

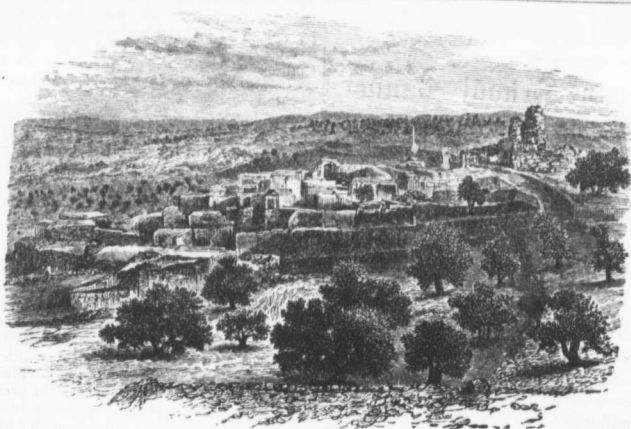
SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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BETHANY—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Bethany—From a Photograph.

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As one turns down the slopes of Olivet toward the wilderness, a quarter of an hour's walk, or less, brings one to a ruined village, hidden, till just as we reach it, by a rocky ridge. A ruined village, truly, it is; but a village never to be forgotten. It is Bethany, the scene of some of the most touching incidents in Our Lord's life, and bearing even in its modern name El-'Azriyeh (from El-'Azin, Arabic for Lazarus), a memento of His mightiest miracle. The houses are rude, massive, and built of old materials; there is a ruinous tower or other lofty structure in a prominent position, on its higher side. There are some fine, shady olives on the sides of the road near by, and a few fig trees. It must have been different when He was here, and these rocky

environs were carefully terraced and filled with palm-trees, laden with the fruit from which it took its name—for Bethany means the House of Dates. Like most other sites in Palestine, it has now nothing but its associations to charm. But what associations cluster around it! Here was the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, almost the only visiting place our Lord allowed Himself. Here, somewhere, though hardly in the spot they show us, Lazarus lay in his four-day's death-sleep, when the voice of the Christ recalled him to mortal life. Here was the house of Simon the Leper, where Mary, in the lavish love of gratitude, anointed her Lord with costly spikenard; and here, close by, in some sequestered nook of these hills—for He led them out "as far as to Bethany"—the risen Lord took leave of His disciples, gave them His final commission and blessing, and then ascended to the heaven from which He had come; "and a cloud received Him out of their sight."