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'Galilee, Blue Galilee.'

(By Arthur C. Kempton, in 'The Standard'.)

The Sea of Galilee has beautifully been called 'The Lake of Jesus,' so often did he tread its shores and sail its waves. The human soul finds in transparent water a certain fascination that it meets nowhere else. Some of the most sacred memories and some of the most sorrowful memories of the human heart have for their centre a moss-grown well, a singing brook, a lily-grown pond, a placid lake, a solemn river, or a wave-tossed sea. Nor was Christ's experience different from ours. The fountain at Nazareth, the flood of Jordan, the Waters of Merom, the well of Jacob, the Brook Kedron, the Dead Sea, all reflect the

is Gadara, and the place of the feeding of the 5,000. It all comes rushing over the tourist like a flood, till he is bewildered with sacred memories. It is not the present scenes, but past memories that move one; for no one would claim grandeur for the scenery of Galilee to-day.

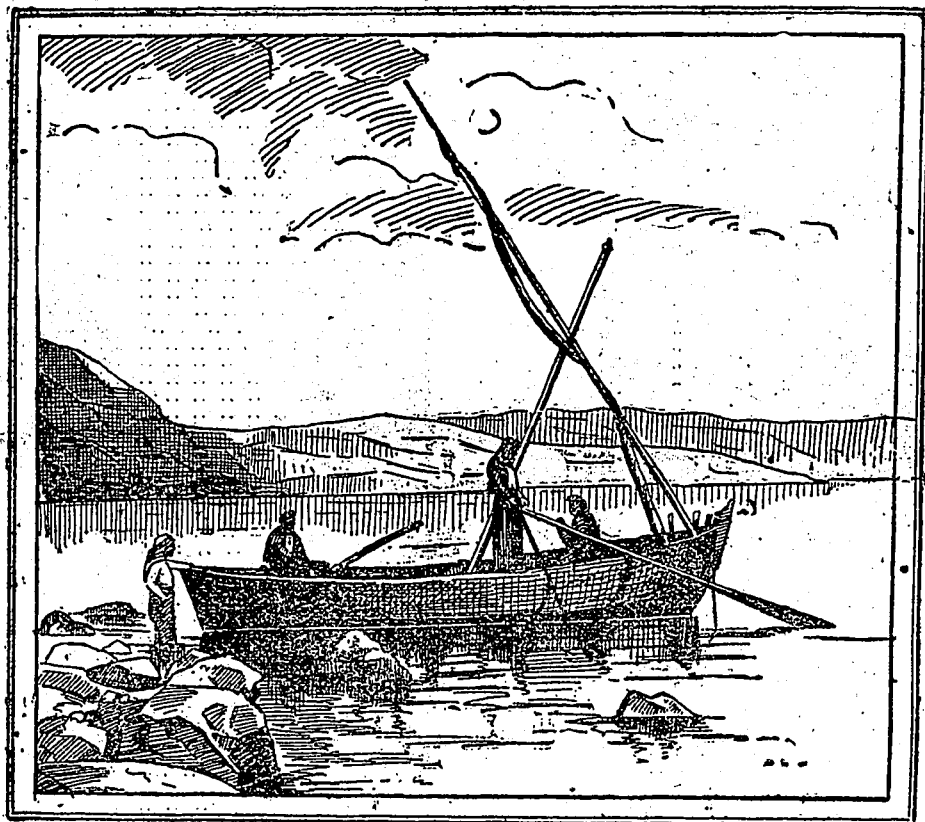
It is not a sea, but a lake, and not even a lake of broad expanse. The Dead Sea with its sombre mountains and dark shadows has a grandeur. The Sea of Galilee, with its pearly shores, slumbering amid gently rounded hills, is beautiful, not grand. And in this they correspond with their history, for while the Dead Sea tells of 'wrath and ruin, of judgment and destruction,' the Sea of Galilee tells of 'mildness and mercy, of gentleness and peace.' Well did the old

home and his disciples upon these shores, where there are now no trees, there were great woods; where there are marshes, there were noble gardens; where there is but a boat or two, there were fleets of sails; where there is one small town, there were a dozen great cities. At night numberless lights shone round about the lake as stars shine round about the moon. The province of Galilee then had a population of 3,000,000 souls, and this lake was the centre of their life. Galilee was girdled with cities. All round about her waters mirrored city walls, houses, synagogues, castles, temples, theatres, Roman forts.

These shores and hills swarmed with people fishing or mending their nets, sowing or reaping, journeying to and fro upon foot, or spreading their sails for the breezes of the lake. It was no retired mountain lake by whose shores Jesus took up his abode. He was not a hermit, but a Saviour. Nowhere, outside of Jerusalem itself, could he have found such a sphere for his words and works of mercy; from no other centre could his fame have gone throughout all Syria; nowhere else could he have drawn about him the vast multitudes that hung upon his lips; nowhere else would his deeds of mercy attract so many coming and going that he had not time so much as to eat. Such was the Galilee that Jesus saw when he came over the hills of Nazareth, or walked along these shell-strewn shores, or 'crossed over to the other side,' or retired to those mountains for a night of solitary prayer. Amid these scenes he preached the greater part of the three years of his ministry. From the fishermen of these shores he chose four of the twelve who were his followers.

THE FISH OF GALILEE.

We rode down the steep hillside, passed through the filthy streets of Tiberias, and pitched our lunch tent close beside the shore. That day we bathed in Galilee, and gathered many of her tiny shells, and left our foot-prints in those sands which 1,900 years ago bore the marks of his blessed feet. There upon the shores we saw the nets spread out to dry, and as we sat down to lunch we discovered that our dragoman had procured us some of the fish of Galilee. They were bony and rather tasteless, fish resembling our perch, but as we ate them we remembered how often the fish of this lake are mentioned in the gospel record. 'The two small fishes,' which helped to feed the five thousand men, were caught in Galilee; so also were the 'few fishes,' that Jesus multiplied for the four thousand hungry hearers who had 'nothing to eat.' It was from the mouth of a fish which he had just caught that Peter took the tribute money and paid taxes for himself and his Master. Here it was that occurred that miraculous draught of fishes, so great that the amazed Peter fell down at Jesus' knees saying, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.' It was by a similar draught of 'great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three,' caught by Peter and his friends after they had toiled all night and caught nothing, that the risen Redeemer revealed himself to his disciples on the shores of this lake. And it was by eating 'a piece of broiled fish,' which he himself had



'GALILEE, BLUE GALILEE.'

scenes of his earthly life. But most lovingly and most tenderly must his memories hover over Galilee, for the greater part of his early ministry was spent upon her shores.

THE GALILEE OF TO-DAY.

Let me describe Galilee as we saw it. Early in the morning we left Nazareth and our dragoman told us that we should take lunch upon the shores of Galilee at noon. All were eager for the first sight of the lake. At last, on rounding a headland, the blue waters appeared amid the hills far below us. Gradually, as we went on, the view unfurled, until we stood upon the heights overlooking the Lake of Jesus. There was 'Galilee, blue Galilee, where Jesus loved so much to be.' Few things in the Holy Land move the pilgrim more than does that sight. It brings Christ nearer to him than does Nazareth itself. There is the lake over which he so often sailed and on whose shores he so often preached. There are the ruins of Tiberias, Magdala, Gennesaret, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin. Behind is the Mount of Beatitudes, and across the lake

rabbis say: 'Jehovah hath made seven seas, but Galilee alone does he love.' The hills of Galilee are almost stripped of trees, except for a few lingering palms and scattered thorn bushes, the scrubby oaks of the gorges, and the oleanders that fringe the eastern shores, their gorgeous blossoms overhanging in the water. The mountains are bleak and bare. The only inhabited town we can see is Tiberias, a fever-stricken place of about three thousand people. Ruins of ancient cities strewn along the shore give the feeling of desolation. There are no cottages and homes such as we see about our American lakes to break the solitude. At night all is darkness; or if lights appear, they are but the glittering fire-flies, or the camp-fires of wandering Arabs or bands of pilgrims. Such is Galilee to-day.

IN JESUS' DAY.

How different was Galilee in the day of Jesus. Josephus, who lived upon its shores but a few years after Christ was crucified, describes it fully in his writings. When Jesus came down from Nazareth to find his