried the distinction of being the finest of the three temples.

It was upon the proud stateliness of this structure that Jesus looked when He forebodingly and broken-heartedly declared that not one of its stones should be left upon another: "See ye not all these things? verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

In the dogged siege and brutal demolition under Titus the prophecy was terribly fulfilled.

III.

To-day two Mohammedan mosques are the principal buildings on the sacred site. No Jew will come near them. He will not enter the inclosure, for so complete was the destruction that he knows not the boundaries of the Holy of Holies and fears that he might unwittingly cross them. And so, even as we stand here this morning, there arise from below at the base of the west wall the doleful mournings of Messiahless Jews who daily bewail the passing of their ancient splendor and wet with their tears the mute, drab powder and the cold, soiled stones of their ruined Sanctuary.

An outstanding structure lifts itself above the northwest corner of the compound. It is in reality a tall minaret at the base of which are the remains of the old Castle of Antonia. From its rock-hewn steps Paul defended himself against the infuriated mob. (Acts 21:4; 22:24.) Within its confines he and the chief captain learned of the conspiracy of the forty. Our ears can all but catch the officer's quick-spoken command to the two centurions:

“Make ready two hundred soldiers to go to Caesarea, and horsemen three score and ten, and spearmen two hundred, at the third hour of the night” (Acts 23:23)—so real does it all seem as the morning sun streams full on the remains of the old castle.

Easily the dominant structure of the Temple Area is the “Dome of the Rock,” more popularly but less accurately known as the “Mosque of Omar.” The first impression which it creates from the outside may be a little disappointing on the point of size. One may have read of it as something “vast,” and, upon seeing it, may have the feeling that it suffers sharply by comparison with a “York” or a “Notre Dame.” What it lacks in mere bulk, however, it supplies in rare beauty of proportion and color.

The general shape is that of an octagon. The lower half is of marble, the upper of blue and green tiles. The faded dome is surmounted by a gleaming crescent. Though a seventh century construction, subsequent repairs, necessarily numerous, have not materially altered its form. The light within, which steals softly through exquisitely wrought windows of stained-glass mosaic, produces an effect of en-

chantment. Shod with our ugly over-size slippers, which we must wear in lieu of removing our shoes, we seem suddenly to have stepped into some fantastic Oriental dream-land where beauties are breathed in every breath and colors form and float at every turn—colors from marble columns, colors from Corinthian capitals, colors from mosaic walls, colors from soft, thick carpets.

Directly under the dome is rather a large space inclosed by a high wooden balustrade. The effect of the barrier on one's curiosity is not hard to guess. In this case the effort to "see" is an important one. The reward for leaning over the railing is that our eyes are made to rest upon hard reality—really a pleasing diversion in so voluptuous a setting of fanciful color and mechanical artifice. Here is the real thing: a great, gray, irregularly shaped limestone rock, fifty-eight feet long by forty-four wide. It is the time-defying summit of Mount Moriah.

IV.

"What memories cluster here?" one finds himself asking. And swiftly to mind comes a troop of answers. If the dumb stone could

speak of the sacred drama for which it has supplied the stage, it would relate a story as long as it would be thrilling. It would begin probably with the offerings of the priest-king Melchizedek (Genesis 14:18) and pass on to the test and triumph of Abraham's faith when the Divine Purpose substituted a ram for Isaac (Genesis 22); it would rehearse the story of King David's deal with Araunah the Jebusite by which the threshing floor of the one became the altar base of the other (II Samuel 24:15-25); it would describe the first temple built by Solomon and burned by the Chaldeans (II Kings 25:9), the second built by Zerubbabel and demolished by Herod the Great (on the evidence of Josephus), and the third, built by Herod and burned by the Roman Titus.

But even then its story would not be complete. Above and about this very stone occurred numerous other events the record of which shall never perish from devout minds. Indeed it is believed by many that the Altar of Burnt Offering rested precisely on it. And what of those two Galilean peasants who one day resorted here to present with the most unobtrusive simplicity their first-born to God?

What of Him—that same first-born Son—Who sat one morning by the treasury watching the worshipers filling the great chests and evaluating each gift by the true standards of spirit and sacrifice? What of her who, seeking no honor, craving no applause, was lifted to everlasting distinction by the words: “This poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury”? (Mark 12:43.) And, since the Feast of Tabernacles is now being celebrated, what of that “last great day” when this very rock become vocal with the echo of wondrous words: “If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his inmost being shall flow rivers of living water”? (John. 7:37, 38.) What finally of him who made Solomon’s Porch the scene of his glad, grateful demonstrations, having received through Peter and John vastly greater fortune than the dole for which in his lameness he begged? (Acts 3:1-11.) Are they not all witnesses to the marvelous continuity of interest which is sustained through the long history of this sacred mount?

Apart from specific events which relate themselves to it, Moriah supplies a fine, firm

symbolism for the historic basis of our holy religion. It seems to suggest, by its hard presence beneath the hand-made finery which has been hung about it, the unyielding foundation of simple, settled facts which supports our Christian heritage. It is this historic substructure which justifies the present position of fundamentalism. Fundamentalism, which is not archaism, has a basis in a Personality and in a body of facts which survive every discovery of the laboratory and every ingenious exercise of the advancing reasoner. There is genuine comfort in the realization that amid all the transitions and rude disturbances of four thousand years are radiant realities of faith and life that stand like the good old rock Moriah, the limestone crown of the Hill of the Lord.

CHAPTER III.

OLIVET

Of the two mountains at Jerusalem most intimately and tenderly associated with the life and death of our Lord, Olivet is the one about whose identity there can be no doubt. Where precisely is, or was, the hill called Calvary? It is still an open question, though to hear certain dogmatic partisans talk, one would hardly think so. But with the lovely Mount of Olives it is different. No sacred geographer doubts the genuineness of the olive-dotted slope rising from the Kedron Valley due west of the Temple site.

I.

Our approach this morning to "The Hill that Jesus Loved" is the indirect one by the north road out of the city. We dip into the bed of the Kedron where the brook takes its rise, round the shoulder of Mount Scopus on whose sides Titus encamped with his besieging legions and on whose summit now stands

the new Jewish University opened last year by Lord Balfour, and, turning south, gain the ridge which soon attains its climax in the Mount of Olives.

Only one conspicuous building stands between Scopus and Olivet. It is a fine piece of stone work, palace-like in proportions, built just before the war as a German hospice and sanitarium. It is now the official residence of the British High Commissioner—the “White House” of Palestine.

Our first objective on Olivet proper is the Chapel of the Ascension. It is set in the midst of the untidy little Arab village of Kafir et Tur, a small, domed structure enclosed within old gray walls, with a lofty tower in connection. Just how early in Christian times this spot came to be accepted as that from which our Lord ascended cannot be told. By no means can it be called a late tradition, as Constantine’s little roofless chapel marked the site as early as 351 A. D. Of course there is the moot interpretation of Luke 24:50. “And he led them out as far as to Bethany.” Convincing evidence, some say, that this is not the place! For Bethany lies over the hill, south and east; yet not so far as to remove

from one's mind the conviction that he is very, very near the point where that final benediction was pronounced and the enfolding clouds received Him out of the sight of them who had stood with Him. Here, to the promise Messianic, "I go to prepare a place for you," was added the promise Angelic, "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

A short walk down the south slope from the Ascension Chapel brings one to the interesting Church of the Paternoster, or Lord's Prayer. It stands within the compound of a Carmelite Nunnery whose inmates, though existing, can hardly be said to live. They have had their funeral and are held to be dead to the world. They have no touch with outsiders. No social intercourse takes place between themselves. Thus pathetic is the extreme to which a misguided "Other-worldiness" will carry persons. Certainly their willingness for self-effacement is worthy of a more practical cause. Such wax-tight seclusion is as abnormal as it is unscriptural.

Peter the Hermit, whose agitations led to the First Crusade, preached a sermon here where it was said Christ taught His disciples

to pray. The present neat chapel commemorates both events and marks their common site. Its most notable feature is the so-called Hall of the Lord's Prayer, a court around which are tablets of the Lord's Prayer in thirty-two different languages.

II.

No visitor to Mount Olivet who is physically fit should think of returning to the city until he has climbed one of the two fine towers that rise high above the summit, either the Ascension or the Russian. The latter is the higher, in fact the highest structure that can be found near Jerusalem. Its two hundred and fourteen steps are really an escape from the seclusion of the nunnery more to be welcomed than dreaded. By the time one reaches the lofty belfry he is in possession of an unsurpassed view of all southern Palestine. What is the scenery from the top of the Woolworth Building compared with this?

Face the west, and before you, but far below, where the mount drops into the Kedron Valley, stands the Church of St. Mary Magdalene conspicuous by its golden bulbs and pinnacles and surrounded by the dust-laden olives of

Gethsemane. Across the valley rise the sheer walls of Mount Moriah, up, up to the Holy City which lies this morning spread out like some huge relief map, with its heights and depressions, domes and towers, minarets and mosques.

Away to the north roll the high hills of Judah even to Benjamin's border: Mizpeh's sharply outlined pinnacle, where for twenty years Samuel judged Israel and where finally he was laid to rest; Baal Hazor's lofty summit, the highest point in southern Palestine; the village of Gebah (Gibeah) where Saul encamped against the Philistines, and beyond it the steep side of the Vale of Michmash which Jonathan and his armour-bearer scaled and, unaided, put the Philistine garrison to rout.

To the south the eye sweeps over the Valley of Hinnom where perpetual fires once burned, over the Hill of Evil Counsel where Judas bartered his Lord and received his "price," and over the Plain of Rephaim, used by the men of Philistia in attacking Jerusalem from the west. It sees the higher buildings of Bethlehem and the surrounding hills once serenaded by angels and sought out of wise men. It finds Bethany on the southeast only

partially visible but, nearer, discovers the nestling old monastery which points the place of little Bethphage.

And now a deep breath as the eastern prospect opens out to far horizons! It is a singularly striking view—the haggard hills of the Judean Wilderness in chalky gray and the brown of withered grass tumbling down to the deep Valley of the Jordan and, southward, to the glittering blue waters of the Dead Sea; the Jordan itself, with the trees which line its banks, unfolding like a dark green ribbon, and the distant sky-line banked by the mysterious mountains of Moab and Edom in myriad shades of amethyst and azure.

Climb the Woolworth Tower on Manhattan and you will see a mighty city that can start a dance craze, create a money panic or initiate a fashion fad; climb the Russian Tower on Olivet and you will see the little land that gave God's Son to a broken, baffled, bleeding world.

III.

And then you will descend the tower and start down the lovely Mount as we did—with a subdued heart, with a step of reverence. Jesus of Nazareth walked where we had

walked and of the deep secrets of His Kingdom had spoken divinely where we had stood. Was it not from this eminence, to which palaces and towers and monasteries were then strangers, this quiet height overlooking the uplifted walled-in city drowsing yonder in the sunshine, the city of ten thousand daring dreams and a thousand desolating disappointments, that He wept out of a broken heart and cried—"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes?" (Luke 19:42.)

By this time you have probably reached the foot of the hill. You are at the Garden of Gethsemane. It is true the present garden, owned and carefully kept by the Franciscans, seems rather too close to the beaten highway for the privacy which Jesus sought. It is true too that no one excepting the over-credulous can believe these olive trees to be nearly two thousand years old. They are probably less than half that age. Yet the setting is not an unlikely one. The actual garden need not have been much different. Yes, it must have had many more trees in it. The Turks cut down more than half of the olive trees during

the war. Yet here in this peaceful inclosure are survivors of their race that have withstood the winds of nearly a thousand winters and the heats of as many summers, their large trunks all gnarled and knotted and worn. Not by one of these perhaps, but by one of their predecessors occurred the Prayer of Passion. Alone beneath a Passover moon His broken heart seemed to bleed itself through the pores of His prostrate body. Alone on the low slope of Olivet in the garden called "Gethsemane," He accepted the cup.

Deep is the vale, and chill the night,
Clouds straying o'er—moon-silvered light;
City in feast, proud priests in plot—
My Lord in the Garden heeding them not.

Bowed is His head, broken His heart,
Lone His vigil, none takes His part;
Beat of tempter, blasting of storm—
My Lord in the Garden, prostrate His form.

Slumber of friends, dark spite of foes,
Sim to be slain—still farther He goes;
His body's blood, price of His aim,
My Lord in the Garden—Jesus His name.

Swift to His side, angel consort,
Strength for weakness, heav'nly support;
With "Thy will" one—all yielded up,
My Lord in the Garden accepted the cup.

Gethsemanes—life's gardens drear,
Tears that burn and burdens severe,
Oft must these come—May I ne'er fear—
My Lord in my Garden breathing so near.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JORDAN

It was a warm Autumn morning. The blue Syrian sky was almost cloudless. The sun gave little promise of mid-day pity but at this hour a decent breeze was sweeping the hilly bulwarks of Judea. Breakfast was scarcely over when our car arrived and we started, keen with enthusiasm and expectancy, for the Valley of the Jordan. Skirting the north wall of Jerusalem and passing St. Stephen's Gate, we dropped down into the valley of the Kedron, crossed its dry, rocky bed and ascended the slope of the Mount of Olives. Once around the south shoulder of Olivet, with Bethany on our left, we began the long winding descent over the famous Jericho Road.

I.

The view from the heights is superb. We have come several miles but we are still nearly three thousand feet above the valley. At Jerusalem we were thirty-four hundred.

Spread out before us in a sort of sprawling spaciousness are the Judean Hills—worn, beaten, stony moors stretching north and south and east, their slight vegetation seared and their limestone terraces, heaps and scarps glaring under the hot morning sun. Here, according to the Bedouin, “The soil is fire and the wind is flame.”

From the solitude of this wilderness came John the Baptist and over these endless hills roamed the boy-shepherd David, the heart of the one fired with the zeal of a prophet, the soul of the other vibrant with the measures and melodies of a poet. Here too Jeremiah dwelt in the loneliness of the wastes and the blast of the sirocco—“A dry wind of the high places in the wilderness toward the daughter of my people, not to fan nor to cleanse.” (Jeremiah 4.:11.) All three looked across this chaotic, declining landscape to the far sky-line—the foreground of the picture—where, in the purple haze, rise the mountains of Trans-Jordania, Gilead to the north, Moab directly ahead, Edom to the south. All three must have been impressed, moreover, as we are this morning, with the vast valley far away and below us where the strip of green marks the

course of the Jordan and the silver sheen trembles on the face of the Dead Sea. It is a "great gulf fixed" which yawns between these heights whereon we stand and yonder mountains shouldering the eastern horizon.

II.

Let a word be said about this "gulf" before we descend to it. It has always been called by some name signifying a huge break or depression: in Old Testament times by both Hebrew names for valley, Deep and Opening; in the Greek period by "Aulon," or Hollow; in Arabic by "El-Ghor," or the Rift. These terms apply particularly to what is properly called the Lower Jordan, that is the Jordan from the Lake of Galilee to the Dead Sea. In this run of sixty-five miles the breadth of the valley varies from three to fourteen miles. The two places where the fourteen mile breadth is attained are expansions of the otherwise narrow vale each marked by a once important city, Bethshan near the Galilee end and Jericho at the Dead Sea end.

The valley presents sharp contrasts of fertility and sterility. This has ever been true. A very considerable part of it was once luxuriantly fruitful, as when, for example, in

Roman times there was one forest of date palms that extended for Jericho to Phasaelis, a distance of more than fifteen miles. Even up to the time of the Crusades the "Ghor" was famed for its corn, balsam, sugar, dates and flax. Yet this productivity has always been "spotty." Other parts of the Valley lie waste and poisonous. Springs are bitter and the soil is saturated with hot chlorides. There are stretches of gravel and clay and weirdly shaped ridges of greasy, gray marl and foul jungles along the water courses offering scant boon to health and little that pleases to the eye. These are the features that account for the New Testament designation of the Jordan Valley as a "Wilderness." But we have halted long enough; let us go on to our destination.

III.

An hour passes and we are now making our way across the floor of the great "Hollow" we had glimpsed from afar. Around us are flocks of camels of all ages and sizes, those grotesque, cushion-footed, hang-lipped creatures long christened the "ships of the desert." The heat has become intense; it

broods over this old sea-bottom like malaria over a swamp. Suddenly we come upon a bank of willows and balsams. The car stops and we alight. Through the tangle of the trees we now see it, for the first time—the most fascinatingly interesting river in all the world—the Jordan.

Both Nature and History have conferred uniqueness upon it: Nature by giving it a bed which is hundreds of feet below the level of the sea and History by associating with it the names of the world's greatest creative religious leaders, including the Peerless One. "There may be something on the surface of another planet to match the Jordan Valley: there is nothing on this," is the sober judgment of the distinguished traveler-scholar, George Adam Smith.

Yet there is no river in the world whose historic and spiritual significance contrasts so sharply, so immeasurably, with its actual insignificance. Unswollen for a thousand miles by any tributary, unflecked by so much as a rain drop from heaven, the beneficent Nile flows on to sustain a civilization and to give itself finally to a beautiful and ship-dotted sea. Navigable for eighteen hundred

miles, the mighty Yangtse makes her way across central and northern China expanding as she resistlessly moves until, long before she emerges in the Yellow Sea, those who fare forth upon her central current are unable to see shore on either side. What of the Jordan beside either of these? What of her beside the Congo and the Ganges and the Amazon? What of her less than one hundred miles of length? What of her less than one hundred feet of breadth? She would scarcely make a decent tributary. Notwithstanding, when men of whatever clime or time, soul-sick and evil-ridden, would look upon the revealed, redeeming love of God, when they would fain know the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, it is not to the Nile, or the Ganges, or the Yangtse that they turn, but to the lowly Jordan. True, Naaman, there are fairer waters in Syria than these that flow between Jordan's mud banks, but there is **healing** here.

IV.

The place where we have stopped to bathe our hands, take a few pictures, and regale ourselves on sacred memories, is known as the

Place of Baptism. It is one of the important fords of the Jordan and held by many to be the point where Jesus was baptized and received the dove-symbolized anointing of the Holy Spirit. The banks of mud, some ten feet high, are here and there strewn with driftwood and broken by the exposed roots of the over-spreading trees. The stream is surprisingly low. Indeed it is sluggishly quiet—by no means like hymnology would suggest it or imagination picture it. No rolling flood here or stormy banks. Of course we must remind ourselves that never since the establishment of the weather bureau sixty-four years ago has Palestine had such a dry season as this has been. Only twelve inches of rain when the average is twenty-six! Otherwise the river might be a bit stronger.

It is in the "time of harvest," or about the month of April, that "Jordan overfloweth his banks" (Josh. 3:4; Eccl. 24:26.) Then it is that it justifies the significance of its name: Jordan means literally "Downcomer." In the sixty-five miles from the Lake of Galilee to the Dead Sea its fall is six hundred and ten feet. The average is only nine feet per mile

but the sharp drop of more than forty feet to the mile near the Lake gives it an impetus that is bound to spell swiftness in a channel that is neither broad nor rocky. Swollen and swift and treacherous by reason of the strange, zigzag currents that develop in its twistings and writhings, the Jordan brawls on from Gennesaret to the Sea of Salt, its serpentine path distinctly marked by the semi-tropical jungle that flourishes on its banks. And this rankness, this luxuriance of balsam and willow and tamarisk and oleander is probably what is meant by the "Pride of Jordan," a phrase which represents a more accurate rendering than the familiar "swelling of Jordan." The Jordan jungle was the lair of the wild beast. Hence, "If in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the Pride of Jordan? . . . He shall come up like a lion from the Pride of Jordan." (Jer. 12:5; 49:19; 50:44.)

V.

The Jordan never made much of an appeal to the imagination of the Hebrew prophets and poets. It never has been regarded as a

thing of beauty to be sung in poetry or extolled in eloquence; rather as a barrier to be overcome, a border to be passed, a powerful symbol of spiritual crisis. With this in mind it is extremely interesting to remember that close to the place where we are now standing the then swollen flood must have rolled back to allow the passage of the Israel host. What an epochal day that was! See the Levites with the Ark of the Covenant advance to the water's brim. See the river break in two at their feet. Hear the measured tread of that mighty company as tribe by tribe they gain the Canaan bank. There! the last bronzed Israelite is over, and the backed-up waters break loose with a rush and a roar to follow their wonted course.

Israel's crossing was in reality a **crisis**, not a **process**. They went "clean over Jordan," an expression which, with slight variations, occurs more than two score times in the Old Testament, and their going has become the classic, imperishable type of the entrance by faith into the spiritual inheritance of personal Christian purity. Many have thinned out the picture to a colorless ideality. They sing of

the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood" as if Canaan were a kind of post-mortem dreamland. But instead of being a **translation** to come it is a spiritual **transition** momentarily possible. It is an advanced mode and an increased measure of spiritual life lived on a new plane, wrought out in closer fellowship with Him Who makes His own to be "more than conquerors." The element of death to which it is related is death to "in-dwelling sin."

Let not the "wistful eye," faintly discerning its "possessions" lying beyond the dividing stream, be content with distant views and deferred hopes. Let it be fully opened. Let it see its Joshua ready now, even at this moment, to lead the advance to the "promised land." Let the believer move in faith, cross in confidence, and rise in victory—"clean over Jordan." Satan will oppose him but God will gird him. Temptations will assault him but grace will cover him. Friends may forsake him but ministers of heavenly comfort will wait upon him. His life will be sustained on the perpetual plenty of the Spirit's purity, the Spirit's power and the Spirit's peace.

“Now, O my Joshua, bring me in;
Cast out Thy foes, the inbred sin;
The carnal mind remove.
The purchase of Thy death divide;
Give me with all the sanctified
The heritage of love.”

This was the stanza that sang itself through
my soul as we stood on the willow-lined
Jordan brink.

CHAPTER V.

ESDRAELON

“In your trip through northern Palestine two places will particularly attract and interest you.” It was the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Jerusalem speaking, a genial, well informed **Englishman, a fine** Christian gentleman. I awaited his further word. “The first,” he continued, “is Sychar with its wonderful old well and refreshing water, and the second is the great Plain of Esdraelon where through the centuries man has met man in the height of his martial power and one or the other has gone down in defeat.”

I.

Experience justified and fulfilled the prophecy. Sychar, little more than a clump of trees, a few low buildings half tumbled down, and an unfinished church, all within a stone-wall inclosure, was indeed singularly interesting. Standing there hard by the top-stone of Jacob's Well how easy it was to picture the

woman of Samaria, approaching with her water pot skilfully poised on her head. Little did she dream that she would become one of the figures in a scene and one of the parties to a conversation that have, both scene and conversation, enshrined themselves securely in the temple of Christian memory. Little did she realize that she was about to meet the Son of Man resting on the well, "wearied with his journey," and that she was to be honored as the first person to whom He should disclose the immensely significant fact of His Messiahship. As we drew and drank from the historic old well, seventy-five feet deep, we knew that we should certainly "thirst again." Yet that simple conviction was surmounted by a second, namely, that one day upon life's hot highway, hungry and thirsty and sore distressed, we met the Lord of Life. He gave us not merely a drink but a well of our own "springing up into everlasting life." It had become a divine and never-failing spring, and even as we dipped from **this** Well of Jacob we felt within us something of the surging up-rush and exhaustless freshness of **that** Well of Life.

So much in passing for a peep at Sychar.

II.

Whereas Jacob's Well is justly celebrated for one precious incident, the Plain of Esdraelon has furnished the scene for scores of events whose proportions bulk large in the history of the East and even of the world. Indeed the plain has a history of its own tempting enough to elicit the energies of some competent historian.

In relation to the several historic provinces of Palestine Esdraelon lies between Samaria and Galilee. Though at one time it was counted to the former and at a later date to the latter, it creates geographically a vast separating basin between them. It is in fact the one and only break which a relief map will show in the central range of mountains that runs the full length of the land. Esdraelon offers nearly a clean sweep from the Mediterranean coast to the Jordan. Near the coast, however, it is frequently called the Plain of Acre and near the river the Vale of Jezreel.

The main or middle section, known as the Central Plain, resembles a great triangle. Dome-like Mount Tabor—probably the Mount

of Transfiguration—stands at its apex. One of the two diverging sides falls away to the south and the other to the west, each about fifteen miles long, while the base, obviously running northwest and southeast, measures twenty miles. Along the eastern border rise Little Hermon and Gilboa. On the north appear the commanding highlands of Galilee. Bounding the southwestern or base-side of the triangle are the Samaritan heights between which and the long even range of Carmel there appears scarcely a break. Thus encompassed within bold elevations and guarding headlands lies the Great Plain, broad, unbroken, smitten with heat, haunted with memories, its reddish black soil so sparsely dotted with house or tree as to give it the aspect of a free open prairie.

The efforts to people the plain with tillers of the soil are all of recent date. For centuries it has been lying without plow or planter, a sun-baked basin in summer, a treacherous swamp in winter. Though tillable in many parts and richly productive, it has never yielded its possibilities of fruitfulness except to a diligent husbandry, and then under the almost constant menace of attack by foes who

might swoop down from the surrounding hills. Hence the perfect appropriateness of the language used by dying Jacob in reference to Issachar, to whom fell nearly the whole of Esdraelon: "Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens (the hills of Galilee on the north, those of Samaria on the south): And he saw that rest (a resting place) was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant under tribute (under task-work)." (Genesis 49:14, 15.)

III.

Mention has been made of the Valley of Jezreel (Judges 6:33) as a local name used to designate the eastern section of the Great Plain; that is, the prospect toward Jordan from the city of Jezreel. As a matter of fact this term, along with one other, of particular interest to students of prophecy, is of more ancient usage than Esdraelon. In the Old Testament period "Vale ('Deepening') of Jezreel" applied distinctly to the eastern slope toward Jordan but afterwards, being modified to "Plain of Jezreel," came to be used interchangeably with "Esdraelon."

The other term referred to above is "Megiddo." "Plain of Megiddo" seems to have applied of old to the central basin, the name being taken from a town which has long since disappeared and whose site cannot be identified with certainty. A place called Lejjun on the southwestern border of the plain is the most likely spot. Though well off the beaten trail we had the opportunity of visiting it, as we had also of passing Tannuk, four miles distant—the "Taanach upon the waters of Megiddo" of Judges 5:19. At the latter place we found excavations being conducted by the Archeological Department of the University of Chicago. A report is current that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has set aside \$215,000 toward the expense of five years' work on the site of Megiddo, and that Professor Breasted, the world's outstanding Egyptologist, will be in charge of the excavations.

Now all this is interesting not only to those who fancy Bible antiquities but to those who study Bible prophecy. For it is from Megiddo, which anciently gave its name to the plain, that we derive Armageddon and from Armageddon comes the battle titanic of Revelation

16:14, 16, the "great day of God Almighty."

IV.

Not Megiddo, however, but Jezreel is the best place from which to command a view of the entire Esdraelon Plain, to study its contours and colors from the Sea to the River and to re-create in fancy its thrilling history. Let the reader imagine himself standing with the writer upon this eminence where once stood the city of notorious Ahab and soulless Jezebel and where its less splendid remnant still stands.

It is a sweltering Autumn noon-tide. Before us lies the plain proper, baking with meridian heat. Fleecy clouds are drifting lazily over from the sea and in passing silently before the face of day's fiery orb are throwing down their giant, dusky images to create a fantastic sort of patch-work on the blistering bed of the valley. Look at the surroundings. These are its features: opposite us on the far side of the plain rises the long even range of Carmel; to our right, the mount called Little Hermon, bearing on its southern slope Shunem with memories of Elisha and a mother's stricken son, and on its northern side Nain with mem-

ories of Jesus and another mother's son; beyond Little Hermon to the north, the graceful dome of Mount Tabor and west of it the lofty heights of Nazareth; sharply to our left, the mountains of Gilboa, frowning and barren, and to the east, the Vale of Jezreel falling away to the still hotter depths of the Jordan Valley. These features are inescapable; they are salient in the topography of the plain and its environs.

But what of the scenes for which these landmarks have furnished both the setting and the witnesses? What of the dramatic events that have been enacted on this great theater? Are they not to be seen? What of the voices that call from the pageantries, perils and plunders of the past? Are they not to be heard? Yes, assuredly. And this is the place and the time. Here is the Battlefield of the Nations. If one battle designated Waterloo to imperishable fame, what have a hundred destiny-determining struggles done for the Plain of Megiddo where now we stand?

V.

Imagine a colossal kaleidoscope in which the events of centuries, as they have occurred in

this valley, pass in crowded succession. You see Barak's Israelitish hosts charging down from the highlands of Nazareth and putting the Canaanites under Sisera to confusion and rout. (Judges 4:4-22.) You hear the limestone sides of Gilboa echoing the accents of a strange shout—"The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon—and you see, in the Jezreel Plain below, the flying phantoms of Midian hotly pursued by Gideon's three hundred hardy braves. You see upon the shadeless slopes of this same Gilboa the rage and fury of that battle between Israelite and Philistine in which poor King Saul, deserted of God, lost his command, his throne and his soul. Across the floor of Jezreel's Vale you hear the hoof-beats of the foaming Arabian steeds that draw Jehu's flying chariot up from Bethshan to Naboth's vineyard at your feet, to visit swift judgment upon an infamous queen. From the far westward side of the plain, near the gateway of Megiddo, come the echoes of fierce war cries and bitter lamentations. Alas, the archers of Pharaoh-Necho have struck good King Josiah, and great is the mourning made for him in Hadad-rimmon. (II Chronicles 35:24,

25; Zechariah 12:11.) All this you see and hear and feel, and much more.

Here from the early dawn of history to our own twentieth century the call to arms has resounded, power and pride have contended. Here Cleopatra and her ladies were carried on elegant litters. Here Titus marched at the head of his imperial legions on the way to the dreadful siege of Jerusalem. Here the Moslem hordes of the seventh century surged and swept the Greeks from Western Palestine, supplanting the Cross with the Crescent. Here too the Saracen Saladin in the twelfth century spread defeat and destruction over the crosses and castles of the Crusaders. Here, six hundred years later, Napoleon, bent madly upon achieving a Euphrates Empire, met the first defeat of his brilliant career. And here, be it known, in no more distant year than 1917 General Allenby with his finely trained British soldiers drove the Turks to the cover of the hills and pushed on toward Jerusalem.

What a plain among plains is Esdraelon! Nor is its distinction due merely to the fact that it has been the stage upon which the mightiest empires and the most historic faiths have been embattled. There is another point

which must not be overlooked. All of its conflicts have been mysteriously overshadowed with the sense and influence of a **superhuman** factor at work. Here, perhaps as nowhere else on our planet, men have felt that there was "fighting from heaven," that the "stars in their courses" took sides and according to their choice turned the tide of battle.

So they have gone forth, and so yet once more they shall go forth: "They go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. . . . And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." (Revelation 16:14, 16.)

CHAPTER VI.

LAKE GALILEE

Ours was an early morning approach to what the old rabbis call the "Lake of God's Delight." We had just passed the "Horns of Hattin" on the main road from Nazareth and Cana to Tiberias, remarking as we did so that as a singular, commanding eminence Hattin is infinitely more suited to be the Mount of the Beatitudes, which it probably was, than the Mount of Saracen slaughter, which in the twelfth century it certainly was. These and other reflections were running through our minds when suddenly we came upon our first view of the lake. It was one of those rare experiences that are surcharged with such wonder and admiration and delight as to leave you for the moment quite speechless.

I.

It was not a "perfect day," speaking weather-wise. The sun was in hiding. Clouds

ruled the sky. Yet the total impression was a never-to-be-forgotten one. Below us more than a thousand feet lay the lake, its blue-green surface rippled but not rough in the fresh morning breeze. Deep colors were dominant in the picture. About the lake rose the purple mountains like a gigantic piece of frame-work and above them hung dark purple clouds which, to change the figure, appeared like frowning fortresses mysteriously let down from heaven. George Adam Smith's simile is a good one. The lake lies "in shape, like a harp, with the bulge to the northwest." Its long axis is from north to south. Just below the "bulge" on the west shore lies the town of Tiberias. Nowhere is the lake more than thirteen miles long nor more than eight miles broad.

Having accomplished the steep, tortuous descent to Tiberias, we made the site of ancient Capernaum our first objective. Until recently the trip was always made by boat. To-day it is rarely done. The traveler proceeds north along the west shore of the lake, making use of a very decent highway of late construction. Two and a half miles from Tiberias languishes the ragged little village of

Magdala, the reputed birth-place of Mary Magdalene. It is a most unsightly, squalid community of low mud huts.

There is compensation for this wretched view, however, in the surviving beauty of the Plain of Gennesaret which spreads out to the west and north from Magdala. Beautiful palm trees mark the line where the sands of the lake shore begin. Inland from them stretches the well-watered plain with all the fertility and potential loveliness, if not the actual beauty, of a tropical garden. Most of it has been acquired recently by Jews and will probably be restored before long to something like its ancient celebrated attractiveness.

II.

It is believed by some that Bethsaida, at least a Bethsaida, was situated at the north end of the Plain of Gennesaret, near the present Lazarist lodge of Ain Tabgha. The lodge is a delightful retreat, kept by the genial Father Tapper, and surrounded with a wealth of oleanders and palms. Whether or not there were two Bethsaidas is still a matter of scholarly speculation. The one whose site can be identified lay on the northeast coast of the

lake, on the east side of Jordan. To it, or rather to the "desert place" near it, Jesus and the disciples retired when informed of the death of John the Baptist. (Luke 9:10.) Here occurred the miraculous feeding of five thousand. (John 6:1-14.) Now comparison of Mark 6:45 with John 6:17 would seem to require a second Bethsaida on the west or Capernaum side of the lake. If such a place existed, all are agreed that we are close to it at Ain Tabgha. We shall leave the issue to those who are armed for debate, and pass on.

We are the more glad to do this because an intensely interesting thing is happening among the elements. The wind which has been fresh and playful ever since we left Tiberias has suddenly grown strong and is smiting our faces with the first drops of rain. Clouds have marshalled threateningly. A thin mist settles down on the waters which, growing more restless with every passing moment, are now breaking in white-crested waves and beating upon the shore with their foam. We are witnessing, in our good fortune, one of those sudden squalls for which Lake Galilee has always been noted. It was one of such, evidently an exceptionally violent

one, that the Master calmed that night He was aroused by fear-stricken disciples. The quiet waters were star-lit with silver grace when the little boat pushed off from the shore. The weary Son of Man soon fell "asleep in the hinder part of the ship on a pillow." Not a sound could be heard but the soft sea-music of oar-dipping alongside and water-lapping at the prow. Then a little puff of wind. Then a cloud to blot out a sky-field of stars, and another, and another. A swift descending squall—blast of wind and belly of sail, surge of wave and toss of ship! Menace of death abroad upon the black face of the deep! Then the cry to the sleeping Master: "Carest thou not that we perish?" Of course He cares. The aroused yet not affrighted Jesus rises from His pillow, lifts His voice, rebukes the tempest and it forgets its fierceness. The billows subside, caressed into calm. All hail, Thou Lord of the Deep, Thou Master of Wind and Wave!

III.

Now we are at Tell Hum, one of the most famous ruins in all this Holy Land, and to-day generally conceded to be the remains of Capernaum. The desolation is unrelieved in

its melancholy completeness. The houses were manifestly built of the native stone of this volcanic vicinity, which is black basalt. In their dark disorder they have been lying for centuries.

Easily the most interesting thing to be seen is the ruin of the Synagogue. It was never thoroughly excavated until something like twenty years ago. Though some scholars assign to it a date later than the first century, most of them accept it as the remains of the sanctuary erected by the grateful centurion whose servant Jesus healed. (Matthew 8:5-13.) The evidence for such a view is chiefly the fact that while the architecture was Roman there was free and apparently studied use made of Jewish emblems for decorative purposes. Instance the golden candlestick and the pot of manna. The huge blocks of white limestone, pointing to a structure of great splendor, lie in striking contrast to the dusky basalt chaos about and beneath them. Obviously they were imported from afar, only to be shaken down by some pitiless earthquake. The Franciscans are now in charge of the ruins, and an affable group they are.

Forgetting for the moment the force of the

accumulated evidence in favor of Tell Hum as the actual site of Capernaum, is there not something melancholy and solemnly suggestive in the long, long search for and discussion of the possible location of this once renowned center? Dull must be the mind that fails, under these circumstances, to recall the condemnation and threatening that fell upon Capernaum from the lips of Him whose works she denied and whose person she rejected. (Matthew 11:23, 24.) When she was in her prime, Jesus made her His home. She has been called the "birth-place of the Gospel." Her people witnessed a multitude of miracles. But, with Bethsaida and Chorazin, the latter's few relics lying about four miles north of her, she allowed the Light of her life to pass from her. And now where the sea-waves beat mockingly upon her deserted and desolate shore travelers like ourselves come to wander over her ruins and lament her folly and do honor to the memory of that peerless One who taught in her splendid sanctuary.

IV.

By the time we reached Tiberias again the wind had spent itself. The sea was smooth.

The sun was darting furtive gleams now and again from the breaking clouds.

The return to the city, after visiting spots so replete with Christian memories, naturally suggested the very strange silence of the Gospels with reference to Tiberias. So far as is known Jesus never once included it in His gracious itinerary. If He so much as passed through it, no allusion is made to the event in any of the narratives. The city was built by Herod Agrippa and fortified with a basalt citadel, shortly before our Lord opened His ministry on the lake. In accordance with Herod's patronizing custom it was named after Tiberias Caesar, one of the least worthy of the Roman Emperors. In laying the foundations for the city walls and the palace and the forum numerous bones were uncovered. An old graveyard was being desecrated. This becoming known, the place was immediately stigmatized in the eyes of all Jews. It was defiled, a place "unclean." Add the fact that the city was half Greek, with heathen images occupying conspicuous places here and there, and you have a possible and plausible explanation of the neglect of it by Jesus.

V.

Days may be "crowned" in various ways. If you are at Tiberias and weather conditions permit, you cannot do better than to take a sail upon the lake at sunset time. At any rate we found it so. Two strong Arab oarsmen, whom we insisted upon relieving occasionally, rowed us out on the tranquil evening water. Not a cloud specked the sky, not a wavelet flecked the sea. It was an hour of peace, fit for such reflections as would, so far as possible, reinvest the lovely lake with the scenes and peoples of nearly two thousand years ago.

Then it was teeming with life; now it breathes the still air of a decadent civilization and a departed glory. Then hundreds of fishing boats, trading vessels and ferries must have dotted it; now there is scarcely a sail to be seen. Then imperial armies and great caravans trekked its shores; to-day their path is followed by the motor car of an occasional tourist party or a motley file of infirm native folk who seek the medicine of the Tiberias Hot Baths.

In that far-off day no less than nine cities

rose from the shores of Galilee, none of them with less than 15,000 population. Tiberias was there where it is to-night; Magdala where we saw it this morning, and Capernaum too; Taricheae, completely obliterated, but known to have stood about four miles either north or south of Tiberias; Bethsaida to the northeast across the Jordan; Gergesa also across the lake to the northeast but south of Bethsaida, where the steep hills of Gilead fall almost to the very shore; Gamala on the long slender hill that rises, isolated, right out of the midst of the great rift in the mountains across from us; Hippos just above, or south, of the rift; and finally Gadara to the southeast on the heights just the other side of the River Yarmuk. Of these nine wealthy cities not one remains but poor old Tiberias.

Compared to what she was in the long-ago day of living strength and beauty Galilee herself might not be unfittingly called a "Dead Sea." In that distant time, trembling with the pregnancy of mighty Christian beginnings, her blue depths must have mirrored both the homely simplicity of the native life and the stately splendor of the Graeco-Roman civilization which stood superimposed upon the

simpler existence. Greek architecture threw round the lake the flashing circle of its imported magnificence—theaters, temples, castles, amphitheaters, and charming villas. Scattered here and there were the camps of Rome's legions.

VI.

But down close to the heart of the lake in the shadow of this overhanging statliness was that rustic out-of-doors life, with its fields calling for reapers, its roads bearing foot-sore travelers, its boats inviting sailors, its nets challenging menders, through all of which moved the form of the incomparable Galilean—at home here as He was nowhere else. These fisher-folk became His closest companions. This open-air life afforded the simplest and therefore the sublimest medium through which He might project the eternal and universal excellences of a spiritual Gospel in whose gracious economy the "poor in spirit" were to be blessed with the "kingdom of heaven."

No wonder the moon-silvered waters of this soft October evening are tenderly and divinely haunted. The foot-prints of the Lord Christ

are upon them. His presence is everywhere felt. Here where the star-kissed sea laves the historic shore He spoke to the throngs, conversed with the disciples, healed the infirm. He found sermons in salt, fellowship in flowers, benedictions in birds. Here He revealed the heart of God, which is love; the essence of love which is self-giving; and the fruition of self-giving, which is life eternal. Here He appraised the lowliest soul from the humblest hut above the uncomputed wealth of the world. Here He disclosed Himself: heaven's bread to the hungry, life's water to the thirsty, the world's light to the darkened, a fatherly forgiveness to the guilty, God's rest to the weary. Marvelous, matchless disclosure!

And now as I write these closing words while speeding across the State of Missouri, I can hear not **above** but **below** the incessant din of the swift-moving train, down deep where the soul-currents run strong and true, the appealing lines of a truly beautiful song:

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

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

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

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