

# Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

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## VII.

**N**EXT we bent our steps to the Greek Catholic church, which is said to stand on the ground occupied some two thousand years ago by the synagogue in which, on the occasion mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel (IV. 14 to 31.), our Saviour expounded one of the prophecies of Isaias and declared that it had been fulfilled in His person. His hearers, as we read in the 23rd verse, "All gave testimony to Him, and they wondered at the words of grace that proceeded from His mouth, and they said: Is not this the son of Joseph?" But their admiration was changed into fury (verse 28th) when Jesus went on to reprove them for their want of correspondence with His divine teachings, exclaiming: "Amen I say to you that no prophet is accepted in his own country," and reminded them of facts which hurt their pride. (Verses 25 to 27). "And," continues the Evangelist, "they rose up and thrust Him out of the city; and they brought Him to the brow of the hill, whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong. But He, passing through the midst of them, went His way." (Verses 29 and 30).

Leaving the Greek uniate church, we visited the "Fountain of the Virgin," from which our Blessed Mother was wont to carry water for domestic purposes to her humble dwelling, and we saw women in the garb of her day,

(for costumes have not changed in the East since then), bearing on their shoulders, and in some instances upon their heads, the ancient water-jar—all vividly recalling the "Lily of Israel," who ten centuries ago disdained not to perform the work of a menial, though she was the Mistress of Heaven, the Mother of God, and the Queen of Angels and Saints.

Next, the bazars of the city with their odd stalls and narrow thoroughfares, frequent blockades of vehicles, horses, donkeys and camels, crying children, whose ears were being continually boxed for getting into the venders' and buyers' way, and fakirs yelling their wares, claimed our attention. Finally, we called on several religious communities, of whom, as you could infer from my description of our entry into Nazareth, there are quite a number. We then returned to the Hospice, where with appetites sharpened by our outing, we dined, the band of the Salesian college discoursing different musical compositions during the meal. At the conclusion of the latter, we began preparations for our drive to Tiberiade, and were soon on our way thither in the same conveyances that had brought us from Caiffa to Nazareth. Presently we came to what is called the *Mensa Christi*, i. e. Table of Christ—a huge, irregularly-shaped block of stone about nine feet