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## The Gate of Palestine.

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ALL steamers and sea-going vessels must anchor outside the ancient harbour of Joppa, the ancient Jaffa, the sole sea-port of Judea, and all passengers and merchandise must be carried in small coasting crafts over the reef of jagged rocks, that most likely formed the pier of Solomon's harbour. We had a delightful morning for landing. Except in the calmest weather the surf breaks with tremendous violence over the long and rugged lines of rocks; but for us the sea was quiet and placid, as a molten mirror, and amid the usual clamour and bustle and gesticulation of yelling, howling, bare-legged Arabs, ourself and baggage were safely stowed away in boats and rowed to shore. Jaffa, or Joppa, is a very ancient city. It is said to have been named after Japhet. Ptolemy declared it to have been standing before the flood and it is popularly believed to have been the city where Noah dwelt and built his ark. It is the port from which Jonah started on his whaling expedition, for "flouring from the presence of the Lord, he went down to Joppa and found a ship going to Tarshish, so he paid the fare thereof, and went down unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord."—Jonah 1. 3. It was the port to which Hiram sent the cedar-wood for Solomon's magnificent temple, and to which the materials for the rebuilding of the temple were brought. It was the principal landing-place of the Crusaders, when they were sent forth to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels; and for a thousand years it has been the spot on which pilgrims from every land first set foot on the sacred soil of Palestine. It looks beautiful from a distance, set as it is upon a hill, with the long bright sweep of the Mediterranean in front and the dark chain of the Judean

mountains behind; but when you enter the city, you find that the streets are dirty and narrow, the houses wretched, and the people abominable. As soon as you set foot upon the sacred soil, everything about you gives the assurance that you are treading upon Eastern ground. The very moment the boat struck the wet sand we were

the filthy beings of both sexes that squatted around us clamorously demanded a gift. "Backsheesh!" "Backsheesh!" That Arabic word is a very familiar sound in the East, and having once heard it, you will not be allowed to let it slip from your memory.

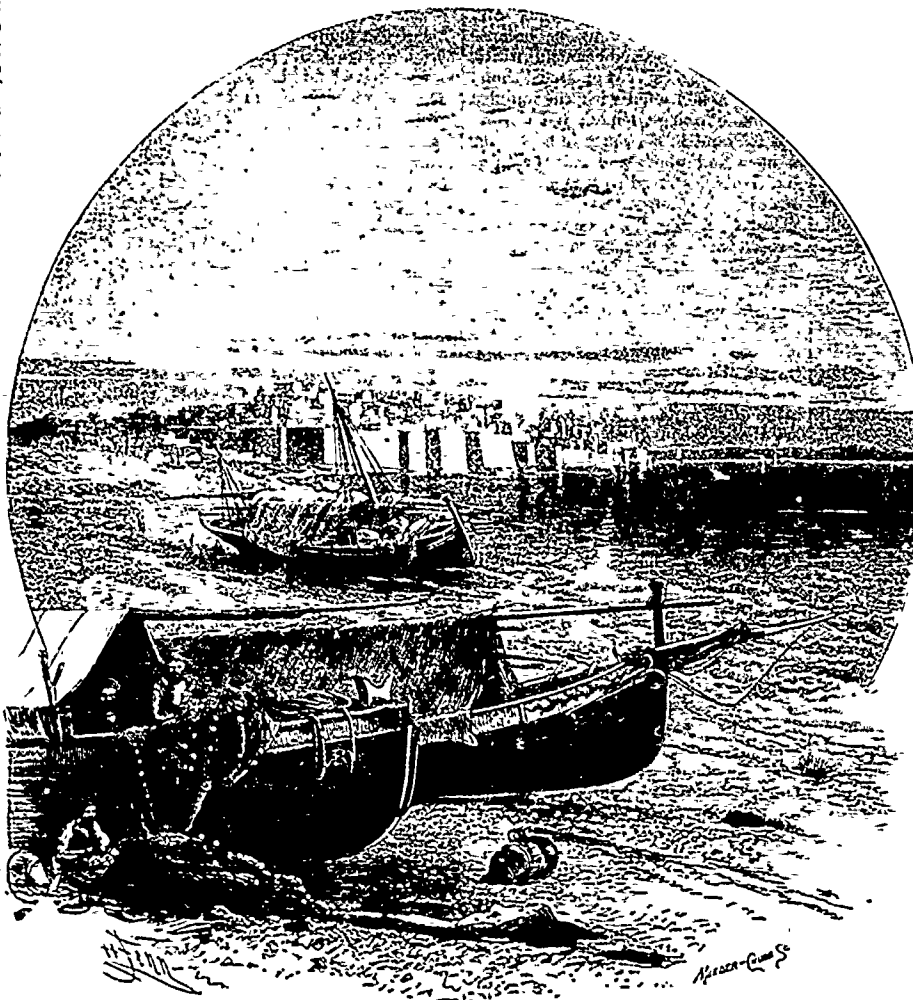
While we were waiting for these slow Turkish officials to do their work,

we were like children in a toy-shop where each object caught sight of is hailed with delight, and the most trivial things afford a fund of entertainment. I noticed, in particular, a big, turbaned fellow, with loose flowing robes, baggy trousers, rich dress, and the *distingue* air of a merchant, who got into a quarrel with one of the officials, and such high words, such gestures and bawling, I never witnessed. He was frantic and diabolical. I expected to see bloodshed. Now and then he would pause from sheer exhaustion, and then renew the war of words and demoniac gesticulations. But his passion at length exhausted itself and he became quiet. And this in the "Holy Land!"

At length we were permitted to enter a carriage, and threading our way through the steep, narrow, and unsavoury alleys of the old town, we reached wider and clearer spaces, and drove rapidly through streets and bazaars to the Jerusalem Hotel, which is beautifully located amid gardens and sweet smelling orange groves. We were in first class condition for breakfast, but that did not prevent our appreciating the rare beauty of the situation. Before us lay the clear dark-blue of the Mediterranean, north and south stretched the long coast-line of white sand—a noble panorama—the eye sweeping from Gaza to—

"Where Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies

Around us groves of orange, lemon, citron, and fig, vineyards and gardens separated by high, thick cactus hedges; stretching inland the vast fertile and flower-enamelled plain of Sharon, bounded on the east by the mountains of Judah and Ephraim, which set their bluepeaks against the clear and solemn Syrian sky. And, down upon sea and shore, mountain and plain, the sun shimmers its beams, with all the warmth and brilliancy of summer. A lovely picture, but we have not satisfied "the keen demands of appe-



JAFFA, OR JOPPA—THE GATE OF PALESTINE.

caught up, by a half-naked Arab and carried up the black, slimy steps, that led to the custom-house. Here we had to wait amid foul sights and smells, surrounded by wretched, chattering creatures, until all the baggage was passed. As we stood amid mud and squalor,

we had ample opportunity to watch the attitudes, gestures, and occupations of the ever-changing groups about us—a multitudinous mass of men, women, and children—black, brown, and white; beasts of burden, camels, horses, and donkeys. The confused noise is over-