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Letters to my son from Madeira, Algiers,



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Letters to my
Sons

FROM MADEIRA,
ALGIERS,
EGYPT,
THE HOLY LAND,
AND OTHER PLACES.

BY GEORGE HAGUE.

Printed for private circulation.

PS8465 A38L47 1903 McLennan
Hague, George,
Letters to my son from
Madeira, Algiers, Egypt, the
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INTRODUCTORY.

The series of letters, contained herein, were written to one or other of my sons, the greater part during a voyage in the fine and well equipped German Steamer *Augusta Victoria*, from New York to Madeira and round the Mediterranean. It was arranged that the steamer should stop at the most interesting points for one or more days ; seven were allowed for Egypt ; six for the Holy Land ; three for Constantinople, and so on.

While on shore, the agents of the ever present "Cook & Son" took charge of the party (some three hundred in all) and conducted us to points of interest. Their help was invaluable, for otherwise we would have been utterly at a loss what to do or where to go, amidst such strange scenes as awaited us.

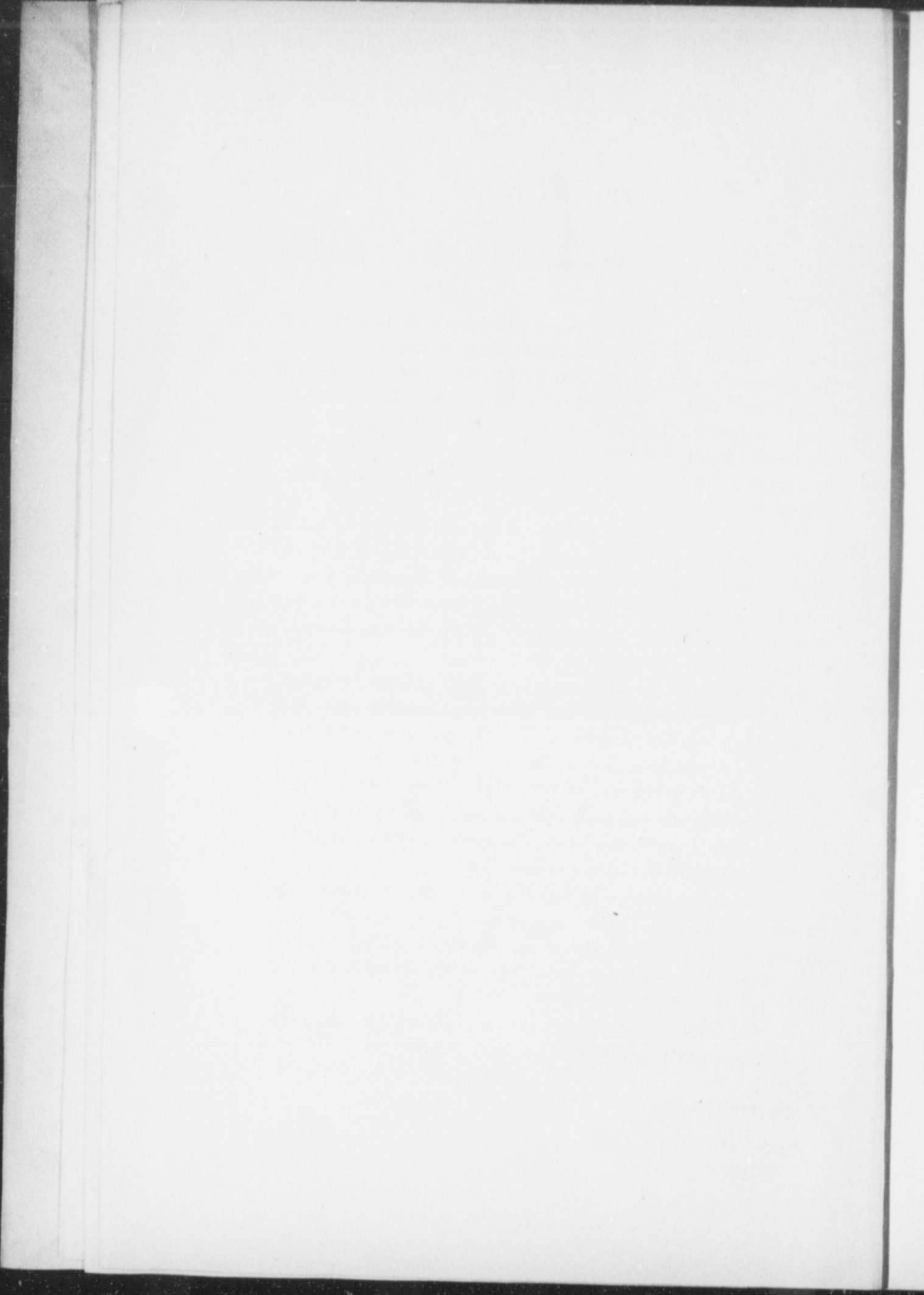
The letters, it will be seen, are very gossipy in character ; but being written, for the most part, on the spot, they convey the vivid impressions of one who was not unobservant of the scenes passing before him. They contain, as will be seen, not much in the way of reflections. There was not time for letters of this character, but no man could pass through such scenes without being stirred to such a measure of reflection as appears in the letters themselves.

One other point. It will be seen, that a few of the letters were written hastily, in scraps and portions, and finished in places distant from the scenes described. These may try the patience of a reader a little, but, with patience, the drift of such letters can be made out.

These letters, of course, are only printed for the perusal of the writer's family, and personal friends.

184324
Rotherwood,

Montreal,
1903.



MADEIRA.

Funchal, Madeira, February 8, 1901.

My Dear H—— and all the rest at home:—

I seem to be in Dreamland here, and almost expect to wake up in my berth; and behold it was a dream!! But if you get this letter you will know it was not.

Well, the dream began this morning, early. We had been tossing and rolling about on the Atlantic for seven days—I only once sick (D. not sick at all!)—and gradually recovering; sea smoothing, sky brightening, our course east and south. And this morning the dream began.

First.—I got up and looked out: a glorious panorama of mountains before me—high, fantastic, and bright in color—about a mile off.

Second Scene.—Ship at anchor. By side of ship come numbers of boats, crowded with half-naked boys:—they are diving and diving. What for? Coins. Deep down, down. Dyson flings one—a swarthy seven-year-old jumps up and dives. Surely, I thought, he is drowned—he remained so long under water. But up he comes, and holds aloft his coin. Then another and another, the water all alive with them,—jumping, diving, shouting;—blue water dashing into foam all about. Surely we are in the South Sea Islands!

Third Scene.—Crowds of our passengers on ship's side. Large boats come round. There is a brilliant looking city, half a mile off, with wharves and Custom House, and frowning fortifications, and tropical vegetation. Crowds of people on shore. Business houses in front, higher up, Churches, old, old; Convents, as old; Hotels much newer, dwellings, tier upon tier, rising higher and higher, into a wild rocky panorama of vine-clad mountains, with white houses and red roofs, and pretty villas in lovely gardens. Higher and higher, gorges with waterfalls, and a great old fort, like the Citadel of Quebec, only ten times more picturesque, dominating the city.

Now boats come near, down the gangway we go, boats rise and fall with the swell, hard to get in, harder to land;—great ground swell, some ladies get wet and splashed up to the waists, brawny fellows catch all of us and pull us up to the wharf.

Fourth Scene.—We are on a big wharf, and crowds of sleighs all about, each drawn by two bullocks. But where is the snow? There is none here, that is certain. But we see them moving along, cosy, comfortable, well lined. So into one we get, for a shilling apiece to hotel (an English shilling.) Streets paved with fine, little cobble stones, and sleighs rest on a kind of long stuffed greasy bag. Driver runs alongside—shouting, gesticulating, up narrow, curious, Oriental-looking streets, meeting other bullocks drawing sleighs. Stop at door of Santa Clara Hotel. Enter, — and now the scene changes.

WE ARE IN ENGLAND.

Charming, well dressed young lady in the office—Hotel, mostly like a cosy, comfortable English Inn. Everybody talking English, lots of ladies and gentlemen about. Certainly, it must be Bournemouth.

Hotel full. But they give us for the night, a large handsome parlor, lofty ceilings, wide and spacious,—furnished in English style. But, oh! to look out of the windows!! What a glorious panorama of city and mountains and blue sea!! Yes: it must be a Dream!

However lunch is ready; in style, half English, half Portuguese. That looks very material, and we enjoy it.

Then a turn in the Hotel garden,—What flowers! Azalias, and camellias, and clematis, and geraniums, and tree fern, and palms,—(though by the way, palms are not flowers.) No. We are not in England!

After lunch—Dyson has a ride on horseback, (a man always accompanies along those curious old streets) over a grand gorge—looking up to the frowning battlements of the fort. I walked along behind, noting all manner of strange things,—gorgeous masses of flowers, overhanging walls of villas, Quintas, they call the villas;—looking down break-neck narrow streets, with high walls, stuccoed and rocky, abutting on them. Bullock sleighs pass us and meet us, and so on, till at about a mile distant, we come to the New Grand Hotel!

Now, we are in Italy! This surely must be the Hotel Palanza on Lake Maggiore; tropical garden, terrace upon terrace rising and rising;—full of lovely shrubs and flowers,—much like the Isola Bella. But looking over a wall, there was down, down, right underneath, a tremendous cove, exactly like the Black Gang Chine of the Isle of Wight,—an awful place for a stormy night at sea,—the breakers roaring against the rocks. I sketch the view from our hotel windows;—wishing I could get colors. But have got some grand photographs. Then comes dinner. This is very English indeed;—ladies in full dress; gentlemen same,—glorious flowers decorating the table, and genuine Madeira wine,—excellent and cheap. Nice young lady next to me is from Kent, England. Told her I was from Yorkshire. She replied, was brought up in Yorkshire too,—near Pontefract. Chatty and pleasant. Did not see any invalids about, or people looking like invalids.

But we had a pleasant surprise after dinner. Lady of the house told us Captain Macdonald and his wife from Canada were here;—Captain invalided from South Africa; Mrs. Macdonald, a Kingston lady; Captain a charming fellow,—talked with Dyson for hours about the war; was shot through the side, and given up for dead. Awful bungling and blundering he tells of. Then another lady accosted Dyson, Ah! Why! You are surely Mrs. — of Windsor, Nova Scotia?—Certainly, and so we were all at home together, and chatted and talked, and Dyson played the piano till bedtime.

Fifth Scene—We are woke up by cocks crowing, and turkeys gobbling! It must be a farm house. No. It is the Santa Clara Hotel, and we are sleeping in a room 20 ft. high, with English pictures on the walls and handsome furniture all about.

There is a curious incline railway up to the mountains, and everybody goes. Well, this morning—we go to the station, take seats in open cars; and now it is like going up the Rigi, very grand views, and lovely, lovely villas! We passed gardens with orange trees, full of oranges,—terraces and trellises for vines, coming into leaf.

Railway goes for some distance along the verge of a tremendous gorge, that reminded us of the Kicking Horse Pass, in the Rockies. Pines and open forest now appear, but when we stop we are on a high rocky terraced plateau, with two picturesque summer hotels in the midst of romantic gardens,—and an old Roman Church;—just like Canada, only that swarms of little children are about begging. They speak English well enough to beg. But money goes along away with these little creatures. The common coin is a Rea—and it takes a thousand of them to make a dollar!

But the journey down is an event. There is a pebble paved road up the mountain, winding and winding about for some two miles. Well, we got into a sleigh at the top. Two men take hold of a rope at the back of the sleigh, one on each side; fast they hold; down we go. They run like race-horses,—holding on and pulling back. If they let go, we would be dashed to pieces, for it is as steep as a toboggan slide,—in fact, the whole thing is a toboggan slide,—two miles long.

However, we got safely to the bottom. It is now 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon and we must leave in about an hour. But we shall carry away recollections of Madeira that would hardly fade away if we lived a hundred years.

It was very rough getting to the ship, and pretty hard work to get on the gangway without being splashed all over. The ship's officers, however, were very alert.

But all round about were the divers again,—mostly boys,—but two were men, one of whom gave the most marvellous exhibition of diving I ever saw. Dyson threw a five cent piece as far as he could throw,—the man watched, rowed out, dived. He will surely never come up again! But he did,—with the five cent piece between his teeth! After that he dived from one of the ship's boats on the hurricane deck,—some 50 feet down into the sea. Marvellous.

ON BOARD SHIP.

Feb. 9, 1900.

My Dear H.—

Madeira was a dream! But about five o'clock yesterday, we were back on ship. That was really, as we had reason to know. She is a grand ship this, solid and steady in heavy seas, but berths mostly too small;—waiters—all German, Speak fair English, but don't understand everything. An amusing scene occurred with one of them last Saturday. We were three days out from New York, weather rough, and getting rougher still. But not sick;—feeling quite proud being able to go to every meal, except breakfast, which we preferred to have in bed. But Saturday, the weather was really bad.—guards on tables; and many sick, I was rash enough to venture to lunch. But, alas!—I had to leave at once, and was soon in our room. Lying still for an hour or two, felt better;—wanted some gruel, and called steward:—

Steward, get me some gruel.

Gruel? Vas is Dat?

Gruel!—Don't you know? for sick people.

Vas? Something to eat?—a sandwich?

Sandwich!—Could not eat a sandwich, if you gave me a hundred dollars.

Something to drink?—ah, wot,—Lemonade;

NO. NO. MAN.

Is it Roast Beef??!

This was too much, and I said,—send the Doctor.

So the doctor came. I burst out laughing, and said—It's perfectly ridiculous, doctor. I only want some gruel, and can't make the fellow understand. What is gruel in German? Arrozeim, he said; I will send you some. And so he did, and first rate gruel it was. I kept quiet all that day and all Sunday. Very heavy weather still. But was not sick again. Monday, weather moderated Tuesday, the sea was calm, and the air warm. Heavy overcoats cast off;—Walk about by and by without an overcoat at all. Ship bearing steadily south. Tables full again. Ship all animation. Passengers, nearly all Americans, of better sort,—bright, talkative and companionable. Dyson makes many friends. At our table some very nice, elderly Americans—close to me.

We met a charming young lady on board from San Francisco. Her deck chair is close to ours, and we have many chats. She is going to Cairo, and friends will meet her there.

I send a few small photos—one to show toboggan slide. But these give no idea of the larger ones I bought.—It is a fine afternoon, and we look to be in Gibraltar in the morning.

God bless and keep you all.

G. H.

GIBRALTAR.

On Board Ship, 11th Feb., 1901.

My Dear H.—

We are now steaming along between Gibraltar and Algiers; the Mediterranean Sea looking exactly like Lake Ontario on a calm summer day; But it is singularly cold. I had put away my heavy winter coat, four days ago; now have to resume it again,—for it is a sharp nipping, eager air, as we have it in Macbeth.

Yesterday, we were in Gibraltar all day. A lowering, cloudy cold day, and most unlike Sunday—save that the shops were closed. Ship anchored nearly a mile from shore; and really, the bustle and bother of these landings is a heavy drawback. First, we boarded a little tug, then when approaching the harbor, had to get out of her, and into a rowboat, rocking and rolling about till we reaching the wharf;—crowded; cabs, and carriages, and guides,—one fellow said he could speak five languages, and had travelled all over the United States. A busy bustling noisy crowd. We enter the town through a massive gateway and find ourselves in streets exactly like Quebec. In fact, Gibraltar altogether is Quebec on a vastly larger scale, so far as natural scenery goes; three miles long of elevated rocks rising to a height of nearly 1,500 ft.,—a magnificent promontory;—no wonder so desperately fought for,—the town, mounting to about 300 ft. of steep streets, and with innumerable steps,—houses also very Quebec-like, so is the main street. But alas there is no Frontenac Hotel, only a few second and third-rate places, at one of which we lunched in a terrible crush and crowd,—for the advent of some 300 people from our ship overflowed them all. D. and I went to the Cathedral,—only three, I think, out of the whole ship's company going to church:—all the rest driving about in carriages to see the marvels of the fortifications,—miles and miles of excavated galleries bristling with cannon:—some also driving over the neutral plain lying between British territory and Spanish,—to a Spanish town called Lereda — swarming with beggars, they said. The principal building is an Amphitheatre for bull fights, which take place every Sunday and Saints' day during winter!—However, there were no fights yesterday; at which, probably, some of our party were disappointed. The contrast between a British town, and a Spanish one was very striking, as a visitor said. Cathedral service, much like St. James' at home; but music more solemn and church-like. Organ a very fine one, and played reverently, with a marked absence of operatic nonsense. Preacher took for his text Rev. 21.25. "And there shall be no night there"! Sermon, largely suggested by the recent death of the Queen. Mention was made of her wish that no "black" should be displayed in decorating her coffin, and its pall,—for,—she said, with wonderful pathos,—“The days of my mourning are ended.” What indescribable memories do those words call up:—“The days of my mourning are ended.”

Sir George White, of Ladysmith fame, was in the congregation, one would have known him from his photograph. The aisles of the Cathedral were occupied by the troops, and the clanging of their side-arms, when they rose, and when they sat down, during the service, sounded all over the church. The Cathedral was a good deal like that at Quebec.

We have almost made up our minds for D. to stop at Nice or Mentone. He has friends at Mentone, and can rest quietly for a month, while I go on with the ship. Those landings and embarkings, and all the excitements of the towns are decidedly prejudicial, and he is willing to give up the visit to Egypt and the Holy Land, if he can only get back his strength.

Ten p.m.—We have had a dead calm all afternoon. Sea more and more like our lakes on a summer's day—save that the air has continued sharp and cold. The coast of Africa is in sight; and we expect to arrive in Algiers during the night.

G. H.

ALGIERS.

On Board, Feb. 13, 1901.

My Dear H.—

This morning a glorious sunrise. We were off Algiers. A range of mountains all round the city, rising like an amphitheatre at a distance in the grey morning light. We rise at 6; for we had to leave for an excursion a la Cook to Blida, a town in the interior, and thence to La Gorge De Chiffa, Algiers, on nearing it, looks very like Brighton. Magnificent terraces of palace-like buildings in front, —houses and villas, rising behind, tier on tier, like Gibraltar, but much handsomer. Have seen nothing of the city yet—though D. has.

But I went on to Blida, by rail, about 30 miles, and was amazed to find the journey through a beautifully cultivated farming country,—wide stretching fields of crops, orchards in abundance,—oranges and lemons,—lovely avenues of almond trees in flower,—the view always bounded by picturesque mountain ranges. Blida is a French military town, but has an astonishing number of Arabs, Moors, and Turks in it, with a few Nubians;—the market place and public square swarming with picturesque figures, such as you see in pictures of Egypt and the Holy Land;—women with faces all covered;—well-to-do men in bright showy costumes;—but the poor in the queerest old rags and sacks you can imagine—a perfectly Oriental scene. We were shown the Military Stables containing in long rows of beautiful stalls, asplendid collection of Arabian horses. Such beauties;—many of them pure white, their skin a perfect satin, and shapes as graceful as gazelles.—French Zouaves all around, and many French people; French shops being strangely intermingled with the working shops of Moors and Arabs, such as you have

read of in Cairo ;—swarms of dark skinned (brown) children, but very few women. The Moors and Arabs have very good physiognomies, nothing of the lower type about them,—fine Roman nose, broad forehead, moustache and whiskers—really aristocratic features in some cases.

In the hotel we had an admirable lunch of five courses ;—wild boar steak was one; very like pork ;—and fresh green peas,—just out of the garden, oranges so abundant that they would hardly accept anything for them. Red and white wine on the table for everybody just as in France.

After lunch we entered carriages, and driving a few miles more over a lovely cultivated country, we entered the mountain gorge of Chiffa. The scenery grows wild as we enter,—and as we proceed the gorge narrows,—the cliffs rise more and more abruptly, the road winds about, higher and higher until we could imagine we were passing through the Tete Noire, or the Pass of Gondo on the Simplon. All the people about us are Arabs,—wild and picturesque,—riding or driving donkeys; and down in one deep hollow we caught sight of some Arab tents, exactly like those of the pictures of the Holy Land. The railway passes through the same gorge, and dives in and out of the wild rocky precipices exactly as the St. Gothard Railway does. Sometimes it is above us, sometimes far below.—If you could imagine the Simplon route swarming with Arabs, Moors and donkeys,—you would have an exact image of this pass. The mountains are not so high, but every other natural feature is the same.

It rained all day, which detracted from our pleasure. On arriving back, we left the station in a perfect downpour—fortunately, we had only about a hundred yards to walk to the wharf, where we had the usual clamour of open boats and boatmen. Then, with umbrella up, driving rain, and rocking boat, we were rowed to our ship, only too glad to get shelter from the downpour. Fortunately neither of us took any harm, and so we went in to dinner, and after dinner to the social parlor, where I remained writing till bed-time. To-morrow we look over the city.

G. H.

Algiers, 13th February.

My Dear H.—

Second Day.

This has been another day of wonders, and charms. I could never have imagined anything so strange, so beautiful, so utterly unlike anything else, as this city of Algiers, and its charming hilly suburbs. Such a mixture of Paris and Cairo, and Jerusalem and Genoa, and even of Bournemouth, with its green woody lanes; Paris on the one side of the street, with its lofty balconied tasteful mansions and arcades,—on the other,—Arab and Moorish houses, with their small latticed windows and casements and tiled ornamentations. Arabs and Turks on one sidewalk, veiled women, well dressed, in white silky robes, nothing to be seen except their black eyes and eyebrows;—Arabs—some in good dark-blue woollens and slippers,—with red sashes and red fez and yellow stockings;—some in flowing white robe, ample and full, with turbans wound round and round their brown faces;—then right amongst them, well dressed Frenchmen, and French ladies and Zouave soldiers, with their red baggy trousers. A most motley crowd indeed. On the front of the city, long streets of splendid architecture—arcaded, so that you could fancy it was the Rue-de-Rivoli, charming Parisian restaurants, with the tables and chairs outside,—beautiful shops of Parisian style; but all around those strange swarms of Arabs—some in the poorest sacks of garments,—porters, dock-laborers, coal-heavers,—the last presenting the most ghoul-like appearance,—Dore never drew anything so weird;—black from top to toe,—ragged, fantastic, unearthly:—yet turn round, you have handsome carriages, street-cars and a fashionable crowd. Crowds of steamers, ships and boats in the harbor,—busy wharves as busy as ours in summer, masses of merchandise of all sorts;—mercantile teams, drawn by five or six horses. Then right in the midst of all this—an antiquated mosque;—entering which, we find the floor carpeted,—must put on slippers,—men are around, and kneeling and prostrating themselves to the very ground, repeating a formula of prayer,—stretching out hands,—utterly oblivious to all around;—others washing their feet, others crouched in corners,—perfectly silent,—a strange spectacle altogether. Would that such sincere adoration were to our God and Saviour instead of to Allah and Mahomed!—These people all speak Arabic. Strange to see on the cars all directions in French and Arabic—the old world and the new brought close together. We had heard that Mrs. T. of Montreal was at Algiers,—at the Hotel Continental, and took a carriage to call and see her. The hotel is up on the hills, above the city, in a perfect paradise of gardens, cactuses and other beautiful plants, and trees, eucalyptus, magnolia,—with orange trees lemons; trees, mimosa prickly pear—all sorts of flowers;—beautiful villas peeping out here and there, and a glorious view over the suburbs and the bay, and the mountain ranges beyond. She was delighted to see friends from Montreal. The hotel is simply perfection,—lofty rooms, elegant in style; and the table first rate. We had a splendid lunch, and in the

afternoon had a long carriage drive, all through these charming suburbs;—past the Governor's summer residence, a Moorish palace;—called at the Hotel St. George,—all in the Moorish style—weird and fantastic; past beautiful lanes exactly like a bit of Devonshire,—past a French fort, built by Louis Napoleon,—then through massive gates into the city,—and finally came down to the commercial quarter. Got on board one of the swarms of boats, and arrived on board our ship, just as she was preparing to weigh anchor and leave.

On Board Ship, Feb. 14th.

And now what do you think of Algiers? Last night the sea was rough, and it is cold to-day, nearly as bad as the Atlantic,—bitterly cold and stormy,—many sick,—but I have managed to hold up. We are approaching the Bay of Genoa, and expect to land in the morning.

By the way—have bought some splendid photographs. When you see them, you will understand my enthusiasm.

MENTONE.

Hotel des Anglais, Mentone, 16th Feb.

My Dear H.—

I have now recovered the use of my hands, which were almost frozen at Genoa yesterday. An odd experience for Italy. But they all say, such a thing as this cold has not been known for 20 years. It was a pretty cold night on leaving Algiers and a perfect Atlantic Ocean-day all the next. Still neither D. nor I were sick. In fact, D. since Algiers, has already gained strength, and I feel confident, a month in this lovely place, will make a new man of him. He walked fully half a mile with me this afternoon. We got here, nearly frozen, last night about 7 o'clock—went to the Grand Hotel Britannique, a grand hotel, indeed, but too expensive for us,—so we sought Mr. Hy. Baldwin, who has the charge of the English Church here, and had a pleasant hour with him, and his wife. The sun was warming everything by this time, and when the sun shines here—it does shine. Near his house, close to the shore is this hotel,—more comfortable than the other, but not so grand. Still, the room I write in is as handsome as any man could desire, and so is the dining room and salon adjoining: The latter has a stove in it, made at Brockville, of all places! So here D. is going to stay, while I go round with the ship.

To-day has been Carnival.—In the old parts of the town the most fantastic sights were to be seen.

You remember the skating carnival in Montreal. Well, this was the same thing,—only ten times more so. Hundreds of men and women and children, most fantastically dressed. Punch was the favorite style,—all wearing masks,—monstrous and comical,—boys ten feet high, carriages full of strange beings, like wild Indians, some of them 20 ft. high. Men and women in all the colors of the rainbow. We

were warned not to be out between two and four in the afternoon, as the occupants of the carriages pelt all passers by with big comfits, some of them pretty hard, and all made of flour, which break over clothes, and dust them all over,—so we kept in. But later on we saw people who looked as if they had just come out of a Limekiln! We had a very nice dinner. After this in the salon there was music, all stringed instruments. The leader had a violin,—one of the finest I ever heard for mellowness and tone. Two men sang—in the Italian opera style, very bright and animating,—the dialogue passing rapidly between them,—and voices remarkably good. Altogether the music was far beyond what we hear, after dinner, in the hotels of New York. Bedroom just like those of England, a little chilly, but beds extremely cosy and comfortable. We were lulled to sleep by the sound of the waves breaking on the shore close by.

Sunday, February 17th.

This is our third Sunday. First was at sea, in very rough weather,—both of us keeping in berth all day. Second at Gibraltar, of which you have heard. To-day we have a very bright sunny atmosphere, but only warm in the sun. Temperature about freezing point. You would be astonished what a number of people we see with coats fur-lined, or with heavy collars. Went to Church, a very nice service, good organ and good, quiet Church-like music—same as at Gibraltar. Church very handsome,—holds about 350,—well filled. Sermon very good,—expository and practical. After service, a quiet solemn communion. Went again after lunch to another very interesting service, and sermon. This is the evening service here—after that to a 5 o'clock tea at Mr. Baldwin's. He lives in a pretty villa, close by,—with a garden of lemon trees,—all full of fruit,—some palms, also and many flower beds. But some climbing roses on the house-side, had been badly frozen. After this, D. and I had another walk on the parade. He is gaining strength fast. It must have been nearly a mile, and he did it well coming home. Lots of working men were about,—reeling along and singing,—too much wine,—a thing I never saw on the Continent before. But I expect it is the Carnival time that does it. Met very nice people at Mr. Baldwin's.

But this is an extremely quiet part of the city, and it is very Sunday-like on the whole.

God bless and keep you in His Holy Keeping.

Ever Affectionately.

FATHER.

STRAITS OF MESSINA, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS,
SYRACUSE, MALTA.

My Dear D.—

On Board Ship, 23rd Feb., 1931.

We are in the widest part of the Mediterranean to-day, and it is bright and sunshiny with smooth sea.

The night we parted, the outlook was for a rough night, and rough it was, and cold too, and so all next day,—just like between Algiers and Genoa,—cloudy, lowering, and uncomfortable. Next morning we were to enter the Straits of Messina, and pass the old Scylla and Charybdis, and were advised to get up at 6 o'clock and see it. Well, I did get up at that untimely hour, but there was nothing to see but a distant cloudy shore. By and by, however, the land became clear to our left, mountainous,—with a promontory jutting out to sea. This was Scylla, so called still. But where was Charybdis? I could see nothing but a long, low sand-bank projecting out from the other shore, about a mile and a half; with a lighthouse at the end of it. This was Charybdis, a very unromantic place to look at, but a nasty kind of place for a ship to be driven upon in a rough sea. The Straits here are only a mile or two wide, and one can understand with the imperfect navigating appliances of the old time, how dangerous they were. But both shores soon became full of interest. We were on most classic waters. All the Alexandria ships for Rome, all ships from Greece and North Africa, passed this way. And over this very course passed St. Paul, after stopping at Syracuse, for three days—and fetching a compass for Rhegium—(See Acts 28)—which we passed in an hour after, (now called Reggio). The Italian shore was backed up by mountains, but that of Sicily was far more beautiful. Lofty mountains in the back ground, beautiful cultured country in front,—hill sides covered with lovely orange groves. Soon the city of Messina came in sight,—a most charming place,—very much like Funchal, but larger and more modern. But the suburbs, rising to the hills and mountains beyond, were charming. An hour later and the mighty mass of Mount Etna loomed up; its higher ranges all covered with snow,—hardly visible for the great rolling clouds about them. The weather was getting better too, and by the time we were off Syracuse the sun came out now and then. But Syracuse was as much of a surprise as Madeira. I had read of the old Syracuse in Greek history; of the Athenian expedition against it, the desperate defence of the inhabitants, the last grand attempt (120 Athenian war ships engaged in it)—to capture the city; the failure being the beginning of the decay of Greek power;—also of Dionysius its king, and Archimedes the mathematician, and so on. But the recollection had become very cloudy, and I had the impression that Syracuse had shared the fate of Carthage, and become extinct. What was my surprise then to enter a very fine harbor with a grand medieval castle at the entrance, and a fortified front; a picturesque city rising up out of the waters, with wharves and shipping and crowds of boats and boatmen.

HER.

But the scene at the ship's side baffles description. Swarms of boats, pushing and jostling,—the boatmen shouting and gesticulating,—a perfect deafening babel of shouts and quarrelling,—I really thought one fellow would draw a knife, and that we would have a murder to chronicle. I was indisposed to go on shore at first; thinking there was not much to see. But others were going, and so I joined in. And glad I was I had changed my mind,—for immediately after landing, we walked up a narrow street,—very like old Mentone,—to the Cathedral; and there, right before our eyes,—forming part of the Cathedral wall, were the massive Doric columns of an old Greek Temple,—the pavement of the Cathedral being evidently Greek too. That brought the old times pretty vividly before us. But the interest of the day was in a drive to the outskirts of the city, now covered with orchards of lemon trees,—where once stood much of the ancient Syracuse. About a mile brought us to a spot I shall never forget, for there right before us, was an open air Roman Amphitheatre,—all the steps and passages and alleys, between them, in perfect preservation. Evidently there were arrangements for naval shows, water to this day pouring in a great stream down an aqueduct, connecting with the mountains. What a sight!—I could close my eyes, and find around me ten thousand spectators,—eager,—excited, disputing, looking down on gladiators, or wild beasts below! The larger passage ways had distinct ruts made by the chariots in passing to and fro;—and looking beyond,—there was the ancient bay before us, once the scene of such desperate fights!—But this was only the beginning.

A little higher up the rocky hill side, was another amphitheatre, or rather, Theatre, for one side had evidently always been open. Here again were rows and rows of seats,—tier above tier, with narrow passages between them exactly like the gallery of a modern concert hall,—all perfectly discernible. This was of much larger extent than the other, and I think fully 20,000 people could be seated in it. Here poets recited their verses, and orators made their speeches,—all in the open air,—the brilliant Sicilian sky above them. Here Dionysius sat with his court about him, and here Archimedes unfolded mathematical problems, and all sorts of mechanical and engineering schemes. Evidently a great and populous city had once been all round about, but very few vestiges of buildings left. But in addition to the amphitheatre, there are some tremendous excavated rock prisons, looking more like the entrance to the infernal regions than anything I ever saw.

After these we entered an old and disused medieval church. Here several Franciscan monks met us, and to my surprise conducted us down through ranges of Catacombs, exactly like what we read of near Rome. As we slowly followed our guides through those dark recesses,—I confess a fear crept over me of the possibility of getting behind the party and being left. For it would be a hopeless attempt for any man to find his way out of these long labyrinthine passages and galleries. In some places they opened out to a sort of chapel and all along the walls were hollows where once the dead were laid

We breathed a sigh of relief when we ascended the steps, leading to the open air. And for a wonder no fee was demanded. Then we went into a really good church, with a few fine paintings of the usual Catholic style. And the people here believe that St. Paul, who was three days in Syracuse, under charge of a Roman centurion, actually preached in this church.

Back to the harbor we were driven through a perfect network of narrow streets, medieval and Moorish in appearance,—swarms of children about,—never saw so many,—shops all of the kind you see in pictures of Jerusalem, mere openings in thick walls, buildings all old, medieval, but many very fine in architecture,—much better than Mentone. We crossed the inner harbor separating the present city from the mainland, and found all the evidences of a busy modern port. The wharves are extensive, and very good. And a handsome public garden and parade, swarming with life,—all Italian in language and character. There was no trouble whatever in getting back to the steamer,—lots of boats about, the fare one franc, and nobody wanted more. Here I bought a few photographs on post cards. But good ones, there were none.

A great many Germans got on at Genoa, and a few Americans. At our table some nice people, and I am getting friendly and familiar with Mr. and Mrs. D. Mr. D. I find is an eminent lawyer, from Philadelphia,—a man of fine cultivation.

We left Syracuse on Thursday evening, and in the morning, a most wonderful sight met our eyes. We were in the harbor of Valletta, Malta, a brilliant scene all around us. Swarms of beautifully colored boats about, and a very handsome city all around us, with most wonderful fortifications, ocean steamers, and war ships, and coasting steamers, and schooners—all about the harbor, which is a very remarkable one, something like Halifax, but much finer.

The buildings of the city and suburbs stretch all round the large harbor and its indentations, and I must say the scene was most brilliant. We were driven across the Island about six miles to the Citta Vecchia—the old city, standing on a high dominating eminence, this, too, being strongly fortified, a fine Catholic church there, also — two in fact,—one of them very handsome, and both ancient.—And here again were more Catacombs,—darker and more dangerous than the other. Here, for a moment I was in total darkness, and thankful in stepping forward to get into the light again, and, with light, safety.

There is much more; but this shall be in another letter.

MALTA.

On Board Ship, Sunday, Feby. 24th.

My Dear D.—

This is an ideal Mediterranean day. The sea a deep, rich blue, the sky cloudless, the sea motionless, all passengers cheerful, and looking forward to see Egypt in the morning. We have just had a Church Service. Band only knew one sacred tune—"Nearer, My God, to Thee!"—so that was the only hymn. The service was conducted by a son of Dr. J., and a really thoughtful, helpful sermon he preached—scholarly, without a particle of affectation, a musical voice which it was a pleasure to listen to. A goodly number gathered to the service, which was at four o'clock in the afternoon. We have now been two days on the Mediterranean, classic and Scriptural ground (or rather waters) again, traversed by St. Paul in storm and tempest, from which the ship was delivered when cast on the shore at Malta. Malta is, I think, the most extraordinary island in the world; the many-branched harbor of Valetta, bristling with vast fortifications, compared to which Quebec is child's-play. We were on English ground all day on Friday, yet none of those vast works were erected by Englishmen. An exceedingly handsome and beautiful city was all around us, yet everything bore a foreign air, and none of the buildings were of English origin. It was Italy all over. Yet no government planned and executed those moles, and harbors, and wharves. For, strange to say, they owe their origin to one of the singular developments of mediæval times—an Order of Military Monks.

It was the Knights of St. John that made Malta the tremendous stronghold it is. And they defended it with desperate tenacity and success against the Saracens, having much to do with breaking the Mohammedan power, and driving it back from Central Europe. And now the Catholic Church dominates the island religiously, as much as England dominates it politically. The Cathedral of St. John is one of the finest churches in Europe—worthy to rank with St. Mark's, Venice, or the Duomo of Florence. I was astonished, on entering, to find a church of such magnificence, costly marble pillars, and marbles even on the floors such as are rarely seen; paintings all around in the usual Catholic style, many of them of great merit. Mass began while we were in the church, the organ fine and churchly, the voices very rich. But the whole affair was just like a theatre, and only about a dozen people attended to worship. Yet there is really something in all this, but it might be made much more, and would be if the service were in the tongue of the people.

About half way to the Citta Vecchia is the English Governor's residence, a fine old Italian mansion with great court yards and most lovely gardens, full of orange trees in full bearing. In none of our wanderings have we seen such a wealth of oranges. This residence was visited by the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia in 1864. What changes since!

In the midst of the city, and close to the Cathedral is the old palace of the Governor, containing an immense armory and rare historical relics, with fine state rooms. It was like going through the Louvre, the wonder being to find it all in Malta! The churches are full of St. Paul, some of the finest of the paintings being of the landing after the shipwreck. One of them, in a church in the old city, represented him as a military commander, on a fine horse, driving the Saracens in terror before him! Would that they knew his doctrine and history as well as they do the one event of his shipwreck!

But now I must close.

As soon as you have read this, you must forward it to H., to be sent round to all the rest.

EGYPT.

Alexandria, 25th Feb., 1901.

My Dear H., and all the rest,—

Here we are in this famous old city, and a singular conglomeration it is. We have been driven round the city, and to its outskirts, passing an amazing number of Turks and Arabs of all sorts and degrees, mostly men, for women are rarely on the streets, and more closely veiled than in Algiers, and in a very peculiar style. The covering of the nose is very curious, a kind of wooden affair, with brass ornaments, that I never saw before. But the variety of dress, and materials, and colors of the Eastern costumes is amazing. Turks, of course, all in fez, Arabs in turban, the poorer parts of the city swarming with brown children. Shops and workrooms exactly like Syracuse. Huts of the fellaheen line the west bank of the canal for miles. But the commercial part of the city is splendid; handsome streets and squares, signs mostly French, others in Arabic, Italian, and Greek, but few English. Street numbers all in our numerals, and also in Arabic. Street cars on leading lines. Boatmen all understand English, and so do the carriage drivers. Carriages all of our own type—carriages, not cabs—civil drivers, and generally very handsome horses of the Arabian type.

We were driven to Pompey's Pillar, and very rarely have I seen anything so grandly impressive. It stands on elevated ground, and there must have been buildings all about it once. A single monolith, of exquisite proportions, Corinthian capital, massive base, all of red granite (mostly the red granite we are familiar with), the monolith pillar about 65 feet high, polished and smooth (one stone, think of it!) purely Greek in style. It was there long before Pompey's time, and like a great sentinel over the whole city, has stood there ever since. And what sights it has seen!

In the drive, we passed many modern villas, with the usual palm trees, Indian rubber trees, orange, lemon, and many others. But we alighted at length, and were conducted over a splendid place, with

lovely grounds and gardens, the house being thrown open, full of modern pictures, some of them really fine, lofty, elegant rooms, and a noble entrance hall, pillared.

There now, we have only been here three hours, and I think that is about enough. The hotel is French, but we feel quite at home. (1.30 p.m.) We have just had lunch in this hotel; really it was a dinner of five courses, very well served, in a large, open-air annex, lofty and airy, with a court full of trees all around and very pleasant company. H., whom you remember, sat next to me. He will call me Professor since you left, and I have dubbed him Ambassador.

I took a stroll along the street to look out for photographs, and found a shop, where I bought some. But the next cross street to this, a noble street—what do you think it was called? Rue Sesostris! Is not this a strange coming together of the old and the new, or the new and the old. Dear me, Sesostris! What memories! Across the street was a druggist's shop, but the sign was in Greek, a real living language in this old and new city. But the proprietor had it in French and Italian too. So, outside the city we saw some great soap works with a big sign, "Soap Works," in English, French, and Arabic.

Passing along the canal, we saw the people working away while sitting on the flat roof of the houses, others with arbors on the roofs, like what we read of respecting the Feast of Tabernacles. Yet we felt very much at home, for there is the English flag all around, the English military headquarters close by, and lots of people in ordinary English or French costume in the streets. But, fancy being waited on at lunch by a live Arab in long robes, and alongside him a French waiter in regulation French dinner dress. Well, so it is, 2,000 years ago mingles with this century in very strange contrasts.

But, after all, these Eastern hotels are really very comfortable, and the menu most excellent. We have a deal to learn on our side of the Atlantic about comforts and convenience of living.

Now, fancy, at the Hotel Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine, in Florida, after dinner, in splendid drawing-rooms to the eye, there was not really one comfortable lounge to be found. Here, in this second-rate hotel, I have just rested after lunch, in a large, lofty room, with a real Turkish divan all around the room, a cosy, comfortable resting spot as any mortal could wish. It is like June, lovely summer weather, the shade of trees refreshing, our umbrellas up in the sun.

After Malta, had two days of comparatively quiet sea, but this morning awaking it was a lovely calm, and we steamed into Alexandria as if it was Liverpool—a busy, modern port. Yet the boatmen were all Turks, with bright red Turkish costume. But it was a lovely morning!

CAIRO—HELIOPOLIS, THE PYRAMIDS.

Ghezireh Palace Hotel, Cairo, 26 Feby., 1931.

My Dear D., and all the rest,—

I placed myself under direction of Cook for Egypt, and glad I am of it, for I don't know how we could have got along without it. Well, they assigned me, and Mr. and Mrs. D. and Mrs. S. and her family to this hotel, which is really much more like Chatsworth or Wentworth House than a hotel. In fact, it was a sort of Royal Palace once, and everything about it speaks of such an origin. The room I write in is about 30 feet high, and one of a series of palatial apartments, the dining room being very grand indeed; so is the drawing room, and breakfast room, the drawing room opening out of lofty glass doors to a magnificent verandah, fronting the gardens of the palace, which gardens are a combination of European and Oriental beauty, grass lawns, lovely shrubbery, parterres of box, and flower beds of our own varieties, all in full bloom, geraniums, petunias, nasturtiums polyanthus, alternating with magnificent cactuses, palms, &c. The Nile, a muddy stream, flows close under the walls of the garden, and one may sit in beautiful arbors and overlook it for a mile or two, both up and down, the outskirts of the city being on the opposite side. The river here is some 2,000 feet across, deep down under its high banks, which at inundation time will be filled, and the whole country, which looks exactly like our prairies, covered with a flood. This much about the hotel. But to tell you of all the things seen to-day would want a book; for all I have ever read, or seen, or pictured of Oriental life as long as I have lived, and more, has been concentrated in to-day's experience. It was a lovely summer day, July I would have said, cool in the morning, but brilliant as day advanced. This palace is about two miles out of the city, and across the Nile. Carriages awaited us, and dragomen were about. I arranged to drive with Mr. and Mrs. D., a very intelligent dragoman with us. Driving into the city, we found the modern quarter very handsome and Paris-like, beautiful buildings, handsome shops, hotels, banks, and business offices, and lovely public gardens, which much surprised us. Then a grand square, with an equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha, who was a real ruler of Egypt, but of the Mohammedan type. Then, to the old quarters, much like old Algiers, only ten times more of it, swarms of Arabs and Turks, as we saw them before, past a great many funny, ruined, old places, till we stopped at a great Mosque, that of Sultan Hassan. There all of us, some thirty, put on slippers and entered. Old, old, all of marble, but going to ruin; once very magnificent, but now neglected, as other mosques seem to be. Would that Mohammedanism were also. In this mosque our dragoman stopped at some dark marks on the floor, and told us a story about Sultan Hassan which might have been taken bodily out of the Arabian Nights. And he told it, I must say, uncommonly well. It is too long to repeat here. Will tell it you some time.

From that to the great Citadel, on a hill that dominates the city. He who commands that, commands Cairo and Egypt. And England commands it. I met one of the Seaforth Highlanders in the fortress, and had a long talk with him. It is a vast and extensive fortification, wall within wall, barrack within barrack; thousands of soldiers could be accommodated in it. But by far the greatest interest to us was the magnificent Mosque of Mehemet Ali within its area. At the entrance is a splendid court, surrounded by beautiful alabaster colonnades, an exquisite fountain in the centre. Have seen pictures of it. Then, to the interior of the great Mosque, very large, lofty and splendid; dome like St. Paul's, with a sort of whispering gallery high up, and wonderfully beautiful arabesque ornamentation all around. But our dragoman seemed to think far more of the other.

It was in this Citadel that the terrible massacre of the Mamelukes took place, in one of the narrow roadways we traversed in ascending to the higher part of the fortress. It was Mehemet Ali that did this deed of blood. But, after all, it was a good riddance.

Down through the old quarter again, swarms of children about, all crying "backsheesh" (pronounced B-k-sheesh), one little creature, a girl, running nearly half a mile alongside the carriage. I would have given her a cent or two, but that this would have brought a perfect swarm about us. But the population, the swarms, the variety! The little queer shops of all sorts, and artizans of all sorts plying their trades, right on the streets. Lots of men coiled up in shady corners, and lots of others lying at full length inside the shops, also little groups of four or five, crouched on their knees, telling stories. Others in the shops playing games. Numbers of veiled women about, and many not veiled, these, of course, being Christians. Camels and asses without end, the asses being bright, smart, pretty little creatures, with men on their backs as big as themselves. Camels, solemn and stately, as they always look. An Egyptian soldier now and then, well mounted; donkeys and camels standing quietly in their places, munching the abundant clover given them, and which, in fact, they continue munching as they go along; streets on streets of scenes which one can never forget.

Within this Arab quarter are a series of old, ruinous buildings, in which Mamelukes are buried, and close by, a Mosque, small, but of peculiar sanctity, in which is the splendid tomb of Ibrahim Pasha. Our dragoman said it cost £50,000, and very likely it did. Many of the other tombs are beautiful and costly. But all about this quarter of the city we find numbers of tumble-down, ruinous, old places, and half-finished buildings, no work going on on them, yet never-falling swarms of the most picturesquely dressed people in the world. That little picture in our dining room, of a group on the banks of the Nile, is perfectly life-like. We have seen thousands of them to-day.

In the afternoon we drove over to the site of the old city of Heliopolis; but Heliopolis has vanished completely for three thousand years and more. The City of the Sun! The ancient On, whose priest Potipherah was the father-in-law of Joseph, is represented now by simply a solitary obelisk. Sic transit gloria mundi. It stands in the midst of what would now be called a splendid farming country, a miserable mud village near it, and great heaps of mud and sand round about, doubtless the remains of the once famous city. But of columns, or stones, or recognizable ruins of any kind, there is not a vestige, so absolutely has the place disappeared from the land. But the land is there, doubtless looking and being exactly the same as it was four thousand years ago. For the land was new every year, yet the new is exactly like the old. The obelisk is exactly like that of the Thames Embankment, or the Central Park of New York, or the Place de la Concorde, Paris. And the hieroglyphics are almost as sharp as when they were chiselled. For it is a solid single block of the red granite of the south country. Near by is an ostrich farm, a ridiculous anti-climax. They are horrid creatures when many of them are together; eyes that stare fiercely at you, and toes that could tear you to pieces in a minute if you were in their power. The visitors gave them oranges, and they snatched and gulped them whole, greedily.

All round about was the country life of Egypt, and the swarming population, fully ten times as many on the ground as we could sustain in Canada. And good-looking people they are. But their mud villages! They are really extraordinary. And the way men and women squat on the ground everywhere, and apparently sleep often in the open air. For their garments are perfectly adapted for sleeping in. In fact, these Eastern garments are vastly more rational than ours, every way.

Cairo stretches for miles out into the country, and for the last few miles of our drive back we passed along gas-lighted suburbs, with numerous fine villas and mansions. The Khedive's Palace is passed on the way, enclosed in high walls, with large grounds and gardens, lemon and orange trees, and palms and all sorts of other trees, just like the palace we are in. We got back in time for dinner, which is a very swell affair, gentlemen mostly in evening dress, most of the ladies in full dress, too. I felt sleepy and tired after dinner, and went to my room. But, feeling better after a while. I came to the writing room and scribbled away till after ten o'clock.

I find I forgot to tell of the magnificent view from the great Citadel. All Cairo was at our feet, a great city indeed, covering miles and miles of the level plain, and stretching in its suburban villas far away to the distance. And right before us, a few miles away, were the Pyramids. Well, they did not look very impressive at that distance. We shall see how they look later on, when we come right up to them. But the vast, prairie-like country stretched out beyond all imagination.

Wednesday, Feby. 27th.

To-day we drove to the Pyramids, about seven miles. Most of the way along a high embankment, shaded by acacia trees, and, would you believe it? one side occupied by trolley cars! A very busy road, hundreds of carriages, asses, horses, men and women, Arabs, Copts, Turks (or rather Egyptians, for they, too, wear the fez), numbers of camels, too, bearing the farming people; all around is the crop-bearing plain, largely clover at present, on which the animals luxuriate. The country is beautifully green all about us. The Nile flows close by for the first few miles, a muddy brown stream, flowing steadily along as it has done for thousands of years down in its bed; but by and bye it will rise till it overflows all these vast prairies and converts them into a sea, with islands, villages, and towns, rising above the waters. I have a photograph showing it, and, by the way, I am picking up a number of really fine photographs, illustrating all I have been describing in nearly every place. On the way we stopped at the Gizeh Palace, built, as this was, by Ismail Pasha, and a magnificent modern affair, even more so than this. Hither have been removed the priceless treasures of the former Museum of Boulak, and now it is a perfect British Museum so far as Egyptian antiquities are concerned. One ought to have a week to examine the endless collection of statues and mummies and tombs, the latter being marvellous in splendor every way.

Alexandria, March 2nd.

P. S.—I had written this much last Monday (it is now Saturday evening), and intended posting it on reaching Cairo, or before leaving. But the rush of events quite drove the letter out of my head. And I finish it now on Saturday, after posting a letter in Cairo this morning (Saturday). You did well to stop off at Mentone, for you never could have stood the fatigue of this Egyptian expedition. The railway stations are terrible, the rushing and pushing and crowds and confusion, the shouting and bawling of porters and hotel men, all in Arabic, the bewildering sensation of strangeness in the whole scene, and the fear of losing your baggage amongst it all, is enough to drive a traveller crazy, as it nearly did me. But "Cook" was the open-sesame through it all. Cook is a great institution; all round were Cook's boatmen. They came on board, they took care of our baggage, they looked after our carriages; the carriages were Cook's, and very good, so was this hotel. In fact, if you are within reach of Cook, you have everything, for they are bankers, change money, cash letters of credit, post your letters, engage dragoman, a marvellous convenience, every way.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

Gherzeh Palace Hotel, Cairo, Feb. 28th, 1901.

My Dear D., and others,--

Up to this time I have heard nothing since the letters at Genoa were received. I hope none have gone wrong. Will see Cook's again to-morrow.

I have now to give you the impression of the visit to the Gizeh Museum, and the Pyramids. Of the Gizeh Museum no one can form an idea without seeing it. It is now placed in a palace built by the same Ismail Pasha who built this, and in the same style of imperial magnificence. The grand staircase of our hotel surpasses anything I ever saw in grandeur, and the reading room is a lofty hall of regal proportions. Yet it is one of the Cook hotels, and I found on the table the Canadian Gazette, which gave me some home news.

But to pass on. The Gizeh Museum is an interminable series of apartments and galleries filled with the most wonderful mummies, statues, bas-reliefs, and decorated wall objects, with an astonishing display of small, beautiful objects of ladies' wear of 5,000 years ago, very much like what are worn now. The mummies of the great kings contain the actual bodies of the Pharaohs of Bible times, and show plainly that they were of foreign origin. It was with something of awe that we gazed on the very features of the man who oppressed the Israelites, whose body could easily be removed from the shallow waters of the Red Sea, when the tide had subsided, and on the features of numbers of other kings and conquerors and administrators of the times so long gone by; their queens also, some of whom were very beautiful women. But the decoration of the sarcophagi and of the mummies themselves surpassed anything I ever saw. The colors in many cases are as bright as when they were first painted, and so is the gilding. And the style of some of them is superior to most of the Egyptian work I have seen pictures of. The masses of decoration surpass belief. Some of the statues stand out as boldly, and are almost as well conceived as those of Greece, the figures of some being of an entirely different character to the prevailing Egyptian style. But, really, we had to hurry through, for it would take a week to examine such a vast collection intelligently. And so we passed through the last room (there are sixty-four rooms in all) admiring the grandeur of the palace itself, entered our carriages, and drove on to the Pyramids. Well, what about the Pyramids? My first impression was rather disappointing. For they are exactly in the shape of mountains, and a mountain 500 feet high is not a very imposing object. Moreover, there were such swarms of people about, visitors and carriages, asses and camels, Egyptians and Arabs, in every variety of costume, as to destroy any feeling of solemnity. Lots of people were ascending the Great Pyramid of Cheops (the others can't be ascended by ordinary people), each with two,

three or four attendants, the attendants nearly all in white, flowing robes, the effect being almost as if a lot of birds were making their way to the top. The whole affair seemed like a gigantic picnic. But, really, when we came close to the base and saw the size of the stones, and their regular courses, following these courses up and up and up, watching how high they were, while the people clambered or were dragged up and along them; when we noticed the vast number of courses that met the eyes as we gradually raised them to the top, and saw what lilliputian creatures the men and women became by the time they reached the summit, then we were filled with a sensation of awe and wonder to think that this tremendous mass was actually the work of human hands.

Then to the Sphinx on the back of a camel, a difficult beast to guide, motion not bad so long as he walks, but the moment he quickens his pace, then, indeed, it is difficult and very unpleasant.

The Sphinx loses its grandeur by being down in a hollow. You know what it is like; but at one point I got a sketch showing the whole carved out of a solid rock position. The Sphinx was a Lion couchant with man's head, and must have been incomparably majestic when in its glory. Close by his temple, very plain, but with enormous granite stones (the Pyramids are limestone) and no inscriptions. All round about is the great Desert, stretching away westward in undulating, sandy, dry, hot hills, as far as the eye can reach. This was impressive in a high degree. But time passed, sketching all done, and after lunch in the Mena Hotel close by, we get into our carriage with a crowd of others, and are driven back to Cairo.

EGYPT, THE NILE, THE SITE OF MEMPHIS, THE TOMB OF MENA, THE SERAPEUM, THE DANCING AND HOWLING DERVISHES.

On Board Ship, 7th March, 1901.

My Dear D.—

We are now, Sunday evening, speeding on our way to Jerusalem, as tens of thousands have done before; an image of the journey of the redeemed to the Heavenly City. But ours is by sea. We expect to arrive in Jaffa early in the morning, and to be in Jerusalem by lunch time.

I must now go on with my Egyptian experiences. We left Cairo on Thursday morning, went up the Nile about twenty miles in a comfortable steamer (too many of us, though, for real comfort), charmed with the life of the river, about half a mile wide, most picturesque market boats with their lofty curved sails in great number, palaces and villas lining the banks for miles, then little villages with arrangements for drawing water, a large wheel with an ox attachment and sometimes two men; the banks swarming with life, men and women in native costume, asses and

camels in abundance, boats stopping to take in freight, wheat generally, a steamer now and then, the river curving and winding about, banks about 15 feet high everywhere, always overflowed in the late summer, ranges of Desert mountains, highly picturesque, about six miles off, numbers of caves in them, natural resorts for hermits as they were of old. A hasty lunch on the boat, and we land near a railway station. Swarms of donkeys and drivers awaiting us. Then comes the fiercest scene of squabble and quarrel, and rush and push to get riders for the donkeys. We, however, had a dragoman, and he got us donkeys without trouble. But the shouting and screaming, and I suppose swearing too (but it was all in Arabic). I thought somebody would be murdered, but they are like the Italians, terrible fellows for shouting without meaning much harm. My donkey was nearly white, saddle comfortable, my shawl made it so. And off we started on a ten-mile ride to the ruins of Memphis and the Pyramids of Sakkarah. The motion of the ass was remarkably easy and I soon felt perfectly at home on his back. We, a long procession, crossed some palm groves, and were soon out on the wide, cultivated plain, trotting along on a raised embankment, raised for the inundations. Could not but notice the wonderful green of the country, immense crops of clover predominating; herds of cattle and goats browsing on it, swarms of peasants working in the fields, their children squatted near by, wives too; in fact, it seemed to us that the whole rural population spent its time in the open air. Strings of camels now and then, a boy in charge of four or five; solemn creatures. But on and on we went, mile after mile, until (my donkey with a boy to drive it on), we came to another large palm grove, in the midst of which a mud fellahen village, and great mounds of mud and sand all round about. Here we were on the ground anciently occupied by the royal city of Memphis, which stretched for miles along the plain and up the side of the adjoining hills. But no columns, no stone walls, no ruins like Rome, absolutely nothing but great mounds of sand and mud. (It is supposed that all the stone was carried off to build Cairo.)

What a spectacle! I would have doubted whether a city ever stood there, but for the undeniable evidences of it. I said nothing remained there so far as buildings are concerned. But there are two colossal statues of Rameses, in the palm grove, magnificent and wonderful, both lying prostrate, one slightly mutilated, the other almost absolutely perfect, the face of the last having that sacred calm that characterizes all these Egyptian statues. One could look at them for hours. The marvel to me is that they have been left there, and not removed to the Museum. It would not cost as much as to remove an obelisk, but for some reason they have been left, lying on the spot where they once stood thousands of years ago. And there they are, indubitable evidence that there was once a royal city round about this quiet little village and its solitary groves. Those statues brought to the mind more vividly than anything else the absolute verity of the Scripture prophecies of the desolation that should overtake the Egyptian kingdom.

But we pass on, trotting away on our donkeys for a mile or two more across the plain, and then come to the Desert. The hills rise before us, and our little beasts climb them patiently, keeping in the track carefully, until we come to the great Pyramids of Sakkarah, very rude structures compared with the others, but said to be more ancient. From this elevation we saw at once, the Desert, in sandy hillocks, westward and far into the interior, and the vast green plain below, with its swarming population. I sketched a good deal that day, getting off my donkey now and then for the purpose, and then galloping after our party. From the Pyramid we proceeded to a magnificent tomb, recently excavated, opening out in the ground below into many rock chambers, the walls being covered from top to bottom with most beautiful carvings. With the last you are all familiar by pictures. Many of them were colored, colors fresh almost as 4,000 years ago. And there were such multitudes of them that years of labor must have been required to perfect the work. As we went through one subterranean chamber after another, our guide preceded us with lights, and the more we saw the more we marvelled. The tomb is that of Mena, a great officer of one of the earliest Pharaohs, a man something of the rank given to Joseph long afterwards. We emerged to the light at length, ascended to the level ground, and then came to the Serapeum, the name given to the range of subterranean tombs of the Sacred Bulls. If they had been for a whole dynasty of Pharaohs they could not have been more grand. We descended far, then passed through an arched portal into cavernous arched chambers, really like crossing into the infernal regions. On either side were recesses or chambers, each containing a vast, solid dark marble sarcophagus, big enough to hold the body of a bull; the marble sides fourteen inches thick, with an enormous lid over each, weighing, I don't know how many tons! We passed one after another, our guides carrying lights through the gloomy chambers, and sometimes striking a calcium light to show some sarcophagus more clearly. There were, I think, twenty-four in all. And there may be more found, if excavations are pursued further.

Two thoughts pressed upon me while there, one of wonder that such extraordinary magnificence should be found in the midst of these desert solitudes. But then, thinking further, I reflected that Memphis itself doubtless at one time stretched as far as this, one evidence of which was that the whole of these vast hills of sand round about were full of broken red pottery. I picked up a bit to bring home, the only bit of antiquity, I am sorry to say, I got. But the next thought was, how could it possibly be that men capable of producing such grand sculptures could be worshippers of Bulls! It is a deep mystery, but true, that the grandest architecture the world has ever seen was erected in honor of the meanest gods. How true all Scripture is, for it is all there.

After this Serapeum there was nothing but the ride back to the river, galloping now and then on my pretty white ass to get up to my party, embarking, sail down the Nile, and to our palace of an hotel. Dinner, chat, reading and writing, and bed, attended by a most civil Arab. The men wear the fez inside the house and never take it off.

Next Day.

More and more strange things.

To the Mosque where the Dancing Dervishes perform their strange devotions. An old, ruinous building, a circular place in centre, railed all round, plenty of space for spectators, who crowded in hundreds, a gallery above. There a priest was reading the Koran, the sound of a flute accompanying. This went on a long time. Down below were seated a number of priests, or what looked like priests, and a sort of high priest in the centre. There they sat quietly. All at once the reading ceased; then they all threw off their outer garments, and appeared dressed in white. Music began a quicker movement; one by one they rise, salute the leader, a fine venerable man, and then bound up into the centre of the room, and begin spinning round. You would have thought it was a ball, but that they had no partners; the motion was exactly like that of a waltz, music went on, and grew faster and faster, the spinning round faster and faster, for about a quarter of an hour; then a sudden stop, kissing the leader, resuming their places, and all was over. So we, spectators, dispersed, the dominant thought with me being, how, by any possibility, this performance can be worship, or considered specially religious! For these Dervishes are a kind of Monam-medan monks of special sanctity!

But the next affair was far more singular. We were driven to another old tumble-down affair of a Mosque (and most of them are in a tumble-down condition). In the outside court, in the open air, under an immense vine, was a large circular platform, space for a crowd of spectators all around. Ranged round one side of the platform were a number of men in ordinary Arab dress, and at one end, three, who were evidently leaders, fine-looking old men, one of them wearing spectacles, looking exactly like the Principal of a College amongst ourselves (he would pass in Montreal for such). Some of the men were young, with nice white robes on, most of them with very long hair; one, a very handsome fellow, with such long hair that I thought he must be a woman. But there were four men, the wildest-looking fanatics I ever set my eyes upon, long hair, matted, never combed I should say, fierce, strange countenances, as if just out of a lunatic asylum. Near the spectators were two musicians, one with a tom-tom, the other a flute or pipe. They began a monotone such as we read of in stories of our Indians. Then the Dervishes bowed themselves, keeping time to the music, all in concert, bowing like this, rising and falling, in exact cadence with every note.

The music gradually quickens,—the bowings become more rapid: a man steps out of the circle, and leads the rest, the professors all the time bowing too, but very quietly; the others toss their hair in the excitement of the motion, the fanatics particularly. Then another steps out, the music becomes fast and furious, so do the motions. Then they begin a sort of grunting noise, nuff, nuff, nuff; faster and faster,—keeping exact time and getting more and more excited until they become utterly exhausted, and rest. Starting again in a minute or two, the grunting becomes more and more wild and vociferous,—the whole affair reminding me strongly of a Medicine Dance of our Indians. It lasted about an hour, and closed without a word. Two things I noticed,—first, that such men as the priests seemed to be—(for they had the air of educated men,)—could possibly join in such a performance; but more remarkable, that the young man I spoke of, repeatedly smiled as he looked at us, and once or twice he turned his face and put his hand to his mouth, as if to prevent himself bursting out laughing. But those fanatics, I am sure they were in earnest about it. Yet what a wretched and melancholy development the whole affair was! Only those who saw it can appreciate this miserable parody of religion.

After this we went into the native quarter where the shops and bazaars are, narrow, crowded streets, as busy as a fair, no side-walks, camels and asses disputing the way with men, the drivers calling out to the people to stand aside, to let them pass. Once or twice handsome carriages coming along, preceded by runners carrying sticks of office, also calling out to clear the way. Shops full of all sorts of beautiful things, curios of all descriptions, quantities of armour, etc.; the makers of them also working in their shops, opening right on the street. Queer old alleys open on the main street, also crowded; altogether a most extraordinary scene, and this within two minutes of another quarter of the city, that exactly resembles Paris, with splendid hotels and shops, government offices, and private mansions beyond anything in Montreal.

This, I think, will do, for one letter.

THE GREAT MOHAMMEDAN COLLEGE, THE MEDICAL
MISSION OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Grand New Hotel, Jerusalem, March 7, 1901.

My Dear D.,

But little remains to be said about Egypt, but what remains, is as extraordinary as the rest. For on the last day we went to the great University of El-Achshah,—which has some 2,000 or 3,000 students and scholars, and is held in the great Mosque of the same name.

We enter,—have the usual putting on of slippers,—pass through archways, and then a very extraordinary scene bursts upon us. The grand court yard of the mosque is covered and crowded with students squatting on the floor, all busy with the Koran;—divided into classes of about a dozen,—some learning off by heart, some writing on tin slates, some reciting to a teacher, and some answering questions and asking them, exactly as in a busy Bible class;—the whole affair being like a gigantic Sunday school. The hubbub was deafening. Round the courts were wide colonnades. In these were young lads of 10 to 12,—swarms of them,—occupied just like the rest. The whole number present being 1,500 or 2,000, perhaps more, all learning, or writing, or reading, the Koran,—mostly from portions printed for the purpose, and, so far as we could judge, nothing else. And this was a University!, and the most famous and important university in the Mohammedan world, the very centre and stronghold of the faith. It was said to us, or we read, that of late years, there has been some widening of the curriculum,—some teaching of history, geography and science, and also other languages than Arabic. But of this we saw no evidence. The great idea seemed to be to stamp the very soul of every student from early years with the ideas of the Koran.

If we Christians were to become as devoted to the Bible as they are to the Koran, what a revolution would take place in Christendom! Of course there were no women or girls in the University. The education of girls I fancy is restricted to the merest elements, and beyond this, nothing. Mohammedan women are not the companions of men, or educated for such a destiny.

After the scene described, we passed into a library, a small affair of old books, many of them commentaries on the Koran, for there is a body of traditional teaching about it exactly as there is in the Roman Church.

Our last visit was to the Tombs of the Caliphs—but here we saw nothing of great interest.

But I went alone to the Medical Mission of the Church Missionary Society and found a very well appointed small Hospital, about 40 beds, beautifully airy and clean, under charge of Dr. Harpur. He was away, but I saw his wife—a very intelligent woman, and also one of the nurses.

She also was very intelligent. They are doing a quiet educational work,—have Bible readings and prayer meetings; patients mostly Moslems, who appreciate the kindness shown them. The hospital is nearly two miles from the hotels, but in the city they have an office, where the English Bible Society also has a depot. There Moslems frequently gather, talk and dispute. Here, they have also a boys' and girls' school. But Mohammedanism has an enormous hold on these populations. It is a case of "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel, thou shalt become a plain. Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts!"

We left Cairo with the usual crowding and crushing at the station,—passed through that wonderful prairie country, the Delta of Egypt, crowds and rush and push at Alexandria, (I nearly lost my valise at the station, for the porters—true Arabs—forced it out of my hands)—plenty of carriages waiting, plenty of boats at the wharf,—and found ourselves on Saturday evening, once more on board, where in my room I gave thanks to God for His merciful care so far.

Sunday was a quiet day, but no service; and about 5 in the afternoon, we weighed anchor, and steamed off to Jaffa, in a quiet sea. Comfortable night, and by 7 in the morning, the hills of Palestine were in view right before us. Then a very difficult landing at Jaffa, an awful uproar of boatmen, a passage between rocks,—about 30 feet wide,—very much like Lachine Rapids, then we landed at the dirty, dusty city of Jaffa. A walk first, then carriages—then pushing and crowding at the station, and we were fairly en route to this holy city—which, in its native quarter,—is the most horribly dirty of all.

JERUSALEM—THE ENGLISH CHURCH MISSION, THE BISHOP'S
CHURCH AND RESIDENCE, THE CITY ITSELF AND
INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF WALLS.

Grand Hotel, Jerusalem, March 9, 1901.

My Dear D., and the rest,—

This cometh greeting, and hoping it will find you all well, with God's blessing.

I begin this letter here, but it is very doubtful if it can be finished here, as we may leave in an hour: depends on the weather at Jaffa, which was stormy yesterday, and has only begun to moderate to-day.

Evening.

We leave in the morning, which has given us another day, and enabled me to see Mr. Wilson, of the C.M.S., who, I think, knows you, as he was in Toronto last year, and desires kind remembrances. He tells me Mr. Gould, a Wycliffe man, is in Palestine. I spent the evening with Mr. Wilson, a nice home in the suburbs, much like an English villa, or Mr. Baldwin's in Mentone. I went at his invitation to an Arabic service this evening, and pure Arabs of the Bedouin type were there. Singular and touching to hear our old familiar tunes, "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," "The Lord my Shepherd is," etc., and to hear a sermon in Arabic, by Mr. Wilson, very fluently spoken. After the service, a couple of Mohammedans remained in earnest conversation with Mr. Wilson. I also called on the Bishop, and had a long talk with him; a good man, but, as you know, a High Churchman. Showed me over his church, which is really very handsome. Adjoining it is his residence and training college, all forming one very fine property, with colonnades round the court. He knows the Bishop of Huron, the Bishop of Toronto, and others; met them at Lambeth. His work is altogether different to Mr. Wilson's.

But now about Jerusalem itself. Well, it is the most extraordinary city in the world, I think. Without seeing it, you can form no idea of its position as a mountain stronghold, of the immense depth of the valleys around it, of its mountainous surroundings, Olivet, Scopus, and others; of the astonishing massiveness and height of its walls, of the singular nature of its streets, mere alleyways, narrower than those of Cairo, often arched over for a considerable distance, up hill and down hill, paved with stone, small stones, everywhere; horribly dirty and mean, and swarming with crowds of Arabs, Jews, Copts, Greeks, Egyptians, Syrians, Turkish soldiers, and Greek and Syrian priests, Jewish rabbis, Franciscan monks, Russian pilgrims, with all sorts of women to correspond, Mohammedans veiled, the rest with open faces, some really good looking, but many with sore eyes. Children swarming about, also camels, and donkeys with their drivers; altogether the most motley

swarm of people, surely, that ever crowded the streets of any city on the face of the earth. We tourists, and there were many of us, were mixed with these crowds as we went up and down the city, to visit the objects of interest, and we could not but admire the extraordinary picturesqueness of the dress of nearly all the people, the Bedaween Arabs especially, of whom many were in the city. For they, and their flocks and herds, are all about the neighboring hills and valleys. Dirty as they were, they were a fine-looking lot of men, and so were nearly all the rest. But opthalmia is fearfully prevalent. Then the shops are as in Cairo, and all sorts of trades are carried on in them right on the front streets, as there.

But Jerusalem outside the walls is a different place altogether, and I was astonished at the extent of the suburbs, which are wholly modern. There are streets of shops and houses, villas, and great convents, for, I should think, fully half of the city, outside and inside, is taken up with convents of various orders of monks and also of Sisters of Zion. I was inside this last, and a beautiful place it is, with singular remains of old walls within it, and magnificent views from the roof, flat of course. Then the Russians have several large establishments, both outside and inside the walls; so have the Armenians; and these are all needed to shelter the crowds of pilgrims that swarm about the city, especially at Easter time, when they number tens of thousands, and would have to sleep in the streets but for the convents. Mr. Wilson's house and church is about half a mile outside the walls. So is the Bishops's, the Railway station, also some great establishments for poor Jews. The Franciscan convent of St. Louis is a really magnificent building. Inside the walls the chief interest to the pilgrims is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, mean enough outside, but gorgeous within. To that church I paid little attention, for it is simply disgusting to think that the quarrels and rows of so-called Christians within its precincts call annually for the protection of Turkish soldiers. But numbers of pilgrims were about the place, kissing the stones, and specially what is known as the tomb of our Saviour, which I am certain is a fraud. Then they showed us the hole whence the great fire bursts out at Easter! I only stayed in the place about five minutes, though, apart from the shams and lies connected with it, the interior is well worth dwelling upon.

They show also Pilate's house, another fraud, the Via Dolorosa, partly true and partly false, and other holy places, wholly false. But what is wholly true is the great Temple area, separated by high walls and vast sub-structures from the rest of the city. The walling-place of the Jews is under these walls (inside the city but outside the Temple area), and one could not but be astonished at the enormous size of the stones forming the lower courses of the masonry. They undoubtedly go back to the time of Solomon. Some Jews were there when I visited it, reciting their sorrowful psalms, men and women. One woman was weeping pitifully. Inside the Temple area we realize the vast extent of ground, smooth and levelled, formerly occupied by the Temple and its numerous

courts. The Mosque of Omar occupies but a very small part of it. Of that I need not write—it is so well known; but the decorations are simply unparalleled for elaborateness and rich effect. All this, however, to me, was nothing, compared with the interest of the small plateau of rock, occupying the centre of the Mosque. This is undoubtedly the Threshing Floor of Araunah. On it David built the first altar, and on it stood the great altar of the first Temple. There it is now, just as it has been for 2,600 years, standing amid all the convulsions that have desolated the city again and again. This is holy ground indeed, though, after all, both with regard to that, and to the "green hill outside the wall," which I am convinced was the scene of the Crucifixion, Christians must not repeat the errors which have led to the superstitions which are so rife about other places. For nothing is more contrary to the teachings of our Saviour in his remarkable conversation with the Samaritan woman. Within the Temple area is the large Mosque of El Achsar, plainly built for a Christian Church, and it was so built by Justinian. But, alas, the name of Christ has not been heard within its precincts for hundreds of years. In the northern part of the plateau are barracks for Turkish soldiers, and a parade ground. Hereabout was undoubtedly the Pretorium, where our Lord was condemned and rejected, and whence He was taken to be crucified. But it is too true that Jerusalem is now "trodden down of the Gentiles." Within this area we can understand the vast work of levelling and filling that must have been done to make so large a space of ground as level as it is. This becomes evident when we look at the height of the walls outside as compared with what they are inside.

And a curious thing was told me while in Jerusalem, viz., that the word *Millo* (Solomon built *Millo*—I. Kings, 9, 15; often supposed to be a tower, is simply a Hebrew word signifying a filling up," or embanking. This corresponds with the actual condition of the ground. The immense size of the lower courses of stones outside the wall struck me forcibly, and I have made several sketches, showing the difference between the ancient stones and the comparatively modern courses of masonry above them, though these last are some fifteen hundred years old. (See page VI for address latter on)

I walked round the walls twice, with a dragoman, of course, for it is not safe to go alone. The first time I kept close under the wall, following, probably, the course taken by Nehemiah, when he surveyed the desolations he came to repair. This walk enabled me to understand how completely Mount Zion must at one time have been separated from the Temple area. For Mount Zion, where the Jaffa gate enters, to the east, is very much higher than what is generally called Mount Moriah, where the Temple was built.

This letter, however, is long enough. Another will describe a visit to Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, a profoundly interesting one.

Am very well. Never had better health than in Egypt and Palestine. Thank God!

FROM JERUSALEM TO JORDAN, JORDAN VALLEY,
DEAD SEA, AND JERICHO.

22nd March, 1901.

My Dear D. and all the others,—

I ought to have written this long ago, but writing has to be done under difficulties in a trip like this, and I have not had leisure till now. I stop on board all morning, while most of the people are visiting the city. (This was at Constantinople).

Well, about the Jordan trip. It was certainly as interesting as anything else in our experiences, as you will see. I was with a Cook party, of course, and it was "personally conducted," not, however, as their parties generally are. We got an early breakfast, went out of our hotel to the open space in front of it, just inside the Jaffa Gate, and the only place within the walls where a carriage could turn round; found a lot of carriages about, drivers all loudly vociferating as usual, got a nice one, with a lady and gentleman as companions, and off we started, first skirting round the north wall, then down to the slope of the Mount of Olives, keeping on the slope till we got past Bethany. Then we begin to descend rapidly. The mountains were all around us, the great mountain chain of Moab right in front, the tops of many mountains far below us; and I realized for the first time what a wild, savage region we had to traverse before reaching the Jordan Valley. Down, down we went, three horses to the carriage, turning one sharp mountain corner after another, until, after a mile or two, we stopped at the bottom of a deep gorge; at a place called the Apostles' Spring, where was a small fountain. After resting, we traveled on, and soon caught sight of Bedaween Arabs tending their flocks on the hill sides, sheep and goats. Wild-looking fellows they were, mostly with matchlocks over their shoulders, one of whom I noticed particularly, standing on a rocky eminence, just above us, with his matchlock ready for action. I could not help looking about to see if other carriages were near, for, if we got behind and encountered him alone, I thought we might meet the fate of the traveller spoken of by our Lord. However, our fears—if we may call our fancies such—were groundless, and for a particularly good reason. As we drove along I noticed a very handsome and well-mounted Sheikh riding past us, not keeping the road, but making short cuts over the rocky ravines we were traversing, galloping in a way which showed what a sure-footed animal (an Arabian white horse) he was riding. By and bye he turned back and galloped past us again. I thought at first he was amusing himself, but at length it dawned upon me that he was accompanying the party as an escort for protection, which proved to be the case. He was a very fine-looking old fellow, and he and his horse were a perfect picture, for the horse was richly caparisoned, exactly like those in Roberts' Holy Land. I used to think these were somewhat embellished, but they are not so at all. I have seen lots of them exactly like his pictures. (Get the book at Rotherwood and look them up.)

As he was riding past the second time (he was now on the road) the gentleman with me in the carriage offered him a cigarette, which he took, saying in good English "Thank you very much," bowing as politely as any English gentleman would do. Thus we went on, hour after hour, through a country much like Wales, or the Derbyshire moors. About half-way we stopped at a Khan, called the Khan of the Good Samaritan. There I sketched the scene and the winding road we had traversed, only longing for more time. But on we went the country getting wilder and the hills steeper as we got nearer the plain below. But even yet there were more hill-tops right below us. So we knew there must be some pretty stiff descents in the few miles that remained. And so there were. Down, down, down, we went, but our horses were sure-footed, until at last we got out of the hills, and were on the plain of the Jordan. A little village with gardens was before us about a mile off, and as we drove in, I was agreeably surprised to find it contained several comfortable-looking hostelries. This was Jericho. I had been prepared for a sort of "roughing it" experience there, but there was nothing of the sort. I was assigned to the Hotel de Jordan. Lunch was served in a spacious and beautiful tent in the courtyard of the inn, and a better lunch I never wish to have.

After lunch, we took carriages again (there were 24 carriages in all) and drove about eight miles over a very rough road to the Dead Sea. The road from Jerusalem had been a very good one,—a better road than ours round the mountain,—but this was very rough indeed,—badly made and kept,—and in several places we had to get out and walk. The plain is mostly fully a hundred feet above the level of the Dead Sea, and all along there were the most extraordinary rock-formations and fantastic mounds I ever saw. There must have been, one would think, a dozen earthquakes and overthrows, within the past few hundred years to account for such strange developments. I tried to sketch a few, but made but little of them, for time pressed, and the carriage could not wait. And as to my getting left in that wild region, it would be as much as one's life was worth. At last we reach the Dead Sea,—which looked very like any other sea,—with a pebbly, sandy beach, and very prosaic. Some of the party went off to bathe and some of the drivers, too. I believe they enjoyed it for it had (by 2 or 3 in the afternoon), become as hot as a blazing July day at home. This Jordan valley, you know, is about the hottest place in the world. What it must be in summer, passes imagination. For this was the first week in March; yet, I was really afraid of a sunstroke.

After half an hour's rest, we turned back by another road, and, after a weary drive of an hour, halted by a mean-looking muddy stream, about a hundred feet wide, bordered with small trees and bushes, and with a very muddy low bank. This was the Jordan!! And if anything could take away the poetry of an historical stream like the Jordan, this actual sight of it would do it effectively. The guides said this was the place where John baptized. Possibly it

was. It does not matter in the least; but, all I can say is, that if baptism was to be by immersion, I would rather choose some other place. Baptism in the adjacent Dead Sea, would be infinitely preferable.

But my impression is that like other holy places—this one is not a true site, I think that was a good deal higher up.

But the day was wearing on. The sun was scorching less fiercely, and we drove over the half dozen miles to the village where coolness and dinner awaited us.

Crowds of pilgrims visit the Jordan, and for their shelter, there are two very well built Monasteries on the plain.

Dinner again in the tent,—and a finely served dinner it was. Our host was a very witty, clever fellow,—an Austrian,—spoke English well, and his talk made the dinner very enjoyable. I asked him whether he had any ice? Oh yes, said he, we have ice,—Jericho ice,—always at the boiling point! It happened to be the birthday of one of the party. Of this he had heard, and treated them to the German way of celebrating it, by placing a number of candles around the lady and lighting them all one after another. Then a very amusing thing occurred. The landlord,—rather a young man,—said to us: "Birthdays make us think of wedding-days. I will tell you how weddings are managed here." He then looked at a young lady across the table from me,—and said—are you married? She blushed up to the eyes, and said nothing. "Ah," he said; "I see. Very well." Then he went on,—"Now, I will be the young man who wants this young lady. And that old gentleman," pointing to me, "is her father. Very well. I go to him and say. 'I want to marry your daughter'; 'Very good,' he says, 'but how much can you give me for her? I know the Sultan would like to have her. And he would give me fifty thousand dollars for her.' 'Oh,' says the young man, 'I am poor, I have no fifty thousand dollars. But I love your daughter, and will make her a good husband.' 'Yes, yes,' says the father, but I must have some money. Come, now, I don't want to give her to the Sultan—he has too many wives already. But I am sure the Sheikh would like her. He would give me twenty thousand.' The young man says again 'he is poor, he can't give twenty thousand. The father then tells him to come again by and by, and he will see what he can do. The next day, the father tells the young man he rather likes him,—but, says he must have five thousand. But he goes on: You need not give me all that. I would have to give the prophet a thousand. The Sheikh would want a thousand, my landlord would want another. So that would only leave two thousand for you to give me. Come, now, you can surely give me two thousand? The young man still protests poverty; and so they go on, bargaining and bargaining, day after day,—until the father finally comes down to fifty dollars. This the young man agrees to give. The end of it is that he pays twenty-five dollars down, gives his note for twenty-five more,—gets the girl, and they are married. "But, added our landlord, with a most comical expression, "he never pays the note" !!

We had been smiling all round as he told the story, in an inimitable way, but when he came to this climax we burst out into a perfect roar.

This established a speaking acquaintance between the lady and me, and I asked her the other day, when we met in the passage of the ship, if the young man had paid the note yet? She laughed, and said: "You ought to have raised the price!"

In the evening we were all sitting in the court of the hotel, enjoying the cool air; the sofas of the house being all round about, making it a kind of drawing-room. But the idea of drawing-room was rather rudely dispelled, when, after a while, in marched a camel and a donkey!!

On returning from the Jordan, and before dinner, I walked over to a beautiful clear spring, near the foot of the mountains,—which they call Elisha's Spring. I dare say this was the very water referred to in 2nd King's, for it must have always been there. They place the site of the old city there, though not a vestige of it remains, naturally enough. And this I fancy is probably correct; for that spring is the only fresh and good water round about. But it was hard to imagine a walled city as having been there,—or that there had been a prosperous city there, in the time of our Lord,—a rich tax-gatherer living in it.

But all my sojourn in the Holy Land has convinced me that a thorough comprehension of New Testament verities is scarcely helped at all by knowledge of localities; but that such knowledge helps us to understand the Old Testament narrative in a very eminent degree. As to Jerusalem, I agree with many in thinking that the narrative of our Lord and His apostles was deliberately framed in Divine wisdom, so that the exact spot where events occurred could not hereafter be identified.

We left Jericho early next morning, and now our three horses had work enough to climb the steep hills, down which they had trotted the day before. The ascent to Jerusalem is 2,500 ft., and it took more than five hours to do the 13 or 14 miles. On the way back we overtook a large party of poor pilgrims, who were returning from the Jordan and had been lodged in the convents the night before. They were all Russians,—peasants evidently,—nearly all poorly clad—looking terribly weary and footsore. They stretched along the road for a couple of miles, many of them lying down to rest on the road side, and would gradually drift into Jerusalem, as the day wore on. There the great Russian Hospices would receive them, and pass them on.

For ourselves, we stopped at the Apostles' Spring, and sat down,—a large party,—in a very handsome tent, where a capital lunch was served.

While there I noticed an inner small tent; there was our protecting Shelkh of the day before,—eating his lunch with his fingers,—no knife and fork, picking out pieces from the dish before him, just as his ancestors had done for thousands of years; just as we read in the New Testament.

We arrived in Jerusalem, early in the afternoon, and I utilized

the time by another walk around the city,—going down to the bottom of the valley of Jehoshaphat;—past the tomb of Absalom, and the valley of Siloam. I also drove over to Bethlehem, over a capital road, a good, well cultivated country round about, and beautiful olive orchards. We passed poor Rachel's tomb on the way; and I have no doubt this was the spot where Jacob halted on his way, and where his dearly loved wife died in giving birth to his youngest son. This does not seem to be considered a "holy place," at all,—though I am sure there is much more reality about it than about those other Bethlehem localities which pilgrims crowd to see. The show-places and grottoes inside the Bethlehem church,—one part Roman, the other Greek—are very apocryphal. One of them is said to have been the cell of Jerome, which is likely enough, the other—the place of the Nativity, where our Saviour was said to have been born. This is utterly unlikely, for you go down many steps into an underground cave, which does not correspond at all to the narrative. The churches are very beautiful, and there are many priests always in attendance. In the Greek part of the church I saw a boy reading at the altar, loudly, as part of the service,—a thing I never saw elsewhere.

I did not mention how bleak and sterile looking all the hills round about the way to Jericho are,—almost white in their bareness. Yet, I believe the pastures are excellent, especially for goats—who seem able to live on bare rocks. There are great herds of them, as well as of sheep; but very few cattle.

I must some time gather up the whole impression of the Holy Land, but this letter must suffice for the present.

(See address later on.)



COAST OF PALESTINE.

MOUNT CARMEL, MOUNT HERMON, TYRE, SIDON, MOUNT LEBANON, BEYROUT.

On Board Ship, Off Beyrout, Sunday evening, March 10, 1901.

My Dear D.

I will write a separate letter about the experiences of to-day, which has been, so far as weather is concerned, about the loveliest of the whole voyage. Deep blue cloudless sky, deep blue typical Mediterranean Sea. We left Jaffa, yesterday, about 10 o'clock, and were skirting the shores of Palestine all day,—that too was a lovely day, and the ship as steady as a rock. A barren, hilly coast, it was not of much interest, till the bold promontory of Carmel came into view, with its fine convent on the top. But as we passed the promontory, and the whole range of Carmel came into view, we saw that the convent was not on its highest part, and that this certainly was not the place where Elijah saw the little cloud out of the sea.

Round the promontory we came in sight of Haifa; a pretty little town, into whose harbor we steamed, the band playing God Save the King, which they do at every port we stop at. Singular, considering that this is a German ship, and that nearly all the passengers are Americans. Then we passed Acre, and talked a good deal of the great seige and the baffling of Napoleon's great projects by his failure to take it. A little further we passed by Tyre, now a small fishing village, and about here, caught sight over the hills, of the snowy summits of Hermon. For there are more than one;—a very grand and impressive sight. Then as we passed northward the snow-capped summits of the Lebanon range came into view,—a very long way off. Evening then came on,—a lovely sunset lighted up the mountainous shores, and soon we saw no more, except, by and by the lights of Beyrout, where we anchored.

This morning, Sunday, a glorious sight burst upon us. For the Bay of Beyrout, with the bright and beautiful city rising from the shore, the adjacent spurs of Lebanon, crowded with pretty villages, and the grand snow-ranges beyond—over 10,000 feet high; a busy harbor, with several steamers and numerous vessels and boats crowding round,—was certainly one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful scenes we have witnessed. Hearing that there would be service at the American Mission, a number of us took boats and went ashore. We were driven to the Mission, which we found to be a very fine college,—almost a university, with a well established medical department, attended by students from all parts of Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and even Persia. Large numbers of them were about,—some of them Mohammedans,—and many Greek and Syrian Christians. There was service in English, in a large and handsome church, but it was over by the time we arrived. But we had a good deal of talk with the Principal and some of the Professors, all Am-

ericans,—some of them having relatives well known to Mr. D. But there was another service that morning, viz. in the Anglo-American church. That is Presbyterian,—the minister being of the Church of Scotland. It was really a very nice service. Good music an organ well played,—an anthem from the Psalms, also a psalm chanted; congregation all joining in the Lord's Prayer. And the sermon was really a remarkable one, not oratorical in the least, but expository, wise, and thoughtful;—the subject being the Apostle Paul's work at Ephesus as told in Acts XIX.—beginning at the very beginning, for there were only 12 men at first, and they never heard of the Holy Ghost; then their reception of the truth of Christ,—the falling on them of the Holy Ghost,—the teaching and disputation in the Synagogue; opposition, separation, the meeting in the School of Tyrannus;—steady, patient work for two years. All Asia influenced, great development of healing power, mighty works of God;—imitation by false teachers, and their confutation,—and finally an uproar throughout the city,—the whole being shown to have a singular parallel in Mission work in modern times,—in this very country of Syria for example. Really I have seldom heard a sermon which, without the slightest pretension to eloquence, so held my attention and interest. Several of our ship's company were there. Mr. and Mrs. D., Mrs. S. and her party, H. and others. But we had to hurry away, for the ship was to sail at one o'clock,—which she did. As she steamed out to sea we all admired the beauty of the city, and the grandeur of the snow-summits, and watched them until they faded in distance. In the afternoon we came in sight of Cyprus,—but were too far off to see anything, except that the island was mountainous.

I write at the close of the evening hymn service, in the social parlor,—a very pleasant conclusion to our Sundays. Every seat in the parlor is filled, and some always about the door, standing.

It is very pleasant to think that every day now will bring me nearer to you. We lost a day last week by a tremendous storm that compelled the ship to leave the harbor of Jaffa, and put to sea,—which storm almost blew us away when we were on the Mount of Olives. It will therefore be a day later when we arrive at Naples.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Grand Hotel de Londres, 13th March, 1901.

My Dear D.—

We arrived here last night and came ashore to see the city this morning.

Well, of all the cities I ever saw, for external beauty, for marvellous contrasts, — this surpasses them all; — And it surpasses them all too, even Jerusalem, for villainously dirty, badly paved and abominable streets, and tumble-down old houses, utterly inconceivable;—also for swarms of dogs that are exactly like our prairie wolves in appearance. It is a wonder to me that anybody can live in such a place, or that the plague does not sweep off the whole population. It is simply horrible and disgusting to drive through the streets. Yet the crowds and crowds one meets,—of all varieties of Oriental and European costume,—look healthy enough, and many of the young people that gather about when the carriages stop at a mosque, are really handsome. But all the nations of Europe are represented in the crowds. And the population is about a million. Very many of the signs are in Greek, and a notice about passports, at the harbor, was in Arabic, Greek, Armenian, French, German, and English. Yet this hotel is a model of beauty and elegance,—in style superior to ours in Canada, either the Windsor or the Frontenac,—though much smaller. The dining room is exceedingly beautiful, and the reading room, and writing room,—adjoining—very commodious. We lunched there after an hour or two of sight-seeing. That indeed was interesting. First the mosque of St. Sophia, built by Justinian for a Christian church, now alas! devoted to Mohammedan uses; an enormous place,—even the galleries that surround it would I believe hold ten thousand people,—not sloping galleries,—but vast corridors; an immense number of porphyry columns and splendid ancient mosaic work all around. But the effect is sadly marred by a mass of mean modern Turkish decorations. Did not John Chrysostom preach here? Would that some like him could preach here again. The vast central area would hold ten thousand more. Here and there, as in all mosques, there were solitary worshippers. Then to the mosque of Ahmed,—still more vast, the only one with six minarets, exquisitely graceful all of them. But inside, you are at once arrested by the enormous columns supporting the minarets, the like of which I never saw. They are actually about 20 feet in diameter, (I measured one)—fluted; of white marble, and look the work of giants! Another mosque is celebrated for the swarms of doves in its courts, a most singular phenomenon, for they don't fly away. Visitors feed them, and they fly in clouds to receive the grain.

The Museum of Antiquities has a magnificent collection of Sarcophagi,—some of them with sculptures like the Elgin marbles, of exquisite style and proportions. The finest of them is called the

tomb of Alexander the Great, brought from Sidon. I doubt whether it is. But it is worthy of being so. The collection is unique in interest and value, and one ought to have a day at least to study it. But the most marvellous thing we saw is a place called the treasury, containing the most astonishing collection of jewelled armour, jewelled daggers, jewelled robes and turbans, jewelled ornaments of every conceivable description and a throne presented to the Sultan by the Shah of Persia. (or taken from him) a blazing mass of pearls and emeralds, and rubies, and even some diamonds! It is like nothing but the stories of the Arabian Nights, is this series of rooms,—its value fabulous and inestimable. Yet you go out of this place and the beautiful courts and gardens, surrounding it,—the ancient Seraglio,—and in two minutes, your carriage is jolting through detestable streets,—vile, dusty and filthy, with tumble-down dirty old houses that baffle description,—many of them of wood, old, old, old; the wonder being that they have not long ago been burnt down. In fact my feeling was, at the close of our sight-seeing to-day, that I would like to burn down the whole city;—save, of course, the public buildings and mosques. And then I would convert into Christian churches.

Now it seems impossible for hyperbole to go any further. Yet, would you believe it, just before going on board again, we were driven about a couple of miles to the suburbs, where the late Sultan built a palace that surpasses all imagination for magnificence. Nothing I ever saw in England, France, or Italy equal this place. We have not had "cloud capped towers," to-day, but this palace is simply gorgeous, vast halls, exquisitely beautiful rooms, marble columns, even fire places covered with ornaments and jewels. Ceilings that must have cost, each of them, tens of thousands. Well, you will think I have gone crazy. But these things must be seen to be believed,—and really to look at them makes one bitterly angry. For they were built with money borrowed in England and France, at a high rate—the interest often over due, (I doubt if it is paid to this day)—custom duties mortgaged for the interest,—and all spent, not—as is urgently needed, in improving the city, but in these scandalously extravagant palaces. For this palace is not the only one. The late Sultan died—the present one was not content to inherit his palace, but would build another one. This we have not seen, and I suppose shall not see, but that also is said to be a gorgeous affair. Then the Turkish Empire is overloaded with debt,—the streets of the capital are scandalously mean, dirty and poor,—and everything going to rack and ruin, except a few buildings—belonging to foreigners;—while the Sultan and his courtiers have palaces far surpassing those of the King of England.

Next Day, March 14th.

I would not join the party this morning, preferring to stay on board. And really I passed an enjoyable morning,—a lovely day,—pure air on the Bosphorus,—the most beautiful scenery all around, and a wonderful scene of animation on the water. Ocean steamers, river steamers, schooners, caiques (a kind of light and elegant row-boat)—numbers of vessels passing to and from steamers to the shore,—presenting a scene of endless interest. I sketched a little, read a little, walked about the deck a little, looking out on all that was going on, and did not envy those who had gone to jolt about the dirty city sightseeing. But this afternoon I joined a friend who was going to see the palace; and we drove together, being more impressed than even yesterday, with its astonishing extravagance.

There are a few good paintings in the palace, but nothing compared with what an Imperial Palace ought to have. I walked about the streets coming back, and could not but notice the way in which the swarms of dogs are regarded. They lie about the sidewalks and have the right of way everywhere—an astonishing sight in a civilized city. For they don't belong to anybody,—lazy creatures, they seem to be mostly asleep. You would think they had all been poisoned and were lying about dead. But they are alive enough,—yet they rarely bark,—but swarm everywhere.

ATHENS.

On Board Ship, Harbor of Piræus, near Athens, Sunday, March 17th, 1901.

My Dear D.--

To-day, though reluctantly, I joined the Cook party to the city, which is six miles off,—as you know, besides nearly a mile of a row across the harbor of Piræus. Well, the glory of Athens is beyond my power of description. First, the beautiful wide spreading plain of Attica, well cultivated with crops of wheat and orchards of olive,—the Bay of Salamis, close by, the Attic Mountains all around, Hymettus, Pentellicus, and others; very picturesque, as all the Greek mountains are, the Acropolis and other bold rocky hills rising close to the city: Next the beautiful, clean, bright and well kept modern city. Such a contrast to vile Constantinople and Jerusalem; and finally, the glory of the Ruins and the Stadium, and the grand remains of the Temple of Zeus, with its 14 wonderful towering columns, and wide area around, the Prison of Socrates,—so called—a grotto in the rock near the Acropolis, then the Amphitheatre of Herod, (not the New Testament Herod) close under the Acropolis,—and finally the overpowering majesty of the Acropolis itself, which would be a place of unequalled interest, even if there were no Parthenon upon it. For the view embraces everything that can make a prospect grand,—the wide spreading plain, the sea, the harbor of Piræus, the Bay of Salamis, the plain of Ereusis, the Areopagus immediately below; the Temple of Theseus, close beneath that, the adjoining mountains full of ancient story, the island of Aegina across the bay! You may look and look, the interest becoming more and more absorbing as you gaze around. But when you look up at the Parthenon;—well, it seemed to me as if I were in a dream. Those grand columns seemed to be familiar to me through photographs. But no photograph can give the least idea of their solemnity and grandeur;—massive, pure, and erect, after all the storms and changes of twenty-five centuries,—their statues and glorious frieze nearly all gone, but even yet of incomparable majesty. The marble looks like ivory now. And on every side the grand prospects mentioned stretch all around. The Temple dedicated to Minerva aptly symbolized the very best developments of Hellenism, and one could wish,

without the least of the spirit of Julian, that the great statue had been preserved. But that could not be.

Hellenism as a religious force has passed away for ever. And we can admire without danger of idolatry those great works of Greek art.

But it was wholly different when the Apostle Paul stood on Mars Hill, as we did this afternoon. No buildings were ever on the hill, which is immediately at the foot of the Acropolis, but much above the plain below where the city was and is. But idolatry then was a mighty dominant religious force,—belonging to the "times of ignorance," which God passed by, and which had to perish. Yet how slowly it died may be gathered from the fact that the grand arch below the Acropolis leading to the Temple of Jupiter, was the work of Hadrian, while the Coliseum of Rome, I think, was not then built. (This was long after the apostle's death.)

But destroyed this idolatry was to be, and destroyed it has been. Yet, how much of its spirit, viz. the enshrining and embodying religious ideas in statues, and pictures of heroes and demigods,—is perpetuated in the Christian church,—you know only too well. That, I do believe, gave the occasion to Mohammed; and has been the inspiring force of his system ever since; the abhorrence of images, and insistence on the unity of the Deity, a perfectly true idea in itself, but most imperfect as developed by Mohammed and worked out in the Mohammedan system.

I wrote last from Constantinople; after that we had a sail up the Bosphorus; scenes of indescribable beauty passing before us, as we sped our way between those wonderful hilly and picturesque shores. Europe on one side, Asia on the other. It is an ideal region, needing the pencil of a Turner to do it justice. But the day was so cold, especially as we approached the Black Sea, that we had to get our winter overcoats again and button them over our throats to keep warm. Returning, we passed Constantinople, and bade adieu to that wonderful city, wonderfully beautiful in outward aspect, wonderfully degraded, vile, and foul within;—steaming out to the sea of Marmora, which is very much like the sea below Quebec, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The weather got warmer as we proceeded, and seldom have I had a more enjoyable day.

Sunday morning found us coasting amongst the islands of Greece all mountainous and picturesque; but looking very dry and barren. About 11 o'clock, we caught sight of the Acropolis, and slowly afterwards steamed into the beautiful and commodious harbor of the Piræus, full of steamers and shipping,—casting anchor about noon. I did hope we would have a quiet day, but the arrangements of Cook were to go to Athens, which I am sorry I did, for a day more unlike Sunday I never did spend. I hoped to find an English church and attend service, but the rush and crowd utterly prevented it—and to separate from the party and go along by myself in a strange city,—where everybody speaks Greek, was impossible.

Athens, Monday, March 19th.

To-day has been a most enjoyable one. A heavenly sky and atmosphere, bright, pure air, inimitable scenery, and a lovely, clean, modern city,—with glorious views close at hand. I was with a Cook party who went first to the museum of ancient art,—much like other

museums, some fine ancient statues, and the most magnificent collection of ancient vases I ever saw. After that, I separated from the party, and got completely lost. I thought I knew the way to the Acropolis, but I did not, and finally, after wandering here and there, called a carriage which took me there quickly enough, but in an opposite direction to where I supposed it to be. Then I commenced sketching,—not the Parthenon itself,—but the hill on which it stands, and the fine ruins at its foot; and the grand scenery all round about. For Athens is so splendidly situated that it would be worth visiting, even if there were no ruins at all. I made two sketches, showing the Attic plain, the Bay of Salamis, and the surrounding mountains. Also one showing the Acropolis from below. It was a hot day, but the air of Athens is so invigorating that I did not feel the heat at all. Athens is indeed the most charming city we have visited, but the views of the Parthenon, the Erechtheion, the Propyleum, the porch of the Caryatides, are indescribable. The columns that remain of the Temple of Jupiter are impressively grand. But the Temple stood on perfectly flat ground, and the effect of the columns is much lost. H. wrote me of some project to restore the Parthenon,—but such a wild idea has never been entertained. All that is being done is to preserve the remaining columns and pediments, a necessary work, as can be seen from the masses that have tumbled down and are lying about. I did make a sketch, showing how much there is of broken-down material, even within the edifice itself.

The day quickly passed, and we returned to the ship. The harbor of Piræus is a very much finer one than I imagined, landlocked and perfect, full of steamers and shipping, and a busy commercial city surrounding it with a population of 30,000 or 40,000. This, too, is full of historic memories. The road to the city, and the railroad, both run very nearly along the line of the ancient wall.

Wednesday, March 20, was a very short day—but busy, occupied with more sketching, for by this time, I could find my way about,—and the carriages are very cheap. Then to the photographer's shop, where I got some fine ones, at very reasonable prices, joining the ship in time for lunch, as we were to sail at four o'clock, which we did, afterwards coasting down amongst the islands of the Aegean Sea, all of them mountainous, and singularly like one another. As the evening wore on, the wind freshened—and in the morning the weather was heavy enough, so that guards were put on the table once more. So it continued all day,—no land visible, as we steamed across the Adriatic, and the south coast of Italy. But, after dinner, when I went on deck, there were lights visible. We were near the west coast of Italy now,—having turned northward so as to pass through the Straits of Messina.

PALERMO.

March 21st.

This morning before breakfast we were passing some grand mountains,—very like those of Madeira, and in half an hour cast anchor in one of the finest positions of the whole trip. A beautiful city, on low lying ground, was before us, stretching along for two or three miles, with the most magnificent back ground of mountains we have seen, even on this trip. They were really superb, wild and fantastic in shape, swelling up grandly from the beautiful plain, and rising in many variously formed peaks to the sky. This was Palermo, a far finer city than I had expected to see, and, unlike Constantinople, the city proved to be as fine as it looked. Thoroughly Italian, with clean well paved streets, handsome buildings, many of them old and palatial, a noble Cathedral and palace, busy thoroughfares, people all dressed exactly like we are. No fantastic costumes, abundance of carriages and cabs, and a capital electric car service. The trolley was supported on wires strung across the street, or on slender graceful iron columns,—putting such barbarous back-woods poles, as we have in Montreal, utterly to shame.

Curiously enough, there is a village about three miles from the city, up in the mountains, called—Monreale—which everybody visits because of its marvellously decorated old cathedral, going back to the times of the Normans. Mass was being celebrated while we visited it. And though the service, to look at, was more like an opera than an act of worship, the music was grand and solemn in a very high degree. Rarely have I heard such an organ—never, in fact, except in Westminster or York. From the Cathedral we passed to the corridors of an old monastery now disused, but with a marvellously beautiful arrangement of marble columns of exquisite design. How such a cathedral could be placed up there is one of those marvels that probably nobody now-a-days can explain.

Then to some catacombs, used till a recent period as a burial place for the city, and where the bodies, in numbers, are exposed, and draped just as they were in life, a most weird and gruesome place, utterly unlike anything I ever saw.

After this, we visited the cathedral in the city,—a beautiful and massive building in its exterior, but very plain within, yet, withal, majestic in its simplicity.

On returning to the ship a very unexpected pleasure awaited me. Your own letters of 10th (2) and 15th, also one from H., F., L. and M. I had no expectation of any coming here,—and in fact, I expected none at Athens. You can imagine the pleasure I enjoyed in communing with you all at both places. For I am made to feel,—pleasant as most of the ship's company is,—that I am somewhat of a stranger among them;—that is now and then. And the Cook arrangements for shore,—convenient as they are in some respects,—do throw one into strange company at times. For all the people on the ship are not like those who sit next to me at table.

By the way, that old gentleman who sits right opposite, turns out to be a wealthy man from Vermont; a member of the Senate of that State;—an influential man,—travelled, shrewd, and well informed. So singularly do appearances deceive at times. We were in the same carriage to-day, and he made great fun out of our guide,—who professed to understand English, but did not. Neither could we understand much of what he said to us. Professing to know English, like some other guides, he had a habit of saying yes to our questions. So for fun, our Senator, pointing to the mountains close by, asked if that was Mount Etna? "Yes" said he, (Etna is more than 100 miles off). Later on,—he asked—if another was not Mount Washington?—and again he said "Yes"! Still more, pointing to a prickly cactus, on the road side (they make capital hedges)—he asked if that was not a Royal Palm? "Yes," said he again. We had great fun over this at dinner. I have got good photographs here and made some sketches of the mountains.

We have another day here, and then steam off to Naples, which is less than 12 hours distant. There I hope to hear where you have taken up quarters, at Rome, and will advise when I can join you.

P.S.—By the way, talking of guides, I heard a funny story, at breakfast this morning. A young lady was telling Mr. D. that she did not want to go to some place on the guide's programme, on which the guide said: "Oh!—but you must go—the Cook has ordered it"!



NAPLES, CAPRI, POMPEII, VESUVIUS.

Rome, March 31st, 1901

My Dear H.—

My last general letter, I think, brought me to Palermo, and described my visit to that very interesting city, which we left in the afternoon and found ourselves in Naples the next morning. Then to our great satisfaction, and for the first time, we found ourselves able to go ashore without the bother of boats. Naples looks remarkably well, from the harbor, rising gradually to a considerable height, and finally ending in the old fortified castle of St. Elmo. But it is not so pleasant on a close inspection, for the older parts of the city are very dirty,—really almost as bad as Constantinople, though infinitely better built. But the people,—the crowds of common people,—I mean, are dirty too. I had put myself, as usual, under the orders of the Cook, and the arrangement was for us to go to Vesuvius, immediately after breakfast. So after the usual scramble and rows with drivers, we set off and drove on and on for miles along the front of the city,—through very old and dirty streets that appeared interminable. But at last, they did end, and we got into the country, gradually ascending through gardens and orchards, bordered with very high walls, the orchards being of orange trees, fully ripe, and looking beautiful. Up and up we went, the mountain right before us, and before long, came to the lava fields, black and weird, covering large spaces of ground and looking much like the heaps of refuse from a blast furnace or colliery, except that they were of extraordinarily fantastic shapes;—something like tens of thousands of huge black serpents, coiled and twisted together. The road wound round and round, higher and higher,—and the view of sea and mountain and plain, and Naples far below,—became exceedingly grand. I stopped the carriage several times to sketch, but very hurriedly, for we must keep up with the party. At last, it was all lava fields and we could plainly distinguish the lava of the later eruptions from the earlier. It was a portentous sight to look over these vast stretches of mountain side, all covered with evidence of the tremendous fiery forces of the smoking mountain we were ascending. For all the time, that ominous column of smoke was pouring out of the top of the mountain, wreathing itself up, and occasionally bursting out more violently, exactly as the smoke of a great fire does with us,—ascending to the sky and mixing with the clouds,—telling of the tremendous fires in the heart of the mountain. Nothing I ever saw gave me so awful an impression of Almighty power, in its terrible aspect, as that column of smoke, and those astonishing lava fields,—all of which had once been liquid fire, rolling down the mountain side. By lava thus flowing down in a fiery mass, Herculaneum had been overwhelmed 1800 years ago. We passed very near where the city lies buried, the site having long been built over, and now forming part of the

more distant suburb of Naples. For Herculaneum was much nearer where Naples now is than Pompeii, and its destruction was by lava, whereas Pompeii was overwhelmed by ashes. Consequently, while it has been comparatively easy to dig away, and excavate, and bring to light the remains of Pompeii,—it has been almost impossible to recover Herculaneum. For the lava hardens into solid rock. We saw houses whose foundation walls were composed of it, and the streets of Pompeii are paved with it. Nothing but vast blasting operations could ever recover Herculaneum, which blasting would almost inevitably destroy the remains of the city. It has therefore remained buried, for the most part, to this day.

But to resume the ascent. At a height of about 2,500 feet, we arrived at a level platform where the funicular railway to the top begins. At that spot there is a very comfortable hotel, where we got lunch, amidst a terrible scene of crushing and crowding. But looking up to the summit we saw it enveloped in clouds, and heavy rain came on. We therefore decided not to go further. But some of the party went up. They, however, descended soon, and reported that the crater was enveloped in cloud, so that nothing was visible. They reported too that after the railway ended there was a considerable space to climb through soft black ashes, in which people sink sometimes up to the knees; indeed, one man had to be dragged out bodily by the official guides who are always stationed there.

We, who did not go up higher were therefore well satisfied. And by and bye the rain ceased, and the top became clear, so that the cloud from the crater could be contemplated to advantage. And certainly the longer we looked, the more awful and impressive (mingled with an indescribable beauty) the ascending cloud seemed to be. It rolled and curled up higher and higher and burst out into a thousand changing forms, sometimes showing distinct reflections of the fires below; altogether a most fascinating sight, at which we could have gazed for hours. But time pressed, and we began the descent. The carriages trotted away down the curving road, much faster than they toiled up, and in less than an hour we found ourselves rolling through the long streets of the city again, arriving at the ship in good time for dinner. And so ended this memorable and never-to-be-forgotten day.

Sunday was the next day. To the English Church in the morning; built on a site presented by Garibaldi. An interesting service, good congregation, many of our ship's people there, Americans, of course. A good sermon, and quiet service. After church, walked back to the ship, through crowded streets, shops all open, waggons lumbering along; hardly a sign of Sunday, as it is generally in Catholic countries. In the afternoon, certainly, many shops were shut, and churches were open—and in one a great crowd was gathered,—common people mostly; some famous monk to preach.

Monday morning. Early breakfast, for we were to leave Naples again (of which so far had seen a mere nothing) by steamer, to cross the Bay to the romantic and wonderful Island of Capri,—a little island—but a perfect fairyland of romance and beauty; so much so that the Emperor Tiberius built some fine villas on it,—each commanding a romantic view. Before landing, the steamer coasted round

the wild rocky shores to reach the famous Blue Grotto. We stopped at a spot where the rocks came sheer down to the sea. There a number of small boats were waiting about. The sea was pretty rough, and I looked for a grotto but could see no sign of one. At length boats came to the steamer's side,—people began to get in, a ticklish business in those waters, (for the boats were very small) and only two could be taken at a time. We watched the boats,—wonderingly. The first got to the rocks,—and then, all in a moment, it disappeared. But where it went to, we could not see. We watched the next, and could then see a tiny hole,—just like a mouse hole,—under the rocks; and it was into that, one boat after another

ared. Our turn came at length. We were rowed to the rocks. Then we saw that the hole was so small that it would only just admit one boat at a time, and that only when we lay flat on our backs. However, we got in safely,—and then found ourselves in a large and lofty cavern, with an arched roof,—the water underneath very deep, and of the most wonderful blue color that eyes ever looked upon, which blue was now and then reflected upwards to the roof and sides, so as to give the whole cavern an appearance worthy of its name, The Blue Grotto. We did not stay in more than five minutes,—but the impression was for a life time.

Then we steamed off to the little town, situated on the only good landing place on the island,—and looked up with wonder at the tremendous towering rocks, overhead,—and at what appeared to be a sort of wild path for goats and mountaineers that wound round them. But in the valley below were lovely orange orchards and gardens of palms and tropical plants. We were driven for lunch to a beautiful hotel, where tables were spread in the open air, under orange and fig trees, and palms and flowers. But it was rather too cold to enjoy them. We had to enter the carriages again, and as we began to go winding round and round, and up and up, I realized that the goat-track was really a fine well built mountain road,—from the higher parts of which were the most magnificent prospects ever beheld by mortal eyes. I could not but conclude that the Roman Emperor,—had man though he was,—had a fine taste for scenery. This road, and others which we subsequently saw like it, inspired us with a mighty respect for the Italian engineers, and convinced me that in the matter of roads, Canada and the United States are about a hundred years behind Italy.

I made some hasty sketches under difficulties, getting our carriage to wait half a minute, and they may give you some idea of this romantic island. Returning from the drive, we were rowed out to the steamer again. I think on this excursion I have had more experience of boats, than in all my life before,—and some of it pretty ticklish—especially at Jaffa, where there were 26 in the boat—tossing up and down in the rough roadstead.

Then we steamed some six miles to Sorrento, on the main land. This is about as romantic a spot as Capri, the hotels, of which there are several first class ones,—seem to be hung upon the rocks, rather than built on solid land. But they are very beautiful, rising in stories and terraces, one above another, so much so that I actually had to go a long way down stairs to my bed room, and yet was far above the sea below.

We had a capital dinner, and then were treated to something peculiar to this part of Italy,—a performance of the Tarantella Dance, by peasants dressed in the Neapolitan costume, exceedingly beautiful and picturesque. I had fancied this dance to have something rather objectionable about it, but there was nothing of the kind. The costumes of the women were perfectly modest,—no bare arms and shoulders, or any short dresses,—and the dance itself was very much like a quadrille with a touch of a polka or waltz now and then,—the music remarkably good. In the intervals of the dance, there was a performance on the gitta by a boy about twelve years old, the best thing of the kind I ever heard. The dancers also sang while they danced; and altogether, it was one of the prettiest affairs possible. The affair was in the drawing room of the hotel, and some of our party were so much pleased that they invited the performers to give a repetition of it on the ship, the following evening, which they did.

Next morning we were to start early and drive along the romantic shores of the Bay of Naples, past Castelmarre to Pompeii. We had a most terrible bother to get sorted into carriages. I found myself with a German and his wife. The man was very respectable, and also agreeable,—so was his wife. He could speak a little English. She not a word. And he smoked nearly the whole way, the carriage being closed, because of rain. The drive ought to have been one of the finest things in our whole trip, for the scenery is superb. But alas, it was a rainy morning and we had to travel with the carriage closed. Now and then, when the rain abated, we could catch glimpses of the glorious mountains and valleys, and gorges and ravines we were skirting, with the lovely orange orchards,—hundreds of them stretching along the road for miles. But it rained nearly all the way to Pompeii,—that is for about five hours. Fortunately it abated as we approached the ruined city, and we could walk up and down its streets, all paved with blocks of lava, thoroughly well laid in true Roman style. Pompeii was built on the side of a gently sloping hill, overlooking a fine panorama of plain and distant mountains and a grand stretch of sea, which was then much nearer than it is now. It was evidently what we would call a summer resort, and for wealthy Romans, from the style of the villas which have been disintombed. The place looks exactly like a city which has had a great fire,—streets are perfect, foundations of houses as firm as ever—any amount of walls standing,—and numbers of beautiful columns in position. But everything that would burn was destroyed; save only that on numbers of the walls there remain beautiful frescoes which prove that the art of painting was as well advanced in those days as that of sculpture. This was at one time doubted. But there can be no doubt about it now. Numbers of the finest frescoes have been detached from the ruins of the houses, and taken to the National Museum at Naples, where they are to be seen. At the entrance of the ruins is a fine gateway, evidently the leading gate of the city; and just by, the government have converted one of the buildings into a museum. Here are immense numbers of vases, kitchen utensils, female ornaments,—exactly such as are worn now;—in fact, if furnished up, they would be capital stock for a jewellery or fancy store of a modern city. There are loaves of bread, just such as are universal now.

—quantities of meal, flour and wheat, looking fit to use. But by far the most interesting things there, were the perfect remains of human bodies, lying just as the storm of ashes overwhelmed them—encrusted with a fossil-like substance, but the face and form perfect.

There is much more excavation to be done,—not more than half of the great mounds being dug into as yet. But the government is steadily prosecuting the work,—and interesting things are being constantly brought to light. I have made a sketch of two of the mounds to enable you to judge what the outside of the place looks like. There are several hotels close by the ruins, and the railway to Naples passes close by, so that it is perfectly easy to visit them. But we had sadly too little time, for we had to be back to Naples by the evening. But the whole place is of profound interest, and many interesting questions as to the private and public life of the Romans have been solved by the discovery. One thing struck me particularly, viz.—the extraordinary attention paid to the matter of baths. Some of the remains of these were very fine. It was also noticeable how they knew the use of water pipes, and heating pipes. Some of those are still in their places. Altogether, it is clear that in all the main appliances of civilized life, the people of the first century were nearly as well advanced as those of our own day. But when I looked at the position of Pompeii as respects Mount Vesuvius, I was astonished that so many homes and villas, and not only so, but whole villages and towns, in these modern times, have been built quite as near the mountain as Pompeii was. Whether such a tremendous eruption as that of A.D. 67, will ever happen again,—who can tell!

The next morning I left the ship, for she was to sail for Genoa in the afternoon. Spent the day in the city, principally in looking over the National Museum, in which are many fine sculptures and a few good paintings, as well as many rooms full of Pompeian recoveries. But apart from its wonderful surroundings, Naples has not much worthy of notice. The saying, "See Naples and die" can only be approximately true when the surroundings are taken in. In itself it is not as fine a city as Genoa, except for a very fine sea promenade.

The next day I left to join D. in Rome, and found him very much improved, which improvement continues.

ROME, THE VATICAN, THE FORUM, THE COLISEUM, THE
APPIAN WAY, THE CATACOMBS, FRASCATI.

Hotel de Trois Rois, Basle, 17th April, 1901.

My Dear H., and the rest,—

My last general letter was from Naples, or about it. Since then I have doubted whether to write another from such familiar places as Rome, Florence, etc., now seem to be. However, I have concluded to send you one more, and take advantage of a fine day at this old frontier Swiss city to tell you somewhat about other places we have visited.

I am sitting in the writing room of this fine old hostelry, which has a history going back some seven hundred years. The Rhine is rushing by under the windows, a roaring flood of ten miles an hour, the river about 500 feet wide, not muddy, but green, and telling of glaciers and mountain torrents. The hotel itself, one of the most comfortable and beautiful in all our travels.

D. and I left Bellagio this morning on our way north. The day before we had made a sort of picnic, as it was fine and warm, walking to a favorite spot, about a mile out of the village, high up, with grand views, which I sketched, while D. read, sitting under the shade of some cypress trees, with vine-covered slopes all around us, and olive trees and mulberry trees without end, the green grass covered with primroses and cowslips, the snow-covered mountains gleaming across both arms of the Lake. At one o'clock we had our picnic lunch, bread and butter, and a small bottle of Italian wine. Then more reading and rambling, until it was time to return to our hotel. This was as pleasant a day as we have had, for the weather has been very treacherous of late, never fine for two days together, and I have been homesick for some time. So the next day, yesterday, we paid our bill, the most moderate yet, though the hotel was a perfect palace, embarked on the lake steamer for Menaggio, then took the train for ten miles to Parlezza, then disembarked, and got on another steamer on Lake Lugano, steaming some fifteen miles down that, finally stopping at the lovely city of Lugano, where, after waiting half an hour, we took the Milan express train for this place. Most of you have made the journey over the St. Gothard, so I need not say a word about that, except that we met on the train a gentleman from Copenhagen, a man of position, who knew Lord Strathcona well, and had been at his place in Glencoe. He knew Mr. Dobell, too, and some other Montreal people. We arrived here at nine last night, at an immense station, and then drove to this most comfortable hotel.

Now, about getting to Bellagio from Naples and Rome. It is now about a week or ten days since I left Naples, by rail for Rome, and the first thing I noticed in passing through the country was the extraordinary industry of the people, and the fine cultivation of the land. This is far before ours. Our farming is slovenly compared with the careful cultivation of every single acre and square yard where there is any good soil. All the way to Rome I saw scarcely a single plough at work, or a single beast in the field; everything was done by hand labor, eight or ten men in the field,

working alongside one another, doing what a plough would do with us. And, certainly, the result was a credit to them, for I never saw such straight, clean and perfect furrows in all my life. The economy with which the land is worked struck me much. Many thousands of acres are covered with mulberry trees, and the utmost care is taken of them in the way of pruning and digging round. Then, in the spaces between the trees, crops of grain are sown or vines planted, especially on the sides of hills, which they cover in thousands of acres. The care taken of the vines is very striking; all over Italy, from north to south, it is the same. Thus it comes to pass that the same acreage of land will produce treble the quantity of produce that would be produced in Canada, and it thus supports a vastly larger population proportionately.

The hill country between Montreal and St. Agathe that produces a mere nothing, would in Italy, be covered with vines and olive trees. The climate, of course, has mainly to do with this, but the large population has to do with it also, for the people have to use their wits to make the most of every inch of soil they have.

The train speeds on through the plains bordered by mountains; mountains never far off, the near ones covered with olives and vines, the distant ones with snow, a curious conjunction, that one sees all through Italy at this time of the year. Orange trees and lemon trees loaded with ripe fruit in the lower ground, hills and mountains covered with snow higher up.

Every mile or two were picturesque villages on the hill tops; flat roofed, old looking, very old, and generally very badly in need of repair and overhauling. Always a church tower, square and picturesque, in the centre. All the villages are closely built, and crowded together on the hill tops, evidently for safety in former days, when brigands and robbers roamed the country. So the villages continued right up to the border of Switzerland, all telling of the weak government of former days, when the country was divided between many States, all deficient in power to keep outlaws in subjection. It is difficult enough, even now, in the mountain districts, which seem to be the natural home and refuge of brigands, abounding as these districts do in caves and fastnesses.

Mayence, April 13.

The last page or two of this letter were written here. It was begun in Basle; where it will end I don't know. But I am now writing in the Hotel de Holland, in this magnificent city of the Rhine, a great military centre, and, though having a population of only 80,000, has streets and buildings and squares as far beyond Montreal as Montreal is beyond Kingston. I was simply amazed as we drove through the splendid streets this afternoon. We are going down the Rhine to-morrow, and take the steamer here. That is why we have stopped over.

Returning to South Italy. The train sped on, hour after hour, in a pleasant afternoon, and towards seven o'clock entered the great plains of the Roman Campagna—a region something like the prairie country of Manitoba, except that mountains bound it in one direction and the sea in the other. There are also ruins of the vast

aqueducts, built by the Roman Emperors, and also ruins of the Tombs on the Appian Way. However, the train soon passes all these, and comes upon modern villas and all the tokens of the outskirts of a considerable city, steaming by and bye into a great modern station. Then all is noise and bustle, for we are in ROME. Crowds alight from the train, crowds are about the great platform, and amongst them it gladdened my heart to see D. once more. A porter takes my luggage, numbers of carriages are waiting, just as anywhere else. We call one, and drive through handsome modern streets, exactly like those of any other city, to the Pension where D. has been staying. It was a fine house, in a fine quarter of the city, though the terms were very economical.

But we are in Rome! I had been there before, and, besides, had seen many strange cities and scenes, some far more ancient, so it did not impress me by any means as it had done the first time. Then the whole of the new part of the city, on the highest ground and most healthy quarter, is thoroughly modern, and very much like Paris, splendid streets and fine buildings all about, and numbers of handsome hotels and mansions, and squares with pretty gardens. For this quarter of the city is totally different to that where the great ruins are, and where St. Peter's and the Vatican are. These last are a long way off.

Naturally, we first went down to the Ruins, which are nearly all together down in the valley between the Palatine Hill and the Quirinal Hill, and also on the Palatine itself. They are of undying interest, of course. There is the vast Coliseum, which I had seen before, but now, having time, examined more carefully, and was struck by its enormous vastness, the immense thickness of the triple row of arches, forming the great corridors round the central arena, in which tens of thousands of people could walk about and promenade without inconvenience; but, above all, by the central arena itself, the scene of Christian martyrdoms and combats of gladiators with wild beasts. The excavations have brought to light the Den of the Lions, and the Rooms of the Gladiators, and the arrangements (I think) for flooding the arena for Naval Combats. There is also the long underground gallery leading to the Palatine Hill, made by the Emperor Commodus, who used to amuse himself by fighting, or pretending to fight, in the arena as a gladiator himself. In this underground passage he was murdered.

What impressed me most about the Coliseum was the thought that it only began to be built long after St. Paul preached in Rome, long after there were Christians in Caesar's palace close by. The Coliseum symbolized the worst development of Paganism, yet it was built and flourished wholly in the Christian Era. In St. Paul's time the same ground was occupied by Nero's Golden Palace. About a hundred yards from the Coliseum, just across the road, rises the Palatine Hill, about a hundred feet above the valley. This was the hill where Rome began its existence. The whole of the upper part of the hill is covered by the vast ruins of the palaces of the Caesars, for one Emperor after another built a palace on it, and enormous structures they were, filling us with astonishment as we contemplated the vast walls and substructures, the great spaces that had been levelled that buildings might be erected on them, the beautiful columns lying about, the remains of a hall of justice with

the raised dais where the Emperor and his Council sat, and, what touched me much, the place where the accused stood to answer. There, many a Christian has been put to the test, whether he would sacrifice to the gods or not, and there many a one has heard the terrible sentence of being cast to the lions! That hall was not built till after the Apostle Paul's time, but it is quite possible that one was there on the same site, which may have witnessed his standing before Nero the first and second time, as mentioned in the Second Epistle to Timothy. Palaces of Tiberius, Nero, and Diocletian have been the best identified; and it would not be difficult to picture what they must have been in their glory from the ruins that are left. Just below the Palatine, and between that and the Esquiline, was once the Campus Martius, along which the Appian Way now passes, and just below it, in another direction, stretches that place of undying fame, the Forum Romanum, about a quarter of a mile long, and five hundred feet broad. Once almost choked up with the rubbish and devastation of fifteen centuries, it has been excavated in recent years down to the very stones of the Via Sacra, and the foundations of the ancient buildings. Within this space are the ruins of the Temples of Jupiter, and Castor and Pollux, of the splendidly decorated Arch of Severus, of the House of the Vestal Virgins, of the hall of the Pontifex Maximus (in which Julius Caesar supped with his friends the night before he was murdered), and of the finely preserved and noble Arch of Titus, containing the well known sculptures of the captive Jews, bearing the seven-branched candlestick, which corresponds so strikingly with the description of it in the thirty-seventh chapter of Exodus. Then, looking down upon the Forum are the substructures of the Capitol, and also the ruins of the vast Basilica of Constantine, and all along the way are remains of old columns, statues, pediments, cornices, and foundations; the best of the statues having, however, been carried off ages ago. These are mostly now in the vast corridors of the Vatican. All these ruins speak of a religious system that has utterly vanished from the earth. All powerful as it was when the Apostle Paul, a Jew, was commissioned to carry the true idea of God and His Son Jesus Christ as Saviour through all the region, where Paganism was enthroned, it has passed away forever as a system of actual worship. For there is not on the face of the earth a temple where Jupiter and Minerva are actually worshipped, though there are abundance of ruins showing how powerfully that worship appealed to the eye, as distinguished from the mind. And this brings me to say that the ideas of Paganism, and its methods, have largely survived in the worship and methods of the Roman Church. For none can study that system without being convinced that the Roman Church is a paganized form of Christianity. It is more evident in Rome than anywhere; and, after a few days, I felt sure that if St. Paul were to revisit Rome, he would feel as he did at Athens; that is, his spirit would be stirred within him, when he saw the city "wholly given to idolatry." A keen satirist once said that if the order of the honor paid by religious people here, were set down, it would be:

First. The Mother of God, otherwise the Virgin Mary.

Second. The Deity.

Third. Peter.

Fourth. Canonized Popes and Martyrs.

Fifth. Jesus Christ, the Saviour, but always as an infant in arms. Of late years the Virgin has come to occupy the first place more than ever, as is shown by numerous pictures,—expressly painted for the purpose of adoring her as Queen of Heaven. In fact the idea stares you in the face everywhere here.

As to St. Peter's it is not used for the honor and glory of God. It is for the honor and glory of Peter. The building impressed me more than before as a huge monstrosity of bad architecture,—utterly unlike a sacred building, both inside and outside; no solemnity about it whatever. It would seem to me that if a huge ball or social assembly of 20,000 people were to take place in it,—it would fit the place better than a congregation gathered for the worship of God. The Vatican has the same incongruities. Its enormous collection of statues and busts is almost wholly heathenish,—conveying, —if anything, pagan ideas and glorifying Pagan gods and divinities. Yet, it is the dwelling of the head—so called—of the Christian Church! By far the most interesting of the statues and busts, are of the Emperors of Rome, originals, done in their life time, together with a good many of the great men of Greece, original also. But the paintings, many of them are heathenish in form,—even when devoted to Christian subjects; such for example as the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel,—wonderful they are as works of art, but utterly Pagan in idea, and unfit altogether for a place where Jesus Christ is worshipped. Think of representing the Divine Creator of the Universe as an old man flying through the air, and touching a man, lying on the ground,—a younger man—to give him life. Then that enormous monstrosity,—the Last Judgment—is pagan to the core.

The frescoes of Raphael are far more true to Christian ideas, and his painting of the Transfiguration is not only beyond all praise as a work of art, but true to the narrative of the Gospels.

But really, many of these paintings of the Vatican are of a poor class, as pictures,—and nearly all of them convey absolute falsehoods.

If I had the re-organization of the contents of the Vatican for a National museum and gallery, I would throw out altogether, three-fourths of its contents, and arrange the other fourth so as to convey intelligible ideas to the mind.

But apart from painting and sculpture, there is one corridor of undying interest; viz., that containing the inscriptions taken from the Catacombs. The face of the wall itself has been cut away in some manner, and the inscription preserved. It looks like desecration of these strange memorial places of the dead,—but probably,—like the removal of the Elgin Marbles from the Pantheon,—it was done to preserve them. But the inscriptions were nothing like as interesting as I had expected. Very few of them have any definite expressions of Christian faith and hope, and we had to search long and carefully to see any with the symbolic Fish.

It is singular how the ancient and the modern in Rome are intermingled! Right opposite our hotel and close by the railway station, are the extensive ruins of the Baths of Diocletian! Out of a mere corner of these baths Michael Angelo made a great Christian church. But the rest has been untouched for ages, and they give an idea how large a space in old Roman life the public baths occupied. These ruins, however, are far surpassed by those

of the baths of Caracalla;—lying fully a mile outside the present city, along the Applan Way. The ruins are vast beyond conception, and nothing but actual sight can give an idea of their immense extent and former splendour. The ruins are still sufficiently preserved to show the divisions of the bath; the tepid baths with the heating pipes around them, the cooling bath, the enormous swimming bath, big enough for a thousand people to disport in at once; the great corridors for promenading;—mosaic floors, marble columns, remains of statues,—vast arches,—one looks on in bewilderment at ruins like these,—speaking of a life so wholly different from anything known in modern days. Then, just outside are the remains of a vast Stadium or Hippodrome,—the seats of Judges and spectators being still plainly discernible. I suppose two or three hundred thousand people could easily range themselves around. Those baths were, no doubt once, only just outside the city walls,—for the ruins of an ancient gate-way are close by.

The Catacombs are very near these great baths. There are various catacombs, but the principal ones, (I forget the name) are entered from the garden of a Franciscan Monastery,—a fee as usual. Curious to see the monks working away in the garden just as laborers do in the field,—and no doubt as they used to do in the monasteries of England in medieval times. But there is little to see in the catacombs now, and we soon got tired and asked to be conducted to open air. The Applan Way is the road by which the catacombs are approached. It is a great road still, leading to the south, much of it along the very same pavement and stones that were there in St. Paul's day. There are monuments great and small,—for miles. The finest is near the catacombs,—about two miles from the present city,—a large circular tower erected by a Roman General to the memory of his wife, the inscription, in bold Roman characters, standing out fair and clear to this day.

But there are places of interest outside the city as well as in, or near it. One day we took the train to Frascati, a beautiful retreat in the beginning of the Appennine Mountains, where Horace had a villa, and close by which is Tusculum, where Cicero had one too. Frascati is full of beautiful modern villas, and from its heights there are splendid views of the Campagna, with the mountains and sea. We found there a beautiful hotel, and had a capital lunch at a very moderate price. From Frascati we drove to Albano, over a most romantic road, which skirted the shores of Lake Albano,—a spot that has been painted over and over again. I remember a picture of it as one of my schoolday copies, in the drawing class. I recognized the spot at once.

The train brought us back to Rome in less than an hour, over the Campagna, the whole way,—and we could not avoid noticing the vast ruins of the old aqueducts,—extending for miles, which brought water from the mountains for the supply of the city and the baths. The Applan Way passes through Albano, and St. Paul must have passed along it, through the same village, when coming from the Three Taverns, as mentioned in the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

But taken altogether Rome did not interest me as it apparently does some people. There is a sort of fashionable idolatry of the place that takes with fashionable people. And some of them seem

to think that they are bound to visit every one of the churches, and to admire everything they contain,—also to investigate all the statues and pictures in the Vatican and the private galleries of the city, and to admire them too. I saw none of these galleries. D. saw that of the Borghese Palace and said that nine-tenths was rubbish. So I think. The talk about a man spending at the very least, three months in Rome,—better six months,—in order to appreciate it, is rubbish too.

But this letter is long enough. I must tell you something of Florence and other places, and will write as soon as I can. But I feel almost strange in London, hearing nothing but English, after being continually in places where the language was either German, Portuguese, French, Italian, Maltese, Arabic, Turkish, Greek or Dutch.

N.B.—The latter part of this letter was written in London.

HOLLAND, THE HAGUE, AMSTERDAM.

Hotel Belvue, The Hague, April 24.

My Dear H.—

I wrote last, I think, from Basle, since when we have moved rapidly;—first to Mayence,—a splendid city on the Rhine, and wonderfully fortified—then down the Rhine,—with its romantic ruins of castles and never-ending vineyards, stopping at Cologne, for an hour,—on to Rotterdam,—a city of canals and boats and ships, and busy, busy, busy wharves; then, next morning, to The Hague, where we found a beautiful hotel, and a beautiful city. Right opposite our window is a splendid park;—with lots of deer grazing about. Many handsome streets, with residences beyond anything we have in Montreal,—a splendid picture gallery—with Rembrandts etc. There we called on some friends whom we met in Italy,—a junior Judge, and his charming wife; spoke English, in high social position,—dined with them on Sunday (they are Protestants, though he is of an old Spanish family, and good people). The house was a beautiful one, most tastefully furnished, and we enjoyed our visit much. On Monday I went to Brussels to see the field of Waterloo,—found it totally different from what I had conceived. I will tell you about it by and bye. On Tuesday D. and I went over to Amsterdam,—only an hour away;—again utterly different from conception, mostly a magnificent modern city, much beyond anything we have in Canada. In the great picture gallery,—there are grand Rembrandts, and other Dutch painters,—no end of them.

But I shall have to write another descriptive letter or two, that is plain.

CENTRAL ITALY, FLORENCE, BELLAGIO, THE RHINE, HOLLAND.

April 29, 1901.

My Dear H. and the rest—

Resuming my talk about the countries I visited I came next to our journey through Italy. Leaving Rome by an afternoon train (a very busy and bustling station) we had the usual bother about getting places; and a terrible drawback to Continental travel it is. But we got off at last, and went through an undulating country, with snow-capped mountains to the right, and numerous lower hills to the left, hills all around, with olives and vines as usual,—the lower country, wet and carefully cultivated,—villages as before, all up the hills, clustered closely together, houses and churches—all very, very old, mostly looking badly in need of overhauling and repair. No farm houses and homesteads as with us in England. Villages dotting the hills very thickly together, no fences, plenty of laborers in the field, both women and men, but very few horses or oxen, a thickly populated country—every inch of it made available—as I wrote before. We passed a good many towns. But these looked quite different. They were bright and clean, good buildings and handsome railway stations. In our carriage was a gentleman whom I took for an Englishman, but he proved to be a Dane, from Copenhagen. He told us that Copenhagen has about 600,000 inhabitants, and that Denmark was growing and prosperous. As he went on we found he knew Canada, had met Lord Strathcona, and had been at his place in Scotland; knew the Miss Campbells—daughters of the late Dr. Campbell, of Montreal. He was connected with the great financial house of Hambro & Co., well known to me as in the highest rank of financial people in London. Singular what a number of people we have met who know Canadian people, or have been in Canada themselves. We got dinner on the dining car, a very poor affair, and very troublesome. At last we arrived at Florence, and went to the Hotel Savoy, a very good one and comfortable.

First thing in the morning,—got a carriage, they are plentiful and cheap everywhere (even in Constantinople and Jerusalem) and drove to the Pitti Palace picture gallery. We saw that before, as you remember. There are some superlatively good pictures in it, of world-wide fame; known everywhere by engravings. But as in Rome, there are numbers also of a mediocre class. These spoil the others by proximity, and I felt a strong desire to rearrange the whole collection, and put out altogether about three-quarters of the pictures; and put the rest in better order. Of course some art-idolaters would call me a vandal, or heretic for saying all this. But I have seen enough pictures in my time to enable me to form a judgment. And the foregoing is my judgment—deliberately. The next day we went to the Uffizi Gallery. The same remark must be made here. There is a prodigious amount of poor stuff,—along with a certain number of paintings of superlative merit. In this gallery, there is a large amount of sculpture, nearly all ancient and

original,—mostly Roman, some Greek—of a very high average—but some trash here too. The busts of famous Romans and Greeks the most interesting part. In these galleries there are numerous original sketches by the old masters,—rare and interesting to a very high degree,—amongst them—several of the cartoons of Raphael,—small sketches, slightly differing from the ultimate form. But amongst the paintings there are some that never ought to be exhibited at all, and never ought to have been painted—*Verbum sap.* I would burn them all,—if the gallery came into my possession, and laugh at the scorn of godless artists.

We had great difficulty in finding out where those wonderful statues of Michael Angelo were, the frowning Cosmo de Medici, etc. (You know them,)—for nobody in Florence seemed to know anything about them. Such is modern Italian life.

But we learned at last after driving about to one place after another, that they were in the mortuary chapel of the Medici. They did not seem so fine as they did when you and I saw them; in fact, nothing did, except the Transfiguration, and two or three more. The fact is, I had got absolutely satiated with sightseeing,—like a boy who has got sick with eating currants and raisins.

But two drives we took to the outskirts of the city were satisfying to a very high degree. Although many of the trees were still as bare as they would be in Canada, the prospects were beautiful beyond description. That from the south of the city on the Minato heights, looked down upon the picturesque city almost immediately below, with lovely villas and gardens in the foreground, then the beautiful plain all around the city, then the gradually rising hills covered with villas and gardens and villages—and finally the glorious ranges of mountains in the distance—a sight never to be forgotten. From the north side the view is, if possible, more beautiful still. The street cars run out to the heights of Fiesoli—far higher than up our Cote des Neiges hill—for the Italians are splendid engineers,) and from thence a prospect spreads out of plains and mountains and city and suburbs and villages all around, and orchards and vineyards,—the river Arno winding along through the plain;—one might look and look,—feasting one's eyes with the varied beauties, around us—for a whole day. And fortunately the weather was fair and warm, so that we could fully enjoy it all.

Of course we went into the Duomo. The exterior of various colored marbles, with the fascinating Campanile close by,—is one of the wonders of architecture; as the world knows. We went inside the church and seldom indeed have I heard music more grand and solemn. There was no organ. But the voices—all men, were wonderfully balanced and the deep basses were profound. Of course I speak of it simply as a musical effect,—for of the meaning we were ignorant, and so I fancy were all the people there, not very many. So the service,—and all the other services of Rome absolutely contradict and disobey the direction given by the Apostle Paul as to speaking and singing in the church. But the style of the music was most admirable, far more Christianlike than much of the church music in vogue in Montreal. The music in the Cathedral of Palermo was equally admirable. We witnessed here a ceremony of adoration of the Archbishop, and offering incense to him, which seemed to us little better than gross idolatry.

But we had to hasten away from Florence, and again took

the afternoon train, this time for Milan, proceeding steadily northward. This journey took us through the grand mountain scenery of the Apennines, and very grand it was, reminding me much of the C.P.R.'s through the passes of the Rockies, and the Selkirks. There are some twenty tunnels in thirty or forty miles. The train skirts tremendous precipices, and winds in and out amongst the wildest hills, all clad with vines or olives; for both love rocky soil. Little villages here and there seem hung upon the very sides of the precipices, just as in Switzerland, all being alike in clustering together, and consisting generally of very old dwellings, and a very, very old church. But the train emerges from the mountains at length, and we pursue our way through a finely cultivated country, passing through the famous city of Bologna,—evidently a prosperous and progressive place, until we reach Milan,—said to be the most prosperous city in Italy. On the train we met a lady and gentleman, who proved to be Dutch. They were from The Hague, could speak English pretty well, he, a Junior Judge. D. got into a lively argument with the lady about the Boer war. Of course they agreed with the Boers, as all Hollanders do. But they were very good-humored about it, and when we parted, asked us to call upon them if we came to Holland.

At Milan we just stayed a night—Hotel Cavour, most comfortable and moderate. It was Good Friday, next day. Went to the Cathedral, not much was going on. A crucifix was in the body of the Church,—laid out flat, and everybody that passed—kissed it. Of course there was service in the English church, and we went to it. It was a pitiable travesty of what a service should be, for the minister (chaplain to the consulate) seemed deliberately to mumble out the sentences so that nobody could possibly understand what he said. He had a good musical voice, but never have I heard a voice put to a worse use. The sermon was much better. Doctrine was sound and scriptural, and utterance plain and edifying, causing us to marvel why he could possibly so mis-render the service of prayer and praise. In the afternoon we took the train for Lake Como,—the country now being largely covered with mulberry trees. A short journey brought us to the Lake, and we boarded a crowded steamer which was going up and calling at numerous villages on the way. We were bound for Bellagio, said to be the most beautiful spot on the lake, and I dare say it is, for it is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful—though some claim that Cadenabbia, just across from Bellagio, is the more beautiful of the two. It is at the foot of a romantic bluff projecting out between Lake Como and Lake Lecco, covered with the most beautiful forest trees, and now laid out in the most lovely walks and drives imaginable. Once a brigand stronghold, of which the ruins are still there—now the property of the Serbelloni family, who own the hotel on the heights, where we stopped—once a private mansion, as is evident by the conservatory and garden, and flower beds and lawns, and grottoes and walks skirting the precipitous cliffs of the promontory,—from whence you can look out on the snow-clad mountains all around,—a marvellous scene, altogether. But the hotel was somewhat cold, and after two days we moved to another down below,—a most charming hotel; though not with such lovely gardens and walks about it. There we stayed ten restful days,—walking about the outskirts, and especially to a hill-top, about a

mile off, surrounded by an immense extent of vines and olives,—the vines, however, at this season being only bare wood. The industry and care of the people is most noticeable,—the vines being most carefully trimmed and tended; but the people are evidently very poor. Here and there are splendid villas and mansions, but they are evidently for warmer weather than prevailed at the time of our visit. The Hotel La Grande Bretagne, was on the lake shore, with a lovely terrace in front, and a very nice lot of people were guests there. Close by was the pretty English Church, to which we, of course, went on Easter Sunday, and made the acquaintance of the minister—a hard worked London clergyman;—sent there for rest and health. A good man—preaching thoughtful sermons, with a very heavy parish full of activities and societies at home, but not desirous of doing much at Bellagio, naturally enough.

One day we went across the lake to a villa at Caddenabia, with the most beautiful grounds I ever saw. Such magnificent trees and shrubs, such flowers and flower beds, such glorious flowering trees, (trees, not shrubs,) azalias, camellias, rhododendrons, I never beheld. We went through the show rooms of the house too,—some-what as people go through Chatsworth, or Wentworth House in England. But they were not much. At Menaggio—opposite us, D. found a clergyman—a relative,—laid aside from overwork,—a very nice fellow, indeed.

I would have been glad to stay longer at Bellagio, but time pressed, it was needful to move northward, if I was to have any time in England. So we bade good-bye to Bellagio, with the glorious mountains, and snow-capped peaks, and lovely gardens, and took the boat to the other side of the lake on our way to cross the mountain by the St. Gothard railway. This was a glorious day's journey,—a day of never-ending sublimities and beauties and surprises, as you know, for we have passed over it before,—only in an opposite direction.

Across the Alps we passed down into Switzerland,—the character of the houses and villages, and the cultivation having strikingly changed. We skirted the shores of the well known Lake Lucerne for an hour or two, passed that charming old city,—all the mountains covered with snow, which, however, we soon left behind; entering on a beautifully cultivated undulating country, until we reached the old medieval city of Basle, and have seen no mountains since. At Basle we stayed two days at the Three Kings Hotel, a hostelry with a history going back seven hundred years! having undergone, as you may imagine, many changes, but now being thoroughly modernized and comfortable. The roaring, rushing Rhine was now close under our windows,—a quarter of a mile wide, and with a rapid flow of ten miles an hour. The city charmingly quaint in its old quarters,—with a fine medieval cathedral, now Protestant, containing grand monuments of the olden time;—amongst others one to Erasmus. Beautiful shops in the best streets, with a style of goods more tasteful and elegant than we see in Mont-real. A splendid museum and gallery of modern paintings, of a high class,—by Swiss artists. We have nothing so good in our gallery. The suburbs stretch out a long way, bordered by fine villas and mansions. Altogether Basle was a surprise.

Thence we proceeded to Mayence to take the Rhine steamer, and here another surprise awaited us. We had fancied it to be

an old fashioned German city, with medieval streets and houses,—and behold!—when we arrived,—we found a splendid modern railway station, and really magnificent streets,—very like Paris. I went up and down these streets that afternoon looking on with amazement, and especially at a new magnificent bridge over the Rhine, —a bridge beyond question, the finest I ever saw in my life, and could not but think how very ignorant we were of other countries, and of the world we live in. Mayence is one of the frontier strongholds of the German Empire; and is encircled by fortifications and garrisoned by some 10,000 troops. We took a drive round the outskirts and saw some troops drilled, in what seemed to us a very pedantic fashion. L. said the drill came down from the time of Frederick the Great. There is a fine old Cathedral in Mayence, still Roman Catholic, which I could not quite understand, as I had conceived all that part of Germany to have become Protestant. It was the same at Cologne. The Basle Cathedral was Protestant however.

The next morning we boarded the Rhine steamer. For many miles through the level country that used to be called the Palatinate,—the great marching ground of the armies of Marlborough and Napoleon, now full of busy towns and factories, all new. All the way through Germany remarkable evidence of the growth of new manufacturing industries was before us, and the words, "Made in Germany," came with a force which I had never before realized. But at length we got to Bingen,—on the Rhine, which the pretty song is about. There the hills come down upon the river, and for the next fifty miles we passed through the bold scenery that has made the Rhine famous. But it is not only the bold crags and bluffs and romantic turns of the river, but the ruins of old castles that make the river so interesting. Such numbers of them made one wonder how they came to be built so thickly together, and who lived in them, and what they did. Tradition says they were nearly all robber barons, but that does not tell much. I sketched and sketched all through the 50 miles,—but it was rather an exasperating business, with the rapidly moving steamer, as you can imagine. At length we emerged from the hills, and entered again on the level country which continued all the way to Cologne, and beyond Cologne to Holland. The hills are covered with vines. Vines and vines for 50 miles, and with my arithmetical head I took a fancy to calculating,—how many vines there were in every mile we traversed, and how many bunches of grapes would be on them. I forget how many million it was; but it was a good number. As to calculating how much wine they would produce, and how much it would be worth—that was far beyond me. Trade statistics will show it. However we left the Rhine at Cologne, stopping only an hour. Strolling into the Cathedral while there, admiring the solemnity of the music—which as music was beyond praise, but not a particle of understanding was there in the service. It was simply a grand musical performance,—though technically it was mass. And this is just what thousands in the English Church want to bring us to.

Leaving Cologne we travelled for several hours through a perfectly level country, beautifully cultivated; then crossed the border into Holland, and arrived at the busy, bustling commercial city of Rotterdam, a Liverpool on a small scale, but intersected in all

directions by canals, and by the three great branches of the River Maas, which is really the Rhine spreading itself out to the sea. Of this city we can say nothing,—for we left it early next morning, for The Hague,—called in Holland den Haag, and in Belgium, La Haye. Much astonished we were to find it a large city of 180,000 inhabitants, with lovely parks within its borders, containing some of the finest trees I ever beheld, lovely walks and drives, intersecting the forest adjoining,—which stretches to the sea, about three miles off. The Hague is the capital, as you a'l know, and has many streets of handsome residences, finer I thought than what we have in Montreal or Toronto.

But the Government buildings and Parliament House are very plain, indeed, hardly to be told as public buildings at all. The Queen's Palace is not visible, being situated in the midst of its own extensive grounds and park. But there is an old palace within the city called "The House in the Wood," with some magnificent rooms in it, one of the finest of them decorated by Rubens, and of splendid proportions. The walls in the room and the ceilings are painted in a style equal to most of the Vatican. It was in this room The Hague Peace Conference was held. There is a very fine picture gallery here, with noble examples of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, and others, very great pictures; the portraits particularly so. There are scores of portraits, any one of which would make the fame of a modern painter.

We called on our travelling acquaintance Mr. De M., and was surprised at the extreme cordiality of the reception. Had we been old friends or relatives they could not have been more kind. Their children spoke English, and D. soon ingratiated himself with them. Altogether our visit (and they had a most lovely and tastefully furnished house) was one of the most enjoyable of all the incidents of our travel. A funny thing took place at the hotel. Noticing a lady with two children in the hall, and speaking good English, I spoke to her and said: "I suppose you are English?" "Oh, no," she said, "We are Dutch." Then one of the children, a girl of about 6, came up to me and said,—"Yes, I am a Dutchman too!" At this we all burst out laughing—for she said it in such a simple childish way; a Dutchman;—we couldn't help it.

While at The Hague I went over to Brussels to visit the field of Waterloo. Really a most common-place tract of ground, looking like a bit of farming country, and totally different in every way from what I had fancied.

Another day D. and I went to Amsterdam,—only an hour away (Holland is a very little country) and found that too, totally different from our ideas. It has quaint old buildings and old streets certainly,—but the city for the most part is a thoroughly modern one. The station is the finest in point of architecture I ever saw in any part of the world,—the front good enough for a King's palace, and the national museum and picture gallery is really superb. Quite apart from its contents it is a most beautiful building. But the contents are very fine indeed. Grand Rembrants,—specially that great picture, the Assembl'g of the Watch, one of the great pictures of the world. These galleries too, like those at The Hague are very strong in portraits. They have also a highly patriotic tone,

pictures of the great naval battles of former days, when Holland was equal to England as a naval power, being numerous.

We drove through the fine park,—visited the Zoological Gardens, admired the endless handsome streets, and again wondered at our ignorance of other countries, and at our conceit about such cities as ours in Canada. Yet, I doubt if Amsterdam has any more commerce than Montreal. But it is, of course, a very old city, and the centre of the wealth of Holland.

On our way back to The Hague we passed by the old city of Haarlem, and saw a development of tulip and other flower culture that is really astonishing. For miles together, the land along the railway is devoted to flower culture, tulips and hyacinths,—not for ornament at all, but for use. The bulbs are sold, and are the chief article of export, from that region. Holland is a vast alluvial plain,—a rich dead level,—and so much like Manitoba that I could hardly fancy I was not travelling westward from Winnipeg. There is, however, one great difference—Holland is full of windmills. We counted 25 in sight at one time, as our fast train sped along. The whole country too is intersected by water courses. There are no fences, the water courses seem to divide the farms as well as to irrigate them. I think our Manitoba might learn something from Holland.

But it was soon time for us to bring our continental travel to an end. We were really on y stopping off here and there, on our way to England. So we took the train for the steamer,—got on board about 10 p.m., went to bed in a comfortable berth,—slept soundly,—never felt the least motion—landed at Harwich early next morning, and were in London in time for breakfast. Since then we have had the most beautiful weather I ever saw in England.

And here ends my chronicle. In a few days I shall once more be on board the *Auguste Victoria*; and a few days after that I hope will see me home. For really, I am very, very home sick.

Knebworth Park, Hertfordshire, May 6th.

My Dear H.—

I had no idea when Lord Strathcona asked D. and me to visit him here, that the place was the old ancestral home of the Lytton family. But so it is. It is a wonderful place,—very old. Every room and almost every bit of furniture, tells of ancient English history. I am writing in the Falkland room. The walls are covered with portraits of ancestors,—the mantel is hundreds of years old,—black oak,—curiously carved; the ceiling is in oak too, also beautifully carved. This has been my bedroom and doubtless Lord Falkland, of Charles the First's time, once occupied it. Close by is a magnificent lofty hall,—hung with banners,—dating as far back as the Battle of Hastings. Among the names are Hastings, Gilbert de Lytton, Bosworth, Ascalon (1192) Naseby.

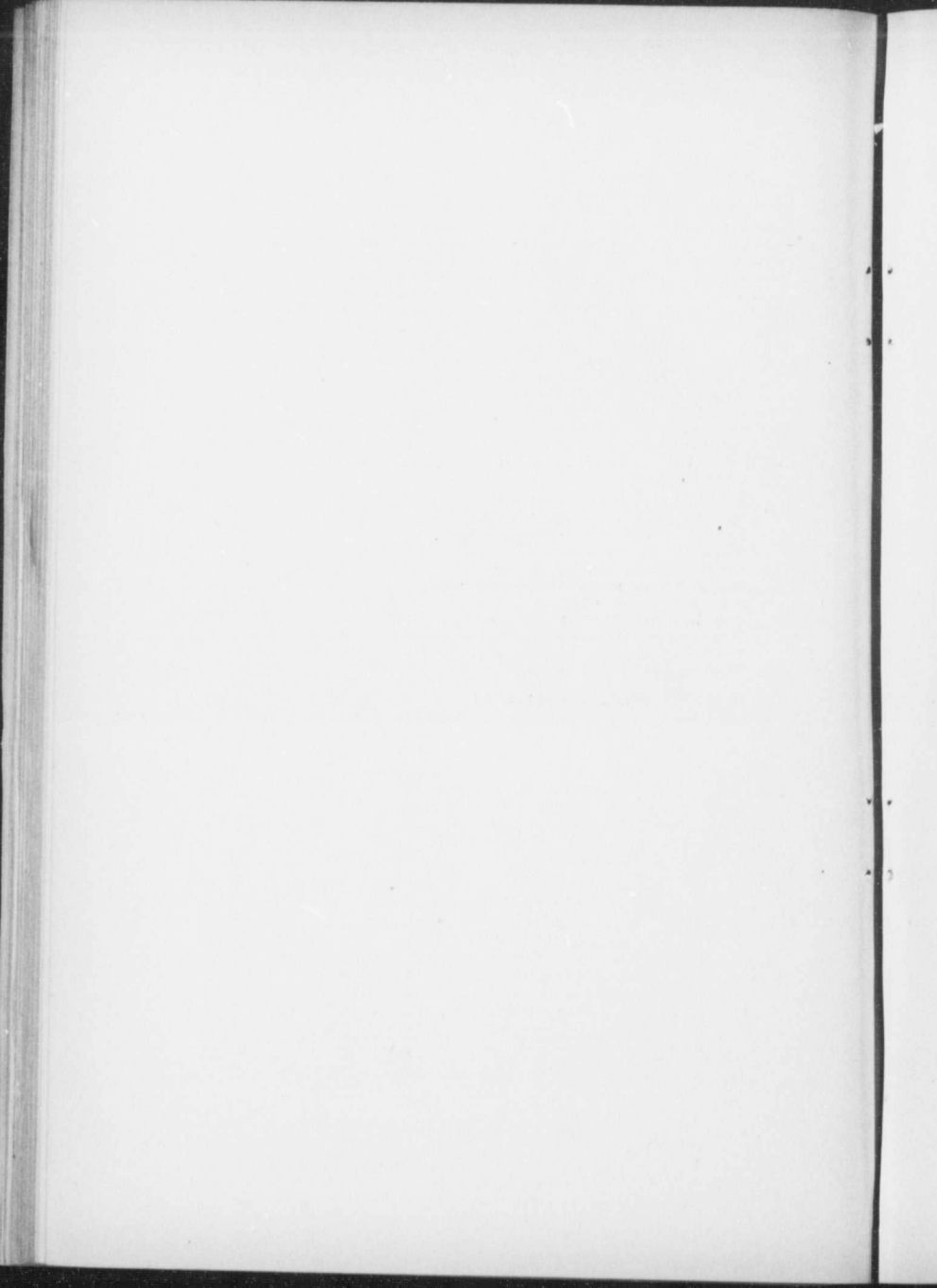
And in the room is a banner presented by the late Queen to Lord Lytton when she was proclaimed Empress of India.

I think Scott must have had this house in mind when he wrote "Woodstock"; for he certainly was once at Knebworth, and the place exactly corresponds to his description, with its long corridors, great halls, and curious chambers, opening out unexpectedly here and there. In this very room I noticed what I at first thought to be a crack in the wall paper; but on looking further found it

to be a secret door. Then the upper part of the mantel has what appears to be a kind of opening, exactly such as Scott describes that by which Cromwell leaped up when he was searching for Prince Charles. There is any amount of ancient armour actually worn in former days by knights of the family, and in the Great Hall is a magnificent picture,—very old, of one of the knights of the house, on horseback,—full size, with lance in rest. But the living rooms are very handsome; library, drawing rooms, and dining rooms,—with lovely decorated ceilings: all of the old style, with portraits,—no end of them,—many by Sir Peter Lely. As to the lawns,—they are exquisite, opening out one after another in charming vistas, and wonderful old trees; and modern flower beds. The nightingales were singing on the lawn the other night,—and the cuckoo is cooing all day long. The park is very good,—about 100 deer in it, but not so extensive, I think as Wentworth. There is a curious inscription round the frieze of the banquetting hall:

Read the rede of this old roof-tree,
 Here be trust safe, opinion free.
 Knightly right hand, Christian knee,
 Worth in all; wit in some,
 Laughter open, Slander dumb;
 Hearth where rooted friendships grow,
 Safe as altar, even to foe:
 And the sparks that upward go,
 When the hearth flame dies below.
 If the sap in these may be,
 Fear no winter, old roof tree.

Is not this worthy of Chaucer?



AN ADDRESS ON THE HOLY LAND

Delivered in Montreal, 1902.

I desire in this address to give the impressions formed during a brief visit to the Holy Land last year. I saw only a very small part of it, yet the part that I did see, was, perhaps, the most interesting. We landed at Jaffa, went up by rail to Jerusalem, spent two or three days in the city and neighborhood, went down to the Jordan Valley, the Dead Sea and Jericho, and then finally drove over to Bethlehem:—a short visit, but I tried to make the most of it. Many of the incidents of Bible history occurred in the region we traversed, and my object is to bring before you some of these incidents, and show how the narrative is illustrated and confirmed by a sight of the places, where the events are said to have taken place.

Leaving Jaffa, called in Scripture Joppa, and which had not much importance in the Bible narrative, we enter upon a wide, open, nearly level cultivated plain; a good deal resembling what we call the rolling prairies of the Northwest,—stretching as far as can be seen, north and south, and eastward for about 10 miles, towards the lower hills and further mountainous passes that lie between Jaffa and Jerusalem. This open and well cultivated plain, is the ancient home of that troublesome race, the Philistines, and, in traversing it, we can at once understand a passage in the book of Judges, which has somewhat puzzled Bible students, viz.: That the tribe of Judah, to whom all this region was allotted, though they drove out all the inhabitants of the mountains, could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron.—(Judges I. 19.) The fact is that the country you enter, soon after leaving these plains, is of so wild and rugged a character that no roads then existed along which war chariots could be driven, or be of the slightest use in military operations; while in the open country good roads could easily be made and used just as naturally as they were in the wide stretching plains of Egypt. The chariots and horses of Pharaoh are familiar to all.

The tribe of Judah had not the means of constructing chariots during the time when they were conquering the hilly regions of the interior, and were, therefore, never able to entirely subdue the wealthy and warlike inhabitants of these rich plains, who have, in fact, given their name to the whole country. Palestine is simply another form of Philistine.

Proceeding onward (we were travelling by rail), we soon enter the lower hills, which the tribe of Judah did conquer, and wended our way through them, continually mounting up until we reach the wild mountain passes between the lower hills and Jerusalem. About half way to the city we were told that we were passing through Samson's country; and certainly, round about us were many indications that this was the region of his exploits. From the 14th Judges it is evident that Samson's native place was higher up than the country of the Philistines (and so we found it), for there we read that Samson went *down* to that region.

And here, I pause to notice how accurate, in a topographical sense, is the use of the words *up* and *down* in Scripture narratives. I have read these narratives carefully enough to say that they indicate in the use of these single words, an accurate acquaintance with the localities spoken of. They form a body of incidental confirmation to the narrative, which, as all thoughtful readers know, is often of more weight than precise statements. When the Philistines invade Judah, they invariably are said to go *up* into Judah. When they are driven back and defeated, their hosts always hurry *down*. If men are said to go to Jerusalem they are always described as going *up* to the city. A strictly accurate description; for the ground falls away from it on nearly every side. But when the man goes from Jerusalem to Jericho—he goes *down*, as we had good reason to know when we traversed the road. While thus speaking, I would point out that our first translators sometimes rendered words inaccurately from want of knowledge of locality. In this very narrative of Samson's exploits—there is a curious illustration of this. In Judges xv. 11, we read in the authorized version that three thousand men of Judah went to the top of the rock Etam, but the original reads that they went *down* to the top of that rock. Our translators apparently could not understand how men could go down to the top of a rock and omitted the word. But if they had known the locality they would have understood how men going from the higher region, of Central Judea, to the Philistine plain, might come, while bearing downwards, to the top of a steep rocky precipice, such as this rock of Etam undoubtedly was, and so the narrative would be perfectly accurate in describing the movement of the men as a going down to the top of the rock.

The importance of this, as bearing upon the reality of the narrative, may be gathered from a comparison of what might be said by a historian of Canada. If such a one, for example, in narrating the famous exploits of Dollard, had described his little band as going down the Ottawa from Montreal, instead of up; or that some movement took place down from Montreal to the Cote des Neiges; or that General Brock was leading his forces down towards the Americans

when he was killed, all these would raise the gravest suspicions as to the genuineness of the narrative. But you never find any such mistakes in the narratives of Scripture.

The story of Samson's life gives an accurate indication of the locality in which he is described as living. The description is of a country of vineyards and olive plantations, bees making honey, all indicating a hilly, but not a mountainous, country. It was near a cultivated plain, where there were the corn fields of the Philistines, as there are to-day, not of his own people, for his was not a country of cornfields. He was near the wilder parts of the country, full of thickets, and almost inaccessible ravines, abounding with foxes, and even with larger wild beasts,—the lions of Palestine. All which is perfectly evident to the eye, as one traverses this intervening region, and produces a conviction that the writers of the story were well acquainted with the district; and that is one great step towards a conviction that the story is history and not fable.

But as we proceed farther on, and ascend up higher and higher towards Jerusalem (for it is nearly 2,500 feet higher than Jaffa,) the country becomes more mountainous, the rocks and ravines wilder, the hill sides steeper. And one cannot but notice the numerous caves that appear amongst these wild and precipitous heights.

It is in this part of the country that some of the most interesting incidents in the life of David are said to have transpired, and a sight of the region produces the same conviction of reality. I will refer briefly to some of these incidents and in doing so shall have to anticipate the journey from Jerusalem down to the valley of the Jordan, where we passed through a region still more savage; where the precipices are steeper, the ravines more difficult, and where, evidently, a small band of determined men, who knew the locality, could baffle the pursuit of a whole army.

The early life of David is concerned with both these regions,—and again the descriptions perfectly correspond with what we see. For example, the scene of David's famous encounter with Goliath, is exactly such as we passed through in going up towards Jerusalem. Numbers of places on the journey, correspond with the description of the book of Samuel. A mountain on one side, a mountain on the other, a valley between them; the valley being narrow, the sides of the hills steep, admitting of the two armies watching each other, and moving about in tactics resembling those of Wellington and Marmont before Salamanca; both Philistines and Israelites being in strong positions, each being afraid to attack the other. And we can see this lad coming from Bethlehem, which is a good deal higher up in the central plains, eight or ten miles off, making his way to the Israelitish camp, noting the position with a military intuition. We can see also the champion coming down the hill. Standing on the very edge of the brook, at the bottom of the valley, we can see the stripling, after the famous colloquy of defiance on the one hand and mighty trust on the other, casting about him, in the rocky stones of the shallow brook for those that will fit his sling; all this is as vivid as if we had been there.

In traversing this region I noticed how much caves are in evidence. The Arabs and shepherds, to this day, use these caves for

shelter, as we saw them. And hereabouts was the great cave of Adullam, where David with his band of outlaws and adventurers for a time sojourned, and kept themselves safe from the hand of Saul. But this region was too well populated and not sufficiently wild to make it safe to stay there long. David, therefore, most naturally, moved to the wilder region I have described, on the eastern side of the high lands of Judea. Here it was, "amongst the rocks of the wild goats," as it is described in Chap. 24. of first Samuel, that all the scenes describing David's adventures with his band (say from the 23rd to 27th chapters first Samuel) took place. And they are as true to the locality, as they can possibly be. Let me notice two of them, both well known incidents. Saul follows David with 3,000 men to hunt for him in this uninhabitable region, uninhabited, yet near enough to an inhabited country for David to get supplies, as he once desired to do from that churlish sheep master, Nabal. In this region of rocks and ravines (and they certainly are terribly wild and savage), caves are abundant. Shepherds, then, as now, took refuge in them. Saul comes to the sheep cotes, where was a cave—I am quoting from Samuel 24-3). Saul enters the cave, to lie down, rather thoughtlessly, and little knowing that David and his men are hiding there. David forbears, though his men, naturally enough, desire him to kill Saul.

Saul departs and David follows, crying out, "My Lord the King!" Some men might say, why did not the King tell his servants to arrest him? No doubt he would have done if the locality had been different; but Saul was on the other side of the ravine, and though David was not, perhaps, a hundred yards off, he was on this side and could instantly escape with his men and elude all pursuit. A similar instance is related in Chapter 25. Saul is on the other side of a deep gorge, and has pitched his camp alongside the waters of the brook. Again we have a natural touch. David comes to the other side of the hill, after dark, but there is light enough to see where Saul's men are camping. David proposes to one of the most daring of his captains to go down to Saul's camp while they are all asleep. They do so and take the spear and cruse of water from the very side of the sleeping king, and get away. Then as we read it, there is a seeming difficulty in the narrative. David goes over and stands on the top of a hill afar off, a great space being between them. There he is represented as having a colloquy with Saul and Abner, his chief captain. And some would say, how could this conversation take place, when he was afar off, and there was a great space between them? If you could go with me, and see the locality, you would understand it, readily enough, for this region, as I have said, is one of deep ravines and very narrow valleys, quite admitting of men talking to each other from opposite sides, though a great distance of depth, but not in breadth, was between them, and the hill side, being very far off, so far as the possibility of pursuit is concerned, while the two men might be within ear-shot of each other. It was in a region like this that the famous exploit of Jonathan took place, as described in Samuel xiv. The Philistines, in the faithless days of Saul, occupied a strong position, with a sharp rock on one side, and a sharp rock on the other. Jonathan, as brave as he was keen-sighted, saw a way, by which he might climb up. And, saying to his ar-

mour bearer: "Come, let us go over, it may be the Lord will work for us, the two climbed up the precipitous pass, the few Philistines guarding it, laughing and saying, "Come up if you can!" But Jonathan climbed up on his hands and feet, his armor bearer after him, and falling upon the guard, who were completely taken by surprise, killed twenty men, striking terror into the rest, and took the fort, much as half a dozen of Napoleon's officers took the great bridge at Vienna, before the battle of Austerlitz.

But, we must leave the region of passes and ravines for a time, and go right up to Jerusalem itself. For some miles before we reach it, the country is much more open, villages crowd thickly about, olive yards, vine yards abound, and a wide open valley, stretching southward; not the kind of valley before spoken of, but a widespread valley, and widespreading hills, are in every direction but one, and that is right under the walls of Jerusalem. Here, to the right, is the valley of Rephaim, where the Philistines, in one of their incursions, after climbing up the passes, almost Indian fashion, are said to have spread themselves. Nothing can be more accurate. Of Jerusalem, volumes have been written. You have doubtless read much. Of what has been written I say nothing, but I simply tell you what I saw and its bearing on Bible story.

Looking at Jerusalem from the outside, it is at once evident that the ground it stands on, is very irregular, the western side rising to a far greater height than the rest. Then, eastward, there is a gradual sloping down into a deep valley, from which the ground rises again, the valley forming a natural water course, and all within the city. The ground then rises again to a vast level plateau, which, as is plain from the conformation of the ground outside the walls, has been in large part, levelled, and banked up. Then surrounding the whole, are walls, in which,—especially surrounding this great embankment,—are courses of stones of enormous size at the foundation, while for twenty to fifty feet higher up, the wall consists of much smaller stone, of much inferior styles of masonry, these higher portions having evidently been added at a later period. All these features of the ground, as I have described, are historical, and volumes have been written about them. The first of them, the highest elevation to the west, is the famous Mount Zion, stretching from north to south, as one of the Psalms (48-2) describes it, on the sides of the north, a passage that has been cavelled at, like so many other passages, by critics in their ignorance. On this eminence, was situated the whole city in David's time, and then, as now, there was a stronghold, or citadel there this was in possession of the original inhabitants. Much controversy has taken place as to why this important post was suffered to be in their possession so long. My opinion is, you can take it for what it is worth, that before the time of the kings, Saul being the first, who never was able to maintain himself as king, Jerusalem was a place of no particular importance, there being no necessity for a central capital of the whole country, and Hebron being the capital of Judah. But, when David was established as king by the whole of the tribes, he saw how admirably the place was fitted for the purpose of a capital of the

whole. Of course, he knew it well; it was only six miles from where he was born; he had been there in the time of Saul, who once encamped on the spot, and he determined to take it, which he did, and the manner of it showed his true military instinct.

He saw, at once, that the weakest point was on the side of the deep valley, just spoken of, afterwards called the Tyropean Valley. The bottom of it was then a deep gutter or water course (it is much filled up now and built over) and men had to climb up it to get near the citadel. David offered a high reward to the man who should first get up. The Jebusites ridiculed the idea, and said the blind and lame could defend the fort. Nevertheless, Joab led a few determined men who took the fort, which has been called ever since the stronghold of Zion. What is now called the tower of David stands on or near the spot. This deep water course is called a gutter in Samuel v. 8, and this passage, by the way, explains another which has been translated so obscurely in the Psalms as to be perfectly meaningless. The word translated gutter or water course in Samuel v., is in the 42nd Psalm translated water spouts.

It is evident from the context that it should be water courses or water falls. We could see the appropriateness of the passage: Deep calleth unto deep at the sound of thy water falls; the passage referring to the mountainous regions of Mount Hermon, where the thundering cataracts poured down the ravines, with a noise as of deep calling unto deep, as they would after the melting of the snows, which we saw covering the whole sides of the mountain, as we steamed along the coast.

The choice by David of the rocky stronghold as his capital, has been justified by two thousand five hundred years of history. Mount Zion still rises above every other part of the city, and it is there that we found the most important entrance to it, namely by the Jaffa Gate. But the great level plateau, what of that? When you reach it from the inside of the city you are struck at once by the vastness of the open space in contrast with the narrow streets and lanes crowded together which make up the city in other places. For the plateau is wholly within the walls. This great plateau is a place apart; it has never been divided into streets, and there has never been any but sacred buildings upon it. The part of the plateau overlooking the deep valley of Jehoshaphat is evidently artificial; it has been banked up, and its position exactly confirms the narrative of its being the result of the great works carried out by Solomon. This plateau is called Millo, in the Bible narrative; see for example 1 Kings 9-25. Many commentators have been puzzled to know what this Millo was, for the building of which, thirty thousand men were employed, a special levy being imposed for the purpose. Now, the word Millo means embankment,—and one can plainly see, viewing the walls from the outside,—which I took great pains to do,—what an enormous work this levelling and embanking must have been. You can understand this, when I tell you that this wall from the south east corner, westward and northward, is about a hundred feet higher on the out-

side than the inside, plainly indicating an embankment of that height. Whenever you read about Millo, you will understand this immense banked up, artificial plateau is meant. This plateau, is one of the most sacred and interesting spots on the face of the earth, first, because it was the scene, (the ground being then in its natural state of a rocky plateau) of the staying of the plague, and the erection of an altar by King David, on what was the threshing floor of a Jebusite farmer. From that moment to this, the ground has been sacred. And with all the changes of time and siege and conflagration, and of vast levelling works undertaken by Solomon in order to erect the Temple, and its courts on the plateau, the rock on which this sacrifice was offered has never been disturbed. It stood in the centre of Solomon's temple, and the great altar of sacrifice was placed upon it, and there that rock stands yet, rising about twelve feet above the floor, in the midst of the Mosque of Omar, to this day, and there we saw it. It bears marks on its outward surface, as having been once used for purposes of sacrifice. But of the temple itself not one vestige remains. It was utterly destroyed when Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, not one stone being left upon another, as our Lord prophesied. But this prophecy did not extend to the walls of the city; and there we found still remaining much that was undoubtedly the work of Solomon. Immense stones artistically fitted, attest the skill of the stone cutters of these early days. But these walls bear striking witness that at one time, all the upper part of them must have been overthrown, as is so vividly described in the book of Nehemiah. All the upper courses of masonry are of much smaller stones and of an inferior character to the rest. One other interesting thing about these walls is to be noted; the large stones strangely resemble those of the Pyramids of Egypt, which I had seen only a week before. Now, Solomon, for his first wife, married a daughter of Pharaoh; and, though no journey of his to Egypt is mentioned, nothing is more probable than that he went there personally and found his wife in Pharaoh's court. The influence of Egyptian masonry is, I think plainly to be traced in these immense but splendidly carved stones.

Of the Mosque of Omar, which stands on this plateau, I do not speak, as it has no connection with the Scripture narrative, but will now pass on to the outskirts of the city, and the region of country going down to the Jordan Valley. For several miles, while we were winding round the slopes of the Mount of Olives, we noticed the country having a cultivated appearance. But after passing Bethany, we rapidly descend to the deep gorges and wild passes of the wilderness of Judea, a **totally** uninhabited region, passing through which, we can realize exactly the story told in 2nd Samuel, of the ingrate Shimei who followed David, as he went through this very region after Absalom's rebellion, running along the higher ground,—as David and his men descended the pass, throwing dust and stones, cursing and reviling as he went along.

Within a few miles of Jerusalem there are many places where this can be done. The road is a dangerous one even now; just as it was in the time of Our Lord; and we could well realize how a traveller, in passing through so wild a region, would fall among thieves. A very handsome and well mounted Arab chief accom-

panied our party as guard. The road goes steadily down, down, winding round the precipitous sides of hills, down, down lower and lower, (for the descent is 3,000 feet from Jerusalem—and that in little more than twelve miles), but at last, a vision opens before us of a widely extended plain, that once was, and ought to be now (except some parts near the Dead Sea) one of the very richest bits of territory in the whole world. The scene from a distance looks much as Abraham and Lot saw it when they looked down from the heights of Bethel (Genesis 13-10), and beheld all the plain of Jordan, to be as the garden of the Lord and like the land of Egypt. For this is exactly what the Jordan Valley looks like. Right opposite, across the plain, rose the mountains of Moab, traversed by the Israelites on their memorable journey, and we could see how real and literal was the story of Balak and Balaam as they looked down on the camp of the Israelites, covering miles in the valley beneath them. We could see also, how, from one of the eminences Moses could be shown the vast stretches of country described in the last chapter of Deuteronomy.

But near the Dead Sea there are some of the most fantastic formations of ground that I ever observed in my travels, and one could imagine that numerous earthquakes and eruptions had been playing fantastic tricks to produce them. One such, we read, did take place; a tremendous one indeed, viz. the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and looking at this very ground, one could realize that the overthrow was not a miracle at all, but a natural event, like the fiery eruption that overthrew Herculaneum and Pompeii. The Dead Sea is very beautiful to look at, the waters a deep blue, reminding me much of Lake Ontario. But the water, is the most peculiar that I ever tasted. It is not salt like the sea, but has an intensely bitter taste, attesting the bituminous and naphthalic character of all the adjoining region. The Jordan flows through the whole extent of this plain. It is a most commonplace looking stream, about 100 feet wide, with muddy banks, and muddy itself, with a strong current, which leads me to believe that John the Baptist did not immerse those who sought baptism, for it would have been dangerous to do it. The narrative of the crossing of the Jordan in the book of Joshua, states that the river overflows its banks in the time of harvest, and there is every appearance that it does, in fact, some of the natural richness of this valley is caused by this overflow, just as Egypt is fertilized by the overflow of the Nile. On the Judean side of the plain and within a mile of the mountain, is the little village of Jericho, a place in which we found a few huts, a Greek convent, and several passable hotels. My observations led me to conclude that the ancient city stood upon this spot, for flowing right through the plain at this point, is a beautiful brook of clear water rising in a spring at the foot of the mountains close by. They call this Elisha's spring, and I think this is one of the few instances in which a place is properly named in the Holy Land. Population would naturally cluster round such a spring in this valley, (one of the hottest places in the world), and clusters of palm trees—(Jericho, as you know, is the city of palms)—would spring up, just as they do in similar localities in Egypt. The ground where the village now stands is ele-

vated some fifteen feet or so above the adjoining plain and the bank is very abrupt, looking from the lower level much like the place where the wall and fortifications of a city might be placed. I mention this as connected with the narrative in the book of Joshua. I recall to your recollection, also, the little incident in the life of Elisha the prophet, who was told when he visited Jericho, that though the situation of the city was pleasant, the water was not good; the narrative going on to say (2 Kings, 2.19), that he went to the spring of the water, and cast in salt, saying: "I have healed these waters." The spring is there, at the foot of these mountains, and there it must always have been, and certainly the water is pleasant enough indeed.

On returning to Jerusalem, I saw an illustration of the mode of eating in the East, which I thought, threw light on the narrative of the Last Supper. We all stopped on the way, and partook of lunch, but our Arab chief, a most dignified and gentlemanly man, did not sit down at table with us. He ate his lunch by himself, in a separate compartment of the tent, and I noticed him, dipping his hand in the dish, eating therefrom, exactly as described in the gospel narrative.

The day after returning to Jerusalem, we visited Bethlehem and found the locality exactly as the Scripture narratives describe it. The town is built on a rocky ridge, but all around it, are wide spreading vineyards, corn fields and sheep pastures, showing how true the narrative of the book of Ruth is with its story of Boaz and his reapers, also that of the shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flocks by night, just as the Bedouin shepherds were doing whom we saw on the hill side, armed with gun, and with rod and staff of the 23rd Psalm. These shepherds need to keep watch by night, for within a few miles of Bethlehem, eastward, commences that wild region of ravines, before spoken of, a natural shelter for wild beasts, from whence came the Lion and the Bear of David's story.

Almost the whole of the foregoing refers to Old Testament narratives. What I say of the New Testament will be very brief, and for this reason; while knowledge of locality has much to do with an understanding of the events and lessons of the Old Testament, it has very little bearing upon the great spiritual truths of the New. The doctrine of the Incarnation is not helped by a knowledge of the exact spot in Bethlehem where Jesus was born; neither are the doctrines of the Resurrection, and the Ascension, by knowledge of the exact spot where our Lord was crucified, buried, rose again, and ascended to Heaven. But in former ages, it was thought otherwise, and a mass of superstitious traditionary stories as to localities, have been set forth, the effect of which is rather to make men disbelieve than to believe.

It has been said that a visit to the Holy Land made Volney an infidel; and I do not wonder, for most of the holy places that are shown, are manifestly so false to the gospel narrative, that, in the absence of other proof, a man might doubt whether the events ever took place at all. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, right in the

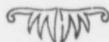
midst of the city, is said to be raised over the spot where our Lord was crucified and entombed. But no such events could possibly have taken place on that spot. They show you the cave in Bethlehem where our Lord was said to have been born, but it is utterly out of character with the Gospel narrative. So is the cave at Bethany where Lazarus is said to have been entombed. The event could not have taken place there. But there are localities and buildings that strictly correspond to, confirm, and help to the understanding of the gospel narrative. We passed a solitary khan, not far from Jerusalem, which is precisely a similar place to that described in the narrative of our Saviour's birth and helps us to understand how he was born in a stable at Bethlehem. The plateau of the Temple, before spoken of, exactly fits the narrative of our Saviour's driving out the cattle dealers and money changers from the Temple's precincts, for it would be admirably suited for a great market, though it was a piece of gross profanity to have a market there. The descent, by night, after the supper, to the brook Kedron, and the passing into the shady groves of the olive garden, with its press beyond, is perfectly true to the present condition of things.

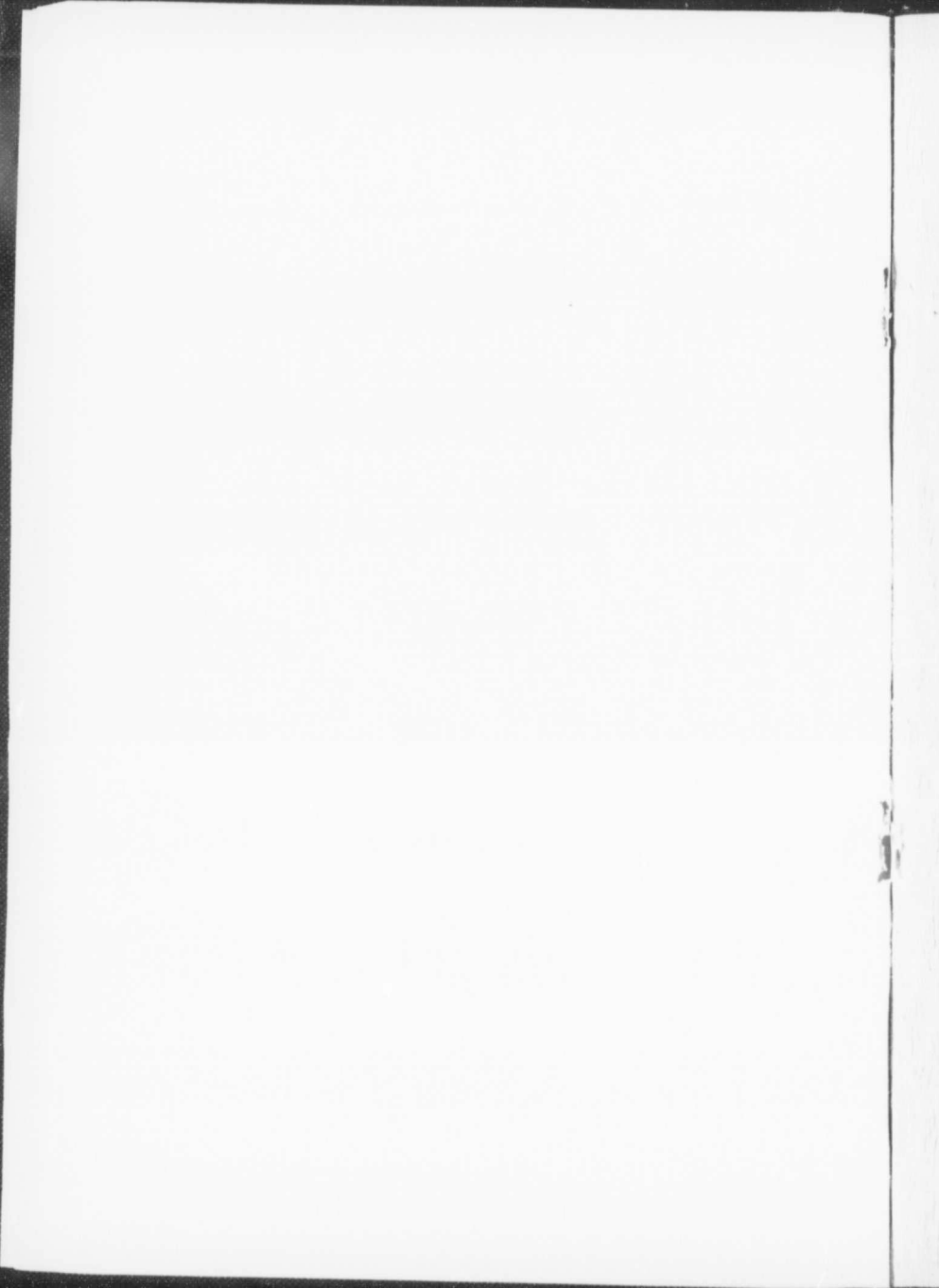
There are shady olive groves in the valley to this day, that fit the narrative exactly, though I do not think that what is now shown as the garden of Gethsemane does so. The Mount of Olives is there, just as described, from many parts of which, Jerusalem is spread out before the eye, exactly as it was, when Our Saviour stood on the Mount, and wept over the city. But far more interesting than any of these is the identification in recent times of the true locality of our Lord's crucifixion, entombment, and resurrection. Just outside the Damascus gate and close to the high road, where multitudes passed to and fro, a high, round-topped piece of ground, was noticed some years ago by General Gordon—for at its foot was a garden; both exactly corresponding to the narrative in the gospels. The garden was bounded by a wall of rock, but no sepulchre appeared on its face. Excavations, however, have cleared away the rubbish that had gathered round the face of the rock, and a very ancient sepulchre has been brought to light, the whole now exactly corresponding to the gospel story. Sir Wm. Dawson, when there, made a very careful examination of this rising ground and sepulchre, and was convinced that this was the true site of the great events in which we all believe, but which never could have taken place in the locality shown as such. And, so far as any judgment of mine is worth anything—and I spent a good deal of time in the examination, I am convinced that this spot is the true one, and that, on that hillside, just outside the Damascus gate, Our Lord was crucified, and in the garden, at the foot of the same wall, with the rock tomb opening from it, He was entombed; and that, from thence He rose again.

Yet what is the effect of all this, one may ask? Do you understand the doctrine of the Atonement any better, have you any more faith in the doctrine of the rising again of Our Lord. Having stood on the Mount of Olives, do you believe in the Ascension any more firmly? So far as the spiritual side of these doctrines is concerned, I cannot say that I have. But such a visit undoubtedly does this;

although the church of the Holy Sepulchre is founded on a fraud, there is a real genuine basis of locality for all the events of our salvation. There is a hill of Calvary, just outside the city; there is a garden underneath it, there is a sepulchre, the sepulchre being evidently very ancient, there is the Mount of Olives, and Bethany, on its farther slope; there is the olive garden down by the brook Kedron, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. These are solid realities. But if I were asked to help to build a church on that hill of Calvary, I would not do it; for it would inevitably be turned to superstitious purposes. Let the hill remain as it is; let the garden remain as it is; let the sepulchre remain untouched. They will do better in their present state, and will better prove that the events of the gospel are not myths, nor cunningly devised fables, but true narratives, of what actually did take place, and on which narratives is built the faith by which we, and all others, are saved. And the same thing applies to the narrative of the Old Testament also.

The condition of Jerusalem, in fact, at this day, is an absolute confirmation of what was prophesied, that it shall be trodden down by the gentiles, for a more dirty, wretched, forlorn-looking lot of streets and dwellings within the compass of magnificent walls, there hardly exists on the face of the earth, the sole exception to the dirt and dreariness being the Mosque of Omar, with the crescent standing out from its summit, the emblem of the power which has so long trampled Jerusalem and the rest of Palestine down; tramples it down to-day, but whose baleful dominion, we trust will some day come to an end.







Letters

From MADEIRA,
ALGIERS,
EGYPT,
AND OTHER COUNTRIES.



With Lecture on
THE HOLY LAND.

By GEORGE HAGUR.

