



THE  
HOME OF  
FADELESS  
SPLENDOUR

GEORGE NAPIER  
WHITTINGHAM

HUTCHINSON



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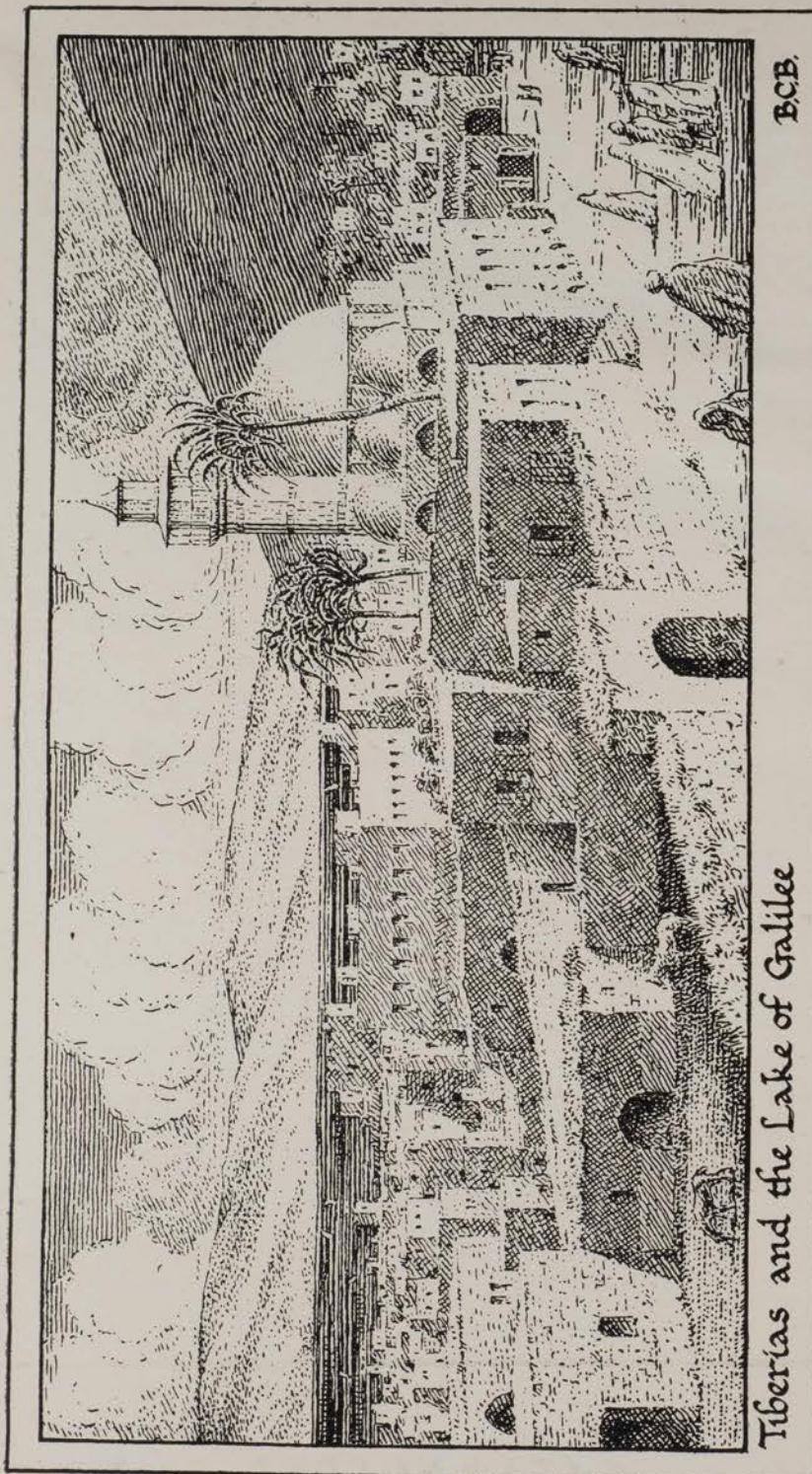
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THE HOME OF FADELESS SPLENDOUR  
OR PALESTINE OF TO-DAY



22





Tiberias and the Lake of Galilee

B.C.B.

[Frontispiece]

# THE HOME OF FADELESS SPLENDOUR

OR

PALESTINE OF TO-DAY

BY

GEORGE NAPIER WHITTINGHAM

WITH A FOREWORD BY

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARTHUR WIGRAM MONEY,

K.C.B., K.B.E., C.S.I.,

SOMETIME CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR OF PALESTINE

ILLUSTRATED WITH 16 ETCHINGS AND MAPS BY B. C. BOULTER, AND  
8 COLOURED PLATES BY STANLEY INCHBOLD

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LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.

PATERNOSTER ROW



THE HOME OF  
FADLESS SPLENDOR

WILLIAM W. WILSON

WILLIAM W. WILSON

THE HOME OF  
FADLESS SPLENDOR

WILLIAM W. WILSON

TO  
W. T. P.  
IN AFFECTIONATE GRATITUDE



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## L'AVANT-PROPOS

"It had been a sunny blue day and the scenery was glorious. . . . We were ordered at 8 p.m. to start creeping up the hill, a dozen miles north-west of Jerusalem and almost overlooking the city. The night was very dark; in places the boulders were almost insurmountable. We advanced less than half a mile in an hour. The men were very cheery, for they knew little of what lay ahead; only the officers knew, and I for one was quite satisfied that the enterprise was desperate beyond words. The summit of the hill was but half a mile away, though about four hundred and fifty feet above us in actual height. We lay down and waited for the rising of the moon. Waiting under such circumstances was not pleasant. The silence was broken only by the cry of jackals.

"Suddenly the moon rose across the hills, turning the country into fairyland. We could see for miles and miles, right away beyond the orange groves to the plains and the sea. It was not long before we were seen, for there were Turkish snipers behind every ledge and boulder, as also in the trees. Machine-guns were hidden cleverly at the entrance to caves and ravines; high above all were the breastworks on the hill crest, then a bare, open plateau without cover, and finally the rough walls of the old Roman village itself. . . . The first wave of men began to creep and crawl forward. The force I commanded was in the second wave, and we followed on, just a few yards every five minutes. . . . In the distance we heard a few stray shots, and then silence again. Suddenly chaos was let loose. Shrapnel began to burst over our heads; machine-gun bullets rained down literally in thousands, and how many men in the first wave escaped I cannot tell. The moonlight was in our eyes; we could not fire back accurately. Turkish guns two miles away on another high ledge began to bombard us, and we could not hear our own voices. Men began to fall; some crumpled up without a cry, while others groaned in agony and then lay still. The first wave of men needed reinforcements, so I took my men up into



the front line, running and leaping over and around the rocks, then falling flat to recover breath. . . .

"Water was scarce in both armies, and we were fighting for it—fighting for two wells in an old Roman village! Bullets whistled past us, whizzed through the air above. We reached the front line one hundred and fifty feet below the hill-crest, fixed bayonets, and leapt forward on to the crouching Turks. It was a terrible moment. . . . I do not give any details, mainly because as I jumped over the crest, stick in one hand, revolver in the other, interior guidance began, and I was lifted in consciousness away from the shrieks and the blood and the hell around us. I gathered my men together. The enemy, who had been driven temporarily off the hilltop, swarmed up through the trees under cover of machine-gun fire which simply raked the ledge on which we lay. We tried vainly to fire over it and down while we flattened ourselves out on to the hard rock. Suddenly a score of shrieking Turks jumped on to the ledge, but they never went back. Hundreds were behind them, led by officers dressed in British khaki. . . . Orders came not to advance . . . so we lay there, to be picked off one by one, our fire going too high and doing but little damage.

"We could not dig in, for we lay on the bare rock. Then Mills' grenades were sent over to us, and we just pitched them over the ledge more or less blindly. . . . Someone stood by me unseen, a guardian who seemed very grave and anxious, and I knew my fate would be decided during the next few minutes. I called for reinforcements, and half stood up. There was a Turkish sniper in a fig-tree just visible, but we could not move him. Wails from the enemy came from the woods below, but there was silence on the ridge—those of us who had been struck were beyond pain. . . . I felt a sudden premonition that a decision had been arrived at as to my own fate by the Presence near. The sniper in the fig-tree fired. I fell on my knees, wounded. A sergeant came over to see where I was hit, but fell dead across me, pinning me flat to the ground on that bare, bullet-swept ledge. I was bruised and broken, bleeding freely, unable to move. . . . The sun was rising in all its splendour across the hills of Judah, and there was silence. It was the morning of December 3rd, 1917. With pain, I raised my head. It was a bitterly cold morning, but the blood trickled warmly down my back and across my chest on to the ground. What could I do? I longed for another bullet, and just

then the fire recommenced. For a while the sergeant's body protected me. Then the unseen Presence beside me knelt and told me to lay my head down on the ground. I obeyed, and lay still. Then the Presence began to whisper in my ear. The substance of the message was that I was needed for some work later on, and would not die just then however much I desired death. The experience I was passing through would be very valuable, especially as a test of faith. The ridge on which I lay could not be held much longer. Had I remained unwounded, my duty would have kept me upon it until I was killed. . . . Later, I heard that no one was left alive on that ridge; it was piled high with the dead. My guide had come to a quick decision how to get me away alive. I was to be wounded. I was to lie still for some time longer and make no effort to move while my Guide arranged my escape. I must 'obey implicitly, faithfully.'

"That is all I can remember now, except that the message satisfied me. The roar and shrieking no longer worried me; I just lay still and waited. . . . Probably some twenty minutes passed, and then I was 'told' to stir. I raised myself and found that the sergeant's body and rifle had rolled off me and I was free. Beside me there lay a strong hooked stick; I have no idea from whence it came. With its help I drew myself into a position which enabled me to crawl along the ground, though without any sense of direction.

"Soon I found myself in a cave crowded with men, one of whom was dying, but the rest unwounded. I summoned all my strength and ordered them out on to the ridge to reinforce. They obeyed, and I was left with a dying man alone. . . . By and by, I saw my Company Commander about fifty yards away directing operations, altogether oblivious of his danger. He sent me his servant to give first aid. My own servant was dead. . . . Some time after, with the aid of my stick, I hobbled down the hillside in the direction of our second line. I completely lost my way, and although suffering much pain I was quite happy. To have descended into hell, to have suffered what millions are suffering to-day, to have been protected from death—all this buoyed me up. I was, of course, receiving unseen support, or I should have collapsed long before from the loss of blood.

"I met a wounded Tommy staggering along with half his face gone and with a wound in his foot. How much I had to be



thankful for that I had not been disfigured like that! He followed me, limping behind, thinking I knew the way. . . . Awful cries could be heard from the hill-crest above. I learned afterwards that this was the Turkish counter-attack which won them back the hill. Had I waited in the cave I should now be a prisoner in the hands of the Turks—or worse. Very few got away. . . . I can picture the scene. . . . Suddenly a challenge rang out in very broad Irish. Being so dishevelled we were taken for Turks, and there was a dreadful moment of uncertainty. I found my voice in time. It was a patrol from another regiment which had not been in the fight and knew nothing of what had been happening. They directed us to a dressing-station, which it took us an hour to reach. . . . From the dressing-station I was carried down the rough hill-tracks by stretcher-bearers—an unpleasant, difficult process for all concerned—to another station in the protection of a quiet 'wâdi.' This journey took three hours. After the wounds had been dressed, the stretcher-bearers carried me down a seemingly endless series of 'wâdis,' where we were out of the range of the guns—an immense relief. . . . Camels now appeared on the scene; basket-stretchers were strapped to their backs, two on each camel, and we were carefully transferred from the ground to the camel's back. Those who have been through the process need no details—in fact, the less said the better, for no human contrivances can make this part of the evacuation process anything but torture.

"The camel journey lasted four hours. The growling, swaying animals pick their way among the stones and little gullies with the most painful deliberation, sometimes lunging forward, sometimes threatening to collapse on all fours to take a siesta, but usually rolling along on padded feet, plunged in endless meditation, as if impervious to all outside sights and sounds. . . . After many hours of jolting and jarring on a camel's back a badly-wounded man has reached the limit, and cares not what happens. . . .

"At last we reached a dressing-station on the plain, where we were left for some time, and then came a fresh examination, and wounds were dressed. I felt that I was no longer an independent person, but a piece of luggage, for a green label was attached to me describing who I was and why I still existed. I looked round and saw that every human form was thus labelled. . . . We had all become members of a brotherhood of humiliation; our fate was being decided elsewhere. I caught myself wondering whether

the only mode of transit into the 'Promised Land' was on a camel's back. I kept on saying to myself, 'The only way to Heaven is on a camel's back, the only way, the only way! May I for ever remain on earth, on earth! May all the camels go to hell, to hell, to hell!' . . .

"The next stage of our journey began. We travelled across the land of the Philistines in sand-carts, four mules being attached to each cart, which contained two 'cases,' sharing a spring mattress between them. We jolted along over the desert, which seemed infinite in length. . . . Then another halt. Those of us who could do so climbed down. It was now dark; we had lost count of days and dates. Was it a year ago that we were maimed up there in those Judæan hills, or only yesterday? We lay on the ground in blankets. Then an orderly approached carrying a lantern, and the inquisition began again. The green labels were examined; mystic signs were scrawled across my label. I felt a prick upon my arm. A huge 'T' was drawn upon my wrist by a tired gentleman wearing an overall. . . . No Tetanus for me. . . . I dozed again until my neighbour asked me for a match. My haversack was beneath my head—how it got there was a mystery. It contained some precious relics—three cigarettes, two matches, a bloodstained scarf, a broken biscuit, several raisins, and—greatest find of all—an orange! Someone then noticed that my water-bottle was full—a great achievement after twenty-four hours' 'scrapping' in the hills. . . . I dozed no more. We roused ourselves and shared the relics greedily. . . . Sand-carts continued to arrive, depositing their freight around us. The stars were brilliant. . . . My neighbour groaned and turned towards me. Had I any brandy? By good fortune my flask remained with me, and I passed it along.

"A commotion from the marquee; orderlies arrived; green labels were again examined. . . . Something between a large beetle and a tarantula was crawling across the sand in my direction. However, nothing dreadful happened; the creature burrowed into the sand; I breathed again. Someone spoke to me. . . . Yes, I can sit up. I am to become a 'sitting case'; the green label was duly inspected. A string of Ford cars, converted into ambulances, came bumping up the road out of the night. The road was full of holes: driving a car at night must be an anxious business, especially when Taubes and Gothas are about and all lights are out. . . . I struggled to my feet and was



helped into a seat beside the driver of one of these cars. . . . We were off again; the land was stony, arid, flat, uninspiring.

"And then a Taube as if by magic descended out of the sky towards us. We watched without interest . . . a bomb has fallen just behind us; mules lay about kicking; commotion, consternation; but the casualties were light. We drove on . . . the Taube disappeared. Two of our own fighting machines and a scouting plane were in pursuit. The railhead at last! We reached the junction on the captured Turkish narrow-gauge line. A Turkish train, somewhat dilapidated, awaited us. We were helped into a battered luggage-van—or was it a cattle-truck? . . . Our labels were re-examined. We gave our age, religion, service, and countless other details. We were all beginning to feel very ancient. A shy padre looked in through the battered side-boards of the truck. The weather was mentioned. . . . An original idea struck the padre: 'There seems to have been a scrap up the line somewhere.' Someone smiled faintly. My neighbour politely assented, and was rewarded with a packet of ration cigarettes.

"The train moved off and sauntered along for hours. Time no longer had any consequence. At last we suddenly pulled up; it was now dark again. We were transferred to marquees and given lime-juice, soup and bread. Those who could, slept; the rest gazed towards the skies. Mosquitoes buzzed around. Our labels were examined again and every sort of hieroglyphic was added to them. Then ambulances appeared, and we found ourselves within a few hours in real beds under mosquito curtains in the ward of a base hospital beyond the reach of camels, Turks, and tarantulas. A blessed cup of tea arrives. Labels are detached and disappear. May they follow the camels, the sand-carts, the mules, the spiders, right away down into the nether regions. . . . I hear voices in the distance, but I take no interest, and in a few minutes am asleep. . . .

"Neither then nor since have I lost touch with my unseen friend."

W. T. P.

*Palestine. Christmas, 1917.*

## FOREWORD

THE author has chosen a title worthy of his subject, which he treats with loving care. The Holy Land is in truth "The Home of Fadeless Splendour," and of imperishable memories for the followers of three of the religions of the world. In it their forefathers have in turn striven, triumphed, and failed.

Standing at the gateway of the Orient, it has been from time immemorial the scene of desperate struggles for mastery by the nations of the East and West, culminating in Allenby's last great crusade of 1917-1918. That crusade opened up for Palestine and its people a future such as politically it never had before—of lasting peace and freedom from aggression, guaranteed by the Allied Powers.

To myself, as first Chief Administrator, together with a band of loyal and able colleagues, selected for the most part from the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, fell the honour of assisting the country to recover from the loss and privation of four years of war, and of first applying to its people the principles of British freedom and justice, and of equal treatment for all races, classes, and creeds. Their generous and whole-hearted response was a convincing testimony of their ability—under wise and impartial guidance—to fulfil their rightful destiny in the world.

The uninformed visitor is, perhaps not unnaturally, inclined to make unfavourable comparisons between the somewhat squalid villages and primitive cultivation of the Christian and Moslem peasants and the flourishing appearance and up-to-date methods of the Jewish colonies; and he will probably form the erroneous conclusion that the Palestinian in general is an idle and thriftless cultivator. He is, on the contrary, a cheerful and willing worker, when he has anything to work for.

It must be remembered that these Jewish colonies, carefully located on specially selected sites, have had the advantage of powerful financial and political backing from European sources, and the assistance of expert agricultural advisers. The same backing also served to protect the colonists to some extent from the exactions of the Turkish tax-gatherer.



The Palestinian, on the other hand, living for centuries under the blight of Turkish rule, had little incentive to work and progress when the result of his labour would benefit chiefly the individuals to whom the collection of the agricultural tithe (actually 12.5 per cent.) was farmed out by the local government. He soon reacted, however, to the improved conditions and prospects, opened up to him under British Administration, of security for life and property, impartial justice, and an equitable assessment and collection of taxes. His speedy recovery, indeed, from the lethargy of centuries was little short of marvellous, and was a tribute to his inherent sterling qualities.

Although it cannot truthfully be described at the present day, except in certain favoured localities, as "a land flowing with milk and honey," the mainstay of the country is agriculture; and what the farmer and peasant chiefly need are assistance in the form of agricultural loans, to enable them to improve their stock and methods of cultivation, expert advice, and especially political stability.

The burning political question of the day, which overshadows all others in the eyes of all classes and creeds, is the Zionist question, and the interpretation placed by the Mandatory Power on the Balfour declaration—as it is called. It is not too much to state that on a just and wise solution of this problem depends the whole future peace and prosperity of Palestine, as also the financial commitments of the Mandatory Power.

*The Home of Fadeless Splendour* will appeal to a large and varied class of reader as a true and faithful picture of the Holy Land, its past history, and its present condition. It not unnaturally passes lightly over the operations of "The Last Crusade," but a perusal of it will recall to soldiers all over the Empire many of the scenes of their triumph, and will also convey to them, in fuller detail than they were able to acquire during brief visits of inspection, the story of places and sites long familiar to them from sacred and secular history.

The religious pilgrim and the tourist will find a fund of accurate and interesting information about most of the Holy Places they will wish to visit, in a form not of the guide-book, but rather as it appeared to another interested and enthusiastic pilgrim in Palestine. To myself the pages of the book call back memories of the closing and perhaps most enthralling phase of my military career: friends of many nations, classes and creeds; a band of colleagues second to none, to whom work for the good

of the country and its people was in truth a labour of love; and, lastly, memory-pictures of many scenes of "fadeless splendour"—the view from the Mount of Olives of the Holy City at sunrise, and of the Dead Sea at sunset with the Mountains of Moab in the background; the Plain of Esdrælon from Nazareth; the Sea of Galilee from the western plateau; the Bay of Acre from Carmel . . . memories and scenes that will ever remain enshrined in my heart.

LEVINGTON HALL,  
IPSWICH.

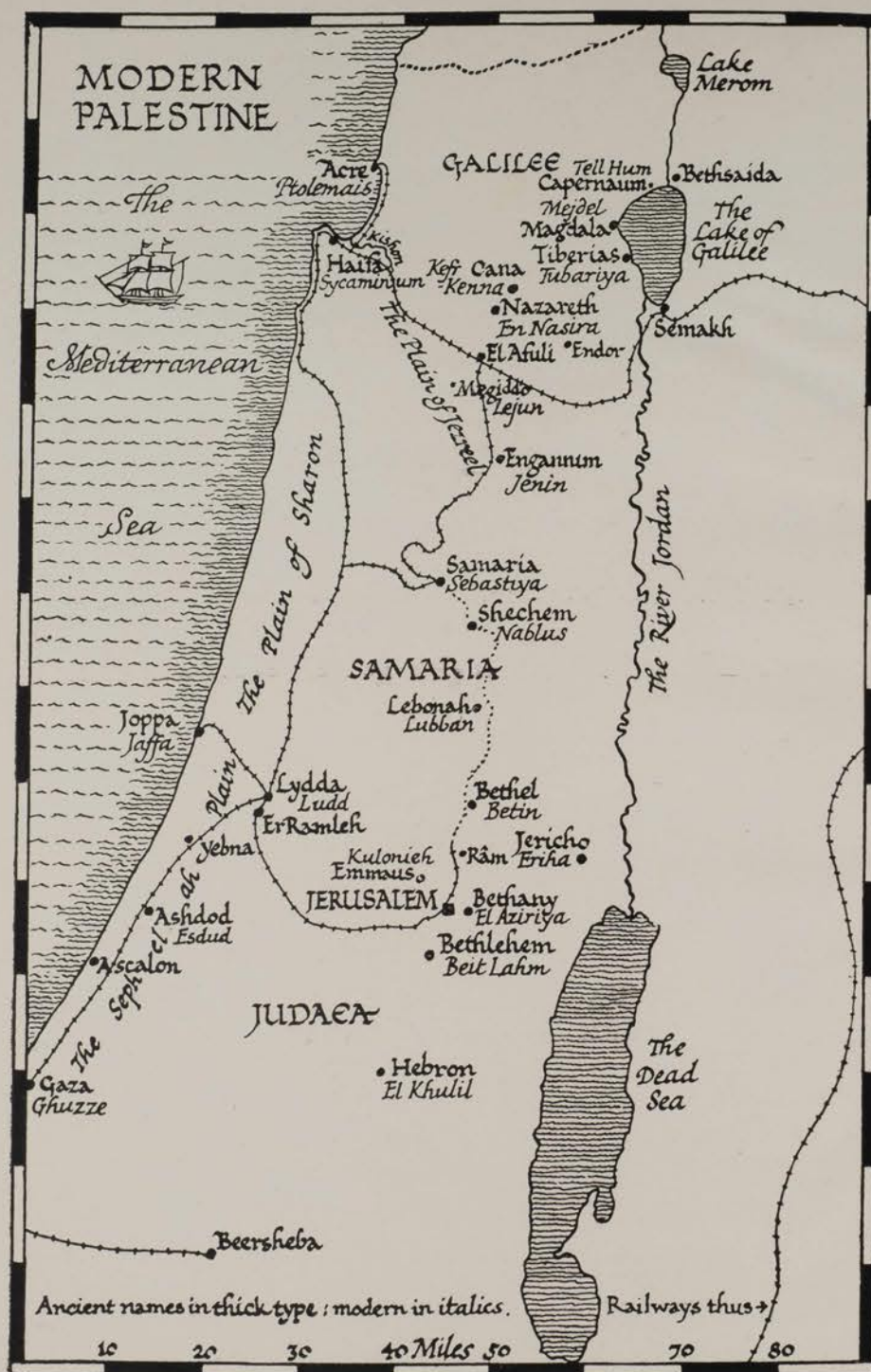
July 15th, 1921.

A. W. MONEY.









## INTRODUCTION

LET it be said at once, lest anyone reading this book may think himself deceived, that "The Home of Fadeless Splendour" is not a guide-book, nor does it lay any claim to being an historical, archæological, or economic survey. It is only a series of impressions jotted down by one who, although he has travelled in many countries, had never before visited the Holy Land.

But the occasion is a thank-offering made by a friend who strangely escaped from the jaws of death. Wounded, stunned, suffocated, lying on a heap of the slain, by nothing less than a miracle was he able to extricate himself and stumble into safety. *L'Avant-Propos* tells the story, a story which seems to suggest to all, doubter and believer alike, that the age of miracles has not passed; and it thereby explains the visit of the author to the Holy Land and the *raison d'être* of the book.

Jerusalem has ever been the city of the soul, a city of spiritual inspiration, of lasting promises, and of the highest ideals in human life. No other city in history has been to so many races and generations of mankind at once a symbol so transcendent and so magnetic a reality. Bernard de Morlaix, Abbot of Cluny and Crusader, in his famous poem *Hora Novissima*, calls Jerusalem *Urbs Syon unica*, or as Dr. Mason Neale translates it, "Jerusalem the onely," not "only," but "onely," as it were to impress all people that as the heavenly Jerusalem is unique, so also, in one sense at any rate, is its prototype on earth. To no other city have been given such privileges, nor has any other had such a history. Therefore the author makes no apology for choosing "The Home of Fadeless Splendour" as title for this humble volume.

*Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,  
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.*

There is nothing whatever to "attract" the visitor to Palestine. There are no modern cities or palatial hotels, no casinos,



theatres or music-halls, and only a few cinemas. Except during the military occupation, when a certain amount of forced gaiety was in vogue, there is nothing in the way of Society. Prices are extraordinarily high, life is generally expensive, motor-cars can only be hired at an exorbitant charge, and many years will pass before railways can be laid, say to Jericho, Hebron, Bethlehem, or other places. One could have seen and done so much more if only there had been less difficulty in getting about the country. For many years to come Palestine will only be possible to the rich, or to pilgrims who can voyage on tramp steamers and then traverse the country on foot. There is, then, nothing to "attract" the visitor to Palestine *except* the Holy Sites. To Christian, Moslem, and Jew the Holy Sepulchre, the Dome of the Rock, the hills of Judah and the plains of Galilee are the one attraction, that can change a dead country into a home of amazing spiritual vitality. And they have this in common, that Christian and Moslem and Jew of Palestine, each in his different way, loves and cherishes Jerusalem as his own spiritual home.

And in spite of strife, and, alas! occasionally even bloodshed, Easter brings home this lesson of what one might call informal unity. In one week of the year the three communities are busily engaged in festivals of commemoration with all their wealth of meaning, rich in symbolical beauty and ancient tradition based on external truths, and each a revelation of the Divinity whom all worship. There is just this one short moment of rejoicing, when different religions can meet on holy ground, before one realises the existing circumstances, namely, that Moslem and Jew, Christian and Moslem, Jew and Christian have no real interior unity, and friendly mutual relations, to be quite honest, do not exist except superficially. But at any rate all the great religions can at least

*Pray for the peace of Jerusalem,*

and believe from the bottom of their hearts that

*They shall prosper that love thee.*

And it might be added that if anywhere on earth a new era of social freedom is to be ushered in untrammelled by the unrealities of class, it should be in the land where the majority adhere to the great international brotherhood of Islam, where the Christian

element follow the teaching of the God-Man Who sought out publicans and sinners, and to Whom the "common people" listened gladly: where also Christians, Moslems, and Jews alike pay homage to the Old Testament, with its democratic teachings, from Moses, the first of the prophets, to Malachi, the last, who asked, "Have we not all one Father, hath not one God created us?"

The title chosen for this book will not seem inappropriate when it is realised that, after twenty centuries, there has been but little change in the habits and customs of the immovable East, and that it was possible to follow one of the ancient caravans as we might follow a caravan to-day. The undulating hills, whose outlines we see, are the same, the animals are the same. . . . The camels never change. They accompany their monotonous tread with soft padding of feet, and a perpetual movement of the head, expressive of surprise and disdain. Why is it so fascinating, so alluring to watch them, so that one cannot see a train of camels pass by without stopping to gaze at them? Two thousand years ago they carried loads of stone, or perhaps merchandise, just as to-day. The race of Bedouins who drive them are of the same race as in the days of Herod; we can imagine them in the time of the Patriarchs, with naked feet, open tunics, the short white veil at the back of the head kept in position by cords or tresses of hair. It is, presumably, the magic of Eastern light and colour that transfigures them and all other things, for near at hand their clothes are dirty and shabby. In their very walk they seem to carry the wealth of ages; they are calm, serious, and dignified, unchanged since the patriarchal days. So we can picture Abraham's eldest servant, with his splendid retinue, bringing his camels to be watered at the well in the city of Nahor, where Rebecca, a damsel very fair to look upon, went down to the well, filled her pitcher and gave drink to him and his camels also.<sup>1</sup>

Nothing in Palestine has really changed, and Christians will do well to remember this. For it is not merely the Holy Places but the whole district which is holy ground, making the country a "Holy Land" indeed, since it has been sanctified by the footsteps of Christ. The undulating hills have felt His presence, the

<sup>1</sup> Genesis xxiv, 16.



stony earth still feels the trace of His footsteps: here they planted the Cross on which He died for the whole world, and here is the empty Tomb, an eternal witness to the Resurrection. There is the Mount of Olives, there is Bethany, and there the brook Kidron. He has walked on these hills, through those valleys, and in these towns; the whole place is charged with His Presence. For this reason pilgrims came in their thousands, not because there was anything particular to see in Palestine, but because of the Presence. They cared neither for peril by sea nor by land; they scorned the peril by robbers; accident or any kind of danger was immaterial to them; nothing could upset their constancy nor hinder them in their quest. And we are told that when they arrived on the hill where Samuel lies buried, En-Nebî Samwil, they wept for joy at the first sight of the city.

*Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem.*

Possibly having no such stress to endure, the pilgrim, visitor, or tourist of to-day, handicapped by vexation over his passport, baggage, and other such troubles, can hardly understand this intensity. At the same time, there are those who come, or at any rate did come before the war, still animated with a faith simple and burning. They asked at once to see the Holy Places, and when they were pointed out the pilgrim experienced a thrill that no other place in the wide world could give him. Such visitors as these, and thank God there are many like them even to-day, have no doubts, for to them doubt would be sacrilege. And as a French writer says to those coming on such a pilgrimage: "*Cherchez-Le vous aussi: essayez . . . puisqu'en dehors de Lui il n'y a rien!*"<sup>1</sup>

And the future—what of it? Religions past and present are dealt with at length in the pages of this book. No one can say what the changes in administration may bring forth. Is Jerusalem to remain as she has been, not quite kindly or correctly described, "a melancholy museum of depleted antiquities, a neglected asylum for wretched refugees whose only wish is to die by the Well and be buried upon the Mount"? or is Palestine to be turned into an up-to-date country, with Jericho as a winter resort, Hermon the delight of mountaineers, the Lake of Galilee

<sup>1</sup> *Jérusalem*, Monlaur.

for anglers, swimmers, and rowing-men, and Tiberias a fashionable rendezvous for those who cannot do without a "cure"? Are the "new rich" to come in their crowds to these places, deserting the joys of Monte Carlo and the pleasures of the erstwhile German spas? The future will decide. But Palestine, with its Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, can afford to be indifferent to changes; they are changeless, and so will remain. In any case there may be a great future before this country, and no one who loves her would wish to see her remain a "melancholy museum." As has been said:

*Jerusalem needs many things, but what she needs most is a change of heart.*

One word of advice to the prospective tourist: know your Palestine before you commence the journey. Read carefully the best books, make up your mind what you most desire to see. When you arrive in Jerusalem, or any other city of the Holy Land, avoid the ordinary guide, and only use your guide-book as a help to localisation. Buy a small map of the town on arrival, and you will be independent. Find someone, other than a guide, who knows the places to show you round and explain, and afterwards go again several times by yourself. One visit to the Holy Sepulchre or to the Dome of the Rock is almost without value. It is not the mere seeing that matters, but absorbing the atmosphere, awaiting the message. *Distrust first impressions.* Make a point of getting to know members of the religious communities, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, and most certainly also Moslem and Jew, in order that you may understand something of their point of view.

The kindness of the Franciscans is wonderful, the secretary to the Greek Patriarch at Jerusalem is a good linguist and full of information, and the Anglican Bishop's chaplain makes a hobby of helping visitors to see what they desire. The Dominicans also arrange every week a "visit" to some place of interest, which is described by one of the Fathers. And if you desire peace, comfort, and happiness make your abode at the *Hôtellerie de Notre Dame de France*, opposite the New Gate, where Père Dressaire, member of the Palestine Oriental Society, is Superior.

The author is only too well aware of the many deficiencies in



this book; he has merely described the places he actually saw and the people he was able to converse with. It is an impression of Palestine in the year of grace 1920. He wishes to express his gratitude to all those who gave him invaluable assistance during his visit to Palestine. Many books have been consulted, some of which have given great assistance: a list of them will be found in the Appendix. He would also thank Mr. B. C. Boulter for the care and trouble he has taken in his splendid illustrations which are an important feature of the book; Mr. Charles Williams for revising the "copy," correcting the proofs, and making the index; to Lady Watson for most useful introductions; to one who gave much time and care to the typing of the "copy"; and above all to Wellesley Tudor Pole, without whose help this book could not have been written.

Finally, the author trusts that "The Home of Fadeless Splendour" will be of interest not only to those who have visited Palestine, or intend to do so, but also to those who may never have the opportunity, but who will find in its pages something to bring to their minds the Land of Unchanging Beauty.

G. N. W.

*August 15th, 1921.*

I

A PILGRIM ON HIS WAY TO JERUSALEM



" Jerusalem the Glorious!  
 The joy of the Elect!  
 O dear and future vision  
 That eager hearts expect;  
 E'en now by faith I see thee;  
 E'en here thy walls discern;  
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
 And strive and pant and yearn.

" Jerusalem the onely  
 That look'st from heaven below,  
 In thee is all my glory  
 In thee is all my woe;  
 And though my body may not,  
 My spirit seeks thee fain  
 Till flesh and earth return me  
 To earth and flesh again.

" O none can tell thy bulwarks  
 How gloriously they rise;  
 O none can tell thy capitals  
 Of beautiful device:  
 Thy loveliness oppresses  
 All human thought and heart;  
 And none, O peace, O Syon,  
 Can sing thee as thou art.

" New mansion of new people,  
 Whom God's own love and light  
 Promote, increase, make holy,  
 Identify, unite.  
 Thou City of the Angels,  
 Thou City of the Lord,  
 Whose everlasting music  
 Is the glorious decachord."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Abbot of Cluny and Crusader.*  
 Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

# I

## A PILGRIM ON HIS WAY TO JERUSALEM

A FEW days before leaving Cairo I read in a 1912 guide-book the following: "The whole journey to Jerusalem occupies from eight to ten days . . . the railway is taken from Cairo to El Kantarah, where the journey by camels is commenced. After travelling over 16 miles of hard desert we come to a stretch of sand dunes. . . ." *Tempora mutantur*, and thanks to the British Army in Palestine, then called the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, the wording of the above might be amended: "The whole journey from Cairo to Jerusalem occupies from twelve to sixteen hours." A few years hence and possibly visitors will accomplish it by flight, and the "whole journey" will take but three hours. Yet the Israelites on their voyage of discovery took some forty years; and observing the long tracts of arid desert from the carriage window, I realised that it must have been a monotonous journey. Probably most people in days gone by travelled *viâ* Port Said or Alexandria to Jaffa, this being a more rapid and far less costly route, but sailing on the miserable little local boats that performed the voyage must have been an unpleasant experience. There being no harbour at Jaffa, visitors landed in small rowing craft with an occasional drenching from the heavy surf. To-day one can breakfast in Jerusalem and sleep in Cairo.

The time of my visit was exceptionally interesting. The war was over, the Turk driven out of Palestine, and everyone was waiting expectantly to hear the fate of the little country. Owing to various difficulties, political and otherwise, tourists were not encouraged to visit the country, nor pilgrims to attend the Easter ceremonies. There were several anti-Zionist demonstrations, and faction fights between Jews and Moslems. And then in April came the news that the Peace Conference had given the Mandate for Palestine to Great Britain, and with this Mandate the prospect of the fulfilment of the "Balfour Declaration" was clearer: Palestine a Homeland for the Jews.



Strategically Palestine is most important, especially to the British Empire; it adjoins Egypt and no power can attack that country successfully except by way of Palestine. In days gone by it was the "jumping-off ground" for armies menacing the surrounding empires; hence it was here that Egypt, Babylon, and other countries contended for the mastery of the world. Thus David and Solomon kept up large armies, and the old Hebrew kings entered into treaties with neighbouring monarchs in order to preserve their country from invasion.

Palestine is about the size of Wales and occupies six thousand square miles, and, like Wales, is very mountainous—hills and valleys with here and there a rolling plain. There is almost every kind of soil, from sand and limestone to red loam; every variety of climate may be experienced—for example, winter in Jerusalem one morning, and that same afternoon tropical summer in Jericho—and almost every variety of fruit and vegetable, tropical and European, can be cultivated.

On the train from Kantarah were restaurant and sleeping cars of the International Wagon-lits Company. Who would have imagined ten years ago that to-day it would be possible to cross Sinai desert in a train-de-luxe! And for this we owe a great debt of gratitude to the engineering genius of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force.

We passed through the Sinai desert with its immense tracts of sand. I have never seen such vast quantities, and in spite of closed windows the sand made itself felt within. Soon we arrived at El Arish, the former frontier town between Egypt and Palestine; the bright blue Mediterranean appeared in the distance, the sand hills continued to rise and fall in great undulations, in many places encroaching upon cultivated areas and trying to submerge the date-palms. They present a problem which is still engaging the attention of the authorities, and France, we are told, has done wonders in this respect along the shores of the Bay of Biscay with pine plantations and a variety of grasses.

It was at El Arish that Baldwin I., the first Latin king of Jerusalem, died in 1118.

Then came El Rafeh, or Rafah, the present frontier town, where we saw many English soldiers on the platform, and after a while we arrived at Gaza, a city full of battle memories for many travellers on the train. What can be seen of the town from the train shows the effect of the terrible struggles for it, the three battles culminating at last in victory for the British forces. Gaza

signifies "the Strong," and it was one of the strongholds of the Philistines. After the treachery of Delilah, the scenes of Samson's torture and death were enacted at Gaza, and here his final trial of strength resulted in the destruction of the god Dagon's temple, the death of his tormentors and his own.<sup>1</sup>

The British Military Cemetery, containing about 2,000 graves of the brave men who fell in this neighbourhood, is close to the station, each grave being marked by a small white wooden cross. Groves of palm-trees alternate with miles of cactus plants, untidy-looking objects not yet recovered from the plucking of their fruit, the prickly pear. Meanwhile, although it was but late February, the sun was powerful and the carriages oppressively hot. The train was crowded with officers on leave and there was only a handful of civilians.

In the early afternoon we reached the ancient Lydda, to-day commonly known as Ludd, where the orange groves stretched for mile after mile, a yellow-green mass of foliage, from which most of the oranges had been plucked. Here we had to change and wait over an hour for the train that would take us to Jerusalem. Usually Ludd is a scene of pandemonium on these occasions, for the sight of a train arouses excitement in the breast of the native. He will arrive at the station hours before the time of departure, for time means nothing to him, and will "squat" placidly on the platform for hour after hour eating sweetmeats or fruit, or smoking the rankest tobacco, and never speaking a word; but the moment the engine is in sight the silence of the desert becomes an inferno of noise, as he rushes and scrambles to get into the first carriage.

Lydda was once a city of Benjamin; it was the scene of St. Peter's miracle in curing the paralytic Æneas; and when Dorcas was dying at Joppa, messages were sent to fetch St. Peter thither from Lydda. To Englishmen the chief interest of this place lies in the fact that it was the home of St. George. There is no saint so greatly venerated east of the Jordan as St. George, and the St. George of England is the patron saint of soldiers. "The chief interest of Lydda centres round her St. George. There is no hero whom we shall more frequently meet in Palestine. Indeed, among all the saints there has been none with a history like this one, who, from obscure origins, became not only the virtual patron of Syrian Christendom, and an object of Moslem reverence,

<sup>1</sup> Judges xvi. 21 and 30.



but patron as well of the most Western of all Christian peoples. St. George of Lydda is St. George of England; he is also a venerated person in Moslem legend."<sup>1</sup>

After the martyrdom of the saint at Nicomedia his body was brought to Lydda, and a church erected by Justinian built over his grave. This church was destroyed by Moslems during the First Crusade, but in the latter part of the twelfth century the Crusaders built another church near the site of the old one; this was badly damaged by Saladin when fighting against Richard Cœur de Lion, but fortunately it escaped destruction. Since the latter part of the nineteenth century the church and tomb have been under the protection of the Greek Church, who restored the apse. The tomb is in the crypt.

On November 15th, 1917, Ludd, together with Ramleh, was taken from the Turks by the First Australian Light Horse Brigade.

To-day it is a poor little town, with a population of some 4,000 Moslems, 2,000 Greek Christians, and no Jews.

Ramleh lies about a mile to the north-east. According to a mediæval legend, Ramleh corresponds to the Arimathæa of which Joseph was a citizen. It was one of the Crusaders' cities, and has a tower belonging to a ruined mosque dedicated to the "Forty Champions of Islam" who died fighting against the Crusaders.

Beyond Ludd the scenery changed completely, and in the place of vast tracts of sand were fertile plains with vivid green and promising crops. From Ludd to Jerusalem is one long ascent; the train winds up the hills through gorges resplendent with wild flowers, cyclamen, the red anemone, "the lily of the field," white and pink wild roses, and many other varieties. After a while the scenery became very rocky, stones everywhere in the valley and on the hills. At Bittir, the last station before Jerusalem, the train stopped for the engine to take in water, for here is the best spring in the valley, the water supply for the village of Bittir, which can be seen on the hill above, near the site of the town of Bether, where Julius Severus defeated the Jews in 135 A.D. and suppressed the revolt of Bar Koziba. A crowd of Jewish school-children were on the platform, all of whom carried large bouquets and wore festoons of flowers round their necks and wreaths on their heads. They got into our train and sang Jewish songs in clear sweet voices all the way to Jerusalem.

*Historical Geography of the Holy Land.* George Adam Smith.

After leaving Bittir the ravine gradually opens out and rises into the valley of Rephaim, where David defeated the Philistines. The summit level, from which the Holy City can be seen, is soon reached, and shortly afterwards the train arrives at the terminus of the line—Jerusalem.

As it was dark when we arrived, there could be no question of "first impressions," and if I had not been prepared for it the scene at the station would have come as a shock. Shouting and hustling over the luggage inside the station seemed a trifle compared to the excitement outside; there were scarce a dozen carriages for the hundred passengers who had arrived. As a carriage drove up a wild rush was made for it, in which everyone seemed to join. Fortunately I had arranged to be met, so it was fairly simple, but the general confusion drove away for the moment all such thoughts as that I was really at last in Jerusalem. The same excitement again on arrival at the hotel, but in the East the wise thing to do is to allow the populace to fight over your belongings, and your body too, if needs must, and to keep quiet until the commotion subsides. Then if you pay up to their satisfaction smiles and salaams are the result.

Outside the Jaffa Gate the extraordinary crowd waiting to pounce upon the visitor is at first a trifle disconcerting. Arabs shouting at you to let them clean your boots; droves of sheep, goats, and camels mingling in confusion; Jewish merchants jostling with the calm and dignified Moslem; children with naked feet making wild gesticulations and clamouring for backsheesh: this first aspect of the Holy City is somewhat of a nightmare to those who expect to find European order and cleanliness. In reality this "disorder" is only a part of an Eastern tableau, the "curtain-raiser" of wonderful scenes to follow, and therefore by no means incongruous. . . .

This is the "Home of fadeless splendour," the city of David, of Solomon, of Judas Maccabæus; the city of Christ and the Apostles; the city that has suffered siege, revolution, destruction, yet being indestructible is alive in every stone in every street, proclaiming its past, its present, and its triumph to come. It was good to be within the walls of the "Urbs Syon inclyta" at last.



## II

### WITHIN THE HOLY CITY

- (a) JERUSALEM IN HISTORY.
- (b) IN THE STREETS AND AMONG THE PEOPLE.
- (c) THE DOMINICANS AT ST. STEPHEN'S.
- (d) THE FRANCISCANS AT S. SALVATORE.
- (e) THE VIA DOLOROSA.
- (f) THE WHITE FATHERS OF ST. ANNE AND THE POOL OF BETHESDA.
- (g) THE BENEDICTINES AT THE DORMITIO ON MT. SYON.
- (h) THE ASSUMPTIONIST FATHERS AND NOTRE DAME DE FRANCE.
- (i) THE ARMENIANS AND THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES.
- (j) THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE AND THE ANGLICANS.
- (k) REFLECTIONS.



## II

### WITHIN THE HOLY CITY

"A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

#### (a) *Jerusalem in History*

It would be difficult to find any town of great antiquity that has such an uninterrupted history as Jerusalem. Few capitals have had so fine a site, whether regard be had to beauty of position or to salubrity, as Jerusalem. Its very existence would seem to date from prehistoric ages: it has been captured, burnt, destroyed times without number, but never quite obliterated, and it has ever again risen from its own ashes.

Jerusalem has undergone not less than twenty-two sieges—sieges always terrible. We cannot see the Jerusalem of David or Solomon, nor can we see the Jerusalem of Christ and the Apostles; the streets on which they walked lie buried at least thirty to eighty feet below the present surface. There is but one small relic of the city erected by the Romans after the great siege by Titus, for Jerusalem has risen and fallen often since then. Romans, Persians, Greeks, Saracens, Crusaders, Egyptians, Turks—all had their share in the destruction or rebuilding of the Holy City as they had in the massacre of its inhabitants.

The Jerusalem of to-day is built on the ashes of the Jerusalem of the past, but it remains the Holy City. The supercilious visitor may talk of its filth and squalor, or the unimaginative author may describe it as "a stricken and ruinous thing," yet it is built upon those glorious hills which saw the wonder of the world's Glory. To-day in the twentieth century it is full of healthy activity, and its importance as a city is as great as when David chose it nearly three thousand years ago as the most suitable place for the capital of his Kingdom.

Jerusalem still stands on its original site, and this fact, while being historically of great interest, has the disadvantage of making it difficult for the ordinary visitor to understand the



position of old Jerusalem, for it would be no exaggeration to say that city overlies city. Thanks to the wonderful excavations that have taken place in recent years, it has been made possible to describe the approximate position of the ancient city.

Of the hills on which the city is situated, the two most important are the western and eastern, which comprised the two parts of the city. These were separated from each other by a deep valley, which is now filled up with the débris and accumulation of the centuries. The western hill runs north and south from the Jaffa Gate to the Cenaculum. The Christians called this hill Mount Syon, although the Jewish Zion was on the eastern hill. On this latter hill, on the other side of the central valley, is the sacred Rock, now called the Sakhrah, on which once stood the Jewish Temple, and which to-day is covered by the Dome of the Rock. Upon this eastern hill was situated the city of David, the royal city of the Kings of Judah.

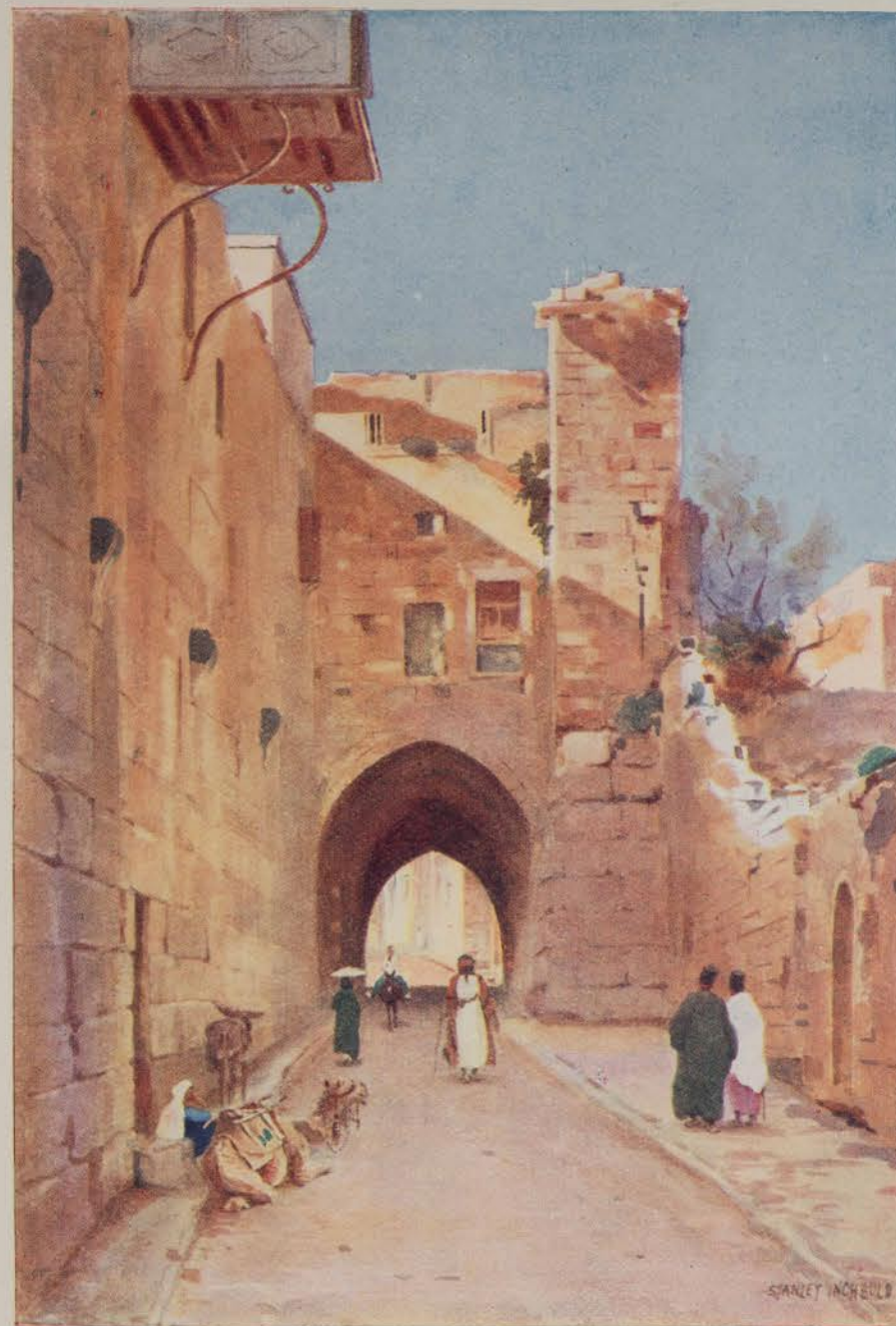
Another hill, the north-western, was once separated from the west and east by valleys, which disappeared centuries ago. On this hill stands the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the most sacred of all the Christian sites in Palestine.

The northern hill rears its crest outside the Damascus Gate, under which is "Jeremiah's Grotto." This hill was called Bezetha at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, and under it are the quarries out of which the stone was taken for the construction of King Solomon's temple.

The city was a place of some importance at the time when it was captured by Joshua, the inhabitants then being called Jebusites, probably because Jebus was the name of the city, of which Adonizedec, a powerful chieftain, was king. It was he who organised a confederation of kings for the purpose of attacking Gibeon, which ended in the disastrous battle of the Five Kings.

In later years David built his palace on the eastern hill, known as Zion, and this for many centuries continued to be the royal city and was only inhabited by the king, his court, and his priests. The civil city known as Jebus was on the western hill, and of this Joab was appointed Governor. With the capture of Jerusalem by David the city entered upon a new epoch, and its real history may be said to have begun.

The place of David's burial is unknown. Probably it was on the eastern hill, somewhere between the royal city and Siloam. The sepulchre would seem to have been opened, according to Josephus, at least on two occasions in past days—firstly by



VIA DOLOROSA, WITH THE TOWER OF ANTONIA.

[To face page 36.]



Hyrcannus the high priest, and secondly by King Herod the Great, "who built a great monument of white stone at the mouth of the sepulchre." This monument would have been seen by our Lord, for it was standing at the time of His death, and is mentioned by St. Peter in his address to the great audience on the feast of Pentecost at Jerusalem.

Men and brethren, let me freely speak to you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day.<sup>1</sup>

Passing by the period of the captivity, and the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar, referred to elsewhere, we come to the times of King Herod the Great, who more than any monarch has left his mark on the city. First of all, the fortress of Antonia, which was completely destroyed after the siege of Titus, but which stood on the ground till lately occupied by the Turkish barracks at the north-west corner of the Haram-esh-Cherif. This fortress was probably a square building with towers at the angles, and surrounded by a strong exterior wall. Next in order was the Royal Palace; this was built in the upper part of the city near the Jaffa Gate, on the spot recently occupied by the Turkish citadel. Here were situated three great towers, Mariamne, so called after the wife he had murdered: Phasælus, in remembrance of his brother who had committed suicide: and Hippicus, after one of his friends. It is generally supposed that the foundations of the tower Phasælus were used as the base of the existing tower in the Turkish citadel, commonly called the Tower of David. The Royal Palace and its gardens must have reached as far as the ground on which the Armenian Church of St. James now stands. The whole would have formed a great citadel, commanding the western hill of Jerusalem, just as the fortress of Antonia dominated completely the eastern or Temple hill. The third and greatest of Herod's buildings was the Temple, a gigantic task, which he undoubtedly undertook more from political than religious motives, for it would please the Jews, with whom he naturally desired to be on good terms.

Tyrant and murderer though he was, it is well to remember that he made Jerusalem once again a great and splendid city. Josephus sums up his character as "a man of great barbarity to all men equally and a slave to his passions: above the

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<sup>1</sup> Acts xi. 29.



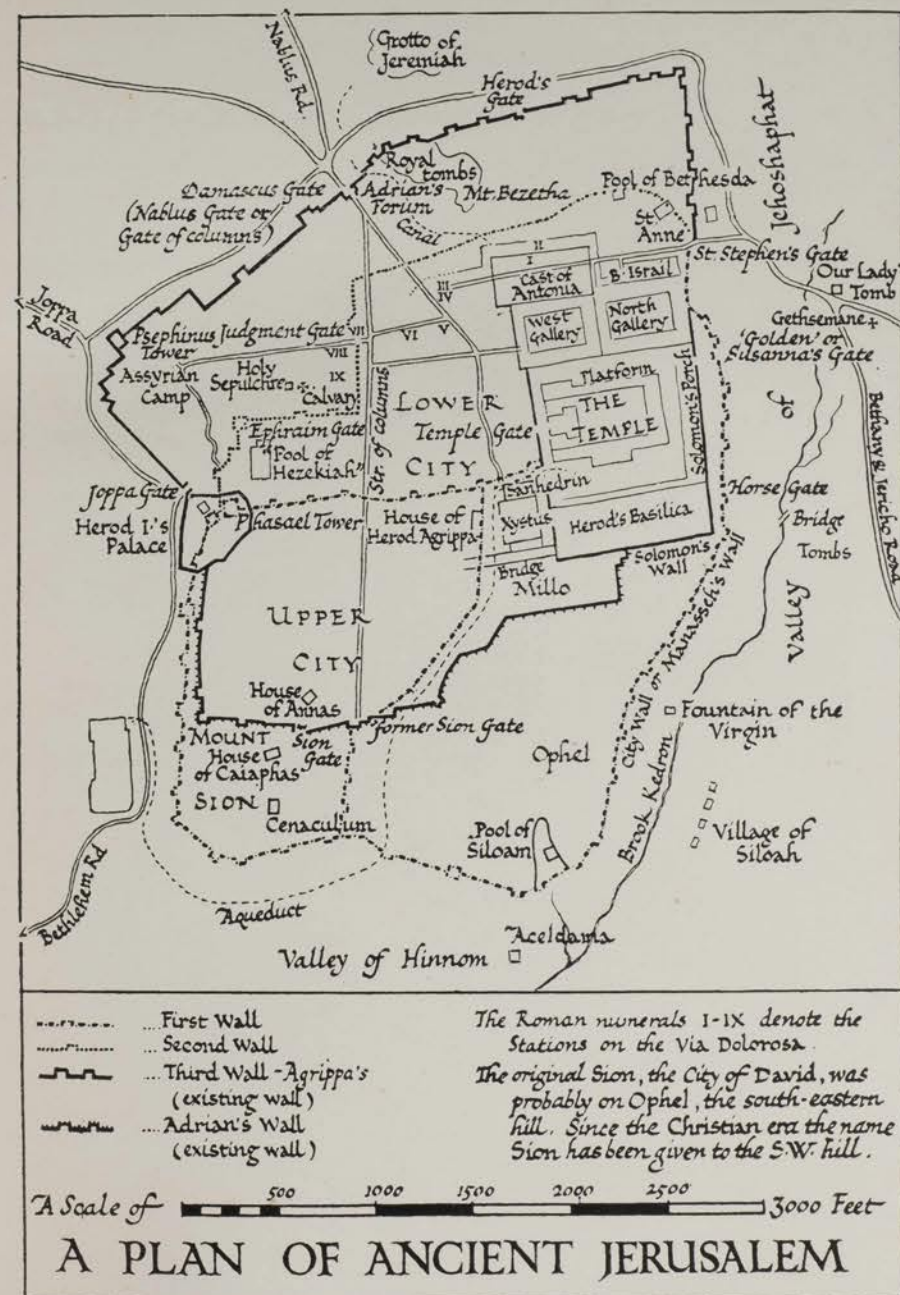
consideration of that which was right. Yet he was favoured by fortune as much as any man was, for from a private man he became a king."

At the time of our Lord, Golgotha was still outside the city, but quite close to the second wall, only divided by the breadth of a trench. The third wall, built by Herod-Agrippa I. in A.D. 46, was the last piece of work done in the city before its fall and destruction. The building of this wall brought the site of Calvary within the city, as it is to-day.

Reference is made elsewhere to the days of the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70. Years afterwards, about the year A.D. 135, Hadrian built on the ruins of that city a Roman colony, which he called *Ælia Capitolina*. Pagan temples were set up, one to Astarte on Golgotha, and another to Jupiter, or to the Emperor Hadrian, for opinions differ on this point, on the site of the Temple. Only one relic remains of this Roman colony, namely that which is commonly called the "Ecce Homo" arch, which once formed part of a Roman arch of triumph. Part of this arch has been built into the Chapel of the Sisters of Syon. The Jews were excluded from the *Ælia Capitolina*, but Christians were allowed to settle in the colony, and probably it was at this period they returned from Pella, whither they had emigrated at the time of the destruction. Probably it was about the same period that the name Syon was transferred from the eastern to the western hill, for the Temple and the city of David no longer existed, whereas the western hill had now become the most important part of the city.

Two other facts of interest date from this period: the Christians believed that the great Tower built by King Herod, and left intact by Titus, had formed part of a palace of King David, and thus it is commonly called the Tower of David to this day; also from about this time the Christians would seem to have regarded the very site of the Jewish Temple with much aversion, and as a natural result the Christian Church became more widely separated from its Jewish origin, and even chose as the first Bishop of *Ælia Capitolina*, Mark, who was a Greek by nationality.

Events followed in rapid succession; the Roman colony was destroyed, the city of Jerusalem built again, churches were completed only to be demolished and then re-built. Nearly eight hundred years after the conversion of Constantine to Christianity, the first Crusade was launched against the infidel, in which Godfrey de Bouillon captured Jerusalem.





"Gerusalemme Liberata," *Jerusalem Delivered*, such was the title Torquato Tasso gave to the poem which he wrote in honour of Godfrey de Bouillon and the warriors of the first Crusade. But the poem was written nearly four hundred years after, and Tasso knew too well that the "deliverance" was but for a short time. Now after four hundred years of bondage Jerusalem is delivered once and for ever from the Turk.

The last stronghold of the Crusaders, Acre, fell in 1291, and with its fall ended the short and ill-fated Christian occupation. But already in 1244 the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem had come to an end, and the Christians in the Holy City had been massacred by the wild Kharezmian Tartars. Two more Crusades followed before the fall of Acre, but they never reached Jerusalem, which to all intents and purposes was under the rule of the Mamluks from 1247 to 1507. Then followed the great revival of Ottoman power; in 1453 the Turks captured Constantinople, turning St. Sophia into a mosque, while in 1517 they took Jerusalem, which except for a period of ten years remained under the blight of Turkish rule until 1917.

The city surrendered on December 9th, and two days later the approach to the Jaffa Gate was alive with an Eastern crowd. General Allenby was received by guards of honour representing the various nationalities engaged in the expedition. As is well known, he entered the city on foot with only a few of his staff, together with the commanders and *attachés* of the Allies. On the steps of the Citadel a proclamation was read in Arabic, Hebrew, English, French, Italian, Greek, and Russian; the chief object of which was to assure the citizens that "since the city was regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil had been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of multitudes of devout people, every sacred building, holy site, shrine, and place of prayer belonging to the three religions would be held inviolate in accordance with their customs and beliefs." And then, after receiving the notables and the heads of different religions, General Allenby left Jerusalem as quietly as he had entered it.

It is said that when Godfrey de Bouillon was chosen by the Christians to be king of Jerusalem he refused both the title and the crown, declaring that he would not wear a crown of gold in the city where his Saviour wore a Crown of Thorns, and he entered the Holy Sepulchre unarmed and barefooted. This humility is somewhat marred by the fact that several days of appalling



bloodshed followed the Crusaders' entry, and presumably Godfrey made no attempt to protect the citizens from massacre.

The method of General Allenby's entry upset both Moslem and Jewish traditions, for it was commonly believed that when at last the Christians did conquer Jerusalem they would follow the example of our Lord on His day of earthly triumph, and enter by the Golden Gate.

Probably there were many in the crowd which welcomed General Allenby who remembered another entry—that of Wilhelm, ex-Kaiser of Germany, in 1898. The ordinary entrance into the city was through the Jaffa Gate, or Bâb el-Khalîl, as the Arabs call it, the Gate of Hebron, and by this narrow way General Allenby entered—but not so Wilhelm. For his entry a great breach was made in the main wall by order of his friend Sultan Abdul Hamid. One who witnessed this amazing spectacle wrote of it thus: "On the afternoon of Saturday, October 29th, 1898, a curious specimen of a pilgrim entered the Holy City, armed *cap à pie*, escorted by troops, with Turkish mounted police thrashing out of the way such natives as had drawn near. The Kaiser had arrayed himself like a Crusader as seen in pantomime—silver helmet, white silk robe with red cross falling over the haunches of his white horse, and the other usual trappings for the part. As he rode through the streets which had been trodden barefoot by myriads of pilgrims, he appeared to be in a mood of exaltation, and saluted with almost epileptic fury. Indeed, it seemed as if he had captured the city by the sword instead of arriving there, as was the fact, as one of Cook's personally-conducted tourists. . . . On the same occasion he took part in the dedication of a German Protestant church there. He and his attendant officers, gigantic men selected because of their size, marched up the church all armed to the teeth with a mixture of the goose-step and the cake-walk, while the choir sang a respectful anthem, which the Kaiser took to refer to himself, and acknowledged with a military salute. He then entered the pulpit in full armour and preached a lengthy sermon in a tone which was that of a drill-sergeant giving orders."

(b) *In the Streets and Among the People*

"Thither, each year, at time of Passover,  
He wended with His parents; and would see  
Gannim and Sichem—where the lowland creeps,  
Under the uplands, into narrowed green,

Like lake made river; with those crests for coasts  
Ebal, Gerizim; and by Gibeah  
And Bethel, and the Valley of the Thorns,  
To Scopus—to the brow where, white and gold,  
Under sloped Olivet, the Temple rears  
Her stately glory. And the Child would pass  
Into the City's midst, and mingle there  
With Jew and Gentile, in the thronged bazaar;  
Would mark above the sanctuary gate  
Herod's great Eagle; and the keen steel spears  
Of Roman Annius, or Coponius,  
Glitter around the black Prætorium.  
Would know His time come nigh with Zion's shame,  
And note the Pharisee and Sadducee,  
Priest, scribe, and lawyer, feeding hungry souls  
With husks of law. Nay, and would oft repair  
Within the Temple; and was one day found  
Astrayed, sitting amid the Rabbim there—  
Hillel, and Shammai, and Gamaliel,  
Ben Zacchai, Ben Uzziel, wise Nakdimon,  
Arimathæan Joseph—all our best—  
Hearing and asking questions. Yet none knew,  
For all their wisdom and their wintry hairs,  
That sweet Boy in the Syrian Country-frock,  
With heavenly eyes and mouth of music, sent  
To put aside the ancient scrolls, the Law,  
The Hagathoth and Halacoth;—to break  
Their chains, and into living spirit melt  
Their dead cold letter."<sup>1</sup>

There are people who visit or write about Jerusalem who would seem to suffer from mental or spiritual indigestion. During my prolonged visit English and American soldiers and visitors would come for two or three days, rush round the city with a local guide, listen to that gentleman's romances, be snared into some large bazaar, there to pay exorbitant prices, and then go away filled with disappointment and disgust. One well-known writer compares Jerusalem to a hair shirt and Damascus to a silken garment! I cannot understand how anyone can be disappointed, except perhaps those who lack imagination. I found myself captivated at once by the amazing complexity of the city; its power to interest is almost overwhelming. "How long will it take me to see Jerusalem?" said a transatlantic visitor, and I replied, "Three days or less to see it, but weeks and months before you can assimilate its meaning." After three

<sup>1</sup> *The Light of the World*. Sir Edwin Arnold. Extracts from this poem are kindly permitted by the publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.



weeks' hard work I found myself beginning to take in a little of the meaning and the atmosphere of this wondrous city. There is no lack of vitality about the Holy City; the very air seems to be full of conflict, as someone remarked—a turmoil proceeding rather from the souls than the bodies of men.

The Jews weep by that great and ancient wall week by week: they weep for lost power and glory. I, too, found occasions for weeping; there is indeed much else in the city for which one could weep. There are the internecine squabbles between Greek and Latin at the very altar, and there is the spectacle of other Christian bodies at bitter enmity among themselves, though it is only just to say that these quarrels have lessened perceptibly since the exodus of the Turk, whose business it was to fan their flame. Then there are the modern buildings to weep for: those abominations of red-tiled roofs within the city, and the hideous colonies without.

As you walk through the streets it is well to recollect that ancient Jerusalem lies buried many feet below you, that cities have been built on the ruins of their predecessors. The streets are paved with rough stones and are narrow, and the little bazaars on a level with the street crowd one upon another. No street has any name written on it, neither are the houses numbered. The Arabs have names for the streets, but they have never been translated, except the main thoroughfares, viz., David Street and Christian Street. Jerusalem is quite different from every other Oriental city, and probably derives its peculiarity from the cosmopolitan character of its inhabitants. It is a quaint mixture of ancient and modern, eastern and western civilisation, churches, mosques, synagogues, two-storied hovels, convents, minarets, and belfry towers jostling each other. Some of the ruins that abound date from the time of Solomon or that of Titus, others were originally built by the Persians, whilst the greater number, whatever their exact date, are older than the Crusades. No carriages of any kind can circulate, only donkeys, camels, ponies, sheep, and goats. Every form of religion summons its followers to prayer, and the clang of the Christian bell mingles with the plaintive note of the muezzin from the minaret.

The grandest of the many entrances to the city is the Gate of Damascus, sometimes called the Gate of Flowers on account of the exceeding beauty of its architecture. One need never weary of wandering through the streets of the city; the bazaars are amusing, and there are generally some merchants from

Jericho and Jaffa to watch. Their bargaining is most interesting, for it always gives one the impression that they are quarrelling, whereas in all probability they are really quite calm and polite. While his master is thus trafficking, a camel kneels resting outside until the business is transacted. Presently a Christian procession will pass by; perhaps it is Friday, the faithful are "doing" the "Stations of the Cross," or perhaps one of the Patriarchs is being escorted to his palace. A quaint mixture of different tribes and different tongues, yet it is altogether harmonious, as every visitor finds, once he feels the right atmosphere.

Sometimes I wondered what Jerusalem could have been like in the days when the Russians and other foreign pilgrims came over in their thousands. The Easter I spent in the Holy City was not quiet; there were fights, and also rumours of massacre, which fortunately did not materialise. But in Easter week 1920 it was like a city of the dead, for it was under martial law; there were no pilgrims, and visitors were only admitted within the walls by means of a special permit, not easily obtainable.

Without doubt, from a Christian point of view, the pilgrimages were all to the good, for the perpetual exodus of pilgrims to the East, whatever one may have thought of them, must in the long run have been good for the purpose of religion. I suppose that there were few things more triumphant than the call of the East and of the Holy Places to these people. It is often said that "religion is dead," and has no power in the affairs of the world, and yet before the Great War foreigners of every nation came in crowds to visit the Holy Places, the great majority of them being pilgrims, and not tourists. To me it was quite apparent that in spite of the horror of modern "improvements" in the Holy City, and of all anti-Christian tendencies, the religion of Jesus of Nazareth is deeply rooted in the soil, and in its triumph has retained all the things that really matter.

A French writer gives an interesting description of a Russian pilgrim of the poorest class: "Many of the Russian pilgrims flocked to this or that hospice to be fed, washed, and clothed. On going out, all the professional beggars of Jerusalem would make for them like a flock of swallows to snatch a few sous, which the poor pilgrims always gave. One evening the pilgrims were assailed as usual, and nearly all put some alms into the tin plates held out so appealingly. Last of all came a wretched old woman, thin and half-starved, with a hard face. When she saw the beggar the face grew harder; she had not a kopek; she passed on. The



professional beggar followed her, crying for alms. The old woman stopped, and then with a gesture as of one who gives her all, she took from her shawl a morsel of bread, the only food she possessed, and as though offering a treasure she bestowed it on the beggar. He took it, mocking and shrugging his shoulders; she saw nothing, heard nothing, but ran on to catch up the others, her face lit up in ecstasy, so happy, all else forgotten, for she knew that she had done it for Christ."<sup>1</sup>

The city is divided into four quarters, Christian, Armenian, Jewish, and Moslem, and on the whole the streets are surprisingly clean, all except the Jewish quarter. But there are great schemes in view for the cleansing and purifying of the streets and sewers, and possibly before long dirt will have vanished. To a Christian the chief scandal is the state of the Via Dolorosa, that street above all others the holiest in Christendom. Between Stations VI. and VIII. the pestilential smells, the garbage and filth, are indescribable; a Christian native described it to me as one long sewer.

Throughout the Scriptures there rise hymns of praise to the glory and splendour of Jerusalem. The psalmist never tires of paying homage; even the prophets, in spite of their warnings and occasional cursings, do not refrain from exalting her. No words expressive of her glory and beauty are exaggerated if used to honour Syon. Salem means peace; Jerusalem means "Vision of Peace"; also she is styled the "Daughter of Syon," the "Queen of the Hills," the "City of David," the "City of Solomon." To a Jew, Jerusalem is the realisation of an earthly Paradise: to a Christian she is the type of the Heavenly City, New Jerusalem.

A rabbi once said in days gone by: "Of the ten parts of beauty that God has given to the earth, one is for the entire world, nine are for Jerusalem."

#### (c) *The Dominicans at St. Stephen's*

According to the Greeks, and certain of the Latins, the little chapel on the right between St. Stephen's Gate and the Tomb of the Virgin marks the spot where St. Stephen was stoned. The Dominicans, on the other hand, claim that the martyrdom took

<sup>1</sup> *Mirage de l'Orient*. L. Bertrand.

place on the spot where the modern church of St. Stephen now stands.

In 1882 the apse and pavement of a small oratory were discovered not far from the Damascus Gate. There seems to have been a contest for the possession of this place, but ultimately the Dominicans obtained it. In 1883 excavations began which brought to light considerable débris of mosaics, capitals, and marble slabs of the fifth century. The foundations were discovered in their entirety, and in the court in front of the church tombs with inscriptions may still be seen. Human remains in large quantities were found, which discovery brought to mind the burial of the sixty martyrs in the seventh century. Numerous indications, together with the style of the church and the distance to the city, demonstrate, according to the Dominicans, that the Basilica built by the Empress Eudocia, wife of Theodosius the younger, in the year 460 A.D. was situated on the spot where St. Stephen was stoned. This Basilica was destroyed by the Arabs in 637; in the eighth century the Greeks built there a church and monastery; the Crusaders found the church in ruins and rebuilt it, but it was again destroyed by Saladin in 1187. To-day, on the site occupied by the former churches, a modern Basilica stands, and adjoining it the convent of the Dominicans.

One of my first visits was paid to Père Vincent, the Superior of the Order, a man of great learning and with a knowledge of Jerusalem and its monuments probably unequalled in the city. The Dominicans give much help to those who wish to learn more about the city by organising weekly visits during the winter and spring to sites of historical, religious, or archaeological importance. I took part in two of these visits, one to the Armenian churches and convents, the other to St. Anne and the Pool of Bethesda, both conducted by the Père Abel, and found them most useful. Conferences are also held at the convent on Wednesday afternoons, on some subject of importance connected either with Jerusalem or with Palestine in general. To me Père Vincent was the *fons originis* of all I did and of all I saw, for he furnished me with all the necessary introductions, like keys to so many doors.

#### (d) *The Franciscans and S. Salvatore*

The followers of St. Francis of Assisi are the most important of the religious orders in Palestine, for to them is entrusted the



Guardianship of the Holy Places. It is they who are responsible for the Latin ceremonies that take place in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it is they who invariably "take" the Stations of the Cross, and it is at their *Casa Nova* that most pilgrims, other than Easterns, are lodged. The heads of the Armenian and Orthodox Greek confessions are Patriarchs who have supreme control over the Greeks and Armenians respectively. The Latin Patriarch only controls his own Churches and the secular clergy, some of whom are Europeans, and others natives of Palestine.

Until the schism between the East and West there was but one Patriarch of Jerusalem, who was always a Greek, but after the schism had taken effect the Patriarch controlled only those who preferred Constantinople to Rome. Those, on the other hand, who supported the claims of Rome were controlled by the Augustinian Canons, who took charge of the Latin interests up to the time of the Crusades, when a Bishop was appointed to whom was given the title of Latin Patriarch. When Saladin conquered Jerusalem this Patriarchate was abolished, not being renewed until the early part of the nineteenth century. During this period the Franciscans were entrusted, under the Porte, with the sole control of the Holy Places throughout Palestine. The Porte refused to recognise the Latin Patriarchate or deal with any other person on behalf of the Latins than the Superior of the Franciscans, who to this day arranges with the Patriarchs, Greek and Armenian, all official matters connected with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This means no slight whatever to the Latin Patriarch, who is glad enough to be free of such vexatious matters.

Both Latins and Greeks are very careful lest some infringement of their individual rights takes place. For example, it might be arranged that the Latins should have the use of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre from 4 a.m. to 8 a.m.; then an Eastern Bishop arrives unexpectedly the night before; he has but a short time and cannot visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre except at 7 a.m. The Greek Patriarch must therefore send to the Superior of the Franciscans informing him of this fact, and ask if the visitor may be allowed to visit the Holy Tomb to pray there for a quarter of an hour at about 7 o'clock. But in order not to create a precedent, the permission will be sent through a notary, who, in giving it, will add "always provided that such permission does not create a precedent."

Thus every day the hours are fixed for the Latin, Greek, and Armenian rites, and these times must be kept rigidly. In Holy

Week every detail is arranged between the two Patriarchs and the Superior of the Franciscans, so that their ceremonies do not clash. When, as does happen occasionally, the Greek and Latin Easters fall simultaneously, the difficulties of arrangement are obvious.

The residence of the Custos of the Holy Land is at the Franciscan Convent of St. Saviour, near the New Gate. He enjoys the title of Most Reverend, and has the right to Episcopal insignia. This custody is international. The Custos is always an Italian; he has two assistants, one the Custodial Vicar, who is always French, and a President of the Holy Places, who is a Spaniard, and acts in the absence of the Custos. Together they administer the many and various interests of the Sanctuaries, parishes, and convents served by the Franciscan Fathers in Palestine, Syria, Armenia, Cyprus, and Lower Egypt.

Soon after my arrival I called at the Convent—I found that the Custos was away and that his place was taken by the President, Padre Marotto. He was a Spaniard, but spoke fluent Italian, in which language we carried on our conversation. At once he placed himself at my disposal: gave me a card of introduction to various Franciscan convents in Palestine, explained to me the nature of the Holy Week ceremonies at the Holy Sepulchre, and gave me a copy of a document containing a list of the Holy Sites claimed by the Latins. (See Appendix III.) After that, other monks came into the salon, all of whom seemed anxious to help me in my various quests. There was the Padre Ananias, a tall Belgian with a long beard, an intellectual forehead and smiling eyes; he was told off to show me the places I desired most to see in Jerusalem. Then there was Padre Forrest, an Englishman, who always looked after me and found me a place in the Franciscan gallery at the Holy Sepulchre; also a delightful Father named Barnabas, certainly a son of consolation, who edited their excellent "New Guide to the Holy Land." The main charm of the Franciscans lies in their perpetual youth, which doubtless they inherit from their spiritual Father, the founder of the Order. Both at the Convent and at the Holy Sepulchre they put themselves entirely at my disposal, and gave me every assistance and encouragement.

The Convent of S. Salvatore is an ancient Georgian convent acquired by the Franciscans in 1551 after their expulsion from the Cenaculum. It is an enormous building, containing a library, a museum, an orphanage, and various shops, including a printing



office. The parish Church of S. Salvatore adjoins it, and is attended by European and Arab Christians of the Latin rite.

It would seem that shortly after St. Francis' visit to the Holy Land in or about the year 1221, the Egyptian Sultan gave the Franciscans the remains of the Convent of St. Mary on Syon as a place of residence. This favour was granted to them at the request of the King of Sicily, who as an ancient writer tells, "went up to Jerusalem under the Sultan's safe conduct, saw and kissed the Holy Places, and then went to Egypt to the Sultan, and begged him that he would give him the Church of Mount Syon, with the adjoining buildings, the Blessed Virgin's chapel in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with the adjoining chambers, the chamber of the Lord's Sepulchre, the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the valley of Josaphat, and the cave of the Lord's nativity in the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Bethlehem with the buildings adjoining to that church, for the Minorite (*i.e.*, Franciscan) brethren, whom he had already consented should be lodged elsewhere in Jerusalem, to dwell in.

"When the Minorite brethren had received these places, they built thereon three convents: the first on Mount Syon, where there had been a convent of the Canons regular; the second in the Church of the Lord's Resurrection, by the side of the Blessed Virgin's chapel, for the use of the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre; and the third at Bethlehem."<sup>1</sup>

Some three hundred years later they were expelled from Mount Syon, and after accepting temporarily the use of the Armenian Convent Deir ez Zeitounieh, they settled down at S. Salvatore, where the Father Custodian has resided ever since, still retaining the title of Guardian of Mount Syon. The Franciscans have another convent also at the back of the Church of the Apparition within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is of great advantage to have a convent so close to the Holy Places, and it is used a great deal by those who are responsible for the night offices. But it is an unhealthy convent, confined in a narrow area with but little light or air. It has belonged to the Franciscans since the thirteenth century, but in 1869 Francis Joseph of Austria gave them a little terrace where they can at least breathe fresh air and see the sky. On several occasions I visited the President in his little office which opens on to this terrace and enjoyed conversations with him on matters of topical

<sup>1</sup> Felix Fabri: 1484.

interest, especially concerning the wonderful continuity and perseverance of the Franciscans in their guardianship of the most holy places in the world.

### (e) *The Via Dolorosa*

The name of *Via Dolorosa* has been given to the road traversed by our Saviour bearing His Cross from Pilate's judgement-seat to Golgotha. As the Franciscans are responsible for the devotion of the Way of the Cross every Friday, it seems fitting that a description of this route and the ceremony should be given here.<sup>1</sup> Ten of the incidents which mark the "Stations" are mentioned in the Bible, the other four, viz., the two Falls of our Lord, the meeting with His Mother, and Veronica who wiped His face, are borrowed from tradition. The first nine Stations are localised in the actual street, the last five in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The present *Via Dolorosa* is not expressly mentioned until the sixteenth century.

Two points must of course be borne in mind: firstly that the actual road traversed by our Lord would have been at least thirty feet below the present path; and secondly that the present Stations can hardly mark the actual spots where the incidents took place. Indeed, from the reports of pilgrims it would seem that the sites have often been changed. But that the Way of Sorrows led through the crowded streets of the city there is no doubt, and so it may be said that the object of localising the Stations was to impress upon all men in all ages every detail of those sufferings endured by the Founder of Christianity at the hands of His own people. Every Friday the Franciscan Fathers, followed by a band of devout persons, start the "Way of the Cross," pausing to pray before each one of the fourteen Stations.

The *First Station* is located in the former Turkish barracks, which are generally believed to occupy the site of the Prætorium. "Christ leaving the Prætorium" has been the subject of many an artist's fancy, as He passed with regal dignity down the steps which led to death. These steps, generally known as the *Scala Santa*, were, centuries ago, removed to the Church of San Giovanni in Laterano at Rome. Pilate had, after much misgiving, pronounced the sentence, and Jesus Christ is condemned to death.

<sup>1</sup> See also chapter on the Holy Sepulchre.



" . . . me miserum ! I took  
 Water, and washed my hands before the herd,  
 And cried : ' The blame of this just blood be yours ! '  
 The rabble answered : ' Yea, on us, on us,  
 And on our children be His Blood ! ' Oh, Dis !  
 ' Grave those words deep on thy dark muniments,  
 If Hades be, and black assizes sit,  
 That, age by age, yon Hebrew priests may pay  
 Fair share of my accmpt ! I could not wash  
 My conscience clean ! The water to my eyes  
 Ran foul and grimy to the golden bowl  
 From each palm, vainly laved. So did He pass  
 To lofty death, and I to life defamed.  
 What can they do, who hate me most, at Rome  
 One little part as deadly as this hurt  
 I wrought against myself ? <sup>1</sup>

According to tradition, it was in this courtyard that Pilate uttered his last words after he had washed his hands, " I am innocent of the blood of this just Person," and the Jews replied, " His blood be on us and on our children ! " Then the Christ descended into the roadway, and the Cross was laid upon His shoulders. This is the *Second Station*, and is marked with a white cross on the wall of the Franciscan monastery by the Chapel of the Flagellation.

The route then passes the Convent of the Sisters of Syon, where the street is crossed by the Ecce Homo arch, the sole relic of the *Ælia Capitolina* of Hadrian. Part of this archway is found in the Church of the Sisters of Syon, which is built into the rock. Down in the vaults beneath the Church are traces of Roman pavement some thirty feet below the level of the road. On this pavement, which may have formed part of Pilate's Judgment Hall, are large squares with smaller square divisions, said to have been the " board " on which the Roman soldiers played their national game. The Sister Superior told me that when this was seen by some Indian soldiers they evinced great excitement, and said they knew the game well, and often played it in their country. I, too, have seen Arab children plan out a similar " board " in the sand, and play some game upon it. The Roman pavement is also preserved in the adjoining Franciscan monastery in the Chapel of the Flagellation.

In the Greek Convent adjoining the Sisters of Syon a flight of steps leads to subterranean chambers. Possibly these were stables

<sup>1</sup> *The Light of the World*. Sir Edwin Arnold.

for use of the garrison of Antonia, to be ready in case of emergency. The Greeks claim that the lowest of these were dungeons, and in one of them can be seen skulls and human bones: this was the dreaded *robur* of the Roman *carcer*. Into this *robur* malefactors were lowered to perish in the darkness. Close by is shown a small stone chamber, said, with very doubtful authority, to be a " prison of Christ," where He was placed while awaiting His " trial." Holes are shown in which His legs were placed, with eyelets in the stone by which to fasten His neck to the wall.

The *Via Dolorosa* now descends to the Tyropæon valley and joins the street leading from Damascus Gate. At this junction of the two roads, marked by a broken column, is the *Third Station*, which recalls the First Fall of our Lord. The *Via Dolorosa* then follows the street of Damascus Gate for a few yards to the *Fourth Station*, at the Armenian Catholic Church, where according to tradition our Lord was met by His Mother.

It would seem that the soldiery were in great haste to finish their appalling task. Passover was approaching, and at this Feast there was the danger of a riot on the part of the Jews. The strength of the Victim began to fail, and at this moment Simon, a native of Cyrene, came from the fields by the Fish Gate into the city. Possibly he was a Jewish proselyte, or even a follower of Christ. Certainly his sons were well known, for the Evangelist speaks of him as the father of Alexander and Rufus.<sup>1</sup> " On him they laid the Cross, that he might bear it after Jesus,"<sup>2</sup> which may mean that he bore it alone for a while, or that he lightened our Lord's burden for a little, thereby relieving His aching shoulders. Here an oratory has been erected by the Franciscans to the memory of the Cyrenian, which marks the *Fifth Station*.

From this point the route becomes steeper, the *Via Dolorosa* turning towards the west; further up the street is an archway, and close to it the traditional House of Veronica (*Vera-icon*, the " true image ") marks the *Sixth Station*. As the Christ was almost fainting with loss of blood and bathed in sweat, a woman came forward from her house. It is said that her name was Berenice, a Jewess, and that the name of Veronica was given her after she became a Christian. Boldly she approached the Saviour, and with a linen cloth in her hands steeped in cold water she cleansed and wiped His Face; and according to the beautiful story, as a reward for her courage and devotion, an impression of that Face

<sup>1</sup> St. Mark xv. 21.

<sup>2</sup> St. Luke xxiii. 26.



was left upon the cloth. Close to the House of Veronica is an oratory placed under the care of the Greek Catholics. The top of this street is vaulted, damp and gloomy, and in an unsavoury condition.

The *Via Dolorosa* then crosses the *Khan ez-Zeit*, where once stood the Gate of Justice, now marked by the Chapel of the *Seventh Station*. Here our Lord is said to have fallen for the second time whilst crossing the threshold of this Gate as He was leaving the city. Passing the Hospice of St. John, about thirty paces further on we find a black cross on the wall of the Greek monastery of St. Caralombus. This is the *Eighth Station*. Here the Christ is met by a group of women, who are moved to tears at the sight of His sufferings. Then the great prophecy falls from His lips, for He exclaims :

Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For behold the days are coming in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry ? <sup>1</sup>

The *Via Dolorosa* proper ends here, for the road is closed by buildings, so it is necessary to retrace our steps, and to reach the Ninth Station we must pass through one of the dirtiest and most overcrowded streets in Jerusalem. The Procession with some difficulty continues the Way of the Cross through the street called by the Crusaders "the Street of Bad Cookery" (because the food that was sold to pilgrims was cooked here), through a crowd of Arabs and Jews, Copts and Abyssinians. The *Ninth Station*, outside the Coptic monastery, recalls the Third Fall of our Lord in full view of Golgotha, and the apse of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, which can be seen from here, shows that there was but a short distance from the Ninth Station to Calvary. Once again under a shower of blows and curses our Lord is goaded on by the soldiery, and the end is near.

To reach Calvary it is again necessary to retrace our steps and to follow the road between the Russian Convent and the German Church of the Redeemer. At the end of the street a little door leads to the Courtyard of the Holy Sepulchre. Somewhere

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xxiii. 28.



On the *Via Dolorosa*

B.C.B.



within the church we rejoin the *Via Dolorosa* and mount the steps to the Chapel of Calvary. A large stone, placed on the ground, marks the spot where our Lord was stripped, and where the soldiers cast lots for His garments. This is the *Tenth Station*. The altar on the extreme right indicates the place where He was nailed to the Cross, the *Eleventh Station*, and a few yards beyond, towards the east, a cylindrical hole lined with silver, under the Greek altar, shows the place where the Cross stood, and where for six hours the Saviour of the world hung. This is the *Twelfth Station*.

The Cross was towards the west, and thus the eyes of the dying Christ were turned towards that part of the world where His teaching was to be spread. The Devotions are now nearly over: He has pardoned the penitent thief, spoken the Seven Last Words, given His Mother into the care of His beloved disciple St. John, and has yielded up His Spirit to His Father: *In manus Tuas, Pater, commendo Spiritum Meum*.

Close by stands the Altar of the *Stabat Mater*, erected by the Latins to commemorate the place where the Christ was taken down from the Cross and His Body laid across His Mother's knees; this is the *Thirteenth Station*. Down the steps below is the marble slab marking the place where the Body was washed and embalmed with myrrh and aloes. Some twenty paces away is the Holy Sepulchre, which marks the *Fourteenth Station*. Joseph of Arimathæa had besought and obtained leave of Pilate to take away the Body of Christ, and he, together with Nicodemus, "took the Body of Jesus and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus therefore because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand."<sup>1</sup>

(f) *The White Fathers of St. Anne and the Pool of Bethesda*

Close to the Gate of St. Stephen stands the large convent of the White Fathers and their seminary, founded by Cardinal Lavigerie, the Apostle of Africa. The students in the seminary are chiefly Syrians and Arabs and belong to the Greek-Melkite (or Greek-Uniat) rite presided over by the Père Couturier, a learned

<sup>1</sup> St. John xix. 40-2.



professor of Eastern liturgies. One morning I paid a visit to this Father, who gave me much information concerning the differences between the Greek Orthodox and the Greek-Melkites, as the Catholics of the Greek rite are generally called. The White Fathers are chiefly concerned with African Missions, and the seminarists are trained to work as missionaries in that continent. Their dress is very picturesque and looks cool under the burning sun, for they wear a white habit, and as headgear a red cap almost identical with the *tarbouche*.

In St. Anne's, the Church connected with the Order, there are Altars where the Latin rite is used, but the High Altar is reserved for the Greek rite, and one Greek Mass is said there daily. One morning I attended the Greek Mass and found it to be very similar to that of the Orthodox Church, just as full of beauty and mystery, and as usual very long, lasting close on two hours. In Jerusalem there are Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians of the Uniat or Catholic rite. The Maronites, originally "heretics" from the Latin point of view, submitted to the Papacy at the time of the Crusades. The Armenian rite differs to a large extent from the others, and the ancient Armenian language is used in the Liturgy, though it is a dead language which but few modern Armenians would understand.

There is little difference between the Orthodox and the Catholic Eastern, except upon one very important point, namely that the latter have submitted to the Papacy, accepting all its claims. Marriage of the secular clergy is permitted if before ordination, but the Père Couturier assured me that marriage is very rare among the educated or better type of Greek Catholic priest, but common among the less educated village priests. In Palestine there were few married Uniat Catholic priests, and none in Jerusalem. The Armenian Catholic community, whose Church of our Lady of the Spasm is at the Third Station, close to the Damascus Gate, is a very small body, consisting of only two priests and a handful of the faithful. In most of the Eastern confessions the Liturgy is sung, not in the vulgar tongue, but in the ancient language of the community. Communion is given in both kinds by intincture, and not with a spoon as in the Orthodox Greek Church. Père Couturier has written a very interesting book on the Greek Uniat Church, entitled *Cours de Liturgie Grecque-Melkite*, published by the Franciscan Fathers at S. Salvatore.

The Church of St. Anne stands on the site of the traditional



CEDARS OF LEBANON, THE ORIGINAL HOME OF THE MARONITES.

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birthplace of the Virgin, and the house of her parents, Joachim and Anna, whose tombs are shown in the ancient crypt. There would seem to have been a continuity of witnesses to the fact that the Mother of Christ was born in Jerusalem. About the year 530 the deacon Theodosius says: "It is not more than a hundred steps from Pilate's house to the Probatica pool. There our Lord healed the paralytic man: his pallet is still to be seen. Near the pool of Probatica is the Church of the Blessed Virgin." Others of the same period state with certainty that the Church of Mary had been built on the traditional site of the Virgin's nativity.

At the fall of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, it is said that when the Saracens approached the city the nuns of St. Anne cut off their noses to save their virtue, and a similar act is also reported of the nuns of St. Clara at Acre. Saladin transformed St. Anne's Church into a college; after a while the monastery became a ruin, but pilgrims were allowed to pray in the crypt of the ancient sanctuary on payment of backsheesh. In 1842 the Turks made certain restorations of no great importance, and commenced to build a minaret at the west end of the church, which was never completed. After the Crimean war it is said that the Sultan of Turkey first offered the ruined site to the English, but, on the offer being refused, he gave it to Napoleon III., and since then it has remained French property. In 1878 it was handed over to the care of the White Fathers.

Close to the Church of St. Anne is the Pool of Bethesda, or the "Probatica." The pool was discovered during the excavations in 1871, together with the apse of a little church of the twelfth century. It is divided into two parts, on account of the construction of the twelfth-century church, which is built over the southern part. The word Bethesda comes from Bezetha, which means "town" or "new quarter."

Now there was at Jerusalem a pond called Probatica, which in Hebrew is named Bethsaida, having five porches. In these lay a great number of sick, of blind, of lame, of withered, waiting for the moving of the water. And an angel of the Lord descended at certain times into the pond: and the water was moved. And he that went down first into the pond after the motion of the water, was made whole of whatsoever infirmity he lay under.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> St. John v. 1 (Vulgate version).



The White Fathers have discovered another very large reservoir to the west, about sixty feet below the level of the Church of St. Anne. The pool of Bethesda was in the vicinity of these reservoirs, and there would seem to be reason for supposing that this is the pool into which the sick were plunged as soon as the angel had stirred the water.

(g) *The Benedictines at the Dormitio on Mount Syon*

The *Dormitio*, or "Sleep of Death" of the Blessed Virgin, on Mt Syon, is the name given to a somewhat unlovely church built on the site where, according to tradition, the Virgin fell asleep. The Sultan of Turkey gave the land to the ex-Kaiser of Germany on his visit to Palestine in 1898, and the latter handed it over to the German Catholic Society of Cologne. This society established a monastery here for the Benedictines of Beuron, and the church was consecrated in 1910. After the taking of Jerusalem by General Allenby in 1917 the Germans were allowed to retain possession until some twelve months later, when, owing to the discovery of some unfortunate occurrence, they were expelled, and the Benedictines of Maredsou (Belgium) were installed in their place.<sup>1</sup> In this monastery is a highly interesting archæological museum of various treasures found in the neighbourhood and other parts of Palestine, which include weapons of the Stone and Bronze Age, specimens from Egypt and from the times of the Kings of Israel and Judah to the days of our Lord, when large jars similar to those in use at the first Miracle of Cana may be seen; also coins, costumes of the Crusaders, and some rare and beautiful glass. Museums are a feature in most of the convents, notably those of the White Fathers of St. Anne's, and the Assumptionists of Notre Dame de France.

From the tower of the *Dormitio* there is a superb view over the surrounding country and along the road to Bethlehem. The Superior, Père Fournier, a learned and charming man, was most friendly, and we had many a talk on men and matters on the roof of the convent, basking in the sun. He showed me over the convent and chapel, and one could but admire the extraordinary solidity of the building. The church is built on the foundation of the Crusaders' Basilica of Mount Syon, near to the reputed spot of the Death of the Virgin, and a chapel in the crypt

<sup>1</sup> The German Benedictines returned to the *Dormitio* in 1921.

localises the scene. In this chapel are nine altars, and seven more in the church, two of the latter being dedicated to English Saints, St. Boniface and St. Willibald. From the terrace the Father pointed out the Cenaculum on the left, and close by an arched doorway leading to the self-contained quarter of En-Nebi Dâud. Below the Cenaculum is a lower room, containing the supposed tomb of David, into which no Christian or Jew is admitted, being shown instead a representation of the tomb in a room adjoining the chamber of the Last Supper. The Father told me of a friend who, on one occasion when the Moslems had gone on pilgrimage to En-Nêbi Mûsa, was shown the Tomb by a caretaker. He found a stone sarcophagus covered with a great pall of black velvet having an embroidered fringe of great beauty presented by the Sultan of Turkey. Lamps and great masses of candles were burning before it. The room was described as very small and containing no other matter of interest.

Near the Church of the *Dormitio* and close to the gate that leads to the excavations of the Assumptionist Fathers is a group of houses with a mosque that to-day replace the House of the Last Supper, generally called the Cenaculum. By tradition the house of Joseph of Arimathæa stood on this site, who was met by Peter and John when sent to make arrangements for the observance of the Passover. A low door gives access to a courtyard, where another door is seen which communicates with a lower room said to locate the spot where Jesus washed the feet of His Apostles. Upstairs is the Cenaculum, a plain room with vaulted ceiling, divided into two parts by two columns in the middle, dating from the period of the Crusaders, fifty feet long by thirty feet wide. This room is said to correspond to St. Luke's description:

And He said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in. And ye shall say unto the goodman of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples? And he shall show you a large upper room furnished: there make ready.<sup>1</sup>

The history of the Cenaculum is full of interest. Here in all probability stood the first Christian Church, for it would seem that this part of the city was spared in the general destruction of 70 A.D. St. Cyril of Jerusalem, about 350 A.D., speaks of the

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xxii. 10-12.



"Upper Church of the Apostles where the Holy Ghost descended upon them." The Armenian Pilgrim of the fifth century says that a great Basilica built on the site of the Cenaculum, which he calls "the Church of Holy Syon, contains eighty columns united together by arches. There is no upper division, but merely a wooden ceiling from which is suspended the crown of thorns which was placed on the head of the Redeemer. To the right of the Church is the hall of the Sacred Mysteries, with a wooden cupola whereon the supper of the Lord is represented."

The Basilica referred to was that of St. Helena, who rebuilt the Church of Syon in the fourth century, but respected the former arrangement, keeping the two floors distinct, as the Crusaders did when they rebuilt it a second time after its destruction by the Saracens. In the twelfth century the Basilica was called St. Mary of Mount Syon, and the Cenaculum the Chapel of the Holy Ghost, and they were served by the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. In 1219 it was destroyed with other sanctuaries in the city by order of Melek el Monadhem, but the Cenaculum, or Chapel of the Holy Ghost, together with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, escaped the general destruction. As related elsewhere, the Franciscans were given the charge of the Cenaculum about the year 1240, and in 1342 they rebuilt the upper room much as it is seen to-day, remaining in charge until their expulsion two hundred years later. Since then it has been in Moslem occupation, and this, needless to say, is bitterly resented by Christians. The Gothic room is bereft of all atmosphere; it is difficult to realise that the greatest gift of the Saviour, the Sacrament of Unity, was ever instituted here. The room is forlorn, desolate, derelict, bereft of all except the remembrance. It is most extraordinary that this sacred place should still be retained by Islam and that Christians may not even hold any service here. Justice demands that the Cenaculum should be restored to the Franciscans, who for centuries guarded it as a most precious treasure. They have already made their petition, couched in the following words:

This [the Cenaculum] was the first of all Christian Churches, the *Mater omnium Ecclesiarum*. It was also the cradle of the Franciscan Custodiale, to whose care it was given in 1333 A.D. by the King of Naples, who had acquired it from the Sultan of Egypt at enormous cost.<sup>1</sup> But in 1552, under

<sup>1</sup> Said to be 32,000 ducats, equivalent to about £14,900.

the pretext that this place enclosed the Tomb of David, it was usurped by the Turks with all its surroundings, and never restored to its rightful owners, although on many occasions the diplomacy of Catholic states had tried to obtain its restitution. But now that the Western Powers have become mistresses of the destiny of Jerusalem, they should make this restitution; they should perform this act of justice, which is all the more easy considering that the Sanctuary of the Cenaculum, now in possession of the Moslems, can have for them no value, the mediæval tradition that places the tombs of the Kings of Judah in this spot being a pure legend without any foundation.<sup>1</sup>

Here our Lord washed the feet of His Apostles, here He instituted the Holy Eucharist and the Christian Priesthood, here He appeared to His disciples on the night of the Resurrection; here also the great miracle of Pentecost took place, followed by the wonderful result of St. Peter's bold speech, when he convinced three thousand people of the Messianic Mission of the Risen Lord. Certainly, as the first meeting-place of Christians, and afterwards the Mother of all the Churches, the Cenaculum should be restored to Christianity—not to one sect alone, but to all, under the care of the Franciscans, when it might indeed become a real centre of spiritual unity.

It is only natural that an event so mystical in its significance as the Holy Eucharist should have given rise to innumerable legends and traditions, the most beautiful of all being that of Joseph of Arimathæa, the main points of which are as follows:—After having obtained permission from Pilate to bury the Body of Christ, Joseph returned to Jerusalem to fetch the Cup of the Eucharist, in which he hoped to be able to collect some of the blood from the sacred wounds of the Lord. When, with the assistance of Nicodemus, our Lord's Body had been taken down from the Cross, everything associated with the Crucifixion was carefully preserved, the Blood from the wounds was caught in the Cup, and the Crown of Thorns jealously guarded. To avoid arrest by Pilate's guards Joseph returned from the Sepulchre alone, and re-entered Jerusalem through a door cut in one of the walls, of which he had the key, intending to take the Cup containing the Lord's Blood to a place of security. But, in spite of all precautions, Joseph was seized by soldiers and taken to a prison in a tower of the city walls, where he would have been starved to

<sup>1</sup> *Les lieux saints à la Conférence de la Paix : Mémoire*, 1919. (See Appendix III.)



death had it not been for the sacred vessel, which he had carefully concealed within his cloak, and which acted as a talisman against want and suffering. By some writers this vessel is described as a dish or cup endowed with the supernatural power of supplying food or drink, while in others its powers include that of testing purity, it being invisible to all but those whose lives are free from taint of sin. After a while Joseph escapes from prison, helped by the angels, and joins the disciples in the Cenaculum, but hearing of the rage of the Jews at the "removal" of the Body of Christ, and their declaration that Joseph had hidden it away, he remains in hiding until after the Ascension, when he was again arrested, and this time cast adrift in a boat with Lazarus, Martha, and Mary Magdalene. For a while he shares their fortunes in the south of France, possibly at Marseilles or Tarascon, and then makes his way to England, landing on the shores of the Bristol Channel, and thence wandering to the site of the future Glastonbury, then a stronghold of Druid worship. Climbing up what is now known as Wearyall Hill, he leant on his staff, and then, to his surprise, found that he could not withdraw it from the ground, for it had taken root. Accepting this as a sign that he should remain where he was, he lay down in his weariness and slept. On waking, he found himself under the shade of a tree covered with flowers—the tree that for centuries is said to have "blossomed at Christmas, mindful of our Lord." This tree was destroyed by Cromwell, but fortunately many offshoots of it had been planted elsewhere, and to this day the inhabitants of Wells and Glastonbury speak of it as that "wonderful tree."

Later, St. Joseph gathered about him a band of converts, and built a hut of wattle and mud, the remains of which are said to have been discovered by two missionaries from Rome about 160. These missionaries built them into a stone church, which in later years was succeeded by one stately building after another, the last having been the famous abbey consecrated in 1303, but now, alas! thanks to the ruthless Reformers, in ruins, though still retaining in the Chapel dedicated to St. Joseph a memorial in most perfect architecture of the man who inaugurated the evangelisation of that district. When Joseph knew that his end was near he resolved to return to Jerusalem to die, but left behind him at Glastonbury the holy vessel; and it was there that began the great cycle of the romance of the Holy Grail, turned to such admirable account by Malory, who deals with its wanderings, its loss, the long quest for it, and

the vision of it granted to the stainless knight. Another legend, however, tells that when St. Joseph felt his death approaching he left the precious vessel in the care of a young man, who had been born to him in his old age, identified by some writers with the stainless Sir Galahad of King Arthur's Court.

That the Christian allegories concerning the Eucharist and the Chalice used at its institution by the Lord are full of symbolism and mysticism is not to be wondered at, for the rite itself is mysterious, symbolical and divine.

"The Cup, the Cup itself, from which our Lord  
Drank at the last sad Supper with His own.  
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—  
After the day of darkness; when the dead  
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good Saint,  
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought  
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.  
And there awhile it bode: and if a man  
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,  
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times  
Grew to such evil that the holy Cup  
Was caught away to Heaven and disappear'd."<sup>1</sup>

(h) *The Assumptionist Fathers and Notre Dame de France*

Opposite the New Gate and next the French Hospital rises the enormous building of Notre Dame de France. This convent is under the care of the "Augustins de l'Assomption," who are generally known as the Assumptionist Fathers, and whose headquarters are in Paris. It was built originally for the great concourse of pilgrims from France that visited Jerusalem twice a year up to the beginning of the late war, and it also provided for some sixty seminarists besides a few resident Fathers. A few days after my arrival in Jerusalem, finding hotel life impossible, I was advised to visit the Hôtellerie de Notre Dame de France. I took the advice, saw the charming and businesslike Père Delmasse, known as the Père Econome, was shown a large cell with a balcony facing the Mount of Olives, and knew at once that I had found a home. Without doubt I owe the good Fathers a debt of gratitude, for their kindness and genial hospitality made all the difference to my visit. This hôtellerie has all the

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson: *The Holy Grail*.



advantages of a hotel and none of the disadvantages. It is clean, comfortable, and homely, and contains all that the visitor can desire, including an excellent library and museum. The surroundings were just what I required, for there was nothing that jarred, and Père Dressaire, the Superior, was in every sense an excellent host.

At the time of my visit there were no pilgrims in the usual sense of the word, though on two occasions we put up some two hundred American sailors on a visit from Jaffa, and not infrequently French officers would pay a flying visit from Syria. Part of the convent was given up to a battalion of French soldiers, part used by the Fathers, and the rest was a hôtellerie. Attached to the convent is the Musée Palestinien, where are arranged and catalogued in perfect order various Palestinian antiquities, documents, pottery, coins, relics of the Stone Age, bronzes, sculptures and inscriptions, and a collection of superb glass. There are two beautiful modern chapels, with excellent historic paintings by an artist, himself a member of the Order. From the roof of Notre Dame, which stretches the vast length of the building, one can obtain the best view of Jerusalem, at any rate from a panoramic point of view, and during the troublous times at Easter, when martial law and "curfew" were the order of the day, I found the roof a haven of rest.

Near the Syon Gate, on the eastern slopes of the Mount, the Fathers possess a large tract of land which is called St. Peter in Gallicantu. In the garden itself the Father Germer-Durand and Dr. Bliss have excavated a whole district of the ancient city, and claim that no other part of the city of the time of our Lord has been so completely revealed. On every side they have brought to life interesting remains of the city of the ancient prophets and of the town that was contemporary with Christ—streets, aqueducts, baths, halls paved with mosaics, sculptures and bricks with the stamp of the Tenth Legion. On this property a flight of stairs has been discovered going down towards the east. This is probably connected with the street of the same period of which Dr. Bliss announced the existence at the foot of Mount Syon, to the north-east of the Pool of Siloam. One of the Fathers, Père Armand, is in charge of these excavations, which have been at a standstill since 1914. He lives in a little hut, looks after the farm, and says his Mass daily in the little chapel of St. Peter, which has been reconstructed out of the ruins of the Church of St. Peter in Gallicantu, said to have once stood here.

The Assumptionists allege that the House of Caiaphas was also situated here, and not within the Armenian enclosure in the vicinity, as is generally supposed. This is a matter of keen dispute between the archaeologists, and a very interesting account is given in *La Palestine* of the proofs which the Assumptionist Fathers claim to have that the House of Caiaphas and the Prison of Christ are amongst the ruins exposed to view by these excavations.<sup>1</sup>

(i) *The Armenians and the Church of St. James*

The great convent and buildings connected with this church are situated in the Armenian quarter, the Haret el Armen, at the end of a vaulted street; the gardens of the Patriarchal palace on the right and the entrance to the convent on the left. The church is said to have been built on the spot where St. James was beheaded in 44 A.D. by order of Herod Agrippa I., grandson of Herod the Great.

About that time Herod the King stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church, and he killed James the brother of John with the sword.<sup>2</sup>

While in Jerusalem, thanks to the Patriarchal Secretary, I managed to see and talk with many of the resident Armenians, and on two occasions I had long interviews with the Bishop. The last Patriarch died in 1912, and his successor had not yet been appointed owing to difficulty with the Turks. Bishop Yéghiché Tchilinguirian was vice-Patriarch, and "President of the Administration of the Armenian Patriarchate." His Grandeur, as he is called, received me in a great salon, the walls of which were covered with paintings of former Patriarchs and the dignitaries of the Church of Armenia, and as he could speak but little French, and I knew nothing of the Armenian language, his secretary acted as interpreter. At once he conversed on the subject uppermost in his mind, the unceasing massacre of his compatriots by the Turks. At one time a large number of priests had been attached to this convent, but so many were murdered during the war that only fifteen remained. I could not but notice the terrible

<sup>1</sup> *La Palestine : Guide Historique par les professeurs de Notre Dame de France.*

<sup>2</sup> Acts xii. 1.



pathos and depression visible on all their faces, from the Bishop to the lowest cleric. His Grandeur could not understand why the Armenian massacres should have been permitted to continue after the signing of the Armistice, for surely Great Britain and America were powerful enough to prevent the crimes, even if other countries were indifferent. He did not think that England realised that the Turk's one object was to destroy the whole Armenian nation. He spoke of Gladstone with the greatest respect, and said that he was the greatest friend Armenia had ever possessed, and how faithfully the cause had been served by him. "Would that he were alive to-day," the Bishop added.

Turning to religious questions, the Bishop said that the Armenian Church was the most primitive of all Catholic Churches, accepting no additions to the Faith after the Council of Constantinople in 381. It was also the most liberal Church of all, for it accepted as Catholics the Latin Church, the Greek, and other Orthodox Churches of the East, and also the Anglican Church. The charge against the Armenians that they were still Monophysite and guilty of the Nestorian heresy was not true. For their Church believed in the two Natures of Christ united in one Person, and as a matter of fact the Church solemnly anathematised Nestorianism every year before Lent.

Before leaving, the Bishop invited me to attend the Armenian Holy Week services, and these I have described elsewhere. He also on the occasion of my second visit sent one of his clergy to show me over the church and other buildings of the monastery, "in case," as he remarked, "you have not seen all our wonders."

The Church of St. James is one of the most beautiful Churches in Jerusalem, richly decorated with splendid woodwork inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The floor is covered with beautiful Persian carpets. In the north wall is the chapel of St. James, on the site, according to tradition, where the Apostle was beheaded. This shrine is approached through priceless doors richly inlaid with tortoiseshell and nacre. In the porch are some curious gongs of bronze and wood of very ancient type, used to call the faithful to prayer. These are reminders of the terms of the treaty made with Christians when, in 637 A.D., Jerusalem surrendered to the Khalif Omar. The terms forbade Christians the use of bells outside their churches, but gongs were permitted. In this connection there is a quaint Moslem tradition that God commanded Noah to use such a gong in order to call together the workmen when building the Ark, therefore gongs are permissible.

Saladin enforced this regulation again after the expulsion of the Crusaders in 1187, and up to the year 1823 there was only one bell in Jerusalem, and that was the hand-bell used in the Franciscan convent.

Beyond the church is a wide court surrounded by buildings comprising hospices for pilgrims, lodgings for servants, and printing offices. A certain number of Armenian refugees live here, and the buildings have accommodation for more than three thousand people, but for reasons already given there were no pilgrims at the time of my visit. Near the museums is the Convent of the Olive Tree, or the *Deir ez Zeitounieh*, inhabited by nuns of the Congregation of the Holy Angels. Their chapel marks the site of the House of Annas, the high priest before whom our Lord was first led after His arrest in Gethsemane.

They led Him first to Annas, for he was father-in-law to Caiaphas, the high priest of that year.<sup>1</sup>

The Superior of this convent was anxious that I should see the olive trees which give the name to the convent, for it is believed that these trees are shoots of the tree to which our Lord is said to have been bound when brought before Annas. Then he pointed to a stone let into the wall, which was partly split, and told me the picturesque and thoroughly Eastern legend of this stone. When our Lord on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem said to the Pharisees, "I tell you that if these should hold their peace the very stones would immediately cry out," this stone at once opened its mouth and spoke. I photographed that stone.

Near the Convent of the Olive Tree were boys' and girls' schools, which I was asked particularly to visit. Some of the teachers could speak fluent French, but they were more anxious to hear what England was doing for Armenia than to talk to me about their system of education. The children were very friendly and happy, too young yet to be obsessed by that terror and suspicion which seems to pursue this unhappy nation.

There is a style about all Armenian things, from their architecture to the conical head-dress of the clergy, representing, it is said, the cone of Mount Ararat, which is a quaint mingling of ancient and modern. This is evident in their religious ceremonies, where many Latin customs mingle with Greek, as also in their habits and conversation. Possibly it is because in their unfortunate

<sup>1</sup> St. John xviii. 13 (Vulgate version).



history they have been exiled in so many different lands. Their chief characteristics are love for their Church and country, devoted family life, and enterprising commercial spirit; indeed, their essential cohesion and indissolubility of national character are as strong as those of the Jews. Deprived over and over again of political independence, they have never been assimilated by their conquerors. Probably no nation has ever suffered as the Armenians have done at the hands of the Turks and Kurds, deportation, exile, torture, rape and wholesale slaughter, hundreds of their villages and cities destroyed and their churches desecrated; indeed, one might say that their sufferings have been greater than any known in the history of the world. A Serbian Bishop well known in England, wrote: "Their history with short intervals has been a Golgotha for a period of sixteen centuries." And it is this "Golgotha" which is depicted on their faces to-day.

Close to the Syon Gate, or Gate of David, is an Armenian enclosure, containing the ancient burying-place of the Armenian Patriarchs of Jerusalem. The buildings within the enclosure are said to occupy the traditional site of the Palace of Caiaphas. On the north, or to the left on entering the court, is the chapel called the Prison of Christ—in Arabic Habs el Messieh—marking the spot where the Lord was ill-treated from His first condemnation till the morning of Good Friday. But as already stated, the exact site of the House of Caiaphas and of the Prison is a debatable point.

Beyond the Church of St. James a lane on the right leads to a ruined building known as the Church of St. Thomas of the Germans. During the Crusades there was a Street of the Germans, and there a hospital was founded in 1128 for German pilgrims. Its staff formed the beginning of the Order of the Teutonic Knights during the siege of Acre in 1191.

Not far from the Church of St. Thomas is the Convent of the Syrian-Jacobites, where their Bishop resides. The church inside the court is built on the traditional site of the house of Mary, the mother of John surnamed Mark. It was there that the episode related by St. Luke took place: Peter being a prisoner by the command of Herod, and guarded by four quaternions of soldiers, was visited at night by an angel, who loosed him from his chains and conducted him "to the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, where many were gathered praying."<sup>1</sup> The prison was

<sup>1</sup> Acts xii. 12.

probably within the second wall of the city, and in the twelfth century its site was indicated by tradition as south-east of the Mûristân and marked by a chapel, of which there now remain no traces. In the church there is a remarkable painting of the Blessed Virgin. The Syrians affirm that St. Luke was the artist, and also that the Mother of Jesus was baptised in the house; a little monument in the form of a baptistery preserves the memory of it.

(j) *The Collegiate Church of St. George and the Anglicans*

The Anglican Church in Jerusalem is a "Collegiate" Church. It has the status of a cathedral, but the name is not assumed, as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the Cathedral of Jerusalem. The Anglican buildings, which include the Collegiate Church, residence of the Bishop, houses for the clergy, colleges and schools, are outside the town at the junction of the Nablus and Jericho roads, and almost opposite the entrance to the "Tombs of the Kings." The Collegiate Church has its dean, four residentiary canons, six honorary canons, and six episcopal canons, who personate provinces of the great Anglican Communion, which is represented by the Bishop at the Mother-city of the Faith. The Bishop does not use the title "Bishop of Jerusalem," as that is held by the Greek Patriarch; he is known as the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem. The church, its buildings, and its missions are supported by the "Jerusalem and the East Mission Fund," whose headquarters are in London. General Sir Philip Chetwode, D.S.O., late G.O.C. 20th Corps in Palestine, speaking of the claims of the Anglican Church in Jerusalem on her people at home, said: "You people in England sent us a most magnificent lot of men out to Palestine, as you did everywhere else, and you supplied them with everything that they wanted—shot, shell, food, clothing, and everything else. Now that the men have won the country, I say it is up to you to see that you give your Church the same sinews."

The chapel at the north of the High Altar belongs to the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the arms of the Knights are painted on the walls of the chapel. Up to the time of the fall of the last Latin king of Jerusalem, the emblem of the Knights was a plain red cross, but after the Turkish occupation it was changed to a Maltese cross. Shortly after General Allenby had entered Jerusalem in 1917 King George of England



sent a white flag with a plain red cross to St. George's Collegiate Church, and it now hangs in the chapel, as a witness to the liberation of the Holy Land.

The Turk was so hurried in his departure from the city that he was unable to leave any souvenir in the way of damage or destruction behind him, except in St. George's Cathedral, and of this a very delightful story is told. The Bishop's chaplain, who was showing me round the church, removed the carpet in front of St. John's Altar, and, lifting a trapdoor, displayed what looked very much like excavations, for the stonework was badly damaged. He told me that in the early days of the war some Turkish officers entered St. George's Schools, to the bewilderment of the boys, who did not know what their visit portended. The officers demanded that the church should be opened; they had heard that the Bishop had cannons in the Cathedral, and they intended to search for them. And search they did, until, striking the stone under St. John's Chapel, which sounded hollow, the Turkish officers ordered it to be broken up, and, expecting to find guns, began to excavate. At this juncture, however, the headmaster of the Collegiate School arrived, who, on learning the quest of the Turkish officials, explained that the Canons kept by the Bishop were not buried cannons, but living Canons.

In the choir there are special seats for the Greek and other Patriarchs or Eastern Bishops,<sup>1</sup> when they attend the services in the Collegiate Church, for the present Bishop, Dr. MacInnes, like his predecessor, Dr. Blyth, is very anxious to promote friendly relations between the Anglican and Eastern Orthodox Churches, hoping that such relations may eventually lead towards reunion.

During the war the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem occupied the house of the Anglican Bishop as his headquarters, and the actual surrender of the city was signed in the Bishop's library adjoining the church.

The Anglican Bishop has jurisdiction over all Anglicans in Syria and Palestine, together with the regions about the Red Sea, Egypt, and the Sudan as far as Uganda, Cyprus, and a large part of Asia Minor. His diocese contains about 1,400,000 square miles, and the Anglican population together with native Christians is about 16,000,000.

<sup>1</sup> It is the custom for the heads of the Eastern Churches to pay official and ceremonial visits to the Collegiate Church of St. George whenever invited.

Many years before the Collegiate Church was consecrated (1898) the late Patriarch of Jerusalem requested both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop in Jerusalem that a church should be built which would show the services of the Anglican Communion as they are. The Patriarch thought that this, more than anything else, would draw the two Churches together.

### (k) *Reflections*

The contrast between Jerusalem within and Jerusalem without is very striking. They are so different that at first one has difficulty in connecting them. The outer Jerusalem is dull, respectable, and suburban, with its hospitals, schools, convents, and modern churches all built of the same light-coloured stone. It is not a pleasing district; in the sunshine there is a constant glare, but in bad weather—and the weather was seldom fine in the March and April of my visit—it is altogether gloomy and depressing, and somehow those who live in these suburban colonies seem almost to take after the surroundings, so that one gets a vision of pallor—pale dust, pale mud, pale stone, pale-faced men with fair hair and hollow cheeks, between large pink-coloured modern houses. But once within the wonderful walls, and what a contrast! for the fascination of the East is everywhere; there is nothing pale, drab, or depressing. The streets are usually paved; no carriage can enter the city, except for a few yards through the Jaffa Gate, but there are donkeys galore, and camels in stately dignity pass between the gaudy-coloured bazaars with a kind of heavy softness, under the vaulted arches of stone that cover some of the byways and are so characteristic of the city. Jerusalem is more than a city, it is a type, and a type of that heavenly Jerusalem which St. John saw and tells of in the Apocalypse. The Jews of olden time, from David to the last saint before Jerusalem's downfall, looked upon the Holy City as a foretaste of better things to come: a city like Jerusalem, built on hills, but everlasting; a city too, to use the symbolic language of St. John, encompassed by walls, but of jasper, twelve walls whose foundations are precious stones: a city with twelve gates, and each gate a pearl; a city of streets, but of pure gold; and a city into which not only one people could enter, but all kindreds, nations and tribes; and the paths of that city are trodden by the patriarchs and kings, martyrs and virgins,



apostles and prophets, who once lived and walked in the Jerusalem below.

Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity in itself.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxxii.

### III

#### A LAND OF HILLS AND VALLEYS

(a) THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

(b) THE VALLEYS.

(c) THE HOME OF JOHN THE BAPTIST



### III

#### A LAND OF HILLS AND VALLEYS

"But thou, pale Olive! in thy branches lie  
Far deeper spells than prophet grove of old  
Might e'er enshrine. I could not hear thee sigh  
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold  
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,  
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene  
When in the garden the Redeemer pray'd,  
When pale stars look'd upon His fainting head  
And angels, ministering in silent dread,  
Trembled perchance within thy trembling shade."

##### (a) *The Mount of Olives*

JERUSALEM is indeed a "city set on a hill" that cannot be hid, and the country around is a "land of hills and valleys." From almost every point of view the Holy City is prominently situated: facing south, it terminates on the crest of an extended hill, bounded on all sides, except the north, by valleys. On the western side, the Jewish Zion, once stood the city and palace of David. This crest and that of the Mount of Olives, which is somewhat higher, are two of the highest points in Palestine, being approximately 2,528 feet above the sea-level. On the summit of this mountain crest the Holy City was built, and crowning the heights of Mount Moriah and Mount Zion would be the Temple of King Solomon. From the Temple heights down to the Valley of Jehoshaphat the rocks appeared like a solid wall, and in the time of our Lord, when the valley was untouched, any traveller going towards Jerusalem from the south would see before him the broad stretch of the valley, the rugged heights of the mountain wall, and above this on the left a collection of towers and columns marking the royal buildings on Mount Zion, and on the right the Temple platform cresting Mount Moriah, and above all, in its

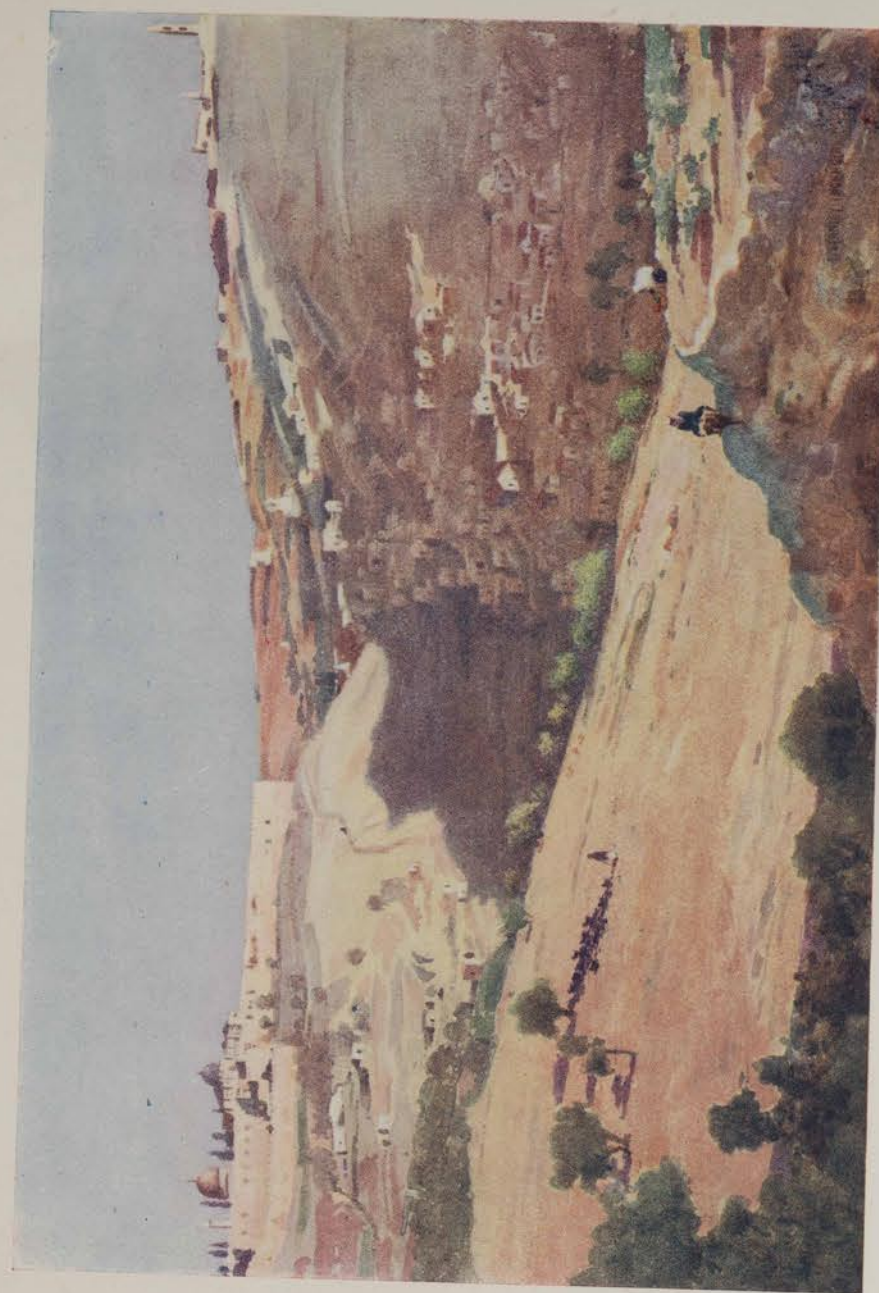


radiant beauty, the upper part of the Temple "covered with beaten gold," "that latter house" which was the proud boast of every good Jew.

The Mount of Olives is steeped in memories of our Lord, for it was His continued presence on its slope that made it a holy Mount. It may be that He never slept in Jerusalem, for he would spend the night in retreat on the side of the Mount or in the happy peace and calm of Bethany. Two of the most important incidents in His ministerial life are specially connected with the Mount of Olives: first the wonderful procession down the mountain side, across the brook Kidron, through the Golden Gate into the city, and then, on the night before His death, the real *Via Dolorosa*, which began in the Garden on the slopes of the Mount and ended on Calvary. From the Mount of Olives He went daily during the last week of His life to the Temple: "He came to His own" in that beautiful Temple on Mount Moriah, where by a mysterious coincidence the Holy of Holies was empty, "and His own received Him not."

How far more beautiful the Mount of Olives would be to-day had there been no unsightly buildings placed upon its summit and slopes! The Russian Church above Gethsemane, with its gaudy cupolas, the great building once a German hospice, then the Headquarters of the occupied Enemy's Territory Administration, and now the residence of the British High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel. That hideous monument of Germany's pretensions which crowns the mountain top, and many other such buildings, have turned the most sacred hill in the world into a veritable garden suburb. Incidentally a reference might be made to the amazing astuteness on the part of Germany in the choice of her sites: the hospice on the top of the Mount of Olives guarding the whole of the hills and valleys around Jerusalem and the city itself; the Dormitio on Mount Syon guarding the road from Bethlehem; the former Hospice of St. Paul (built with the intention of counteracting the influence of Notre Dame de France), now the Civil Governorate, guarding Damascus Gate and the Nablus road; and the Protestant Church of the Redeemer in the very centre of the town, a few yards from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In spite of the profanation of its beautiful slopes, the Mount of Olives retains a strong and yet indefinable impression of the tremendous events of which it was the scene. The paths leading to it are rough, uneven, and steep, and therefore most people prefer



THE VALLEY OF THE KIDRON.

[To face page 74.]



to drive by the road. To appreciate the mystic atmosphere of the Mount it is certainly better to proceed there on foot. It is useless to hurry in the Holy Land; it is better even to miss things than to rush over them, for hustle kills atmosphere, and it is the atmosphere that matters, the getting into harmony with surroundings. *Festina lente* is a good motto for those who visit Palestine—*festina lente*, mentally and physically.

Near St. Stephen's Gate is to be seen the Greek enclosure which is said to mark the spot where St. Stephen was stoned. The road crosses the Valley of the Kidron, and on the left there stands a church into which one descends by a long and steep staircase to find the Tomb of the Virgin. On this spot it is said the Mother of Christ was buried by the Apostles, and the tradition goes on to relate that Thomas alone of the Apostles being absent, on his return he expressed great desire to look upon the Virgin Mother once again. The Tomb was opened, only to find it empty and flowers growing within; hence the belief from the very early days of the Church in the Assumption of the Virgin. Mary's parents, Joachim and Anna, are buried here, and also St. Joseph, whose mortal remains were transferred from the Church of St. Anne in the fifteenth century. In this chapel, which belongs to the Greek rite, there are Masses and other services almost without ceasing, and in the little grotto of the Madonna, where once the body was laid, people are ever praying. At one time Moslems, who have a great reverence for the Virgin, shared the privilege of access to this sanctuary—a prayer-recess for them is still shown—and Omar himself is said to have prayed here on one occasion. Abyssinians, Copts, Armenians, besides the Greek and Latin rites, have their altars here.

Close to the Tomb of the Virgin is a chapel, commonly called the Grotto of the Agony, or the Grotto of Gethsemane. According to early writers, this chapel marked the spot where our Lord often rested with His disciples, and probably the Grotto was at one time part of the Garden. A short distance from this Grotto, across the road and up a narrow lane leading to the Mount of Olives, the pilgrim must turn off along a pathway in order to reach the Garden of Gethsemane. The tradition concerning this site dates from the fourth century. The Franciscans entered into possession of this place in 1681, and for a long while left it, as I would much prefer to see it to-day, an uncultivated field surrounded by stone walls or a cactus hedge. In 1848 the Fathers seem to have found it necessary to safeguard the property by



enclosing it in a square of some eighty yards, and to-day it is a beautiful little Italian garden, with flowers of all kinds and well-kept paths. The great olive trees alone remain, eight of them, to tell of their predecessors from whose roots they sprang and who gave shade and rest to the Saviour of the world.

The brother gardener, a charming friar whom I often visited, told me that he had been for twenty-two years in charge of the Garden. Large sweet-smelling violets grow in profusion, and the brother delights in making little nosegays for the visitor to take away. One peculiarly gnarled and ancient tree he pointed out to me as marking the actual spot where our Lord rested in the cool shade, and the old friar would pluck a branch of olive, giving it to me, as he said, "*Come ricordo del Nostro Signore Gesù Christo.*" Outside the Garden is a mass of rock, where it is said that our Lord left the Apostles before His Agony, and told them to "Watch and pray"—a column at the end of the wall is said to mark the spot of His betrayal by Judas. Next to the Garden there is, or was until recently, a great open space, in the centre of which in a prominent position lay a large white stone. Here it is said that our Lord knelt in prayer on that first Maundy Thursday night.

And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done. And there appeared an angel strengthening Him, and being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And when He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? Rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.<sup>1</sup>

There is a legend which relates how the Master and His friends had a key of the Garden, and on the last occasion before His death, as they entered it and climbed the slope of the mountain near the base of which it is situated, fragrant and healing herbs sprang up beneath the feet of the Redeemer. The memory of this tradition was preserved in the charm that used to be muttered sometimes in certain districts of England when verbenas were picked:

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xxii. 40-46.

"Hail to thee, holy herb,  
Growing on the ground;  
On the Mount of Olives  
First was thou found.

"Thou art good for many and all,  
And healest many a wound;  
In the Name of Sweet Jesus  
I lift thee from the ground."

On this open space once stood the Church of the Agony, spoken of by St. Jerome as "the place where our Lord prayed before His Passion." This church was built in 385, destroyed by the Persians, and restored in 725. Once again destroyed, the Crusaders rebuilt it under the title of St. Saviour, but in the year 1219 it was destroyed for the third time. Now the Franciscans are building a noble Basilica, perhaps already erected, the high altar of which will be placed close to the Stone of Agony, and the church will face in the same direction as our Lord gazed on that terrible night, across the brook Kidron to the Golden Gate above.

The path to the Mount, rough and steep, ascends above the Garden, passing the Russian Church with its gilt cupolas on the left and Jewish cemeteries on the right; from the latter the view across to the Holy City is superb. Further up the hill on the right is the Dervish monastery, enclosed in which is the Chapel of the Ascension. St. Jerome tells us that the original church was round in form and open to the sky. In the centre was a court which covered the sacred well near which our Lord ascended. The Crusaders turned the church and its porticoes into a convent for the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. To-day the sacred spot is surrounded by a girdle of Arab houses. The chapel in the centre of the court was built by the Crusaders, an octagonal building comprised in a circle some twenty-three feet in diameter. The Moslems have walled up five sides of the chapel and built a new cupola without any opening in the centre. "In the interior a frame of white marble surrounds the rock bearing the impress of the left foot of our Lord, the print of the right foot having been destroyed by time. St. Jerome and St. Paula kissed the sacred stone. It was here that our Lord, when His divine mission was ended, blessed His Apostles for the last time, and gave them the supreme command related by the Evangelists:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Franciscan Guide to the Holy Land.* Fr. Barnabas Meistermann.



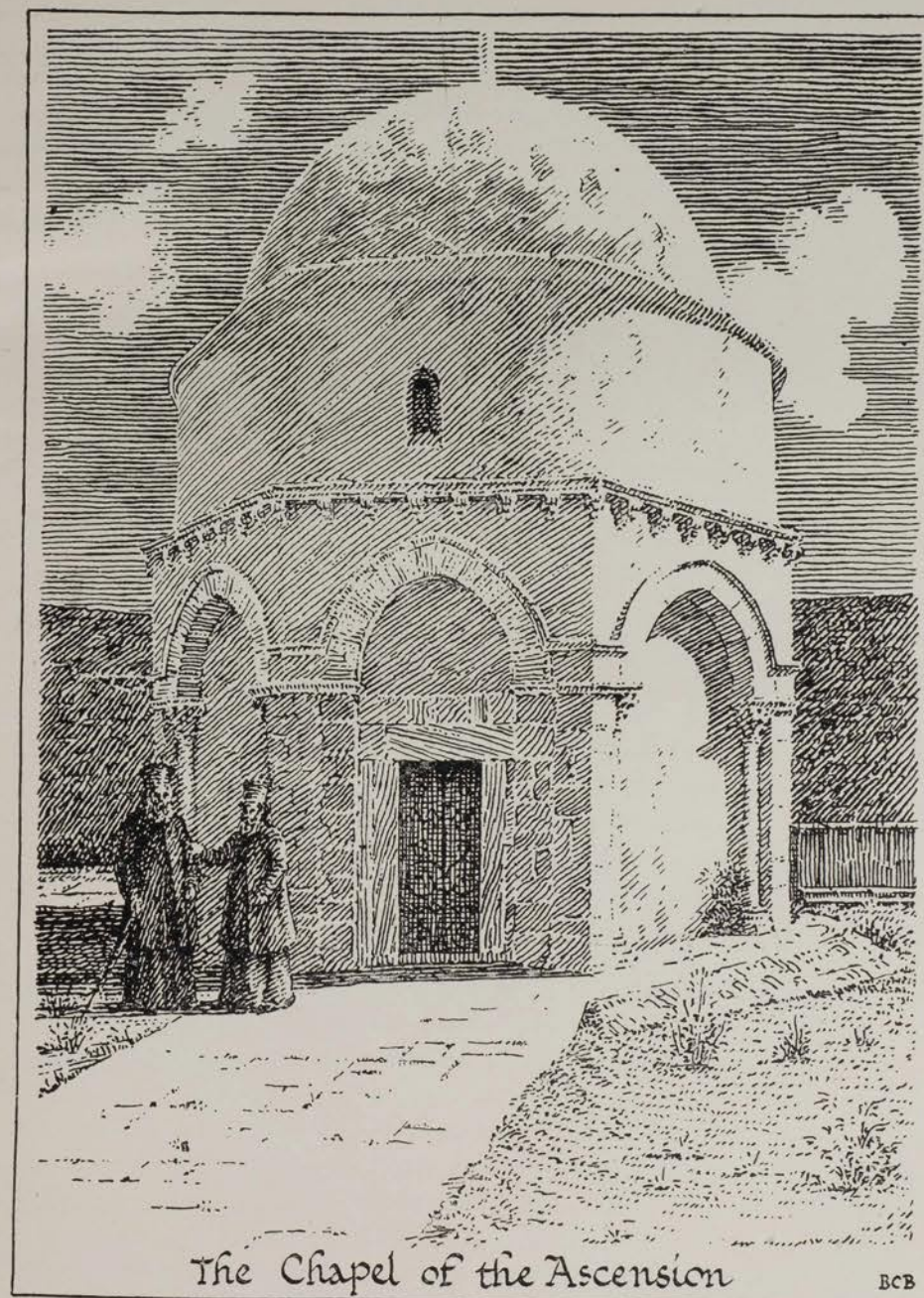
Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.<sup>1</sup>

The chapel and its enclosure belong to the Moslems, and Christians are only allowed there on sufferance. Once a year, on the Feast of the Ascension, the Latin clergy celebrate Mass within the chapel from midnight to midday, the Greeks and Armenians set up their altars in the court, other Christians come also, and the Feast of the Ascension is thus observed on the spot itself by all the Christian rites of Palestine. Let us hope that before long this chapel, as well as the Cenaculum, will be restored to Christendom.

At the top of the mountain is the village of Kafr-el-Tur, and close by are the Russian buildings. In the Garden, at the end of a long shady avenue, is the modern Russian Church, whose campanile is a landmark for all the surrounding country. It is a long climb, some two hundred and fourteen steps, to the topmost platform of the campanile, but it is well worth while. The eye takes in almost at one glance the entire city of Jerusalem—surrounded by the Valleys of Jehoshaphat and Gehenna—the mountains of Judah and Ephraim, and the Dead Sea and the Jordan beyond, evoking everywhere wonderful memories of happenings in the history of the Israelites. The atmosphere was so clear one day when I made the climb that the Dead Sea appeared to be within a few miles, whereas the distance was at least sixteen, and the sea was no less than 3,900 feet below the tower on which I stood. Beyond arose the distant mountains of Moab, looking blue in the haze that covered them; towards the south-east was the road to Jericho, and to the left the village of Bethany; whilst far away in the distance to the south could be seen the "Frank" mountain, with the heights of Bethlehem and Tirkoah. . . .

The ground all around is strewn with crimson anemones, the almond tree is blossoming, and the fig-tree just putting forth its tender leaves. . . . It is very beautiful, around and beyond, and nothing on Olivet has so impressed me as the magnificence of the prospect which evening after evening must have disclosed itself here to the eyes of Majesty and Love Incarnate, when, in the glow

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xxviii. 19.



The Chapel of the Ascension

BCB



of the setting sun, He rested with His disciples after the day's labour in Jerusalem.

A pathway leads from the Russian buildings through delightful scenery to Bethany, a pleasing walk of about three-quarters of an hour, to the place of retirement and blissful retreat that Christ loved so well.

Not far from the British Residency is the Greek convent called since the thirteenth century *Viri Galilæi*, built in memory of the words spoken by "the Two Men in white apparel" to the Apostles after the Lord's Ascension:

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? <sup>1</sup>

Near the Carmelite Convent is the Church of the Pater. According to tradition, Christ taught the disciples the Lord's Prayer a second time on the Mount of Olives. A church was built here before the days of the Crusades, but it was destroyed by the Saracens, and the place remained deserted until about forty years ago, when a Frenchwoman founded a Convent of Carmelite Nuns, with its Church of the Pater. The nuns are cloistered, and, following the strict rule of Theresa of Avila, pray unceasingly, and are never seen by the outside world. The courtyard is filled with beautiful flowers, and round the walls of the cloister is written on great panels the "Our Father" in thirty-six different languages. Close to the Convent of the Pater is the Crypt of the Credo, once an ancient cistern, then transformed into an oratory called the Crypt of the Credo owing to a doubtful tradition that here the Apostles composed the Creed before dispersing. It is far more probable that the Apostles drew up a profession of faith in the Cenaculum after the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

On leaving the Carmelite Convent a steep and rocky path descends to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, leaving on the left a French Benedictine Convent. After walking two hundred yards, the traditional site where Jesus wept over Jerusalem is reached. This is known as *Dominus Flevit*, and it is said that once a church stood close to the spot, but was turned into a mosque, under the name of El Mansowiyeh, the Conqueror, and to-day it is only a ruin. The Franciscans have now built a small chapel on the southern side of this same path in commemoration. It is well to localise such a scene as that depicted by the Evangelists, who tell how the very sight of that wondrous city brought tears to the

<sup>1</sup> Acts i. 11.



Lord's eyes when He thought of its coming destruction; but I suppose there are many people who, wandering about the slopes of Olivet, have discovered certain places along the triumphal route which seem to them to have better reason to be called the "*Dominus flevit*" than the traditional site.

Before passing from the glories of the Mount of Olives we can reconstruct the way of that procession of which the "*Dominus flevit*" was an interlude. The procession was pre-arranged. It was symbolic of the King coming to His own, and His own refusing His claims. It was symbolic also of another great coming, when He would visit the whole world, after which time would be no more. It was also a fulfilment of prophecy; it was done, one might say, that the Scripture might be fulfilled:

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.<sup>1</sup>

It had become the habit of multitudes to flock to Bethany from the city, attracted by the culminating miracle of the raising of Lazarus and desirous of seeing the Conqueror of Death and the restored villager himself. It was the week before the Feast of the Passover, and there would be a general excitement among the people, looking forward to the festivities and to the visits of friends coming from the country to take part in the feast themselves. Many of these had heard of the return of the "Prophet" of Galilee, and that probably He would to-day enter the city, and so they determined to give Him an ovation. To them would be added the crowd of pilgrims coming to the feast from the Jordan valley; and all of these were about to fulfil an ancient prophecy by forming a triumphant bodyguard for the entrance of Zion's King.

Then the Lord despatched two of the disciples to Bethphage, the village that occupied a ridge of the Mount, in order to fetch "an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass." The disciples hasten away to fulfil this duty, and without any remonstrances, and on the sole plea addressed to the owners that "the Lord hath need of them," they execute His commission. The owners evidently were followers of the Master, though perhaps secret ones, and the two animals are handed over and led to the spot from whence the procession would start. Spring is the loveliest season of

<sup>1</sup> Zechariah ix. 9.

the Palestine year, especially the later spring, when the cold winds have vanished, the rain is over and gone, the Mount of Olives is carpeted with green, and the trees covered with fresh and radiant foliage. Crowds of people, happy in the fresh spring morning, with the country bathed in sunshine, excited to be near the Man Who had healed their sick and had spoken as none other did before, flocked in crowds to make the triumphal progress one that should not be forgotten. Little did those present imagine that this scene would be commemorated year by year in every part of the world where Christians foregather! To me Palm Sunday has always been one of the most wonderful days of the year, so full of symbolic mysticism.

Yet the central object of attraction and homage in this enthusiastic crowd is a lowly Pilgrim of Galilee, undistinguished by any outward badge of dignity—no purple, no warrior's sword, no conquering chariot, and certainly no crown had He. How easily He might have converted that hour of popular acclamation into an hour of triumph, or worked on the passions of those thousands that now crowded around Him!

And then the wonderful scene, so Eastern, so full of enthusiasm and lack of reserve! Around the route of the triumphal progress are palms and olive-trees, gardens and groves, and devoted people cut down branches of these and other green boughs and strew them along the path of the Conqueror, whilst others, who cannot wait in their eagerness, tear their outer garments off, throwing them like saddle-cloths on the back of the colt; others, again, spreading them as a tribute of loyalty and homage to be trodden on by the Great Prophet. Over this leafy carpet, composed of these symbols of rejoicing, rides Zion's King, His one and only earthly triumph, while shouts of victory, of Hosannahs, wake the echoes of Mount Olivet—those cries of welcome so soon to be changed to the yells of execration, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

"Even so, the world is thronging round to gaze  
On the dread vision of the latter days,  
Constrained to own Thee, but in heart  
Prepared to take Barabbas' part:  
'Hosanna!' now, to-morrow, 'Crucify!'  
The changeful burden still of their rude lawless cry.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Keble: *Christian Year*.



The locality accords in a remarkable manner with the description given by the Evangelists of this drama. Shortly after leaving the home of Mary and Martha, a turn in the road would bring the procession to the valley of Bethany, a wild, picturesque and sequestered ravine. Here the path turns to the right, as it must have done then, avoiding the deep depression of the ravine, thus skirting the southern slope of Olivet.

The first time I walked from Bethany, along the slope of the Mount to Jerusalem, it was at this point, with its first glimpse of the city, that the words of the Evangelist seemed to fit so well:

And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it.

For just as they descended to the sharp and steep angle, the crowd would suddenly have caught the first glimpse of Jerusalem. Just a glimpse, and no more, but that glimpse would have been suggestive, because it revealed the citadel and what was once the palace of David, and therefore the holy Mount of Zion. Imagine the scene! A solemn pause; the Lord had reined in the humble animal on which He rode:

And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave one stone upon another: because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.<sup>1</sup>

Once more the procession passes on and crosses the brook Kidron, that brook that would see Him a few days hence being brought a captive to Jerusalem, now a King, then a Criminal! They climb the slope of Mount Zion, the holy city of David, the cries becoming more vociferous as the city is approached. The Pharisees are jealous—such honour has never been paid to them; it must be stopped before the Temple is reached. "Master, rebuke thy disciples."

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xix. 41-44.

*"I tell you, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out,"*

is the only answer they receive. The Temple courts are reached and the triumphal march is over; the curtain drops for a moment, and then the last scene of that eventful day is enacted.

He did not need popularity, and in a moment He showed that the applause of the people meant nothing to Him. Straight to the Temple He went, and passing the outer court He found "those that sold and those that bought," and making a whip of cords he drove them out of the Temple, overturning the "tables of the money-changers and the seats of those who sold doves," saying:

*"My house is the house of prayer! Ye have made it a den of thieves."*

Mount Olivet, through all its long past and wondrous experiences, had never witnessed a similar scene; but a few months later it did witness another scene in which He was chief Actor, and this time a scene of spiritual and eternal triumph, for from the Mount of Olives, surrounded by His Apostles and His Mother, our Lord ascended to Heaven, thereby fulfilling the prophecy and accomplishing His divine mission—the Mount had witnessed His grief and humiliation, but then it saw His glory.

And He led them out as far as Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them and carried up into Heaven. And they worshipped Him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.<sup>1</sup>

#### (b) *The Valleys*

Jerusalem is encircled by a vast cemetery: Jewish and Moslem tombs. Walk where you like, in the valleys or on the hills, and you will walk among graves. The Valley of Jehoshaphat is one great cemetery. The slope of Mount Moriah down to the Kidron is covered with Moslem tombs, and the south-eastern side of the Mount of Olives is literally paved with the graves of Jewish dead. According to Moslem tradition, the valley of Jehoshaphat will part asunder at the Last Day, to make room for the multitude when at last they rise from death and come to judgment.

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xxiv. 50.



Quite in keeping with these surroundings, the British military cemetery, containing the graves of those who fell in the war, is situated on the slopes of Mount Scopus, in full view of the holy city on one side and the mountains of Moab on the other. On the Nablus road, close to the Anglican buildings, and about three-quarters of a mile from the Gate of Damascus, are the sepulchre vaults known as the Caverns of the Kings. Neither labour nor expense has been spared in the creation of these sepulchres, as their magnificence plainly shows. The excavation is immense, and must be at least six hundred feet below the level of the Bethesda quarter. Sir Charles Watson speaks of them as "interesting sepulchres, although there is no evidence that kings were buried here."<sup>1</sup> They are interesting, for they remind us that the poor at the time of our Lord were buried in the earth, while the rich were laid in sepulchres hewn out of the rock. Joseph of Arimathæa was a rich man, and gave to the Lord of the best, a tomb hewn out of the rock in which no man before had been laid. A visit to the royal tombs shows us the kind of sepulchre given to our Lord, for in front of one great cavern is seen a large round stone which once closed the door of the sepulchre, but is now "rolled away"—so heavy that it would require several strong men to move it.

Josephus in his description of Jerusalem calls these tombs the Royal Caverns, and it is generally believed that they are the sepulchres of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, a country situated on a tributary of the Tigris, who with her son Izates was converted to Judaism in the year 44 A.D. The latter had many sons, which explains the vast area of the caverns. An ancient tradition referred to these caverns as tombs of the early kings of Judah; hence the name most commonly in use to-day, "The Tombs of the Kings."

From the road outside the caverns an excellent view of the Hill of Mispah is obtained, the En-Nebi Samwil of the Arabs, on which a mosque once stood, whose slender minaret was a landmark throughout Judea. This mosque contained the reputed tomb of the prophet Samuel. Here it is also stated that Samuel anointed Saul as the first of Israel's kings. From this mount the Crusaders obtained their first view of Jerusalem when all knelt in prayer to thank God for their safe arrival.

Not far from the Gate of Damascus, and along the Nablus

<sup>1</sup> *Jerusalem.* Sir Charles Watson.

road close to the Basilica of St. Stephen, a path leads to an enclosure in which a Jewish tomb is shown, said to have been inhabited by an anchorite who traced the form of a cross on one of the interior walls. The enclosure is a very beautiful garden, kept in perfect condition by an English lady who made the little cottage in the garden her home. The property belongs to British trustees, who keep it in order by means of an endowment fund and voluntary contributions. Some German and English authorities in the year 1882, together with General Gordon, claimed that the hill above the enclosure was the true Golgotha, seeing in the formation of the great rock the similitude of a skull. The sepulchre is generally called "The Garden Tomb," and the adjoining hill "Gordon's Calvary." Some time before 1882 Fergusson and then Conder attempted to blot out a tradition by pronouncing against the universal belief, but their claim has never been accepted by Palestinians, whether Christian, Moslem, or Jew, and it certainly needs more than British originality to contest seriously the authenticity of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. It is related that General Gordon was once given an audience at Windsor and told that he might lay his claim to having discovered the true Calvary and Sepulchre of our Lord before Queen Victoria. The Queen heard him patiently, and when he had finished she remarked, "I think that on the whole I prefer the judgment of my royal sister, Queen Helena."

The Gate of Damascus, as it is called to-day, is the Neapolitan or Nablus Gate of the fourth century. It was called the Gate of St. Stephen in the twelfth century, but the Arabs called it Bab el Amûd, Gate of the Column, because of a forum which Hadrian had built at its entrance, whence a street adorned with porticoes went to Mount Syon. The Damascus Gate is quite the most beautiful of all the gates of the city, and dates from the sixteenth century. The next gate along the Valley of Jehoshaphat is that of Herod, in Arabic Bab es Sahireh; near it is the ruined church el Ades, which name would seem to be a corruption of the Greek "Herodes," the church, it is said, being built on the site of the house of Herod Antipas, the Tetrarch, who with his men of war mocked our Lord when Pilate sent Him to his palace. "This gate has a further interest, as it was at this point that Godfrey de Bouillon, after a hard struggle, was the first of the Crusaders to enter Jerusalem in 1099, but the wall and gate have been rebuilt since his time.

The original wall built by Herod Agrippa has almost



disappeared, but here and there are traces of the foundations of this magnificent line of fortifications, that, as Josephus says, was 'all of it wonderful.' Soon after passing Herod's Gate some rising ground is seen on the right, supposed by some modern writers to be the site of the Crucifixion, but for this there is no historical evidence, and the cutting through the hill, followed by the road, was probably not made until Agrippa had built the third wall."<sup>1</sup>

The Gate of St. Stephen opens into the Valley of the Kidron; the natives call it Bab Sitti Miriam, the Gate of the Lady Mary, owing to its proximity to the tomb of the Virgin. The gate corresponds to the ancient Gate of the Sheep. Close to this gate is the road leading from Jerusalem to Bethany, passing through the Valley of the Kidron, or Jehoshaphat. The Valley of the Kidron, which to-day is quite dry, begins near the Tombs of the Kings; there it passes the base of Mount Scopus, and turning southwards separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. According to tradition, it is the Valley of the King where the mysterious Melchizedek, King of Salem, met Abraham returning from his victory over the five kings.

And Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God. And he blessed him, and said, Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth: and blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand. And he gave him tithes of all.<sup>2</sup>

Passing St. Stephen's Gate, it is a short walk to the Golden Gate. This is a double gate, of Roman construction, and its arch is beautifully decorated with palm-trees. The Moslems declare that the Prophet will sit here at the last day to judge the world. Before him all who have lived will be assembled on the Mount of Olives, and between that Mount and the Golden Gate will be stretched a bridge as fine as a razor's edge, over which the faithful will pass safely into Paradise; but the others trying to do the same, but being heavily burdened with their sins, will fall—lower than the Kidron. Here, where the southern wall of the Temple ended, comes down the Tyropæan valley, the deep cleft which divided ancient Zion from Mount Moriah. That valley was spanned by a bridge which enabled Solomon to pass from his palace on Zion to the Temple on Mount Moriah.

<sup>1</sup> Jerusalem. Sir Charles Watson.

<sup>2</sup> Genesis xiv. 18.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat contains four sepulchres of great and ancient interest. They are called the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St. James, and Zacharias, but the authority for the names is rather doubtful. What is far more interesting is the fact that without doubt our Lord must have passed and gazed on these monuments every time he walked along the valley. The names seem to have been changed at different periods, for at one time they were taken for the sepulchres of Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Simeon. Isaiah, according to a trustworthy tradition, was martyred in the Valley of the Kidron and buried there. St. James the Great, called the brother of the Lord, was thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple and also killed in this valley. The "Tomb of Jehoshaphat" is said to belong to the Jewish type of tomb, as is also that of St. James. Those of Absalom and Zacharias are altogether different, and are more like memorial monuments than sepulchres.

The next gate along the wall of the city is the Dung Gate, or Gate of the Maugrabins (Moslems of Moghrib, in the west of Africa), Arabic, Bab el Mughâribeh. Here we are on Ophel, the eastern hill of Jerusalem, in ancient days the site of the royal City of David, which sloped down towards the Pool of Siloam, the Valley of the Kidron being on the east.

Beyond the "Tomb of Zacharias" the ground is one vast cemetery of Jewish graves spreading over the slopes of the hill commonly known as the Mount of Scandal, on the summit of which a Convent of French Benedictines is situated. Here Solomon built temples, altars, and high places to Ashtarothe, Molech, Chemosh, and Milcom, for the daughter of Pharaoh and his other "strange wives," causing grave scandal. For centuries they remained, until the youthful reformer, King Josiah, in one swift hour of retribution swept them away,<sup>1</sup> breaking the images and groves into fragments, and hurling them into the valley of the Kidron. Generations of Israelites would have seen them; some ruins may have remained so late as the days of our Lord. To all good Israelites these stones were for generations an "offence," and to this day the old site retains a name of evil memory—"the Mount of Scandal."

On the slopes of the Mount of Scandal are scattered the houses of *Kafr Silwân*, the village of Siloë. It is said that most of the houses of the village are built in front of ancient Jewish sepulchres

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings xxiii. 12.



cut in the rock. For hundreds of years these caves served as cells for hermits and solitaries, and some were turned into chapels. To-day Siloë is a typical Moslem village. To the north of the village are the remains of an Egyptian monument, said to be of the period of King Solomon.

Because the Virgin was buried at Gethsemane, the Arabs gave the name of Sitti Miriam to the whole valley, and the Fountain of the Virgin they call Ain Sitti Miriam. This fountain has an intermittent spring; twice a day in winter, less often in summer, by the action of a natural syphon, the spring comes with a gush. The waters bubble up and the pool is agitated, and even to-day there are invalids who come to the pool and step into the water in the expectation of a cure, so I was assured. The Fountain of the Virgin is the only inexhaustible spring of fresh water near Jerusalem. From this fountain it is a pleasant walk to follow the brook to the Garden of Siloë at the bottom of the valley, "The Garden of the King" referred to by Josephus. "A narrow underground channel cut in the well of the Temple mount runs from this fountain to the Pool of Siloam some six hundred yards in length. This channel was discovered by Dr. Robinson, who was the first explorer to traverse it from end to end. The channel is three feet, but in some places only eighteen inches in height, and he had to squeeze through it on his stomach—a perilous adventure, for had the waters chanced to flow the consequences would have been serious. Two other explorers, Captains Conder and Mantell, passed through this conduit a second time, entering at the Pool of Siloam and coming out at the Fountain of the Virgin. They wrote their names on the rock at mid-channel, so that if one should doubt the fact of their having crawled through it, he has it in his power to satisfy himself by ocular inspection."<sup>1</sup>

This account was written years ago, but in quite recent years an English resident in Jerusalem with two boys went down to the Pool of Siloam in moonlight. They jumped into the water at the entrance where it flows into the pool, and started off in the darkness. After surmounting various difficulties they came to the old Jebusite tunnel up which Joab had crept, and a few yards further reached the cavern of the spring and came out up the steps on to the hillside.

Continuing along the path mentioned above, we reach the

<sup>1</sup> *Over the Holy Land.* J. A. Wylie.

*Birket el Hamra*, known as the Lower Pool of Siloam. Near here a hill with an ancient mulberry tree at the top marks the traditional site of the martyrdom of Isaiah. Tertullian, St. Jerome, and others relate that, at the beginning of the reign of Manasseh, the prophet was, by order of the King, sawn in two with a wooden saw.

The Pool of Siloam is without doubt that described in St. John's Gospel, where our Lord worked the miracle of opening the eyes of a man born blind, although in those days the pool was much larger and was surrounded with a covered portico.

When He had thus spoken, He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam (which is, by interpretation, Sent). He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing.<sup>1</sup>

North of the Pool Dr. Bliss discovered the remains of a church, probably built by the Empress Eudocia in the fifth century, destroyed by the Persians in 614, and now rebuilt. The Pilgrim of Piacenza, in 570, says that he "met a church there dedicated to our Saviour, Light of the World." The foundations of the church are about twenty feet underground, but near the site a minaret has been built, apparently to show that the place is regarded as sacred to Moslems, and this prevents any attempt on the part of Christians to rebuild the church.

The Valley of Hinnom opens out at the south-west angle of the Birket el Hamra: Ge Hinnom, or Gehenna, which in Syriac is the equivalent of Hell. This valley is celebrated in the Bible for the worship of Baal and Moloch set up there by idolatrous kings.

The children of Judah have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of Hinnom, and burn their sons and daughters in the fire, which I commanded them not. . . . It shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter.<sup>2</sup>

St. Jerome says that the famous high place of Tophet was in the most fertile part of the valley and nearest to Siloë. Above the Valley of Hinnom is the hill called the Mount of Evil Counsel, on account of a tradition, dating from the time of the Crusaders,

<sup>1</sup> St. John ix. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Jeremiah vii. 31.



which places the country house of Caiaphas on its slopes. Here, it is said, the chief priests and other leaders of the Jews met to take counsel whether they might destroy Jesus.<sup>1</sup> Pompey encamped on this mountain when he came to besiege Jerusalem, and Titus carried his wall of siege over it. The side of the Mount of Evil Counsel opposite Mount Syon is full of sepulchres or cave tombs of the Jewish period and also of the Christian era, and many Greek inscriptions in which the words "of Holy Syon" are repeated show that at some early date a necropolis of the monks of Syon was in this place. Josephus indicates the position of the monument of the high priest Annas here, one of the many monuments which abounded in these parts, the vestibule of which, adorned with a Doric frieze, was transformed into an oratory. This in later days was turned into a church by the Greeks and dedicated to St. Onuphrius, a celebrated hermit of Egypt. A fifteenth-century tradition tells how some of the Apostles who fled from the Garden of Gethsemane at the time of the arrest of their Master hid in these sepulchres. West of the Church of St. Onuphrius is the "Potter's Field," which was bought by the chief priests to bury strangers in with the price paid to Judas for betraying his Master:

Judas, when he saw that Jesus was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? See thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces and said, It is not lawful for to put them in the treasury, because it is the price of blood. And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field to bury strangers in.<sup>2</sup>

The disciples therefore called it Aceldama or the "field of blood." Mr. Ellis, the headmaster of Bishop Gobat School, informed me that strangers were buried in the Potter's Field until quite recently. It is difficult to-day to realise the tragic scenes that took place in that peaceful valley. The last time I watched it was on a glorious morning in the month of May, when the country was smiling and verdant and the vale full of olive trees. The city gate next to the "Dung Gate" is Bab en-Nebî Dâûd, Gate of the Prophet David, also called Syon Gate, Bab Sahwun. This gate is

<sup>1</sup> St. John xi. 47.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matthew xxvii. 3-7.

said to have been built in 1540 A.D. by Suliman II. On the slope of Mount Syon, overlooking the Bethlehem road, are innumerable burial-places of Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and other Christians. In the vicinity is Bishop Gobat School, and both here and also in the adjoining Greek Convent of Mount Syon are many remains of ancient fortifications. From the balcony of the school are visible traces of the walls of David and Solomon, and their restoration by Nehemiah. Close by, and also within the house, are several old cisterns. The dining-room stands upon part of a rock, which served as a foundation for the tower at the corner of the building.

At the Greek Convent of Mount Syon, which was built in 1913, and is a handsome building with delightful gardens. Father Themelis showed me some of the excavations, including remains of houses, said to have belonged to the Jebusites, whose city is believed to have been on Mount Syon before the time of David. There have also been excavated here ruins of the Christian era, remains of an underground church, a baptistery, and catacombs for the Early Christians in the time of the persecutions. At the far end of the garden the Archimandrite showed me a portion of what must have been some great stone building with a piece of mosaic flooring. This is claimed to be the foundations of the first church built on Mount Syon by the Empress Helena, and when further excavations have been made the Fathers are assured that the foundations will be seen to extend right beneath the gardens as far as the convent itself. Opposite the Greek Convent and across the station road is the great pool or reservoir, called to-day the Birket es Sultan, referring to Suliman II., who restored the basin in the middle of the sixteenth century. The west part of the pool is now covered with flourishing gardens, and here a picturesque and crowded market is held every Sunday. From the Sultan's Pool the Bethlehem road leads in a few minutes to the Jaffa Gate, the west entrance of Jerusalem. This gate is called by the Arabs Bâb el-Khalil, or the Gate of Hebron, and is always surrounded by an animated crowd of people from every country. Close to the entrance is the greatest architectural abomination in Jerusalem, namely, the clock tower built in the wooden Arabian style on the top of an old gate tower. This eyesore was presented by the late Sultan in 1907.

Some way up the Jaffa road, where crossroads meet, a turning to the right brings you to a collection of modern buildings, massive stone erections. Close together are the Convent of the Dames



Reparatrices, the French Hospital of Saint-Louis, and the Hôtellerie de Notre Dame de France and (within the walls) the great Convent of S. Salvatore at the top of the street leading to Damascus Gate. Close to them is the gate used most of all, the New Gate, or, as it is called in Arabic, Bâb Abdul Hamid, for it was built in honour of that Sultan of most unpleasant memories. To the north-west are the Russian Buildings, a vast block of establishments once used for the accommodation of pilgrims, but now turned into law courts; and near here, it is said, Titus had his camp when he besieged Jerusalem in 70; also the camp of Tancred and his followers at the time of the siege of Jerusalem by the Crusaders,<sup>1</sup> while still nearer the city was the place where Rabshakeh and the Assyrian army encamped and defied both Hezekiah and his God.<sup>2</sup> The north-west corner of Jerusalem and the neighbourhood of the New Gate is full of the most interesting historical associations.

One of the most romantic stories in the Gospel is that of the visit of the Virgin Mary to Elizabeth, told like most of the events connected with the life of the Madonna, by Luke the Evangelist:

And Mary arose in those days and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda; and entered the house of Zacharias and saluted Elizabeth.<sup>3</sup>

This is reminiscent of the poetical words in the Song of Songs, full of mysterious prophecy:

The voice of my beloved! coming leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come.<sup>4</sup>

(c) *The Home of John the Baptist*

On a glorious afternoon in brilliant sunshine, albeit with a cold and biting north wind, I walked to the home of John the Baptist, known as Ain Kârim, or St. John of the Mountains, some five miles from Jerusalem. Following the Jaffa road, passing those

<sup>1</sup> "When Godfrey led the foremost of his Franks  
And young Lord Raymond stormed Jerusalem."—*Hilaire Belloc*.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Kings xviii. 30.    <sup>3</sup> St. Luke i. 39.    Song of Songs ii. 8.

terrible modern buildings comprising one of the many Jewish quarters, I followed the sandy and uninteresting road to the Israelite asylum. Here the road to Jaffa continues to the right, and on the left that to the Convent of the Cross in the far distance, but the straight road across the charming valley Ouadi el Mousalib takes one to Ain Kârim. The *mise en scène* is delightful and refreshing—a picturesque valley with a clear view of undulating hills for miles around. The valley is covered with great rocks, for the path lies through stony ground, though here and there are little plots of bright green grass. Everywhere, even among the rocks, the landscape is brightened with the "rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley," the orchid, the scarlet poppy, the cyclamen, and countless other spring flowers, for are there not some three thousand varieties of flowers in the Holy Land? Soon, rising majestic on its rocky eminence, can be seen on the extreme left the stately Convent of the Cross, while to the right appears a village with pleasure gardens, called by the Arabs Deir Yâsîn. At length the top of the hill is reached, and on the west the Mediterranean is discovered, on the east the Mount of Olives, and to the north the Mount of Mispheh, or En-Nebi Samwil. On either side of the summit of the hill are some typical Moslem hovels built of stone, begun but never finished.

After crossing the ridge the scene changes completely; stones, rocks and barrenness are past, a new vista appears, and stony land gives place to woodland and a smiling valley. This valley, which opens into the Ouâdi Beit Hanînâ, is known as the Valley of Sorec. For two miles there is a rapid descent (and a tedious climb on the return journey) with continuous windings, as in Switzerland, down to the valleys; and then, on turning a corner, with sides planted with vines, olives, and other fruit trees, emerges the graceful village of Ain Kârim, the land of the herald of Christ, John the Baptist. The Franciscan Church is the first to be seen, and then the great Convent of the Sisters of Syon, perched on a prominence on the hills beyond. A path to the right took me to the Franciscan Convent, and a gate on the left seemed to be the entrance. It reminded me of sunny days in Umbria—all was so peaceful, and no living soul apparent. I rang many times before I managed to gain admission, but at last a sleepy janitor, a Franciscan brother, arrived, and directed me to the church, not offering his companionship.

The church, which dates from the sixteenth century, is in the Italian style, and naturally is under the protection of



St. John the Baptist; according to tradition, it occupies the site of the house of Zacharias, the father of the Forerunner. At the extremity of the northern aisle, a staircase of seven marble steps leads to the Grotto of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, which is entirely hewn out of rock and lighted by innumerable lamps. The first church was built in the fourth century, in the next century a convent for Greek monks was built there by St. Sabas, on the spot where the Baptist was born, and there the Benedictus ("Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people") resounded for the first time. The Samaritans destroyed the church and murdered the monks in the sixth century, but it was rebuilt by the Crusaders. After the repulse of the Christians, the Saracens turned the building into a *khan* and stables, but the Franciscans rebought the ancient Grotto in the fifteenth century, and at this time it would seem that the Greeks, and other Orientals also, had the privilege of using the church; it was not until 1675 that the Franciscans regained the whole building, finally completing it in 1690.

A path from the church leads to the carriage road, and in a few minutes I came upon the charming spring known as the Virgin's Well, which is associated with the visit of Mary to Elizabeth. To-day it is the business centre of Ain Kârim, and is used by the native women for washing their clothes, and also as a place of gossip. Girls and women, tall and graceful, with pitchers on their heads pass to and fro; it is a hot afternoon, and all nature seems asleep, except these young women, who would seem to have followed their occupation since the days of Elizabeth. Above the spring stands out in all its beauty a slender and very graceful minaret belonging to some disused mosque. A quarter of a mile away, and on the slope of an adjoining hill, is a small Latin Church, marking the site of the summer dwelling of Zacharias, where the Blessed Virgin saluted Elizabeth; while at about three miles distance in a western direction is the spring and grotto of Ain el-Habîs, where the Baptist lived as a hermit until the day of his preaching in the desert on the banks of the river Jordan.

And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel.<sup>1</sup>

This grotto, in a very picturesque position, overhangs the deep valley of Sorec, here called by the Arabs Ouâdi Sâthâf, the name

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke i. 80.

of the village which is built on the side of the opposite mountain. The desert of St. John is a picturesque and charming site, cultivated and fertile, for it must not be forgotten that "deserts," according to Oriental significance, mean lonely, solitary places.

The visit of the Blessed Mother to her cousin Elizabeth has naturally been the theme of many a legend. There is one that tells how the travellers followed a road that was to be often traversed by the Lord, passing through the village of Emmaus, and escaping all the dangers of the way, which was infested with robbers, by the aid of an uncouth bodyguard. It is said to have taken Mary and Joseph nine days to reach the home of Zacharias, and when the house, which was visible for a long distance off, came in sight, Elizabeth was seen kneeling down to meet them. . . . As Mary and Elizabeth walked together in the garden of the house on the hill after the meeting at its entrance, the flowers the Blessed Virgin brushed against, even those that had no natural scent, are said to have given forth a delightful fragrance, and the room in which the cousins used to sit and work together was filled at all times with a supernatural light, so that Zacharias and Joseph feared to enter it.

Thirty years later, even as these Mothers had met and embraced long before, so did the Sons meet on the shores of the waters of Jordan. John, full of joy, but deeming himself unworthy, did not dare to baptise the Christ, but on the Galilean gently insisting, the austere man of Ain Kârim dipped Him under the waters of the sacred river—Him, Whom the world would afterwards recognise as Incarnate God. And with this great event closed the chief story of John the Baptist, the son of Zacharias and Elizabeth, natives of that charming little mountain village of Ain Kârim.



#### IV

### THE STORY OF THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

- (a) JEWISH SECTS AND CUSTOMS.
- (b) THE PASSOVER.
- (c) THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT.
- (d) THE JEWISH COLONIES.



#### IV

### THE STORY OF THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

"O may He Who is most mighty soon rebuild His House : speedily, speedily, soon in our days : O God ! rebuild it, O God ! rebuild Thine House betimes. May He Who is the supreme, the greatest and most exalted, soon rebuild His House : speedily, speedily, soon in our days !

"The coming year, O bring us to Jerusalem !

"O hasten to lead the established plant [Israel], and to bring the redeemed to Zion with joyful soul.

"May it be Thy will, O Eternal, our God, and the God of our ancestors, speedily to rebuild the Holy Temple in our days, and grant us a share in Thy laws."

*(From the "Hagadah" for the Passover.)*

#### (a) Jewish Sects and Customs

THE history of the Jews is one long romantic story from the days of Abraham to the present era. It is a story of indomitable purpose, of prosperity and misery, of changing fortunes, of tyranny and persecution, of disobedience and cowardice, and then of gradual restoration. To-day the Jewish population in Palestine is comparatively modern. At the time of the great siege of Jerusalem they were almost exterminated; some few remained, only to be banished by Hadrian. In later years those who had returned were dealt hardly with by the Crusaders, and in Jerusalem nearly all the Jews were massacred. Towards the end of the twelfth century anti-Semitic persecutions in France and England drove many of them to Palestine, to be joined later by the victims of the persecutions in Spain. These latter, known as the *Sephardim*, or Spanish Jews, erected a group of synagogues in Jerusalem built almost underground, and situated between Haret al Yahud and Haret al Meidan. One of their meeting-places was called the Synagogue of Elijah, from a legend according



to which the prophet Elijah appeared at a service as a Jewish stranger, at a time when the Jews were in great danger.

The *Askenazim*, or Northern Jews, driven out by the Moslems in 1490, returned to Jerusalem two hundred years later, only to be expelled again after thirty years, their synagogues being seized by the Moslems. It was not until the Egyptian occupation in 1831 that they were allowed to settle in Jerusalem again. They then repurchased their synagogues, and restored them for worship.

During the past forty years Jewish immigration has greatly increased, and further impetus was given to this movement after the expulsion of the Turk in 1918. Now Jews are flocking into Palestine from all parts of the world. In other towns also, such as Tiberias, Safed, Haifa, Jaffa, and Hebron, their numbers increase almost daily. Since 1884 the Jews have founded many colonies in different parts of the Holy Land, at Kedara, Rishon, Ekron, etc., and northern colonies such as Sabbarin and Zummarin. United as a race, the Jews are divided into many sects; of these there are two great branches, viz., the *Askenazim*, or Jews from the North—Russians, Germans, Poles, Roumanians, etc., and the *Sephardim*, or Jews from the South—Spanish, Portuguese, Algerians, Jews from Morocco. This branch includes the Yemenites, or Jews from Arabia. There are subdivisions of these great sects: among the *Sephardim* are found the *Parouchim*, or Pharisees, the *Caraites*, a sect of anti-traditionalists, and also the *Hassidim*, a small group supported by the Anglo-Israelite Society. It is not easy to explain the points of difference, but many of them are connected with details of ritual, traditions, and practices, and the different pronunciation of Hebrew, German, and Latin.

Socially the various Jewish sects mix together, but in religious observance they keep to their own synagogues. On all important issues these sects are at one (that is to say as far as the "practising" Jew is concerned, for it must be remembered that average modern Jews, and more especially those who have but lately emigrated to Palestine, are not in this category. To them Jewry means a Nation, and not necessarily a Religion). They all await a Messiah, learn the traditional law of Moses and the Talmud, and keep with strict observance the various feasts, and, above all, the Sabbath. From six o'clock on Friday evening to the same hour on Saturday work ceases, and rest from labour is carried out almost to excess: it is forbidden to write a letter, to strike a match, and many other

regulations are observed contained in what might be called the positive and negative laws regarding Sabbath observance.

In theory there is one authority over all the Jews in Palestine, i.e., the Grand Rabbi of the Sephardim, but at the present time the President of the Council of Jews in Jerusalem and the Zionist Commission have far more authority. The dress of the Palestine Jew is of great variety in style and colour; the Askenazim wear ear-locks, a furry hat, and cloaks of wonderful hue; the Sephardim generally adopt the native costume, while others would seem to combine the dress of the Arab with that of their own country, many of them wearing the "fez" or "tarbouche." The "international" Jew, such as one sees in Jewish colonies, wears ordinary European clothes.

#### (b) *The Passover*

Through the kindly efforts of a Zionist friend, I was invited to take part in the Feast of the Passover, being the first day of unleavened bread, this year (1920) falling on Good Friday, at the house of Mr. G., the director of a famous Jewish orphanage. On my way to the house I passed through the Jewish colony by the Italian buildings, and noticed that every house and apartment was brilliantly illuminated with candles and lamps, and that all the blinds were up. In one room I saw a sick man in bed who was keeping the Feast with the requisite number of lighted candles. It was still early, that beautiful hour at the beginning of spring when the sun sets and before the moon begins to show her radiance. The sky was filled with a heavenly glow of colour. The candles were lit thus early, as no light can be kindled once the sun has set.

I was received with great courtesy by Mr. G. and his wife, and introduced to the other friends who sat at the high table, a professor from Amsterdam, a Jew from Abyssinia, and the sister of a prominent Zionist. These and the three children of the household made up the party. I fear that I committed a solecism by going into the dining-room *with my head uncovered*; it is the custom for all men to be "covered" on these occasions, but this was soon rectified by someone kindly offering me a cap. As this, however, did not fit, I asked to be allowed to wear my own hat. We sat down at 7.30 p.m. In addition to the party at the high table, there were two long tables, at each of which sat some thirty-five boys, wearing their school caps. The ceremonial commenced at once, the professor, who sat next me



acting as interpreter and also giving me a book with an English translation of the Hebrew, the language used throughout the ceremony.

We filled our glasses with the heavy and somewhat sweet "Rishon" wine, and the boys had their little Arabic coffee-cups filled also. Next our host was placed a chair with a large cushion, on which he reclined at certain parts of the ceremony. Prayers were then chanted to a quaint rhythm, somewhat like plain-chant. At the words, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God," we drank half a glass of wine. Then, as part of the ceremony, everyone filed out, including the seventy boys, to wash their hands. We dipped our fingers in water, dried them, and returned to our places. The dining-hall was brilliantly illuminated by several lamps and candles on each table, the number of candles being four or eight—never seven, for this is a sacred number. Then we ate some lettuce with a bitter taste produced by the mixture of all sorts of vegetables, which typifies the bricks the Israelites were forced to make without stubble. While eating it Mr. G. said a prayer in the Hebrew tongue. Then followed the breaking and eating of the Passover cake—first a tiny morsel, and then as much as one desired. In front of our host was placed a dish, looking like a plate of *hors d'œuvres*, and on it the bone of a lamb, an egg, and some small pieces of meat. Mr. G. laid his hand on the dish and said: "Lo, this is the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. Eat thereof," after which we finished the first glass of wine. Then four boys came forward and very solemnly enquired: "Wherefore is this night distinguished from other nights?" And our host replied: "Because we were slaves unto Pharaoh in Egypt, and the Eternal, our God, brought us forth from thence with a mighty hand and a stretched-out arm."

Various stories telling how different rabbis "had discoursed on the departure from Egypt" were then chanted by the whole company. The wine-glasses were again filled and thanks given by all the company in song; then the story of the treatment of the Israelites by the Egyptians, and of the plagues meted out to Pharaoh, were related, the chant being now changed into a minor key. The list of plagues followed in detail, in slow chant, everyone sprinkling a drop of wine at the mention of each plague: Blood; Frogs; Vermin; Murrain; Noxious Beasts; Boils; Hailstorms; Locusts; Darkness; and the Slaying of the First-born. Rabbis were again quoted in explanation of the

plagues, and then the host took hold of the Passover cake and showed it to the company as a memorial of the freedom of the Jews from bondage, saying: "This unleavened cake, wherefore do we eat it? Because there was not enough time for the dough of our ancestors to leaven." Then we ate the bitter herb, in which was placed some date fruit to lessen the bitterness: "This bitter herb, wherefore do we eat it? Because the Egyptians embittered the lives of our ancestors in Egypt." During the eating of the bitter herb there was complete silence. After a long pæan of praise to God for deliverance, everyone held a glass of wine in his hand and chanted: "We are therefore in duty bound to thank, praise, and honour God, in that He brought us out of bondage into freedom."

Once again we went out to wash our hands, while someone chanted these words: "Blessed art Thou, O God, King of the Universe, Who has sanctified us with the Commandments, and commanded us to wash our hands."

After this grace was said, and the meal begun. First of all soup with large rissoles of meat in it; then a shoulder of lamb, cut up by the host and passed round, the only vegetable served with it being a kind of beetroot. The meal concluded with a dish of preserved fruits. Mrs. G. and her daughters waited on us, the boys waited on themselves. Grace was then said: "Blessed be our God of Whose bounty we have been satisfied, and through Whose goodness we live. Blessed be He, blessed be His Name." During the dinner between each course Jewish songs were sung by all present; these were in Hebrew and their theme connected entirely with praise of the Passover and the Sabbath. After dinner the ceremonial continued: psalms and prayers were chanted, and it was curious to notice how rapidly they changed from the minor to the major key, at one moment a dirge, the next triumphant. At the Psalm (cxv), "Non nobis, Domine" ("Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name we give the praise"), the wine-glasses were filled for the fourth time. It seems that the rule is for everyone present to drink four glasses or cups of wine in all, to signify the four promises mentioned in Exodus vi. 6-7, viz.:

I will bring you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians, and I will rid you out of their bondage, and I will redeem you with a stretched out arm and with great judgments: and I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God.



It is also said that the "cup" mentioned four times in Genesis xl. 11-13 refers to this ordinance.

And Pharaoh's *cup* was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's *cup*, and I gave the *cup* into Pharaoh's hand . . . and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's *cup* into his hand.

Then were oft repeated the words: "The stone which the builders rejected is become the chief stone of the corner." To me it seemed wonderful that none present should realise to Whom these words of prophecy alluded. After this, psalms of praise were chanted, and then followed a graphic account of the slaying of the first-born in Egypt: "Thou didst perform abundant miracles in the night, Thou didst terrify the Syrian in the dead of night, and Israel wrestled with an angel, and overcame him in the night. The first-born of the Egyptians didst Thou crush at midnight, their strength found them not when they arose in the night," and so on. Then with frequent reiterations, and at this time with what truth!

"THE COMING YEAR O BRING US TO JERUSALEM."

Towards the end, slowly and with great solemnity, the following words were chanted: "The commemoration of the Passover is now accomplished; according to its order, all its formalities and customs, as we have thus arranged it. O may we also merit the actual observance thereof. . . . O hasten to bring the redeemed to Zion with joyful song. O may He Who is most mighty soon rebuild His House; speedily, speedily, soon in our days; O God, rebuild it, rebuild it, rebuild Thine House betimes." The words "rebuild it" were repeated over and over again. Then followed the blessing: "May it be Thy will, O Eternal our God! and God of our ancestors! speedily to rebuild the Holy Temple in our days, and grant us a share in Thy laws."

Finally the ceremony concluded with this quaint rhythm, sung slowly, the company swaying to the curious and somewhat monotonous chant:

*One only Kid, one only Kid, that my father bought for two zuzim; one only kid, one only kid.  
And a Cat came, and devoured the kid, that my father bought for two zuzim; one only kid, one only kid.  
And a Dog came, and bit the Cat, that devoured the kid, etc.  
Then a Staff came, and smote the Dog, that bit the Cat, etc.*

*Then Fire* came, and burnt the Staff, that smote the Dog, etc.  
*Then Water* came, and extinguished the Fire, that burnt the Staff, etc.

*Then the Ox* came, and drank the Water, that extinguished the Fire, etc.

*Then the Butcher* came, and slaughtered the Ox, that drank the Water, etc.

*Then the Angel of Death* came, and slew the Butcher, that slaughtered the Ox, etc.

*Then came the Most Holy*, blessed be He, and killed the Angel of Death, that slew the Butcher, that slaughtered the Ox, that drank the Water, that extinguished the Fire, that burnt the Staff, that smote the Dog, that bit the Cat, that devoured the Kid, that my father bought for two zuzim; one only kid, one only kid!

The exact origin of this quaint rhythm is unknown. It seems to have made its first appearance in the Prague edition of the Hagadah printed in 1590. Songs of this type are common in all languages. It resembles the old German song, "Herr Schikt den Jakee," and the English "The House that Jack built." It is not included in the Sephardic editions of the Hagadah, and probably originated in Germany. Possibly its inclusion in the Seder is to make the service appeal to children. The word "zuzim" is Aramaic, and means coins. It is asserted by some that the whole song is allegoric in character, giving in the verses an account of the troubles of Israel and the fall of nations; that each in their turn were conquered by others. Thus some give this interpretation of the text: The two zuzim are two shekolim, which would to-day be the equivalent of one dollar. The "one only kid" refers to Joseph, who had been sold on account of the garment his father made for him, or perhaps it refers to the nation of Israel, which God acquired by giving them the law. The "cat who ate the kid," the Ishmaelites who bought Joseph, or the Babylonians who destroyed the Jewish state. The "dog who bit the cat," the Persians who destroyed the Babylonian Empire. The "stick that beat the dog," the Romans who made an end of the Greek dominion in Asia and Europe; and finally, "The Holy One who slew the angel of death," the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth, when Israel shall be restored under the rule of the Messiah, the son of David.

The Passover concluded at 11 p.m.; the boys were getting sleepy and the atmosphere close. It had proved a most interesting experience, though the actual ceremony was different in many



ways to what I had expected. For instance, there was no "eating in haste" to typify the flight from Egypt; on the contrary, the meal was protracted, and from time to time all leant back in their chairs to show that not only were they in bondage to no man, but that they relied not on their own strength, but on the power of God.

My host, Mr. G., and his wife, were most hospitable, and asked me to come and see them again. This I did later, and inspected the schools, the arrangement of which was altogether excellent and homelike, and the sanitation all that could be desired.

(c) *The Zionist Movement*

The "Wailing Place" of the Jews recalled to my mind the oft-repeated words of the Passover ceremonial: "O God, rebuild it, rebuild it; rebuild Thy House betimes"! Coming in by the Dung Gate, and passing through a regular jungle of cactus, one reaches the south-west corner of the wall of the Haram (great blocks of stone probably used in the building), close by the arch which connected the Temple with the ancient city of Zion. This is called Robinson's Arch, after the American traveller who discovered it. By following a narrow crooked lane to the north and then turning to the right one comes suddenly upon the "Jews' Wailing Place." This is the celebrated western wall of the Temple, the last remaining relic of past splendour; it is composed of enormous blocks of limestone, fifteen feet long and three to four feet high, rough-surfaced. Every Friday afternoon and Saturday morning Jews "wail" here for their lost Temple and pray for its restoration. This seemed to me a trifle incongruous, for the modern Jew, it is said, has no desire whatever to restore the Temple worship. However, the prayers offered are not only for that purpose, for people living far away from Palestine send requests for prayers to be said here, and Jews come to "wail" over their own troubles and to ask help from God.

On July 25th (the ninth of Ab), the anniversary of the destruction of the Temple, many hundreds of Jews visit this wall. The day is observed as a fast in the Jewish community, but in view of the gradual "restoration" of the Jews to Palestine it is possible that this mournful anniversary may no longer be retained.

Soon after arriving in Jerusalem I spent a Sabbath afternoon at the house of Miss M., a prominent Zionist, who had invited several Jews to meet me, most of whom were members of the



The Jews' Wailing Place

BCS



Zionist Commission. Amongst those present were the President of the Council of Jews in Jerusalem, a Jewish minister formerly a rabbi in New York, and the Secretary of the Zionist Commission. For some time we discussed Zionism and its future. All present were eagerly expecting the Mandate to be given to Great Britain, for this would result in Palestine becoming the national home for the Jews. I was told that thousands of Jews were waiting to come over from Russia, America, Holland, Roumania, and other countries; that no immigrant would be admitted without searching enquiries as to his antecedents; that only men were wanted who would work, or capitalists willing to bring their money into the country. The movement was stated to be in no sense religious, but national, political, and economic. There are many enthusiastic Zionists who are not "practising" Jews, but who believe in "Jewry a nation," and that the home of the nation must be Palestine. I was given to understand that, *"Once a Jew always a Jew; he might not practise his religion, he might be a freethinker, or he might even live the life of a Gentile, but unless he wilfully broke away and dishonoured Judaism, he still remained a Jew, and had the right to share in Jewish privileges. The spiritual home of the Jews was Palestine, there they could live in perfect content, whereas in every other country they were a 'peculiar people,' and marked men when they tried to carry out their convictions in detail, e.g., as regards food, and the observance of the Sabbath. At present the observance of the Sabbath ruined their business, but once Palestine became a Jewish homeland all these disabilities would cease, their observances would then be the rule and no longer the exception."* Such was the point of view of the Zionists with whom I talked on that afternoon.

I was the only Christian amongst them, and they were most civil to me. Candies were handed round after tea, but not being able to partake of them, I asked if I might smoke. My hostess said, "Oh, certainly," and brought me matches; but when I asked if the others present did not smoke, she replied, "Oh no, it is the Sabbath," but those present had no objection to my doing so. The reason for not smoking on the Sabbath is that it would entail the kindling of fire, which is forbidden. As various visitors came in they retained their hats for a moment while they wished each other "Happy Sabbath," and all gave the greeting "Chalom" as they entered or left. The universal salutation among the Jews is this Hebrew word "Chalom," which means "Peace be yours." Hebrew is now the universal language of the Jews.



Zionists are not, as some suppose, the Ghetto Jews, with their lovelocks, nor are they faithful adherents of Talmud traditions and Yiddish dialect. Zionists to-day are European and American Jews, educated, intelligent, and very modern. They have achieved a really wonderful thing, namely, the revival of a dead language, the transformation of the Biblical Hebrew into a living medium for ordinary purposes: Yiddish is now altogether taboo amongst them.

Soon after my arrival in Jerusalem I witnessed an Arab demonstration against Zionism. The Mayor, Hasein Pacha, was present, and the President of the Council of Jerusalem Jews protested against his taking part in the proceedings. The object of the demonstration was to make clear the uncompromising opposition among Arabs to the establishment in Palestine of a national home for Jewish people. On the one hand the Jews claimed that a *modus vivendi* between Jews and Arabs was quite possible, whilst on the other hand the Arabs were afraid lest they might be expropriated and prevented from taking any part in the industrial and commercial development of the country. Speaker after speaker strongly opposed an exclusive Jewish domination, either in the political or in the economic sphere, and they all seemed convinced that such domination was among the aims of Zionism. The demonstrators were excited, loud in their outcries against Zionism, and absolutely united in their opposition; but there was no rowdiness of any kind. Probably the presence of the Mayor kept the more turbulent spirits in check.

Discussing the demonstration with a Zionist, I gathered that the Jews hoped that Arab opposition would vanish once the alleged grounds for it were shown to be unreal. Zionist aims afforded no ground for legitimate apprehension on the part of Arabs in Palestine; in other words, for apprehension on the part of those Arabs who had the interests of Palestine at heart. Zionist plans demanded a complete change in the economic conditions of Palestine; for the constitution of Palestine as a separate commonwealth, the transfer of the control of Palestine from Turkey to Great Britain as the Mandatory Power acting for the League of Nations, the explicit recognition of the historic connection between the Jews and Palestine, and as a consequence the establishment of such conditions as would make it possible for Jews to settle on the land as smallholders or in co-operative groups, and for the undertaking of public works and the establishment of industrial and commercial enterprises, aiming at the

good of Palestine as a whole. "When these objects are thoroughly understood," my Zionist friend said, "namely, that the Zionist plan must benefit the Arab in common with the Jewish inhabitants of the country, it will obviously be the duty of the Arab to co-operate with the Jew towards their realisation."

It was his opinion that the driving force for the reconstruction of Palestine would come from the ranks of the Jews, and that Jewish energy would set the pace, but it was no part of their programme that any inhabitant of Palestine who had capital or capacity to invest in the development of the country should be forced to take his capital or capacity elsewhere. "Look at this demonstration," added my friend; "what good can it do the people of Palestine? Its objects are purely negative. It is true we hope to make Palestine a Jewish state, but we have no intention of oppressing any loyal and law-abiding section of the population, whether majority or minority, nor would we wish to stifle the political capacity of any section of the inhabitants which is prepared to work for the common good. All the same," he added with a smile, "when the time comes for the reconstruction of Palestine, the country will be developed chiefly by Jewish brains and Jewish hands, for in this country the genius of the Jew is the principal factor in cultivation." These remarks were brought to my memory a few weeks later when Mr. Balfour's "Jewish National Home" declaration became a *fait accompli*.

#### (d) *The Jewish Colonies*

On several occasions during my stay in Jerusalem I was urged by members of the Zionist Commission to visit some of their colonies, but pressure of work prevented me from making this visit until my last week, so that I could only see a few of these interesting settlements. The President of the Zionist Commission, at the suggestion of Mr. D., a Hebrew scholar in sympathy with Zionist ideals, placed a car at my disposal in order that I could inspect some of the colonies between Jerusalem and Jaffa. Dr. S., a Russian Jew, sometime Professor at the Sorbonne, accompanied us as "guide, philosopher, and friend." On a glorious afternoon in late spring we followed the road to Ramleh, passing the picturesque village of Lefta, and a little further on the Jewish colony of Moza, founded in 1890, and then Kalôniyeh, said to be derived from the Roman "Colonia," and by some to be the village of Emmaus. After driving through the Ouâdi Beit Haninâ, we saw



Ain Kârim, the birthplace of St. John the Baptist, picturesquely situated on the top of a hill. Then on the right, high above us, the village of Kastal, after which the road became very steep, uphill and downhill, until we reached the long flat road to Ramleh. Here we left the main road, and our troubles began. We now realised how impossibly bad Palestine "roads" could be. Deep into the sand sank the wheels of our chariot, and had it not been for the opportune help of some hefty young Jewish soldiers encamped in the neighbourhood, we should probably be there still. After losing our way very frequently we arrived at last at Ekron, the first Jewish colony on our list. Ekron was one of the five chief cities of the Philistines, and on its actual site is now the Arab village Akir, about a mile away from the colony.

This is the land that yet remaineth: all the borders of the Philistines, and all Geshuri, from Sihor, which is before Egypt, even unto the borders of Ekron northward, which is counted to the Canaanite: five lords of the Philistines.<sup>1</sup>

On a hill immediately to the left stand the ruins of Gezer, the town which Pharaoh presented to Solomon as his daughter's dowry:

Pharaoh, King of Egypt, had gone up and taken Gezer, and burnt it with fire, and slain the Canaanites that dwelt in the city, and given it for a present unto his daughter, Solomon's wife. And Solomon built Gezer.<sup>2</sup>

It was also an important place in the time of the Maccabees, for Judas Maccabæus won a great victory there, pursuing his enemy "unto Gazera" (Gezer).<sup>3</sup>

The modern colony of Ekron was founded by Baron Edmond de Rothschild in 1884; population about 450, made up of eighty families. It is an agricultural colony of thirty-five acres, both Jewish and Arab labour being employed. The products are mainly maize, olives, and wheat.

The chief inhabitants of the village came out to meet us, all talking Hebrew, which our Professor translated. Suddenly, to my surprise, a man looking like a farm labourer said to me, "Monsieur, voulez-vous bien prendre une tasse de thé chez moi?" After replying, "Volontiers, monsieur," I enquired how and where he had learnt French, to be told that he had acquired the knowledge

<sup>1</sup> Joshua xiii. 2-3.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Kings ix. 16-17.

<sup>3</sup> 1 Maccabees iv. 15.

of that language as a boy in Russia. As a rule the colonists speak no language but Hebrew, except in Rishon. On our way to his house the children trooped out of school to greet us, and after I had taken some photos of them, they marched through the village street singing Jewish songs. While we were at tea, some girls of the village decorated our car with beautiful flowers from their trim little gardens, and we drove away amidst the cheers and good wishes of all the inhabitants.

From Ekron we went next to Hulda (Khulda). What a drive it was! Sand into which the wheels of our car sank repeatedly, rocks and huge boulders over which we bounded into the air, precipices we barely climbed, and finally a morass in which we expected to spend the night; but thanks to Mr. D., who sacrificed a charming flannel suit to the mud in his efforts to push the machine, we did eventually come out on dry land. What a lonely and desolate country, with only the raucous cries of jackals to relieve the monotony! Eventually, however, about 7.30 p.m., just as it was beginning to get dark, we arrived at Hulda.

This is a young colony founded in 1910 by Theodor Herzl (founder of the Zionist organisation, born 1860, died 1904), 400 acres of agricultural land and about 150 inhabitants, all of whom are young people. There are married quarters, and girls are allowed in the colony if they are betrothed to one of the colonists. They live a community life, on what might be termed sanely socialist lines. The colony consists of one large farm, and most of the work is connected with farming and agriculture. There are also large plantations of olives and almonds, and also many hives of bees. As in most of the other colonies, I noticed many eucalyptus trees planted to keep off malaria. I wished they would plant something to keep off the flies. In every colony flies were a perfect pest, for literally they swarmed on us.

The whole colony came out to greet us, and did not seem in the least surprised at the lateness of our somewhat unconventional visit. Clean, healthy young men in flannels, a few married women, and about half a dozen unmarried girls made up the colony. We were escorted to the men's quarters, where they soon fixed up three beds in a large room with plenty of fresh air, for it was a warm evening; then they insisted on our sharing their supper of potatoes, goat's cheese, hot bread and hot milk, all produce of the farm. After supper we sat on the verandah, where the whole colony crowded round us. It was the day after the news of the "Mandate to Britain, and Palestine for the

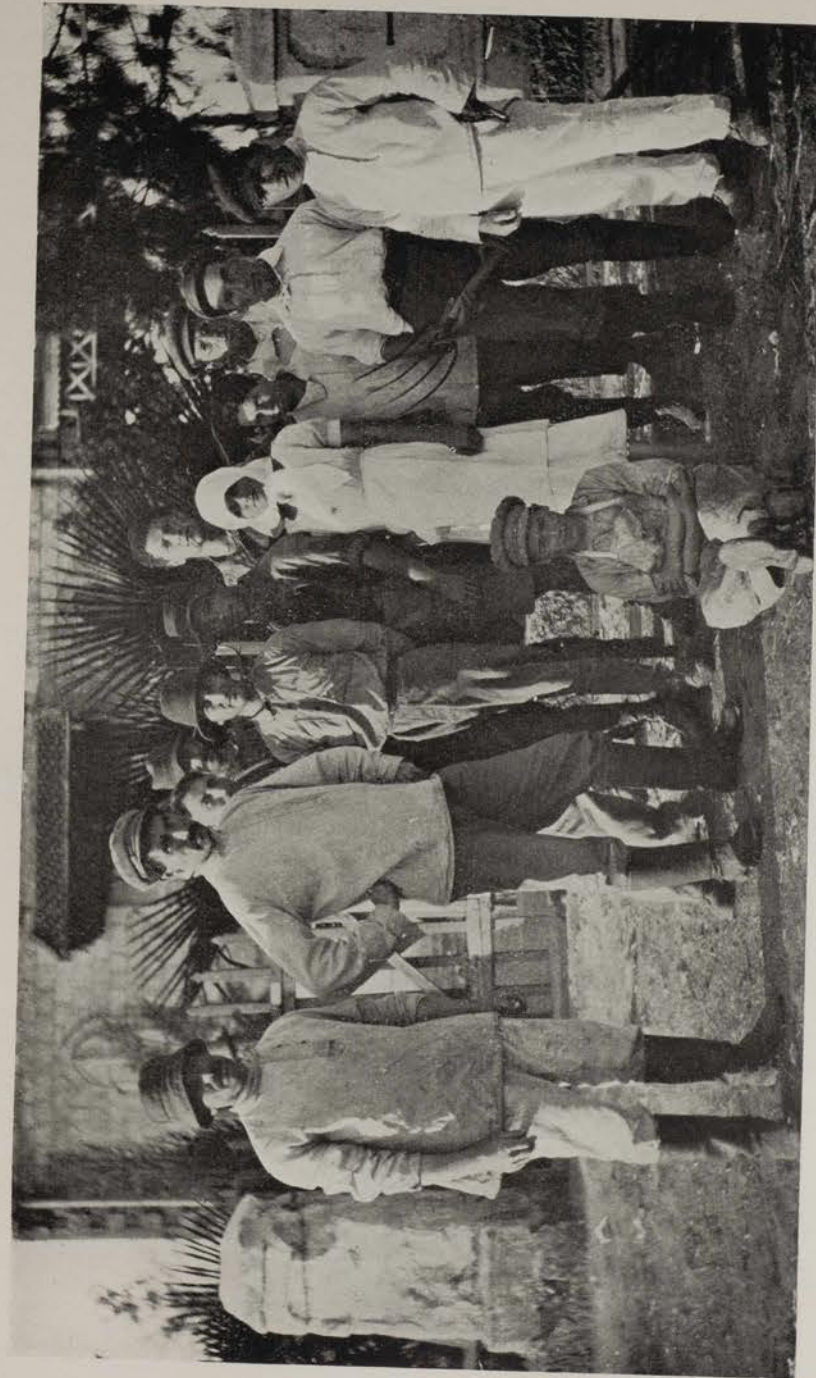


Jews" had reached Jerusalem; and therefore our Professor was most eager to tell the colonists the "good tidings," for news is only brought to these distant villages by occasional visitors or by a belated Jewish newspaper. Thus the Professor had the joy of being the first at each colony we visited to proclaim the news of the "National Homeland." Needless to say he spoke entirely in Hebrew (and was a long time about it), but everyone listened with rapt attention. There was no applause or comment of any kind, but when at last he came to an end, all present sang the Jewish national song, after which "God Save the King" was played on a violoncello. This they did not sing, possibly because of unfamiliarity with the words. Then they danced, six men and six girls, arms entwined, in slow steps, Eastern fashion, singing the while Psalm cxxii., the last verse with great fervour:

I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house  
of the Lord.  
Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Over and over again they repeated these words until they were tired and breathless. The moon was brilliant, and all around was complete silence, except for the cry of a jackal or the hooting of an owl.

Next morning we were up soon after 5 a.m., but the colonists had already been at work for at least an hour. After photographing a group of them, we visited the farm, and there were given a breakfast of eggs, hot milk, bread, and white cheese (which we shared with the flies); and so with many farewells and invitations to come again we left the colony. The road now was not quite so deplorable, at any rate there was no morass, and after all we dismounted not more than nine times an hour. About 9 a.m. we reached Katra, otherwise known as Gedara. This colony was founded in 1884 by the Chovevé Zion (Lovers of Zion), a great colonising society formed during the persecutions in Roumania and Russia in the eighties. It has about 1,360 acres, and a population of 200, the labour being done by Jews and Yemenites, viz., Arabian Jews. The colonists, like the others visited, were Russians, and were engaged in vine-dressing, almond-growing, agriculture, and arboriculture. This is a very prosperous community, governed by a committee of three men elected every year. The chief of the village, who looked like a prosperous farmer, invited us to his house, where we drank wine with him, and shortly after others joined us. The sun was scorching, and



JEWISH COLONISTS AT KHULDA.

[To face page 112.]



there was but little shade in the clean and picturesque street. We then visited the synagogue and talked to the rabbi, who told us that one day's war had been experienced in that village during 1917, during which the synagogue and some houses were badly shelled, several men wounded, but none killed. Certainly the synagogue was in a deplorable state, and so far no effort had been made to restore it.

Soon afterwards we recommenced our journey, but a few yards of another execrable road was too much for our long-suffering "Ford," and, after wheezing and groaning, it fixed itself into a deep rut, and off came a wheel! We expressed our feelings in different ways, and the chauffeur, having made his first and only remark in English, "Finish motor," sat down on the sand and whistled. He had an exasperating habit of whistling, that chauffeur, at odd intervals. However, there was nothing to be done but to return on foot to the village, and there wait until the head man had commandeered a farmer's cart, and two mules had been brought from the fields. Progress after this was slow and painful, since the cart had no springs, but it was at least sure, and we did manage to make progress, getting out and walking when the jolting became too much for us.

Thus we made our way to the next colony, that of Rekhoboth; on the left and close to the sea stood the Arabic village of Yebna, prominent on a hill, a large village which seems to delight in the possession of many names. It is the ancient Jabneh or Jabneel:

And the border went out unto the side of Ekron northward . . . and passed along to Mount Baalah, and went out unto Jabneel: and the goings out of the border were at the sea.<sup>1</sup>

The Greeks call it Jamnia. It has two mosques, one of which was formerly a Crusaders' church. Before the destruction of Jerusalem, Jabneh was the seat of the Jewish Sanhedrin. The Crusaders, not to be outdone in the matter of nomenclature, after taking the village, called it Ibelin, and there erected a great fortress.

We arrived at Rekhoboth in the early afternoon, and walked through streets of sand to the President's house. This community was founded in 1890 by a Russian colonisation society, and has a population of 1,239, with 3,250 acres. The village is governed by a committee of seven, which, with the President, is

<sup>1</sup> Joshua xv, 11.



elected yearly by the inhabitants. The people are chiefly Russian and Polish Jews, and the labour is performed by Yemenites, who have a settlement here. It is looked upon as an "intellectual" colony, neither "bourgeois" nor socialist. The soil is extremely poor, consisting only of loose sand. Like the other colonies, it is agricultural and arboricultural, and the products are chiefly vines and crops. The village consists of two long streets with red-tiled houses and small gardens, and each street has its avenue of trees. As we walked up the street in the blazing sun not a person was to be seen, but we managed to find a barber's shop, where a Roumanian Jew who spoke in Italian gave us a much-needed shave. The President entertained us with wine and biscuits, and later with tea *à la Russe*, and then sent us on our way to the next colony in a carriage *with* springs, drawn as before by mules.

It was a glorious evening as we drove through this beautiful country, passing plantations of olives, almonds, oranges, and figs, all of which seemed to thrive happily on sandy soil, whereas the grain crops were thin and poor. This road was made by the colonists, but the Turks insisting on taking it over from them, it became impassable, and we had to drive through fields to avoid it. This was a relief after miles of interminable sand, and we were glad to be in a cart, for our "Ford" would have stuck fast in that sandy road to Rishon. The mules advanced passively, not worrying even when strings of camels passed by, growling and grunting. As they passed, our Professor asked if I knew why the camel always looked so supercilious, and on my replying in the negative proceeded to tell me. It is averred by Moslems that there are ninety-nine names for God, and all the Faithful are taught these names from their youth. The camel, however, knows the hundredth name. He also knows that man is ignorant of it, and he does not mean to tell. Quite enough to make him supercilious!

By and by we came to a level crossing, and were held up while a goods train passed through. In it were guns and accoutrement, and cattle-trucks full of Indian soldiers on their way to Jerusalem. "Still more soldiers!" the Professor grumbles, and we wonder if fresh trouble is brewing. Then we passed through orange groves to the small colony of Ouâdi el Khanim, with a population of 150, founded in 1882 by the Chovevé Zion, and sharing its 176 acres with the neighbouring colony of Nes-Ziona, founded in 1897.

Compared to other colonies Rishon-le-Zion is a small town. So full of trees is it that the houses can scarcely be seen. We drove up the main street, past a kiosk where some Jews were occupied in reading yesterday's Jerusalem paper, then by the large synagogue at the top of the street, down a picturesque avenue to the Hotel Rishon-le-Zion, a two-storeyed wooden house with a verandah running along the front. We had just fixed up our rooms and ordered dinner when the Mayor and some leading men of the village paid us an official visit. They knew the Professor and were anxious to make our acquaintance. All of them were Russians, and the Mayor, Mr. R., was chief of the local democratic party, for there are "parties" even here! The Mayor at once told us about the colony, the population of which is 1,600, with 318 families, and contains about 3,180 acres of land. It was founded in 1882 at the instance of the Chovevé Zion, when a few colonists came and settled in tents. The place was then a desert; a few Bedouins lived in encampments and molested the colonists in every possible way. Added to this, the colonists had no knowledge of the language, nor of the customs of the Arabs; their means and technical preparation were altogether inadequate, and malaria threatened their health. This and other colonies would have been wiped out had not Baron Edmond de Rothschild intervened with large sums of money and other assistance. Later on the "Jewish Colonies Association," founded by Baron Hirsch, also gave its assistance, and ultimately a syndicate of 352 vine-planters was formed, known as the "Co-operative Society of Vine-planters of Rishon-le-Zion." The work here is confined almost entirely to vine-growing and arboriculture, and the cellars of Rishon are said to be the second largest in the world. Jews are only employed in the cellars and technical work, Arabs and Yemenites being used for all unskilled labour. The Mayor told us that the subsoil of the land was treated with the greatest care, which made it possible for the vines to flourish in the sandy soil, and that many of the vines of Rishon were imported from France and Spain.

Early next morning a deputation headed by the Mayor came to fetch us to visit the caves. First we went to the offices of the company and were introduced to the Director, a Russian. Then we were conducted all over the cellars, and a guide explained the very elaborate machinery. Every detail had been thought out most carefully, and not the least interesting undertaking was the chemical laboratory. On our return to the Director's office we



sat round a table and sampled a few of the many vintages we had seen in the cellars, finding the Rishon "Malaga" altogether excellent, far superior to the other wines. Subsequently we visited the public gardens, which contain avenues of majestic palms, also bananas, date-palms, tropical plants and flowers in great profusion. Our next visit was to the vineyards. Here we saw before us a regular landscape of flourishing vines, and the Mayor was most anxious that we should see and admire his own vineyard, of which he was justly proud. This colony had an air of great prosperity, the people looked contented, the houses comfortable and well built, and its general appearance was that of a flourishing suburb in an English provincial town.

On our way back to the hotel we saw a vision, namely, our "Ford" drawn by three mules, and led by an Arab, the chauffeur still whistling, his legs over the wind-screen. He was still on his way to Jaffa to have that wheel mended. Sometimes I have wondered whether he ever did reach Jaffa, or whether chauffeur, motor, mules and Arab found their long rest in the sand instead, and, if so, whether the chauffeur still whistles in spirit-land.

After taking several photographs of the colony, the Mayor provided us with a wagonette and two horses, and sent us on our way to Lydda. Soon we passed another colony, that of Nahalat Yehudah, with twenty-five houses, founded in 1913, the most recent colony in the neighbourhood, worked on communist lines. There were other colonies, but time was precious, and so we returned to Jerusalem by train from Lydda.

In view of the future of Palestine and its possibilities, a visit to these colonies was a most interesting experience, for they are a revelation of what could be done by Christians and Moslems as well as Jews, given help in the way of funds, loans, and land. What surprised me most was the great difference between the Jews of Jerusalem and the Jews of the colonies. Anæmic, dirty, and idle as most of the former appear to be, the latter are fine, healthy men, obviously fit and eager workers. The history of these colonies is one of splendid romance, patience, and perseverance, as well as of hard work and untiring energy. Wherever a colony has been planted the Arab in the neighbourhood has become more self-respecting and the Arab villages far cleaner than those at a distance. Ignorance and racial hatred on both sides are responsible for many difficulties, and attacks by Bedouins are still frequent, especially in the more northern colonies. That many improvements are necessary is obvious: for instance, the

plague of flies is appalling, and strong measures should be taken to stamp out this pest. The condition of the roads is most deplorable, and a great hindrance to communication. What they must be like in really bad weather one can hardly imagine. The less one says of the drainage and sanitary arrangements the better—they certainly could not be much worse; the lighting is ineffective, and the water supply insufficient. It is likely, however, that before very long these drawbacks will disappear.

One other comment: is it too much to expect that while the colonists naturally pride themselves on the restoration of the Hebrew language, they should also acquire the knowledge of at least one European language? It seemed strange to find so many young and intelligent men unable to speak any tongue except Hebrew.

Before concluding this chapter on "The Chosen People," it may be useful to place on record certain recent events.

On November 2nd, 1917, the British Government declared in favour of a National Homeland for the Jewish people in Palestine, and this principle was adopted by the Allied Powers. Under the terms of the Draft Treaty with Turkey (April, 1920), this declaration was re-affirmed, and on Wednesday, April 29th, 1920, Major-General Sir Louis Bols, Chief Administrator O.E.T.A. South, made the following announcement to the heads of the communities of Jerusalem, religious and secular, assembled at Headquarters:

1. The Supreme Council has decided that there shall be a Mandate for Palestine and that the Balfour Declaration regarding a National Home in Palestine shall be included in the Turkish Peace Treaty.
2. The Mandate will probably be given to Great Britain. This means that the country will be governed by a British Government for the good of all inhabitants of the country.
3. I will now read you the Balfour Declaration:

TEXT OF THE BALFOUR DECLARATION OF  
NOVEMBER 2ND, 1917

"His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish People, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which



may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

The inclusion of the Balfour Declaration in the Peace Treaty means therefore that :

- (a) There will be no interference with religious customs or Holy Places or any curtailment whatever of religious liberty, subject only to the maintenance of public order and security.
  - (b) Immigrants will be allowed to enter the country only as they are required for the development of the country, and this immigration will be controlled by the British Government of the country.
  - (c) Present land-owners will not be evicted or despoiled, and profitable concessions will not be granted to individuals or groups of individuals to the detriment of others.
  - (d) The British Government will govern, and in no sense will a minority be allowed to control a majority of the population when the time arrives for any form of Representative Government.
4. Under these conditions there are great hopes for the constantly increasing prosperity of all the inhabitants of this country.
  5. The decision has at last been given, and henceforward there must be an end of political strife and unrest.
- All true Palestinians must now strive with one another in healthy rivalry for the good of Palestine and for the welfare of future generations.
- Politics are the enemy of industry, and hard work is the only remedy to repair the waste of the last few years, and to build up a strong, healthy, and contented Palestine.
- I feel sure that I can depend on you all to assist me in these matters.

In the House of Lords on June 29th, 1920, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in reply to Lord Sydenham, who had asked by what means it was proposed to safeguard the immense non-Jewish majority of the population of Palestine, said: "We hope to do it by the institution of civil government, and by the provisions which that civil government will make for the internal security and development of the country." In reply to whether the term "National Home" implied the exercise of governmental authority over the whole or part of the population of Palestine, Lord Curzon said: "Yes, if

the exercise of governmental authority referred to the governmental authority by the Mandatory, that is to say by the British. I would say 'No' if my noble friend means authority to be exercised by the Jewish minority over the non-Jewish majority.

. . . Our general policy is that no person shall be admitted whom the country is incapable of supporting, and that indiscriminate mass immigration, whether of Jews or non-Jews, whether of Jews from Russia or from other parts of the world, will most certainly not be permitted. . . . Non-Jewish land-owners will not be expropriated or compelled to give up their property for the benefit of the Jews. . . . I agree with my noble friends that we must be very careful about introducing into the country the right class of immigrant, and not introducing too many at a time." (Hansard, vol. xl., No. 52, p. 1029.) On Wednesday, July 7th, 1920, Sir Herbert Samuel, High Commissioner for Palestine, at Government House, Jerusalem, made this Proclamation to the heads of the various religious confessions and other notables :

I am commanded by His Most Excellent Majesty King George the Fifth to communicate to you the following message :

#### TO THE PEOPLE OF PALESTINE

The Allied Powers whose Arms were victorious in the late War have entrusted to my Country a Mandate to watch over the interests of Palestine and to ensure to your Country that peaceful and prosperous development which has so long been denied to you.

I recall with pride the large part played by my troops under the command of Field-Marshal Lord Allenby in freeing your Country from Turkish rule, and I shall indeed rejoice if I and my people can also be the instruments of bringing within your reach the blessings of a wise and liberal administration.

I desire to assure you of the absolute impartiality with which the duties of the Mandatory Power will be carried out, and of the determination of my Government to respect the rights of every race and every creed represented among you, both for the period which has still to elapse before the terms of the Mandate can be finally approved by the League of Nations, and in the future when the Mandate has become an accomplished fact.

You are well aware that the Allied and Associated Powers have decided that measures shall be adopted to secure the gradual establishment in Palestine of a National Home for



the Jewish people. These measures will not in any way affect the civil or religious rights or diminish the prosperity of the general population of Palestine.

The High Commissioner whom I have appointed to carry out these principles will, I am confident, do so wholeheartedly and effectively, and will endeavour to promote in every possible way the welfare and unity of all classes and sections among you.

I realise profoundly the solemnity of the trust involved in the government of a country which is sacred alike to Christian, Mohammedan, and Jew, and I shall watch with deep interest and warm sympathy the future progress and development of a State whose history has been of such tremendous import to the world.

GEORGE R. and I.

## V

### THE FAITH OF ISLAM.

- (a) THE PROPHET.
- b) MOSLEM FAITH AND PRACTICE.
- (c) SOME NOTABLE MOSLEMS.
- (d) THE HARAM ESH-CHERIF.



V

THE FAITH OF ISLAM

"It has been truly said that Christianity is not a religious system but a life: that is Christ. With almost equal truth it may be affirmed that Islam is Mohammed. Certainly his spirit is infused into the religion which he founded, and still animates to an almost incredible extent the hearts of its professors in every Mohammedan land."—*W. St. Clair Tisdall*.

"The Monarch mind, the mystery of Commanding,  
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon  
Of wielding, moulding, gathering, weeding, banding  
The hearts of thousands till they move as one."

*James Freeman Clarke: "Mahomet."*

(a) *The Prophet*

"THE character of Mohammed is an historic problem, and many have been the conjectures as to his motives and designs. Was he an impostor, a fanatic, or an honest man—a very Apostle of God?"<sup>1</sup>

The history of this wonderful and unique person is a mystery from his birth to his death, as is the origin of his name. As regards the latter, some writers state that the name Mohammed was not unknown in Pagan times, while others go so far as to attempt to prove that those who bore this name did so in honour of the future prophet.

The divisions of Christendom in the sixth century undoubtedly led to the coming power and sway of the prophet. Sabinius was then Pope, a man of unknown country and lowly birth, successor to Gregory the Great. Italy was troubled by the attack of the Lombards, and the East was in an appalling state of vice and

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionary of Islam.* T. P. Hughes.



religious apostasy. Heraclius held the Empire of the East, and he was inclined to the Monothelite heresy, the belief that there is only one nature in Christ. He was influenced in this by Athanasius, the Syrian Patriarch of the Jacobites. Poland was so troubled by perpetual wars that there was scarcely any Christianity found in that country at all. The Huns under Attila were overrunning the world, carrying with them the horrors of war and materialism wherever they went. About the same time, the doctrines of Arius were spreading in Spain. Clotaire II. reigned over France, which was in hopeless disorder and confusion, and at the mercy of the barbarians. The whole Church was troubled by Nestorians, Sabellians, Manichæans, Arians, and others, for false doctrine in those days almost always brought war with it. The King of Persia attacked Heraclius and ruined his empire; not content with this, he made havoc of Egypt, Africa, Syria, and Palestine, and, after a sanguinary battle, took Jerusalem and carried away the Holy Cross to Persia.

The curtain falls, and immediately rises again on the birth of Mohammed in a little town called Jesrab, in Arabia, since then become a great city and honoured by the Arabs under the name of Medinah, the "City of the Prophet." His father was a Pagan, by name Abdullah, a merchant of Meccah, of the race of Ishmael, son of Hagar, and his mother a Jewess, called Hennia (or Amina). The birth is generally supposed to have taken place between 540 and 600; by some the first date is taken as fixed, others say that it was nearer the latter.<sup>1</sup> A Moslem theologian, writing in the fourteenth century, says of him:

The Merciful has not yet created one like Mohammed, and to the best of my knowledge never will do so.

And again:

He performed manifest miracles, and possessed great qualities. He was perfect in intellect and of noble origin; he had an absolutely graceful form, complete generosity, perfect bravery, excessive humility, useful knowledge, perfect fear of God, and sublime piety.

At his father's death his mother handed him over to an uncle, as she was too poor to bring him up. The story goes that shortly

<sup>1</sup> Caussin de Perceval gives the date as August 20th, 570. Springer as April 13th, 571.

afterwards his uncle deserted him, and that the lad then wandered from country to country, passing through all sorts of experiences, and that ultimately he was put up for sale in Arabia. He was bought by a rich merchant named Abdemonople, who, finding the lad had a good business aptitude, put him in charge of the camels and asses, and in this capacity he sold his master's goods in Persia, Palestine, and Egypt. The merchant died childless, leaving his property to his widow Khadijeh, a woman of great charm and wealth, and she, at the age of fifty, married the prophet, who at this time was well under thirty. So great was her ascendancy over him that during her lifetime he took no other wife. About this time the Nestorian heresy was spreading over the East, and the Superior of the monastery at Constantinople determined at all costs to check its progress. A monk named Sergius was found guilty of this heresy, and for fear of punishment he escaped by night from the cloister and fled to Arabia, taking refuge at the house of Abdemonople. Here he was welcomed by Mohammed, and together they seem to have discussed the diversity of religions. Sergius then convinced Mohammed that Jesus Christ was not the Son of God, that He was only man, but that His virtue had raised Him to divine power, that His sufferings and death were human inventions, and that He had passed from human life to immortality by another way than that of death, that the faith of the Christians was empty and an invention, and that at the same time the Jewish religion was sterile and hampered by petty quarrels and obstinacy.

All this would serve as a ladder for Mohammed to mount as a new religious leader sent by God to disabuse men's minds of belief in the present religions, and generally to save all mankind by another law which he would give them. And what better place could be found than Meccah? The old idolatry had been forsaken, men were looking for a prophet, there was material of all kinds for a new faith and a new movement, and it only required a man of fixed purpose to bring such a faith into existence.

Mohammed began his mission when he was about forty years old, and it is said that his wife Khadijeh was his first convert. At this time, probably, he composed the earlier chapters of the Koran.

About six years after the commencement of his mission the Caliph Omar embraced Islam; four years later Khadijeh died, and in the same year Mohammed took to himself two wives. Shortly after there was a recrudescence of idolatry at Meccah and the



prophet, becoming unpopular, fled to Medinah. This flight, a very important epoch in the history of Islam, dates the commencement of the Moslem era, 622 A.D. (1 Anno Hegira). It was also a very important period in the life of the prophet, for the preacher became the warrior, and his first battle was waged against the Koreish of Meccah, whom he defeated; then he in his turn was defeated and wounded in an attack on Medinah. In the following year he waged war against the Jews, and at the same period married his fifth and sixth wives. After further attacks on the Jews, during which Jewish women and children were sold into slavery, he sent letters to foreign potentates inviting them to join the new religion. During one of these Jewish expeditions it is said that the prophet sanctioned temporary marriages, and also that a Jewess attempted to poison him. Later on in the eighth year dating from the Hegira he visited Meccah, and performed the ceremony of the ancient pagan ritual, and on this occasion he negotiated his thirteenth and last marriage. Once again he was driven out of Meccah, and finally he resolved to subdue his native city. This attack was altogether successful; not only did he stamp out idolatry, but also dictated to the people his terms of peace, administering to them an oath of allegiance. After this many tribes of Arabia and other neighbouring peoples seem to have accepted Islam.

At the age of sixty-three, just after he had sent out a last expedition against the Romans, and given a final address from the pulpit of the Mosque, he died on the lap of his favourite wife, Aisha. One of his biographers<sup>1</sup> gives the story of his death: "His strength was rapidly sinking: he seemed to be aware that death was near. He asked for water, and, wetting his face, prayed, 'O Lord, I beseech Thee, assist me in the agonies of death.' Then he ejaculated fervently, 'Gabriel, come close to me!' After which he prayed, 'Lord, grant me pardon, and join me to the companionship on high.' Then all was still. His head grew heavy on the breast of Aisha. The prophet of Arabia was dead."

The traditional Mohammed is a man of medium height, having, like the majority of other Arabs, a fine, intellectual forehead, with piercing eyes and jet-black hair. His character, like many other attributes connected with the prophet, is a matter of conjecture. Some writers of the Middle Ages say that he was in no

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Mahomet.* Sir William Muir.

sense a prophet, but, on the other hand, Thomas Carlyle and Bosworth Smith speak of him as a "very prophet of God." White, a seventeenth-century writer, calls him "an impostor who was a reputed prophet," and others, again, affirm that he was a maniac and subject to paroxysms of cataleptic insanity.

In *Mohammed and the Rise of Islam* Professor D. S. Margoliouth gives a complete list of the names of his thirteen wives, of which Aisha, whom he married at ten years of age, was the favourite. Since his death Moslems have vied with one another in forgetting the vices of the prophet and proclaiming him sinless and almost divine. It is said that he has been given two hundred and one titles of honour; among these are Light of God, Peace of the World, Glory of the Ages, First of All Creatures. He dwells in highest heaven and is several degrees above Jesus in honour and station. His name is never uttered or written without some prayer.<sup>1</sup> To the good Moslem, Mohammed holds the keys of heaven and hell; no unbeliever can be saved except through the agency of the prophet.

#### (b) *Moslem Faith and Practice*

Islam is to-day without doubt a missionary religion, the only religion other than Christianity that can lay claim to that title. Only a hundred years after the death of the prophet mosques were being built in every part of the world, from China to Southern India. To-day, after thirteen centuries, there are over two hundred and thirty million Moslems in the world—one-seventh of the population of the globe. That the success of Islam missions was largely owing to the sword there can be no doubt, but it was the fires of faith and devotion that made the followers of the prophet gird on the sword. By the middle of the fourteenth century Islam had gained a permanent footing in Europe, Greece had become a Turkish province, and Constantinople fell into the hands of the followers of Islam in 1453. This would seem to have been the high-water mark of Islam conquests in Europe, for since that date Moslem power outside Turkish boundaries gained no further hold in Europe. At this moment, roughly speaking, there are some 169,000,000 Moslems in Asia, 60,000,000 in Africa, and less than 5,000,000 in Europe.

<sup>1</sup> *Moslem Doctrine of God.* Zwemer.



As regards the actual faith of Islam, it may be divided under two heads, Iman and Din. The former concerns articles of faith and the latter refers to the practice of religion. All Moslems must faithfully believe in the six articles: God, His Angels, His Books, His Prophets, the Day of Judgment, and Predestination of Good and Evil. "There is no God but Allah" is the *raison d'être* of their creed, but in spite of such ritual phrases as "In the Name of God the Merciful, the Compassionate," the Islam conception of God is generally negative, and His character impersonal. To most Moslems God is the God of Force; God and the world are in eternal opposition, and their idea of Him has been summed up by a well-known writer "as the worst form of monotheism. Mohammed teaches a God above us; Moses teaches a God above us and with us; Jesus teaches a God above us, with us and in us."<sup>1</sup>

The Moslem idea concerning Christ is very curious. Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary, He spoke while still a Babe in the cradle, performed many miracles in His youth, healed the sick and raised the dead in later years. He was strengthened by the Angel Gabriel. He foretold another prophet, whose name should be Mohammed. He was saved from crucifixion by deception and substitution, was taken to heaven, and will come again at the last day to slay Anti-Christ. He will then reign as King for forty-five years, marry and leave children, and be buried near Mohammed at Medinah.

Moslems believe in a Day of Judgment and a literal resurrection of the body, also in an everlasting life of physical joys or tortures. The Moslem Paradise is said by the Koran to be "a garden of delight, with couches and ewers, and a cup of flowing wine; their brows ache not from it, nor fails the sense: theirs shall be houris . . . even virgins." Paradise would seem to be full of sensual delights according to Al Ghazzali, the greatest theologian of Islam, who avers that "the believer in Paradise will marry five hundred houris, four thousand virgins, and eight thousand divorced women." The Moslem hell is sevenfold and "each portal has its party." Predestination is the chief philosophy of the Moslem Creed, and its practical effect is sheer fatalism. Free-will is altogether denied, for man is necessarily constrained by the force of God's immutable decree to act as he does. Religion is therefore Islam, that is, resignation. And it is

<sup>1</sup> *Ten Great Religions.* J. Freeman Clarke.

this fatalism that has paralysed all progress. Omar Khayyam voices the sentiment of Islam when he says:

" 'Tis all a chequer-board of nights and days  
Where Destiny with men for pieces plays;  
Hither and thither moves and mates and slays,  
And one by one back in the closet lays."

The Koran is considered by Moslems to be the chief of all their books, and is the standing miracle of the prophet. It has one hundred and fourteen chapters, and each one bears as its heading some word or phrase in the chapter, e.g., the Cow, the Bee, the Pen, etc. The book consists of laws and stories; the former relate to subjects which engrossed the Arabs of Mohammed's time, and the stories go back to Adam and the patriarchs, telling of Jesus Christ, Moses and Solomon, but do not go beyond Jewish territory except only in their mention of Alexander the Great. The Koran offers no doctrine of redemption or atonement by sacrifice, and keeps the question of salvation from sin in the background.<sup>1</sup>

As to the observance of the religious duties of Islam: first, there is the CREED, which is the shortest in the world, and has probably been more often repeated than any other. It is taught to infants, and it is sounded forth five times a day in the call to prayer on minarets throughout the world: "There is no God but God; and Mohammed is the apostle of God." Next would come PRAYER, and the first requirement of prayer is that it be in the right direction—that is, towards Meccah. A preliminary to prayer is purification, the ritual of which is much varied, and in all Moslem books of theology there are chapters devoted entirely to the question of ablution. The special times for prayer are at dawn, just after noon, two hours before sunset, at sunset, and again two hours later. The call to prayer is heard from minarets five times daily in Moslem countries. The muezzin cries it in a loud voice and always in Arabic: "God is most great! There is no God but God! Mohammed is the Apostle of God! Come to prayer! Come to prosperity! God is most great! There is no God but God," and each sentence is repeated at least twice. In the call to morning prayer at dawn the words "Prayer is better than sleep" are added. Possibly the idea of this call to prayer was borrowed from the Christian "Angelus."

The next important observance of religious duties is FASTING,

<sup>1</sup> Translation of the Koran, by George Sale.



which Mohammed called the "Gate of Religion." All Mohammedans are compelled by the express command of the Koran to fast the whole month of Ramazan (or Ramadan), from the time the new moon first appears till the appearance of the next new moon, during which time they must abstain from eating or drinking until sunset. They must not allow anything to enter their mouth or other parts of their body, they must not smell a perfume or take an injection, bathe, smoke or take snuff. But after sunset they may make up for lost time and eat and drink to their hearts' content until sunrise. The month of Ramazan is the ninth month of the Moslem year, but since they follow a lunar kalendar it can occur at any season. If it occurs in December, when the days are short, the fast is not very rigorous, when it falls in the summer it is extremely hard for them, and especially for the labouring classes. Then there are days of voluntary fasting, recommended for example and for the approbation of their prophet. The fast of Ramazan is probably copied from the Christian Lent.

The fourth duty of religion is Zakat or legal ALMSGIVING. Every detail of this observance is said to be borrowed from the prophet himself, and rests upon tradition rather than upon the precepts of the Koran. "The word *Zakat* means purification, and it was applied to legal alms or the poor-rate, since the gift of a portion of one's gain or property would purify or sanctify the remainder. These compulsory alms were in the early days of Islam collected by the religious tax-gatherer, as they are still in some Mohammedan countries. The rate varies greatly, and the different sects disagree as to what was the practice of the prophet, but one-fortieth of the total income is the usual rate."<sup>1</sup> Voluntary charity is common in Islam, and the wonderful and cheerful hospitality of so many Moslem people has very largely a religious ground for its explanation. Arabia is a land without hotels, but visitors tell of lavish hospitality everywhere.

The fifth duty of religion is the PILGRIMAGE TO MECCAH, which is so necessary a point of practice that, according to a tradition of Mohammed, he who dies without performing it may as well die a Jew or a Christian. This pilgrimage is without doubt one of the greatest of Moslem religious forces, for it has always exercised a tremendous influence as a missionary agency, and as a bond of union between Moslems. Pilgrims who return from

<sup>1</sup> *Islam: A Challenge to Faith.* Zwemer.

Meccah to their native homes in all parts of the world are without doubt fanatical ambassadors of the greatness of Islam. As a magnet to draw the Moslem world together the Meccah pilgrimage is unrivalled. There is nothing in Christendom to correspond to it, not even Rome. Moslems journey to Meccah from Egypt, India, and the Malay Archipelago, and something like sixty to ninety thousand pilgrims perform this pilgrimage every year. The ceremonies on arriving at Meccah may be summed up very briefly thus: "After putting on the garb of a pilgrim and performing the legal ablutions, the pilgrim visits the sacred Mosque and kisses the Black Stone. Then he offers a prayer to Allah to preserve him from every evil deed, and to bless him in all he does during the visit, after which he runs round the Black Stone seven times, thrice very rapidly and four times slowly, in imitation of the motions of the planets. He will then drink water from the sacred well of Zemzem and again kiss the Black Stone. Afterwards he runs between the hills of Safa and Marwa, visits Mina and Arafat, a few miles distant from Meccah, and at the latter place hears a sermon. On his return he stops at Mina and stones three pillars of masonry known as the 'Great Devil,' the 'Middle Pillar,' and the 'First One with Seven Pebbles.' Finally there is a sacrifice of a sheep or other animal as the climax of the pilgrim's task."<sup>1</sup>

The word "Meccah" signifies a place of great concourse and is among the ancient cities of the world; it is thought by some to be the Mesa mentioned in Genesis x. 30, a name not unknown to Arabians and supposed to be taken from one of Ishmael's sons. Meccah and Medinah are the two chief cities of the province of Hejâz, the first famous for its Temple, and for having given birth to Mohammed, and the second for being the place of his residence during the last ten years of his life, and also of his burial. Meccah is built entirely of stone cut from the neighbouring mountains.

Close to the Ka'abah are three oratories or places where three of the orthodox sects perform their devotions, and towards the south-east stands the edifice which covers the well Zemzem, the treasury, and the cupola of al Abbas. All the buildings are enclosed by a magnificent piazza, or square colonnade, like that of the Royal Exchange in London, but much larger, covered with small domes, from the corners of which arise many minarets, with double galleries, and adorned with gilded spires and crescents,

<sup>1</sup> *Islam: A Challenge to Faith.* Zwemer.



as are the cupolas which cover the piazza and other buildings. Between the pillars of both enclosures hang a great number of lamps, which are lit at night. "The first foundations of the outer enclosure were laid by Omar, the second Caliph, who built no more than a low wall, to prevent the Court of the Ka'abah, which before lay open, from being encroached upon by private buildings; but the structure has since been raised, by the liberality of many succeeding princes and great men, to its present magnificence. This is probably all that is called the Temple, but the whole territory of Meccah being also Harâm, or sacred, there is a third enclosure distinguished by small turrets, some five, some seven, and others ten miles distant from the city. Within this compass of ground it is not lawful to attack an enemy, to hunt or shoot, or even to cut a branch from a tree; which is the true reason why pigeons are counted sacred at Meccah."<sup>1</sup>

It would seem that the Temple of Meccah was a place of worship for the Arabs long before the time of Mohammed. The Mohammedans do not accept the hypothesis that it was once used for idolatrous worship, but rather believe that it is as old as the world itself; for there is a Moslem legend that Adam, after his expulsion from Paradise, asked God that he might erect a building like that he had seen there, towards which he might direct his prayers. Whereupon God let down a representation of that house in "curtains of light, and set it in Meccah, perpendicularly under the original, ordering the Patriarch to turn towards it when he prayed and to compass it by way of devotion." After Adam's death, according to the legend, his son Seth built a house in the same forms of stone and clay, which, being destroyed by the Deluge, was rebuilt by Abraham and Ishmael, at God's command, in the place where the former had stood, and after the same model, they being directed therein by revelation.

And when We appointed the holy house [*i.e.*, the Ka'abah] of Meccah to be the place of resort for mankind, and a place of security: and said, Take the station of Abraham for a place of prayer, and We covenanted with Abraham and Ishmael, that they should cleanse my house for those who should compass it, and those who should be devoutly assiduous there, and those who bow down and worship. . . . And when Abraham and Ishmael raised the foundations of the house, saying, Lord accept it from us<sup>2</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Preliminary Notes on the Koran.* George Sale.

<sup>2</sup> *The Koran*, chap. 2.

"The temple of Meccah stands in the midst of the city and in it is the Ka'abah (or Caaba), so-called for its quadrangular form, and this square stone building is the principal object of veneration in the Temple, and indeed gives sanctity to the whole. On the north side of the Ka'abah, within a semi-circular enclosure, lies the white stone, said to be the sepulchre of Ishmael, which receives the rain-water off the Ka'abah by a spout, formerly of wood, but now of gold. The building has a double roof supported by three octangular pillars of aloes wood, between which on a bar of iron hang some silver lamps. The outside is covered with rich black damask, adorned with an embroidered band of gold, which is renewed every year, and was formerly sent by the Khalifs, afterwards by the Sultan of Egypt, and then by the Sultans of Turkey."<sup>1</sup>

The Temple has undergone many restorations in its time, but the actual form has remained. Notwithstanding its antiquity and holiness, there is a Moslem tradition that in the last days the Ethiopians will come and destroy it, after which it will not be rebuilt. Another tradition is that when Adam and Eve fell from Paradise Adam landed on a mountain in Ceylon, and Eve fell on Jiddah, on the western coast of Arabia. After a hundred years of wandering they met again near Meccah, and here Allah constructed for them a tabernacle on the site of the present Ka'abah. He put in its foundation the famous stone, once whiter than snow, but now become black from the kisses of the pilgrims. The "Black Stone" is the oldest treasure of Meccah, and is set in silver; it is much respected by the Moslems, kissed by pilgrims with great devotion, and called by some the right hand of God on earth; but at the same time it is interesting to recall the saying of the Caliph Omar, according to tradition:

My God, I know that thou art only a stone and canst grant no benefit or do no harm. And had I not known that the Prophet kissed thee, I would not have done it.

In this Temple there is also the stone in "Abraham's Place," on which is shown the print of the Patriarch's footsteps, for it is affirmed that he stood on it when he built the Ka'abah. Then there is the well Zemzem, covered with a small building and cupola. Moslems are persuaded that this is the very spring which

<sup>1</sup> *Preliminary Discourse to the Koran.* George Sale.



gushed out for the relief of Ishmael, when Hagar his mother wandered with him in the desert :

And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water ; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink.<sup>1</sup>

" The word Zemzem is of doubtful origin. Some derive it from the Zam Zam, or murmuring of its waters, others from Zam ! Zam ! (fill ! fill !—i.e., the bottle) Hagar's impatient exclamation when she saw the stream. Again, Sale translates it as, Stay ! Stay ! Hagar's cry to prevent her son from wandering. On the other hand, Islam rationalists derive Zemzem from the Persian, signifying " the great luminary," and say that the reverence for the Zemzem as for the Ka'abah is a relic of Ammon worship of sun and fire."<sup>2</sup>

In addition to what are known as the " five pillars of the faith," viz., the Creed, Prayer, Fasting, Almsgiving, and the Pilgrimage to Meccah, there are also other Moslem religious " practices," such as Circumcision. This is not alluded to in the Koran, but it is the initiative rite among Mohammedans everywhere, and its performance is accompanied by religious festivities.

Then there are the Feasts ; for the two great festivals of Islam are the 'Id-ul-Fitr, or the first day after the Ramazan, and the 'Id-ul-Azha or Bairam, the great feast, which is the Feast of Sacrifice. The Jihad, or the " holy war " against infidels, which is a duty plainly taught by the Koran, is a religious danger which Christendom cannot afford to ignore. As Mohammed appealed to the sword, so to-day " religion and the sword " is a maxim accepted by all good Moslems. It is difficult for it to be otherwise, since Mohammed said : " He who dies and has not fought for the religion of Islam, nor has even said in his heart, ' Would God I were a champion that could die in the road of God,' is even a hypocrite." And again : " The fire of hell shall not touch the legs of him who is covered with the dust of battle in the road of God." " If the cruelty, bloodshed, dissension and deceit of the Mohammedan system fills us with disgust, on the other hand the stories of Moslem conquests with the sword of Jihad are full of heroism and much inspiration. And what might Christianity not have done *without* the sword, if its followers had been filled with heroism and thus inspired to carry the Gospel of their Founder,

<sup>1</sup> Genesis xxi. 19.

<sup>2</sup> *Pilgrimage to Meccah*. Sir Richard Burton.

together with the practical precepts of His religion, to every Moslem people ? " <sup>1</sup> The Crusaders had the chance, and they misused it. Will Christians ever have the opportunity again, and, if so, will they seize it ? Not unless, and not until, they are united amongst themselves.

The chief Moslem sects, according to the author of *The Faith of Islam*, quoted before, are five in number :

1. The Sunnis, or Orthodox sect, divided into four schools of jurisprudence :  
(a) Hanafis. (b) Shafis. (c) Malakis. (d) Hanbalis.
2. The Mu'tazilis.
3. The Sifatis.
4. The Kharijis.
5. The Shiahs.

Of this last sect there are thirty-two subdivisions. Besides these divisions there are other sects, such as the Sufis, who followed the system called Sufism, a form of mysticism, which in the early days of Islam consisted in spending their time in worship and fleeing the allurements of the world. Then there are the Dervish orders, the most powerful factors in modern Islam, who have built monasteries in every Moslem country. There are two classes of Dervishes, those who govern their conduct according to the law of Islam, and those who profess to be free from the yoke of any creed, although calling themselves Moslems. There are thirty-two orders of Dervishes founded by various leaders between 766 A.D. and 1750 A.D. All of them are absolutely obedient to their spiritual leaders or Sheiks, and various orders are bound together by secret oaths and symbolism after the manner of Freemasonry. Hypnotism is used in their initiation ; they are told to be " in the hands of their superior, as the body of the deceased person is in the hands of those who wash the dead." The Dervish orders may be called the tentacles of the Pan-Islamic movement.<sup>2</sup>

#### (c) Some Notable Moslems

While in Jerusalem I was able to converse with several Moslem notables, and was much struck by the courtesy with which they received me. My first visit of this kind was to the Grand Mufti,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Islam : A Challenge to Faith*. Zwemer. <sup>2</sup> *The Dervishes*. J. P. Brown.

<sup>3</sup> This Grand Mufti died in June, 1921, and is succeeded by his brother Aref Younes el-Husseini.



and a friend who was a good Arabic linguist went with me as interpreter. His Excellency, whose full title is Moussa Kiazim Pacha el Husseini, Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, lives in a long low house, built in Oriental fashion, on the slopes of Mount Scopus. The roof is flat and in constant use in the cool of the evening; from it one has a delightful view across the valley to the walls of the city. The Grand Mufti received us in a large room with a vaulted roof, and with him was a well-known Effendi and also the Mufti's brother, the chief Cheik of the Dome of the Rock. After introductions had taken place, cigarettes and coffee were, as usual, handed round. It used to be said in England that no two or more people could meet without the suggestion of a drink; in Palestine I never paid a formal visit without the assistance of coffee or its equivalent. At first we talked in French, and the Mufti wanted to hear my impressions of the Holy Places, of which he spoke with the greatest respect and veneration. It was obvious that he did not confine his love for the Holy Land simply to the Dome of the Rock, but that the Christian Holy Places had a place in his heart also. Possibly this breadth of vision accounts for his popularity among all sections of the people.

A few days before, while driving by his house, my companion, an English priest, said to me, "That is the Grand Mufti's house; he is by far the most amiable head of any religion in Jerusalem." My visit to him was of special interest, for only that afternoon a telegram had arrived in Jerusalem containing the news that the Peace Conference, sitting at San Remo, had decided by a majority to give the Mandate over Palestine to the British, and that in this Mandate would be included the famous Balfour Declaration, namely, that Palestine should become the national homeland of the Jews. I was the first to convey this news to the Grand Mufti, and although politics do not come within the scope of this book, it may not be without interest to place on record the attitude of the head of all the Moslems in Palestine to this subject. He received the news with much disappointment, for he had hoped that under the British Mandate all religions would have received the same treatment, and all the people of those religions be treated on equal terms. Two points the Grand Mufti desired to make clear. The first was his unceasing admiration for England and all that the great Empire stood for: he had welcomed the British victory, and the consequent deliverance from the Turk. And the second that he was by no means anti-Semitic, for Christian, Jew,

and Moslem had lived together happily side by side in Palestine for many years without serious trouble. The Grand Mufti was anti-Zionist in feeling, for he objected to his country being exploited by a section of the people who were not Palestinians, but who had come, and were coming, from all parts of Europe and from America—so much so that in a few years' time foreigners might be in a majority among the population. What he had hoped was that the inhabitants of Palestine would be given fifteen years in which to develop the country, and that during this period agricultural banks would be opened, money loaned, land purchased, and other help forthcoming, by which means the people would be encouraged to show how the Palestinian himself could restore his country to what it had been in days gone by, namely, "a land flowing with milk and honey." If after fifteen years it was found that nothing could be done, then permission might have been given to others to come in and try. It would at least have been just and fair to give the people a chance of showing what they could do in their own country with temporary assistance from the Government; and in this work of reconstruction, he was sure, Christian, Jew, and Moslem would have worked together.

The Grand Mufti expressed his surprise that Europeans should be so ignorant of the true facts about his country. "People spoke as if Palestine consisted of a few Christians, a handful of Moslems, and a majority of Jews, whereas the opposite was the truth. The Jews, except in Jerusalem, were a very small minority; the Palestinians, whether Moslems or Christians, loved their country intensely and loathed the idea of its being exploited by foreigners, who, under the plea of making it a 'National Home,' merely looked forward to becoming masters of Palestine." On this subject we talked for over an hour, and His Eminence seemed only too pleased to answer any questions. That he was deeply affected there was no doubt, but there was nothing personal in his resentment. However, the Grand Mufti is an optimist, and later on, with a charming smile, he said that, after God, he still put his trust in England, because that country had such a reputation for taking the side of the weaker nations, and he could not bring himself to believe that she would allow the Palestinians to be tyrannised. On my taking leave of him, he said, "When next you come to my country, let us hope that you will find peace, and Moslems, Christians, and Jews working in harmony."



On more than one occasion I paid a visit to His Excellency Aref Pacha el Dajani, who occupies a small house pleasantly situated on Mount Syon, outside the little self-contained Moslem borough of En-Nebî Dâud. And, *en passant*, just one word about this interesting little borough. The En-Nebî Dâud, or City of the Tomb of David—so called because it contains his reputed Tomb, which to the Moslems is, after Hebron, the most sacred spot in Palestine—is entered by an archway almost opposite the Church and Monastery of the Dormitio. This diminutive city consists of a congestion of buildings containing some five hundred Moslems, who pride themselves on their origin. The Franciscans, the lawful guardians of the Cenaculum, were driven out by the Sultan of Turkey in 1552; the latter handed it over to two brothers from Medinah, and the population to-day consists of their descendants. The little city is quite self-contained; it has many curious customs, and the people intermarry.

The Pacha was the founder and President of "The Moslem and Christian League," the main object of which was to limit the immigration of foreign Jews into Palestine. This League was an interesting outcome of political events dating from the British occupation. It was originally founded for Moslems only, but later on Christians expressed a wish to join it. The Pacha spoke very freely, and told me that the League represented united Christian and Moslem opinion throughout Palestine. When the war began, he said, Arabs throughout his country were only too glad of an opportunity to break away from Turkish rule, under which they had existed for over four hundred years. Turkish ways were detrimental to their well-being, and an effectual stop to all progress. They had heard so much about the British nation, of their great power and justice, that they decided at once to fight their co-religionists and range themselves on the side of Great Britain. So anxious were they for British occupation that some 130,000 Arabs deserted from the Turkish ranks, and Bedouins hurried across from the desert south of Gaza to help in the new crusade. It was to them not a religious war, but a war for the liberation of a weaker nation; not only the Moslems of Palestine, but the Moslems of India also, would have refused to fight a Moslem country if this point had not been impressed upon them. Consequently his people were greatly disappointed to find that, after all they had done for England, their country was to be handed over to the Zionists, and thus this League had come into existence to voice their protest. Shortly before the summer

of 1919, news was circulated that a joint Commission of representatives from England, America, and France was to be held in Jerusalem, but eventually only America took part in it. In order to be ready to give witness before the Commission, branches of the League were formed at Jaffa, Gaza, Hebron, Djenin, Nablus, Acre, Haifa, Nazareth, Safed, and elsewhere; all these branches had the same constitution, which had been approved by the Military Governor of Jerusalem, and the Pacha was elected first President of the League. It was then decided to draw up these three resolutions to be presented to the Commission:

1. The independence of Syria from the Taurus Mountains to Rafah, the frontier of Egypt.
2. Palestine and Syria to form one country.
3. Foreign Jewish immigration to be opposed.

The Pacha added that the whole population of Christians and Moslems, as represented by the League, accepted these resolutions. The President of the Commission summoned the League first to appear before it, and then told the delegates that Palestine and Syria could not be united. The Pacha was asked the question, "What Mandatory Government do you want?" He replied, that at one time they would have preferred Great Britain, but owing to recent events they now asked that America might be given the Mandate for Palestine and Syria. Afterwards the Commission interviewed other communities separately, but they all replied that their demands had been put forward by the League, all except the Jews, who asked for a British Mandate, and a separate Government for Palestine. The American Commission went all over Palestine, and received the same demands everywhere; so much so, that the head of the Commission, before leaving Palestine, spoke of the wonderful unanimity prevailing throughout the country. . . . In conclusion His Excellency stated again that the Arabs would far rather have the Turks restored to Palestine than see their beloved country handed over to international Jews. Aref Pacha is a native of Jerusalem, and was at different times Governor of the Turkish Provinces of Baghdad, Yemen, Cilicia, and Salonika.

On another occasion I went to see the Moslem Mayor of Jerusalem, His Excellency Moussa Kiazim Pacha, whose official residence is in the American colony, and he gave me his version of the Easter Moslem and Jew riots referred to elsewhere. He said that it had been stated that the Hebron contingent of Moslems



had come to Jerusalem on Easter Sunday with the intention of killing and wounding as many Jews as possible, but this was not true. The Hebron people went every year, *viâ* Jerusalem, to take part in the pilgrimage to En-Nebî Musâ : it was not a political, but a religious, pilgrimage, and they had no intention of attacking the Jews at all. On their arrival outside the Jaffa Gate there was a fight between a Jew and a Moslem boy, and then some soldiers belonging to the "Jewish Legion" attacked the Moslem boy, threw stones at the processionists, and the riot began. Many Jewish soldiers were wounded in the fray, not only by Moslems, but also by their co-religionists, who were firing from the roofs of houses. The Moslems had no firearms, only sticks and swords used in their native dances. On the other hand, the Jews were provided with firearms for the occasion. The number killed was about equal on both sides; the Jews had more wounded, as the Moslems when once attacked would use any weapon to defend themselves, and at that time the loose paving-stones around the Jaffa Gate were unfortunately too obvious to be overlooked. The Mayor was not very hopeful about the future, but he still trusted that the British Government would see fair play; adding, "But even if they do not protect us, there is always God." Before I left, his Excellency gave me some impressions of modern Moslem customs. Regarding the divisions among them, he said that now there were only four recognised sects of Moslems in Palestine, and that their differences were on matters of ceremonial only, for they all worshipped in the same mosques. As to polygamy: by law a Moslem was allowed four wives at the same time; if a wife were childless, or if they could not get on together, or if she had a violent temper, a divorce could always be obtained. If a Moslem had four wives at the same time it was on condition that each wife was treated exactly the same way. To-day, however, he added, most Moslems in Palestine are monogamists.

As this volume takes the form of an account of events and impressions, the opinions of the three leading Moslems in Jerusalem as regards politics as they were in 1920 cannot fail to be of interest, and are therefore placed on record. I was amazed to find such wonderful unanimity amongst them and other Moslems with whom I discussed the subject. There seemed to be neither bitterness nor hatred, and certainly no self-seeking, only a feeling of intense disappointment that they had not been consulted on a question which would change the whole outlook of the country they loved with such devotion.

(d) *The Haram esh-Cherif*

The usual way of approach to the Haram esh-Cherif is by the Sûk el Kattânin, or "Bazaar of the Cotton Merchants," which for centuries was no more than a dreary street filled with derelict shops. Since the British occupation, and thanks to the energy of the Military Governor, many of these bazaars are now open, and known as the "Jerusalem Looms," and employment has been found here for many Christian and Moslem natives. It was most interesting to see the looms at work, and the children being taught to weave; afterwards the cotton material is sold to the native women of Bethlehem and Jerusalem. This bazaar leads to the Bâb el Kattânin, or "Gate of the Cotton Merchants," through which one reaches the level of the Haram enclosure; in front of the Gate is a staircase forty feet in width which leads to the raised platform on which stands the Dome of the Rock.

The word "mosque" is a European corruption of the Arabic *Masjid*, which signifies "a place of prayer." The Moslems call the whole of the esplanade the Mosque, but in ordinary speech it is named Haram esh-Cherif. The Dome of the Rock is not in reality a mosque, but a shrine to cover the holy Rock. The title, sometimes given, of "Mosque of Omar," is incorrect, and also misleading, as it is not properly a mosque, nor was it built by the Caliph Omar, the real Mosque of Omar being close to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Dome of the Rock is the direct descendant of the Temple of Solomon, for it stands over the same Rock that was once the floor of the Holy of Holies. After the Moslem occupation the Rock became a place of pilgrimage for all Moslems, almost as important as the Ka'abah at Meccah.

On my first visit I came through the Dung Gate, passing by the plantation of cactus, and so on to the Jewish Wailing Place. Jews were praying for the restoration of the Dome of the Rock to their nation, and I wondered whether some of them would really appreciate it if it were restored to them.

I shall never forget that first view of the Dome after entering the Esplanade. One pictured the Temple of Solomon on Mount Moriah rising higher than the spire of any cathedral in Europe. And this mountain, what memories it called forth: the scene of Abraham's trial of faith, of the staying of the plague, of Melchisedek, King of Salem! And on its top the great Temple was built. Then, centuries later, "not one stone remaining upon another"! Fifty years after the destruction of Jerusalem,



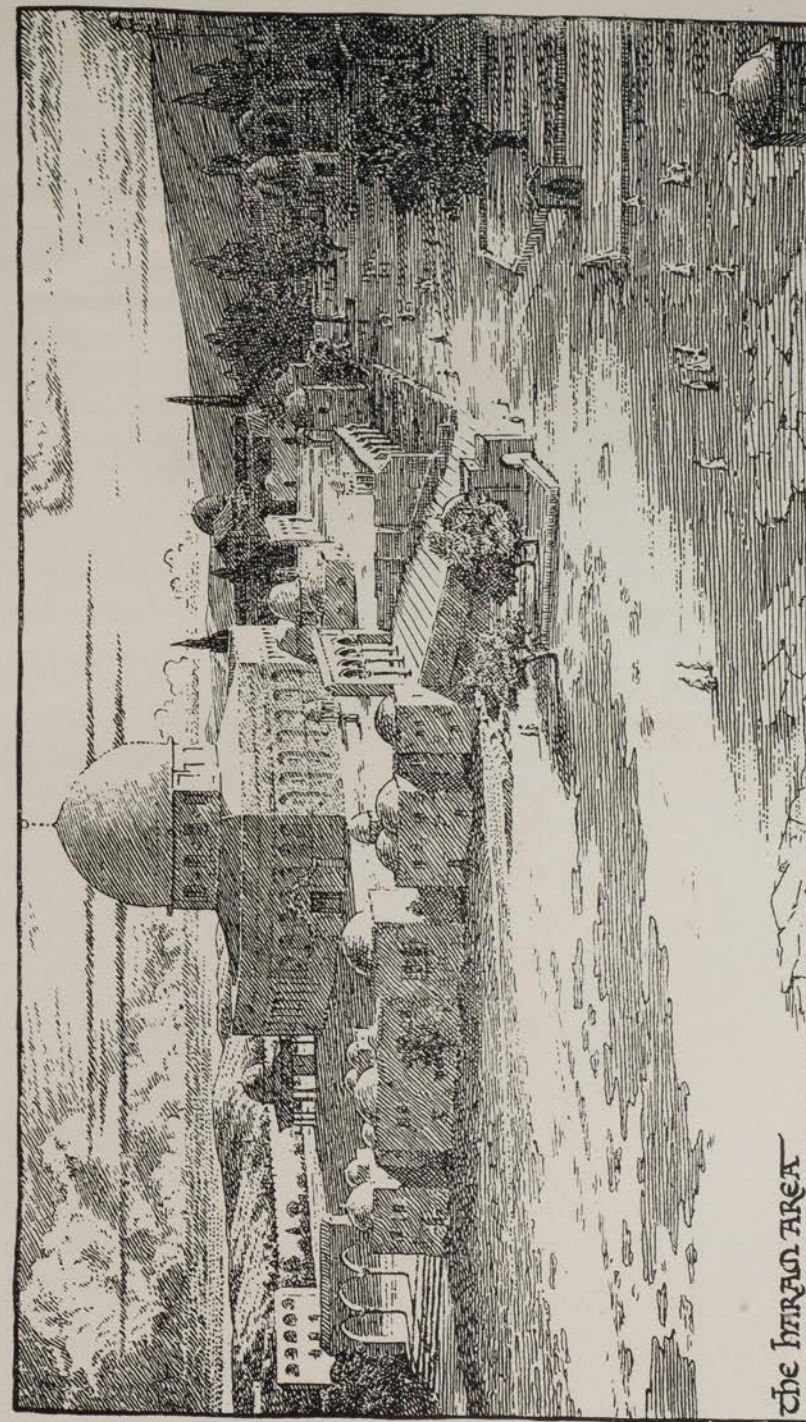
Hadrian built a temple to Jupiter on this rock, with a statue of himself over the Holy of Holies, which was discovered during excavations in later years. The statue of Jupiter must have remained there for many years, as St. Jerome writes of it in the fourth century.

The building of the Dome of the Rock was in perpetual memory of Mohammed, although probably he never visited Jerusalem. Then in later years came the Crusaders, and the Mosque became a Christian church; and then the victorious Saladin restored it again to Moslem worship.

It was a glorious morning in March, and I spent much time on the plateau, or Esplanade, known as the Haram esh-Cherif, or Noble Sanctuary. During my contemplation in the perfect stillness, the whole place shining with sunlit beauty, the muezzin began to chant the call to prayer. As the mollah summoned the faithful with his cry, the muezzin on the minaret at the other end of the Esplanade made his response. And presently from every minaret that wonderful message sped forth. . . . And then silence again, a stillness and a peace, strange and beautiful, which seems never absent from that vast Haram enclosure. Pierre Loti speaks of this place as "a sort of melancholy desert, a prairie where no human being appears, in the midst of which stands in solitary splendour a wonderful building, all blue, known as the 'Dome of the Rock,' looking like an enchanted palace covered with turquoises; all around appear little mihrabs, or praying-places of marble, triumphal arches, kiosks, and miniature mosques." <sup>1</sup>

There is plenty of vegetation: ancient and gnarled olive trees and cypresses stand out in relief against the sombre buildings, and forcing their way through the pavement are a medley of spring flowers—marigolds, marguerites, the scarlet poppy, and many others. It is a splendid tranquillity, dead and yet living, and the fierce sun lights up the whole of the Noble Sanctuary. The atmosphere, too, is not dead, but living; the muezzin rings out, living prayers are being said; it is also the Christian hour of prayer, and where could one find a better place to pray than on this great Esplanade? . . . Here it was that Ornan had his threshing-floor, and those wonderful events occurred which are related in the first book of the Chronicles. It was after David's sin of numbering the people that a great pestilence fell on Israel, and an angel was about to destroy Jerusalem:

<sup>1</sup> *Jérusalem.* Pierre Loti.



THE HARAM AREA

BCE.  
[To face page 142.]



And as he was destroying, the Lord beheld, and he repented him of the evil, and said to the Angel that destroyed, It is enough, stay now thine hand. And the angel of the Lord stood by the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite. And David lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem. . . . So David gave to Ornan for the place six hundred shekels of gold by weight. And David built there an altar unto the Lord . . . and the Lord answered him from heaven by fire upon the altar of burnt offering. And the Lord commanded the angel : and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof.<sup>1</sup>

Solomon, when he succeeded to the throne of David, constructed his glorious Temple, and brought the Ark of the Lord out of the city of David and placed it in the Holy of Holies. Thither the tribes came up, "even the tribes of the Lord, to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord." Here centred the religious, political, and poetical life of God's chosen people.

This great Temple was built some 1,000 years before Christ. It stood for 470 years, when it was destroyed by the Chaldæans at the revolt of Zedekiah, and the Jews taken captive to Babylon. Seventy years later, when the Israelites returned from captivity, Zerubbabel rebuilt the Temple, but it was so inferior to Solomon's Temple that it is said "the people wept on beholding it."

In 606 B.C. Judah became subject to Nebuchadnezzar, Jerusalem and the Temple being destroyed twenty years later. From the destruction of the Temple by the people of Babylon to its rebuilding by Zerubbabel was about fifty years ; many Jews would therefore remember the splendour of Solomon's Temple. Frequent wars impaired the Temple of Zerubbabel, and it was rapidly falling into decay, when Herod the Great, in order to appease the Jews, with whom on account of his atrocious conduct he was rapidly becoming an object of detestation, commenced the work of repairing it in the eighteenth year of his reign, sixteen years before the birth of Christ. This Temple, always known to the Jews as the Second Temple, was "forty and six years in building" (St. John ii. 20), and it greatly surpassed the former in magnificence, which would seem to carry out the meaning of the prophet's words :

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<sup>1</sup> 1 Chronicles xxi. 15 et seq.



The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former.<sup>1</sup>

The High Priest went into the Holy of Holies once a year on the great Day of Atonement, and none but priests were permitted to enter the Holy Place. Jesus Christ was of the tribe of Judah, and consequently entered no farther than the other Jews into the Temple. The Holy Place contained the Golden Candlestick, the Table of Shewbread, and the Altar of Incense. The Holy of Holies was separated from the Holy Place by a veil, *the* veil which was rent from top to bottom at the death of Christ on the Cross. In the Temple of Solomon the Holy of Holies contained the Ark of the Covenant, in which were the Tables of the Law, but in the Second Temple there was no Ark, only the Square Stone, called the Talmud, the Stone of Foundation. After the Temple was built at Jerusalem, it was forbidden to offer sacrifice in any other place. In spite of this command, the Samaritans erected a "Temple" on Mount Gerizim (*see* p. 277), and of this our Lord said to the woman of Samaria :

Ye worship ye know not what : we know what we worship : for salvation is of the Jews.<sup>2</sup>

In the court of this great Temple the infant Christ was presented by His Mother, and there also the Youth of twelve years old was discovered "both hearing and asking" questions of the great doctors of the law.

Thinking of this glorious Temple and its superb courts, I could imagine how it appeared to our Lord on that first Palm Sunday, riding in triumph into Jerusalem : "When He beheld the city He wept over it." *Dominus flevit* ! No wonder that tradition marks the spot on the Mount of Olives where, gazing across the Valley of the Kidron, He would have seen the Golden Gate and the Temple buildings beyond. No wonder that His words have been quoted in all ages, words prophetic and parabolic of the most disastrous fate that can befall an individual or a nation—to hear too late :

If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace ! but now they are hid from thine eyes . . . because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Haggai ii. 9.

<sup>2</sup> St. John iv. 22.

<sup>3</sup> St. Luke xix. 42-44.

And the aftermath ! Jerusalem "compassed round on every side" by the armies of Titus, faction fighting against faction within the city, the Zealots barricading themselves inside the courts of the Temple. Then the Romans surrounded the city by an entrenchment and "shut them in on every side." Famine preyed upon the besieged, sewers were searched for food, even the most loathsome refuse was devoured by the people : bodies of the famished fell dead and rotted in the streets, women devoured their young. Some escaped from the famine and miseries of the city only to be taken prisoners, and of these some five hundred were crucified daily without the walls, until it was said that crosses no longer could be found for the bodies. Rarely have there ever been such horrors as were witnessed during the siege of Jerusalem ! According to Josephus, many thousands of Jews perished during the siege, and over ninety thousand were carried away captive. The siege occupied Titus four months and twenty-five days, viz., from April 11th to September 5th, 70 A.D. . . . And to-day, that ancient city of David, once so glorious and renowned, lies buried deep below in the dust ! and the real Mount Zion, the city of David and Solomon, is now outside the city walls and ploughed as a field. Thus the Prophet :

Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps.<sup>1</sup>

Somewhere near the site of King Solomon's Temple, and of that glorious Temple so familiar to our Lord and His Apostles, stands the most famous Moslem mosque in the world, the renowned Dome of the Rock, or Kubbet-es-Sakhrah, and the plateau or Esplanade on which it stands, known as the Haram esh-Cherif, or Noble Sanctuary, is entered by seven gates on the west, the principal of which is the Bâb-es-Silsileh, or Gate of the Chain. Even to-day, although the former glory has passed, here is the atmosphere of Shechinah, filled with the Presence of the Lord, and everyone, be he Christian, Moslem, or Jew, having the smallest spiritual faculty must be able to discern this Presence. To me the Esplanade became like some great reliquary of the past, and so it will ever remain in my mind. It is full of memories of the swaying fortunes of God's chosen people, and it was the home, "My Father's House," of our Lord. Here He worked some of His chief miracles, here Peter and John performed their first.

<sup>1</sup> Micah iii. 12.



Here He pronounced those wonderful discourses, such as the "Good Shepherd," the "Widow's Mite" and many others. Here He showed divine compassion to Mary of Magdala, taken in adultery. Here He drove out those who bought and sold in the Temple, making His Father's house "a den of thieves." Here, too, in earlier days, Simeon and Anna were rewarded for faithful vigil by the sight of the "Light to lighten the Gentiles," when Jerusalem saw the Prince of Peace in the arms of His Mother at the Presentation in the Temple. And these are but a few of the treasures in that great reliquary.

On many occasions I spent happy hours in the Haram, sometimes visiting the Dome, and at other times just enjoying the tranquillity of the most beautiful and most gloriously-placed enclosure in Jerusalem. A few days before leaving the Holy City I paid my final visit, and this time was accompanied by the brother of the Grand Mufti as guide. On his card he describes himself in Arabic, and then in French :

AREF YOUNES EL-HUSSEINI,  
CHEIK DU HARAM CHERIF,

JÉRUSALEM,

and he is the "chef de la Mosquée." He met me at the special request of the Grand Mufti, who thought, and probably with justice, that I should not get all the real impressions from this world's wonder without the assistance of the chief Cheik. Although I knew exactly three words of Arabic, and he but little French, we got on admirably. This is not a guide-book, and therefore I am only giving my final impressions, those gained through the lore of Aref Younes, whose devotion to the Kubbet-es-Sakhrah is still a fresh and pleasant memory.

It is interesting to recall the fact that in 635 the Caliph Omar visited the Esplanade of the Temple, and, finding it a receptacle for the refuse of the city, commenced to clear it with his own hands, and built on it a "Mihrab," or place of prayer. Arabs knew no sort of architecture—they preferred to pray in the open, as is indeed their custom to-day the world over. In 670 A.D. Arculf saw on this Esplanade "an enormous square edifice of vile construction built on the ruins of some old buildings, and composed of beams and planks of wood supported on ancient columns."

The building of the Dome of the Rock is said to have commenced in the year 686 B.C. by the Caliph Abd el-Melik after a design of his own, and in all probability it was identical with that now existing, except that the outer eight walls have been added. Mukaddassi, who was born in Jerusalem 946 A.D., gave an interesting description of the Dome: "Within the building are three concentric circles with columns of the most beautiful polished marble, and above is a low vaulting. Within these is again the central hall over the Rock; the hall is circular, and not octagonal, and is surrounded by columns of polished marble, supporting round arches. Built above these and rising into the air is the drum, in which are large openings, and over the drum is the Dome. The Dome from the floor up to the pinnacle, which rises into the air, is in height a hundred cubits, and from afar off you may perceive on the summit of the Dome its beautiful pinnacle, the size of which is a fathom and a span. The Dome externally is completely covered with gilded brass plates, while the building itself, its floor and its walls, and the drum, are ornamented with marbles and mosaics."<sup>1</sup>

Of the Mosaics described by Mukaddassi, there still remains one, an inscription in Kufic characters which runs round the colonnade, recording the completion of the building in 691 A.D. by Abd el-Melik. This inscription, a declaration of the Moslem Faith at that time, expressing the views of the early Mohammedans with regard to the Christian religion, has been translated by the late Professor E. H. Palmer. Here is a portion of it :

In the Name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.  
There is no God, but God alone : He hath no partner : His  
is the Kingdom : His the praise : He giveth life and death  
for He is the Almighty.  
There is no God but God alone : He hath no partner ; Mo-  
hammed is the Apostle of God : pray God for him.  
The servant of God, Abd el-Melik, Commander of the Faith-  
ful, built this Dome in the year seventy-two (681 A.D.).  
May God accept it at his hand, and be content with him.  
Amen.

O ye, who have received the Scriptures, exceed not the bounds  
in your religion, and speak naught but truth concerning  
God.

Verily, Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, is the Apostle of God,

<sup>1</sup> *Mediæval Towns: Jerusalem.* Sir Charles Watson.



and His Word which He cast over Mary, and a Spirit from Him. Then believe in God and His Apostles, and do not say that there are three Gods. Far be it from Him that He should have a son. To Him belongeth whatsoever is in the heaven and the earth: He is a sufficient protector. Christ does not disdain to be a servant of God, nor do the angels, who are near the Throne.

O God, pray for Thy Apostle Jesus, the Son of Mary: peace be upon me the day I am born, and the day I die, and the day I am raised to life again. That is Jesus the Son of Mary, concerning whom ye doubt.

Verily the true religion in the sight of God is Islam (*i.e.*, submission of the soul to God).

Say, "Praise be to God Who taketh not unto Himself a Son: Whose partner in the Kingdom none can be: Whose patron no lower creature can be."  
Magnify ye God.

In days gone by no Christian could enter the Dome of the Rock, nor even the great Esplanade; later on entrance was permitted if the visitor brought with him a letter from his Consul and was accompanied by a Turkish soldier. Fortunately all these vexatious regulations are now abolished.

On entering the Dome or the Mosque of Aksa all paraphernalia, especially cameras, must be left in charge of the custodian, and everyone has to put over their shoes or boots a pair of monstrous slippers, in return for which "backsheesh" is expected.

The actual Dome was destroyed by an earthquake, but rebuilt in 1022 A.D. The Crusaders, during their occupation of Jerusalem, turned the building into a church, without making any substantial changes. The iron screen round the Rock is a souvenir of their occupation. They covered the actual Rock with marble, and it served as a footpace for a Christian altar. In 1187 it was administered by Canons Regular. Saladin restored the building in 1194, and Suliman II. added to it in the sixteenth century. The Dome is reached by eight flights of steps along the four sides of the Esplanade; at the top of each flight is a graceful portico, called Maouzin (the Scales), from a popular tradition that at the Last Judgment the scales for weighing souls will be attached to these porticoes. The building itself is octagonal, in a circle of 180 feet in diameter. The cupola is 78 feet in diameter and 108 feet from the ground. The crescent which surmounts it is 12 feet high. The doors at the four cardinal points are supported by five columns, and the octagonal base is

cased in marble to the height of 18 feet. In the upper part the wall is faced with earthenware, and pierced by a row of pointed windows. The sides of the cupola are also pierced with a row of semi-circular windows and covered with enamelled earthenware on which verses of the Koran are inscribed in arabesques. To the north-west of the Mosque is a charming octagon surmounted by a cupola. A long Arabic inscription carved above the entrance states that it was restored in 1200 and consecrated to the memory of the Ascension of Mohammed. It is probably the Baptismal Chapel erected by the Crusaders, and the fine baptismal font a few steps on the south would have occupied the centre of it. Opposite the east door, or chief entrance of the Mosque, is Meh-kemeh Dâouîd, the Tribunal of David, sometimes also called the Kubbet es Silsileh, or Dome of the Chain. The columns, bases, and capitals have all been taken from ancient buildings. The Arabs have a tradition that an invisible chain comes down from heaven to the Dome which will serve to discover the righteous from the sinners at the Last Day. Hence its name, the *Dome of the Chain*.

Leaving the other buildings until later, we then visited the Dome of the Rock, having first put on the great slippers, the Cheik removing his shoes. It was close on noon, and the light was perfect. One can only stand amazed at the scheme of light and colour which impresses itself upon one on entrance, as at the almost unearthly effect produced by the play of light from the mosaic windows. There, surrounded by gilding, marbles, mosaics, hanging lamps and chandeliers, lies the great Rock, a grey-brown monster, rugged and severe. After the Sacred Places contained in the Holy Sepulchre, there is nothing in Jerusalem so touching in its simplicity, so splendid in its grandeur, so amazing in its traditions and history, as this great mass of solid rock. Everything else is for the moment forgotten, the glorious shrine which covers it is of no account. The silence is intense, it is awe-inspiring, in keeping with the presence of that immense block of stone. I felt this the first time; subsequent visits only deepened my awe, and the Rock seemed to hold within its massive heart the history of strength and power, of failure and weakness, of victory and defeat. What scenes it must have witnessed! When all else was destroyed, the Rock remained! To-day its surroundings are Mohammedan, and its associations are with the prophet, about whom amazing stories are told. From it he is said to have ascended to Paradise to converse with



prophets, and when the Rock desired to follow Mohammed, it was held down forcibly by the angel Gabriel. There are the finger-marks of the Archangel who put out his hand to stop the Rock, there is the footmark of the prophet, and there in a little shrine close by are three hairs from his beard, which relic is exposed to the faithful once a year. The Rock itself is said by Moslems to cover an abyss in which are contained all the waters of the Flood.

The proportions of the building are perfect; the general effect of colour is a predominance of gold, deep red, and blue. This sounds gaudy, but in reality it is amazingly effective and harmonious. The sixteenth-century windows are of great beauty and brilliancy, the arches are covered with glass mosaics which gleam like jewels, and the pillars are of dark marble with brilliantly gilded capitals.

We then descended into the cave below the Rock. A Moslem legend tells that since the "Ascension" of Mohammed the Rock has been suspended in the air, and the hollow-sounding wall of the cave was placed there because pilgrims who passed under the Rock feared lest it should fall and crush them. Here are shown the praying-places of David, Solomon, and Mohammed, and also the impression of the prophet's head. The legend tells that Mohammed's prayer was so eloquent that the Rock approached and listened spellbound. But the prayer ended abruptly, and arising from his knees, the prophet struck his head against the Rock and caused a great dent. This cave is almost under the spot where the Jewish Altar of Sacrifice was placed, and below again is a hollow place into which dropped the blood of the Sacrifice. An ancient Arab writer tells a very naïve story against himself: "When I first visited the Sakhrāh, I dared not enter the cave, because of its darkness, and the sins which I had committed, but afterwards, when I beheld greater oppressors and sinners than I knew myself to be, going in and coming out safely, I, after watching for some time, gathered courage and also entered and beheld the marvels."

Then we visited the Mosque el-Aksa, about which there has always been difference of opinion, but which to this day has the appearance of a magnificent Basilica. The guide-books would seem to take for granted that it was a Christian church founded by Justinian in honour of the Blessed Virgin in 536, and that it was converted into a mosque in the seventh century. On the other hand, others declare that the building is completely Moslem,

though built on the site of a Christian church. Fergusson, however, insists that it was built by the Caliph Abd el-Melik to take the place of a wooden building erected by the Caliph Omar, and for this purpose columns and capitals were taken from older buildings. Nothing of the original mosque exists except the Mihrab in the south wall, which has never been changed, and in all probability the columns have been used over and over again in successive restorations. This point of view seems to be that of Moslems—it certainly was of the Cheik who accompanied me, and who said that the fact of the columns and capitals being both Byzantine probably had given rise to the theory that this mosque was originally a Christian church built by Justinian. This, however, was improbable, as there is no mention of any Christian church at that date either in Christian or Moslem records.

In 1016 there was a great earthquake in Jerusalem, which threw down the cupola of the Dome of the Rock, and also damaged the Mosque of Aksa. The cupola was rebuilt, and the mosque restored by the Caliph Ez-Zahir. The interior is stately and imposing, and, whether it has once been a Christian Basilica or not, the place is charged with an atmosphere of spiritual devotion. The floor is covered with splendid specimens of Persian rugs and carpets, there is some fine glass, and the interior of the Dome and the portion below it is richly decorated with superb mosaic work and marble casing. The pulpit, known as Saladin's Pulpit, at the southern end of the mosque, is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is exquisitely carved in wood and inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The wood is of cedar of Lebanon, brought to this mosque by Saladin from Aleppo. Of very great interest to me, having much devotion for that particular saint, a champion not only of the Church but of the poor, was the stone slab in a pavement near the entrance of the mosque. This marks the resting-place of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, according to the chronicler Hovenden, were sent on a pilgrimage of penance for their crime to the Holy City, where they died, and lie buried at this spot. "Having been admitted to penance by Pope Alexander III., they went to Jerusalem. Et ex præcepto Papæ in monte nigro pœnitentiam agentes obierunt et sunt Jeroslymis sepulti ante ostium templi. Quorum superscriptio hoc est, Hic jacent miseri, qui martyrizaverunt Thomam Archiepiscopum Cantuariensem." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Holy City.* George Williams.



Near the pulpit is the praying-place of Moses ; at the back is a stone said to bear the print of the footstep of Christ. Then there are the two pillars, so close together that only people of ordinary size could pass between. Every pilgrim, however, was supposed to try ; those who succeeded would be certain to go to heaven, but those who failed . . . Since 1881 obstacles have been placed between the pillars, for in that year a pilgrim too stout to squeeze through tried the experiment and died on the spot.

After removing our slippers we went to the far corner of the Haram, where the Cheik opened a door, and thence passed down many steps to the Cradle of Christ, a small vaulted chamber, where according to Moslem tradition Christ was brought to be circumcised, and here the aged Zacharias dwelt ; then below to that mysterious and vaulted hall described as Solomon's Stables, where once the steeds of the Crusaders' horses were tied up to the rings of stone, which may still be seen. . . .

We returned to the Haram, and once again gazed on that perfect view seen from the eastern wall. Below is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, a mass of graves and memorial stones. It is the wish of all devout Jews to be buried here, and of Moslems also, for both the orthodox Jew and the Moslem believe that the final Judgment will take place in that valley.

Let the heathen be wakened, and come up to the Valley of Jehoshaphat : for there I will sit to judge all the heathen round about.<sup>1</sup>

And then across the valley to Mount Scopus and the Mount of Olives. No longer is that glorious Mount a place of retirement : it is decorated—I almost said defaced—with buildings. The hideous group of buildings erected by the Kaiser, first known as the German Hospice, then as the British Military Headquarters, and now as the British Residency, together with the Russian tower and other modern monstrosities, stands out with blatant effrontery, making the Mount of Olives a centre, not of faith and divine memories, but of ostentation. . . . Walking along this wall we approach the Golden Gate, the most striking feature in the eastern wall, through which it is said that Christ entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. There are many traditions about this Gate. Here Mohammed will sit to judge the world, when a sword, or a single horsehair, as some say, is to be stretched across the

<sup>1</sup> Joel iii. 12.

valley to Mount Olivet, and all who would reach Paradise must cross it. Each one who passes must carry the burden of his sins as fetters. The guilty will fall into the depths of hell : the just will cross in safety. Another tradition, presumably now out of date, was that the conquering Christian who wrested Jerusalem from the Turks would enter by this gate. (It will be remembered that General Allenby entered the city on foot by the Jaffa Gate.) And again, when Christ returns to earth a second time it will be through the Golden Gate that He will make His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and wrest it from the Moslems.

"Then he brought me back the way of the gate of the outward sanctuary which looketh towards the east ; and it was shut. Then said the Lord unto me : This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it ; because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut. It is for the Prince . . . He shall enter by the way of the porch of that gate."<sup>1</sup>

In Crusading times this gate was opened twice a year, on Palm Sunday and the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

Close to the Golden Gate is the small mosque called the Throne of Solomon. It was here, according to a legend, that the King was found dead. Towards the northern wall is a small chapel with a white dome, where Solomon gave thanks upon the completion of the Temple. . . . Every corner of that wonderful plateau has some object of interest, almost every spot its legend, which to some Moslems are matters of faith, to others matters of interest, and to others, again, stories that will amuse the tourist. All the same, for one's own happiness and enjoyment it is better not to scoff at these stories, but to remember that East is East, and that legends are really symbolic and parabolic. The intelligent tourist who laughs at legends, whether Christian, Jewish, or Moslem, does not quite realise by how much he is the loser. Parables and symbolism are the *couleur locale*, part of the ancient glory of the centuries that nothing can ever efface, still known to all lovers of the Orient as the "Call of the East." At any rate, this is how it appears to me ; *autres gens, autres légendes*, just as much as *autres temps, autres mœurs*, and one deeply resents the attitude of those writers of guide-books who use expressions such as "so-called" or "reputed," or who, when recounting a legend or a tradition, must needs put a note of exclamation at the conclusion. Nothing can be more banal, nothing in worse taste.

<sup>1</sup> Ezekiel xlv. 1-3.



VI

CHRISTENDOM'S MOST HOLY PLACE

- (a) THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.
- (b) THE ORTHODOX GREEK CHURCH.
- (c) THE SCHISM BETWEEN EAST AND WEST.
- (d) A BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE CRUSADES.



## VI

### CHRISTENDOM'S MOST HOLY PLACE

#### THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

"Jerusalem has been the representative sacred place of the world; there has been none other like unto it, or equal to it, or shall be while the world lasts; so long as men go on believing that one spot in the world is more sacred than another, because things of sacred interest have been done there, so long Jerusalem will continue the Holy City."—*Sir Walter Besant*.

#### (a) *The Church of the Holy Sepulchre*

THE two main centres of interest in the Holy City are the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Dome of the Rock, the former the most sacred place in Palestine—one might almost say in the whole world—for all Christians, regardless of sect or denomination, and the latter the most sacred place, second only to Meccah, for all Moslems. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the most wonderful church in all Christendom, for it is the church of six creeds, namely, Greek Orthodox, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians. A casual or hurried visit is of little value; a guide may show you round and point out the sacred localities, but they will mean but little to you, and the result will probably be disappointment and disillusion. To appreciate the wonders of this unique building you should go often and take your own time, and, if possible, by yourself. Leave your critical faculty at home, let your mind be free to receive impressions, and let your spirit be in harmony with the surroundings.

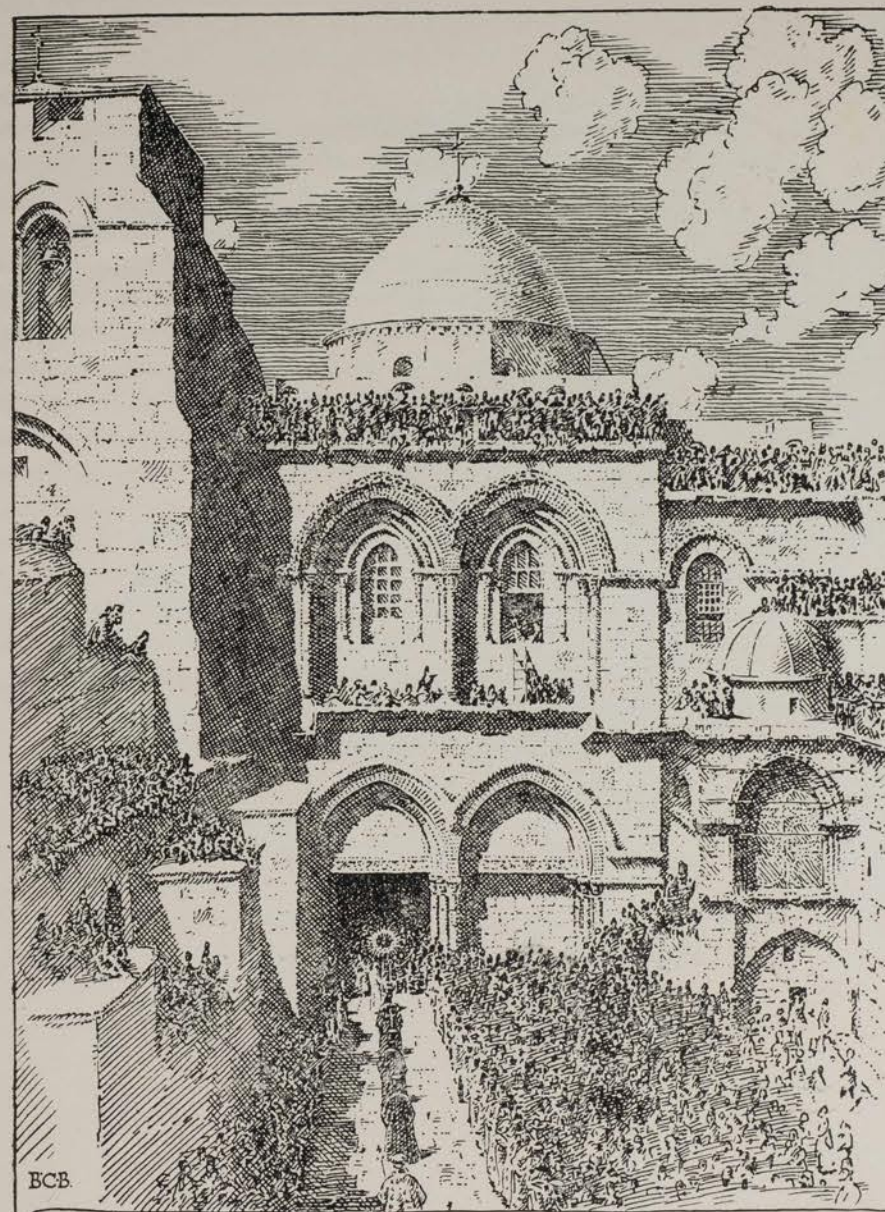
Early on the morning of my first day I paid a preliminary visit, and without much difficulty found my way to Christian Street, and down the Beggars' Steps which lead to the courtyard.



I knew that someone was following me, probably a guide who, even at that early hour, was on the look-out for backsheesh, and I knew also that he would patiently await an opportunity to make himself known and offer his services. However, it does not do to let these matters worry you, and so I crossed the courtyard and went within. I was greeted at once by the voices of many singers, and following the sound found myself near the Holy Tomb. The Franciscans were celebrating High Mass in the Sepulchre itself, men and women kneeling within the ante-chamber and without, and a semi-circle of monks beyond who formed the choir. The people were devout and reverent; the priests within the Tomb could not be seen, but their voices were clear and they sang with good effect. A few people in the vestibule made their Communion, while the solemn chanting of the monks provided an atmosphere pleasing as it was fitting. When the service was over a young Franciscan with black curly hair spoke to me. He was the director of the singing, and when I told him that I was furnished with an introduction to the Superior, he invited me, with much courtesy, to visit the Franciscan Convent of S. Salvatore that morning. I was about to leave the church without a longer stay, when a youth suddenly appeared and asked to be allowed to show me the Sacred Places. It was he who had followed me from the hotel, stalking me all the while, after the manner of his kind, as likely prey, and in spite of refusal on my part to have any dealings with him, with splendid patience he followed me back to the hotel. Evidently he found that his importunity availed nothing, and went in search of more likely game, for I did not see him again.

After becoming familiar with the church's sacred localities, I asked the Padre Presidente of the Franciscans to provide me with a guide who knew the church and all its wonders from the right point of view. Thus I made the acquaintance of Père Ananie, a Belgian friar, who seemed to be saturated with the atmosphere of the Holy Places. To listen to him was a liberal education: he was as patient of ignorance as he was willing to impart his knowledge, and often I found my way to his cell in order to discuss points of interest with him, or to ask him to accompany me again to the church he loved so well.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is acknowledged by Greeks, Latins, and Armenians to occupy the site of Golgotha, which, at the time of the Crucifixion, was outside the walls of the city.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: EASTER 1920



Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own Blood, suffered without the gate.<sup>1</sup>

St. John tells us that the place where Christ was crucified "was nigh to the city"; also that "there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre."<sup>2</sup>

The remains of the second wall, viz., the city wall at the time of Christ, were discovered to the south and east of the Basilica, and may now be seen in the Russian Church close by. The Jewish sepulchre, moreover, with many rock graves, which is to be seen behind the Rotunda, furnishes arguments sufficiently final to prove that before the third wall was built the site of Golgotha could not have been within the city. This third wall was not built until 43 A.D., ten years after our Lord's Crucifixion. If further proof were necessary that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre occupies the site of Calvary, one could point out that the Emperor Hadrian, who was determined to found an entirely pagan city on the site of the fallen Jerusalem, desecrated the sacred memories of Judaism and Christianity alike by the worship of his own gods. On Golgotha he built a vast terrace, making the ground equal by piling up heaps of stones and rubbish, and on this terrace he caused a grove to be planted, and an altar to be erected, dedicated to the worship of Astarte.

This profanation is an obvious proof of the authenticity of the Holy Places, but it failed in its main purpose, namely, to obliterate all traces of holy memory, for instead it secured both Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre from injury, until these sites were discovered by the Empress Helena. The position of Calvary can best be realised by following the Via Dolorosa, especially on a Friday afternoon at the weekly "Stations," climbing the steep incline from Pilate's Judgment Hall to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

On this sacred spot two churches were founded by Constantine, that of the Holy Sepulchre and the Basilica of the Holy Cross. The atrium of the latter, with the bases of its columns, still remains, and there are also remnants of old walls and a gateway, belonging to the Basilica in the Russian building mentioned above, and other ruins in the Coptic Hospice. The original churches were destroyed by the Persians in the seventh century, but, such was the devotion of the period, later in the same century Abbot Modesta built two more churches. Alas

<sup>1</sup> Hebrews xiii. 12.

<sup>2</sup> St. John xix. 20, 41.



that the Holy Places were so soon to be left desolate again! A few years later a terrible fire destroyed both these churches, and it was not until 1055 A.D. that another church was erected in their stead. The Crusaders, however, in the days of their power, considered that this church was not worthy of such a site, and so they raised a great Romanesque building in the early part of the twelfth century, the main features of which were preserved during the following centuries, in spite of wars, neglect, "restoration," and the like, until a great catastrophe occurred at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The records of occasional pilgrims during these long years are interesting reading, and one cannot but admire the courage of those who, from distant shores, made the journey to the Holy Land, especially when to most Europeans interest in this unhappy country was a negligible quantity. There are many pilgrims to choose from, pious souls some of them, often quaint, always interesting; but it will suffice to quote from the story told by an English priest, by name Maundrell, who visited the Holy Sites in the seventeenth century. He does not seem to have interested himself in architecture, for he gives no particulars, but his description of the various sects connected with the church is worth recording: "Almost every Christian nation had its proper quarter assigned to it by the appointment of the Turks, such as the Greeks, Latins, Syrians, Abyssinians, Armenians, Georgians, Nestorians, Cophtites [viz., Copts], Maronites, etc.; but these have all, except four, forsaken their quarters, not being able to sustain the severe rents and extortions which their Turkish landlords impose upon them. The Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Cophtites keep their footing still; but of these four, the Cophtites have now only one poor representative of their nation left, and the Armenians are run so much into debt that it is expected they will soon follow the example of those who have already deserted. That which has always been the great prize contended for by the several sects is the command and appropriation of the Holy Sepulchre, a privilege contested with so much un-Christian fury and animosity, especially between the Greeks and Latins, that in disputing which party should go into it to celebrate their Mass, they have oftentimes proceeded to blows and wounds, even at the door of the Sepulchre, mingling their own blood with their sacrifices, an evidence of which fury the Padre Guardian showed us in a great scar upon his arm, which he told us was the mark of a wound, given him by a sturdy Greek priest, in one of these unholy wars. Who can expect ever to see these Holy Places

rescued from the hands of the infidels? Or, if they should be recovered, what deplorable contests might be expected to follow about them, seeing even in their present state of captivity they are made the occasion of such un-Christian rage and animosity." After unburdening himself of these opinions, and summing up incidentally the main cause of the earlier Crusaders' failure, he goes on to tell of the Holy Week ceremonies that he witnessed, which would seem to differ but little from the functions described elsewhere. His narrative is of great interest, for it shows how unchanged the uses of the building have been during the past three centuries.

The great fire which occurred on September 30th, 1808, marks an epoch in the history of this church, for every trace of the mediæval character of the Rotunda was obliterated, and most of the Crusaders' building was completely destroyed. Fortunately the Holy Sites themselves escaped damage, but their magnificent setting has gone for ever. We cannot be sufficiently thankful that the picturesque Crusaders' tower as well as the stately south frontage were saved, and to-day stand out boldly as the only remnants of one of the grandest monuments of mediæval Christendom.

The Greeks managed to obtain a firman from the Sultan to secure to themselves the sole right of restoring the building, and they did their worst. The beginning of the nineteenth century is not famous for architectural beauty in any country, so perhaps it is better not to be hypercritical, but unfortunately their work stands to this day. Instead of a Basilica, they erected a kind of mosque-building not uncommon in those days, and also substituted heavy and square pillars for the graceful columns of the Rotunda; while in the place of the beautiful Catholikon they erected a separate church, thus committing the greatest vandalism of all, for it blocks completely the stately ambulatory, giving it the dismal appearance of a tunnel. Although the present building is not much more than a century old, it already shows signs of decay, but Turkish restrictions and Christian animosity have hitherto made any kind of restoration or repair impossible. In 1870 the Russians erected the Dome which now surmounts the Holy Sepulchre, and since that date nothing has been done to prevent the sacred building from falling into decay. Now that the Holy Places are freed from Turkish control, the faithful are beginning to ask how long this principle of *quieta non movere* is likely to continue.



In Christian Street (on the west side of the church) is situated a very beautiful walled-up doorway dating from the period of the Crusades. It was known as St. Mary's Gate, and it opened formerly into the tribunes of the Rotunda, close to the Chapel of the Apparition. A few yards further on are some shops containing various objects of devotion, and passing by these we come to the Beggars' Steps, which lead to the courtyard. Along these steps and about the walls of the court at festival seasons crowds of vendors are to be seen, selling glass bracelets and necklaces from Hebron, sacred pictures, sweets, cakes, and lemonade; here also are gathered little knots of beggars, who claim their places as a matter of rightful heritage. This court or quadrangle forms part of the old Basilica of Constantine; it is very roughly paved, and is surrounded by walls and buildings. In front is the magnificent façade of the Crusaders, brown and green with age; on the left the Crusaders' tower, with a peal of bells that jangle with Eastern music, triumphant, if somewhat discordant, on festive occasions or on the visit of some notable, ecclesiastic or secular.

The tower was built in the twelfth century, and originally stood detached from the other buildings, according to the custom of many churches in the south of Italy, where the campanile stands apart, as also in parts of Norfolk and elsewhere in England, notably at Evesham, in Worcestershire. The flat top adjoining the tower is the roof of the great Greek Convent; from which an admirable view is to be obtained of the various functions that take place in the courtyard below. The first door to the right of the court leads to the Convent of Abraham. On the verandah at the top of the staircase is an ancient olive tree, said in days gone by to be the thicket in which the ram was caught, afterwards to be sacrificed by Abraham in the stead of Isaac. A passage leads to the Chapel of Abraham, a twelfth-century building, the window of which forms part of the great façade. It is a square chamber without architectural character beyond some marble and mosaic decorations designed by Mr. George Jeffery, architect of the Anglican Cathedral of St. George. On the walls of the chapel are many modern frescoes depicting the life and story of Abraham and Isaac.

In 1885 the Patriarch of that day, Nicodemus, assigned this chapel to the use of Anglican priests for celebrations of the Holy Eucharist. The first priest to whom this concession was granted was a friend of mine, Dr. Charles R. Hale, afterwards

Bishop of Cairo, Illinois, U.S.A. Many Anglican clergy of note have celebrated here, including Canon Liddon. At the direction of the present Patriarch a marble altar was designed by a Greek architect for the exclusive use of the Anglican Church. The Patriarch provides the bread and wine, and instructs the Greek priest in charge of the convent to make all necessary preparations before each celebration. On the Paten are engraved the words in Greek, "That they may all be one," and on the Chalice, which is adorned with precious stones, are engraved, in the six divisions of the foot, figures of St. Augustine, St. Thomas of Canterbury, Archbishop Laud, Bishop Andrewes, Bishop Ken, and St. George, the last figure being copied from Donatello's statue of that saint. The Greek Patriarch is anxious that those clergy who use this altar should realise that this chapel adjoins Golgotha. The chapel does not belong to the Anglicans, and permission to use it must be obtained at the Patriarchate. On the occasions when I was able to celebrate here, which I did with much joy and thankfulness, realising how narrow a partition separated the altar from Calvary, there was generally a Greek monk and some Orthodox women present, besides our own people, and a Russian woman performed the duties of sacristan.

The other doors of the courtyard lead respectively to the Armenian Chapel of St. James and the Coptic Chapel of St. Michael, while from the latter a staircase leads to the Abyssinian Chapel, the nearest spot to the Holy Places that this rite possesses. The beautiful chapel at the right of the façade, which is reached by a flight of steps, is the Chapel of the Agony of Mary, where once there was a staircase leading to Calvary. On these steps, day by day, may be seen little groups of monks, Coptic, Armenian, and Greek, basking in the sun, gossiping happily and smoking cigarettes. On the left of the court are the Chapels of St. James, St. Thecla, St. Mary Magdalene, and the Church of the Forty Martyrs, generally called to-day the Church of the Ointment Bearers, all of which churches belong to the Greeks, the last-named being set apart as the parish church of the Greeks in Jerusalem. A little to the right of the main entrance is the gravestone of the English Crusader, Philip d'Aubigny.

On entering the church one suffers a severe shock. On the left is situated a small vestibule, fitted with a lounge covered with cushions and Persian rugs: it is the place of the door-keeper, where he may be seen most of the day, gossiping with kindred



spirits and smoking cigarettes. The Turkish guards mentioned in every guide-book published before the war are no more; formerly they were to be seen on all sides, especially during the Easter ceremonies, when large numbers of them were stationed within the church to keep the peace. At least, that was the idea, but it is alleged that they were more often than not the cause of friction between contending sects. To-day the church is free of them, but, curious as it may seem, the door-keeper of the chief Christian church in the world is a Mohammedan! When General Allenby entered Jerusalem, and was received by the heads of the religious bodies, included in his proclamation was the proviso that the hereditary custodians of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, who had always been Moslems, should continue in their office. Thus a Moslem to-day still holds the great key of the church and none can enter until it has been opened by him, and by him alone!

It is said that the origin of this curious custom was "in remembrance of the magnanimity of the Caliph Omar," to whom the Patriarch of that day "surrendered the city in 637: for Omar spared the city and the lives of its inhabitants and secured the Church of the Holy Sepulchre from damage or occupation." The story is that when the Patriarch brought the Caliph to the church at the hour of prayer, the latter asked where he might kneel, and the Patriarch bade him pray where he was. The Caliph refused, and instead spread his mat outside the Basilica: "For had I prayed within the church, my people would have said, 'In this place Omar prayed, and here we too will pray,' and you would have lost your church." And close to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands the Mosque of Omar, built in memory of his visit and of the prayer.

Immediately within the main entrance is the "Stone of Anointing," and here the people first bow low, crossing themselves, and then kneel and kiss the sacred spot. If they are Easterns they will cross themselves from right to left three times, if they are Latins they will content themselves with one crossing in the Western manner and then kiss the stone. This marks the place where our Lord's Body was anointed before being laid in the Tomb, after it was taken down from Calvary. It is not the original stone, for, according to the Greeks, this was carried away to Constantinople by the Crusaders; but, on the other hand, the Latins say that it lies buried beneath the church, probably close to Calvary. On either side stand six massive candlesticks,

two of each belonging to the Greeks, the Latins, and the Armenians respectively, while above the Stone hang eight lamps with opaque glass, three of which belong to the Greeks, two each to the Latins and Armenians, and one to the Copts. To the left is a small stone with a railing, and this marks the place where Mary and the holy women stood during the anointing. This part of the church is international; that is to say, it belongs to all Christians, though actually in the charge of the Greek, Latin, and Armenian confessions. Just beyond the Stone of the holy women a staircase leads to the Armenian quarter, with its chapels and various rooms.

On entering the Rotunda the first impression received is one of disappointment not unmingled with disgust: square pillars supporting a clumsy dome are not exactly what one expected to see! The walls are stained and covered with mildew and the whole place strikes one at first sight as being in the last stage of decay. The Rotunda itself is some 67 feet in diameter, encircled by eighteen of the square pillars, which support both the clerestory and the dome, built in 1870 by the Russians. On one occasion when I was inside the dome I noticed that the arabesque paintings on the walls were peeling off, just as if they were wallpaper. Above the pillars and resting on them are three galleries, the topmost one and the lowest belonging to the Greeks, while the middle gallery is divided between the Armenians and the Latins. In the centre of the Rotunda stands the building which covers the Holy Sepulchre itself, grotesque and hideous. It was erected by the Greeks in 1810, and took the place of a monument of great beauty destroyed by the fire. "This little edifice is rectangular in shape, terminating, to the west, pentagonally. It is 24 feet long, 15 feet wide, and as much in height. The lateral walls are adorned with sixteen pillars and crowned by a balustrade of somewhat short and stunted columns. The little terrace is surmounted by a kind of dome in the Muscovite style, intended to represent an imperial crown. The front is adorned with four twisted columns and ornamented with three paintings, each having a lamp; one of these, the upper one, belongs to the Latins, the second to the Greeks, and the third to the Armenians. It is the same with the great candlesticks placed at the entrance."<sup>1</sup>

In front of the Sepulchre is a kind of ante-chamber with marble benches and candelabra, from which a low door opens into a

<sup>1</sup> *Franciscan Guide to the Holy Land.*



vestibule called the Chapel of Angels, commemorating the angel who sat on the stone after it had been rolled back from the Sepulchre,<sup>1</sup> and a fragment of the stone is inserted in the pedestal in the centre of the chapel. An arched door not more than 4 feet high admits to the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself, which is about 6½ feet long and 6 feet wide. The actual tomb is encased in marble dating from the reconstruction of the church, for the great fire had laid the rock tomb bare; it is fitted up as an altar, and Mass is said on it daily. Flowers, real and imitation, stand in vases on the ledges above, candles and lamps hang around, both these and the flowers being the property of the three confessions respectively. A Greek or Armenian monk is perpetually on guard: he stands motionless as a statue, while fixing his eyes upon you and watching your every movement. People come inside, cross themselves, kneel and kiss the marble covering of the Tomb and then go out. It is not possible for more than two to be inside the enclosure at the same time. Some will enter with their faces streaming with tears, others will bring a cross, a rosary, or some other object of devotion, and lay it for a moment on the Tomb, others again will come just out of curiosity. But it is not often that the tiny chamber is empty, and the sacred place is rarely neglected; old and young, women and men, girls and boys, clerics and laymen, beggars and wealthy, soldiers and civilians, all ages and all nations, they come to bring the spices and myrrh of their devotion to the rock-hewn Sepulchre. . . .

And Joseph bought fine linen, and wrapped Him in the linen, and laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepulchre.<sup>2</sup>

There are no helps to devotion, nothing whatever to force any kind of faith upon you: on the contrary, the tawdry surroundings rather hinder than help you. For one moment I wished that after the great fire the Rock Tomb had been left bare, but I do not suppose it would have made much difference. Never for an instant was I conscious of the very slightest doubt; there was no question of feelings, which at the best are deceptive; simply, I knew. . . . They laid Him upon the Stone, His Mother placed beneath His Head a piece of the finest linen, Mary Magdalene strewed costly and aromatic herbs about His limbs, the sacred Body was wrapped in Its shroud, and thus the procession started.

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xxviii, 2.

<sup>2</sup> St. Mark xv. 46.

Torches preceded It, Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus with the greatest reverence bore It aloft; followed, perhaps, by the Blessed Mother, the beloved Disciple, the Magdalene, and the other Maries. Just those whom He would have wished, and somehow I think that Lazarus and Martha could not have been far away. The Tomb had been lined with sweet-smelling herbs, as people line the graves of those they love with flowers to-day, and in a hollow they placed Him, and spread a white pall of the purest of white linen over Him.

Mary His Mother remained alone with Him, to take a last look at her Son, and then Joseph made the inner recess secure, for he and Nicodemus rolled the great stone against the entrance. Then the officers of the guard sealed the stone, and set a watch, lest His friends should steal the Body. . . . It was all quite clear; the whole place, in spite of the many things that jar upon one's soul, is saturated with the atmosphere, as the house at Bethany was filled with the odour of the precious unguent. And very early next morning, clear, bright, and cold, an earthquake shook the whole place to its foundations; an angel came to wait on Him Who had triumphed, the stone was rolled away, and He walked among the lilies in Joseph's garden. There Magdalene met Him, and seeing, believed. Peter and John were late, He had gone; but they saw the angel, who said: "He is not here: He is risen." . . . Once this church was called the Church of the Resurrection, a title most appropriate, for over this Tomb might be inscribed the words, *Non est hic: surrexit enim*. "He is not here: He is risen." On all other graves it is written, *Hic jacet*; but on this, *Non est hic*.

The three great confessions hold their services within the Sepulchre night after night. The Greeks commence about midnight, they are followed in the early hours of the morning by the Armenians, while the Latins say their first Mass soon after 4 a.m., and their last, a high Mass, is sung at a quarter before seven. No other body has the right to celebrate their office in this Holy Place, but the Copts own a tiny chapel, a sort of annexe to the Holy Sepulchre, which has been in their possession since the year 1573. Opposite the Copts' chapel is the chapel of the Syrians, very small and gloomy, without any attempt at decoration, to get to which one passes between two of the great square pillars. Here there is a narrow door leading into a rocky chamber, which tradition assigns to the tombs of Joseph of Arimathæa and his family, and also Nicodemus. These tombs are important, for



they are Jewish sepulchres, and constitute a proof that Golgotha was outside the wall of the city in the time of our Lord, for the bodies of the dead could not be buried within the city.

The next point of interest is the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, called the *Noli me tangere*; this is said by tradition to be the place where Mary Magdalene met the risen Lord, not recognising Him, but mistaking Him for the gardener.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary! She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni! which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch Me not; for I am not yet ascended to My Father.<sup>1</sup>

This sanctuary belongs exclusively to the Latins. Close by is the Chapel of the Apparition, the principal church of the Latins where the Franciscans say their offices night and day. It is called the Chapel of the Apparition because it marks the legendary place where Jesus appeared to His Mother after the Resurrection. In the chapel on a side altar is preserved a small portion of the column to which our Lord was bound at His scourging, and it is the custom of the faithful to make use of a small stick that lies on the altar and with it touch the column, then to kiss the stick and cross themselves. On the Wednesday in Holy Week I saw this column exposed, and hundreds of people flocked to venerate it. It is a fragment of porphyry about two and a half feet high, and was brought to this sanctuary from the House of Caiaphas at the time of the Crusaders.

According to Latin tradition, the whole of the rectangular part of the church is said to occupy the site of the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, but with this opinion the Greeks do not agree. Close to the Latin church is the sacristy through which one passes to the Franciscan Convent. They call it the Sacristy of the Holy Land, for it possesses various relics connected with the Crusaders. On many occasions I found my way through this sacristy and up the flights of stairs to the convent, which is very confined and somewhat unhealthy, though from the Superior's office a door opens on to a delightful little

<sup>1</sup> St. John xx. 14-17.

terrace, where the monks can enjoy the sun and breathe in the fresh air. This has been the headquarters of the Franciscans connected with the Holy Sepulchre since the thirteenth century, though their chief convent is that of S. Salvatore, a large and roomy building near the New Gate. Close to the sacristy a gallery some fifty feet long and formed of seven arches called the Arches of the Virgin, possibly because of their proximity to the Chapel of the Apparition, leads to a very low chapel, divided into two compartments and quite dark. This is called the Prison of Christ, and belongs to the Greeks. According to tradition, Christ was imprisoned here until the arrangements for the Crucifixion were complete. On leaving this chapel, one enters the splendid ambulatory of the ancient Basilica, at one time a nave of the choir, but owing to the building of the modern Greek Catholikon, now reduced to the condition of a dark passage.

Here there are three chapels, two of which belong to the Greek—namely, that of St. Longinus, the soldier who pierced the side of our Lord after His death on the Cross and who afterwards was converted; that of the Division of the Garments, where the casting of lots for our Lord's clothing is commemorated; and that of the Holy Winding Sheet, which chapel belongs to the Armenians. All these chapels have the appearance of being derelict and no longer used for their original purpose. Between the second and third chapels, twenty-nine steps lead to the Chapel of St. Helena, sometimes called the Church of the Holy Cross, which once formed the crypt of Constantine's Basilica. In all probability the Holy Cross was venerated here in the early days before it was carried away by the Persians in the seventh century. This chapel is cut out of the rock, and has six quaint-looking monolithic columns with magnificent capitals. The two altars are dedicated to St. Helena and St. Dismas the penitent thief, respectively. Originally the chapel belonged to the Abyssinians, but now it is the property of the Armenians. From this chapel a flight of thirteen broken, worn, and irregular steps leads to the rocky cavern called the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross. Here were dug up the three Crosses, the Crown of Thorns, the Nails, and the Inscription, by command of the Empress Helena, and with the assistance of Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem. According to a popular tradition, the true Cross was made known by the instantaneous recovery of a dying woman from the mere touch of it.

About the year 325 A.D. the Emperor Constantine decided to find the site of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of our Lord and



there to build a church. The desire to recover the Holy Sites originated in the mind of the Empress Helena, but the plan was conceived long before it was carried into execution.

In days gone by early Christians were severely criticised for their alleged indifference to the preservation of the Cross, especially as various relics, like the Cup used at the Last Supper, the seamless Robe for which lots were cast, the Crown of Thorns and other relics of the Passion, were said to have been jealously guarded and venerated. But the accusation of indifference was unjust, because the Jews would never have allowed the Cross to remain above ground, for all the implements used at executions were by them regarded as unclean. Thus the Cross would have been taken down on Good Friday, buried that same evening, and all traces of the tragedy removed before the Sabbath began; and, further, they would never have allowed any follower of the hated Nazarene to dig up the Cross and take it away. Shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem, too, the whole mound of Golgotha was covered with marble, and converted by Hadrian into a grove and temple of Astarte. In answer to the prayers of St. Helena, Constantine allowed the destruction of these, although they represented the imperial religion of Rome, and the task of searching for the Tomb and Cross was entrusted to Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem. Thus the pagan Temple was removed and on the 13th September, 327, the anniversary of the Dedication of the Temple of King Solomon, the three Crosses were discovered in a deep cave on the east of the Sepulchre, a rock-cut Jewish tomb, identified as the burial-place of our Lord. St. Helena divided the Cross into three portions: one was given to the Bishop of Jerusalem for the church she founded on Calvary, another was sent to her son Constantine at Constantinople, and the third to the Bishop of Rome, each in the course of centuries to be broken up into hundreds of pieces and distributed throughout Christendom.

The Church of the Holy Cross was built by a grant from the Imperial Treasury, and in the thirtieth year of the reign of Constantine the Great, 335, the solemnities of the Dedication of the Basilica were attended by prelates from all the provinces of the Eastern empire. "The historian Eusebius, 314-340 A.D., a contemporary of Constantine the Great, expresses no surprise at the recovery of the sites in his account of the circumstance; his remark that, 'contrary to all expectation,' the venerable and hallowed monument of our Lord's Resurrection 'was rendered visible by the clearance of the superincumbent soil,' is a rational

expression of astonishment at the preservation of the Tomb during so many years, and has no reference to a miraculous discovery."<sup>1</sup> An English clergyman who travelled much in the Holy Land wrote: "There are fifteen different spots in Jerusalem and its neighbourhood which have been suggested by various writers in the last two centuries as the true sites of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, in opposition to that which has been accepted by the tradition of sixteen hundred years. There is no doubt that Christian opinion never wavered from the fourth to the eleventh century in pointing to the spot where the church now stands as the actual site, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that when Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, was asked by the Emperor Constantine to point out the place where our Lord was crucified, he had good reasons for selecting the spot where the church now stands in preference to any other. More particularly so, as it was *within* the walls as they then existed, and the ground was so broken and rocky as to require an immense amount of levelling before a church could be built upon it."<sup>2</sup> It is a place full of a charm that tells its own story, the bare rock unchanged since the Great Tragedy which transformed the world. It belongs to the Latins, and over the altar, which was presented by the Emperor Maximilian, stands a life-sized bronze statue of St. Helena on a pedestal of serpentine. On more than one occasion when I visited this grotto, the Franciscan daily procession, wending its way through the chapels and galleries, came down the thirteen broken steps, chanting a verse of the *Vexilla Regis*,<sup>3</sup> the hymn of the Holy Cross. Every afternoon the friars have a short service in the Chapel of the Apparition, and then visit each of the Holy Places in turn, carrying tapers in their hands, and chanting hymns as they walk in slow procession.

The Chapel of Calvary, on the site of Golgotha, is reached by a double flight of stairs, its pavement being some twelve feet above the level of the church. To the right is shown the spot where our Lord was stripped of His raiment, which is the tenth Station of the Cross; close by is the Latin altar commemorating the Nailing to the Cross, the eleventh Station; next it is the Latin altar, Stabat Mater, where the Virgin received the Body of Christ after It was taken down from the Cross; and beyond again, the Altar of the Crucifixion, the twelfth Station, which belongs to the

<sup>1</sup> *Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre*. Sir C. W. Wilson.

<sup>2</sup> The late Canon Cooke Yarborough.

<sup>3</sup> "The royal banners forward go."



Greeks. Under this altar is a silver disc with an opening in the centre, which covers the place where the Cross of our Lord was fixed. One has to bend very low to get beneath the altar and kiss the sacred spot, but although there seems to be nothing but marble, it is possible by lowering the hand into the cavity to feel the rock in which the Cross was fixed. On each side of the altar a black disc marks the place where the crosses of the two thieves crucified with our Lord are said to have stood,<sup>1</sup> Dismas, the penitent thief, on the right, and Gesmas on the left.

Close to the altar there is a long metal slab, and by raising it one can see a great cleft in the rock. This cleft is seen to better advantage in the Chapel of Adam, where it appears seven feet from top to bottom. On more than one occasion when I was in this chapel the Franciscan procession approached, singing the *Vexilla Regis*, followed by the *Crux Fidelis*.<sup>2</sup> The officiating priest censed the altars of the eleventh and thirteenth Stations, which belonged to the Latins, and afterwards the Greek altar over the place of the Crucifixion, a Greek priest standing on guard, watching lest his Latin brother should go beyond the limit allowed. The Latins may cense this altar and hold a service on it on Good Friday, but they may not say Mass there on any occasion. Almost immediately after the Latin procession there followed another procession, this time of the Copts, a dozen men wearing crowns, and two deacons censing everything they passed. Their movements were very rapid and the hymns they sang were set to lively tunes. This clashing of rites did not worry me at all, either in this church or elsewhere. I cannot see why each confession should not have its separate Liturgy and its own ceremonial, just as it has its own particular language. But what *is* painful is the spirit of "This belongs to me, therefore you shall not use it," and the petty obstacles one confession seems to put in the way of another. Surely the four chief places, accepted as genuine by all Christian confessions in Palestine, might be "international," viz., the Stone of Anointing, the Holy Sepulchre, the Site of Calvary, and the Finding of the Holy Cross.

Calvary is the most sacred spot in the whole world, the Holy Place at which were enacted the last scenes of the Passion, so faithfully told by the four Evangelists. Personally, I am content to believe that the small round hole beneath that Greek altar does mark the spot where, or at any rate near which, the Cross was

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xxiii. 39-43.

<sup>2</sup> "Faithful Cross above all other."

erected. What men have believed for centuries is good enough for me: and not only do I believe it, but in that chapel, especially on Good Friday, I was keenly aware of it.

Whatever can be said about other sacred places, surely Calvary might have been left to speak for itself. I can quite understand the pious reverence of St. Helena desiring to enclose all the places consecrated by the sufferings of Christ to protect them from mutilation or destruction, but somehow it seems that an exception ought to have been made with Golgotha, and that it might have been left without any temple to cover it. At one time a great Cross was exposed to view; no roof, no chapel enclosed it, and then from the courtyard pilgrims were able to see Calvary as it was in the time of Christ, with the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa beyond. Would that it were so to-day, and that a holocaust could be made of all the lamps and tawdry decorations that disfigure what should be to all Christendom the Most Holy of Holies! What could be more suitable than a plain Cross to mark the spot, standing alone in its dignity beneath the blue dome of a Syrian sky? However, since this is impossible, one can at least rejoice in the sure and certain knowledge that here He redeemed the world, for still the whole place is saturated with His Presence, and tawdry surroundings and religious animosities fade into insignificance.

It is of interest to note that when the Greek Patriarch officiates at Calvary he lays aside his crown.

Below Calvary is the Chapel of Adam, a vault entered by a dark and narrow passage. According to tradition, the skull of Adam was buried on Calvary, and this may perhaps account for the symbolical representation of a skull at the foot of the Crucifix, as is not infrequently seen. The altar in this chapel is dedicated to Melchisedek,<sup>1</sup> King of Salem, who is a type of Christ. At the entrance to the Chapel of Adam is a stone seat on the right taking the place of the tomb of the great Crusader Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Latin King of Jerusalem, and on the opposite side another seat marks the tomb of his brother Baldwin I., successor to the throne. These tombs were destroyed at the time of the great fire. On the surface of Godfrey's tomb was this inscription:

Hic jacet inclytus  
Godfridus de Bouillon  
Qui totam istam terram  
Acquisivit cultui Christiano,  
Cujus anima regnet cum Christo. Amen.

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cx. 4.



The Catholikon belongs exclusively to the Greeks; it is the largest church within the Holy Sepulchre, and is generally supposed to be the great nave of the building of the Crusaders. The Patriarch's throne is on the right side, and the corresponding one on the left is occupied by one of the Archbishops of the Patriarchate when required, and is not, as stated in some guide-books, the throne of the Patriarch of Antioch. The Ikonastasis or screen which separates the altar from the nave is covered with paintings in the Byzantine style. Under the dome stands a small white marble column, which, according to a tradition as old as the eighth century, is said to mark the centre of the world. This tradition was founded on a verse from one of the psalms: "For God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth."<sup>1</sup> My friend, the Archimandrite Themelis, on pointing out this curiosity, remarked that it was not more extraordinary than the oak-tree between Warwick and Leamington which is said to mark the centre of England.

Whatever may be said about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as a building, whatever objections may be raised to its decorations and its somewhat disappointing interior, the Christian will always enter or leave this most wonderful temple in Christendom with a feeling of gratitude and joy that, through all the turmoil of the ages, these Holy Places, which are souvenirs of all that matter most in this world, have been preserved intact to the present day. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre must for ever be unique; Jerusalem saw Christ, like the rest of Judea; she heard His words and witnessed His miracles, but Golgotha, now enclosed within the church, alone has seen Him die, through which it has been consecrated above all other churches in the world.

#### (b) *The Orthodox Greek Church*

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been such a centre of religious disputes throughout the ages that some description of the religions that find a place in this church may be of interest. The Moslems and the Jews are dealt with elsewhere in detail; here, as regards the latter, it is only necessary to say that since the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 Jews have had no part or lot in anything to do with the Holy Sites. To this day no Jew may enter the courtyard, much less the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; to do so might mean death, it certainly would mean rude, if not

<sup>1</sup> Psalm lxxiv. 12.

rough, treatment. Nor can they, like everyone else, take the short cut across the court from the Muristân to Christian Street. I heard a custodian on one occasion speaking with unnecessary lack of courtesy to a harmless-looking Englishman, and as I passed by the latter appealed to me for protection. He was a very ordinary cockney, and the custodian apologised for the misunderstanding. Mr. Wright, chaplain to the Anglican Bishop, referring to this subject in his book,<sup>1</sup> says that on Maundy Thursday he saw "a Jew who had ventured into the courtyard hoping to escape attention, but, having been recognised, he had to be surrounded by Moslem soldiers or he would probably have been murdered by the Christians (Greeks)"; and again at the Easter Eve ceremony, "I saw two Jews from the House of Industry unrecognised in the crowd." On the other hand, Moslems come and go as they like. One day I photographed a group of them on the Beggars' Steps, and immediately I had "clicked" the camera they rushed up to me, and begged for a copy on the spot.

Without doubt the Greek Church is *the* Church, and to this day the Latins are looked upon as intruders except by their own adherents. For the moment I will not comment on this attitude, because I deal elsewhere with the work of the Franciscans and their guardianship of the Holy Places. From the year 451 Jerusalem has possessed a separate Patriarchate of its own, there being four ancient Patriarchates of the Orthodox Church in the East, viz., Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. This Patriarchate is an independent one, but it would never initiate any important movement of general interest in the Eastern Church without consultation with the other Patriarchates.

During the Crusades, although there were a succession of Patriarchs throughout that period of some one hundred and fifty years, the Greek Church occupied a very inferior position, their clergy holding a secondary place while the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem lasted, and the Greeks naturally felt this position very keenly. During most of this time, viz., 1096-1270, the Patriarch of Jerusalem resided at Constantinople. As a matter of fact, except for a somewhat irregular residence from the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Greek Patriarchs were non-resident until 1867, when Kyrillus II., the one hundred and twenty-eighth Patriarch, in the twenty-

<sup>1</sup> *Round About Jerusalem*. Rev. J. E. Wright.



third year of his rule, came to take up his abode in Jerusalem. "The present Patriarchate, extending north and south from Phœnicia to the Red Sea, and from the Mediterranean to the Great Desert on the east, embraces all the country described by the ancient name of Phœnicia—Palestine, Galilee, Samaria, Judea, Idumæa, and Arabia Petræ. The full official title of the Patriarch is: 'The Most Blessed and Holy Patriarch of the Holy City Jerusalem, and All Palestine, Syria, Arabia beyond Jordan, Cana of Galilee, and Holy Syon.'"<sup>1</sup>

The occupant of the See to-day is Damianus, the one hundred and thirty-second Patriarch. He was born in the island of Samos, where as a layman he acted as secretary to the Court of Law, and is now seventy-seven years old. His story reads like a romance. When a young man he lost both his wife and only child by a sudden and fatal illness, and, filled with the deepest sorrow, he made the great renunciation. Leaving all behind, he went as a pilgrim to Jerusalem, travelling where possible on foot, and, when this was impossible, working his way, and thus eventually arrived at the Great Greek Convent with only his bundle and in the last stage of poverty. He was lodged in the convent and given some kind of menial work to do, and when the post was vacant he became sacristan of the Holy Sepulchre. In due course he was ordained, and then gradually climbed the ladder of Church preferment—deacon, priest, archimandrite, Bishop—and in this last capacity he represented the Patriarch at the Coronation of the late Czar. When Gerasimus died in 1897, Damianus was elected by the monks to succeed him. "From Beggar to Patriarch" might indeed form the plot of an interesting romance. But although once a "beggar," before that time he had been versed in the law, and the Patriarch Damianus, although old, has all his wits about him, and is, besides being a pious Orthodox, well informed on all subjects, especially politics and diplomacy. His one sorrow is that he can speak no language except Greek.

The greater part of each year the Patriarch resides at his official residence, opposite the Great Greek Convent, but he has also two summer abodes, one at Catamon, situated, according to tradition, on the site of the House of Symeon, and another in the village of El-Bretz, on the road between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the convent on the Mount of Olives also belongs to him. Damianus is keenly interested in all affairs connected with England and the

<sup>1</sup> *The Orthodox Patriarchate of Jerusalem.* Theodore Edward Dowling, D.D., Archdeacon of Syria.

English Church, and has shown his interest on many occasions by paying official visits to the Anglican Cathedral. In 1906 he sent one of his monks to Oxford to study English customs and also the religion of the Church of England. This was Timotheus Themelis, now Archimandrite, and chief secretary to the Greek Patriarchate. The information given above is the result of several conversations with this Archimandrite, who gave me much assistance, and often accompanied me in visiting the Holy Sepulchre and other places of sacred interest.

An organisation called the Monastic Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre was founded at the time of the building of that church in the reign of Constantine the Great. It consists of members of the Greek clergy, all ranks being represented. It governs the whole Patriarchate, and elects its Patriarch and Archimandrites. The chief function of this body is the care of the Holy Places, and the Patriarch is *ex officio* President of the Brotherhood. Most Greek convents seem to be troubled with political questions, and as a result of politics the monks of the Greek Convent deposed Damianus, owing, it is said, to personal disagreement. This event happened some years ago, and the Patriarch appealed to the Sultan (!), who declared the deposition void. In 1916 the Turks ordered the Patriarchs of the various confessions to leave the Holy City, and the Greek Patriarch and his suite went into exile at Damascus. During his absence the monks again deposed him, but on returning to Jerusalem after the Turkish *débâcle*, he appealed to General Allenby, who supported his claims, and thus he remains Patriarch to this day. Father Themelis, in recounting these facts, reminded me that the great St. Cyril of Jerusalem, 351-386, had been deposed thirteen times by his monks.

The Liturgy of St. James is the earliest of all existing Liturgies, and from it came the Liturgy of St. Basil the Great, still used in the Greek Church at certain seasons, and from it again the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, which is now the ordinary service of the Greek Church. The most striking feature in every Greek Church is the Ikonastasis, a great screen of stone or wood built across the entrance to the sanctuary, dividing it from the nave and choir, and making it a "holy of holies." As the name denotes, it is covered with ikons, or holy pictures, which are used throughout the Eastern Church, images not being permitted. It is usually surmounted by a cross, and sometimes by three pictures on pedestals, representing the Crucifixion, with St. Mary



on the right and St. John on the left, bearing some resemblance to the Rood Screen used in Western Christendom. In the centre there is always a double door, called the Royal Door, which is opened at the time of service, but covered with a veil or curtain at certain parts of the Liturgy, so that the altar is completely hidden from view. There are also two other doors, on the right for the deacon, on the left for the servers to pass in and out when performing their various functions connected with the Liturgy. Beyond the Ikonastasis is the sanctuary, or the Holy Bema; the whole space within the screen is called the altar, the actual altar itself always being called "the Holy Table" in the rubrics. This is covered with a white cloth, reaching down to the ground on every side, and called the *Katasarkion*, because it is a symbol of the burial cloth in which our Lord's Body was wrapped. Over this there is placed generally another cloth, called the *endyton*, representing Christ's robe of glory. On the Holy Table is placed the Book of the Gospels, the Cross with which the priest gives the blessing, and the Tabernacle in which the Sacrament is reserved. Behind the Altar there is generally a large cross, on which the figure of our Lord is painted, and a seven-branch candlestick, and on the altar itself, at the Holy Liturgy, two or more lighted candles.

There is only one altar in a Greek Church, because not more than one Liturgy is celebrated each day in any church. Exception is made to this rule in such places as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. Behind the Holy Table is the throne for the Bishop, and on the wall of the apse are seats for attendant clergy who *concelebrate* with the officiating Bishop or priest. The practice of concelebration (*i.e.*, celebrating with the officiant) is usual not only in the Orthodox Greek Church, but also among Greek Uniats, as it is not generally the custom for priests to celebrate daily as in the Western Church. On the left of the Holy Table is the *Prothesis*, where the preparation of the offerings, an elaborate ceremony, is performed. Here the holy vessels with the Oblations remain until the "Great Entrance," a very important part of the service, when they are carried in solemn procession through the servers' door into the body of the church, and then through the Royal Doors to the Holy Table. The use of organs, or indeed of any musical instrument, is unknown; the music therefore consists entirely of unaccompanied singing, chiefly plainchant. Although rather confused, and very elaborate, it is extraordinarily beautiful, and at times, where there is a good choir, almost ethereal.

The structure of the Liturgy is not easily followed until one is accustomed to it, when it will be realised that it far exceeds in beauty any of the Western Liturgies, and that the congregation have greater opportunities for taking an intelligent part in the service than is the case in the Latin Church. Incense is used freely throughout the Liturgy, but the times for its use are restricted by hard-and-fast rules. Communion is given in "both kinds," to the laity with a spoon, the two species together, but to the clergy the species are given separately. Leavened bread is used, and hot water is poured into the Chalice after the Consecration. The Greek Uniats or Catholics, who also give Communion in "both kinds," dip the species of Bread into the consecrated Wine.<sup>1</sup>

One thing I could not help noticing was the great difference between the "religious" and "secular" Greek clergy. The monks with whom I talked were for the most part educated men, many of whom could converse in European languages. They were pleasant companions, very friendly, and keenly interested in the question of reunion with the English Church. On the other hand, the secular or parish clergy were, as a rule, illiterate, shabbily dressed, not too clean, and wholly lacking in culture. The rule of compulsory marriage has much to do with this state of things: the secular priest is badly paid, and has the greatest difficulty to make ends meet. The poorest incumbent or curate in England is rich in comparison! In the Latin communion celibacy is enforced on all in orders, including the subdiaconate, though this rule is relaxed for clergy of the Eastern Churches, who make their submission to Rome and become Uniats. "The present Eastern rule dates from before the 'schism' between East and West. A parish priest *must* be married, but he must have married before receiving the subdiaconate. The practice is for those who are to be ordained to marry during their 'readership,' the lowest of the minor orders according to the Greek Church; nearly all the clergy are the sons of clerics, so they become a complete caste. If a priest's wife dies while her husband is in charge of a parish, he must resign his charge and enter a monastery. The Bishops, on the other hand, must be unmarried, and are therefore taken from the ranks of the regular clergy, *i.e.*, the monks."<sup>2</sup>

It has often been said that if forced celibacy is the trouble of

<sup>1</sup> Parts of the description of the Greek Liturgy, etc., are suggested by *The Liturgy of the Eastern Orthodox Church*. H. H. Maughan.

<sup>2</sup> *The Eastern Orthodox Church*. R. W. Burnie.



the Latin Church, forced marriage is that of the Church of the East. I remember meeting a young Russian theological student years ago, who told me that at his seminary it was the custom to show a candidate for holy orders an album of photographs of priests' daughters, and if one of these pictures took his fancy, he would visit the father of the original, and then, if the parents agreed, a marriage would forthwith be arranged.

When a Greek monk takes the final vows, portions of his hair are cut off from the four sides of his head, but there is no regular tonsure. The vows he takes are of "chastity and obedience," but not of poverty, for each monk may keep his own money, though at his death his money must be given to the monastery.

The Orthodox Greek Church is sometimes accused, chiefly by Protestants, but also by members of the Latin Church, of not carrying on any mission work among the Moslems in Palestine, and it would certainly seem that, of all Churches, to the Orthodox Church of the East belongs the duty of mission work; but the fact remains that under Turkish rule they were not allowed to engage in missionary operations. The chief problem of Church politics in the East has been its relation to Islam, and the rules against proselytising members of that faith have always been most stringent. Possibly the Greek Church will now be able to rise superior to her enforced inaction, and fall into line with other missionary agencies, for she has a great future before her. The late Dr. Benson (Archbishop of Canterbury), who was a keen enthusiast on the subject of reunion with Eastern Christendom, once said: "I do not think we sufficiently realise the importance of the Eastern Churches for the Christianity of the future. . . . We sons of Japhet are not the people who will bring back the people of Islam. I believe they must be brought back by Oriental Christians, and we must have closer touch with Oriental Christians—who regard us with favour and affection, and who in many respects are weak, oppressed and downtrodden—and give them a fraternal hand. . . . It is in this direction that I see the Old World restored to Christ." In this connection it may be of interest to mention that on the Greek Feast of St. George, which is observed on our sixth of May, at the suggestion of the Archimandrite Themelis, I paid a visit to the Greek Church of St. George on Mount Syon. Arriving rather late, I found the little church quite full, men being in a majority, and everyone taking a great interest in the service. The Archimandrite who celebrated the Mass sent a priest to conduct me to a seat near the Ikonastasis,

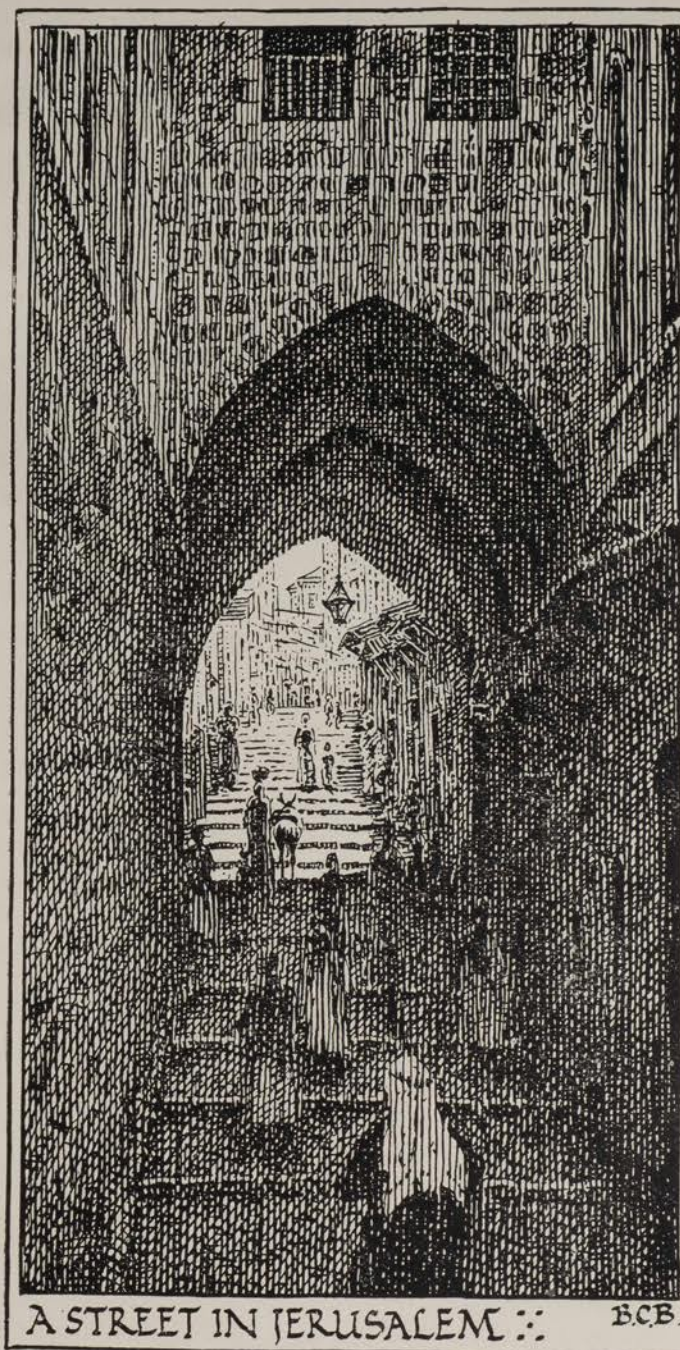
so that I could follow the ceremony more easily. The Greek Consul, attended by his Kvass, arrived shortly after, and a special seat was given him opposite me. In the middle of the service Fr. Themelis preached a short sermon; he has a delightful voice—the Greek sounded soft and liquid. So clearly did he speak that I was able to understand much of what he said. The church was strewn with bay-leaves, laurels, and flowers, and the music, though somewhat severe, was rendered in a dignified manner by a choir of men, and with perpetual repetition of *Kyrie Eleïson, Christi Eleïson, Kyrie Eleïson*, which was not at all wearisome, for it seemed charged with an atmosphere of mystery. After the Consecration, the celebrant held the Sacrament up before the people; two communicated, and two babies in arms were brought by their mothers to the entrance of the Sanctuary, where the priest gave them the Sacrament in a spoon. This is the general custom of the Eastern Church; after Baptism, the baby is confirmed by a priest, and then given the Holy Eucharist, after which it does not receive Communion again until it comes to "years of discretion."

At the conclusion of the service I was invited to a reception in the salon of the Superior's house, which adjoined. Here I found a gathering of some forty people, including the Greek Consul and his *entourage*, together with many clergy. We sat round the room forming a semi-circle, and presently a pudding was served, of which everyone ate a very small portion in memory of the dead. Then the *pain béni* was given to all present instead of in church as is the French custom, and afterwards a tray containing cups of Turkish coffee and liqueurs was handed round. I was introduced to the Greek Consul, a very intelligent man who spoke French fluently. His first remark was about reunion, on which subject he was not only well informed, but most enthusiastic, saying what a boon it would be if the Orthodox Greek Church could be united to the Anglican. He told me how much he appreciated our services, especially the simplicity of them. The Greek Consul is one of the leaders of the reform movement within the Greek Church, and he believed that co-operation with the Church of England would have much influence for good, both on the clergy and on their people generally. I spoke to several of the monks present, and found that they were keenly interested in this subject, asking me what the feeling towards the Eastern Church was like in England, and whether there was a real desire for reunion among Anglicans generally.



The next morning, after celebrating in the Chapel of Abraham, I called for the Archimandrite Themelis at the Greek Convent, and together we went to the Patriarchate, the Patriarch having promised to receive me. We entered the great reception room, the walls of which were covered with paintings of former Patriarchs, the room being crowded with heavily-gilded chairs and tables covered with rich rose-coloured damask. His Beatitude Damianus soon came into the room, and I was presented to him. He is tall, with long flowing white hair and full beard, very dignified and very virile. Coffee and cigarettes were brought in, and then we talked, the Archimandrite being interpreter, on the topic of reunion. The Patriarch was cautious and reserved, but spoke with great courtesy of the Anglican Church and of the future of the two Churches. Most undoubtedly he was anxious for reunion—his frequent attendances at the English Cathedral were a proof of this; but in the Greek Church there are two parties among the hierarchy—the Conservatives, who are for isolation, and the Progressives, who realise that it will only be through the reunion of the Church that the Gospel will be spread. In further proof of his friendliness, the Patriarch told me that he was sending a letter of goodwill to be delivered to the Lambeth Conference by the Anglican Bishop, and also that he hoped that a gathering of Anglican Bishops would visit Jerusalem after the Conference, in which case he would invite them to join in a solemn *Te Deum* at the Holy Sepulchre. After I had promised to convey a message of greeting to the Bishop of London, the Patriarch gave me his blessing, and the interview concluded.

There are many convents belonging to the Greek Church both for men and women; for the latter there are twelve convents within the city. The chief of these establishments is the Great Greek Convent of St. Constantine, a straggling building, originally the Palace of the Crusading Kings, and having accommodation for one hundred and fifty monks and many apartments for pilgrims. There are four convents for pilgrims within the city, full to overflowing in the days before the war, but on my visit I found no pilgrims there, except a mere handful during Holy Week. "There is a famous Greek convent on the road between Jerusalem and Hebron in the Moslem village of El-Khôdr, dedicated to St. George, Mâr Jîrjîs, as the Arabs call him; it is not only a convent, but also the general asylum in Palestine for lunatics, where not only Christians, but Moslems, are treated by the



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Greek staff, for the Moslems believe in Mâr Jirjis and his miraculous powers as firmly as do the 'Orthodox.' This is why the dedication of St. George so frequently occurs in the East." <sup>1</sup>

There is no university in the Patriarchate of Jerusalem, but this want has been filled by the Theological College in the Convent of the Cross (according to Greek tradition, this convent is built on the site of the tree which supplied our Lord's Cross). This great convent, situated about one and a half miles from the town, is said to have been founded by the Empress Helena, though there are a variety of opinions on this point. It is certain that it was founded before the introduction of Islam. Its high walls without windows, and the iron-mounted door, which is so characteristic of older Oriental monasteries, speak eloquently of the fear of Arab raids during past centuries. Fr. Themelis told me that in the Theological College attached to the convent there were eight resident professors, usually priests, that there is an excellent library, which also contains many English works of fame, and that most of the monks, including himself, have gone through the course here. The education is free, students are admitted between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two, and the college is supported mainly from the rent of the New Grand Hotel, near the Jaffa Gate, which is the property of the Greek Church, and one of the few hotels managed by Christians.

Then there is the famous Convent of St. Sabas, the patron saint of Serbia, commonly known as Mâr Sâbâ, situated in unique grandeur in the wilderness of Engedi, near the Dead Sea. "From the fifth century it has been the most renowned settlement of Greek monks in Judea. It was in 493 that St. Sabas erected this convent, which has retained his name." <sup>2</sup> One great interest attached to this church lies in the fact that here St. John Damascene lived and died; here he wrote the office which the Orthodox Greeks chant at every burial, and here also he composed nearly all the hymns which the Greek Church use in their festivals. Some of the hymns that are sung in English churches were composed in this monastery by St. Andrew of Crete, St. John Damascene, and others. According to Dr. W. H. Frere, these hymns are mostly of the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, and were translated and adapted by Dr. Neale, e.g., *Christian, dost thou see them? The Day of Resurrection; Come, ye faithful, raise*

<sup>1</sup> *The Orthodox Greek Patriarchate of Jerusalem.* Dr. T. E. Dowling.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



*the strain ; Those eternal bowers ; Art thou weary, art thou languid ? Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright.* The rule at this convent is very severe ; there is only one authorised meal each day, and that is in the morning. Meat is never eaten, not even on feast days.

The Convent of St. Theodosius—Deir Doûsi—is close to the Mount of Temptation (Quarantana), and at the time was of greater importance than that of Mâr Sâbâ. The situation is very weird, which may perhaps have given rise to the mistake made in some guide-books that this convent (and that of Mâr Sâbâ) are used as places of punishment for Greek priests. Disciplinary measures may certainly be necessary at times, but both these convents are in the first instance places of retreat and prayer, and also for carrying out the monastic rule. For instance, the rule of St. Basil the Great is followed, which insisted on industry ; and the motto of St. Theodosius, the patron of this convent, was, " Let no one lazy come in."

The Convent of St. George is built against the cliff on the north side of the valley known as the Ouâdi Kelt, thought by some to be the valley of Achor,<sup>1</sup> and by others the brook Cherith.<sup>2</sup> This convent, which is surrounded by beautiful gardens, stands on the foundations of the ancient Monastery of St. John of Couziba, and is still sometimes called the Convent of Couziba. The view from the road to Jericho (*see* p. 300) across the valley is magnificent, and reminiscent of the wilder parts of Switzerland. There are some hundred Greek convents in Palestine, which are subject to the Patriarchate of Jerusalem.

The Orthodox Greek Church has four principal fasts, viz., the fast preparatory to Christmas ; the great fast of Lent ; the fast of the Apostles (June) ; the fast preceding the feast of the " falling asleep " of the Virgin (August 15th). Dr. Bliss draws attention to the fact that the fasts of the Eastern Church have always been more rigorous and frequent than those of the Western Church. In the Greek Communion they may amount to two hundred and twenty-six days of the year, including all Wednesdays and Fridays. The great fast of Lent begins on a Monday (there is no Ash Wednesday in the Greek Church), and it lasts forty-eight days.<sup>3</sup> Dr. T. E. Dowling gives a list of the great annual processions and ceremonies in the Eastern Church ; on

<sup>1</sup> Joshua xv. 7.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Kings xvii. 3-5.

<sup>3</sup> *The Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine*, Dr. F. Bliss.

Christmas the Patriarch and his suite proceed officially to Bethlehem ; on the Epiphany the Greeks bathe ceremonially in the Jordan ; on the first and third Sunday in Lent, and Palm Sunday, is an official procession from the Patriarchate to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ; on Maundy Thursday the religious ceremony of the Washing of the Feet in the courtyard of the church ; on Good Friday sermons are preached in the church in Greek, Arabic, Russian, and French ; on Easter Eve is the ceremony of the Holy Fire ; on Easter Day a magnificent procession from the Patriarchate to the Holy Sepulchre ; also on Low Sunday, Pentecost, and on the feasts of the Falling Asleep of the Virgin (Assumption), and on the Exaltation of the Holy Cross (September 14th).

The Greek Church is not in full communion with the other Eastern religions, for it accuses some of them of still holding the Monophysite heresy, viz., that there is only one nature in Christ, admitting that He is God and Man, but maintaining that in Him these natures became one, which is Divine. This heresy was formally condemned by the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A.D. Except on this point, the difference between the Greek Church and other Eastern rites lies mainly in points of ritual, ceremonial, and discipline. As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful whether any of the other Eastern sects would to-day admit belief in the Monophysite heresy, certainly the Armenians would not. The other sects are the Copts, the Syrian Jacobites, and the Abyssinians. The Maronites to-day are all in communion with the Latin Church, and can therefore say Mass at any Latin altar, and the same may be said of the Uniat Greeks, Uniat Copts, Uniat Syrians, and Catholic Armenians. All these have retained their ancient customs, ceremonies, discipline, and vernacular ; the one difference between them and the Orthodox Christians is that the Uniat are under obedience to Rome.

### (c) *The Schism between East and West*

The conflict between Eastern and Western Christendom and its causes is a matter which cannot be explained in a sentence.

Both Churches accept that which is recognised as the true Faith once delivered, and the differences between them lie rather in terminology than in actual doctrine. Yet these two great religious sects are still at variance with one another, resulting in infinite damage to the cause of Christianity.



From very early times jealousy has been at the root of the conflict, and this was evident in past centuries in the quarrels between the claims of the old monarchical Empire of Rome, and the New Rome of Constantinople. In 451 the Fourth Ecumenical Council decreed: "The Fathers rightly granted privileges to Old Rome, because it was the imperial city. The one hundred and fifty most religious Bishops (*i.e.*, at the Second Council of Constantinople), actuated by the same consideration, gave equal privileges to the most holy throne of New Rome, rightly judging that the city which is honoured with the Sovereignty and the Senate, and enjoys equal privileges with the Old Imperial Rome, should in ecclesiastical matters also be magnified as she is in rank next after her." Six hundred bishops signed this decree, which was repudiated by the Pope of Old Rome, who insisted that Constantinople had no right to its claim, in that it was not an Apostolic See.

After this, as was natural, although most unseemly, the Popes of the West and the Patriarchs of the East hurled anathemas and excommunications at each other's heads. The State interfered first on one side, and then on the other, and the Kingdom of Heaven was frequently transformed into a kingdom of this world. It would indeed be difficult for an impartial observer, one who was neither Latin nor Greek, to say which party was more to blame. "A strong-willed Patriarch is contesting against a strong-willed Pope; Roman Imperialism, inherited from the Cæsars, as against the Eastern contempt for 'outsiders,' a standpoint not easy to grasp, though perhaps these words of Peter of Antioch to the Patriarch of his day afford an insight of the Eastern standpoint: 'Be patient with the barbarians. They are our brothers, although rude and stupid; we must not expect too much of them.'"<sup>1</sup>

The date of the actual schism is generally given as 1054, though events during the centuries before had gradually paved the way for it. Few people realise the damage done to Christianity by this schism, namely, the bringing of the Turk into Europe in the stead of the greatest Empire known in Christendom. For a while Rome was like a sick man, when Constantinople had reached her zenith of fame. Then positions were reversed. Gregory VII. began to reform the Western Church and rouse his clergy from the decay into which they had fallen; a great spiritual

<sup>1</sup> *The Eastern Orthodox Church.* R. W. Burnie.

development followed, while on the other hand Constantinople rapidly decayed.

In 857 Photius, a layman, became Patriarch of Constantinople, at the time when Nicholas the Great was elevated to the Papacy. It is said that Photius was consecrated six days after his ordination to the diaconate and priesthood. The saintly Patriarch Ignatius had been deposed and banished to a remote island by an imperial edict, because of his condemnation of a scandalous act committed by a member of the Emperor's household. A synod of Bishops had been brought together to declare Ignatius deposed as unworthy, another instance of the kingdom of this world invading the kingdom of Christ. Rome condemned Photius as an intruder, and in revenge Photius issued a judgment of deposition against Pope Nicholas. On this occasion Old Rome seems to have gained the Emperor's goodwill, for the latter, who had just ascended the throne, deposed Photius and restored Ignatius.

After the death of Ignatius, Photius once again became Patriarch of Constantinople, and it is worth while to notice the chief point of the encyclical at once issued by him. It was altogether anti-papal, denying the Pope's pretensions to primacy and the superiority of the Roman See over that of Constantinople. It denounced the interpolation into the Creed of Nicæa of the *Filioque* clause, though this point was left entirely in the background at the time of the actual and final schism. It denounced also—though these points to-day would hardly strike a modern mind as important—the Western custom of fasting on Saturdays; the condemnation by Rome of married clergy; and the refusal to acknowledge the validity of Confirmation bestowed by priests. Even at this moment Rome still seems to have had hopes of coming to some agreement, for in 879 Pope John VIII. sent Legates to an Ecumenical Council held at Constantinople, at which the See of Constantinople was declared to have primacy over Rome; and to this all the Legates subscribed.

There was great anger in Rome, and every attempt was made to nullify the decisions of this Council, but without effect. Photius was deposed shortly after, but for quite other reasons, and died in retirement. The next Patriarch remained out of communion with Rome, the Easterns refusing to abandon their position. "The tenth century was a sad age for the West, the Papacy sank to its lowest depth of degradation and moral infamy, while the Eastern Empire was nascent and triumphant. A large part of



Syria, after three centuries, had been re-taken from the Saracens. Since 968 Antioch had been once more Imperial and Christian."<sup>1</sup>

The reforming zeal of Hildebrand and the Pontificate of Leo IX. brought about a revival of the Western Church, but the Patriarch Michael Cerularius, who was more powerful than the Emperor, in 1053 organised an attack on the West, mainly because of their use of unleavened bread in the Holy Communion, and fasting on Saturdays. The question of the *Filioque* clause no longer held an important place. "The Pope sent Legates to Constantinople . . . the Emperor received them with courtesy, but the Patriarch, for his part, would have none of them. On July 16th, 1054, the Legates, trusting to Imperial protection at least, marched up the great Church of the Holy Wisdom and deposited a 'bull' on the altar, excommunicating the Patriarch. The Emperor provided for their safe return to Rome. But Michael Cerularius, in reply, anathematised the West."<sup>2</sup> It was thought that the schism would pass, as so many other schisms between the two great Sees had passed before. But this time, using the word in a temporal sense, the schism was final. It is true that two later attempts were made at conciliation, but both of them failed.

The first attempt was made at the Council of Lyons, in 1274, over which Gregory X. presided. The Greek Patriarch sent ambassadors, who acknowledged the Papal supremacy, and recited the Creed with the *Filioque* clause inserted. A year later all their doings were repudiated. Then came the Council of Florence in 1439. The old Empire was in an almost dying condition, and the Emperor Augustus, desiring Western help to save it and himself, came to the Council of Florence with the Patriarch and other Eastern Bishops. Great pressure was brought to bear on the latter, who capitulated to the Papal terms, with the exception of Mark, Bishop of Ephesus, who refused submission. But the story of Lyons was repeated; once the Bishops left Florence, where they had been treated as prisoners, and returned to Constantinople, the Easterns repudiated all the promises that had been made.

In 1453 the Turks destroyed Constantinople, and the Church of the Holy Wisdom was turned into a mosque of Islam, neither of which tragedies would have happened had there been no schism. Thus for close on nine centuries the schism between East and West

<sup>1</sup> *The Eastern Orthodox Church.* R. W. Burnie.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

has lasted; neither does there seem to be any immediate prospect of healing the breach between these two great religious sects.

Many people imagine that the question of the *Filioque* clause (*i.e.*, the words "and from the Son" added to the Nicene Creed) was the main cause of the schism. Although all Easterns to-day regard this question as important, it was a small matter then compared to the strife for mastery between Rome and Constantinople. The addition of this clause was first made in Spain at the Council of Toledo, 589 and it spread throughout the West, but it was not introduced into the Creed in Rome until the year 1014, and by that time the schism had begun. The objection on the part of the Greek Church was not so much to the actual words, but to making any addition whatever to the Creed, such additions having, they alleged, been forbidden by the Council of Ephesus, 431. To-day it is considered doubtful whether that Council did prohibit all additions, especially as it was concerned entirely with the condemnation of the Nestorian heresy and defining the dogma that the Virgin is the Mother of God. At the same time, it is doubtful whether the Western Church had any right to add the clause without Eastern consent.

(d) *A Brief Summary of the Crusades (1096-1291.)*

"But this the scope was of our former thought,  
Of Sion's fort to scale the noble wall,  
The Christian folk from bondage to have brought,  
Wherein, alas, they long have lived through all,  
In Palestine an empire to have wrought  
Where Godliness might reign perpetual,  
And none be left, that pilgrims might deny  
To see Christ's Tomb and promised vows to pay."<sup>1</sup>

The story of the Crusades is interwoven in the history of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and therefore it is fitting that a place for it should be found in this chapter.

The Crusading ideal was intended to bring succour to the oppressed Christians in Palestine, and to recover the Holy Places in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth for Christendom. Unfortunately there were only a very few who kept this ideal before them in any of the Crusades; the original object was rapidly lost sight of, and the very word "Crusading" became a synonym for conquest, bloodshed, and greed. The Crusades have left their

<sup>1</sup> Torquato Tasso. *Gerusalemme Liberata.*



mark behind in the architectural glory of that period and also in the building of hospitals and the founding of Orders famous to this day. But, on the other hand, "the evil that men do lives after them," and it cannot be forgotten that the result of the Crusades was first the breaking-up and then the destruction of the Eastern Empire, the bringing of the Turk into Europe, the widening of the gulf between Eastern and Western Christendom, and—most terrible of all—by cruelty, bloodshed, and vice, the making of the very name of Christian a byword of mockery throughout the length and breadth of that Holy Land the Crusaders came to restore.

Peter the Hermit of Picardy was the first to conceive such a movement. He had visited the Holy City as a pilgrim and witnessed the condition of the Christians under the Seljuk Turks. On his return to Europe he excited the feelings of Christians to such an extent that preparations were made for an expedition to the East, which led to the First Crusade in 1096. At the outset the Crusaders were invited to Constantinople, for the schism was still new, and Gregory VII., the former Hildebrand, summoned the Western rulers to join the Eastern Emperor against the Turk. Probably the Easterns soon regretted their invitation, for a rabble of some sixty thousand men and women, caring but little as to how the end could be attained, insisted that Peter the Hermit should lead them to Jerusalem. Imagine countless hordes of undisciplined men and women passing through civilised lands filled with splendid cities, though even they were preferable to the Turk at first. In vain the Emperor recommended Peter to wait at the Bosphorus until the more disciplined Crusaders should arrive. Peter crossed into Asia, fought against the Turk, and it is said that a very large number paid the penalty with their lives. When Peter returned to Constantinople with his few remaining men he found that fresh Crusaders had arrived, and that these were of a very different calibre. Amongst them was the great Godfrey de Bouillon, together with his brothers Baldwin and Eustace, and many others whose names were known throughout Europe, and by the end of the year 1096 over six hundred thousand Crusaders had reached Constantinople.

After terrible disasters, in which probably more than half their number were killed by the sword or disease, they reached Jaffa in 1099; then they turned inland to Ramleh, not more than sixteen miles from Jerusalem. On the Mount of Olives, where now the Russian buildings stand, Tancred pitched his

camp in the month of May; a month later three towers were built in preparation for an attack on the north wall. On July 14th the first assault was delivered, only to prove a failure, for one of the three towers was destroyed by the besieged. During that night, however, the towers were rebuilt and re-erected close to the wall by the gate now known as Herod's Gate, on the following day the attack was successful, and Godfrey de Bouillon himself, first of the Crusaders, claimed the city as his own.

It is said that in imitation of the fall of Jericho, the Crusaders marched round the walls of the city singing hymns during the day preceding the final assault, and that the Saracens on the ramparts mocked their devotion by throwing dirt upon the crucifixes. For this insult they paid a terrible penalty. As soon as the Crusaders entered the city they massacred everyone they met, men, women and children alike, and in the Haram enclosure, whither the Moslems had fled in terror, so many were killed that the Crusaders rode through a veritable sea of blood. The Jews who were taking refuge in their synagogue were burnt alive, and day after day for a whole week there was an orgie of massacre, pillage, and butchery, until scarce a Jew or a Moslem remained alive in Jerusalem. After this the chronicles inform us with pathetic simplicity that the Crusaders having changed their garments, proceeded to the Holy Sepulchre. "Bare-headed and bare-footed, clad in a robe of pure white linen, in an ecstasy of joy and thankfulness mingled with profound contrition, Godfrey de Bouillon entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and knelt at the Tomb of our Lord."<sup>1</sup> *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* The tragedy of that awful week appears to us to-day as an unspeakable atrocity, but in those days life was not considered precious; the Crusaders doubtless considered that in slaughtering Jews and Moslems they were destroying God's enemies—just as Moslems would have done in contrary circumstances. But—five hundred years before, the Caliph Omar had entered Jerusalem as a conqueror, had knelt outside the Basilica of Constantine in prayer, had spared the lives of all the Christians, and saved the buildings from destruction. Godfrey de Bouillon was elected ruler of Jerusalem, refusing to take the title of king, and the choice was ratified by the people, who conducted him in solemn procession to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where he swore to be a just ruler and maintain the laws.

<sup>1</sup> *The Crusaders.* G. W. Cox.



A new Patriarch was chosen, one Dagobert, Archbishop of Pisa and Papal Legate, and thus the Greek Church was put on one side by the Latins, and only held a secondary place so long as the Latin Kingdom lasted. Godfrey de Bouillon died after a short illness at Jaffa in 1100; he was buried in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (*see* p. 173), and a sword is shown to this day in the Latin Sacristy which is said to have been the sword of the greatest of the Crusaders. Baldwin I. was chosen as second ruler of the Latin kingdom, and reigned for eighteen years, extending his kingdom beyond the Jordan and building the strong castle of Montreal at Shobék in the land of Moab. He was succeeded by his cousin Baldwin II., in whose reign was founded the Order of the Temple, composed of a body of nine knights, whose chief duty seems to have been to protect pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem. These knights were given the Mosque of Aksa as their residence, and the Dome of the Rock, now converted into a church and called the Temple of the Lord, as their church; and thus this body of knights took the name of Knights Templars.

Baldwin II. also established the Order of the Hospital, based on the Hospital of St. John, which was originally intended to provide accommodation for pilgrims, but ultimately became a military order. The knights who belonged to it wore a black mantle, with a white eight-pointed cross embroidered upon it, which is generally known to-day in connection with the ambulance work carried on by the British branch of the Order. The Knights Hospitallers already possessed buildings in the Mûristân, but these were enlarged under Baldwin II. John of Wurzburg, who saw their buildings in 1170, says: "Over against the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on the opposite side of the way, is a beautiful church built in honour of John the Baptist, annexed to which is a hospital, where in various rooms is collected an enormous number of sick people, both men and women, who are tended and restored to health daily at great expense. . . . The same Order also maintains, in its various castles, many persons trained to all kinds of military exercises, for the defence of the land of the Christians against the invasion of the Saracens."<sup>1</sup>

This hospital was originally founded by rich merchants from Amalfi, then the greatest sea-port in the south of Italy, for pilgrims and the care of the sick. It was placed in the south part of the

<sup>1</sup> *Jerusalem*. Col. Sir C. M. Watson.

district known as the Mûristân; the original church still exists, as it forms the Greek Church of St. John the Baptist in Christian Street. To-day there is a hospital devoted to the treatment of ophthalmia, that curse of Eastern countries, established by the British branch of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in a healthy situation outside the town, not far from the railway station. The chief work undertaken during the reign of Baldwin II. was the foundation of the new Church of the Holy Sepulchre, designed to gather into one body all the various Holy Places and Chapels that had up to that time stood in and around the central open court which separated the Holy Sepulchre from the Chapel of St. Helena. Baldwin II. died in 1131, and was succeeded by Fulk of Anjou, who in his turn was succeeded by his son Baldwin III. He being only a lad of thirteen, his mother Millicent was appointed Regent, and they were crowned together in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Owing to feuds between the Christian princes of Antioch and Edessa, the Sultan of Aleppo, Zenghi, took the opportunity of attacking the latter principality, with the result that after a terrible siege Edessa was captured and its inhabitants slain, amidst scenes of bloodshed and cruelty almost as appalling as those that had taken place at the conquest of Jerusalem. Christendom in the East being in a state of decay, an appeal was made to the religious enthusiasm of Western Christendom, a Second Crusade resulting.

Of this, Bernard de Morlaix, Abbot of Clairvaux in Champagne, was the Apostle, and he, following the example set by Peter the Hermit, made a tour of Europe, calling upon all good Christians to go to the assistance of their brethren in the East. Probably this Crusade inspired him to write the magnificent poem known as *De Contemptu Mundi*, and beginning, "*Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!*" The greater part of the poem is a bitter satire on the fearful corruptions of the age, and was first edited by one Flacius Illyricus, the red-hot reformer, in his *Varia Poemata de Corrupto Ecclesiæ Statu*, published in 1556, four centuries after the death of St. Bernard. Parts of the poem are familiar to English people owing to the translation made by Dr. J. Mason Neale: "As a contrast to the misery and pollution of earth, the poem opens with a description of the peace and glory of Heaven, of such rare beauty, as is not easily to be matched by any mediæval composition on the same subject."<sup>1</sup> Of the Crusades, St. Bernard, Abbot of Cluny, sings:

<sup>1</sup> Dr. J. Mason Neale.



" Jerusalem demands them : they paid the price on earth,  
 And now shall reap the harvest in blissfulness and mirth :  
 The glorious holy people, who evermore relied  
 Upon their Chief and Father, the King, the Crucified :  
 The sacred ransomed number now bright with endless sheen,  
 Who made the Cross their watchword of Jesus Nazarene ;  
 Who, fed with heavenly nectar, whose soul-like odours play,  
 Draw out the endless leisure of that long vernal day ;  
 While through the sacred lilies, and flowers on every side,  
 The happy dear-bought nations go wandering far and wide.  
 Their one and only anthem, the fulness of His love,  
 Who gives, instead of torment, eternal joys above :  
 Instead of torment, glory ; instead of death, that life  
 Wherewith your happy Country, true Israelites ! is rife."

And describing the Jerusalem above, of which the Jerusalem below was a foretaste :

" The Home of fadeless splendour, of flowers that fear no thorn,  
 Where they shall dwell as children, who here as exiles mourn.  
 'Midst power that knows no limit, and wisdom free from bound,  
 The Beatific Vision shall glad the saints around." <sup>1</sup>

The efforts of Bernard, poet, mystic, and monk, were at first successful, for Louis VII. of France and Conrad III. of Germany took the Cross, and bands of Crusaders from all parts of Germany and France hurried across Europe to Constantinople. Bernard was a man of great personality and vehement eloquence, and when his mind was once fixed on an enterprise there could be no rest until such enterprise was attempted. Disaster at the hands of the Turks in Asia Minor and the outbreak of plague at Antioch, both of which diminished the numbers of the Crusaders, did not damp the ardour of his fiery enthusiasm. Ultimately, in 1148, part of the crusading army, with Conrad and Louis, arrived at Acre (Akka), and there met Baldwin III., the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and the Knights Hospitallers, to discuss what steps could be taken to assist the kingdom of Jerusalem. It was decided to take Damascus, but the attack was not well managed, and the Christians were put to flight. Shortly afterwards the Turks captured Antioch, the army retreated to Jerusalem, and King and Emperor returned to Europe. Thus ended the second Crusade, a disastrous failure, for, in spite of a vast expenditure of money and loss of life, it had done nothing to assist the kingdom

<sup>1</sup> St. Bernard de Morlaix, *The Celestial Country*, translated by Dr. Neale.

of Jerusalem. Bernard, its apostle, also returned home, to be met with cries of anguish from the relatives of the slaughtered Crusaders, who, they said, were sent forth on an errand which had been altogether fruitless, ending in wretchedness and disgrace. He himself died in the Monastery of Cluny, some five years later, in 1153.

To return to the Holy Sepulchre ; the new building seems to have been some twenty years in course of construction. " This magnificent church, founded by Baldwin II., was erected during the reign of Fulk of Anjou and completed during the minority of Baldwin III. The Second Crusade, in which the French interest was chiefly concerned and in which Louis VII. and his Queen, Eleanor of Guienne, took part, was in 1148, and the consecration ceremony of a distinctly French piece of architecture was therefore appropriately witnessed by no fewer than four reigning sovereigns of French nationality." <sup>1</sup>

The architect, too, was a Frenchman, by name Jourdain, and in general plan the church remained the same as when erected from his designs, though, as stated elsewhere, it was materially altered by Greek influence after the great fire of 1808. When Jourdain built the choir of the new church, many alterations were made. At that time the Chapel of St. Mary, which covered the Stone of Unction, was removed, and the Chapel of Calvary rebuilt. The new church was completed in or about the year 1150, but the belfry was added afterwards. Besides the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Crusaders rebuilt many of the churches in the city, including that of St. Anne, by the pool of Bethesda, St. Mary Latin, St. Mary the Less, St. Mary of Gethsemane, and the Chapel of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives, a church in form somewhat similar to the round church at Northampton in England. At this period also the Armenians rebuilt the Church of St. James on Mount Syon, and a large number of convents and hospices were established throughout the city.

The two great Orders now began to assert that independence which was the cause of so much trouble in later years. They acted independently of the Patriarch, refusing to pay his dues ; and we are told that when he went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, they rang the bells so loudly that people could not hear his sermons. From the Pope he obtained no assistance, for the pontiff would have preferred the Orders to own allegiance to himself rather than to the Patriarch.

<sup>1</sup> *The Holy Sepulchre*. George Jeffery.



Baldwin III. died in 1162 and was succeeded by Amaury, Count of Jaffa. Owing to trouble in Egypt, King Amaury made an expedition and besieged the Sultan Seljuk of Damascus, but, being completely defeated by the Sultan, returned to Jerusalem. The Latin kingdom being once again in great danger, an embassy was sent to Constantinople to implore help. With this embassy the King went himself, and was received with honour by the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, but no help was given to him. Three years of war followed, and in 1174 Amaury died, just at the time when Saladin, who had taken possession of Damascus, became the most powerful ruler in the East. Amaury's son, who succeeded his father as Baldwin IV., was unfortunately a leper, and Raymond, Count of Tripoli, acted as Regent. Baldwin died in 1186, and Guy de Lusignan, who had married his sister, became King. He was a weak man, and Saladin, realising that his opportunity had come, set out on an expedition against the Christian kingdom, and crossed the Jordan in June 1187.

Defeats of the Christians followed in great rapidity. First at Tiberius, where Guy de Lusignan and the Grand Master of the Templars were captured, and where also the relic of the true Cross, which had been erected on a hill close by to encourage the Christians, fell into the hands of the infidels. Then fell Berytos, Acre, Cesarea in Palestine, and Jaffa: Ascalon was offered an honourable peace and accepted it. Once again Jerusalem was besieged. The city was crowded with inhabitants and refugees; but the soldiers were few and far between, for the armies which should have defended the city were fighting elsewhere. Saladin, like Omar before, seems to have behaved in striking contrast to Godfrey de Bouillon and his companions, for he made an honourable offer to the besieged. "He had no wish, he said, to defile a place so hallowed by its associations for Moslem as well as Christian, and if the city were surrendered he pledged himself not merely to furnish the inhabitants with the money they might need, but even to provide them with new homes in Syria."<sup>1</sup>

This offer was refused, but a fortnight later the siege ended, for Jerusalem could hold out no longer. Seeing that their position was hopeless, the inhabitants craved for mercy. Saladin did not offer them the original terms that they had refused, but there was neither bloodshed nor massacre; the greater part, including all the women and children, went free, though a large

<sup>1</sup> *The Crusades.* G. W. Cox.

number of the men were sold into slavery. History repeated itself frequently during the Crusades; warning after warning was given; but the Christians had forgotten the object of their coming to Palestine and their ideals. They weakened their position by perpetual strife and factions, giving way to lust, greed, and bloodshed, of which the chroniclers of that period speak in no measured terms. On October 2nd, 1187, Saladin made a triumphal entry into Jerusalem and took possession of the Haram. The great Cross on the top of the Dome of the Rock was hurled down and replaced by the Crescent, and every trace of Christian occupation was removed. The Moslems wished to destroy the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but Saladin would not countenance such a desecration, and ordered it to be closed until he had decided on its future use. The Hospital of St. John was turned into a Mohammedan hospital, the Church of St. Anne into a mosque, and many other such changes were made.

The Third Crusade was started at the instance of William, Archbishop of Tyre, and was supported by Pope Clement III. and Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury. Great preparations were made, in which Frederick, Emperor of Germany, Richard the Lion-Hearted of England, and Philip Augustus, King of France, took part, raising armies for the expedition to Palestine. Only a few thousand ever reached Tyre, their companions having been slain by battle or the pestilence. The old crusading spirit had almost entirely evaporated, and the men who composed the armies of Frederick, Richard, and Philip Augustus were for the most part adventurers and miscreants, to whom intrigues of the basest sort and wanton crimes meant nothing, if only their greed and lust were satisfied.

The fiery zeal of the First Crusaders, together with their enthusiasm for recovering the Holy Places from the infidel, might to a certain extent redeem their savage brutalities, but in the Third Crusade there was scarcely any redeeming quality to relieve the monotony of broken promise, betrayal, rape, murder, and other infamies. Considering his courage and qualities for leadership, it is not amazing that a halo should surround the head of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, or that history should speak of him with such enthusiasm. But in this Crusade he outvied Alaric the Goth and Attila the Hun in any abomination they ever perpetrated, and possessed a far better title than they to be called the scourge of mankind.

The first result of the Third Crusade was the capture of Acre



on July 12th, 1191, the garrison surrendering on condition that their lives and property were spared. In spite of this, King Richard ordered the massacre of three thousand of the prisoners after the surrender; with the result that Saladin gave orders that all Christians taken prisoners were in future to be killed. Frederick of Germany being dead, and Philip Augustus, who had tired of crusading, having returned to France, Richard was left in sole command of the Crusading Forces, and between him and Saladin many proposals for peace were made, without effect. Conrad was now King of Jerusalem, but shortly after his accession was assassinated, and Henry, Count of Champagne, a friend of Richard, succeeded him.

At last negotiations for peace were recommenced, and, after much discussion, a truce was decided upon, to last three years and eight months from September, 1192, during which time each party was to hold the country then in its possession; there should be free and peaceable travelling for all persons, and pilgrims should be allowed access to the Holy Sepulchre. Shortly after the truce had been arranged, King Richard handed over the command of the army to Henry of Champagne, embarking for Europe in October 1192, having failed altogether to accomplish the work for which he had come, namely, the recovery of Jerusalem. On his return through Austria he was captured and held prisoner until a huge ransom was paid for his release in 1194. While Richard was still a prisoner, Saladin was attacked by fever, and died after a short illness in February 1193. He lies buried close to the great Mosque of Damascus, where his tomb is still shown and much visited by the Moslems. Saladin was probably the greatest of all the leaders of Islam, saving perhaps the Caliph Omar. He was a born leader and generalissimo, strong and firm, but at the same time merciful and chivalrous. After his death, however, the fabric of his empire soon showed signs of decay.

"After Richard's failure to capture Jerusalem, Acre became the capital of the Latin kingdom, and there the titular king had his court, the grand masters of the three Orders their palaces, and the Latin Patriarch his residence. Acre was, in fact, a replica of what Jerusalem had been, and continued to be the capital for nearly one hundred years, until the Christians were finally expelled from Palestine in 1291."<sup>1</sup> In spite of disasters, the mockery of the Latin kingdom still continued. Henry of Champagne died

<sup>1</sup> *Jerusalem*. Sir C. M. Watson.

in 1197, and he was succeeded by Amanz II., brother of Guy de Lusignan.

The Fourth Crusade was led by Henry VI., Emperor of Germany, in 1197, and ended in disaster for the Crusaders. The Fifth, in 1198, for which Pope Innocent III. was responsible, never reached Palestine at all; the leaders contented themselves with the capture of Constantinople, where they dethroned the Greek Emperor Alexius, and set up Baldwin, Count of Flanders, a Latin Emperor, in his stead, thus widening the gulf between Greek and Latin Christians.

The Sixth Crusade was to a great extent the result of sermons preached by Pope Innocent III. before the fourth Lateran Council. Andrew, King of Hungary, landed with a large army at Acre in 1216, but no attempt was made to take Jerusalem, and after an unsuccessful attack on Mount Tabor, the King had enough of the undertaking and returned to Europe.

John, Count of Brienne, the successor to Amaury III. as titular king of Jerusalem, then took command of the army, aiming at the recovery of Jerusalem through Egypt. The siege of Damietta commenced in 1218; thanks to the reinforcements sent by Pope Innocent III., the city fell on November 5th, 1219, and a few days later the Crusaders entered the city in solemn triumph. Then the discipline of the army gave way completely, the greater part succumbed to the lust of greed, gain, and slaughter, and the ordinary decencies of warfare were openly disregarded. Francis of Assisi greatly desired to assist in this Crusade, for his enthusiasm had long been aroused by the glory of chivalry and devotion which symbolised to him the adventure of his own vocation. Unfortunately, very soon after joining the Christian camp at Damietta, he found that, although there were a few Crusaders who would die for the Cross, to the vast majority the Cross was merely a battle-cry, and the vision that beckoned the Crusader was but a love of adventure, or lust of plunder and crime. The shameless vice in the Christian army was to him a horrible sacrilege, and he did all that was possible to stem its flood, but without success. At one time, when the Christian army was in a bad way, negotiations for a truce were opened between the leaders of the Crusade and the Sultan, and during this time Francis set common prudence at nought and went over to the Sultan's camp. When arrested by the Moslem guards he asked to be taken to the "Soldan," telling them his purpose, namely, to preach the Gospel of Christ. This declaration might have meant



death, but by the Sultan, who was a curious mixture of ferocity and chivalry, it was received with good-humoured toleration. Although nothing came of the attempt made by Francis to convert him, the Sultan, it is said, begged the intrepid Christian not to cease from praying for him, and eventually, bitterly disappointed at what he considered a failure, Francis was with much courtesy conducted back to the Christian camp. He remained with the army till the city was captured, and then, horrified at the appalling excesses committed by the Crusaders, he turned his back on the Crusades and crossed the sea to Acre. With him there went a number of clerics from the suite of the crusading prelates, anxious to leave scenes that caused them such horror, and desiring to enter the fraternity.

From Acre, Francis set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Places of Palestine, his heart uplifted with joy at being able to visit the land which had been trodden by the feet of the Saviour. It is said that Francis in visiting Palestine founded a branch of his Order in Jerusalem on Mount Syon. Whether this is actually the case or not is difficult to say, but, at any rate, in 1228 the "Sons of St. Francis" had established themselves in Jerusalem, as is seen by the papal bull of Gregory IX., dated February 1st, 1230, and when in 1309 Bibars II. granted them a firman by which he confirmed the privileges given to them by his predecessors, they are described as the "Friars of the Cord, of the Convent of Syon."<sup>1</sup>

In 1229 Frederick II., grandson of Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany and son-in-law of King John of Jerusalem, after raising an army under great difficulties, owing to his excommunication by Pope Gregory IX., proceeded to Acre with the object of regaining the Holy Places. Jerusalem was then in such a parlous condition, badly provisioned and only moderately fortified, that the Sultan Melek el Kamel made a treaty with him to surrender the city, provided that he would not rebuild the walls and that the Dome of the Rock was retained by the Moslems. Frederick agreed, but was met by bitter opposition on the part of the Patriarch, his clergy, and the Grand Masters of the Orders. Frederick, however, could do nothing, and, proceeding to Jerusalem, entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There, as none of the clergy would take any part in the ceremony, he crowned himself, a singular performance, imitated centuries later by Napoleon at Notre Dame in Paris.

<sup>1</sup> *New Guide to the Holy Land.* Meistermann.

The situation was amazing. After contests lasting many years for the possession of Jerusalem, and the killing of thousands of innocent people, a Christian monarch entered the city without shedding a drop of blood, while all the Christians refused to have anything to do with him because the Pope had no part in the transaction. The Emperor, anxious for reconciliation, went so far as to inform the Pope of the recovery of the Holy Places, asking for absolution and the removal of the interdict. The Pope, however, refused, and, indeed, called upon the European subjects of Frederick to rebel against him. Whereupon, hearing that his possessions in Europe were in danger, he decided to return home at once, leaving Jerusalem in the charge of a German Governor. At Acre he learnt that a proposal had been made to establish a new Order of Knights, and immediately proclaimed that no one, without his consent, should levy soldiers within his dominions. Summoning all the Christians within the city to the broad plain without the gates, he spoke his mind freely about the conduct of the Patriarch and the Templars, and all who aided and abetted them, insisting that all pilgrims, having now paid their vows, should return at once to Europe. On this point he was inexorable. His archers took possession of the churches, two friars who denounced him from the pulpit were scourged in the streets, the Patriarch was shut up in his palace, and the commands of the Emperor were carried out.<sup>1</sup>

On his return to Europe, Frederick, although the Pope had been doing all he could to stir up rebellion against him, sent an embassy to Gregory to ask once more for the removal of the ban, and once again the Pope refused. Frederick never returned to Palestine, and was the last Christian king to reside in Jerusalem; his son-in-law also ceased to have any connection with the Holy Land, as he was elected Latin Emperor of Constantinople. Others in after years called themselves kings of Jerusalem, but the title really lapsed on the day that Frederick departed from Palestine. So ended the pathetic story of the man who had done more towards the re-establishment of the Latin kingdom in Palestine than had been done by any other monarch, and had achieved it with clean hands and without shedding a drop of blood. Had he broken his promise with the Sultan el Kamel, captured the Dome of the Rock, and allowed his people to wallow in the blood of the unbelievers, the interdict would probably have been

<sup>1</sup> *The Crusades.* G. W. Cox.



withdrawn, and he would have been proclaimed the saviour of the city. Preferring to spare the lives of men, by safeguarding the Christian places in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and allowing the Moslems also to keep what they considered to be their Holy Sites, he was denounced by Rome as a traitor, an apostate, and a robber. Thus a great opportunity was lost for Christendom.

In spite of the Emperor's enemies the ten years' truce was well kept, and Jerusalem remained at peace for a time, although the Christians feared that the Moslems would revolt against the Governor left in charge by Frederick. Ten years later the Korasmians, a people from the remote wilds of Tartary, invaded Palestine, plundering the country and murdering the inhabitants. They were indifferent whom they slaughtered, Christians or Moslems, and, having captured Jerusalem, burned the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The havoc wrought by the Korasmians, a havoc exceeding the terrible slaughter at the time of the First Crusade, was the reason given by Pope Innocent IV. for sending forth another Crusade. With this, the Eighth Crusade, was associated Louis IX., King of France, known as St. Louis. On June 12th, 1248, Louis set out from France, and the first stage in this Crusade resulted in the total defeat of the Crusaders in Egypt, King Louis and the remainder of his army being taken prisoners. A few months later the King was released, and proceeded to Acre in 1250. While in Palestine he rebuilt the coast towns of Sidon, Cesarea, and Jaffa, but made no attempt to capture Jerusalem, and would not even visit it as a pilgrim, although the Sultan offered to grant him safe conduct.<sup>1</sup>

This fact is the more extraordinary considering the King made a prolonged sojourn at Nazareth; the chroniclers tell us that as soon as he came in sight of the holy town he left the saddle and threw himself on both knees in prayer. Then in all humility he proceeded on foot and entered the Holy Place of the Incarnation. Possibly the arrogant attitude of the Grand Masters, who by this time lorded it over the other Christians in Jerusalem, may have kept him from visiting the Holy Places in that city. The Knights Templars were frankly wearied by the presence of so saintly a king, telling him that they did not see that his sojourn in Palestine could be of any benefit to Jerusalem; wherefore they advised

<sup>1</sup> *Jerusalem.* Sir C. M. Watson.

him to proceed to Acre in the coming Lent and prepare for his return to France. Meekly Louis obeyed, and sailed for Acre in 1254. His is a pathetic story. The only really pious and honest Crusader king, denied the sight of the Holy Sepulchre, the dearest longing of his heart, returned to France, humbled but not dishonoured—rather having won that serene renown which was soon to place his name in the long Kalendar of the Saints.

So ended the Eighth Crusade. Some fourteen years later the Sultan Bibars marched from Egypt into Palestine with a great army and swept the country of Christians, some seventeen thousand of the latter being, it is said, massacred or sold into slavery.

Then for the last time an appeal was made to Europe. King Louis once again answered the appeal, but got no further than Tunis, where he died in 1270. In 1272 Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I. of England, took command of the army, and with some 7,000 men captured Nazareth, but his force was too small to proceed to Jerusalem.

Nothing more could at present be done in Palestine, and Edward, knowing that his presence might become indispensable in England, made a peace with the Sultan Bibars to last ten years, ten months and ten days, the last period of peace enjoyed by Christians in Palestine. Edward died before the truce expired, and was therefore unable to be of any assistance towards the recovery of Jerusalem. The new Pope, Gregory X., tried to stir up still another Crusade, and a Council held at Lyons supported him; but the Pope died in less than two years after the Council, and the visions of renewed conquests of Palestine died with him. Affairs in the Holy Land were going from bad to worse. Claims to the titular kingdom of Jerusalem were still being made; one Hugh III. of Cyprus was crowned at Tyre as King of Jerusalem. The Templars and the Hospitallers fought amongst themselves; the Grand Master of the Templars pleaded before Pope Nicholas IV. the wrongs of the Latins, which could only be avenged by the blood of the Saracens. All to no purpose. The ancient crusading spirit had gone: the spell was broken.

The last struggle was made at Acre in 1291; the siege lasted forty-three days, the Knights Templars put up a splendid resistance, but the attack was made with great fury and the Christians lost heart. Acre was captured, Tyre, Sidon, and the other coast cities surrendered, and the Egyptians took possession of the whole country. Thus the Crusades came to an end, when



Acre, the last Christian stronghold and remnant of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, fell.

There are many monuments in Jerusalem to the memory of the Crusaders, but none more noble than the Belfry, the south-west façade of the most renowned temple in Christendom—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

## VII

THE CHRISTIAN PASSOVER:  
BEING A DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM  
AT THE PASCHAL FEAST

- (a) THE LATIN HOLY WEEK AND A MEMORABLE EASTER
- (b) THE GREEK AND ARMENIAN HOLY WEEK.
- (c) THE CEREMONY OF THE HOLY FIRE.



VII

THE CHRISTIAN PASSOVER :  
BEING A DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM AT  
THE PASCHAL FEAST

THE CEREMONIES OF HOLY WEEK

" Three Pilgrims from the Holy Land ;  
Three glittering scallop-shells they bore ;  
And as the good ship crossed the strand  
They crossed themselves : and sprang ashore.

" Thank God for Creed, for Mass, for song ;  
For all the wonders they had seen :  
The bright blue lake of Galilee,  
The glories of Mount Tabor green.

" They kissed the Holy Sepulchre :  
They prayed in sad Gethsemane ;  
And one brought back a soft green bough  
Pluck'd from the Saviour's olive tree.

" And one brought back a milk-white stone,  
Whereon, 'twas said, He once did lie ;  
And one brought back a broken heart  
For all the sins that made Him die."

—Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell.

(a) *The Latin Holy Week and a Memorable Easter*

THE Church of the Holy Sepulchre is, as has been said before, the most wonderful church in all Christendom, and during Holy Week it seemed as if the religious life of the whole world was centred in it. And not only within, but also without, for on the Beggars' Steps and round the court were crowds of vendors of objects of piety, together with cakes and candies, and other forms of light



refreshment. Arabs were there, and Abyssinians, Maronites from Lebanon, Bedouins and Egyptians, Anglican padres, English and French soldiers, with a sprinkling of Italian, Syrian, Greek and Latin priests, Armenians, Copts, and Negroes. Only Turks and Jews were absent. This year there were two Holy Weeks, that of the Eastern Churches falling a week later than the Western, and the crowd at the Greek ceremonies was certainly greater than that at the Latin functions.

I made it my business to see as much as possible of the various ceremonies. Early on Palm Sunday morning I saw from my window the sun rising from behind Mount Olivet, casting a glow of roseate pink over that sacred hill, and seeming to bathe the whole earth in its glory. The bells of the Holy Sepulchre began to ring as though to herald in the one great and glorious triumph of the Saviour of mankind. At 6.45 a.m. I made my way through the crowds in the courtyard and entered the church, already filled with an expectant throng waiting for the arrival of the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem. Presenting myself at the sacristy, I was welcomed by the Padre Presidente of the Franciscans, who conducted me to the Tribune immediately over the Holy Sepulchre. The Patriarch and his assistants had just arrived, and the blessing of palms began at once. In front of the sanctuary, lamps were burning gaily, and over it a Franciscan brother was lighting innumerable candles. It was a scene of joyous and radiant colour, the Patriarch with his deacons of honour in vestments of purple and gold; carpets and tapestries of many colours were much in evidence, and on either side of the Sanctuary a great crowd of all nations was assembled, surging and swaying, trying their utmost to obtain a view of the ceremony. At the back of the Sepulchre, in and around their tiny chapel, the Copts were holding a service of their own, singing in slow monotony; yet it did not seem discordant; on the contrary, it was but part of a beautiful and symbolic tableau.

The palms were blessed, and then the clergy and religious advanced one by one to receive their palms at the hands of the Patriarch, who sat outside the entrance of the Holy Tomb. After them came the Haut Commissaire de France in court dress, representing the French protectorate of the Holy Places. Then, with much excitement, came the people—English, French, Italian, Palestinian, Arab officers and men, civilians with their womenfolk in every variety of dress—and after them the little children, every one of whom with great reverence received their palm from the

Patriarch's hand, kissing his ring as they knelt before him. Gazing from my alcove, I loved that crowd. There were no tourists in the ordinary sense of that word of unpleasant memories, and no mere sightseers, as in the days before the war. For the most part the congregation consisted of local, Oriental, and European people, with a few devout visitors from the hotels and hospices. The crowd was very Eastern in its behaviour, pushing, jostling, and chattering; but when someone later on spoke of "irreverence and unseemly behaviour," I thought of another crowd, which on that first Palm Sunday shouted Hosannahs, running along the road, tearing off garments and cloaks, crowding together, pressing close up to the Messiah, as He rode slowly and with divine dignity towards the Holy City.

The distribution of palms took at least an hour, after which a procession was formed headed by three "Suissees" and several members of the Jerusalem gendarmerie, followed in turn by the sub-deacon bearing aloft the heavy crucifix; acolytes, mostly Arabs, clothed in scarlet cassocks, with tippetts and zucchetts to match, carrying olive or palm branches; Franciscans, historic guardians of the Holy Places, with their President, seven deacons of honour, and then the Latin Patriarch, wearing cope and mitre of purple and gold and blood-red gloves, carrying the massive crosier in his left hand, and with his right blessing the people who knelt on the stone pavement as he passed by. Behind him walked the representative of France and some of the faithful, all chanting the time-honoured hymn in Latin, "Gloria, Laus et Honor." Thrice they perambulated the Holy Sepulchre, and then followed the very lengthy undertaking of erecting an altar of solid silver outside the chapel, and the Palm Sunday Mass began.

The Patriarch celebrated with great dignity, being possessed of a splendid voice, the music being rendered perfectly by a sextette of voices. The "Universality" of the Church was proclaimed at the singing of the Passion, for of the three priests who chanted the solemn Story, one was English, another Spanish, and the third a Maltese; the Patriarch who celebrated was Italian, the deacon French, and the sub-deacon Belgian. The singing of the Passion took an hour; indeed, the whole service was very long, but it was devotional and impressive throughout. Finally the Patriarch, standing at the altar with crosier in hand, gave the triple blessing, after which, in honour of the French protectorate, the "Domine fac salvam hanc Rempubliam" was sung.



On Maundy Thursday, a chilly but bright morning, at 6.30 I attended the Mass celebrated on the day of its institution, and performed with great solemnity. On this occasion all the clergy present made their Communion, followed by several hundreds of the faithful. The holy oils were blessed, and the service lasted well over three hours. In the afternoon I again went up into the Franciscan gallery to witness the "Washing of the Feet." The church was crowded, and even the galleries were full. The Latin Patriarch sat on his throne, and on either side were placed benches on which sat those whose feet were to be washed. First a Franciscan came and brought a great silver bowl full of water, another carried a tray of small towels, and a third a tray of souvenirs. Then the Patriarch came down from his throne and commenced to wash the feet of the twelve, while one of the Franciscans read the story:

Jesus riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments; and took a towel, and girded Himself. After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.<sup>1</sup>

The "twelve" consisted of five Italian, three British, and one French soldier, and three Franciscans. They removed the boot and sock from their right foot, and the Patriarch, just touching the foot with water, wiped it with a napkin and kissed it: very solemn and touching in its humility. A souvenir was then given to each of those whose feet had been washed, testifying to this fact, with the name of the person printed on a card, framed in olive wood, and bearing the word "Jerusalem."

For some unknown reason the doors were kept shut until the office of Tenebræ which followed was over, and this did not conclude until late in the afternoon. This seems to be an ancient custom, but not altogether a wise one, for the congregation were greatly bored, children using the church as a playground, and the Jerusalem gendarmerie, seated on the couch in the ante-chamber opposite the "Stone of Anointing," spending the time smoking cigarettes.

On that evening, the night of the Betrayal, I was invited by the Superior of the Benedictines, Père F., to join in their procession to Gethsemane. The experience was beautiful in its simplicity. There were not more than a dozen people—English, French, and

<sup>1</sup> St. John xiii. 4-5.

Belgian, together with three or four monks—who took part in it. We started from the Dormitio, the headquarters of the Benedictines of Maritsou, the Father Superior leading the way. The night was perfect, still and warm, the whole country bathed in moonlight, and even every tree and every stone was clearly outlined. The Rosary was said as we walked by the Cenaculum and thence down Mount Ophel, Mount Syon being on our right and beyond it the Mount of Evil Counsel, where it is said that the chief priests took counsel to kill Jesus Christ. Then followed a rough and stony descent to the pool of Siloam. Presently we sat down on the rocks while the Father Superior read to us some verses from St. John xvii., those words of priestly sacrifice which our Lord addressed to His Father on His way to Gethsemane. Later on, just before we crossed the Kidron, the Father Superior repeated the first and second verses from St. John xviii.:

When Jesus had spoken these words, He went forth with His disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into which He entered, and His disciples.

After crossing the Brook, we passed an open space where a crowd of Moslems were engaged in practising a weird dance in preparation for their *fešta*, the Nebi Musâ, on the morrow. We then skirted the village of Siloah, climbing the rough stony path, passing the Egyptian remains which, as the Father Superior told us, our Lord must often have gazed upon; and now, looking across the Valley of Jehoshaphat to the Holy City wrapped in moonlight, we continued our walk in silence till we reached Gethsemane. Here a number of people were assembled, priests and religious, praying or wrapped in meditation; an Arab Protestant community were engaged in singing hymns, and in the upper part of the Garden, in the Russian enclosure, members of the St. George's Cathedral congregation had gathered. Our little party, avoiding the crowds, went to a quiet corner, where the Father read some words from the Gospel according to St. Matthew:

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder. And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here and watch with Me.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xxvi. 36-38.



After this we walked toward the open space beyond, where once stood a Basilica, and where the Franciscans are now building a new church, passing on until we reached the stone that marks the spot where the Saviour prayed in agony with His face towards the Golden Gate. Here we knelt and prayed in silence.

And He went a little farther, and fell on His face and prayed, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me : nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.<sup>1</sup>

The Father then gave a short discourse, dwelling on the fact that of all the sufferings our Lord endured, that of desertion must have been the most terrible. We gazed at the place where the Apostles slept, and where Judas betrayed the Saviour, and after a few moments' silence we left the Garden. Different indeed was the manner of commemorating this solemn night among those present in the Garden, yet all seemed to realise the solemnity of their visit, and after the hymn-singing was finished there was perfect silence. Many branches of the Christian religion were represented, yet one felt the presence of a perfect spirit of harmony.

Having followed the path our Lord trod with His disciples to the Garden, we returned by the way He walked with His captors to the House of Caiaphas. Crossing again the brook Kidron, we made the steep ascent to the Syon Gate, the Father suggesting that we should meditate or pray silently, and thus we arrived on Mount Syon at the "House of Caiaphas," parts of which have been excavated under the supervision of the Assumptionist Fathers. The priest in charge was waiting for us, and showed a well, said to be the prison in which our Lord was placed whilst under the charge of Caiaphas, a chapel now marking the spot. Here our Lord would have been kept until the early hours of Good Friday morning, when He was taken to Pilate's Judgment Hall. All this part, together with the steps He must have ascended, and which are now exposed to view, was within the City walls at the time of our Lord.

So ended a memorable evening. The walk, the silence, the reading, the garden in the moonlight—all of it was to me by far the most impressive event of this Holy week.

The next day, being Good Friday, I assisted at the Stations of the Cross along the Via Dolorosa. In one sense three great

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xxvi. 39.



In the Garden of Gethsemane

[To face page 212.]



Faiths were united on this day : to Western Christendom it was Good Friday, to Jewry the first day of the Passover, and to Moslems the feast of Nebî Musâ.

On leaving the Holy Sepulchre in the morning I met a great procession of Moslems at the entrance to the Street of David. It was a marvellous sight in the blazing sun, Arabs and Bedouins in all kinds of native apparel shouting, gesticulating, screaming. In the midst of them a man, said to be a descendant of the prophet, was performing a weird dance, and around him was collected a crowd of men with sticks, striking at each other without inflicting any damage, furious in face and gesture, but probably mild at heart. Behind this group were borne aloft a number of flags, one of which was the famous green flag of Meccah. Then followed a band of Dervishes waving their swords at one another, and just as it seemed that someone must be killed, they separated and began stalking round as if searching for someone they had lost. I managed to find a convenient retreat within a doorway, but only just beyond the rim of the crowd, as the street was narrow. Presently a woman from above dropped a coloured handkerchief and cried out some words in Arabic. One of the Arabs picked it up, touched the Meccah banner with it, after which all who could get within reach proceeded to kiss it, and then it was handed back on a long pike to the owner. The whole company proceeded very slowly and with much noise to the Haram esh Cherif, where many speeches were made in Arabic and English, and the procession started on its pilgrimage to En-Nebî Musâ, or the reputed burial-place of Moses, for the Moslems claim that by a vision the tomb of Moses was discovered on a hill close to the Dead Sea. The Bible says :

Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor : but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.<sup>1</sup>

But the Moslem vision must have appeared in later times.

At En-Nebî Musâ the Moslems encamp and hold a feast lasting the whole week : the observance of the festival seems to have been commended some centuries ago in order to ensure there being a sufficient number of Moslems in Jerusalem at a time when pilgrims are most numerous, lest the latter should

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<sup>1</sup> Deuteronomy xxxiv. 5, 6.



suddenly seize the city. The route of the pilgrimage is through the Gate of St. Stephen, down the valley of the Kidron, by the Garden of Gethsemane, along the Jericho road, past the village of Bethany.

To return to the Way of the Cross: at two o'clock I found a crowd gathered on the site of Pilate's Judgment Hall or *Prætorium*, which till 1917 was used as the Turkish Barracks. Every Friday this procession takes place, but the number of followers is small compared to that on Good Friday. To-day the crowd included the Latin Patriarch, a Polish Bishop, priests and members of the various religious orders, many Franciscans, British and French officers and men, civilians of all nationalities. A Belgian Franciscan gave the addresses, a tall man with a long beard and a powerful voice, and what he said was uttered with great simplicity. We passed along the *Via Dolorosa*, spanned by the celebrated *Ecce Homo Arch*, each Station being marked by a tablet.

At the Fifth Station, where Symon of Cyrene assisted our Lord in bearing the Cross, where the rough and narrow road begins to ascend, the street was crowded, and it was with great difficulty that we made our way through the throng. We passed by the Chapel of St. Veronica and listened to that beautiful legend, and then at last we reached the Ninth Station, which records the "third fall," by the monastery now occupied by the Copts. Here we left the *Via Dolorosa*, for to enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where the five remaining Stations are located, we must make a circuit. The Padre finished his discourse at the Fourteenth Station, namely, the Tomb, having first asked us to remember that we were "Christians living in a non-Christian town, governed by rulers who were not Christians, and in the midst of people who mocked and despised Christ." The whole experience was most impressive, and especially so at the Twelfth Station, the Crucifixion, when all present sang with fervour:

O Crux ave, spes unica,  
Hoc passionis tempore  
Piis adauge gratiam,  
Reisque dele crimina.

On Easter Eve I arrived at the church about 6.30 a.m., to find the ceremony of the Blessing of the New Fire about to commence. The fire was kindled and blessed at a table placed close to the

Stone of Anointing, after which there was a procession to a temporary altar outside the Sepulchre, and a triple candle was lit from the New Fire, while the priests chanted three times the words, "*Lumen Christi*." Then followed the elaborate Blessing of the Paschal Candle and the five grains of incense representing the Five Wounds. Lights and lamps were lit as the words "Let there be light, oh truly blessed light!" were sung. Then followed what are known as the prophecies. Next came the Blessing of the Font. A silver basin was placed on a table to the south of the Holy Sepulchre, the Patriarch read the prayers of blessing, touched the water, made three crosses over it, divided it with his hand, breathed on it with the sign of the Cross, and then plunged the Paschal Candle into it three times, each time a little deeper. Then he breathed again, and the water was taken away in large vessels for special use as holy water. For baptismal use the Patriarch blessed water with the oil of chrism. After this the Litany was chanted, and at the words "*Te Rogamus*" ("We beseech Thee, hear us"), all lights on the altar were lit, and the penitential vestments changed to white. At the words "*Christi audi nos*" ("O Christ, hear us"), the Mass began. When "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo*" was sung, all the great bells rang and the organ pealed out joyfully, for it was the anticipation of Easter—Christ is risen!

The nations were well represented again at this Mass: the celebrant was an Italian, the deacon French, the sub-deacon Belgian, the assistant priest Austrian, the master of ceremonies a Dalmatian, and the deacons of honour Arabs. It was a long service, and did not conclude till past 10 a.m.

It is Easter Sunday afternoon, hot and breathless after weeks of bitterly cold winds and rain. It has been an eventful Easter Day, one long to be remembered.

There are outward and visible signs this sunny afternoon that something unusual has happened. The streets outside the city are deserted save for an occasional military motor-car that rushes past at full speed, covering one with the whitest of white dust. Inside the city no one knows what is going on, for every gate is guarded by English soldiers with fixed bayonets, and none may enter or leave the city. The Arab cafés by the Jaffa Gate are crowded with men smoking their hookahs, talking in low voices and looking discontented.

Early this morning I went to St. George's Cathedral, the only



peaceful moment during the day, and later I made my way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. By the kindness of the Franciscans I have had the *entrée* to their gallery all the week, whence one can see everything, taking part in perfect peace away from the crowd in all the interesting ceremonies of Holy Week. On reaching my alcove I noticed that the Latins had just finished their Easter Mass, and that a priest was reading the story of the Resurrection from the four Gospels. In the Catholikon the Greeks were chanting the Liturgy of Palm Sunday; overhead, with bells incessantly clanging, the Armenians seemed to be doing the same, and so also the Copts and Syrians in their respective chapels. It was all confusion, but not disturbing, just an Eastern tumult, and the crowd below, some 2,000 or more, produced an amazing riot of colour.

The Latin Mass is over, the Latin Patriarch has left the church; the altar, throne, hangings and carpets, all the property of the Latins are cleared away, for nothing must be left, and the place is now given over to the Greeks. The gates of the Catholikon are opened, the Greek Palm Sunday (for the Latin Easter is the Greek Palm Sunday) procession emerges and makes the tour of the Rotunda three times. At the conclusion, the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, Damianus, sits on a temporary throne facing the Sepulchre, while a deacon reads the story of the Passion in Greek. This service is soon over, and shortly afterwards the Patriarch and his entourage leave the church and the bells are pealed to announce their exit.

Then another procession is formed, this time consisting of Armenians, Copts, and Syrians. The Syrians lead the way, carrying six banners; they are dressed in red gowns with green collars and cuffs, and one carries an enormous branch of olive. Their Bishop wears a curious headgear that completely hides his face, a cloth-of-gold cope, and carries a very small staff. The Copts follow, the assistants and clergy all wearing crowns, their Bishop a great white crown like that of the Greek Patriarch; he blesses the people with a small cross. Then follow the Armenians, a larger and more imposing company, boys and men in red robes with blue collars and cuffs, the men wearing crowns like the Copts. The Armenian Bishop, Monseigneur Tchilinquirian, who takes the position of Patriarch (the late Patriarch died nine years ago, and no one has yet been appointed), wears a cope and mitre somewhat like the Latins, carries a pastoral staff, and blesses the people in Western fashion. Each separate procession has

several crosses and censers, and all carry branches of palm or olive.

Twice the procession perambulated the Rotunda, and then as they began the third tour a Syrian moved a chair which belonged to the Copts. Immediately a hand-to-hand fight broke out in which all the Copts and all the Syrians joined, save only their respective Bishops, who stood on one side and looked on, making no attempt to stem the battle. Women and children screamed and rushed to take cover in chapels or wherever else they could find shelter. Palms, candles, chairs, and crosses were used as weapons. The men fought and beat each other, were knocked down, and trampled on the ground. The battle waxed fast and furious, the shouting and screaming increased, and the combatants chased each other round the church. . . . All this I saw from my alcove in the Franciscan gallery, and the comments of my Franciscan friends were not without satire! Gradually the tumult subsided, the Armenians returned from their quarter, the Copts and Syrians rearranged their somewhat dishevelled garments, and the procession continued its way for the third and last time, each part of it singing their own particular hymn, in their own language, and to their own tune.

I remained in the courtyard for a short time afterwards, and saw each several procession, conducted by a "Kvas," march off in perfect peace to its respective quarters.

This *fracas* within the walls of the most holy place in Christendom was not the only event which disturbed the peace of the Easter morn. A few yards away, at the Jaffa Gate, a great fight had just taken place between Moslems and Jews. A disturbance had been expected for days, but no precautions had been taken. The English troops were at the Garrison Church and had to be called out in the middle of service. A large contingent of Moslems from Hebron had arrived in Jerusalem *en route* for En-Nebî Musâ, and Jews in great numbers were waiting for them at the Damascus and Jaffa Gates. There were differences of opinion as to how the fight began, but it was quite sudden; the Moslems used their swords and sticks, and the Jews their firearms, but, amazing to relate, only a few on either side were killed, though many were wounded. Some of the Arabs were shouting, "With the sword we gained the land, with the sword we mean to keep it!" I went on to the balcony of the Grand Hotel—soldiers were guarding the entrances to all the streets, Jews went by with their heads badly



cut, the tumult was dying down very slowly, but the shops outside the Jaffa Gate had suffered badly. For several days after the city was under martial law, and people could neither enter nor leave the city without being examined by sentries, in case they carried firearms or other weapons.

An English soldier, quite a lad, said to me, "What would my people in our little village at home think of all this? Easter Sunday, with broken glass, stones, and blood! British and Indian troops in readiness lest there should be another fight! Machine-guns and martial law!"

(b) *The Greek and Armenian Holy Week*

During the early part of the Greek Holy Week the churches and city were almost deserted as no one could enter without a pass, and everyone must be within doors by six o'clock. However, by Thursday matters had become somewhat more peaceful, and the Easter ceremonies were performed with their accustomed pomp and circumstance, though with fewer people to attend them. Early on Thursday morning I went with a party of French people to see the Greek "Washing of the Feet." First of all we went on the roof of the Greek Convent to the terrace overlooking the court of the Holy Sepulchre, but already the crowd was so great that we decided to try our luck in the courtyard instead. There we met the Archimandrite Themelis, who showed us into a room overlooking the court. Every inch of the courtyard, every corner of the roofs and terraces, was crowded with people, a gay spectacle of Eastern splendour. The sky was of the brightest blue, and even at this early hour the sun was scorching. We had a long time to wait, for in the East "time is only made for slaves." At last, about 8 a.m., a great procession issued from the church: incense, crucifix and candles, choir, priests and archimandrites, and then followed the Patriarch, clothed in gorgeous apparel, a great jewelled crown upon his head.

For a moment the procession halted, while the sun blazed on the Patriarchal crown, making it shine with resplendent glory; behind him the splendid background of that magnificent façade, in front one mass of crimson and gold. Then a way was made for the procession through the serried ranks of the crowd to an improvised platform placed in the middle of the

court. On to this platform climbed twelve archimandrites, in copes of cloth of gold, representing the twelve Apostles, and with them the Patriarch. A priest read the story of the "Washing of the Feet" in St. John's Gospel, from a pulpit attached to the south wall by the Convent of Abraham, after which the choir sang a long and elaborate Kyrie Eleison. The crowd was restive, not particularly devotional or attentive, probably too excited to be one or the other, especially when an aeroplane flew only a few hundred feet above us, a quaint blending of ancient and modern.

The ceremony was like an old mystery play, as in fact are most of the Greek ceremonies. After the Gospel had been read the Patriarch laid aside his crown and vestments, and then, clad in a white alb, girding himself with a towel, he proceeded to wash the feet of his clergy, touching one foot with water, anointing it with oil, and wiping it. Every detail of the Gospel story was carried out, Peter first refusing to have his feet washed and then submitting. After this more prayers and singing, then the Patriarch with three of his clergy descended from the platform, the "three" reclining on the ground, and the Patriarch, representing Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, went apart to pray. Twice he rose; came to the "three" and found them sleeping; at the third time he woke them, they rose, the procession was re-formed, it returned to the church, and the ceremony was over. It is a wonderful pageant, teaching the old story in a way that cannot be forgotten, giving it just that meaning which our Lord's action gave to the Apostles.

That same morning, Thursday in the Greek Holy Week, I visited the Armenian Church of St. James, the most beautiful church in Jerusalem, in order to attend their special Maundy Mass. There are no seats in this church, the faithful just stand or "squat"—there is no other word—on the floor. Many also follow the Moslem custom of removing their boots and putting on slippers. There has been no Patriarch appointed for many years owing to the Turkish intrigues, but a Bishop for the time occupies the position of Patriarch, and at his special request I attended the service. I was given a chair next him, and he handed me a copy of the "Liturgy of the Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia" done into English; it is not an easy service to follow, but the Bishop explained difficult points from time to time. The altar is raised on a dais some three feet above the level of the floor; there is no "Ikonastasis," as in Greek churches, but a curtain is drawn in front of the altar at certain parts of the



service. The choir of boys and men sat on the ground, and wore red garments with blue facings and cuffs; the clergy also, and even the Patriarch when not standing, just sat on the matting; in fact, I was the only individual given the privilege of a chair, possibly a sop to European prejudice. It was a very long service, but most dignified, and the singing, though somewhat barbaric, was in keeping with the rest of the proceedings. During the Mass the *pain béni* was distributed as in the French churches, and the Bishop, after receiving his portion, broke a piece off and gave it to me. Although it was close on midday there were a great many communicants; they came and stood beneath the daïs, while the celebrant knelt to give them communion, dipping the Host in the Chalice.

That same afternoon, and at the same church, I attended the ceremony of the "Washing of the Feet" for the third time—Latin, Greek, and Armenian; and for dignity and simplicity I should give the palm to the Armenians. On this occasion chairs were placed just below the Sanctuary for European visitors. As for the rest, they squatted on mats, and children played and frolicked about the church. The curtain was drawn back, and the Bishop in full pontificals was revealed, with twelve of his clergy round him. The vestments they wore are only used on special occasions and are of great beauty and value. Below, seated on the ground, was a choir of young girls in picturesque red and blue dresses, and the singing was indeed beautiful. Their notes were clear, liquid, and perfectly produced without any trace of affectation. Each of the clergy in turn read a chapter from the writing of one of the fathers of the Church, beginning with St. Chrysostom, and as it was read in the Liturgic Armenian, I do not suppose that anyone present, with the exception of the clergy, understood one word. After this the "Miserere" was chanted and many prayers were said, and then the Bishop, after divesting himself of his robes, girded himself with a towel and washed one foot of each of the twelve priests, anointing it with oil. The Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem was present at the ceremony, and at the conclusion of the "Washing," the Patriarchal mitre and cope were placed on him, and he was then escorted to the daïs, where he read the Gospel story of the Washing of the Feet from St. John, and then, standing next the Armenian Bishop, gave the blessing in English. A splendid and practical illustration of the spiritual unity of the Church, which came as a fitting conclusion to one of the most beautiful services I had witnessed in the Holy City.

(c) *The Ceremony of the Holy Fire*

The most important ceremony of the Greek Church takes place on Easter Eve, namely, the Ceremony of the Holy Fire. This function enjoys a great reputation all over the Eastern world, and up to a few years ago thousands came from afar to witness it. In the days of the pilgrimages the church would swarm with Russian pilgrims, who encamped round about the Holy Places in readiness for what was to them nothing less than a miracle. They would be admitted to the Holy Sepulchre about 6 p.m., and remain there all night, reclining on the pavement and using their bundles as pillows, others crouching in doorways, on the floors of the galleries, or inside the various caverns.

Inside the church there were some fifteen hundred Turkish soldiers to keep order, and even then the task was somewhat difficult. This year, for many reasons, the crowd was small compared to those days, and easily controlled by a handful of English soldiers and Jerusalem police. It was a cold and windy morning as I made my way through the narrow streets, which were almost deserted, but I found the courtyard full of people waiting to enter the church. At 8 a.m. the doors were opened, and immediately about a hundred people who had spent the night within the church issued forth, carrying with them rugs and other coverings, together with all sorts of devices for cooking food during their long vigil. Inside the church there were not more than a couple of hundred people, and these had also probably spent the night there. Martial law was still in force, owing to the riots a week before, and no officers or women were allowed to enter the city without a special permit. I went at once to the Franciscan gallery, to find it deserted, except for a friar who was placing cards in the alcoves, reserving them for certain important people. My friend the Archimandrite Themelis had offered me a place in the Greek gallery opposite the Tomb, but I preferred my usual seat among the Franciscans.

For nearly three hours I remained in the alcove or wandered about the gallery to the spot where the Armenian "quarter" joins the Latin. Here there hangs a picture of the Pope with his head turned towards the Latin portion of the gallery, his hand raised in blessing the Franciscans, while beyond it is a picture of Christ with uplifted hand, turned towards the Armenian "quarter," and blessing them. On the floor of the church,



matting was spread for those who wished to sit on the ground. Close by, men were engaged in selling bunches of candles ready for the Fire, others were walking about, talking loudly and greeting their friends, as though they were in the street or market-place. There were Syrians, Bedouins, Arabs, Copts, Armenians, Greeks, Abyssinians, a handful of Russians, a few Europeans, and soldiers. I do not for a moment suppose that there was one Jew there, not even in disguise. Children ran hither and thither, played with their friends, or sat in niches in the walls, only to be dragged down by some priest or custodian. I looked down on the ugly roof that now covers the Tomb, with vases of gilded wood containing hideous imitation flowers, and the small annexe that the Copts use as their chapel just below. It was not pleasing to gaze upon those heavy square columns that support the Rotunda, and beyond the Greek Catholikon cutting into the old Basilica of Constantine and leaving the stately columns, the only part of the church that was not destroyed by the fire of 1808, dark and desolate.

Despite the ugliness of the church, one should remember that it is only a shell, and that within this shell the great rocks remain intact: those rocks which have stood through this long vista of years, and were witnesses of the story which transformed the world. . . . Close to the Coptic chapel Abyssinians squat on the ground, their faces as black as the robes they wear; silent and unemotional, they look as if they could sit still for hours. Once they had possession of the Chapel of St. Helena, but years ago, being in a state of bankruptcy, they sold that chapel to the Armenians; lately, however, they have built a great church with an imposing cupola on the Upper Jaffa road. They still possess a small "quarter" adjoining the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, consisting of some dozen houses and a large open courtyard, together with the dome of St. Helena's Chapel. The Copts, with their little round caps of black and red, are moving somewhat restlessly outside their chapel, and near by are the Syrians talking noisily. They do not love the Copts, and possibly they remember the *fracas* of the previous Sunday. There are so few Europeans present that I seem to be almost the only person without any headgear, nearly everyone is wearing a cap, tarbouche, or other headdress. All the while the Jerusalem gendarmerie, most of whom are Moslems, stand as guards around the Holy Sepulchre, and one wonders when it will be possible for Christians to guard their own holy places! There are people sitting on the floor in little groups,

family circles, enjoying themselves as if they were at a picnic: others sit with Oriental patience, ready to wait for hours if necessary. It is difficult to realise that these same people will be yelling at the top of their voices a few hours hence.

Soon after ten o'clock various personages begin to arrive, and first of all, headed by two Kvas thumping their maces on the ground, comes the Coptic procession, with the Bishop, a little dark man with piercing eyes, and only a pectoral cross to distinguish him from his clergy. He stands surrounded by a small group of his people, all of whom kiss the ring on his right hand. Half an hour later the Haut Commissaire de France arrives with his suite, and is conducted to his place in the gallery. Almost immediately afterwards come the Armenians, arriving in great numbers. These are not content to go direct to their quarters, but first march right round the Holy Sepulchre. The Syrian Bishop, who follows with his assistants, not to be outdone, also makes a lengthy tour to reach the tiny quarters that appertain to the Syrians. These latter seem now to be intent on annoying the Copts, and two English officers with the utmost patience try to pacify both sides. They prevent the Copts from getting too near the Syrian Bishop as he arrives, and then later, when a Coptic priest gets on to Syrian ground, one of them gently but firmly moves him back to his place. It is noticeable that no one pays the slightest attention to the dignitaries as they arrive except their own particular followers.

It is past eleven o'clock when the Father President of the Franciscans visits me and with gentle insistence urges me to come to the refectory and have some refreshment, for Franciscan hospitality is without limit. Several of the Fathers are gathered in the refectory, and all are anxious to hear and give impressions. On my return I watch the Military Governor arrive with his entourage, he and his aide-de-camp being given seats just outside the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre, where many officials are already gathered. The excitement now increases, and the church is full, though not overcrowded as in days gone by. The majority present are men, mostly Greeks and Syrians. Suddenly in the distance we hear shouting and singing, and presently a crowd of Greeks and Syrians march through the Catholikon, most of them grasping bundles of candles. One man is carried aloft on the shoulders of the crowd; he is very excited and sings at the top of his voice, while presently those round him clap their hands and dance. Then the crowd take up the singing, and all shout in



chorus. I ask someone sitting near me what they are singing; he writes it down in French, and this is the translation:

"O you Jews, your festival is devilish,  
While ours is Heavenly.  
It is quite right that you should be in great distress  
While we are in great joy.  
We hold in our hands candles sacred,  
To glorify the Risen Christ.  
May Providence prosper the Greek Church.  
May the Saviour ever give the Christians the victory.  
We are the children of our Patriarch Damianus!  
Long live the Patriarch and his clergy!  
Christ has redeemed us by His Blood.  
So we are in the greatest joy,  
While the Jews are in confusion and sadness."

Then the Syrians, during a pause, in their turn shout rather than sing:

"O St. George,  
We have come to pray at the Sepulchre!  
We, we are the Christians,  
With candles in our hands!"

At last, close on midday, there is a pealing of bells, more shouting and clapping of hands, whilst the Patriarch's procession appears. They, too, are singing; it is difficult to catch the words of their song, but ever and anon one could hear:

Kyrie Eleison! Kyrie Eleison!

Six Kvas lead the way, beating the ground with their staves; Jerusalem police follow, together with a few British soldiers. The great cross is carried by a deacon, torches on either side, followed by singing boys dressed in violet and white, six banners, priests in great numbers in their black habits, Bishops (and priests) in splendid vestments. The Patriarch in his golden crown, wearing vestments of white satin and gold, and carrying his staff, blesses the people as he passes. He looks just like the Bible pictures of Aaron, with his long white beard and with vestments like the "linen ephod." Behind him follow a bodyguard of the faithful to prevent the crowd from pressing too close upon him. He looks pale, worn, and nervous, which is not to be wondered at, for he is about to go through a trying ordeal. As he passes through

the crowd they shout out in acclamation, quite drowning the modest voices of the choir:

"Long live our Patriarch Damianus!  
Christ is Risen!  
By His Blood we are redeemed!  
We are in joy overwhelming,  
And the Jews are sad."

Thrice the procession perambulates the Holy Tomb, and at the third time a deacon leaves the procession and almost fights his way through the serried mass of frantic people to take up his stand by the circular hole through which the holy fire will shortly be passed. The procession is over; all attempt at dignity is at an end and confusion reigns supreme. The priests and choir disappear, and only the Patriarch and a few of his clergy remain. The Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic Bishops join him at the entrance to the Tomb. For a moment there is stillness in that great throng, a stillness that can be felt; the Patriarch divests himself of his crown and gorgeous robes, and enters within the Holy of Holies; the other Bishops wait in the outer room known as the Chapel of the Angels. The delay is very short, and with a shout the deacon on guard at the circular hole withdraws his arm and holds up a bunch of flaming candles. As he does so the whole church simply bursts into shouts and cheers, and ever and again one catches the refrain:

"Long live our Patriarch Damianus!  
We are in joy overwhelming,  
And the Jews are sad!"

At this moment the Patriarch, the venerable and dignified Damianus, tears out of the Holy Sepulchre, holding a flaming torch in his hand, followed by a crowd of people contesting for the honour of lighting their candles from his torch. He is almost carried through the Catholikon, but at any rate he has escaped without hurt this time, which is not always the case. A few years ago at this ceremony there was trouble between the Armenians and the Greeks, and a band of Armenians rushed after the Patriarch, who was heard to cry out, "On va me tuer!" An eye-witness told me that a well-known British officer went to his assistance and escorted him safely through the threatening crowd. While the fire is being distributed to the Greeks on one side at



the hole, on the other side Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians light their candles, and the Armenian Bishop makes his exit equally hastily to carry the fire to the Armenian quarter.

By this time the whole church is one great blaze of light; fire seems to encircle the Rotunda, three tiers of flame. It is all one mass of flame and smoke, noise and heat, and several times it looks as if the galleries would catch fire. All the lamps are lit and the bells peal out, and then, if possible, the tumult becomes even greater. A space is cleared between the people round the Sepulchre and another procession appears, this time composed of Armenians, Copts, and Syrians. Round through the glare it wends its way, each religion singing a different hymn, to a different tune, in a different language. The Greeks no longer walk with them, nor do the Abyssinians; the latter just look on and watch. Then it is all over—procession, shouting crowds, and clanging bells, and we are out in the courtyard under the brilliant blue sky. People are running through the court into the narrow streets and to their houses, carrying the sacred fire, and there is probably not one house of an Eastern confession that has not some part or lot in that holy fire. . . . I look at my watch and see that it is 1.30 p.m.—six hours since I first entered the church—and, beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, hasten off to enjoy the hospitality of Notre Dame de France.

It is often asked, "Do these crowds believe that what happens inside the Holy Sepulchre is a miracle? Do they believe that fire descends from Heaven at the prayers of the Patriarch? Or do they understand that the ceremony is merely symbolical?" I discussed this matter fully with the Archimandrite Themelis, and he told me that undoubtedly there were some, mostly Russian pilgrims, who believed that the fire was miraculous, but the Greek Church in no way claims a miracle. The Patriarch goes inside the Sepulchre, and there with flint and steel makes fire, which he solemnly blesses and then distributes to the people. In fact, except that such pageantry means more to Eastern folk, the actual ceremony differs very little from the universal Western custom of blessing the New Fire on Easter Eve.

On returning to my room I read an interesting description of the "Holy Fire" ceremony as witnessed by a Canon of St. Denys in 1651. He prefaces his story with these words, and one has to remember that he is a Latin, with no sympathy for Greek customs: "To understand the present pretended 'Heavenly Fire' of the Greeks it is necessary to recall that among the miracles

of ancient days at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the chief of all was that which happened every year on Holy Saturday, on which day, while all the faithful prayed with much devotion, a flame of celestial fire descended visibly on the Holy Sepulchre, and lit all the lamps, not only over the sacred Tomb, but all over the church, while the faithful looked on with admiration and wonder to see the fire run from lamp to lamp, lighting them one after the other, according to the testimony of many competent writers of those days. And although this miracle has ceased for three or four hundred years, many writers tell us that the Bishops of the schismatic (*sic*) Greek Church still continue to perform the same miracle year by year, making this fire secretly in the Holy Sepulchre, and making the people believe that it descends from Heaven, and by this ruse attract an infinity of people who run here from all parts of the world."

In days gone by, immediately after the Holy Fire was distributed, men would ride off to Bethlehem, Nazareth, and other towns, also to Jaffa, where there were steamers waiting, so that the fire might be carried to such distant places as Alexandria, Cairo, and even Constantinople. Until a few years ago a telegram was always sent to Constantinople to report whether or no the ceremony had passed off peacefully.

That evening I went to see the Abyssinian Easter service. It is held in their courtyard on the roof or dome of the Chapel of St. Helena, a spot that figures in many paintings and sketches. There they had erected a small tent, at the entrance of which were men beating drums. Inside the tent was the Abbot with his priests, dressed in radiant colours, and after a long pause they came out in procession. Very quaintly they moved, or rather swayed from side to side, singing the quaintest of tunes. Three times they perambulated the Dome, the idea being that they were searching for the Body of Christ, but could not find out where It was laid. The procession then returned to the tent and finished their service within. On entering the Church I witnessed the Midnight Mass of the Greek Church, which was thronged with worshippers, everyone carrying a lighted candle. The music was exquisite and plaintive, the people were quiet and reverent—a contrast to the morning. At the conclusion the Patriarch walked slowly and with great dignity into the Sepulchre, and there was a great silence. Very soon he reappeared, and, turning to the people, cried out with a loud voice, "Christ is risen!" And everyone replied as with one voice, "He is risen indeed!" All the bells rang out and a wave



of great enthusiasm spread throughout the church, and one did not *feel*, but *knew*, that it was indeed Easter morning!

Perhaps the most beautiful and most moving ceremony of the Orthodox Greek Church is that of Easter Sunday morning. It consists only of a procession and a very short service, but it is dignified, stately, and reverent. At noon the Patriarch leaves the great Greek Convent in solemn procession with all the Bishops and priests connected with the convent. Slowly the procession moves through the narrow sun-baked streets. The courtyard is crowded with people in every possible kind of garment—there is nothing but joy and colour. With some friends I secured a place on a balcony overlooking the "Beggars' Steps" and the courtyard beyond. As the procession draws near the bells begin to clang and the choir sing. Very softly does the cadence rise and fall, very plaintive is the appeal: *Kyrie Eleïson! Christe Eleïson! Kyrie Eleïson!* Then the sound of those wonderful bells—there are no bells like them in the world, I am sure! Deep, booming, harsh, barbaric, but thrilling with never-to-be-forgotten meaning.

Close to me are men and women weeping tears of joy; they embrace one another; they sign themselves repeatedly with the Cross. "Christ is risen," one says, and another replies, "He is risen indeed." And so the procession begins to enter the courtyard. There are the Kvas in blue, red, and gold; a deacon carrying a tray full of rose-leaves, which he scatters on either side to the people as he passes; Bishops and priests in gorgeous vestments of pale yellow and gold, holding lighted candles. Walking in the midst of them is an Archimandrite bearing a picture of the Agnus Dei with the flag of victory framed in a halo of flowers. Last of all, the Patriarch, looking tired but happy, with his crown and staff, and in his left hand a jewelled picture of the Risen Christ.

For a moment the procession stops, the singers are silent, and there is a hush among the crowd. The Patriarch holds aloft the picture of the Risen Christ, cries out, "Christ is risen!" and everyone makes the response, with Eastern fervour, "He is risen indeed." Then the bells peal, the procession enters the darkness of the church, the Patriarch kneels to kiss the Stone of Unction, and is then conducted to his throne in the Catholikon. The Gospel story of the Resurrection is read by seven priests, each taking up a paragraph, one after the other, in seven different tongues: Greek, Latin,

Arabic, Old Greek, English, French, and Russian, after which the service concludes with the singing of *Te Deum Laudamus*. The great crowds melt away, but the bells go on proclaiming their message:

"Christ is risen: He is risen indeed!"

The ceremonies of the Orthodox Greek Church are quite different from those of the Latins. The latter are stately and dignified, and usually very impressive. But the Greek services are more like mystery plays, enacting the Gospel stories which they commemorate. They are not only impressive, but beautiful and picturesque. That these services appeal to the Eastern there can be no doubt, for his enthusiasm is most inspiring, and the Greek Church is his home. The ceremonies of the Orthodox Greek Church hold a wealth of meaning which cannot be imagined or understood until one has assisted at them. The more often I attended the services, the more I learnt to appreciate the Greek Church, so obviously the home of the Oriental Christian.



VIII

THE GLORIES OF GALILEE

- (a) THE EXCELLENCY OF MOUNT CARMEL.
- (b) THE BRIGHT BLUE LAKE OF GALILEE.
- (c) A PILGRIMAGE TO NAZARETH.
- (d) THOSE LITTLE LANES OF NAZARETH.



VIII  
THE GLORIES OF GALILEE  
HAÏFA

(a) *The Excellency of Mount Carmel*

SHORTLY after Easter I paid a visit to Haïfa. The train from Jerusalem went only three times a week, so needless to say it was crowded. As usual there was a long wait at Ludd, and although we left Jerusalem at 11 a.m., we did not reach Haïfa until 6 p.m. At the station there were three carriages to, at least, sixty people, so most of us walked into the town, employing half-naked little Arab boys to carry our bags. Shortage of accommodation was the rule all over the country, and Haïfa was no exception. However, just as it was getting dark, by good luck I managed to secure the last room at the only hotel, about which the less said the better. But at any rate, I was recompensed by a perfectly splendid view of the Bay of Acre when I woke early next morning to brilliant sunshine and sea and sky of azure blue. Haïfa could be made into a veritable paradise, and thus vie with many places on the south coasts of France and Italy. At present it is squalid and miserable, noisy and dusty, the main attraction being Mount Carmel.

Haïfa, Haïffa, or Caïffa, called by Arabs Héfa, or Hepha, for, like many other towns in Palestine and Syria, it rejoices in many names, is the old Calamon, not mentioned in Holy Scripture, and apart from the Crusades of no special interest in history. Near it stood Sycaminos, or the town of the Sycamores, and these two cities were great rivals in the Middle Ages. St. Jerome, on the other hand, made but one town of Sycaminos and Calamon, and stated that Sycaminos was called Epha (Hepha), because of Mount Carmel, which gave shelter (Hebrew, Khafah) to the town. The famous "Pilgrim of Bordeaux," who visited Palestine in the third century, mentions that he came across Sycaminos three Roman miles from Calamon. During the First Crusade Tancred captured Haïfa after a siege of fifteen days; it was conquered by Saladin in 1187, and later, when the Crusaders took Acre, he



ordered it to be laid waste. The Crusaders again rebuilt it, but after their departure from Palestine in 1292 it was left to itself until the eighteenth century, when Cheik Dhaher el Amar, the conqueror of Galilee, rebuilt it towards the east of its former position and surrounded it by a great wall. Napoleon Bonaparte took it in 1799, and here repulsed the attack of the English fleet. Ibrahim Pasha occupied it in 1837, and three years later it was badly damaged by the fleets of England, Austria, and Italy.

Haifa is situated at the south of the Gulf of St. John of Acre, is almost opposite that picturesque city, and is the only port for the whole of Galilee. Fishermen told me that in the bay were found the fine Syrian sponges which are much appreciated in the European market. The town stretches along the bay and is dominated by Mount Carmel; under the north-west slope of the Mount is the so-called German colony. In the centre of the town are to be found the bazaars and somewhat squalid streets, and at the extreme end, facing the harbour and beyond the railway station, the new Jewish colony is situated. There seemed to be very little commerce in this city, and what there was consisted chiefly of the exportation of corn, sesame (sunflower seeds), maize, and oil. Quite recently, however, I was told that commerce had been reopened between Haifa and Damascus, and that now many steamers ply between it and Beyrout and Jaffa.

Whilst in Haifa I had hoped for the opportunity of meeting His Excellency Sir Abdul Baha Abbas, the present leader of the Bahai movement, but unfortunately the opportunity did not arise. A friend has sent me the following information concerning Abdul Baha, and the remarkable religious cause with which he is associated, which I am glad to be able to share with my readers:

"The Bahai movement arose in Persia in 1844, and now numbers many millions of adherents, the bulk of whom live in Persia and the Middle East. Whilst the majority of the Bahais are drawn from the Moslem world, this cause can claim disciples within the ranks of all the world religions.

"Bahatism, working for world-wide spiritual and social reconstruction irrespective of caste and creed, was an outcome of Babism, which took its name from a Persian youth, Mirza Ali Mohammed, known to his followers as 'The Bab' ('Gateway').

"Many European historians, including Professor E. Browne of Cambridge, have described the wonderful charm of this pure-hearted seer and teacher of progressive religion. The 'Bab' was martyred in 1850 after six years of missionary work. Before



ABDUL BAHÁ ABBAS RECEIVING THE INSIGNIA OF KNIGHTHOOD FROM THE GOVERNOR OF HAIFA. [To face page 234.]



his death he announced that a great spiritual leader would arise within the lifetime of many of his followers to spread throughout the world tidings of an era of universal peace and brotherhood, and this prediction was widely believed to have been fulfilled when Baha'o'llah, a Persian nobleman, came forward and announced himself as 'He whom God would Manifest.'

"Baha'o'llah, after a period of imprisonment in chains, was, with his family and immediate followers, driven into exile by reactionary leaders in Persia, and after great hardship and many wanderings he and his family were imprisoned in 1868 in the barracks at Acca. From prison Baha'o'llah continued to spread his gospel of universal love throughout Western Asia, and the movement which he led continued to grow by leaps and bounds, despite the martyrdom and persecution of Bahais in Persia and elsewhere.

"Baha'o'llah, having spent forty years in exile and imprisonment, died at Acca in 1892, after appointing his son, Abdul Baha Abbas, as his successor.

"Under Abdul Baha's leadership the Bahai cause has spread in many lands, especially in the United States, and has brought thousands of Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Parsis, Jews, and Hindus into harmonious association.

"The Bahais believe that the period of the 'Golden Era' upon earth is approaching, the age when, as Christ foretold, 'men shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.'

"The following are some of the basic principles on which the Bahai faith is built :

1. The oneness of the world of humanity.
2. Independent investigation of truth.
3. The foundation of all religions is one.
4. Religion to be the cause of unity.
5. Religion to be in accord with science and reason.
6. Equality between men and women.
7. Caste prejudice and class hatreds of all kinds to be replaced by fraternal co-operation.
8. The establishment of universal peace.
9. Universal education, with equal educational facilities for boys and girls.
10. Just solution of economic problems.
11. The adoption of a universal auxiliary language.
12. The establishment of an international tribunal for the prevention of wars and the settlement of international problems by arbitration.



"There is no priesthood in the movement, no religious ceremonial, its only dogma being the belief in God and His Prophets (or 'Manifestations'). Ritual holds no place among the Bahais, whose faith must express itself through prayer and devotion to God and by all the actions of life accomplished in neighbourly love.

"Abdul Baha Abbas (knighted in 1920 through the influence of General Sir Arthur Money, the Chief Administrator of Palestine, in token of his spiritual and social services to the country) lives on the slopes of Mount Carmel, and is now in his seventy-seventh year. He is held in the highest reverence and respect by the inhabitants of Haifa and Acca, irrespective of their creed, his venerable gracious figure being familiar throughout the district, and in many other parts of the East as well. After the reform of the Turkish Government in 1908 Abdul Baha Abbas was released from imprisonment within Acca, and in 1911 he visited London and Paris, travelling throughout the United States in 1912. At the City Temple in September, 1911, he said: 'This is a new cycle of human power. This is the hour of the unity of the sons of men and of the drawing together of all races and classes.

"The gift of God to this enlightened age is the knowledge of the oneness of mankind and of the fundamental unity of religion.

"War shall cease between nations and by the will of God the Most Great Peace shall come. The world will be seen as a new world and all men will love as brothers.'

"In bidding his friends in London farewell, Abdul Baha said:

"My hope is that through the zeal and ardour of the pure in heart the darkness of hatred and differences shall be entirely abolished and the light of love and unity shall shine; that this world shall become a new world and things material the mirror of the divine. That the whole world shall become as a man's native country and the different races be counted as one race . . . I pray that blessing may be upon all who work for union and progress."

Possibly there may be a great future in store for Haifa, for some hope that it will become the Mediterranean port for the new Baghdad railway and the pipe-line from the oilfields of Mesopotamia. In mediæval times Acre was the port of Galilee, for the reason that its site was more readily defensible on the landward side. Haifa, with the glorious background of Mount Carmel,

could be turned into a residential town, suitable for those who prefer the cool breezes and shady walks of the Prophet's mountain to the sun-scorched flatness of Acre. Again, there is plenty of room for expansion to the north-west and south-east of Haifa, and there are few situations so superbly beautiful and romantic, enjoying such possibilities.

I ascended Mount Carmel on the first morning of my visit, only too glad to get away from the noise and dust of the town, then in military occupation, and consequently full of khaki and motor-lorries. Mount Carmel is not really a "mount," but a chain of hills, chiefly limestone, which stretches from north to south for a distance of some sixteen miles. Its highest point is in the middle of the chain, where it rises to a height of 1,782 feet, facing the Bay of Acre on one side and the plain of Esdraelon on the other. Carmel signifies a *garden*, and the name is altogether appropriate. Would that I understood the names and meaning of flowers, and could in any way describe the wondrous beauty of the spring flowers that grow all along the paths to the sacred Mount! Flaming marigolds, red anemones, wild roses, scarlet poppies, marguerites and literally hundreds of other wild flowers whose names were unknown to me. There are hedges also of sweet-smelling herbs from which the monks make their famous liqueur.<sup>1</sup> Carmel is not a geographical name, it is more a type or metaphor of fruitfulness and beauty. When I climbed the Mount its sides were gloriously verdant, for the sun had not yet been sufficiently fierce to scorch them into dull brown. Among other trees were many almonds, evergreen oak, pines, and olives. Lizards were to be seen in great numbers, and some unusually large ones ran across the sunny paths or chased each other up and down the stone walls. The beauty of the Mount is described by Isaiah:

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.<sup>2</sup>

The carriage road is a very easy climb, and after about thirty-five minutes' walk I arrived at the summit of the ridge or esplanade. The first building reached is that of the Sisters of Nazareth, and next it are the great Carmelite buildings with the conspicuous dome which surmounts the Church of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

<sup>1</sup> Eau de Mélisse.

<sup>2</sup> Isaiah xxxv. 2.



Towards the west is a large modern building with a lighthouse, called "The Summer Palace." On this site a church was built in the fifth century in honour of St. Helena, and later a Carmelite monastery, in which St. Simon Stock was a monk, who later became General of that Order. This was destroyed by the Turks, who in 1821 built here a summer palace for Abdallah Pacha of St. John of Acre. In front of the palace is a graceful column of granite, with a statue of the Virgin given by pilgrims from Chile.

The church is eighteenth-century Italian in style, and in shape like a Greek cross. Opposite the west door, a double staircase of white marble leads to the High Altar. Between the balustrades a flight of stairs leads down to the Grotto of Elijah, the cave in which the prophet dwelt. It is this cave which has made the mountain for ever renowned, this and the wonders that he wrought here and elsewhere during his sojourn on Mount Carmel. In the native language the Mount was called "Jebel Mâr Eliâs," the Mountain of Elias (Elijah). A modern inscription over the cave testifies to the work and merits of the great prophet. The cave is held in great veneration alike by Christian, Jew, and Moslem, and many come to pray in this grotto.

An old Spanish monk who had been sitting in the gallery of the church came down and told me many things of interest connected with the grotto, and then showed me over the convent. For thirty years he had worked in the south of India, and had returned to this house of the Order to end his last days in peace. Indeed, when he took me on to the roof of the building, with its terraces commanding such a superb panorama in the midst of perfect rest and tranquillity, I agreed with the venerable Father that he had chosen well.

The view from the roof stretches from the promontory of Tyre, beyond Acre to Tantûra, the ancient Dor of Joshua's time. Beyond this I could just distinguish Cesarea of Palestine, once a most important city holding the privileges of a Roman colony bestowed upon it by Titus. St. Paul was imprisoned in this town. It is said to be the only city that has been besieged for so long a time as seven years, capitulating at the last in 1101, when it was taken by Baldwin. It is related that a very precious glass vase said to have been used at the Last Supper was discovered here at the taking of the town, a vase that played an important part in mediæval times in connection with the Holy Grail.

In a small garden in front of the church there is a stone



THE LAKE OF GALILEE TOWARDS MOUNT HERMON.

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pyramid surmounted by an iron cross, placed here in memory of those French soldiers, wounded or ill, who were left by Napoleon in the care of the monks, and massacred by the Turks after his departure (May 20th, 1799). Their bones, found by the monks scattered among the ruins of the convent, are buried beneath the monument. At the annual "pilgrimage of penitence" made by French residents and visitors to this spot a requiem is said for the repose of their souls.

After leaving the convent I visited the grotto known as the *School of the Prophets*, close to a small Moslem cemetery, and now used as a mosque. According to tradition, it was here that Elijah gathered his disciples and started the community known in the Bible as the "Sons of the Prophets." This sanctuary too has for many years been an object of veneration to Jews, Moslems, and Christians alike. The energetic visitor can, if he wishes, proceed from here to El Mukhraqu, or the Place of Sacrifice, which stands on the highest peak of Mount Carmel, and entails a climb of four to five hours. This is the traditional spot on which Elijah offered the victim that was consumed by fire from heaven, and is marked by a chapel built by the Carmelites a few years ago.

There are few places in Palestine quite so attractive as Mount Carmel, for its peace and tranquillity, its manifold legends and traditions, as also for its beauty. The mountain in springtime is green and fresh, and this in spite of the fact that all cultivation has been abandoned for years, yet the sight of the trees, the flowers of spring, and of the verdure, makes one realise what a fertile district this really must be. The sides of the mountain are grooved by many dales, and burrowed by grottoes which afforded safe refuge to those flying from persecution or from justice. This, perhaps, explains the words of the prophet Amos :

And though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence. <sup>1</sup>

#### ST. JOHN OF ACRE

Acre, or Acca, called by the Arabs Akka, the one-time stronghold of the Crusaders, and always associated with them, has already been mentioned. As the train neared Haifa, Acre was pointed out to me, shining in the sun, and standing out on its small promontory. The very first sight of Acre attracted

<sup>1</sup> Amos ix. 3.



me intensely, not merely because of its charming situation, but also because of what it stands for in history and romance. The quaint fact about Acre is that, though almost every stone has witnessed the thrilling scenes of its history, not one building of ancient interest remains, except the gate of the city, and part of the ramparts which date back to the time of the Crusaders. All else, bazaars, mosques, and houses, are built up of the old stones that once formed part of great monasteries and magnificent palaces.

To get to Acre it is best to drive along the sands, crossing the mouth of the river Kishon, with the great plain of Acre on the right. The beach stretching from Haifa to Acre is most picturesque, and in parts studded with tall palms. All kinds of shells are to be found on the shore, including the spiny shells of the fish from which the Phœnicians in olden times obtained the Tyrian purple. Glass was made from the sand of the Kishon. At the mouth of this river, where it joins the Mediterranean, a large monument of Memnon once stood.

I visited Acre one evening just before dusk, arriving by the noisy little train which journeys intermittently between Haifa and Acre. It was as though I had suddenly stepped into the Middle Ages as I passed under the magnificent gateway, the only gate of the city. The streets were narrow even for an Eastern town, and every turning brought me upon something fresh and strange. I saw no European, and the illusion would have been perfect in the half-light had I not suddenly come upon some English soldiers belonging to the "Somersets," who were stationed here. In the Square were several Arab cafés, with men sitting on low stools smoking their hookahs, and from the Square ran the very narrowest streets of bazaars, over which were stretched tarpaulin and sacking to protect the sellers from the heat of the sun. Down the middle of each street ran a tiny rivulet, which left still less space for pedestrians. In many of the shops dinners were already cooked on tin trays, and there was no lack of customers. From one bazaar I passed to others, all equally picturesque; there was nothing for the tourist to purchase beyond the commodities of daily life. Further on I came to the Franciscan Convent in the Khan Frandji, the ancient quarter of the European merchants. Francis of Assisi landed here in 1219 and founded the first house of his Order in Palestine. Close by their convent is the large building of the Khan Frandji itself, which dates from the seventeenth century and would seem to

have escaped destruction. It was one of those many fortified caravanserais where traders and others took shelter under the protection of their Consul and were thus able to carry on their business. I could just distinguish in the fading light the Mosque of Jezzâr, built about 1780, in a very picturesque position, surrounded by orange trees, palms and cypresses which shelter the tombs of former pachas of Acre. Close by is a charming and graceful minaret, the gallery of which was brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps, for the Muezzin was about to give the call to prayer. The citadel near by marks the spot where once stood the ancient monastery castle of the Knights of St. John.

Few towns of its size have had such a remarkable and romantic history as Acre, and few have taken part in so many wars and sieges. Acre is mentioned in Scripture for the first time in the Book of Judges as a town of the tribe of Aser. In the time of the Ptolemies it received the name of Ptolemais. It is mentioned in the days of Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, Alexander the Great, Ptolemy and Simon Maccabæus; Cleopatra took it and gave it to the Syrians; later it became a Roman colony. St. Paul landed here, through him Christianity spread, and as early as 198 there was a Christian Bishop. It had resumed its name of Akka when in 638 it fell into the hands of the Moslems. In 1104 it became one of the principal bulwarks of the Christian religion in Palestine, and was called St. John of Acre. Except for a short interval of Moslem rule it remained in Christian hands, and was the last outpost of the Crusaders until 1291, when they were finally driven out of Palestine. Since then it has suffered from many attacks and changes of fortune, but from 1840 until 1918 it remained in the hands of the Moslems. It is interesting to remember that during the late war Acre was neither attacked by land nor bombarded by sea, an altogether new experience for this bellicose little city. . . .

As I hastened back to the station, passing through the quaint and fascinating survivals of the past, I meditated on the former glories of this wonderful little town and the part it had played in history from the time of the Phœnicians until the year 1843, when the Turk wrested it from the Egyptian Ibrahim Pasha, and once more surrounded it with fortifications built almost entirely with the stones and débris of a former splendour.

As the train steamed out of the station I could just see the natives on the beach drawing in their nets before darkness closed in upon them, as their ancestors had done from time immemorial.



The sun had set behind the old gateway, and the great palm trees were still.

## TIBERIAS

(c) *The Bright Blue Lake of Galilee*

"Clear silver water in a cup of gold,  
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara,  
It shines—His Lake—the Sea of Chinnereth—  
The waves He loved, the waves that kissed His feet  
So many blessed days. Oh, happy waves!  
Oh, little, silver, happy Sea, far famed,  
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara!"<sup>1</sup>

We took the "every-other-day" early morning train from Haifa and found it uncomfortably crowded, so much so that we had to stand wedged in a corridor throughout the four hours' journey to Samakh. We passed through the pleasant fertile plain of the Kishon, and then through that of Jezreel. I was much impressed by the utter loneliness of the district. Except at the stations there were no signs of life or human habitation. After reaching El-Afulah, the station for Nazareth, we passed a Jewish colony where agricultural labour was in full progress. Then we came to Shattâ, and, shortly after, Beisân. This town is the ancient Bethsan or Beth Sean, the House of Rest, mentioned in Scripture in connection with the disastrous battle of Gilboa, where Saul, defeated by the Philistines, committed suicide. The Philistines cut off his head and fastened his body to the walls of Bethsan.<sup>2</sup>

The surroundings of this town, watered by four different streams, are most picturesque, with luxuriant vegetation much in evidence. Rabbi ben Lakisch said of Beisan: "If Paradise is to be found in Palestine, its gate is Beth Sean." We crossed the Jordan about three miles before reaching Samakh, and on the left obtained a view of the picturesque Djisr el Moudjamia, "the Bridge of the Meetings," which dates back to the times of the Saracens and is composed of a large pointed arch flanked on each side by small and low arches.

Semak, or Samakh (Arabic for "fish"), is fifty-four miles distant from Haifa and some 600 feet below the level of the

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edwin Arnold. *The Light of the World*.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Samuel xxxi. 10.



WITHIN THE WALLS OF TIBERIAS.

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Mediterranean. The village, picturesquely situated on a small cliff, consists of a collection of Arab hovels. For some time there has been a British encampment here, for Bedouin raids on Jewish colonies are still not infrequent in this district. The view of the lake and the surrounding mountains is magnificent; the sun shone and the lake was calm and peaceful. A few minutes' walk took us to the edge of the lake, and there we found a motor-boat full of natives ready to undertake the forty minutes' voyage to Tiberias. By the time we had all squeezed into the boat it was filled to its utmost capacity, but fortunately the weather was calm.

Tiberias is hidden away by promontories, but Tâbigah in its glory of verdure can easily be seen, while Capernaum can be distinguished at the northern end of the lake lying at the entrance of the valley through which runs the Jordan.

Soon after leaving Samakh clouds obscure the sun, the wind rises suddenly, the rain descends, and the waters of the lake become like waves of the sea. Tarpaulins are drawn round the boat; we can see nothing; the mountains themselves are wrapped in mist, and the rain drips down our necks. It is depressing, but we console ourselves with our first glorious view of the lake. These storms soon arise and as quickly fall, and all is calm once more. We could not fail to remember:

And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, inso-much that the ship was covered with the waves: but He was asleep. And His disciples came to Him, and awoke Him, saying, Lord, save us: we perish. And He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm.<sup>1</sup>

Just before we reach Tiberias the rain stops and the sun again appears, the curtains are drawn back, and we can see the beauties of the lake. On the left we pass the famous hot springs, housed in a building of Oriental style, surmounted by a dome. A few minutes afterwards we arrive at Tiberias. A short walk up steep and narrow steps through an open square and we find ourselves at the Hotel Tiberias. What an hotel! Quite charming outside, with its verandah looking right across the lake. But inside!—a veritable plague of gnats and flies. Flies were everywhere: in the dining-room, the kitchen and the bedrooms, on

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew viii. 24-26.



one's food and in one's drink, giving one no peace. In the afternoon the weather cleared, and some officers staying in the hotel volunteered to take me to the far end of the lake. As the weather looked uncertain, we made directly for Capernaum, known to the Arabs as Tel Hûm.

On landing we visited the ruins of the Synagogue. The Franciscan brother in charge, to whom my friends at S. Salvatore had given me an introduction, showed us the excavations which had been carried on by the German Oriental Society before the war. These were the remains of a rampart sunk under the earth, said to have formed the foundations of a large tower, and further on we saw a slab of mosaic which evidently had formed part of the flooring in some ancient church. At the end of the road we came upon the imposing ruins of the Synagogue, which had obviously been built of great blocks of limestone.

The interior shows the remains of what might be called a central nave, sixty-two feet long and twenty-six feet wide, and in the corners of the gallery are to be seen two square pillars, each flanked by half columns. The pedestals, united as one piece with the bases of the columns, are for the most part still in their places. Shafts over nine feet in length carry superb Corinthian capitals with deeply-cut foliage, and the friezes, which may still be seen, are profusely ornamented with sculpture, palms, foliage, fruit, and figures. One walks on ruins, blocks of stone, or stumps of broken columns, which are still half concealed by the growth of t'isties and briars. I was much struck by the immense size of this magnificent ruin, from all accounts unequalled in size and splendour by any other synagogue. It is generally accepted now that the foundation of this synagogue can be attributed to the centurion mentioned in the Gospel, it being the type of synagogue constructed under Roman rule.

In no other place were our Lord's miracles so numerous as at Capernaum: it was here that the woman suffering from the issue of blood was healed, and the centurion's servant to whom the *Domine non sum dignus* of the master secured the return to health. In this city our Lord explained His doctrine on fasting, the Sabbath, humility, and shortly after the miracle of feeding the five thousand he explained the symbolism of the miracle in the Eucharistic discourse given in St. John's Gospel. It was by Capernaum that St. Peter found in the mouth of the fish the "stater" demanded by the tax-gatherer for himself and his Master. It was near the city that our Lord gave the long

discourses known as the Sermon on the Mount, which were preached at different spots on the Mountain<sup>1</sup> and in the plain. Again, it was because "of their unbelief and hardness of heart" that our Lord, also at Capernaum, uttered these memorable words, cursing the city, together with Bethsaida and Chorazin:

Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. . . . And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell . . . it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.<sup>2</sup>

Chorazin is about two miles distant, and its ruins lie at the bottom of a ravine.

To this lake a variety of names has been given, first of all Kinneret, which it received because of its oval shape, supposed to bear some resemblance to a harp (in Hebrew, *Kinnor*). After the captivity in Babylon it was called the Sea of Gennesar, or Gennesaret, a name borrowed from the fertile plain lying around its shores on the north-west. In the New Testament it is called the Sea of Galilee and the Sea of Tiberias, and the Arabs have retained this last name by calling it the Bahr Tabarujeh. There are few places which recall such vivid memories of the Gospel story, for our Lord, together with His disciples, would come and go from one side of the lake to the other, spreading the knowledge of the Faith by His teaching and miracles along its shores. The Apostles were afloat on this lake when their boat was in danger of sinking because of the "wind and tempest"; on its waters our Lord walked towards His disciples as if He were treading on solid ground. From a ship on the lake our Lord spoke to the crowd assembled on the shore, and explained to them the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven. Its waters witnessed the miraculous draughts of fishes: the first being followed by the call of the Apostles,<sup>3</sup> the second used for the payment of tax,<sup>4</sup> and on the occasion of the third, which took

<sup>1</sup> *Qoroun Hattin*, or The Horns of Hattin, is said by some to be the Mount of the Beatitudes; others, however, refer them to one of several hills that rise above the plain of Tâbigah about 825 ft. above the lake. On this Mount there are two isolated pines, called by the Arabs "Trees of Blessing," which, it is said, perpetuate the memory of the Mount where our Lord preached the Beatitudes.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matthew xi. 21-24.

<sup>4</sup> St. Matthew xvii. 27.

<sup>3</sup> St. Matthew iv. 18.



place after the Resurrection, the charge being given to Peter to feed the sheep and lambs of Christ's flock.

All these episodes bring before us very vividly the ministry of our Lord and His constant association with the men, women, and children who dwelt in the towns and villages on the lake, and especially with the fishermen who earned their living by the fruit of its water. To-day, alas! how changed it all is: there are no boats, no fishermen, no villages or towns of any size except Tiberias, and no people to crowd the shores. I think that I saw two boats on the lake, one of which I photographed, with some half-dozen fishermen drying their nets on the shore in front of the little Church of St. Peter at Tiberias.

"The hungry land gasps empty in the glare;  
The vulture's self goes famished; the wolf prowls,  
Fasting, amid the broken stones which built  
The cities of His sojourn. Wild birds nest  
Where revels once were loudest. All are gone;  
Save for those names never to pass away—  
Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala—  
The nine white towns that sate beside His lake."<sup>1</sup>

About two and a half miles from Tiberias, on the same side of the lake, is to be seen a collection of Arab hovels known as El Mejdal. We noticed the remains of an enclosing wall and the fragments of two towers. El Mejdal is the ancient Magdala, an Aramæan form corresponding to the Hebrew *Migdal*, which means a tower or fortress. It was at Magdala that the Pharisees asked of Christ a sign. Its chief interest to-day lies in the fact that it was the birthplace of St. Mary Magdalene, the woman who was taken in adultery, and out of whom our Lord cast seven devils.<sup>2</sup>

"Desolate most of all, with one starved palm  
And huddle of sad squalid hovels, thou,  
El-Mejdel! burned a-dry beneath black crags,  
Choked with thick sand, comfortless, poor, despised,  
Who stretched beforetimes to the adjacent Lake  
Proud fortress-arms, and—Lady of the plain—  
Holding the keys of glad Gennesaret,  
Took tribute of all passers. Vainly praised  
For thy strong Tower—soaring so high, now laid  
Lost in the dust—yet wert thou marked to live,  
Stamped for immortal memory by one Name,  
Hers who 'loved much' and had her home in thee,  
Mary of Magdala."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edwin Arnold. *The Light of the World*. <sup>2</sup> St. Luke viii. 2 and vii. 37.

Romantic indeed must have been the situation of Magdala, the palms and balsams of Gennesaret around it, the blue lake in front, the hills beyond, and behind it the stretch of valley with the picturesque horns of Hattin terminating the view. Surely it was rich in all that contributes beauty and grandeur!

It is interesting to recall that at the time of the opening of the Gospel story, Andrew, Peter, and Philip were living at Bethsaida, and that James and John, with Zebedee, were their neighbours. Mary is in her house at Magdala, St. John the Baptist is at Bethabara beyond Jordan, Nathanael is at Cana, while our Lord is still living at Nazareth with His Mother, so that the lake and its environs form indeed the *mise en scène* of the prelude to our Lord's ministerial life and these men and women its *dramatis personæ*. Taking a rough map of the Lake of Galilee, with the Jordan running through it, Capernaum is seen towards the north of the lake, Magdala on its western border, and Bethsaida between the two. Cana lies to the west about twelve miles off and Nazareth five miles further away.

During the journey from Magdala to Bethsaida our Lord warned His disciples against the leaven of the Pharisees, and when Bethsaida was reached a blind man was brought for His healing. I have already referred to the fact that Mount Hattin is generally chosen as the Mount of the Beatitudes, but it is upon the shores of the lake that an older tradition places the miracle of the five thousand. According to this tradition, our Lord embarked with His Apostles at Capernaum, and after crossing the sea He landed on the shore of the Seven Fountains and withdrew to a solitary spot covered with grass in the territory of Bethsaida. The crowd followed Him on foot with a number of sick people; and on that evening He fed five thousand men, besides women and children, with five loaves and two fishes. Afterwards He sent the crowd away. His Apostles returned to Bethsaida, and He retired to the Mount for prayer. St. Jerome, describing the pilgrimage made by His disciple St. Paula in 380, says: "She paid a short visit to Nazareth, Cana, and Capernaum, the constant witness of our Lord's miracles, the Lake of Tiberias sanctified by His journeys over it, the desert where several thousand men were fed with loaves." St. Paula made it clear in her letter to Marcella that she visited the place of the miraculous feeding on the west shore of the lake.

Between Bethsaida and Capernaum there must have been perpetual "going and coming" by our Lord and His disciples.



Evidently the home at Nazareth was left for a while and a house taken at Capernaum, henceforth known as our Lord's city. "It is about our Lord's life in Capernaum that most is known, and at the time of His sojourn there it had become a notable city, civil representatives of the Roman power being stationed there, and its position at the junction of the four great roads from Arabia, Egypt, Tyre, and Damascus made it an important centre of travel and commerce. Our Lord spoke of the town as "exalted to heaven," and although this may have had mainly a spiritual significance, it is not improbable that the height and magnificence of the architecture displayed in many of its public buildings may have suggested the exaltation to which our Lord referred." So writes Mr. J. W. Taylor, in his fascinating book, *The Coming of the Saints*, but one cannot help feeling that our Lord was speaking in a spiritual sense and referring to Capernaum's exaltation in unprecedented and unparalleled privileges.

Of all the cities in Palestine, none had so great opportunities as Capernaum and Bethsaida. Bethlehem was indeed "exalted" as the scene of His birth, Nazareth was "exalted" as the home of His youth, and Jerusalem was "exalted" as the scene of thrilling events, and as the witness of the great drama of the Passion and Resurrection. The manifestation of the life of Christ is to be found in Capernaum, however. Every path and slope of the mountains, every street around that once busy lake is saturated with His presence, His teaching, His miracles. Further, whereas He was driven from Bethlehem, assaulted in Nazareth, and persecuted in Jerusalem, there is no such record in Capernaum; on the contrary, His influence was great, He seems to have been honoured and respected: all and sundry came to listen to His words, publicans from the custom-house, fishermen from their nets, elders from the Jewish synagogues, officers in the Roman army, and the "common people" who "heard Him gladly." They heard His words, but the influence of the royal court in the neighbouring city of Tiberias, with its appalling vices and irreligion, was too great for them; and so the vast multitude heard Him with indifference, and though they were proud of Him they neglected any attempt to follow His teaching. . . . To-day nothing is more striking than the contrast between these shores in the time of our Lord, such busy scenes of traffic and life, and what they are now, a spectacle of loneliness and desolation.

Who can ever forget the story of Levi the publican, that story

at once romantic and pathetic? He was a revenue officer, a Jew in the employ of the Roman government, his office being in the custom-house close to the landing-stage; here he collected the harbour dues for the boats coming in, and probably levied duty on the exports and imports as they went or came across the lake. The Gospels give us the story in simple form without any comment whatever:

And after these things He went forth, and saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom: And He said unto him, Follow me. And he left all, rose up, and followed Him. And Levi made a great feast in his own house: and there was a great company of publicans and of others that sat down with them.<sup>1</sup>

Before leaving this spot of holy memories, one may well count up those who lived at Magdala, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, or near those places: our Lord and His Mother; James, John, Zebedee, and Salome; Peter, Peter's wife, and his wife's mother; Andrew, Philip, Nathanael; James (the less), Simon, Jude, Cleopas, and Mary his wife; Matthew and Thomas; the centurion and his servant; Chuza and Joanna, and their son; Mary Magdalene; Jairus, with his wife and daughter; the man with an unclean spirit; the sick of the palsy; the widow of Nain and her son; the man with a withered hand; the young man who said, "Master, I will follow Thee, whithersoever Thou goest"; the woman with the issue of blood; and the two blind men who cried out, "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon us." Beyond all these there were the crowds who thronged the synagogues to hear Him, and the multitude who followed Him and desired to crown Him as their earthly King. Perhaps the greatest scene of all was that which occurred towards the end of our Lord's residence at Capernaum. It was just after the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand, and it marked a parting of the ways, a foretaste of the betrayal and Passion. This dramatic event happened at the conclusion of the Eucharistic discourse. The synagogue was thronged, for it was the sabbath morning, and the elders were murmuring in anger: "Is not this Jesus, the Son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How is it then that He saith, 'I came down from heaven'?" But Christ replied: "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."<sup>2</sup> Here was indeed the parting of the

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke v. 27-29.

<sup>2</sup> St. John vi. 53.



ways. "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" And then one by one they leave Him. Picture Jesus standing on the steps of the synagogue, the service being over. "From that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him." The Apostles alone remain. "Will ye also go away?" He asks them, and Peter replied, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."<sup>1</sup> It may well be called a momentous scene in our Lord's life at Capernaum! In order that it might never be forgotten, the Evangelist St. John adds these words: "These things said He in the synagogue as He taught in Capernaum."

We read in St. Luke's Gospel how our Lord "arrived at the country of the Gadarenes, which is over against Galilee." This takes us to the eastern shore of Gennesaret. The contrast between the sterile aspect of this side and the cultivated beauty around Capernaum must have been striking. Hills with just a patch of cultivation here and there rising abruptly from the water's edge, the climate uncongenial, the land exposed, as it is to this day, to the incursion of hostile hordes, one can understand why there were but few inhabitants. It was a kind of borderland in those days, abandoned to a mixed population of Jews and Gentiles; animals clean and unclean, the sheep of the Hebrews, the swine of the Gentiles, browsing on contiguous pastures. There is something sinister about these hills, dark and threatening, with no sign of life or human habitation. There are still the remains of a Jewish burying-ground to be seen in a recess formed in the mountains. Caves, natural or artificial, are hollowed out of the rock, while the ruins of some village crown the heights at the top of the valley. It would seem that out of one of these rocky tombs a being in human shape rushed down the slope to the lake and met our Lord on His arrival with wild gestures and cries; he was "possessed of devils a long time, and wore no clothes, neither abode in any house, but in the tombs." The devils knew who Christ was: hence the cry of the wretched man, "Jesus, Thou Son of God most High." Then follows the exorcism, the devils enter the herd of swine, which are destroyed; but human life is saved, and the man is found by the Gadarenes seated "at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."<sup>2</sup> . . . Finally there is the farewell, that most touching of all the

<sup>1</sup> St. John vi. 68, 69.<sup>2</sup> St. Luke viii. 26.

scenes on the lake. There had been the night of failure—the disciples had toiled all the night and caught nothing—but "when the morning had come Jesus stood on the shore,"<sup>1</sup> a miracle is worked, "and now they were not able to draw the net for the multitude of fishes." In that quiet morning hour our Lord holds a confidential meeting with His Apostles. Probably a larger gathering is now arranged, that He may publicly bid farewell to the many devoted disciples scattered throughout Galilee among whom He had lived and laboured so long. St. Matthew tells us that the place appointed was "a mountain," probably the Mount of the Beatitudes, the spot hallowed by former words of warning and mercy, which more than any other place overlooked the scenes of His ministry and miracles. Possibly this place of meeting was the memorable assembly to which St. Paul refers when he speaks of Christ having been "seen by five hundred brethren at once," the greater part of whom were still alive when he wrote, though some had fallen asleep. At this assembly our Lord closed His ministry in Galilee, upon the shores of its favoured lake.

On our return to Tiberias another of those sudden squalls came sweeping down the mountain gorge. There was no rain fortunately, but the waves were like the sea and we were nearly swamped. Just as we caught sight of the little pier of Tiberias, the lake stilled, and from a murky green its waters became azure blue, and the sky was cloudless. Later that evening we walked to the ruins of Herod's palace high above the city, and witnessed a glorious sunset over the waters of that wonderful lake; then we wandered about the narrow streets of what was once a really imposing city, and is now but a small and unimportant village.

The next day being Sunday, I heard Mass at the little fishermen's church on the border of the lake. It is an old church, belonging to the Franciscans and dedicated to St. Peter, in perpetual memory of the miraculous draught of fishes and the final command of our Lord to Peter after the Resurrection. Afterwards I walked by the lake and saw a few fishermen mending their nets; others were drying along the walls of the quay. It was a beautiful morning; at 7 a.m. the sun was already fierce, the hills on the east were in deep shade, in contrast to the splendid

<sup>1</sup> St. John xxi. 4.



blue of the lake. Shortly after breakfast we, a party of five, including an American priest and his wife, an Australian and a South African officer, started off on our journey with a clear sky and a brilliant sun above us.

(c) *A Pilgrimage to Nazareth*

A steep and apparently interminable climb brought us to the top of the hill, and we had just time for a glimpse of Tiberias, with its mosques, palms, and gardens, the Roman fortress, the ruins of Herod's palace, the lake and its mountains beyond, when quite suddenly the rain began to fall, and we had to shelter behind our tarpaulin curtains. The promise of the morning had not been fulfilled; it was just a replica of an English April day, for sunshine and storms alternated. For a moment it was dark overhead, but sunny on the distant hills; and then it changed again, the waters of the lake were churned, the waves crested with white foam. It rained heavily, and we were thankful not to be on the waters. The country we passed through was deserted, but very fertile, just crying out for labourers and someone to take an interest in it. We passed a caravan, a few isolated shepherds, and an occasional Arab driving his donkey along the sandy road, which was fast becoming a quagmire owing to the rain. Then we passed the Arab village of Mansourah, situated at the entrance of the plain of Sharon of Galilee, below the mount known as Hadjaret en Nâsira, or the "Stones of the Christians," also called the Khamsa Khoutsat, or the "Five Loaves," and in Latin the *Mensa Christi*. Here, according to tradition, the miracle of the seven loaves took place, St. Matthew recording that our Lord "having left Tyre and Sidon, came nigh to the sea of Galilee, and going up into a mountain, He sat there,"<sup>1</sup> after which He entered a boat and went to Magdala.

Then we passed through the fertile plains of Sharon of Galilee amidst fitful gleams of sunshine—"the Sharon of which Isaiah speaks," as St. Jerome says—and on the left we obtained an admirable view of Mount Tabor, the Mountain of the Transfiguration, on the top of which the Franciscans possess a small chapel and hope soon to build a Basilica. In front on the right rose the horned mountain called Hattin, some 198 feet above

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xv. 29.

the level plain—a beautiful elongated hill, rearing up at the ends like an Arabian saddle, forming two peaks resembling horns, hence the name Qoroun Hattin. This mountain witnessed a sanguinary battle in 1187. Here the Crusaders made their last attempt to retain the Holy Land, but were utterly defeated by Saladin, and thousands of them were slaughtered. The battle was followed by the withdrawal of the Crusaders for ever, and the consequent submission of all Palestine to Islam.

The rain lifted for a moment and the sun shone; one last glimpse of the lake, a blue gleam flashing up from the deep hollow below to cheer us in the midst of the storm, and then we advanced slowly on to the plain of El Battôf or Zebulon. This is said to be one of the most fertile plains in all Palestine, and its appearance, in spite of utter neglect, would seem to justify this reputation—luxuriant crops of thistles and rank grass, a few patches of corn, maize, sesame and lentils. Brilliant wild flowers were growing widely, and all around them were clumps of green grass. The Bedouin nomads seemed to be aware of its fertile properties, for we saw many droves of camels and sheep feeding on its grass and shrubs. The road was so heavy owing to the storms that we rested here awhile for the sake of the horses, and ate our lunch inside the wagonette, with the tarpaulin curtains firmly fixed, for the wind and the rain were coming down heavily again. After lunch we started once more, and presently we reached Kafr Kennâ, as the Arabs call Cana of Galilee, among the stony hills so characteristic of Palestine, with splendid olives, prickly pears, and its famous pomegranates all around it. Here we left the carriage, and walked along a narrow path leading by stone houses and mud hovels to the centre of the village, which looked very prosperous. An ornate marble sarcophagus did duty as a water-trough, and as we passed by we saw women filling their pitchers from its contents, and afterwards placing them on their heads, according to immemorial custom.

There are no Jews here; it is a village of Syrian Christians and Moslems only, most of the Christians belonging to the Orthodox Greek Church. We visited the parish church of the Latins, which is served by Franciscans, and occupies the site of a Crusaders' church, which in its turn had taken the place of a still more ancient church. A Hebrew mosaic inscription, dating from the fourth century, names a certain Joseph as its founder, and this was probably Count Joseph of Tiberias, created Count by Constantine, and the founder of many



churches. In the crypt the lay brother showed us a Jewish pitcher, said to be a facsimile of those used at the miracle. According to tradition, this crypt is the actual hall where the pitchers were filled with the water which, by the power of Christ, was changed into wine.

Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And He saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it. . . . This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory; and His disciples believed on Him.<sup>1</sup>

In the Greek Church, which was built in 1556 and restored in 1886, we were shown two heavy basins of stone, and told that they were the identical waterpots used in the wedding feasts. Outside the church a group of picturesque women and children implored us to buy some specimens of the local lace, and offered us various alleged antiquities in the way of beads and crosses. They told us that in latter years visitors came but rarely to Kafr Kennâ, and they were naturally anxious to seize the opportunity we afforded them. On leaving the village we passed the Chapel of St. Bartholomew, the traditional house of Nathanael, where Philip told him that they had found the Messiah.

Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.<sup>2</sup>

The road on leaving Cana becomes very steep, and after ascending for some distance we passed Er Reineh, with its stream of clear water, climbing on, until we reached the ridge of El Chanouk, and obtained our first glimpse of Nazareth. A rapid descent brought us to the Fountain of the Virgin, where we saw girls and women bringing their pitchers; and then at the end of the main street, almost opposite the convent of the Poor Clares, we reached the hotel at last, having taken seven and a quarter hours to complete the journey of seventeen miles. The sun shone as we reached our destination, mocking at our damp and mud-stained clothes, and the joy of finding ourselves in Nazareth made us forget every discomfort.

<sup>1</sup> St. John ii. 7-11.

<sup>2</sup> St. John i. 45.



TIBERIAS SEEN FROM THE ROAD TO NAZARETH.

[To face page 254.]



(d) *Those Little Lanes of Nazareth*

" Thus ligged He—as we gathered—all those years  
 In Nazareth : and Joseph died ; and need  
 Came that He take, with all humility,  
 The load of common lives. So in that town  
 Hard by the fountain ; in the house I know,—  
 (Oh me ! I passed with Pappus by its porch ;  
 We in the gilded litters, He at toil !)  
 His trade He plied, a carpenter ; and built  
 Doors, where folk come and go, unto this hour,  
 Not wotting how the hands which wrought their doors  
 Unbarred Death's gate by Love's high sacrifice ;—  
 Tables whereon folks set their meat, and eat,  
 Heedless of Who was ' Bread of Life,' and gave  
 Such food that whoso eateth hungereth not.  
*And in those little lanes of Nazareth*  
*Each morn His holy feet would come and go*  
*While He bore planks and beams, whose back must bear*  
*The cruel Cross."*<sup>1</sup>

We have passed along the road by which our Lord must have so often journeyed, we have climbed the hills that He climbed, and now we are in the little city where He spent His youth and early manhood. It has often occurred to me that, whereas one is shown the " Holy Coat " at Trèves, many pieces of the True Cross, Thorns from the Crown, the Pillar of Scourging, and many other such relics, there has never yet been shown a relic of anything that our Lord Himself made when, during all those long years, He worked in a carpenter's shop. There is something very mystical about this, as if His work were too holy, too precious, to be kept even as a relic, like the alabaster box that Mary Magdalene broke, lest it should be put to some unworthy purpose.

The origin of the name of Nazareth is *Nezer*, meaning a shoot, and thus a flower. Well chosen is the name, for Nazareth is indeed a flower of beauty in a most charming setting.

Early the next morning I climbed up to the Salesian monastery on the top of the western hill, and obtained a glorious view over the city and the mountains beyond. The morning was fresh, the sun shone brightly after the rain, and the air was light and clear. Below lay the little town with its white houses and graceful minaret, with palm-trees, dates, and cactus, and the

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edwin Arnold. *The Light of the World*.



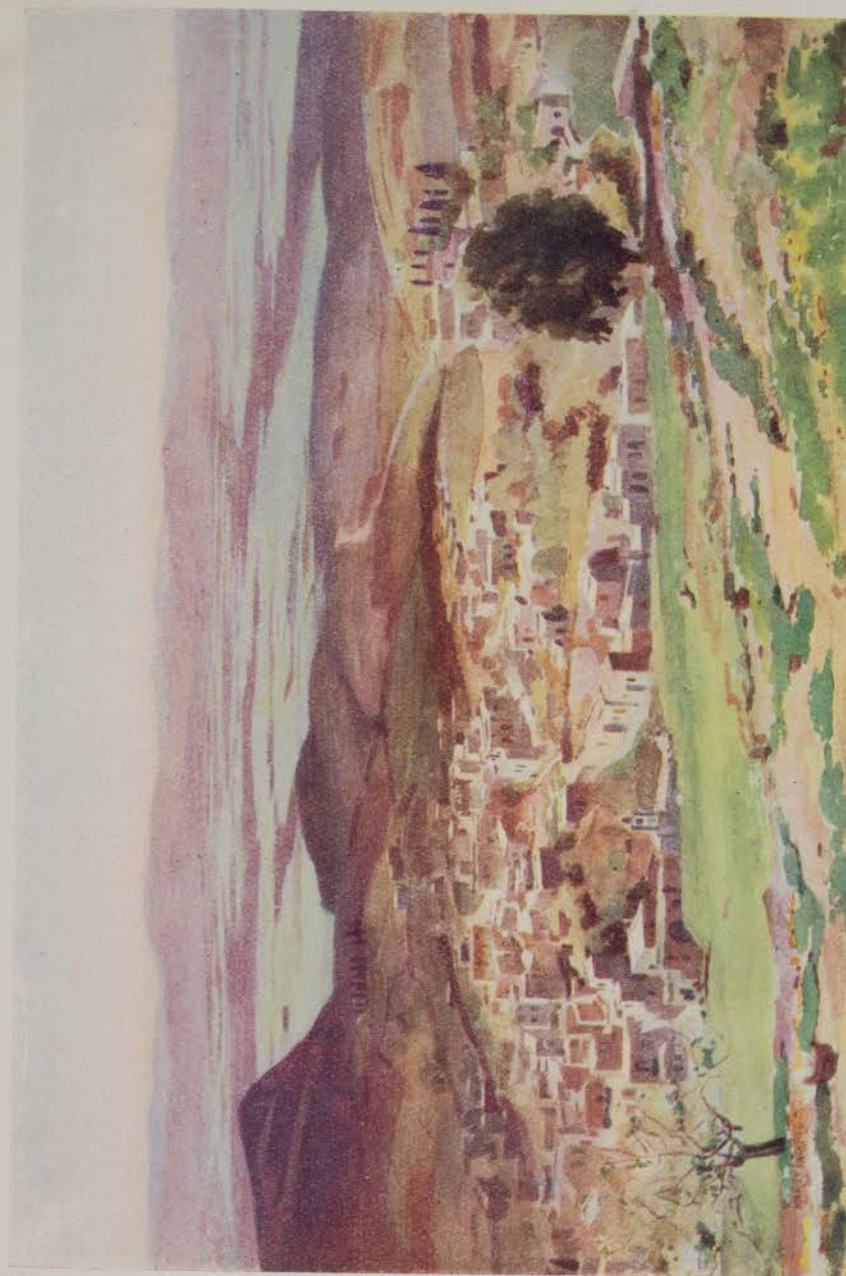
quiet loveliness of the valley seemed to give it an air of seclusion, as if shut away from the outer world.

Nazareth is not mentioned before the time of our Lord, and therefore owes its importance, firstly, to the fact that it was the home of the Virgin Mary, and that here the Archangel Gabriel announced to her the wondrous message that she was to be the Mother of the Son of God, and secondly, because He passed His youth up to the age of thirty in this obscure village. Therefore Nazareth has no other memories than those connected with Christ, and in this way it is unique. During the period of our Lord's youth the city was obscure, a mere mountain town, lying out of the way and seldom visited; so unimportant, indeed, that Nathanael, on hearing that the Messiah was of Nazareth, asked Philip the famous question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew tells us that the Holy Family returned to Nazareth after the death of Herod, that the words of the prophets might be fulfilled, "He shall be called a Nazarene."<sup>2</sup> St. Jerome explains these words as meaning that the Evangelist alluded to the prophets, who announced that Messiah would be an object of hatred in the eyes of His own people. Up to the time of Tertullian (160-240), the name of Nazarene was used as a term of contempt by Jews and Pagans alike, and this custom only ceased in the fourth century, when the term Nazarene became the name of an heretical sect. The Arabs, however, still speak of Christians as *Nostrani* in the singular, and *Nasara* in the plural.

Nazareth has experienced many vicissitudes, and the tempests of war have often broken into this secluded valley; so much so that not one stone of the town known to our Lord remains to-day. Until the time of Constantine it continued to be a Jewish town, but later a splendid Basilica was built on the spot where the Angel appeared to Mary, and the house where Mary dwelt would have been known to generations of Jews, partly because of their hatred of the Christians, and also owing to the veneration of the Christians for these sacred places. The Venerable Bede tells of Nazareth in his treatise, *Liber nominum locorum ex Actis*: "Nazareth is a little village not far from Mount Tabor; it is from it that our Saviour was called a Nazarite. A church stands where the angel entered to announce to Mary the great news, and another on the spot where our Lord was brought up."

<sup>1</sup> St. John i. 46.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matthew ii. 23.



NAZARETH IN ITS SETTING.

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St. Willibald, who visited Nazareth in 725, found the Basilica of the Annunciation, and says: "The Christians often bought back this church from the Pagans (Saracens) when these latter wished to destroy it."

From 1100 onwards, historic events seem to have followed each other in rapid succession. On Tancred taking possession of Galilee after the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, the Basilica was rebuilt and used as a cathedral, but in 1187, after the battle of Hattin, the Christians were driven out. Later, in 1250, the Sultan concluded a treaty with St. Louis, King of France, by which Nazareth and other towns were given back to the Christians; but not for long, for the Bibars came up from Egypt and encamped with a great army on Mount Tabor, from whence troops were sent out to destroy all churches and convents. Christians were promised safety from death if they embraced Islam, but preferring death to apostasy they were martyred and their bodies cast into wells. When in 1291 the Crusaders made their final exit from the Holy Land, most of the clergy followed them, and only a few Franciscans remained at their perilous posts to win back the Holy Places for Christendom. Earlier in the thirteenth century St. Francis of Assisi had visited Nazareth, drawn there, according to his scribe Celando, "by the sanctuary of the Mystery of the Incarnation," and his great spirit of fortitude would seem to have remained behind him, for there can be no doubt whatever that the saving of Nazareth and its preservation for Christianity has resulted from the constant and unflagging devotion of the Franciscans. Sixty years after the departure of the Crusaders we find the Friars Minor settled down among the ruins of the Sanctuary of the Annunciation, and a writer of the fourteenth century says: "At Nazareth they possessed a monastery to-day abandoned on account of the wickedness of the Pagans." According to Franciscan chronicles, the Friars Minor were driven from Nazareth first in 1385, then in 1448, and the following year it is stated that "one priest and two Christians were found again dwelling in the chapel, where the Angel saluted Mary."

Again, in 1548, under Turkish rule, persecution raged against the religious orders in Nazareth; many were killed and others went to Jerusalem. One Christian remained behind, however, and kept two lamps perpetually burning in the Grotto of the Annunciation. In 1620 the Father Custodian obtained formal permission to build a church above the grotto, together with a



convent, but in the following years the friars again suffered imprisonment, fines, and then expulsion. The pertinacity of these amazing men baffles description: nothing seemed to damp their ardour—torture, imprisonment, fines, expulsion were all a part of their daily life, and however often they were driven out, invariably they returned; for every one who fell out of the ranks by martyrdom or disease, there were always others ready to fill his place, and so it has been throughout their history since the time of their founder.

Bedouins pillaged the Franciscans and destroyed their church in 1638, but three years later we find them again established in the ruins of the beloved sanctuary, where they were exposed to trials almost every day. This same story goes on, one might almost say continually, down to the year 1730, and it is only referred to here at length because it seems to me that the work of the Franciscans on behalf of Christianity is not appreciated as it should be by Christians all the world over.

About the year 1730 the Cheik Zâhir el-Omar made himself master of Central Palestine, and under his rule Nazareth enjoyed comparative peace. The Franciscans then applied for permission to restore the Sanctuary and rebuild the church, which they obtained, but the local Moslems continued to persecute them and to put every obstacle in their way in order that the church should not be built. The manner in which the Moslems were circumvented is altogether delightful, and one can picture the Fathers' simple enjoyment at being able to outwit their persecutors. The Franciscans secretly gathered together the workers and necessary material, and at the feast of Nebi Musâ, when the last Moslem had started on his pilgrimage, they began to build, and carried on the work with such feverish energy, aided by monks and lay brethren, that the church was finished in two months, just a day before the return of the pilgrims. One can imagine the baffled wrath of the Moslems when ascending from the plain of Esdraelon they saw before them a great church standing up against the horizon. Whatever their feelings were against the friars, they did not persecute them further. Possibly they may have thought that a miracle had been worked, or more likely they admired the unwearying efforts of the Franciscans to build once again a shrine worthy of the Holy Place. Whatever the reason, peace has reigned since the great Basilica was rebuilt.

One of Napoleon's generals set up his headquarters here in 1799, and later on Kleber's division visited the town accompanied

by the great Napoleon himself. After the battles of Cana and Mount Tabor the wounded and sick were cared for by the Fathers, and their labours called forth the ungrudging praise of the general. Napoleon, together with Kleber, was lodged in the Casa Nova, the Franciscan Hospice, and in the Franciscan chronicles it is stated that "before leaving Nazareth they visited the Sanctuary of the Annunciation, where a few days earlier the soldiers had come to pray, recalling to the minds of the beholders the memory of the Crusaders."

All this, and more, Padre Antonio Gassi, Custodian of the Holy Places and Superior of the Franciscans at Nazareth, told me in his soft Italian, as we sat over a cup of coffee in his room at the convent. I felt inclined to listen to him for hours as he spoke of the many vicissitudes through which this little city had passed since the time of our Saviour. Presently, going to a cupboard, the Padre brought out an illumined scroll, which he showed me with much pleasure, and when I read it I could understand his joy, for the scroll testified to the excellent work done by the Franciscan Fathers at Nazareth during the Great War, in tending the sick and wounded and taking them under their own care at the convent, which they had converted into a hospital. Thus did history repeat itself.

The Father was extremely patient. I must have taken up much of his time, for I spent the whole morning with him, and I think he showed me everything. We crossed the sunlit courtyard and entered the Church of the Annunciation, the present entrance being part of the gateway of Constantine's Basilica. The first church was built by Joseph, Count of Tiberias, in 330; in 1131 it was reconstructed, the ancient plan being preserved with its row of stately columns, and the apse alone being the work of the Crusaders. Remains of the Crusaders' Church and the old Church of St. Helena were still visible; the former lay east and west at right angles to the present church, and its three apses were visible on the east side through the sacristy. Of the Church of St. Helena, which once stood over the Grotto, the apse under the High Altar and mosaics in the left aisle are still to be seen. The church is divided by pillars into three naves, the end of the central nave being occupied by the choir and High Altar, which stand over the crypt. These are reached by a double flight of stairs, while in the centre a large staircase of fifteen steps leads to the Sanctuary proper. We entered first the Angels' Chapel, with the Altar of St. Joachim and St. Anne on the right,



and on the left that of the Angel Gabriel, which latter is on the site of the House of the Virgin. Crossing a pointed arcade, which rests on two twisted columns of white marble, we came to the Chapel of the Annunciation, cut entirely out of the rock, and under the Altar read the words :

VERBUM CARO HIC FACTUM EST

The round upright column of Gabriel marks the place where the Archangel stood to deliver his message, and the column of Mary, a fragment of red granite hanging from the ceiling, where the Blessed Virgin received the message.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail ! thou that art highly favoured [full of grace], the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women ! . . . And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. . . . And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word.<sup>1</sup>

This is one of the most sacred places in Christendom, for the Incarnation of our Lord is the rock on which the whole fabric of Christianity is built. This Holy Place is far removed from jarring and warring tongues ; at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, at the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, Christians quarrel over their sacred spots, but here at least there has always been peace among the followers of Jesus of Nazareth : no sectarian discord, no anger, but the joy of perfect peace and faith. This, perhaps, may account for the harmony of atmosphere one feels throughout the precincts of the Church of the Annunciation, and indeed throughout Nazareth itself. . . . At the extension of the Chapel of the Annunciation is the Altar of St. Joseph, and from this chapel a staircase leads to the Kitchen of the Virgin, giving direct communication between the crypt and the convent. The Father told me that this passage was intended to allow the Franciscans a way of entrance and of escape in days gone by when they were in danger of being molested by the Moslems. In making this passage a small grotto was discovered, and the faithful, thinking that it had always communicated with the House of Mary, and taking the mouth of the cistern for a chimney, called it the Kitchen of the Virgin. Some writers at the time of the Crusades asserted that the Virgin was born in this grotto, but her birth took place in Jerusalem.

<sup>1</sup> Luke i. 28-38.

From the Church of the Annunciation the Father took me to the Workshop of St. Joseph (*la bottega di San Giuseppe*). Here a church was built about the end of the sixth century, known as the Church of the Nutrition, which was destroyed and then rebuilt by the Crusaders. In 1754 the Franciscans acquired the house that was built on the ruins of the former church, and this they replaced by a chapel in honour of St. Joseph. Now a handsome church stands on this spot, dedicated to the Holy Family, at the west end of which is enclosed the Workshop, and over the Altar of St. Joseph one reads this inscription : *Hic erat subditus illis* ("Here He became subject to them"). By degrees the Franciscans are buying up a number of Arab hovels which encumber the ground and hinder the extension of the work.

As we left the gates of the church the Father pointed out to me the famous Casa Nova, where so many people of all degrees have found rest and a temporary home, and which sheltered large numbers of pilgrims every year.

Unfortunately, at present this hospice is closed, for during the war the Turks raided it, and, according to their custom, stole all the linen, beds, and furniture.

Following the narrow street on the right, we came next to the Synagogue where our Lord expounded that passage of Isaiah which concerned Him, and from whence He was driven to the Mount of Precipitation :

And He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up: and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor. . . . And He closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him. And He began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.<sup>1</sup>

The Synagogue was converted into a church in the thirteenth century, and is now the parish church of the Greek Catholics. The Arabs call it Medresch el Messieh, or the "School of the Messiah." We then continued the ascent north-west of the

<sup>1</sup> Luke iv. 16-21.



Synagogue until we came to a little chapel surmounted by a dome, which is called the Keniset-el-Balâta, or *Mensa Christi* ("the Table of Christ.") The chapel was erected in 1861, the Franciscans having bought the property from the Moslems. The *Mensa* is an enormous block of hard chalk (eleven and a half feet long and nine and a half feet broad), at which, according to a tradition, our Lord dined with His disciples after the Resurrection. Padre Antonio impressed on me that this was a traditional belief, but that these beliefs had been handed down through many centuries, and it was obviously the duty of the present guardians of the Holy Places to preserve them.

Before bidding me farewell the Father gave me a copy of the Franciscan guide to the Holy Land compiled by the Padre Barnabas Meistermann, a book too little known to visitors. It is the most complete and useful guide I have yet discovered.

I then visited the Greek Orthodox Church of St. Gabriel, a church of very ancient foundation, rebuilt in the eighteenth century, half of it being below ground. The famous spring, known as Jesus' Spring, or Gabriel's Spring, is beneath the altar of the church, and is conducted past the altar on the left side, where Greek pilgrims bathe their eyes with the water. From here the water runs to Mary's Well, or the Fountain of the Virgin, *Ain Miryam*, as the Arabs call it, which is quite close to the church. It is the only spring in the town, and there can be no doubt that this is the actual source from which the Virgin Mother drew water for her household, and that our Lord often must have been in her company. We do not see the actual spring, but the great stone basin into which, through a conduit, it pours its waters in a copious stream. The fountain is a place of pilgrimage to this day, and has much picturesque charm. I sat down beside it, took photographs, and watched the motley throng of people collected around it. Graceful women were laughing and chattering as they drew their water like Madonna of old; most of them wore with charming effect a dark blue skirt tucked up at the waist, and held in place by a blue cord, while a blue cloak lightly fell over their foreheads, protecting them from the rays of the sun, and then hung in graceful folds completely covering them, except for the small bare feet, slender hands, and oval faces. A romantic picture indeed, and a picture but little changed since the boyhood of our Lord. I can see them still, as with rapid steps they crossed the little piazza looking as if they barely touched the ground, dipping their jars to the stream as

they bent their flexible bodies, and then raising the amphoras on to their heads and with quick movement passing silently away. I felt that there could be no doubt that this spring was flowing nineteen centuries ago, and that to it at morning and evening came Mary to draw water, and with her the Holy Child.

The basin of the fountain always overflows, and sends out streams of water to the gardens close by, giving delightful freshness and beauty to the valley. All around were silver olive trees, budding vines, fig trees putting forth their leaves, the pomegranate with its scarlet blossoms and wild flowers without number. He had drunk at this stream, He had walked and talked beside it, on this bright green carpet His feet had trodden, and on these flowers His eyes had rested. Only natural then that the blossoms should be so perfect, that the very trees should take a pride in dressing themselves in joyous splendour in this quiet valley in honour of Him Who once had lived here. And while thus musing, there came to the fountain a blue-clad figure, with bare white feet, holding a little child by the hand, one who might have been Madonna herself. . . . Then a train of camels softly padded their way along the road from Galilee, quietly approaching the fountain.

I much desired to wander about the town alone and see its inhabitants, for to study the life of a country, to understand its people, there is no better way than just to ramble about, walking slowly and examining carefully without seeming to do so. I found Nazareth very interesting, and impressive in its peaceful calm. I have seen it stated in books that "the people of Nazareth are extremely turbulent in disposition"; perhaps they were in the days of perpetual conflict, and in those still more distant days when the angry Jews dragged the Son of God all the long way from the Synagogue to the Mount of Precipitation, that they might cast Him down the precipice. To-day a great peace would seem to have descended upon this lovely valley, a peace that could be felt in the streets, on the hills, by the fountain, and in the church. Although there are Greek Orthodox and Greek Catholics, Maronites and Latins, and a small number of Moslems, there is no religious conflict, for the Holy Places belong exclusively to the Franciscans. Perhaps it is this fact also that makes the place appear less Oriental than other cities of Galilee. As in Bethlehem, there are no Jews.

Nazareth is smaller than Bethlehem, but possesses a greater number of orchards, gardens, and cultivated fields. It is built



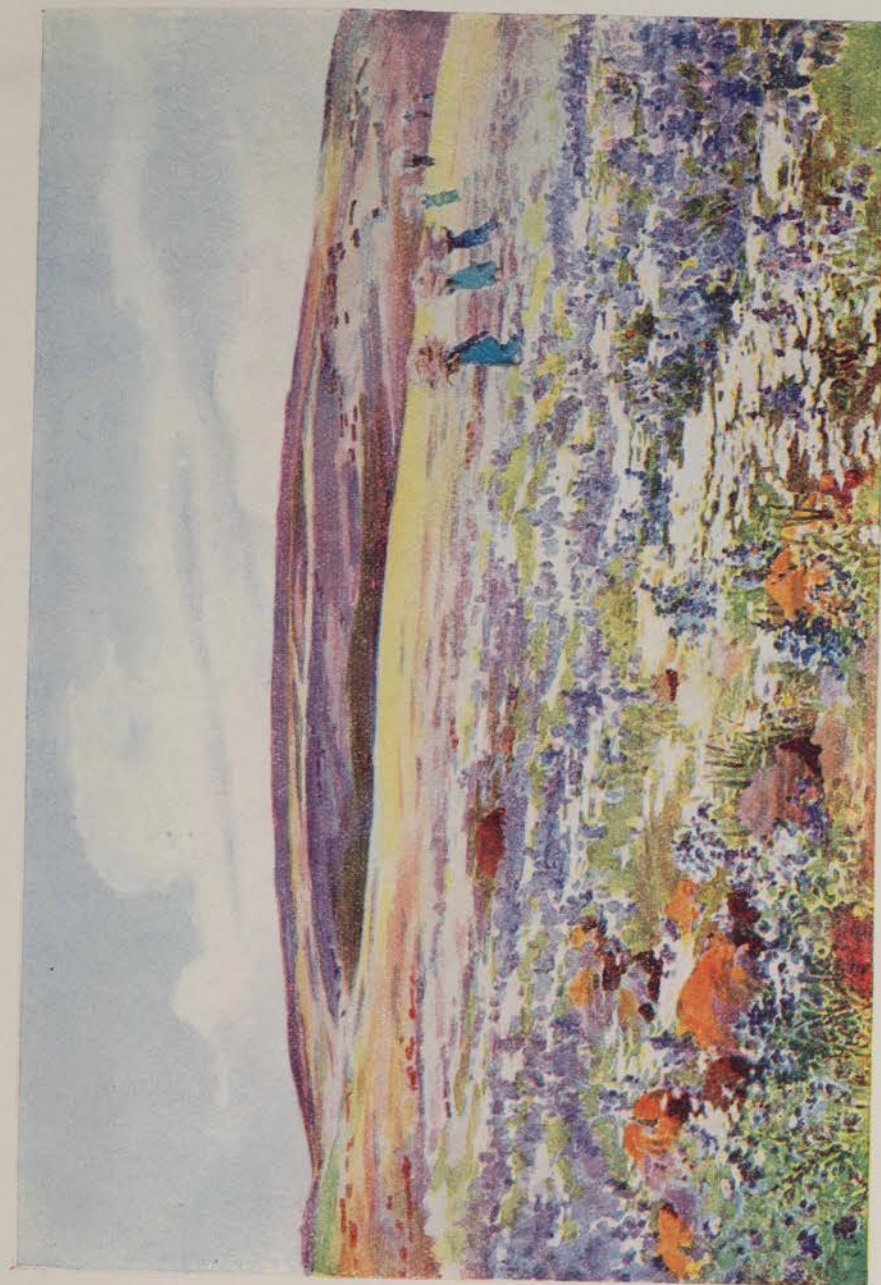
on the sides of two hills and therefore all its paths are on the slope; they are very stony, but not so rough as the narrow streets of Jerusalem. There was no Oriental bustle in the streets, and the bazaars were all roofed in. The people are mostly agriculturists, working hard in the fields and cultivating their land with great care; many are also engaged in farming, gardening, and cattle-raising. In the town are various occupations—blacksmiths, weavers, carpenters, and masons, besides workers in the cotton and grain trade, but there is no industry whatever for the manufacture of objects of "piety," or "souvenirs for tourists" so popular in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and other centres. There seemed to be no poverty, and I did not meet one beggar. For the most thriving place in Palestine I should certainly give the palm to Nazareth. Its inhabitants look prosperous and happy—possessing a friendliness of manner not often found in Eastern towns. The place was, comparatively speaking, well built and clean, and though the houses were mean and poor they compared well with those of other towns I had visited. The population of Nazareth is rapidly increasing—about two-thirds are Christians, the rest Moslems; of the Christians, the Greek Orthodox are in a large majority, although the Holy Places are in the hands of the Latins. There is also a small community of Anglicans.

On the opposite side of the valley may be seen a chain of hills rising some 990 feet above the plains of Esdraelon. One of these heights is called in Arabic Djebel el Qafsah, or the "Mount of the Precipitation." This mountain has been venerated by Christians from early times as the one to which the Jews drove our Lord after the incident in the Synagogue (see page 261), to cast him down the precipice.

And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust Him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong.<sup>1</sup>

On the right of this mountain is a small hill known as the Monte del Tremore, where the Franciscans have built a chapel in the midst of cypress trees, for, according to a legend, this was the hill to which the Virgin, full of terror at seeing her Son carried off by the Jews, came that she might see what they would do to Him.

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke iv. 28, 29.



A FIELD OF FLOWERS IN GALILEE, NEAR HATTIN.

[To face page 264.]



The Greeks also have this tradition, and a chapel to commemorate the spot on a hill to the left of the mountain.

“ . . . One ill Sabbath, when He came  
Journeying by Sychar, new from seeing John—  
John the Forerunner, who had surely said  
‘ This is the Christ to be ! ’—He entered in  
That synagogue thou sawest on the Hill ;  
And stood to read. The Chazzan drew a scroll  
Forth from the silken curtains of its ark,  
Unrolled the great Megillah to the page  
Marked for the day, giving Esaias out,—  
And, from the Prophet, Jesus spake these words :

‘ THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS UPON ME. BECAUSE HE HATH  
ANOINTED ME TO PREACH THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR : HE  
HATH SENT ME TO HEAL THE BROKEN-HEARTED ; TO PREACH  
DELIVERANCE TO THE CAPTIVES, AND RECOVERING OF SIGHT  
TO THE BLIND ; TO SET AT LIBERTY THEM THAT ARE BRUISED,  
TO PREACH THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD.’

This did He read, and spake, in majesty,  
That which was true, as afterwards all knew,  
‘ I am your promised Prophet, Priest and King ! ’  
Whereat they stormed, brake into bitter wrath,  
Drove forth their Rabbi with the heavenly face,  
Had will to kill Him,—being but ‘ Carpenter ’  
Who made Himself Messiah ; had fierce mind  
To fling Him down the steep ; but He passed through,  
And went His way.”<sup>1</sup>

It was with much regret that we left Nazareth. The restful charm of this village is unequalled in Galilee or Judæa, and the very hills and valleys seem to be saturated with the presence of Him Who being but the Carpenter, was yet the Messiah.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Light of the World.* Sir Edwin Arnold.



IX

THE GLORIES OF GALILEE

*(continued)*

- (e) THE JOURNEY FROM NAZARETH TO SAMARIA.
- (f) THE ANCIENT CITY OF SICHEM.
- (g) OVER THE HILLS OF JUDAH TO JERUSALEM.



## IX

### THE GLORIES OF GALILEE (continued)

#### (e) *The Journey from Nazareth to Samaria*

IN the early hours of a bright spring morning I left Nazareth, together with the American friends with whom I had journeyed from Tiberias. We were to drive across the plain of Esdraelon to the station at El-Afulah, where the train was reputed to leave at 6 a.m. for Nablus. At 4.30. a.m., when we were seated in the wagonette, Nazareth was wrapt in sleep, save for a few shepherds tending their flocks. The sun rose as we drove along the old caravan road, and we began to shiver less. On our left the Mount of Precipitation stood out gaunt and sinister, clearly outlined against the sky, whilst the mist gradually lifted from the surrounding hills. Looking back, we could just see Nazareth, attractive in its circle of hills, with its red roofs and gray rocks, its grassy slopes and grey stone walls. We were in haste to go down to Esdraelon, described as "that mighty expanse over which the hills of Nazareth, the hills of Galilee, the mountains of Samaria keep watch"—Esdraelon that has so many historic associations. We passed through the green Ouâdi el-Emir, and before us lay the spacious plain. Heavy mists were beginning to ascend from it, giving the valley an appearance of a vast lake, while towards the east the sun was rising above Mount Tabor, whose crest could be seen through the mists. This great mountain seemed to dominate the whole landscape, and its crest and green slopes were visible from all sides. I greatly regretted that I had been unable to climb it, for I had longed to find myself on those grassy slopes, viewing Galilee from its summit, treading the path that Christ trod with His Apostles Peter, James, and John when the prophets of the old Covenant appeared and talked with Him Whose face was illumined with refulgent brightness :



And [He] was transfigured before them, and His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with Him.<sup>1</sup>

Gradually Mount Tabor disentangled itself from the hills around and stood right up from the plain, so that we could admire the more what is, without doubt, one of the finest "sights" in Palestine. Its height is not great—2,000 feet above sea level, which might be called the proper altitude to be in keeping with the hills around. Tabor has the honour of special mention in Scripture: "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy Name." The Hermon hill mentioned is the "Little Hermon," which rises before Tabor, known to the Arabs as Nebî Dahî. In the distance we can see at the head of the Jordan Valley the magnificent Hermon whose majestic and snowcapped summit can be seen far and wide over Palestine. At the base of a range of hills to the east appeared the village of Nain, that small hamlet famous as the scene of the raising of the widow's son. Our Lord met the crowd of mourners outside the gate of the city on the high road by which he was journeying from Capernaum to Nazareth:

And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier. . . . and He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up.<sup>2</sup>

To-day Nain is but a collection of clay huts and Bedouin tents, together with some ancient ruins and a small modern Latin chapel in the midst of a Moslem population. Four miles to the east of Nain is the village of Endûr, the ancient Endor, a town of Manasseh, where the spirit of Samuel appeared to Saul on the eve of the disastrous battle of Gilboa, and solemnly told him of the doom which was so soon to overtake him.

Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and enquire of her. And his servants said to him, Lo, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor.<sup>3</sup>

Endûr is the most wretched of poverty-stricken villages; mud huts and rock caves serve as dwelling-places for inhabitants

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xvii. 2, 3.    <sup>2</sup> St. Luke vii. 13-15.    <sup>3</sup> I Samuel xxviii. 7.

described by one who visited them as "miserable, dark, hag-like beings, who, for ought we know, may still traffic in unhallowed arts: for the necromancy of old times would seem to have left an enduring brand of blight and blackness upon the place."<sup>1</sup>

Before us rose the hill of Tell el Mutesallim, on which the village of El Lejjun stood out prominently, this being the "Legio" from which the word "legions" is said to be derived. It was also called Megiddo, a name supposed by some to be the origin of the word "Armageddon." El Lejjun was strongly fortified in turn by Egyptians, Canaanites, and Israelites; the surrounding plain was named after it, while the Kishon was known as the "waters of Megiddo."<sup>2</sup> It was close to Megiddo that Deborah and Barak defeated the Canaanites, and it was here also that Josiah attacked the Egyptian armies.<sup>3</sup> We were now in the midst of the great plain, the sun had risen, and objects in the valley and on the hills around had become clear to the naked eye. This plain, which is some 200 feet above sea level, is known to the Arabs as Merj ibn 'Amir ("Meadow of the son of Amir"), and embraces the whole of the valley to the west of Gilboa, that mountain made famous by the plaint of David after the death of Saul:

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.<sup>4</sup>

It was along this plain that Ahab rode in his chariot all the way to Jezreel, Elijah with his loins girded running before him, and the storm darkening behind him, after the famous contest with the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel. It must have been a weary distance for the prophet, all the way from Mount Carmel, especially after such a terrible day, but the story tells us "that the hand of the Lord was with him"; and moreover, he must have been much refreshed and cheered not only by the great victory of Mount Carmel, but also because the drought of three and a half years was over, and the heavens opened to pour out their rains.

The plain struck us as being very fertile; the greater part of it was under cultivation, covered with crops of rather thin wheat but healthy-looking sesame, lentils, beans, wild grass

<sup>1</sup> *Over the Holy Land.* J. A. Wylie.

<sup>3</sup> II Kings xxiii. 29.

<sup>2</sup> Judges v. 19.

<sup>4</sup> II Samuel i. 21.



and thistles, while here and there were flocks of black goats and speckled sheep browsing on its luxuriant pastures. We saw quite a quantity of cranes and storks, and our driver informed us that gazelles were often to be found here. The plain is drained by the famous "brook" Kishon, a river that in its turn is fed by the springs of Tabor and rivulets of the plain, called anciently the "river of battles," finding its outlet ultimately in the Mediterranean.

Arriving at El-Afuleh shortly before six o'clock we discovered that the train to Nablus was not even due to leave until 8 a.m. A crowd of Arabs and Bedouins were squatting on the platform and in the open space surrounding the station, pictures of patience, looking as though they had sat there throughout the night, which indeed was more than likely. There were sellers of oranges, sweetmeats, lemonade, and drinking-water, who rarely spoke, but sat quietly munching food or telling their beads in picturesque little groups. Near at hand were to be seen Indian and Arab soldiers, soldiers from Syria, British officers, English soldiers, and others, who, like ourselves, introduced a modern element. We could but emulate the immobile patience of the natives, and the time passed quickly enough as we also sat and watched them. A bell rang to announce the opening of the "booking office," a great stampede was made, and the silence of the desert was changed into a Babel. The crowd, shouting and struggling, fought its way to the tiny window, where the giver of tickets showed no signs of perturbation, but continued to *write* out each ticket slowly and with careful precision.

It was now 8 a.m., already far too hot to join that seething mass of perspiring humanity, and I began to wonder how I should ever obtain those little paper slips for myself and my friends, when a young officer, with much courtesy, came to my rescue and procured them for me. Then the Damascus train slowly steamed in, and we were about to take our seats in it when we were warned that it was not for us. On the whole we were grateful, for this train was crowded to suffocation, as are most trains on the Palestine railways. The station had now become a desert, and there only remained ourselves and a few soldiers so bored with life in this remote outpost that they were overjoyed to talk to us. Eventually we discovered our little train tucked away in a corner of the station, composed of English third-class carriages. We managed to get one to ourselves and, as the train did not

leave until 9 a.m., we spent the time in sharing our breakfast with some of our friendly soldiers.

About an hour after our departure we reached Jenin, midway on the road between Nazareth and Nablus, the En-gannin, or "Spring of Gardens," of the Bible, a town of about 3,000 inhabitants. We waited here long enough to discover that it was a very charming and picturesque place, with tall and stately palms, and surrounded by fertile gardens. Some English soldiers came to our carriage window, only too glad of the chance to talk. They were stationed at Jenin, and found life dull, especially in the evening, and we were able to cheer them up with some cigarettes and old newspapers.

After leaving this station the fun began. We discovered that the train was drawn by a heavy German engine, and also that the route was steep and difficult. The line had been built by the Turks, under German instruction, shortly before the outbreak of war, and was modelled on the Swiss railway system, but without tunnels. Round and round we went, with our track before and behind, a veritable triumph of concentric circles, passing the same villages and ascending ever higher. After a while the German engine was removed, and a lighter one, bearing the initials of the Palestine Military Railway, drew us instead, the change being made, we were told, because the German engine devoured too much fuel. After a few more miles had been covered (we only advanced at four miles an hour) the train came to an abrupt standstill, and the engine refused to do its work any further. The driver suddenly discovered that there was no more fuel, and so, detaching his engine, he went in search thereof, and we could hear the little creature whistling merrily as it rushed headlong down the hills into the valley beneath.

We were due at Nablus at noon: our engine deserted us at about 1 p.m., and we were still distant at least ten miles from that town. On getting out of the train we found ourselves close to Sebastieh. We had passed this village several times during our ascending circles, but could not discover its name. Trusting that the engine would take some time to procure its coal, we took the opportunity of visiting this once famous city. We found it both interesting and picturesque, its very site being almost unique. There it stood, in the midst of a circle of mountains, on an isolated terraced hill some 600 feet in height—a modern Arab village with a collection of magnificent ruins.



Sebastieh is the ancient Samaria, which in the days of Judas Maccabæus gave home to a great portion of the population of Central Palestine. The ruins here have an interesting story to tell. Jeroboam transferred his royal residence from Sichem, the present Nablus, to Thirza, the modern Talouza, about five and a half miles east of Sebastieh. Later, Ahab, the son of Omri, married Jezebel, daughter of the King of Sidon, and introduced into Samaria the worship of Baal. When Samaria was captured, Ahab's family was exterminated and the priests of Baal put to death. Here the prophets Elijah and Elisha lived from time to time, and hither came Naaman, all the way from Damascus, to be cured of his leprosy. Just before the birth of our Lord, Augustus bestowed it on Herod the Great, who enlarged it, making it really beautiful, and called it Sebaste, the Greek equivalent to Augustus. Sebaste was the scene of the exploits of Simon Magus, and it was here that Philip the deacon first met him. The prophets speak of the "fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine," and Samaria they style "the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley." The inhabitants in the days of Ahab seem to have divided their time between drunkenness and the worship of Baal, and this fair city, cradled in such perfect scenery, so much so that Isaiah compared the summit of its hill to a diadem,<sup>1</sup> was simply a nest of profligates.

And now it is a collection of ruins, and only mud to represent the ancient capital of the ten tribes.

We visited the Church of St. John, built by the Crusaders in the twelfth century. According to tradition, St. John the Baptist was buried here, and his tomb is shown in the crypt of the church. The vaulting of the church has entirely disappeared, and only a few columns remain in the open court. On the top of the hill once stood the Temple of Baal, which Jehu "utterly broke down," and this site is marked by sixteen great columns. The broad terrace on which the colonnade of Herod stood must have been magnificent; of it about a hundred monoliths remain. Colonnades, pillars, monoliths, stones, *débris* of all kinds peep through the greensward; records of the vicissitudes of the past, its splendours, its opulence, and its vices, together with its miseries, its wars, and its final destruction.

We returned to the station, to find the engine still on leave of absence. Four hours had passed since it first left us, and we

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xxviii. 5.

began to fear lest the carriage might become our hotel for the night. But as *deus ex machina*, there suddenly appeared from nowhere a British lorry, driven by a smart British soldier, and in a few moments we had transferred our luggage from train to lorry, and were off along the road to Nablus before anyone could say us nay. What eventually happened to the train or to that engine we never ventured to inquire.

Once again we found ourselves on the great caravan road from Egypt to Damascus, which we had followed a few hours ago along the Plain of Esdraelon. The drive to Nablus from Sebastieh was altogether delightful, the countryside smiling radiantly in its fresh green clothing, reminding us of the plains of Tuscany on a fair spring morning, with their smiling welcome as one drives from Perugia to Assisi. As we approached Nablus the valley widened, its fertility and beauty giving it the appearance of one vast garden. Mount Ebal, the Hill of Cursing, appeared on our left, while on the right rose Mount Gerizim, the Hill of Blessing, with numerous villages on its flanks, surrounded by orchards of olives and figs, gardens of vegetables, and fields of corn. We passed women and girls with baskets of vegetables on their heads on their way to the market in Nablus; there seemed to be hundreds of them, all looking bright and happy, which on that glorious and fertile countryside, with the sun shining so joyously, was hardly to be wondered at. Thus we entered the ancient city of Sichem.

(f) *Nablus, the Ancient City of Sichem.*

The name of Nablus, in Arabic *Nablous*, or *Naboulous*, is said to be a corruption of Neapolis, the city having changed its Semitic name for a later one of Roman origin. The town of Nablus corresponds to the Jewish city of Sichem, or Shechem, though the present town occupies a position somewhat west of the ancient city. The old town is quite distinct from the modern, which is like a European suburb, with its clean white houses and pleasant gardens, whereas the ancient city lies within great walls and is entered only through a massive gate which has withstood the ravages of time. Outside this gate and under a vaulted archway we found our hotel, the only one in Nablus. It had evidently been an episcopal palace in days long passed, and now—well, the less said about it the better. As I remarked before,



hotels in Palestine are not a success ; there are no inns, unfortunately, only pretentious caravanserais where food is appalling, dirt unspeakable, and flies incessant. The hotel at Nazareth was an exception to the rule, for there we found cleanliness and comfort. All the hotels we visited were under the management of Germans or Jews, sometimes both.

Nablus to-day has a population of about 28,000 inhabitants, mostly Moslems ; the majority of the Christians belong to the Greek Orthodox religion. There are some Latins and also a few Greek Catholics. The main interest of Nablus lies in the people themselves, the Samaritans, whose race has been preserved in the ancient valley for so many hundreds of years. Now they number only one hundred and fifty souls, but they are as distinct as ever from all around them : distinct in blood, tradition, rite, and faith—in fact they are a veritable remnant of an old world five centuries before Christ. To-day we find this tiny band carrying on their old customs and practices, and, above all, we see them assembling year by year on the summit of Mount Gerizim to keep the Passover, which they celebrate in the twentieth century as they celebrated it centuries and centuries ago. Clinging to the great promise and hope of their ancestors, *they still look for a Messiah.*

The history of Sichem is naturally interesting. It originally formed part of the inheritance of Ephraim and the descendants of Joseph, and was made a city of refuge. At Solomon's death, Israel assembled at Sichem and offered Rehoboam the inheritance, but the behaviour of the latter so incensed the people that they gave the crown to Jeroboam the Ephramite instead. He proceeded to enlarge and fortify Sichem, making it his capital, but later on removed the royal residence to Thirza, where it remained for fifty years, when Samaria became the capital of the Northern Kingdom. When Assyria had conquered Samaria, and the inhabitants of Ephraim had been led into captivity and their places filled by Pagan colonists, then Sichem regained its former rank. These colonists seem to have been initiated into the Mosaic law, though it would appear that they did not altogether abandon Paganism ; therefore the Jews of Jerusalem refused to acknowledge them as orthodox, and called them Samaritans. In revenge the Samaritan leader, Sanballat,<sup>1</sup> instituted a rival priesthood, and later a rival temple was built on Mount Gerizim, and from that period Sichem became the capital of the Samaritans.

<sup>1</sup> Nehemiah ii. 10.

The city would seem to have suffered greatly at the hands of the Romans after the fall of Jerusalem. Their temple was destroyed, the town pillaged, and a new city built in honour of Flavius Vespasian, called "Flavia Neapolis"; later Hadrian erected a temple to Jupiter on Mount Gerizim. Neapolis in the fifth century became the seat of a Christian bishopric, but the Christians suffered so much persecution at the hands of the Samaritans that in 529 Justinian closed the synagogues, and many Samaritans took refuge in Persia. Others became Christians, and only a few remained steadfast in their hereditary faith. In the twelfth century Samaritans were still found to the number of about a thousand in Palestine, a hundred at Nablus, three hundred at Ascalon, two hundred at Cesarea, and a few hundred at Damascus. Nablus was captured by the Crusaders under Tancred, and Baldwin II. held a great Diet here. What became of those scattered Samaritans nobody can tell ; some probably joined the Orthodox Jews, others became Christians, while a few may have submitted to Islam, but what is quite certain is that through all the ages a number of Samaritans have dwelt at Nablus, preserved their faith, and have never been completely wiped out. To-day they still offer the sacrifice of six white lambs at the Passover on Mount Gerizim (see p. 278), and a pilgrimage to that mountain is also made at the Feast of Weeks and the Feast of Tabernacles.

Their morals are somewhat curious ; bigamy is permitted, or at least tolerated, if a wife is childless, and at the death of a husband some near relative is expected to marry the widow. It is common also for old men to marry girls who are little more than children ; they also intermarry, and males are greatly in excess of the women. To-day the Samaritans dwell in the south-west portion of the town, holding themselves apart from the rest of the population ; their little synagogue is but a small white-washed room in a gloomy court, but here they still preserve the Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch, one of the oldest manuscripts in the world. The Pentateuch, together with the Book of Joshua, are the only books of Scripture accepted by the Samaritans. They wear a habit quite distinct from that affected by the ordinary Jew : the high priest dresses in a dark red or brown gown and wears a red turban, while the others wear black gowns, with their turbans made of blue and white material.

A few days later, after my return to Jerusalem, I was invited to revisit Nablus and witness the celebration of Passover on



Mount Gerizim by the Samaritans. Regretfully I was obliged to refuse, but a friend of mine who was present sent me this account: "At sunset we climbed the arduous approach of Mount Gerizim. A great crowd of people from Nablus surrounded the trench where the priests were about to slaughter six lambs, one for each of the families into which the Samaritans are distributed, and the priests accompanied this slaughtering with recitations from the twelfth chapter of Exodus. Next, the lambs were placed upon the earth close to a glowing oven; they were shorn and skinned, after which each was tied to a stake and placed inside the oven. The aperture of the oven was then covered with a kind of lid, which in its turn was covered with clay, after the manner in which Jews prepare the sabbath stove on the eve of the day of rest, so that no trace of fire or lambs was visible.

"Most of them then dispersed to their tents, where their wives awaited them; others placed themselves round a blazing fire, while the priests and old men, clad in white vestments, read aloud in the open air extracts from the Book of Exodus. Finally, an hour before midnight, the priests gave a signal, and the Samaritans, even the girls, rushed towards the oven; they removed the earth and the lid, and by the light of the flames which shot up the six lambs were taken out and carried off triumphantly by the six heads of families. Each family then fell to, all standing, and the pieces of meat, seasoned with bitter herbs, were quickly devoured with unleavened bread. Then followed the sound of chants and recitations increasingly boisterous, for the Samaritans make this a night of watches; and so they continued until the grey dawn, and in the cold fresh air of the morning we descended the slopes of this hill of blessing completely tired out, but glad indeed to have been present at this feast, which preserves the patriarchal and honoured stamp of its origin in the wilderness, and gives an exact idea of what the Paschal Sacrifice was like in Jerusalem before the coming of the Pharisees. The rites are minutely described in the Book of Exodus and are still fulfilled punctiliously by the Samaritans."

The Jews regarded the name of Samaritan as a term of reproach, and as such it was intended when they shouted, "Say we not well that Thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?"

<sup>1</sup> St. John viii. 48.

On another occasion the Samaritans would not allow our Lord to pass through their city, and James and John begged Him to destroy it by fire.

The bazaars of the old town presented a busy aspect of bustle; food seemed to be very plentiful, and business thriving. In the early morning I passed through the streets; the people were marketing, and every shop in the bazaar was open though it was barely seven o'clock. The streets of the bazaars were wider and very much cleaner than those in Jerusalem, and sparkling rivulets coursed through them. Some of the streets were covered with tarpaulin, others had vaulted roofs, while some again were exposed to the sky. The bazaars had no special attraction for visitors; there were no tourist commodities, not even picture postcards. The chief manufactures seemed to be wool, cotton, and soap; of the last there are fifteen manufacturers, and it is made chiefly from olive oil. The wheat grown in the surrounding districts is said to be excellent, and I noticed that many shops were engaged in wheat-sifting. There was no building of particular interest except the "Great Mosque" of Jâmi el-Kebîr in the eastern part of the town; this was originally a Basilica built by Justinian and restored by the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre in the 12th century. The east portal is well preserved and resembles that of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Another mosque, the Jâmi el-Khadrâ, or "Mosque of Heaven," is said to stand on the spot where Joseph's coat was brought to Jacob by his brethren, and in the north-east corner of the town is the Jâmi el-Mesâkin, the Mosque of the Lepers, erected as a church by the Crusaders. I was told that one leper dwelt in it at the present time.

It was a perfect morning, not a cloud in the sky, but the air was made fresh by a pleasant breeze wafted across the valley. The old town was most pleasing, and we found some object of special interest almost at every corner of the quaint old streets: some old arch or gateway of the crusading period, a vaulted house or curiously fashioned courtyard. The guide-book informed us that the natives were "turbulent and uncivil to strangers, it is consequently unsafe to venture out alone in the streets without a guide." We did not find this description at all accurate; on the contrary, I was followed about by a little band of men and boys all anxious to have their pictures taken. Backsheesh, yes, but where in the East is one not asked for this commodity?—and not only in the East, it might be added.



(g) *Over the Hills of Judah*

The return to Jerusalem was accomplished under pleasant conditions, a motor-car, a rare luxury in Palestine, except for officials, being placed at our service. The road from Nablus is altogether excellent, in fact one might say that it is the only good road in this part of Palestine. As we drove out of the town and across the railway, a bend in the road gave us the opportunity of a last view of Nablus. How glorious the country looked that morning, green and fertile, wild flowers in great abundance, the white houses peeping out among the trees on the slopes of Gerizim! We passed through a graveyard where the Moslem dead were sleeping, each under a long low mound of stone and plaster. Then through vast olive-yards, where we saw venerable trees with massive trunks and gnarled and twisted boughs; orchards of figs, vines, plums, oranges, lemons and pomegranates, together with the stately terebinth, and everywhere the sparkle of water and the rush of torrents. And so on through the green and shady valley until we arrived at Jacob's Well, the scene of the great announcement that no longer would spiritual privileges be restricted to one favoured nation or country, but that their blessings would be distributed among all mankind.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.<sup>1</sup>

What a picture this scene conjures before our minds! He is weary; He rests at the well, His disciples having gone to the city of Sychar, near by, to purchase bread. A Samaritan woman approaches the well, her waterpot on her head. He speaks to her, "Give me to drink," and in the conversation to which this request leads, the Christ brings before the woman her sin, and in exchange for the water of the well He gives her "living Water." One might say that the discourse of Christ with this poor woman marks an epoch in the history of religion. It announced that henceforth worship would not be tied to any one temple, to any one place; Mount Gerizim and Mount Moriah were henceforth to be equal.

The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain [Gerizim], nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> St. John iv: 24.

<sup>2</sup> St. John iv: 21.

Some four hundred years before, Malachi had prophesied to the same effect:

From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same My Name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a pure offering.<sup>1</sup>

And now our Lord places the stamp of fulfilment on the catholicity of the worship of God "in spirit and in truth."

Jacob's Well, so an Orthodox Greek priest told me, is one of the best authenticated Holy Places in all Palestine: and there is little if any doubt that Jesus Christ really did sit by this particular well and did say these wonderful words to that woman. I remember a comment that was made on this great saying: "Words that have driven strong men into the cloister, and drawn young girls from the dawning pleasures of life to the silence behind the grille":

God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Sychar, the village from which the woman of Samaria came, probably corresponds to the village of 'Askar, or Aschar, close to which is Joseph's Tomb.

It was close to this spot that Abraham first fixed his tent, and here God promised to give the land to his posterity:

And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land. And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land.<sup>2</sup>

Years afterwards, Jacob returned from Mesopotamia with his family and flocks, and stopping in the land of Sichem, dug the well which bears his name. Just before his death Joseph prophesied the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites, and made his brethren promise to carry his remains and bury them in his land at Sichem.

Jacob's Well lies in the crypt of a Crusaders' chapel built on the ruins of a church of the fourth century. The Orthodox Greeks, to whom the holy place belongs, have now erected a church over it. The actual depth of the well is ninety-six feet, and yet it is

<sup>1</sup> Malachi i. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Genesis xii. 6-7.



not infrequently dry in the summer. The crypt was dark, and a Greek monk stood by the well; thanks to a ray of light through one of the windows I was able to photograph the well and the monk. On the high road above Jacob's Well are the ruins of a Khan, evidently a favourite spot for native men and women to congregate and talk, as they did in the days of our Lord. About half a mile to the north is the Tomb of Joseph, in shape like a Moslem well. Inside we found an inscription stating that the tomb was restored in 1860 by a British consul. Christians, Moslems, and Jews alike agree that here lay the parcel of ground purchased by Joseph, in which place the Israelites buried him, and to this day the spot is venerated by them all as holy ground:

And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought . . . and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph.<sup>1</sup>

Further on we passed the village of Hawara on the right at the foot of Mount Gerizim, then through the plain of 'Askar we ascended to the top of the hill and obtained a splendid view of the plain, framed by the mountains of Samaria, with Ebal and Gerizim in the distance, while far away to the north appeared the great Hermon. Then through the valley of El-Lubban, the ancient Lebonah, the valley whose rich pastures had attracted the herdsmen of Abraham and Jacob, we ascended to the Khân el-Lubban, with its fountains of water, where camels and flocks were 'watered' in the days of the patriarchs, and where cars stop to-day for much the same purpose! After a long descent, we went through the Ouâdi Bakara, with its splendid olive groves; and then Samaria was completely shut off, and we passed over hill and dale through the hill country of Judah, until we arrived at 'Ain el-Harâmiyeh, with its refreshing spring, where the water was trickling down the base of the cliff. Then our road lay through a ravine, with yawning recesses, tombs, caverns, and ruins, where many of the contemporaries of Joshua must have slept, as also many of those who succeeded him. To-day they were inhabited by great birds of prey, which flew in and out in search of what they could devour. How the scenery changed! From this rockbound desolation we passed along some miles of flat tableland until we reached Râmal-lâh, on the top of the hill, a large Christian village with American mission stations and Quaker schools.

<sup>1</sup> Joshua xxiv. 32.

This seemed to be a flourishing district; houses were being built, the land was cultivated, and the fields enclosed between stone walls. On the right we could see En-Nebi Samwîl, the ancient Mizpeh of Benjamin, standing on a solitary mountain peak four hundred feet above the plain of Gibeon and three thousand feet above sea level. On it, crowning the hill, once stood a mosque with a white minaret, landmark for the whole countryside. The minaret was destroyed by the Turks during the late war, but the mosque remains, and inside, according to tradition, is the Tomb of Samuel. This is one of the highest points in Palestine and commands one of the finest panoramas in the land. Tens of thousands of pilgrims gazing upon Jerusalem for the first time from this hill have thrown themselves on the ground, praying and weeping in ecstasy. When Richard Cœur de Lion first beheld Jerusalem, he covered his face with his hands, crying aloud, it is said, as he knelt, "Oh, Lord God, I pray Thee that I may never see Thy holy city, if so be that I may not rescue it from the hand of Thine enemies."<sup>1</sup>

And not only the great Cœur de Lion, but every Crusader on getting his first glimpse of the Holy City fell on his knees and cried aloud with joy. Centuries later, in 1917, London Territorials stormed En-Nebi Samwîl, from whose heights they looked down on Mount Olivet and Jerusalem, the Crusaders of to-day come at last to rescue the Holy Places from the hands of the Turks. Through bleak and stony land we ascended Mount Scopus, and arriving at the top we obtained the most imposing view of the city: from the Mount of Olives it is huddled together, and the best effect is lost, while from Mount Scopus one obtains a real panorama of it as it is seen stretching out to the west in a long line, with its domes and its towers at intervals. It was here that Titus beheld Jerusalem before the commencement of the siege.

It is of interest to recall that the pilgrims of olden times would arrive by the Mount of Olives and leave Jerusalem by Mount Scopus, thus ensuring that their last view of the city should be their best. On arrival, pilgrims would sing Psalm cxxii:

I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the House of the Lord. Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem. . . . O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces.

<sup>1</sup> *Sinai and Palestine.* Dean Stanley.



And on departing, when they reached the top of Mount Scopus, they would turn round and take a last look at Jerusalem and sing from Psalm cxxxvii :—

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth : yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.

X

BETHANY:  
THE HOME OF MARY, MARTHA, AND  
LAZARUS



X

BETHANY : THE HOME OF MARY, MARTHA,  
AND LAZARUS

" My Lord

Smiled and spake soft : ' Aye, thou hast rightly judged !  
Look on this woman well ! I—being thy guest—  
Lacked foot-water of thee ; she made it good,  
Washing my feet with tears ; lacked linen cloths  
To wipe them ; and she made it good with locks  
Of untressed hair : lacked guest-kiss on the cheek ;  
She with a hundred kisses made it good,  
Rained on my feet, and then a hundred more ;  
Not ceasing from the time I entered in :  
Lacked on my head the oil which should anoint,  
But she upon my feet hath spilt the wealth  
Of kindly spikenard. Wherefore, this I say :—  
Her sins—her many sins—are wiped away,  
Even as from these my feet her tears were wiped ;  
For she loved much ! But where forgivingness  
Is little, love is little.' Oh, with that,  
Made He from Simon and upon me bent  
Those eyes that mastered Death at Nain ; those eyes  
That melted at the children on the Mount ;  
Those eyes, like stars, with love for radiant beam.  
And—ah !—beyond all music ever heard—  
Fell dulcet on mine ears : ' Go thou in peace !  
Thy faith hath saved thee ! Go in peace ! Thy sins  
Are all forgiven ! '

" And, from that glad hour,  
Followed I Him, and ministered to Him ;  
And found myself alive who had been dead,  
And saved by Love, who dwelt so lovelessly." <sup>1</sup>

CLOSE to the Russian buildings on the Mount of Olives is a lane  
which, leading through pleasant paths down the slopes of that

<sup>1</sup> *The Light of the World.* Sir Edwin Arnold.



Mount, brings the traveller in about half an hour to Bethany. The lane winds in and out, passing at times between high walls, and then, quite suddenly, issues into open fields, with the road to Jericho just below and the village of Bethany on the right.

To-day this place of hallowed memories (called by the Arabs El-'Azariyeh, after Lazarus) consists of a confused mass of dwellings built of stones, probably taken from religious houses. Bethany looks like a picture from some illustrated Scripture book; olive, fig, almond, and carob trees grow around the village in great abundance, and the inhabitants, who do not number more than two hundred and fifty, are all Moslems.

Bethany, *the Home of Sadness*, but according to Eusebius and others the *Home of Doves*, is a village of peculiarly sacred memories, closely connected with the last days of our Lord's life on earth. This was the village He loved so well, for here dwelt his best friends, Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. The Gospels record many events that took place in this once prosperous and thriving village, but none quite so beautiful as that of the supper in the house of Simon. A short tower is situated close to the Tomb of Lazarus. This is said to mark the spot on which the house of Simon the Leper once stood, and in this house the first of the two anointings by Mary Magdalene took place. The scene of the first anointing is one that will never be forgotten, nor did our Lord intend that it should, for He said "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."<sup>1</sup>

In the Magdalen College Library at Oxford there is a remarkable manuscript of the "Life of St. Mary Magdalene," which professes to be the copy of an original account of the life of the saint, compiled by one Rabanus, who lived 776-856, and this copy is supposed to date from about 1450. This document opens with a short history of the family of Bethany thus: "In the territory of Jerusalem, on the Mount of Olives, at fifteen stadia<sup>2</sup> to the east of the Holy City, is situated the little town of Bethany, the country of Mary Magdalene, of Lazarus, and of Martha. Here was born Martha, the venerable hostess of our Lord, whose mother, Eucharis, was descended from the royal family of the House of Israel. Her father, Theophilus, was a Syrian prince, and governor of the maritime country. Martha had a sister of great beauty, named Mary, and a young brother

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xxvi. 13.

<sup>2</sup> About two miles.



Bethany BCB

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called Lazarus."<sup>1</sup> We are told that they were wealthy people, a considerable portion of Jerusalem besides the village of Bethany belonging to them, also the village of Magdala. The parents being dead, the two sisters and brother lived together, and as the younger sister grew up she moved from Bethany and took up her residence at Magdala, where, living a life of sin, she became notorious as Mary of Magdala, or Mary Magdalene, until aroused by the preaching of our Lord in the vicinity of her town, and later pardoned by Him in the house of Simon the Pharisee.

The life of Mary Magdalene is closely linked with the romantic history of Bethany, and here is a short summary of the chief episodes in her life as told in Holy Scripture :

1. Mary Magdalene was brought to the Temple, "taken in adultery," and her accusers demanded her death by stoning. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." When all had left the Temple, our Lord told her to "go and sin no more."<sup>2</sup>
2. Living at Magdala, she came into contact with our Lord's teaching by the Lake of Galilee, and this wonderful experience altogether changed her life.
3. She returned to her home at Bethany, possibly at the time when our Lord visited Simon the Pharisee. Then followed the scene of the first anointing, when our Lord told the parable of the Two Debtors. Mary Magdalene was absolved. "Thy sins are forgiven thee; thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace," said our Lord.<sup>3</sup>
4. At the house in Bethany (some say that this incident occurred at Magdala), after Lazarus had been restored to life, a feast was prepared to which our Lord and the Apostles were invited. Martha was "cumbered about with much serving," and our Lord commended Mary Magdalene: "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."<sup>4</sup>
5. "Six days before the Passover," as recorded by St. John, our Lord is anointed for the second time by Mary Magdalene: she breaks the alabaster box containing the precious ointment, possibly through fear that it might afterwards be used for some unworthy purpose, possibly through haste to anoint Him before objection could be made, and the "house was filled with the odour of the ointment." Judas objected to the "waste." "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" Our Lord said, "Let her alone:

<sup>1</sup> Vide *The Coming of the Saints*. John W. Taylor.

<sup>2</sup> St. John viii. 11.

<sup>3</sup> St. Luke vii. 48.

<sup>4</sup> St. Luke x. 42.



against the day of my burying hath she kept this. The poor always ye have with you, but Me ye have not always."<sup>1</sup>

6. At the Cross she kept vigil for six hours, whilst her Lord was being crucified: and after His death assisted at the embalming of the Body before It was laid in the Sepulchre.<sup>2</sup>
7. She was first at the Sepulchre on Easter morning, rewarded by being the first to greet our Lord after His Resurrection, when she mistook Him for the gardener, but knew Him when once He spoke to her, "Mary!"; and she replied, "Rabboni!"<sup>3</sup>

Throughout the ages the story of Mary Magdalene, her sin and her restoration, and above all her devotion to our Lord, has been one of arresting power and pathos. "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

"And, from that glad hour,  
Followed I Him, and ministered to Him;  
And found myself alive who had been dead,  
And saved by Love, who dwelt so lovelessly."

The "Story of Rabanus" gives many interesting features concerning the lives of Mary and Martha. In later years, Lazarus, Mary, and Martha were of the number of disciples who journeyed to Marseilles to carry the Gospel to the Gentiles, undergoing much suffering and persecution. Martha died in the ancient city of Tarascon, between Avignon and Arles, and there she was buried, and is venerated to this day as the patron saint. Mary Magdalene died at Aix, being buried by the holy Maximinus in a "tomb of white shining alabaster," bearing on it the carved representation of the anointing in the house of Simon, when Mary found pardon for her sins, and also of the service she rendered to her Lord when she brought spices to His Sepulchre.<sup>4</sup>

At Bethany also our Lord raised Lazarus to life after he had been dead four days. The Tomb of Lazarus of which Origen speaks (185-254) is a grotto hewn out of soft and chalky rock. It consists of a vestibule nine feet square, whence one descends in complete darkness to a small compartment some six feet square, this being the actual tomb, the entrance to which had been closed by a slab laid over it; as St. John says: "It was a cave, and a

<sup>1</sup> St. John xii. 7.

<sup>2</sup> St. John xix. 25.

<sup>3</sup> St. John xx. 1-16.

<sup>4</sup> Vide *The Coming of the Saints*. John W. Taylor.

stone lay upon it." The vestibule, where our Lord with tears in His eyes commanded the stone to be removed, and from which he ordered Lazarus to come forth, was in the time of the Crusaders used as a chapel

Jesus therefore came and found that he had been four days already in the grave. . . . Jesus therefore again groaning in Himself cometh to the sepulchre. Now it was a cave: and a stone was laid over it. Jesus said, Take away the stone. Martha saith unto Him, Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he is now of four days. Jesus said unto her: Did I not say unto thee, that if thou believe, thou shalt see the glory of God? They took therefore the stone away. . . . Jesus then cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound feet and hands with winding bands, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus said to them, Loose him, and let him go.<sup>1</sup>

The Tomb of Lazarus is venerated by Moslems, Jews, and Christians alike, and it is doubtless the actual place where our Lord worked the miracle. Eusebius speaks of it as being two miles from Ælia Capitolina, the Jerusalem of Hadrian. The Bordeaux Pilgrim (third century) writes of the tomb as three thousand paces from Mount Olivet. St. Jerome also tells of a church that had been built over the sepulchre of Lazarus, and "towards the end of the fourth century the Gaelic pilgrim, St. Sylvia, relates that on the last Friday but one of Lent the Christians crossed the Mount of Olives, stopped first at the church situated on the road where Jesus, Martha, and Mary conversed together, and five hundred paces farther on arrived at the Lazarion, the empty chamber of the resuscitated disciple."<sup>2</sup>

Besides the house of Simon the Pharisee, that of Mary and Martha is also pointed out, but the supposed sites of these houses have been not infrequently changed during the course of years, and in any case nothing remains of the original houses, indeed any idea of localisation here would seem unimportant. Here is Bethany, the little village on the slopes of Mount Olivet which our Lord loved so dearly, the theatre and the stage where so many wondrous scenes were enacted. What, then, can it matter

<sup>1</sup> St. John xi. 1 (Vulgate).

<sup>2</sup> *Franciscan Guide to the Holy Land*. Fr. B. Meistermann.



whether Mary and Martha lived in this house or in that? It is the actors that matter, and I like to believe the tradition that tells how these disciples of our Lord, saturated with divine knowledge received from His own lips, went forth to distant lands to spread that knowledge with an enthusiasm that carried all before it. Mention has already been made of the mission of Mary and Martha to Europe. With them went many other disciples; and in a little back street in Marseilles stands the Church of St. Victor, built, it is said, over the cave tomb of Lazarus. In that church is to be seen a life-sized statue of him whom Christ raised from death, holding the crosier in his left hand and blessing with his right; for he is still spoken of as the first Bishop of Marseilles. His festival is observed on the first day of September, and on the pedestal of the statue these words have been inscribed:—

“DIVO LAZARO  
A CHRISTO SUSCITATO.”

Herein, perhaps, may lie the chief difference between the Christian and the other two great religions found in Palestine. For the Christian there can never be a “national homeland” on earth, whether it be Jerusalem, Rome, Constantinople, or Canterbury. “Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world”<sup>1</sup> is as true to-day as it was of those who, in the early ages of faith, hastened away into the furthestmost corners of the earth, to carry the message of the one Faith that could redeem a stricken world.

One last glimpse of Bethany. The little white village nestling on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, amidst its palms and olives, its gardens and its houses, was a place of quiet retreat for our Lord, especially during the last few days of His life. Bethany witnessed the wonders of His humanity as shown in earthly love. One might also say that without Bethany the revelation of His character would not have been complete. His glory was shown forth on Mount Tabor, His power over the storm on the Lake of Galilee, but it was in the home at Bethany, the home of him whom He loved so much, that at the news of his death He wept. It was here that His holy humanity, His beautiful and pure affections, shone forth so wonderfully.

How well we can realise what that home meant to Christ,

<sup>1</sup> Romans x. 18.

after a long day spent teaching in the Temple or in the noisy, crowded streets of Jerusalem amid scowling faces and bitter tongues, enduring scoff and scorn alike. Picture Him descending the valley of the Kidron, winding round the slopes of Mount Olivet, the city left behind out of sight; and then presently, after skirting the lower slope of the Mount, see Him enter that sweet retreat which sheltered Him from the noise and clatter of Jerusalem. What a solace to be among His friends after the scorn and unbelief of the Jews, in the restful home after the wearisome labours of the day!

It was from Bethany along the lower road and thence through the golden gate of the Temple that the great procession passed when the people strewed their garments in the way, and the multitude cried out, “Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!”<sup>1</sup>—the one joyous triumph in the life of our Lord. Bethany, then, we may look upon as His last earthly home and also the centre of the first Christian discipleship such as was afterwards gathered round Christ at Capernaum on the Lake of Galilee. It would appear that after the raising of Lazarus the whole village became enthusiastic followers of Christ, ready to welcome Him and His disciples whenever they came into their midst.

And the last scene of all, the Ascension. “He led them out as far as Bethany”! One can picture the farewell, and the little crowd gathered round Him, including His Mother and the Apostles, Mary, Martha, Lazarus and the others whom He had loved best at Bethany. Here at Bethany He bade them farewell, and then with His Mother and the eleven Apostles ascended the rocky path to the Mount of Olives for the last time. There, on that Mount of hallowed memories, He lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass while He blessed them He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven. And they worshipped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the Temple, praising and blessing God.<sup>2</sup>

So when He left them the real work began, but its background would be Bethany. And with Bethany would be for ever associated the romantic story of the Magdalene, as Jesus Himself said: “Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xxi. 9.    <sup>2</sup> St. Luke xxiv. 51-53.    <sup>3</sup> St. Mark xiv. 9.



" The pathways of Thy land are little changed  
 Since Thou wast there :  
 The busy world through other ways has ranged,  
 And left these bare.

" The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep  
 Of Olivet.  
 Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,  
 Men tread it yet.

" Still to the Garden o'er the brook it leads,  
 Quiet and low :  
 Before his sheep, the shepherd on it treads—  
 His voice they know.

" The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,  
 As once o'er Thee :  
 Peasants go home at evening up the hill  
 To Bethany." <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> From the *Lyra Anglicana*.

## XI

JERICHO:  
 THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA

- (a) JERICHO, ANCIENT AND MODERN.  
 (b) ON THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN.  
 (c) THE DEAD SEA OR THE LAKE OF LOT.



## XI

### JERICO: THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA

#### (a) *Jericho, Ancient and Modern*

JERICO! the word that one hears repeated not merely when you are in Jerusalem, but before you ever get there. Whatever else happens, if you have not time to visit Galilee, you cannot leave Palestine without a visit to Jericho. Jericho is the key to Jordan and the Dead Sea. Even had I not been most enthusiastic about this visit, and anxious for a sight of these wonderful places, I should have been afraid to leave Jerusalem without seeing the Jordan and the Dead Sea, for to do so is almost a point of honour! Moreover, one should visit Jericho quite apart from seeing the Jordan and the Dead Sea; and I cannot understand how Matilde Serao, the Neapolitan author, in her delightful book can so libel Jericho as to call it "the most loathsome place in the world"!<sup>1</sup> The drive to Jericho is amazing in its scenic changes, and the little town to-day is a centre of sub-tropical beauty, full of fascinating charm. Possibly certain familiar advice may be responsible in some degree for the prejudice.

The journey to Jericho (Arabic, Erîhâ), if the visitor can obtain a motor-car, is simple, for six to seven hours suffice to see everything in comfort, though it would of course be possible to "do" it in considerably less time. Only a few years ago, when the Turk ruled Palestine, there was always a certain amount of risk in visiting Jericho, for occasionally a native or a visitor, in spite of his dragoman or other escort, did fall "among thieves."

Shortly after Easter I made the trip in company with two ladies and one of the Fathers from the Convent of Notre Dame de France, and we were undoubtedly nervous. This nervousness was not caused through fear of falling among thieves, but through the possibility of our being stopped by the military authorities. It was during the period of unrest in Jerusalem, when no one knew what would happen next, and the authorities warned us that there

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<sup>1</sup> *Nel paese di Gesù.* Matilde Serao.



was danger and that we had better postpone our visit. For various reasons our visit could not be postponed, so we decided to take the risk, trusting that the presence of the reverend Father would help us through difficulties. When we reached the Gate of Damascus we expected the worst, for a group of native policemen and some English officers were standing in our way. However, it is always the unexpected that happens in the East, for they made way and we drove on without their taking the slightest notice of us. It was a somewhat lonely drive, for not one carriage of any description did we pass nor did we meet any Europeans. Even the natives seemed to have retired to their hovels, though many of them may have been at En-Nebî Musâ, where the Moslem festival was still going on. Here and there we came upon groups of Indian soldiers engaged in road-mending, but otherwise we had the entire countryside to ourselves, saving only for the storks, the hares, the partridges, and other wild birds and animals. After passing Bethany we left the Moslem village of Abu Dîs on our right. This village is said to be very fanatical. Further along the road we passed the church used by Greeks and Russians of the Orthodox faith, which marks the traditional spot where Martha met our Lord and told Him of the death of Lazarus.

The "cinematograph" changes in scenery along the road from Jerusalem to Jericho are remarkable. The blue mountains of Moab as seen in the distance from the hills near Bethany, the cool and rushing waters of countless rivulets, the masses of flowers smiling in all their springtime glory, together with the verdant clothing of the fields, fresh and fertile, form a striking contrast to the arid yellow hills and rugged mountain sides. The scenery is almost indescribable in its sinister and gloomy appearance. There can scarcely be another drive like this in the world—gloomy gorges at one moment, fragrant flowers the next, a veritable medley of heaven and hell. Certainly there is nothing in Switzerland comparable to it.

To return to the actual route. After a long descent we came to the picturesque Fountain of the Apostles, 'Ain el Hand, as the Arabs call it, or the Fountain of the Trough. This is a favourite spot for pilgrims to refresh themselves after the steep climb from Jericho. It owes its name to the tradition that our Lord and His Apostles often rested here on their journeys to or from Jerusalem. The water is said to be clean and refreshing, but dangerous to drink, for in it are found innumerable small leeches, which parasites have the unpleasant habit of clinging to the throat and

choking the drinker. The hills are very steep and the road indescribably rough and stony, as we continue the descent toward the entrance of the Valley of the Camels, or Ouâdi el Jemel, while before us rises the hill called Arak es-Schems, or the Rock of the Sun. Crossing the valley of the Lotus, or Thorny Jujube Tree (to be found everywhere around Jericho), we meet the ancient route from Jerusalem, the one followed by our Lord, and ascend to the Khân Hathrûr. Tradition localises this spot as the inn where the good Samaritan handed over the man who fell among thieves to the care of the innkeeper.

But a certain Samaritan being on his journey, came near him: and seeing him, was moved with compassion. And going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and setting him upon his own beast, brought him to an inn and took care of him. And the next day he took out two pence, and gave to the host, and said, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I at my return will repay thee.<sup>1</sup>

The choice of site is a happy one, for the country round is desolate and lonely, and it is said that there has always been a caravanserai on this spot. We found the inn a humble and rough place of refreshment, standing quite alone near the top of the pass. It is a long and one-storied building, of pink tiles and yellow stone, with an arched doorway leading into a stone-paved and somewhat squalid interior. We sat on the rocks by the Khan, as hundreds of pilgrims had done before us, and as we sat basking in the sun, which shone brightly though the air was chilly, we thought of all the scenes of which this spot could tell; of the many occasions our Lord must have passed by with His disciples, and more especially of the day when He travelled this way going to raise Lazarus from the dead. David, too, with those warriors of his who remained faithful, passed this way when he sought the mountain strongholds of Gilead, that he might have time to take measures to stem the rebellion of Absalom. It was with reluctance that we tore ourselves away from a place which Christ had hallowed, and where so many pilgrims of the Old and New Testaments had rested their weary limbs.

On a hill above the Khan are to be seen the ruins of a Crusaders' castle, called the "Castle of Blood," the name being perhaps given because of the brick-red marble which is found in this

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke x. 33 (Vulgate).



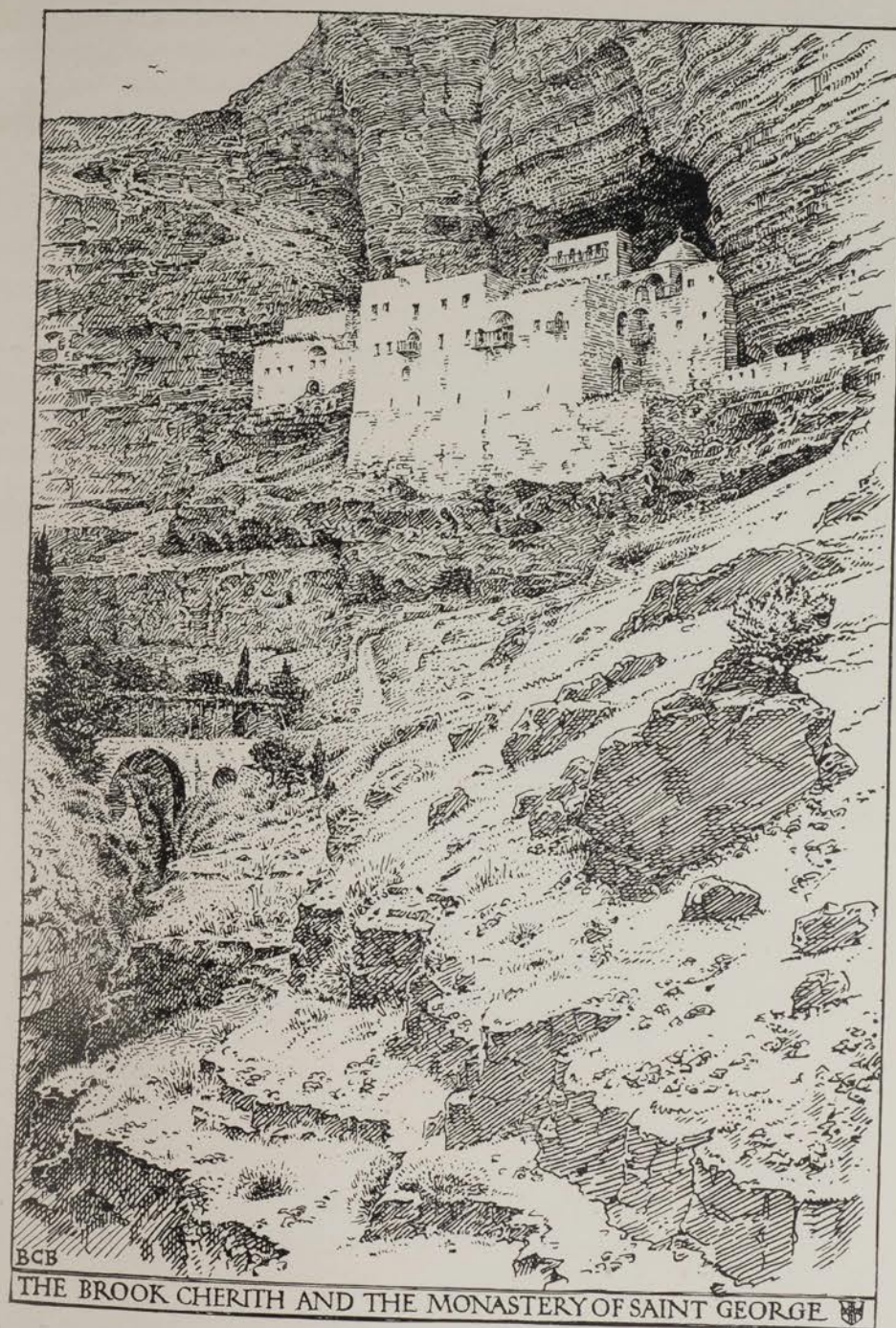
neighbourhood. Long before the time of the Crusades, St. Jerome wrote that "the Greeks call it the Red Mountain on account of the blood so often shed there by robbers; it is situated upon the confines of Judah and Benjamin, which from Jerusalem go down to Jericho. Our Saviour recalls this place of massacre and blood in the parable of the man that went down from Jerusalem to Jericho."<sup>1</sup>

On the south side of the Khan the country is called Togreit ed Debr, recalling the town of Debir or Debera, which Joshua places opposite Adommim: "And reaching as far as the borders of Debara, from the valley of Achor, and so northwards looking towards Gilgal, which is opposite to the ascent of Adommim on the south of the torrent."<sup>2</sup>

Ever descending, through valley after valley, we passed a vast number of storks, and could not help admiring the beauty of their flight, like small white aeroplanes above us, radiant in the sun. The birds were very tame and came close to our car. No one ever harms them in any way, and the same can be said of the many other animals and birds, such as the partridges, hares, and gazelles we met with in this district. To our right was the road by which we should return, viz., the pilgrim road to En-Nebi Musâ (the tomb of the prophet Moses, see p. 310), a better but longer road, and on the left the rocky ravine known as the Ouâdi Kelt. At this spot we left the motor to gaze at the magnificent view over Deir el Qelt (or Kelt), the old Convent of Couziba, commonly known as the Convent of St. George. This convent is most picturesque. It hangs like a swallows' nest upon the wall of the mountain above the abyss. The convent looks as if it had always been part of the mountain and was inseparable from it. All around are to be seen caverns, where hermits dwelt in times past, never leaving their caves. Monks who have committed some offence are 'imprisoned' for a while in one or other of these cells, drawing their 'rations' from the convent by means of a rope and pulley. To the hermit or monk who desired to flee from the temptations of the world, or from its joys and sorrows, no retreat could have afforded a better haven of rest; and a feeling of envy may perhaps have passed through our minds, not unmixed with admiration, when we thought of those who had spent or were spending their lives on this mountain rock where not even the breath of a rumour of the world's politics, or of the world's unrest, could reach them.

<sup>1</sup> St. Jerome, *Onomasticon Sacrum*.

<sup>2</sup> Joshua xv. 7 (Vulgate).



BCB

THE BROOK CHERITH AND THE MONASTERY OF SAINT GEORGE

[To face page 300.]



Continuing our journey, a steep descent along an execrable road brought us to the spot where the valley spread out, and the great plain of Jericho appeared before us. When we reached it we found the heat intense, for we were already some three hundred feet below sea-level. When we left Jerusalem the weather was chilly and it was inclined to rain; furthermore, the sun was completely obscured, partly by mist and partly by clouds, and we were thankful for warm wraps. From winter we had travelled into the tropics within a few hours! The very air was hot, and as our car rushed along our faces were scorched as from a furnace. We wondered what the climate here would be like in summer, and how our English soldiers had been able to endure it for the last two years! All the same, this ultra-tropical heat was very welcome, although it burnt through our clothes as if seeking to scorch our very bones.

We passed the fragments of remains marking the spot where once stood the second Jericho, the Jericho of Herod and the Romans, and of the days of our Lord, and saw the ruins of Herod's palace and an aqueduct said to have been built by that king. Somewhere in this neighbourhood the early Christians, it is said, pointed out the place where Zacchæus climbed up a sycamore tree to see Jesus of Nazareth pass by<sup>1</sup>; and on the same spot tradition has it that the miracle of healing the blind Bartimæus was performed.<sup>2</sup> After following the perfectly level surface of this immense plain, and crossing it by a narrow bridge, we arrived at what might be called the "third" Jericho which was built on the foundations of the "New Jericho" of the Crusaders. This village is a place of great beauty, and to sum up modern Jericho as "a filthy and abandoned village wholly devoid of interest" is altogether ludicrous. The contrast between the rugged wildness of those mountains we passed, with caves used at different times both for robbers and anchorites, and the amazing fertility of Jericho, was bewildering. The bees were humming, the birds sang, enormous dragon-flies flew by; tall palms, olives, oranges, and lemons grew in the greatest abundance; and vegetables of every variety are raised here for the market in Jerusalem. The modern Jericho, is not just a collection of squalid hovels, though there may be hovels and mud huts in abundance. The village and its surroundings are so full of fascination and beauty that it might be made, as Josephus once called it, an "earthly paradise." Personally

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xix. 2-10.

<sup>2</sup> St. Mark x. 46.



I cannot imagine a more delightful winter resort for those who are not afraid of the heat.

The Jericho of to-day consists of two small hotels, a Greek and a Latin church, some Government offices, and a long street that opens into a piazza with a delightful fountain. There are many pleasant-looking villas, but the houses in the square are built of straw and clay; they looked clean, however, and the children had a healthy appearance. After taking photographs we drove through the village and noticed there the sidr-trees, with their branches of cruel thorns, called by Christians "Spina Christi," and said to be the thorns of which Christ's crown was made. On either side of the lanes around Jericho were to be seen orchards and plantations filled with sub-tropical trees, bushes, and flowers of all descriptions. About a mile beyond Jericho we came to a small pond divided by concrete into two partitions, and known as Elisha's Spring. It received this name owing to the belief that the prophet, moved by the prayers of the people of Jericho, 'healed' the bitterness of the waters, making them fit for drink by casting into them a handful of salt.<sup>1</sup> The Arabs, on the other hand, call the fountain 'Ain-es-Sultân, or Sultan's Spring. On the opposite side of the road we saw the excavations of the first Jericho, the Jericho of the days of Joshua and the Canaanites, which for its beauty was also called the "City of Palm-trees." One narrow street with its very small houses was quite visible, and its width might have just allowed one chariot to pass at a time, but there would have been no room for a side-walk. The excavations, which unfortunately have been stopped for some years, reminded me a little of those in Pompeii, though of course on a much smaller scale. So small must have been the town that the Israelites could have walked round it many times without much fatigue. The whole army was ordered to "compass the city," and to "go round the city once" for a period of six days. On the seventh day, seven priests were to accompany the army, and these priests were to "bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns," and on this day to compass the city seven times. At the conclusion of the march all the people "shouted with a great shout, upon which the walls fell down flat," and thus the city was taken without capitulation.<sup>2</sup> There would have been no difficulty in discovering where Rahab lived, as the Israelites in marching round the city

<sup>1</sup> II Kings ii. 21.

<sup>2</sup> Joshua vi. 3 *et seq.*

thirteen times would have recognised the "line of scarlet thread in the window," the sign that had been agreed upon.<sup>1</sup> It must have been most terrifying to the people of Jericho to see the Israelites marching round and round the city in complete silence. They must also have wondered by what means the attackers could have crossed the Jordan, although, according to Rahab, they had already heard "how the Lord had dried up the waters of the Dead Sea." It was most interesting to realise that we were standing on the ground where those wonderful events recorded by that amazing general and diplomatist Joshua had actually taken place. On this very spot the shout of the victors and the wail of the vanquished had gone up in one mighty cry. The rocky mountain that leaned over us had re-echoed the blast of the rams' horns and returned in thunder the terrible crash that followed the seventh march round the city on the seventh day!

Close to the ruins of ancient Jericho the cliffs tower up to a peak which is known as the Mount of the Quarantana, in Arabic Jebel Karantal, which since the days of the Crusaders has been pointed out as the site of the "forty days and forty nights" in the wilderness. The plain beneath was the scene of our Lord's fasting, and the topmost peak of the mount that of His Temptation. Here, according to tradition, Satan offered the kingdoms of the world to our Lord on conditions that would necessitate neither His Passion nor His Death.

Again the devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto Him, All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.<sup>2</sup>

This tradition is accepted, generally speaking, by all Christian sects. And what a position!—barren, deserted, wild, given up to the haunts of beasts and reptiles of all kinds, the sun-scorched sand of Jordan's plain with desolate scrubs and ill-looking weeds growing all around; confronted by those savage mountains with their hideous precipices. Below, there lay the gloomy and sinister valley, and what better position could our Lord have chosen to fight and conquer the enemy of all mankind? What a contrast to these terrible surroundings was the offer made to Him by the Tempter, "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them"! From the heights of the Quarantana He would have seen beyond

<sup>1</sup> Joshua ii. 18.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matthew iv. 8.



the mountains of Moab and Edom the topmost peak of Nebo, where Moses completed his earthly task, and, turning round, the distant hills of Judah stretching to Mount Olivet, where He, in His turn, would finish His appointed work.

The view has been well described: "I came up to see the sun rise once more over the eastern mountains and this impressive plain of Jericho. . . . In the immediate foreground the green oasis created by 'Ain-es-Sultân spreads to the village of Jericho, and onwards past ancient Gilgal to the Jordan beyond. On the other side of the river the dark mountains of Moab and Edom bound the eastern horizon, with the wide plain of Abel ha Shittim at their feet and the heights of Nebo and Pisgah above. Far away to the south the Dead Sea sleeps in its mysterious sepulchre. Northwards stretches the valley of the Jordan, sheltered by everlasting hills on either side, the lofty Karn Sartabeh on the west, and the noble mountains of Gilead and Basham on the east. This vast area of plain, mountains, river, and sea is crowded with ancient sites, whose names recall many of the grandest and some of the most sublime and appalling events in Bible history. The mental impression of this amazing panorama will abide with you while life may last."<sup>1</sup>

It is difficult to tear oneself away from this spot, one of the most interesting in the world, especially if tradition is to be accepted in its wider meaning. The scene is arresting,—“All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them,” St. Luke adding that they were shown “in a moment of time.”<sup>2</sup> Christ came expressly to gain these kingdoms. It was the main object of His mission and His business while on earth. He had the heart of a conqueror, and on that mount of vision there passed in review all the kingdoms of the world in their glory “in a moment of time,” outward symbols, past, present, and future, of the great powers of worldly might which He desired to regenerate that they might become the Kingdom of God. It is indeed arresting, especially when one obliterates from one’s mind appalling pictures of the conventional devil at His side, and thinks of Him as being alone on that mount with the temptation within. The kingdoms of the world that flashed by in a moment of time not only included Nineveh, Babylon, the cities of Egypt, Greece, or the Lady of all the Kingdoms, Rome throned on her seven

<sup>1</sup> *The Land and the Book*. Dr. W. M. Thomson.

<sup>2</sup> St. Luke iv: 5.

hills, but the cities of the future—cities that we know to-day, and the glory of them! No longer a matter of commanding stones to be made bread to satisfy the craving of hunger, no longer a question of some foolhardy conceit such as casting Himself down from the Temple to impress the eager crowds below, but “all these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me: and to whomsoever I will I give it”; that is to say, victory promised at once, without toil or pain or death—here was the real temptation! It all happened nigh on twenty centuries ago, but throughout this long span of years the temptation to accept this lie has been a very real one to kings and emperors, statesmen and diplomats, popes and prelates—namely, that the kingdoms of the world are the devil’s and that he may give them to whom he will. This sombre mount seemed on this sunny morning to stand out like a magnificent memorial to Him Who here gave the lie to the Devil, and Who here proclaimed that the world was God’s—the world He would shortly redeem on another hill—that of Calvary. . . .

(b) *On the Banks of the Jordan*

Retracing our steps, we found ourselves once more in the piazza of modern Jericho, and, turning to the left, drove along the stony road to the Jordan. We crossed a dreary and uncultivated plain, noticing from the vegetation all around how very fertile it could be made given scientific irrigation. Beyond the plain we passed between ranges of quaintly-shaped chalk hills, curious and forbidding in their formation. Here there was no vegetation whatever, everything was dead; skeletons of animals, sheep, horses and camels; vultures flying overhead—a picture of loneliness and horror. At last we reached the open plain before the Jordan, and instead of those awful hills we drove through bushes of tamarisks and a jungle of reeds (while all around were signs of vegetation), with willows and great poplar trees. Father Delmasse, who knew every inch of the ground, having camped near the river many times, led us to a shady nook out of range of the fierce sun, close to the traditional scene of the Baptism of Christ. This spot is commonly called Makkâdet el Hadjlâh, and to-day innumerable pilgrims bathe here. There seems to be no exact clue as to the location of Bethabara, where St. John baptised, and some say that the place is miles higher up the river, but it matters very little, for we know that our Lord was baptised in the Jordan, probably



not far from Jericho. Pilgrims come to this spot in great numbers, especially early in the year before it is too hot, and the Greek Church holds a great function here on the Feast of the Epiphany. It is believed that from here Elijah ascended to heaven in a fiery chariot, after the prophet had smitten the waters and "they were divided hither and thither," so that he and Elisha could pass "over on dry ground,"<sup>1</sup> and here, also, a legend relates that St. Christopher carried the infant Christ across the river.

The rains of the previous weeks had swollen the Jordan, and its waters were coffee-coloured from the clay it stirs up during its rapid course. Great trees were growing on its banks, with masses of wild flowers and sweet-smelling herbs beneath them. The Father began to spread our *al fresco* lunch, provided by the convent. Immediately the food was unpacked, before we had time to devour a morsel, we were visited by crowds of unwelcome guests—mosquitoes and flies, especially sand-flies—anxious to share the meal. So insistent were they, that we discovered the only way to lessen their attention was to smoke with one hand and eat with the other; but as soon as we had finished, and the remains of the meal had been packed up, our visitors disappeared as suddenly as they had arrived. Before leaving this pleasant spot we each filled a bottle with Jordan water to take away with us. All along the river the banks are lined on both sides with a dense jungle too thick to penetrate, except where it has been cleared by pilgrims. When the Russian pilgrims came to the Jordan they made their bath a solemn baptism, bringing with them white sheets, men and women alike, and these they wore when they jumped into the river, after which the sheets were carefully preserved so that they might be buried in them. In the jungle by the river-side, wolves, bears, and the inevitable jackal are still found, but on the day of our visit we saw none of them; indeed, we had the whole district to ourselves.

As we drove back to Jericho across the blazing plain we could well understand why Herod made it his winter resort. The plain of the Jordan will be as fertile as the land around Jericho once there is a proper system of irrigation, and one realises the blighting effect of Turkish rule here almost more than anywhere in Palestine. If Palestine is restored to its one-time glory as a "land flowing with milk and honey," there will be no more beautiful spot than Jericho and the country round the Jordan to winter in,

<sup>1</sup> II Kings ii. 8 *et seq.*

sheltered as it is from cold winds and stormy weather. Jericho must have been a very beautiful spot from accounts down to the seventh century, earning the name of the 'City of Palms.' Here too, we are told, flourished the famous 'henna,' from which the blood-red dye is produced.

Antony presented Jericho to Cleopatra, who in turn gave it to Herod the Great. Our Lord began His last journey to Jerusalem from Jericho, probably but a few days before His triumphal entry into the Holy City. There was a Bishop of Jericho in the fourth century, and Justinian erected a church there to the 'Mother of God'; but after the days of the Crusaders Jericho fell into the hands of the Moslems, and gradually decayed as have so many Moslem towns.

(c) *The Dead Sea or the Lake of Lot*

On our return to Jericho we rested awhile at the picturesque and cool little inn, and then followed the Jerusalem road for about a mile, when a sharp turning to the left brought us to the remnants of a track which ultimately led to the Dead Sea. How the car managed to move along this track at all still remains a mystery to me, for we dived into sand, we floundered in thick white mud, and we bounded over rocks, the chauffeur meanwhile cheering us with the information that in bad weather the 'road' was impassable. For some distance we passed through an uncultivated and desolate plain, and then between more hills of chalk formation, all sizes and shapes, some like great animals of the prehistoric age, others like the Sphinx, and again others like immense giants, sinister, terrible, and lonely: so much so that it did not need much imagination to picture the scapegoat of ancient days slowly dying in these awful surroundings. At last we emerged on to a desolate road, where we found an Arab encampment near the beach of the Dead Sea. The sea was no longer blue, but a dark grey-green, reflecting the sombre colours of the hills of Moab. Those hills that looked so wonderful in their azure splendour from a distance looked sombre and threatening at close quarters. The Arabs call the Dead Sea the Lake of Lot, for Mohammed introduced the story of Lot and the destruction of Sodom into the Koran. The surface of the sea lies about 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean; it is forty-seven miles long, its greatest depth is 1,310 feet, and its greatest breadth some ten miles. Into



it the waters of the Jordan empty themselves, but it is an inexplicable phenomenon that these waters do not increase the bulk or alter the level of the sea: many millions of tons of water roll day by day into the Dead Sea, but not a single ton of water is seen to roll out of it. The surface is generally motionless, but occasionally a stiff breeze will lash the sleepy waters into activity. This vast expanse of motionless water is shut in by two steep and barren mountain ranges, the chain of Judea and the tableland of Moab, its shores, as parched as the country around, bearing no traces of vegetation or the existence of man, except the occasional hut of a Bedouin, in keeping with its surroundings. No fish can live in it, and those washed in by the Jordan die at once. All around the earth is white with salt, but at a little distance from the shore a few gnarled and dwarfed shrubs grow—shrubs that bear a strange fruit which has an unpleasantly bitter taste. This is known as the Dead Sea fruit, or Sodom Apple, said to be the only product of a stricken vegetation. What struck me as most curious was the impossibility of penetrating the waters of the Dead Sea beyond a few feet, beneath which they seem to be altogether opaque. A lady of our party had set her mind on bathing, but she soon found that swimming was an impossibility, though floating was comfortable and refreshing. I contented myself with sitting on the shore peering into this terrible sea; I tasted the water and found it horribly salt to the taste and oily to the touch.

The silence everywhere was almost painful; even the few Bedouins sat outside their camp, never saying a word, but silently gazing beyond the distant hills. Presently a little naked dark-skinned boy came out of a hut; quietly and solemnly he walked into the sea. When the water reached his knees he lay down on his back and kept still, with the burning sun beating down upon him. When he wanted to come out it needed some effort on his part to stand upright, and on emerging, with the sun beating down upon him, he looked for all the world like a pillar of salt. In the distance, perhaps two miles away—but distance cannot be computed accurately on this weird sea—a small island is to be seen, memorable because an Englishman lost his life years ago in trying to reach it by swimming. The Arab boy came and stood near us while he was scraping the salt from his body, but after much rubbing he still was covered with little crystals clear as pearls. Then he lay down and panted in the sun, with his feet just touching the miniature ripples of the water.

There was a terrible solemnity about this place of sinister memories, and not the faintest breath of air stirred. Far down below, buried beneath the depth of the sea, lie Sodom and the other cities of the plain, five in all, gone for ever: for there were not ten righteous men in Sodom to save them.

The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and He overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground. But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.<sup>1</sup>

When the ungodly perished, she [Wisdom] delivered the righteous man, who fled from the fire which fell down upon the five cities. Of whose wickedness even to this day the waste land that smoketh is a testimony, and plants bearing fruit that never come to ripeness: and a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul.<sup>2</sup>

Not a stone has been left, not a sign of those five cities remains; the dread message must have penetrated throughout the land of the patriarchs and all the country round about that not even ten just men could be found in those five cities to save them from destruction. Countless pilgrims in days gone by tried to fathom the mysteries of the deep waters of this weird sea; but in vain, for those cities will remain buried far beyond the sight of man or his understanding till the end of time. The desert where nothing grows, the sea without waves or tide, and the gloomy surroundings of those sinister mountains are for all time a memorial of that which happened many centuries ago. Somehow I was reminded of how Dante endeavoured to peer into the deep abyss of the waters, all to no purpose, when I read how pilgrims of days gone by would dismount from their horses and peer into this sea, seeking traces of those five cities of the plain which perished in fire and brimstone. Some 590 feet above the level of the Dead Sea rises an isolated hill known by the name of Jebel. The base of the hill consists of pure crystallised salt, which is seamed with perpendicular fissures.

Though I shall never forget that sojourn by the Dead Sea nor the thoughts of mysteries that arose in my mind as I gazed upon the waters, it was with a sense of relief that I greeted the return

<sup>1</sup> Genesis xix. 23-26.

<sup>2</sup> Wisdom of Solomon x. 6.



of the bather, and we were able to leave the stricken place. Somehow one can never quite banish the memory of the Dead Sea and its meaning from the mind, however much one may desire to do so.

We returned by the same so-called track in a chastened frame of mind, which not even the execrable road and the consequent gyrations of the car were wholly able to dispel, and it was not until we joined the main road and the air was cooler and fresher that life became more normal. We chose to return by the En-Nebi Musâ route, and before long that little town became visible, perched on the edge of a tremendous gorge. From the depth of the ravine we could see crowds of tiny figures taking part in some ceremony connected with their pilgrimage which had not yet finished. At other times of the year the place is absolutely deserted, and was, at any rate until a few years ago, a safe retreat for bands of robbers. The hills on the return journey were terrific, for it must be remembered that we were climbing from the Dead Sea, 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, to Jerusalem, some 2,500 feet above sea level, and our little car was tried to the uttermost. Unfortunately, some time after we had left the Fountain of the Apostles, it was discovered that there was no water to quench the car's thirst and fill the exhaust, and very sorrowfully we were compelled to sacrifice our precious supplies of bottled Jordan water, which just sufficed until we reached the inn of the Good Samaritan. We did regret the loss of that water, for we had each of us filled a bottle with some difficulty in order that we might take it back to our homes.

As we ascended the steep hills to Jerusalem, it seemed like a return to winter after a tropical summer. Jerusalem was like a city of the dead, for it was still under martial law, and everyone had to be within their houses by six o'clock. . . . Reviewing the events of the day, all we had heard, seen, and thought, I came to the conclusion that no description can possibly convey the wonders of this visit. The traveller who does not find the journey to Jericho, Jordan, and the Dead Sea amazing, awe-inspiring, and thrilling is yet to be found.

## XII

### BETHLEHEM, THE FOCAL POINT OF RE-UNION

- (a) BETHLEHEM AND THE FRANCISCANS.
- (b) BETHLEHEM AND THE ORTHODOX GREEKS.



## XII

### BETHLEHEM, THE FOCAL POINT OF RE-UNION

#### (a) *Bethlehem and the Franciscans.*

ON a cold and gusty morning in March I set out on my first visit to Bethlehem. The field adjoining the Sultan's Pool (Birket es Sultan) had been transformed into a busy cattle market; beyond it on the right was to be seen the Jewish colony founded by Sir Joseph Montefiore, practical but unsightly. As I climbed the hill, to the left stood the British Ophthalmic Hospital founded by the English Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and on the right the railway station, close to the former "German Colony of the Temple," called the "Rephaim," from its proximity to the plain of that name. The valley of Rephaim is mentioned as a point on the boundary-line between Judah and Benjamin, where the Philistines were defeated by David.

He stood in the midst of the ground, and defended it, and slew the Philistines: and the Lord wrought a great victory. . . . The troop of the Philistines were in the valley of Rephaim.<sup>1</sup>

To the left of the road about a mile further on is a cistern, called by tradition the "Well of the Magi." It is said that the Wise Men after leaving Herod, not knowing where to go, rested here until they saw the reflection of the star in the well, when, following it, they came to the place where the young Child lay. According to tradition, this well never dries up, because it once supplied water to these weary travellers on their way to seek their King. Here also, according to tradition, the Blessed Virgin rested on her way to Bethlehem.

On the summit of the hill, some three miles from Jerusalem, stands the Greek monastery of Mâr Elyâs, which owes its name to its patron, a Greek Bishop of unknown date. There is no

<sup>1</sup> 11 Samuel xxiii. 12, 13.



authority for connecting the convent with the name of the prophet Elijah, although there is a legend that he rested near this spot when escaping from Jezebel. From this point the view is splendid, and on a clear day the Dead Sea and the Mountains of Moab are plainly visible, while to the south lies Bethlehem, some five miles from Jerusalem. The road then descends, and passes on the right a chapel and hospital called Tantûr, supported by the Latin Knights of St. John of Malta. It was not a pleasant day, for when the wind dropped the rain began to fall, and so the appearance of Rachel's Tomb was welcome, for here at least was shelter. The dome of the tomb resembles a Moslem well, and the tomb itself has been an object of veneration to the Jews for over three thousand years. The Crusaders erected over this monument a little building some twenty-four feet square, formed by four columns bound each to each by pointed arches twelve feet wide and twenty feet high, the whole crowned by a cupola. The Mohammedans in the sixteenth century destroyed a portion of this building, and, instead of a pyramid, built a stone cenotaph. In 1841 Montefiore obtained for the Jews the key of the Tomb, and to conciliate Moslem susceptibility, added a square vestibule with a *mihrab* as a place of prayer for Moslems.

And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come into Ephrath: and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath; the same is Bethlehem.<sup>1</sup>

Beyond the Tomb of Rachel the road divides into three branches: the central leads to Hebron, the right to Beit Jâlâ, while the road to the left bends round the fertile valley above which rises Bethlehem.

As we made the circle along the road to Bethlehem the views were fascinating, and we could picture the old town as it was in the time of our Lord. It crowns the top of two hills, and this renders a complete view somewhat difficult. The mass of buildings that are grouped round the principal Sanctuary, the Church of the Nativity, namely the Greek, Latin and Armenian Convents, are seen very clearly at the south-east of the village, while a slender and graceful minaret indicates the position of the only mosque in the district.

Bethlehem lies on a limestone hill, out of which terraces are cut and planted with olive trees, fig and other fruit trees and vines.

<sup>1</sup> Genesis xlviii. 7.

From here the grey town looks prosperous and important, in spite of its background of bare hills and the stony country in which it lies. It is 2,361 feet above sea level, and commands the view of a wide stretch of country in all directions. Until the fifteenth century Bethlehem was like Jerusalem, surrounded by a wall and fortified by two towers, one at the top of the hill to the west and the other close by the Basilica. These towers were destroyed by order of the Sultan and the walls demolished in 1489.

The country round Bethlehem is very fertile, although there is much stony ground. Passing by some fields I recalled the parable, "A sower went forth to sow his seed," for there was a man scattering grain from his hand on to the newly-ploughed earth, while all around the land was cumbered with stones. "Lilies of the field" were growing by the roadside, together with scarlet anemone, cyclamen, clover, and brilliant poppies.

Bethlehem, or Bêt-leyem, which signifies "House of Bread" or "House of Food," Arabic Beit-Lahm, has existed without change for thousands of years. The first mention of this town is found in Genesis in connection with the death of Rachel. In the Book of Judges it is called Bethlehem of Judah, while Micah gives it the title of Bethlehem-Ephratah. It was the scene of the beautiful idyll of the Book of Ruth, and is specially famous as the home of the family of David. It is claimed for Bethlehem that her church is the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world, for the Basilica erected here by Constantine dates from 330.

After treading the paths along which the Magi rode out from Jerusalem with their retinue on that first Epiphany, I found myself in the narrow and crooked streets of Bethlehem. It was a fête day, the Annunciation, kept by Greeks and Latins alike, and all the shops were closed, except one kept by a Moslem who had an eye for visitors. As I was the only visitor that day his profit was not great. The workers in the village are industrious and skilful, and in the bazaars are employed many men and women who make crosses, rosaries and the like in olive wood, mother-of-pearl, and bitumen from the Dead Sea. The trinkets they manufacture, some of which are charming, find their way sometimes even to the markets of London. This is the main industry of Bethlehem, and is very lucrative; but the people also use amber, and the stones of olives and other fruit, which they make into necklaces. The streets are clean and the houses tidy; the girls and women have bright, clear complexions, carry themselves



admirably, and I noticed several Madonna-like faces among them. Graceful and picturesque they looked in their long straight dresses of dark red, bordered with flowers, and adorned with Arabic figures worked in silk, in colours of good taste. The married women wear a coif, a stiff white veil fastened above the head and falling below the neck, which gives them an appearance reminiscent of the women in the times of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The girls wear a ribbon in their hair, over which is draped a large white cotton veil, the border of which is richly worked in red and blue worsted. From the main street I passed into the Market Place full of animation and colour, and then found myself before the paved court leading to the Basilica. This court is the Atrium of Constantine's Church, from which three doors led into the Basilica; of these, two have been closed, while the remaining one was reduced to very small dimensions in the seventeenth century to prevent surprise attacks from the Moslems.

On this my first visit the entrance was guarded by British soldiers, one of whom kept perpetual guard over the Place of the Nativity.

To right and left the court is flanked by the Armenian and Franciscan Convents respectively, while behind the Basilica stands the great Convent of the Orthodox Greek Church.

Armed with an introduction to the local Superior, I went straight to the Franciscan Convent, which might have been a little piece of Umbria. Behind the convent was a picturesque garden, with groves of oranges and lemons, brilliant in the sunshine after the heavy rain. In one corner a shabby old stump of a tree looked as if it depended on its bark alone for sap and very existence. This is called the Tree of St. Jerome, and there are always oranges on it, hard and bitter, yet bright and red. Presently the Superior, a Venetian, came to greet me, and took me into the guest salon. Opening the windows, he pointed to the "Field of the Shepherds." It lay just below in calm serenity, bathed in sunshine, green and fresh after the heavy rain, and enclosed by stone walls with many an olive tree to shelter it. One could just see the "Grotto of the Shepherds," a small square tower now fitted up as a chapel, belonging to the Greek Church. It was to this field, said the Padre, that the angels came to announce the wonderful news to the shepherds, that a Saviour was born.

This day in the city of David is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling

clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will. . . . And when the angels had left them, the shepherds said, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass; and they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger.<sup>1</sup>

This Gospel story the Padre repeated as we gazed from the windows of the monastery over that field of wondrous memory. Beyond it, bathed in azure blue, lay the Mountains of Moab, from whence Ruth came with the desolate Naomi into the harvest-fields, later becoming the wife of Boaz, the ancestor of the kings of Judah and therefore of the Saviour of the world. Those mountains of Moab, more blue than ever after the rain, are indeed the glory and wonder of the land, and viewed from Bethlehem they possess a splendour that is almost unearthly.

The past all seemed very real, and the more so perhaps because Bethlehem retains its Eastern character. Such houses as are modern are built in Oriental fashion, and red-tiled roofs, those eyesores of modern Jerusalem, are absent. Everywhere too, there are grottoes, in which people lived centuries ago, and some are occupied to this day.

We went through the convent into the Latin Church of St. Catharine, a large edifice in the Italian style, built in the seventeenth century, but of no particular merit from an architectural point of view. The Latins erected this church because the Greeks had secured the monopoly of the entire Basilica, excepting only a portion of the crypt. From their church the Franciscans have a short and direct access to the Grotto of the Nativity, which is the only place in the Basilica where they have the right to hold their services. The grotto is approached by two staircases, the south for the Greeks and the north for the Latins and Armenians, and it lies twenty feet below the choir.

We descended, by the light of a small taper, about a dozen steps cut out of the rock, and walking along a dark subterranean passage, arrived at the Cave of the Nativity. We were alone, the Father and myself, except for a young English soldier who stood guard beside the sacred spot, a clean, nice-looking lad of about twenty, standing motionless, armed with his rifle—a symbol not of war but of protection—obviously realising his sacred duty.

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke ii. 11-14.



Probably he has long since returned to his native village. He told me that he came from Yorkshire, and somehow I do not think he will ever forget his vigils in the Grotto of our Lord at Bethlehem.

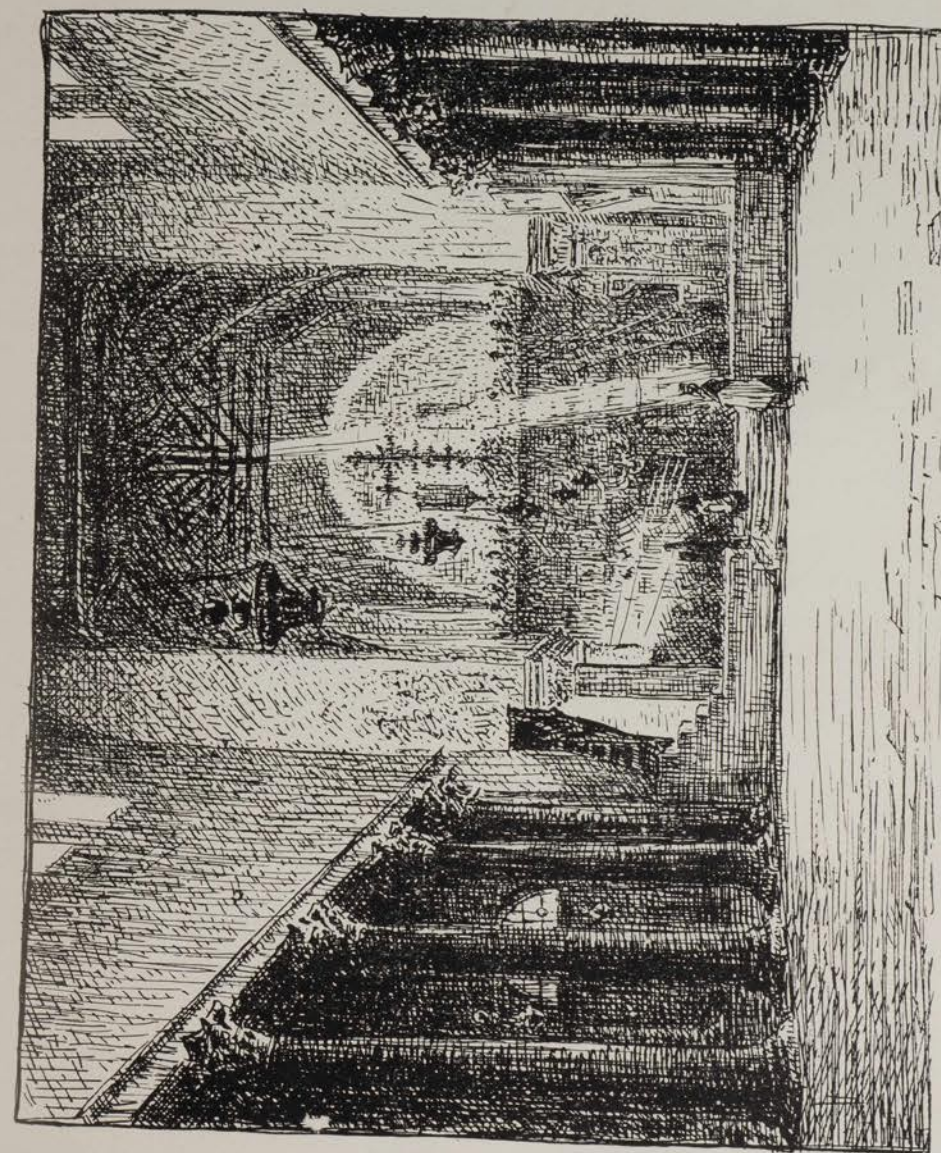
Here, then, we stand in front of one of the most sacred places in the world, which in spite of many vicissitudes has remained unaltered. Church after church has been built above this sacred spot, destroyed, rebuilt or restored, but the venerable rocks have withstood the onslaught of man as they have that of time. Here the Prince of Peace was born; here the shepherds knelt to adore; here also countless pilgrims in all ages have come to worship and meditate on that Birth which transformed the world. Thousands have seen "His Star in the East," and have gone to their distant homes carrying with them a faith which burns more brightly than the lamps that hang above the holy place.

The Cave of the Nativity is a natural grotto cut in the rock and covered in by artificial vaulting. The principal altar in the grotto is erected here, and can only be used by the Greeks and Armenians. Beneath this altar the famous Silver Star, marking the spot where the Christ was born, is let into the ground. Around it the solemn words are inscribed:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

This Star belongs exclusively to the Latins, and above it hang fifteen silver lamps, perpetually burning, six belonging to the Greeks, four to the Latins, and five to the Armenians. It was this Star that caused so much trouble in the fifties, the quarrel over it leading, it is said, to the Crimean War. The Star disappeared in 1847, and only after five years' negotiations between the French Embassy and the Sublime Porte was it restored and refixed in its place in 1852.

The Greeks reserve to themselves the right to use both staircases for their processions on several ceremonial occasions during the year, and this custom, so the Padre told me, had been the cause of riots and even bloodshed in days gone by, especially during the Christmas festival. The Franciscans would never forget, he added, how one year in the seventies a band of armed Greeks attacked them while at their devotions, wounding five of their number. It was on account of this attack that Marshal MacMahon insisted that the Sultan's government should place a Turkish soldier within the grotto day and night. The last serious conflict took place in 1893, when some Russians refused to evacuate the grotto



BETHLEHEM: IMPRESSION OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

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during a Latin procession, and on one of the Franciscans protesting, a Croatian fired his revolver and wounded mortally two of their order.

When I was alone in this holy cave I did not think of these things, nor of the tapestries nor countless lamps and pictures hanging from its walls. I remembered that here the holy Child was born; here He lay in His Mother's arms, watched over by Joseph; here the shepherds on that cold December night came and knelt as the angels had bidden them. This is the *Crèche* or *Presepio* that is reproduced in thousands of churches the world over at Christmastide, bringing to all mankind a wonderful message full of mystic significance. On one occasion when I was in this cave a little band of children came in by themselves. They walked up to the Star, knelt and kissed it, and then stood quite silently gazing intently at it. I then realised more clearly than before why Christmas would always remain *the* children's festival. The divisions among the Christians here, as in Jerusalem, are indeed pitiable, but it is impossible to think about them when kneeling by that Star, for it points ever onward "to that far-off Divine event to which the whole creation moves."

Opposite the Recess of the Nativity three steps lead to the Chapel of the Manger, which marks the spot where Christ was laid after His Birth. It is said that the actual manger was taken to the Church of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome in the eighth century. This, and the contiguous chapels, belong exclusively to the Latins. The Chapel of the Magi marks the spot where the Wise Men presented their gifts, but there is some difference of opinion on this point even among the Latins themselves. The Franciscans aver that the Virgin and St. Joseph continued to dwell in the grotto, and that the Magi visited them there. On the other hand, some authorities contend that "by this time St. Joseph had found a house, and to this house the Star led the Magi."<sup>1</sup> The evangelist, writing of the Magi, says "when they were come into the house." The Franciscans say that 'house' in the East signifies any habitation where people dwell, and grottoes were the houses of many folk in those days. In any case, it is not a matter of much importance.

St. Matthew, who alone of the evangelists refers to the visit of the Magi, does not mention how many wise men there were, but it has generally been assumed that they were three in number.

<sup>1</sup> *La Palestine*, by the Professors of Notre Dame de France.



According to tradition, they held high rank in their native land. There is much difference of opinion as to whether they came from Arabia, Chaldæa, or Persia. Tradition gives their names as Theokeno, Mensor, and Saïr, which in mediæval times were changed into the 'nicknames' of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. The three were standing together on a tower, when a star of wondrous brilliancy appeared in the heavens, and a voice was heard crying, "Go ye to Judæa, and worship the new-born King." The Magi hastened to obtain suitable presents and to summon a retinue to attend them, and shortly afterwards they were on the road, mounted upon camels and dromedaries.

The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah : all they from Sheba shall come : they shall bring gold and incense : and they shall show forth the praises of the Lord.<sup>1</sup>

The Gospel account of the consternation at Jerusalem when the approach of the Wise Men was announced is supplemented by a tradition that they were sorely troubled on their arrival because the star, which had led them thus far, suddenly disappeared. Astonishment must have been added to this trouble when they found that Herod was completely ignorant of a matter of such tremendous import as the birth of a rival Sovereign. Taking it for granted that all Jerusalem would be able to answer their question, they asked, *Where is He that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him.* Herod, taken by surprise, consulted his learned men, and these on looking up the prophecies found that Micah had foretold that Christ should be born in Bethlehem of Judæa :—

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda : for out of thee shall come a governor, that shall rule My people Israel.<sup>2</sup>

After receiving a charge from Herod to search diligently for the young Child and to bring him word again, the Wise Men departed on their quest. High above in the frosty heavens the star shone once again to their great joy, guiding the Magi to the very place where lay the King they sought. But when they arrived, a sight so different from what they had expected must have had at

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah lx. 6.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matthew ii. 6.

first glance a paralysing effect. Instead of a vast palace they beheld a humble rock-cut refuge with no sign of wealth about it, and for a moment their hearts must have sunk within them ; but when the door of the cave was thrown back, revealing the Mother bending over her Son, the truth must have been made clear to them with overwhelming force, for St. Matthew tells us that they entered, they saw, they fell down, and they worshipped. Then they offered their gifts, Gaspar his gold, the symbol of kingly power ; Melchior frankincense, emblematic of the Godhead and of prayer ; and Balthazar myrrh that typified the suffering and death upon the Cross. They presented them on bended knee to the King of kings, the light of Whose infant eyes would one day enkindle a flame of love throughout the whole world.

"Witness them entering : those Three from afar—  
Foreheads in dust, they spread the precious things  
At Mary's feet and worship Him Who clings  
To Mary's bosom, drinking soft life so  
Who shall be Life and Light to all below.  
'For now we see,' say they, departing : 'plain  
The Star's word come to pass ! . . .  
Then fearing Herod, to their homes they went  
Musing along the road. But he, alway  
Angered and troubled, bade his soldiers slay  
Whatever man-child sucked in Bethlehem.'" <sup>1</sup>

The romantic story of these three kings who came no one knew from whence, and of whose visit St. Matthew gives such a very brief account, has exercised extraordinary fascination over countless generations, and their memory is year by year kept green on the Feast of the Epiphany. The Greek Church never tires of singing their praises, and to it the Feast of the Epiphany is as important as that of Christmas. The Magi are revered alike by children who love the romance of their story and those other and grown-up children who realise the mystic meaning of that meeting between the great ones of the earth and the Divine Child straight from heaven, together with the deep significance of the gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh—prophetic of a glory not of this world.

Near to the Chapel of the Magi is the Chapel of St. Joseph, the traditional spot where, while sleeping, he received the warning of the approaching massacre. This chapel is connected with

<sup>1</sup> *The Light of the World.* Sir Edwin Arnold.



a larger grotto having an altar dedicated to the Holy Innocents. On one occasion when I visited this grotto, the Franciscan daily procession passed from cave to cave, reminding me forcibly of the processions through the Catacombs near Rome. On reaching the altar of the Holy Innocents the friars sang the old hymn *Salvete flores martyrum*—"All hail, ye little martyr flowers"—in memory of their martyrdom. The English rendering in prose is as follows:

Hail! flowers of martyrs, whom, on the very threshold of life, the persecutor of Christ cut down, like tender rosebuds scattered by the wind. Hail! first victims for Christ, tender lambs offered to Him; with childlike innocence you play around His altar, with palms and crowns the sign of your martyrdom.

Behind this altar is a cave, which is opened once a year on the Feast of the Holy Innocents. As early as the fifth century mention is made of the fact that the relics of the children massacred by Herod were kept in this cave.

Close to the altar of the Holy Innocents the Chapel of St. Jerome is situated. It is well known that the saint spent many years in Bethlehem translating the Holy Scriptures. He fervently believed that the grotto was the birthplace of the Saviour, and his chapel is the actual cell where he spent the greater part of his life. "In all probability in this cell lived and died the most illustrious of all the pilgrims attracted to the Cave of Bethlehem, the only one of the many hermits and monks from the time of Constantine to the present day whose name has travelled beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Here for more than thirty years, beside what he believed to be literally the cradle of the Christian faith, St. Jerome fasted, prayed, and studied."<sup>1</sup>

We visited the tomb of St. Eusebius, which is close to the cell of St. Jerome, whose disciple he was, as well as his successor at the monastery of Bethlehem. A little further away there are two more tombs, one of St. Jerome himself and the other of St. Paula and her daughter St. Eustochia. St. Jerome writes: "St. Paula was buried under the church, near the Grotto of the Saviour." He himself composed her epitaph, for she was his chief disciple:

Aspicias augustum præsisa in rupe sepulchrum  
Hospitium Paulæ est cælestia regna tenentis;

<sup>1</sup> *Sinai and Palestine*. Dean Stanley.

which may be translated thus:

This narrow tomb that you see cut out of the rock is the dwelling-place of Paula, who now lives in celestial kingdoms.

The tombs are empty, the relics of St. Jerome having been carried away to the Church of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome.

Then we ascended the staircase from the grotto, and, passing the Greek Choir, walked through the stately Basilica. Here on Christmas Day 1100, after hearing Mass in the Grotto of the Nativity, Baldwin I. was crowned first Latin King of Jerusalem. Looking up the nave, I rejoiced to see that the wall, which once separated the Greek Catholikon from the rest of the Church, had been completely demolished. This wall was erected by the Greeks in 1842, dividing the apse from the nave, with the result that the latter was completely cut off from the rest of the church and became a public haunt for loafers and pedlars. This distressing state of affairs came to an end when the wall was removed in 1918 through the instrumentality of the military governor of Jerusalem. On the right of the entrance stands a fine octagonal font, cut out of a single block of red stone, said to date from the sixth century.

Under the rule of Amaury I., fourth King of Jerusalem,<sup>1</sup> the inside walls of the Basilica were covered with mosaics, the effect of which can be imagined from the fragments which remain. These were added at the time when, through the influence of the Byzantine Emperor, Manuel Comnenus, the church underwent complete renovation. In the transept, choir, and grotto the mosaics represented scenes from the Bible, but of these there remain but three mutilated pictures—the Triumphal Entry on Palm Sunday, the Doubting of St. Thomas, and our Lord's Ascension. Round the apse of the choir may still be seen an inscription of five lines in Greek and Latin, of which these words only are legible:

The present work was finished by the hand of Ephraim, painter and mosaicist, under the rule of the Emperor Comnenus and in the time of the King of Jerusalem, the Lord Raval, in the year 6677 (1169 A.D.).

The Greek monk Phocas, writing about the year 1185, says that out of gratitude for the services rendered to religion by the

<sup>1</sup> 1163-1173.



Greek Emperor Comnenus, the "Latin Bishop had his picture placed in various parts of the church." It would seem that about this date an alliance was entered into between the courts of Jerusalem and Constantinople with a view to bringing about a religious unity. Unhappily, however, circumstances arose which prevented this attempt at unity from bearing fruit.

In the fifteenth century Edward IV. of England presented the lead for the restoration of the roof, and Philip of Burgundy gave the pinewood. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the Turks stripped the roof of its lead to make bullets. When the church was restored in 1672 the Greeks managed to obtain possession of the church, the Latins having no right to use it until Napoleon III. intervened on their behalf in 1852. For the sake of peace no ceremonies are performed in the great nave by any of the three confessions.

From the Church of the Nativity the Padre took me to see the "Grotto of Milk," a picturesque cave of irregular formation. According to a very old tradition, the Virgin rested here before departing for Egypt, and it is said that a drop of her milk falling on the floor turned the whole cavern white. The stone of the grotto is white and easily broken, and when put in water it renders it as white as milk. The Padre assured me that Moslems and Christians alike have great faith in the healing qualities of this stone when ground into powder and mixed with milk, wine, or water. The powder of the stone is sent to people in all parts of the world, and souvenirs are given to pilgrims and visitors in the form of little biscuits made from the dust of the stone.

The Father walked a little way with me towards the Field of the Shepherds, and then bade me farewell, giving me a hearty invitation to visit the Franciscans again as soon as possible.

Meanwhile I took the path through the valley which led to the field of Boaz, and the abundance of grain and wild flowers would seem to justify the renown of this vale for fertility. Close to the field of Boaz are to be seen the ruins which mark the site of Migdal Eder, the "Tower of the Flock." Here, according to a tradition which certainly dates from the fourth century, the shepherds watched their flocks on that wonderful night, while above them appeared the angels brightening the darkness of the night and awakening the surrounding hills with their joyous song:

This day in the city of David is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

St. Jerome says that he loved to go into the Shepherd's Field to "hear the hymn which filled those men with amazement."

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO,  
ET IN TERRA PAX HOMINIBUS  
BONÆ VOLUNTATIS.

Some of the legends of the shepherds are very beautiful; one tells how the shepherds owned the flocks they guarded, and that amongst them were the future Apostles Simon and Jude, who were believers in the Divinity of Christ long before they were called to be His disciples. In spite of the haste with which the shepherds started, they took with them as gifts a snow-white lamb, a pair of doves, some eggs, honey, and late autumn fruits. Their wives—who appear to have kept vigil with them, and to have been left on guard during their absence—sent a blanket woven of the finest wool for the use of the new-born Babe.

The shepherds were followed by their dog Melampo, and, at a little distance, by a beautiful shepherd maid named Madelon, who was too poor to have anything to give. As they neared the scene of the Nativity they noted to their surprise that the snow beneath their feet was changed to grass and flowers, whilst the icicles on the trees were falling to the ground in showers of gleaming stars. As they came near they heard the last words of *Gloria in Excelsis*, and saw angels scattering flowers in front of the holy cave. St. Joseph admitted them, and, overwhelmed with joy at the sight before them, the shepherds fell on their knees before the Mother and her Babe. They offered their gifts, and the Virgin permitted each one in turn to hold in his arms the holy Child, Who smiled and looked up at them. Madelon, who had caught a glimpse of the scene when the door was opened, wept bitter tears, for she had no gift to offer. The Archangel Gabriel appeared and, divining the cause of her sorrow, struck the ground about him with his staff, and forthwith there sprung up most beautiful flowers, such as have ever since gladdened the earth with their delicate beauty at the time of the Nativity, and are known as Christmas Roses, the Holy Night Roses, and Christ's Flowers, in memory of the time of their first appearance. With eager and loving haste, Madelon plucked a great bunch of them and hurried to the cave, where she knelt at the feet of the Madonna, presenting her gift, and was rewarded by a loving smile from the Mother and the Child.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Legends of Our Lord.* Mrs. Arthur Bell.



It is good to linger in the Field of the Shepherds, not only because of the wonderful and spiritual atmosphere which seems to cling to this place, but also because here we are brought back to first principles. Bethlehem has many a thrilling message for those who have ears to hear. But the chief message is to bid them reflect on the world as it is compared with what it might be.

"Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;  
And man at war with man heeds not  
The words of peace they bring.  
Oh, listen now, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing!"

"Man will be at war with man" so long as there lingers any bitterness and strife between Christian bodies! Just before our Lord was born it is said that there was a period of hatred and unrest. If this is so, what tremendous import must there have been in the message of peace brought by the angels! Whilst I walked in that Field I thought of the terrible unrest throughout the whole world to-day, with scarce a country that could be called "at peace." What was the Christian Church doing to bring Peace on earth; how could she give tidings of peace when there was war in her own household? *Why not return to first principles? Why not reconsider our religion from the very beginning? Why should not Bethlehem become the spiritual focal point for carrying out the ideals of the Prince of Peace?*

Russia used to send her children in thousands on pilgrimage to the Holy Places. To-day that country groans in agony, and there are no pilgrims. There is a mighty revival coming to the surface in that country, a spiritual revival, for her Church has gone through fires of suffering and will come out purified "even as silver is tried." Russia has always turned her thoughts and prayers to Bethlehem in times of stress and tragedy, and so indeed, in a lesser degree, have Christian communities in other countries. What, then, will be the attitude of the Russian pilgrim when it is once again made possible for him to visit Palestine and its Holy Places? Is it conceivable that, after all his Church has gone through during the past years, he will be content to fall back again into his old ways of superstition and separatism? Will he

not rather, in his great joy at visiting these Holy Sites once more, see in them the vision of a greater faith and a larger hope, especially when he kneels before that Silver Star or makes his pilgrimage to this Shepherds' Field? The only league which could have a lasting effect upon the polity of nations and drive the demon of war from the face of the earth would be a League of Churches, but the Churches must first of all set their own houses in order. The Anglican Bishops assembled in conference at Lambeth in July 1920 issued an encyclical in which are found these words: "The manifold witness of the Church would be intensified and extended beyond all measure if it came from an undivided society of Jesus Christ. To restore the unity of this society, therefore, would be to increase the effective force of this witness in every part of the world to a degree which in these days can scarcely be imagined. No one who is not blind to the signs which abound on every hand can doubt that the spirit of God is moving in this direction in a way which must bring home to the authorities of all Christian communions a deep sense of responsibility in the face of an opportunity which is almost without parallel in the history of the Church . . . We acknowledge all those who believe in our Lord Jesus Christ and have been baptised into the name of the Holy Trinity, as sharing with us membership in the Universal Church of Christ which is His Body."<sup>1</sup>

In spite of the gross materialism that pursues its evil course in every country, there is a great spiritual revival gradually coming to the surface; but the actual form this revival will take does not yet appear. Are Christian Churches preparing for its coming? Will the opportunity be seized, or missed? Why should not a spiritual revival centre round the Holy Places of Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem? What a tremendous power for good, what a great spiritual effect throughout the world might result from linking up in some form of spiritual brotherhood the various Christian sects in Palestine, the breaking-down of the barriers which prevent free and harmonious access to the Holy Places by representatives of all Christian bodies alike!

Over this Field sang the angels, *Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*. It is difficult not to feel impatient with those people who appear to make this peace impossible. As an Anglican I can worship "in spirit and in

<sup>1</sup> Conference of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion at Lambeth, 1920. S.P.C.K.



truth" with Franciscans or Greeks with just as much benefit as with those of my own religion. The Franciscans are among the noblest of men; their self-denying efforts, their care of the Holy Places are worthy of all respect. The reverence and devotion of the Greek and Armenian services, the beauty of their worship, naturally Eastern and gorgeous, yet so simple that the peasants can follow them with joy and enthusiasm, have always appealed to me. Why must there be barriers between these two great religions, Latin and Eastern, when there is really little, if any, difference in their Faith? The Christian world looks to Palestine, the home of Christian beginnings, for strength and inspiration, only to find that the very places around which Christians should unite are centres of the most bitter and unreasoning jealousy. Can there ever be reunion?

Reunion will come some day—perhaps not in our time, but come it will. I do not think the first steps will be taken by the Latins, or by the Greeks, or yet by the Anglicans; it is more likely that reunion may come from the Armenian, the oldest Church in Christendom, and the one which, in defence of her faith, has suffered most of all. I am inclined rather to think that reunion will come from outside, perhaps the work of someone yet unknown who, with entire absence of prejudice, and greatly filled with spiritual vision, may touch the conscience of separated Christendom and thus unite it, making the Church a force of such arresting power that no hordes of anti-Christ can prevail against it. For such a possibility the Church may well prepare by breaking down the barriers of discord and thus make straight the path for its coming.

What the future has in store for the Holy Land none can tell, but I am firmly convinced that in spite of present disunion there are great possibilities of a slow but steady return to spiritual unity, and that this unity may focus itself around the Holy Places. May the time come when it will be possible for Greek, Latin, Armenian, Copt, Syrian, Anglican, and Protestant, all accepting the central truths of Christianity, to celebrate their worship round the Silver Star at Bethlehem and at the Sacred Tomb in Jerusalem! To adapt the words of the Hagadah for Passover: 'O God, rebuild it, rebuild Thine house betimes! O bring us back to Jerusalem!'

I have dwelt on this point, for it seemed to me after many visits to the Holy Places that we must either regard them merely as sacred monuments of a wonderful past, or else as

living truths so full of spiritual power as to be able to redeem, transform, and spiritualise the world. . . . Relics or realities, which?

It was late, and so, leaving the Field of the Shepherds, I returned to the Basilica and for a few moments knelt in front of the Silver Star. . . . Bethlehem has much to tell those who are willing to listen.

Ways are foul in Bethlehem!  
(Sing Nowell.)

Who is this is born anew?  
"It is I that say to you,  
'Sell your garment for a sword,'—  
I, the Lord."

Guns are loud in Bethlehem!  
(Sing Nowell.)

Who is this is born anew?  
"It is I that say to you,  
'He dies by sword who draws a sword,'—  
I, the Lord."

Flight and fear in Bethlehem!  
(Sing Nowell.)

Who is this is born again?  
"It is I Whom ye have slain,  
In your hearts have put to sword,—  
I, the Lord."

Bursting shells in Bethlehem!  
(Sing Nowell.)

Who is this is born to-day?  
"It is I Who will repay,  
I Who bring about reward,—  
I, the Lord."

Bayonets in Bethlehem!  
(Sing Nowell.)

Child, when have we wounded thee?  
"Brotherhood and liberty  
When ye slaying put to sword  
Me, their Lord,"



Children dead in Bethlehem !  
 (Sing Nowell.)  
 Child, is there no ruth in thee ?  
 " I avenge me fierily,  
 I the hunger, I the sword,  
 I, the Lord."

Massacre in Bethlehem !  
 (Sing Nowell.)  
 Child, we thought thee sweet and dear !  
 " Fear ye this ? How shall ye fear  
 The Lamb's wrath, the final sword  
 Of the Lord ?"

Mary, pray for Bethlehem !  
 (Sing Nowell.)  
 Thou whose heart is Paradise,  
 Intercede, not once nor twice,  
 With thy child, with thy Adored,  
 With the Lord.<sup>1</sup>

(b) *Bethlehem and the Orthodox Greeks*

My last visit to this glorious little city, perched on its two grey hills, was during the afternoon of a very hot day. This time I drove with the Archimandrite Themelis, who had invited me to stay at the Greek Convent. The sun was scorching, the wind strong, and the dust was not pleasant. My companion wore over his picturesque blue silk cassock a white dustcloak, and I felt envious, for Palestine dust has a peculiarity all its own.

It was deliciously cool within the Basilica after the heat and dust outside. From the church we passed through a doorway, so low that I had to bend my head in order to pass under it, into the courtyard of the Great Greek Convent, where the Superior, to whom I was presented by Father Themelis, received me with true Oriental courtesy. The convent is an enormous building, spotlessly clean throughout, and the rooms and passages pleasantly cool. Well-cultivated gardens adjoin the convent, containing vegetables of all kinds, fruit trees, flowers and shrubs. Close by in a little arbour away from the glare of the sun we sat down and discussed current topics, religious and political. The Archimandrite Themelis speaks English fluently, for some years ago the Patriarch sent him to the University of Oxford to study the Church of England. He is a native of Samos,

<sup>1</sup> *Poems of Conformity.* Charles Williams.

and distinguished himself during his four years' study in the Samos Pythagorian College, and in his seven years' course in the Theological College at the Convent of the Cross. He is now secretary to the Holy Synod as well as to the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

We discussed the Latin and Greek controversies, about which my host had much to say, and when I referred to the unseemly wrangles that had taken place, and not so long ago, both in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, I was somewhat surprised to receive this apologia. Father Themelis said, and the Superior of the Convent agreed with him, that the intense feeling which showed itself from time to time in unseemly disputes on either side was in reality but the outcome of love for the Holy Places and the desire to guard them. These sites are unique in the world, and both Latins and Greeks must protect and cherish what they claim as their own by right, being guardians of priceless treasures handed down to them, which they, in turn, must pass on to generations yet to come. The Archimandrite said this in all earnestness, without any bitter feeling towards the Latins, and he added: " We have even shed our blood to save these Holy Sites—how then could we give them up ? " This is the Eastern attitude of mind ; perhaps some day it may be modified, and Latin and Greek alike may come to see how much stronger their position and their power for good would be if they shared the honour of being guardians of the Holy Sites with representatives of other Christian communities. The guide-books would then no longer be able to say, " This chapel belongs exclusively to the Greek Church," or " to the Latin Church," for the Holy Places would then belong to Christendom.

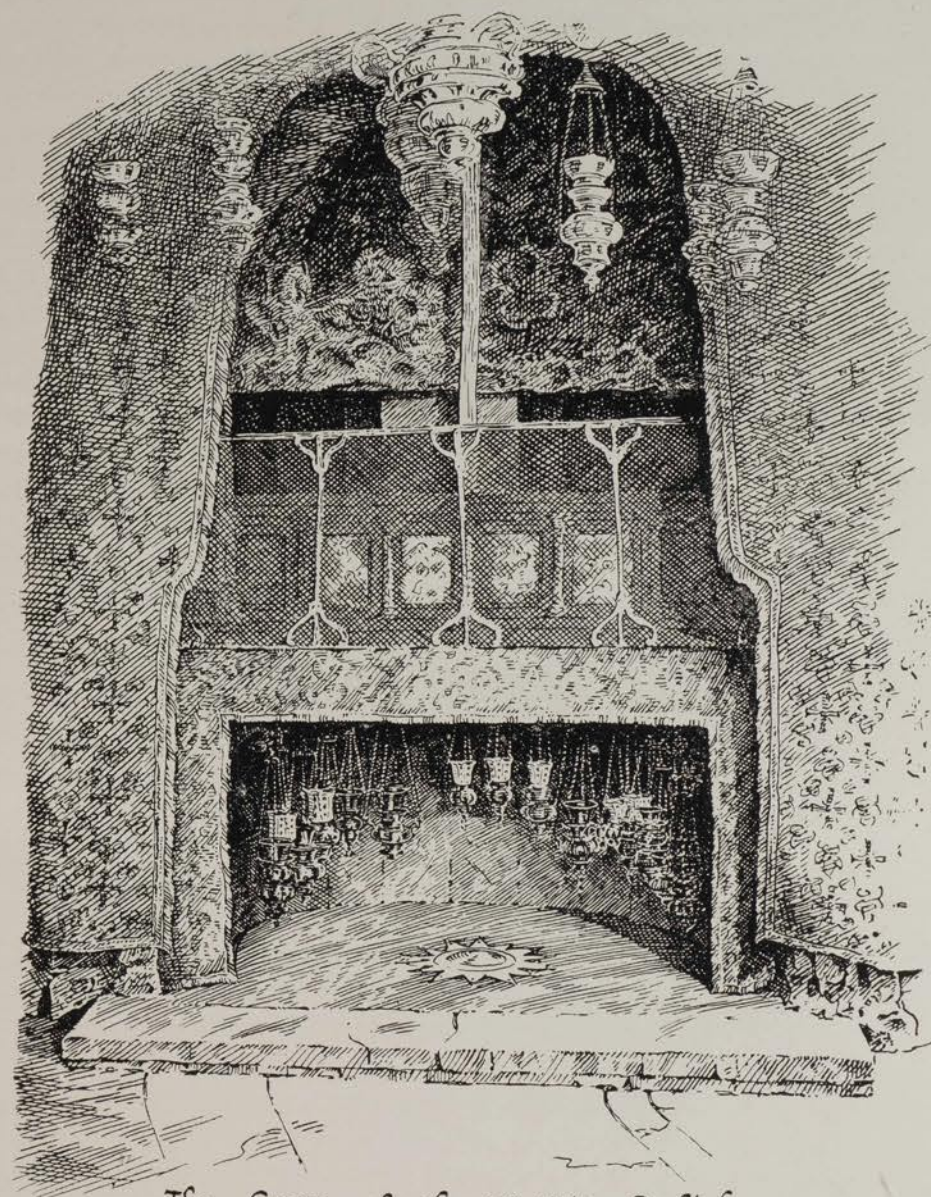
At sunset, a lay brother called us to dinner, and we adjourned to the refectory, a long, low room, fresh and cool. The Superior insisted that I should sit at the head of the table, making me, as he said with a charming smile, Superior for that evening. An excellent dinner was served, beginning with smoked ham and cheese, then cold fish fried in olive oil, followed by an omelette and a ragout of Bethlehem lamb. Fruit and sweets followed, and the wine that was served was made at the convent under the supervision of the Superior. Afterwards we adjourned to the terrace on the roof and walked up and down conversing on many subjects under a star-lit canopy. Several of the monks had to be present at the night offices in the church, so we all adjourned to bed early.



The next morning, Sunday, I was aroused at five o'clock, and shortly afterwards Father Themelis escorted me through the church to the Grotto of the Nativity, where Mass was being sung by a village priest, at the altar beneath which lay the Silver Star. The tiny chapel was crowded with village folk, men and women, and there was an overflow into the Chapel of the Manger. The Epistle was read in Arabic by a small boy out of the congregation, and the Gospel sung by the deacon, first in Greek and then in Arabic. The Superior had placed a chair and a carpet for me where I could see everything, but personally I dislike these attentions, though appreciating the courtesy. A Greek Mass is like no other form of service; it is full of pathos and appeal, and the congregation take an intelligent part in it. Here in this quiet morning hour, celebrated on the traditional site of Christ's Nativity, it had a particular charm, more especially when the celebrant prayed for the unity of Christendom, and the people (for there was no choir), responded "*Kyrie Eleïson, Christe Eleïson, Kyrie Eleïson.*" Towards the end of the Mass I went with the Superior up the steps to the Catholikon. He took me within the Ikonastasis, and there at the altar another Mass was proceeding, attended by a crowd of people outside the screen. At the conclusion a sermon was preached in Arabic by a local priest, and as I did not understand a word, Fr. Themelis translated the gist of his discourse for me.

Afterwards in the convent we sat on the terrace in the glorious sunshine overlooking the Field of the Shepherds, with the gorgeous blue mountains of Moab beyond, and I was introduced to the two celebrants and the preacher, all of whom were native priests and married. After a simple but excellent breakfast of tea *à la Russe*, bread made at the convent and the purest white butter of Bethlehem, the Superior came to my room and presented me with several souvenirs of my visit, then he kissed me on both cheeks and gave me his blessing. All the monks insisted on accompanying Fr. Themelis and myself through the Basilica, and so I took the opportunity to photograph them in the Catholikon just outside the great Ikonastasis. It had been an interesting experience, for I had seen Greek monastic life at close quarters and enjoyed the charming hospitality and courtesy shown me by the Superior and the monks of the convent.

Passing through the Basilica, I noticed for the first time an inscription round the octagonal font, and was much impressed by the beauty of the words;



The Grotto of the Nativity : Bethlehem



For the memory, repose and forgiveness of sinners,  
Of whom the Lord knows the names.

A picturesque throng of women issued from the church into the courtyard, laughing and talking, full of the joy of life. It was a happy day, the sun shone merrily, and the air was fresh and pleasant.

As we drove out of Bethlehem the Archimandrite pointed out a little village on the hill to the left of the city, called Beit Jâlâ, in a picturesque situation, surrounded by plantations of vines and olives. The population of this village consists entirely of Christians, one of the very few in Judæa, and the majority belong to the Greek Orthodox religion. Beit Jâlâ is said to correspond to the Canaanite town, Giloh of Judah.

It is of the greatest interest to all Christians to know that the authority for the Grotto of Bethlehem, as the place where Christ was born, is incontestable. Few sanctuaries in Palestine have a tradition such as this one, ancient and without a break. Justin Martyr in the second century speaks of the grotto where Joseph sought shelter; it was shown as a very holy place in the time of Origen, and a little later Eusebius wrote: "To-day those who inhabit this locality confirm the tradition received from their fathers, and show the grotto where the Virgin gave birth to the holy Child."

There is no town on earth round which there cluster so many idyllic memories as gather round Bethlehem. Boaz going out and in at these gates and revered by all as a father; Ruth, the loving and steadfast maiden gleaning in these fields; David, the young and comely shepherd, keeping guard over his sheep! No sweeter reminiscence than these could there be in the annals of history, nor any more charming pictures of life, character, and mysticism. Yet these incidents, with all their fascination, pale before that greater incident, the glory of the birth of Emmanuel—God with us. Bethlehem gave an occupant to the throne of Judah; this little town also gave a Monarch Whose Kingdom is everlasting. Sitting on the Throne of Glory, in His Hand the sceptre of the universe, very God and very Man, He emptied Himself of all that glory, left His mighty Kingdom, and deigned to be born in little Bethlehem, bringing peace to suffering humanity. May not Bethlehem, whose name will for ever be honoured as the earthly home of the Prince of Peace, become one day the



spiritual focal point for carrying out the ideals of the Prince of Peace?

There fared a mother driven forth  
 Out of an inn to roam ;  
 In the place where she was homeless  
 All men are at home.  
 The crazy stable close at hand,  
 With shaking timber, and shifting sand,  
 Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand  
 Than the square stones of Rome.

A Child in a foul stable,  
 Where the beasts feed and foam ;  
 Only where He was homeless  
 Are you and I at home :  
 We have hands that fashion and heads that know,  
 But our hearts we lost—how long ago !—  
 In a place no chart or ship can show  
 Under the sky's dome.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Poems.* G. K. Chesterton.

## APPENDICES.

- (I.) SOME MEMORABLE DATES CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF JERUSALEM.
- (II.) THE THIRTEEN HOLY PLACES IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.
- (III.) THE LATIN CLAIMS TO THE HOLY SITES IN JERUSALEM AND BETHLEHEM.
- (IV.) ECONOMIC CONDITIONS OF JERUSALEM IN 1920.
- (V.) MEMORABLE DATES CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM.
- (VI.) A SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY.



# APPENDIX I.

## SOME MEMORABLE DATES CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF JERUSALEM.

- B.C.**
- 2500. Early Semitic settlements.
  - 1950. Immigration of Abraham.
  - 1500. Jerusalem under Egypt.
  - 1450. Invasion by Israelites.
  - 1048. Accession of David. He captures Jerusalem.
  - 1004. *Dedication of King Solomon's Temple.*
  - 975. Division of Israel from Judah.
  - 970. Surrender to Shishak, King of Egypt.
  - 887. Philistines capture Jerusalem.
  - 837. Joash, King of Israel, captures city.
  - 710. Assyrians besiege Jerusalem.
  - 608. Judah vassal to Egypt.
  - 586. *Destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.*
  - 537. Return of Jews from Babylon under Cyrus.
  - 516. *Dedication of Second Temple by Zerubbabel.*
  - 458. Ezra's mission to Jerusalem.
  - 445. Nehemiah rebuilds the walls.
  - 348. Bagoses of Persia occupies Jerusalem.
  - 334. Alexander of Macedon defeats Persians.
  - 332. Alexander visits Jerusalem.
  - 320. Ptolemy, King of Egypt, captures Jerusalem.
  - 198. Antiochus the Great captures Jerusalem.
  - 168. Antiochus Epiphanes desecrates the Temple.
  - 165. Restoration of Temple and walls by Judas Maccabeus.
  - 134. Siege of Jerusalem by Antiochus Sidetes.
  - 107. Aristobulos First Asmonean King.
  - 63. Capture of Jerusalem by Pompey.
  - 49. Walls rebuilt by Antipater. *Construction of Second Wall.*
  - 40. Capture of Jerusalem by Parthians.
  - 37. Capture of Jerusalem by Herod the Great.
  - 17. *Third Temple built by King Herod.*
  - 4. *Birth of Jesus Christ at Bethlehem.*
- A.D.**
- 6. Death of Herod the Great. Judea a Roman province.
  - 25. Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judea.
  - 29. *Crucifixion of Jesus Christ.*
  - 41. Third Wall built by Herod Agrippa.
  - 70. *Capture and destruction of city under Titus.*
  - 136. Jerusalem rebuilt by Emperor Hadrian and called Ælia Capitolina.
  - 312. *Constantine converted to Christianity. The Cross found by Bishop Macarius under Queen Helena.*
  - 325. *Council of Nicea.*
  - 333. The Bordeaux Pilgrim's visit to Jerusalem.



- A.D.  
 335. Churches of Holy Sepulchre and Golgotha consecrated.  
 350. St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem.  
 363. Julian fails in attempt to rebuild the Temple.  
 450. Churches built and walls repaired by the Empress Eudocia.  
 451. Jerusalem is made a Patriarchate. *Council of Chalcedon.*  
 570. Birth of Mohammed.  
 614. Capture of Jerusalem and destruction of churches by Persians.  
 620. The Monk Modestus restores the Holy Sepulchre.  
 622. Mohammed flees from Meccah to Medinah.  
 629. Restoration of the Holy Cross.  
 637. Jerusalem surrenders to Caliph Omar.  
 637-1099. *Jerusalem under the Arabs.*  
 670. Pilgrimage of Arculf, Bishop of Gaul.  
 691. *Dome of the Rock and Mosque of Aksa built by Abd-el-Melik.*  
 800. Hospice of S. Maria Latina founded by Charlemagne.  
 969. Jerusalem under Egyptian Caliphs.  
 1012. Church of Holy Sepulchre destroyed by Caliph el Hakem.  
 1037. Restoration of Holy Sepulchre and Dome of the Rock.  
 1077. Capture of Jerusalem by Seljuk Turks.  
 1093. Peter the Hermit visits Jerusalem.  
 1095. *The First Crusade.*  
 1099. Jerusalem captured by Crusaders, Godfrey de Bouillon First Latin King.  
 1099-1187. *Jerusalem under the Latins.*  
 1100. Death of Godfrey de Bouillon; accession of Baldwin I.  
 1118. Death of Baldwin I.; accession of Baldwin II. Foundation of Knights of the Temple.  
 1130. New Church of Holy Sepulchre founded.  
 1131. Death of Baldwin II.; accession of Fulk of Anjou.  
 1144. Death of Fulk of Anjou; accession of Baldwin III.  
 1146. *Second Crusade.*  
 1150. Church of Holy Sepulchre completed.  
 1162. Death of Baldwin III.; accession of Amaury, Count of Jaffa.  
 1174. Death of Amaury; accession of Baldwin IV.  
 1185. Death of Baldwin IV.; accession of Baldwin V.  
 1186. Death of Baldwin V.; accession of Guy de Lusignan.  
 1187. *Capture of Jerusalem by Saladin, and Battle of Hattin.*  
 1188. *Third Crusade.* Richard Cœur de Lion.  
 1191. Acre capital of Christian Kingdom.  
 1192. Death of Saladin. Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat, titular King of Jerusalem, followed in a few months by Henry of Champagne.  
 1197. Amaury II., titular King of Jerusalem.  
 1196. *Fourth Crusade.*  
 1202. *Fifth Crusade.* Latin capture of Constantinople.  
 1216. *Sixth Crusade.* Andrew of Hungary.  
 1218. St. Francis of Assisi in Egypt and Palestine.  
 1229. Emperor Frederick II. of Germany occupies Jerusalem and crowns himself King.  
 1229-1242. *Jerusalem under the Christians.*  
 1230. Frederick II. leaves Jerusalem. Last Christian king to reside in the city.  
 1239. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and William, Earl of Salisbury, last Christian rulers in Jerusalem.

- A.D.  
 1244. The Kharezmian Tartars capture Jerusalem. Defeat and massacre of the Christians.  
 1247-1507. *Jerusalem under the Mamluks.*  
 1248. *Seventh Crusade led by Louis IX.*  
 1254. Departure of King Louis.  
 1268. Sultan Beybars sweeps country of Christians; massacre and slavery.  
 1270. Final appeal from Acre to Europe for help for Christians.  
 1271. *Eighth and last Crusade led by Prince Edward.* Ten years' peace.  
 1291. Sultan Kalaûn captures Acre; end of Christian occupation.  
 1453. Turks capture Constantinople. St. Sophia turned into a mosque.  
 1517. Jerusalem taken by the Turks.  
 1517-1917. *Jerusalem under the Turks.*  
 1542. Present walls rebuilt by Suleiman the Magnificent.  
 1542. The Golden Gate blocked up.  
 1551. Expulsion of Franciscans from Mount Syon.  
 1806. Visit of Chateaubriand to Jerusalem.  
 1808. Church of the Holy Sepulchre destroyed by fire.  
 1812. Restoration of Church of Holy Sepulchre by the Greeks.  
 1831. Jerusalem under Egypt.  
 1834. Peasants revolt and capture city. Reconquered by Egypt.  
 1841. Palestine and Syria restored to Turkish rule.  
 1841. Anglican Bishopric founded.  
 1850. Dispute between Latins and Greeks over Holy Places.  
 1854-1856. Crimean War.  
 1915. Declaration of War on Turkey.  
 1917 (March 26th). First battle of Gaza.  
 (April 17th). Second battle of Gaza.  
 (Oct. 21st). Capture of Beersheba and Gaza by Allied Forces.  
 (Nov. 2nd). The Balfour Declaration: "Palestine a homeland for the Jews."  
 (Dec. 3rd). Capture of Hebron and Bethlehem.  
 (Dec. 9th). Surrender of Jerusalem to the Allies.  
 (Dec. 11th). Official Entry of General Allenby and Allies into Jerusalem.  
 1920 (April 24th). The British given the Mandate for Palestine. Balfour Declaration re-affirmed.  
 (July 7th). Sir Herbert Samuel, British High Commissioner, in Palestine.



## APPENDIX II.

THE THIRTEEN HOLY PLACES IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE,  
OBJECTS OF THE DAILY CEREMONIAL VISITS BY THE FRANCISCANS AT  
4 O'CLOCK P.M.

1. The Blessed Sacrament in the Church of the Apparition.
2. The Column of the Flagellation.
3. The Prison of Christ.
4. The Chapel of the Division of the Garments.
5. The Invention, or Finding of the Cross.
6. The Chapel of St. Helena.
7. The Chapel of the Crowning with Thorns.
8. The Place of Crucifixion.
9. The Taking Down from the Cross.
10. The Stone of Anointing.
11. The Holy Sepulchre.
12. The Altar of the Apparition to St. Mary Magdalene.
13. The Church of the Apparition to the Blessed Virgin.

## APPENDIX III.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF THE FRANCISCAN DEMANDS FOR THE RESTORATION OF CERTAIN OF THE HOLY PLACES TO THE LATIN RITE, CALLED "LES LIEUX SAINTS À LA CONFÉRENCE DE LA PAIX À VERSAILLES, 1919."

*Translation from the French.*

From the day when after the heroic but unfortunate era of the Crusades Moslem dominion was once again settled over the East, the question of the Holy Places was always one of the great questions in European politics, and at all times has occupied the diplomacy of the Western Powers. Kings and Republics have vied with one another to establish their protection over these sacred spots, and the Latin Religious have been assured of free exercise of their religion and the watching over the safety of pilgrims who visited the Country of Jesus. In the fourteenth century several monarchs obtained for the Catholics from the Sultan of Cairo the right to celebrate the offices of their worship in the principal Sanctuaries of Judæa, at the cost of enormous sums of money, and, further, the Franciscans obtained the exclusive right to the Cenaculum and the authority to use permanently the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and there to say Mass.

About the same period the Franciscans obtained possession of the Basilica of the Nativity at Bethlehem, also the Grotto of the Birth, which they recovered; a little later the Tomb of the Virgin in the Valley of Josaphat.

Indeed, it would be impossible to enumerate the many Firmans issued by the Sultans of Turkey and Egypt in favour of the Custodians of the Holy Land, Firmans almost always obtained by the intervention of one Power or another, either by their representatives accredited to the Courts of Arab or Ottoman Sovereigns, or by means of Envoys Extraordinary.

In 1633 took place the first serious usurpation on the part of the Greeks of the possessions and rights of Catholics to the Sanctuaries of Bethlehem and Jerusalem, but Western diplomacy then obliged the Sublime Court to render justice to the Franciscans.

In 1663, however, and again in 1676, there were fresh usurpations, and European Envoys demanded restitution, but on these occasions Greek intrigue triumphed over justice.

When, later on, Venice, Austria, and Poland, united in a sacred alliance, inflicted a great defeat on the Turks, peace was made only on condition that the Sanctuaries usurped from the Latins should be restored and that pilgrims coming to Jerusalem should no longer have to pay tribute. Peace was not concluded, but the intervention of France obliged Turkey in 1690 to replace the Franciscans in possession of their rights.

When, in 1707, a new and very grave usurpation of Christian rights took place, the Catholic Powers, who had their representatives at Constantinople, did their utmost to obtain reparation for the great injustice committed, but this was without success, because of the influence of the Christians of the Greek Rite who then dominated Turkey.



The question of the Holy Places was taken up again with fresh vigour in 1850, when the Governments of France, Spain, Belgium, Sardinia, and Austria bound themselves to exact from Turkey that Franciscan custody over the Holy Places should be re-established as it was in 1757. Turkey's goodwill was rendered useless by Russia, who supported the cause of the Greek Church, ready as she was, as subsequent events showed, to sustain with her arms her project of protectorate over the Orient.

In 1878, when the European Powers met in Berlin, France, who well understood the question of the Holy Places, found herself unable to stand up for the rights of the Latins, and so preferred to leave the matter outside discussion. This great question then was not settled; it was only held up until times were more favourable for its discussion.

And now the time has come. After waiting for more than a century and a half, Palestine is freed for ever from the domination of the Turkish Empire. The Catholic Church hopes therefore that there will be a precise determination of the rights and possessions of the diverse Christian Communities who hold their offices in the Sanctuaries of Judæa.

To-day, the Custodiale addresses its requests to the Representatives of the Nations who are met in Congress at Versailles. It addresses them in the name of justice too long delayed, in the name of a Catholicity which ought to have in the Sanctuary of our Redemption the place that lawfully belongs to it: in the name, indeed, of the whole civilised world.

Let us add that they make their prayer in the name also of Art, since the glorious monuments raised by Constantine and the Crusaders are to-day reduced to a deplorable state by the jealousy and rivalry of the schismatic sects.

The Custodiale asks for nothing more than justice, namely, the return of the Holy Places to the status quo which existed at the time of the usurpations committed by the schismatics in 1757, that is to say to the status quo which was established legally in the fourteenth century, after the final downfall of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.

Those nations who, in 1850, united to restore the rights of the Custodiale of the Holy Land, can they do otherwise than desire the accomplishment of that which they demanded in the middle of last century, especially to-day, when, thanks to Divine Providence, Jerusalem, the Holy City, is freed?

(a) *Sanctuaries Already in Possession of the Custodiale of the Holy Land.*

1. The southern half of the Chapel of Calvary, where our Saviour was nailed to the Cross.
2. The Grotto of the Invention of the Cross, and the staircase leading to it.
3. All the part surrounding the Altar of St. Mary Magdalene.
4. The little Church of the Apparition; the Convent of the Franciscans, with half of the gallery of the great Rotunda, together with the adjoining rooms.
5. The so-called Chapel of the Virgin outside the Choir of the Holy Sepulchre.
6. The Convent of S. Salvatore, with its gardens and dependencies.
7. The Cemetery on Mount Syon.
8. The Grotto of Gethsemane, together with the olives and adjoining gardens.
9. The famous Star in the Grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem, together with the tapestry bearing the arms of the Holy Land.

10. The Franciscan Convent situated near the Basilica at Bethlehem, together with the Church of St. Catharine, and all Chapels up to the Grotto of the Nativity, including the Chapels of St. Joseph, Eusebius, Holy Innocents, etc.

(b) *Sanctuaries that have been "Usurped," the Restoration of which is now demanded by the Latins.*

1. The Holy Sepulchre, that is the Rotunda, and the little Cupola surmounting the actual Tomb. All the pavement surrounding the Tomb, and the space between the pillars now filled with chambers built by the Greeks after the Great Fire.
2. The great arch which separates the Greek Catholicon from the Rotunda, and which is used as a choir by the Latins when they perform their ceremonies at the Tomb.
3. The Stone of Unction.
4. The four small arches forming the Chapel of Adam, in which are the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and Baldwin, destroyed in 1810, and the chamber next the Chapel of Adam.
5. The seven arches called the Arches of the Virgin, and the Chapel of the Prison.
6. All the courtyard in front of the Church.
7. The Tomb of the Virgin, with the Altars of St. Joachim, St. Anne, and St. Joseph.
8. The Great Basilica of Bethlehem in its entirety, except the Baptistery; the Grotto of the Nativity and the two staircases leading to it. The courtyard in front of the Great Church, and the cemetery.
9. The Shepherds' Field and the surrounding lands.

(c) *Sanctuaries Possessed by the Latins together with Other Nations before 1740.*

1. Half of the Calvary which belongs by right to the Greek that part where the Cross was planted. The Latins had, and still have, the right to perform the Good Friday ceremony there.
2. The Church of the Virgin's Tomb, in the sense that the other nations had each an altar there, and celebrated there with the permission and under the inspection of the Latins.

To all these demands for restoration must be added the Cenaculum. This was the first of all Christian Churches. *Mater omnium Ecclesiarum*. It was also the Cradle of the Franciscan Custodiale, to whose care it was given in 1333 by the King of Naples, who had acquired it from the Sultan of Egypt at enormous cost. But in 1552, under the protest that this place enclosed the Tomb of David, it was usurped by the Turks with all its surroundings, and never restored to its rightful owners, although on many occasions the diplomacy of Catholic States had tried to obtain its restitution.

But now the Western Powers have become mistresses of the destiny of Jerusalem they should make this restitution; they must perform this act of justice, which is all the more easy considering that the Sanctuary of the Cenaculum now in possession of the Moslems can have for them no value, the mediæval tradition that places the tombs of the Kings of Judah there being a pure legend which has no foundation.

The Custodiale of the Holy Land demands to be re-invested with its ancient rights, principally the right of authority over all the ceremonies of worship, the right to restore herself the Sanctuaries which are in her



possession, as she always had before 1757. The Custodiale further demands that to avoid henceforth any contest or controversy between Christian nations a precise and definite rule be made setting forth in a manner that cannot be gainsaid all that is sanctioned. Such a precise and definite rule would permit each Community to exercise its proper rights without annoying or hindering the rights of the others. The Custodiale of the Holy Land in presenting to the Congress of the Peace this document, which contains the expression of the feeling and hopes of 300 million Catholics, nourishes the most entire confidence that it will be welcomed with goodwill. She doubts not that the Western Powers taking up the ancient tradition which in the past rendered them so worthy of the Holy Places will only desire to spread their protecting hands over the Religious Order of St. Francis of Assisi, who for 700 years have been the representatives in the East of the Catholic religion, and who as vigilant sentinels day and night watch over the Sacred Monuments of the Country of our Redeemer.

*Jerusalem. Christmas 1918.*

#### APPENDIX IV.

##### ECONOMIC CONDITIONS OF JERUSALEM (1920)

**The City of Jerusalem** is the chief town of the Sandjak province. It is situated on a plateau of limestone 2,500 feet above the level of the Mediterranean and about 32 miles from the sea. **The Population** of Jerusalem before the war, with its 126 dependent villages, was 120,000, and 12,000 houses. **Population** in February 1919 was estimated at 56,000: viz., 27,000 Jews, 15,000 Christians, and 14,000 Moslems. Under the Turks the Sandjak of Jerusalem was a Mutessarifik (Mutessararif= province), under the direction of Constantinople, and not dependent upon a villayet.

**The Climate** on the whole is healthy. Even when the weather is most hot, the temperature falls at night. There is generally much rain from November to April; average annual rainfall, 23 inches.

There is only one **Spring**; this is known as the Virgin's Fountain. The inhabitants obtain their water from cisterns, and this water is not unhealthy when the cisterns are kept clean and covered.

A scheme for a better water supply, as also for electric cars and lighting, had been put forward by the Turks; nothing has yet materialised, and it is still under consideration.

The British Government since the occupation has supplied the town with water from the Birket, and there are numerous taps in the streets.

**The City of Jerusalem** within the walls is divided into four quarters by the intersecting of two main streets running from the Damascus Gate on the north and the Jaffa Gate on the west. The Christian quarter is in the north-west, the Jewish in the south-east, the Moslem in the north-east and the Armenian in the south-west.

**The Streets** as a whole are narrow and badly paved; this is especially the case in the Jewish quarter, where they are dark and vaulted over. The houses are built entirely of stone, hence cases of fire are extremely rare.

**The Modern City** outside the walls is situated on the north and west sides of the old town, and is the growth of the second half of the last century. Seventy years ago the city was contained entirely within the walls, and the gates were closed at sunset. The first suburb was built on the west of the Bethlehem road, the Jewish colony of Sir Moses Montefiore. This was followed by Jewish settlements at Rekhoboth, Zammaun, Mea Sharim, Nahbet Sheirah further to the north, by the German colony of the Templars at the south-west, and European suburbs at the north of the city, in which some of the Consulates are situated. **Most of the Business** of the city is carried on within the walls, in the **Bazaars**, especially in **David Street**, which runs direct from the Jaffa Gate to the Dome of the Rock, but there are an ever-increasing number of important firms in the Jaffa road commencing just outside the Jaffa Gate.

**Religious Houses.**—A great part of the city within the walls is occupied by religious houses, the chief of these being the Franciscan Convent of S. Salvatore, the great Greek Convent, the Armenian Convent of St. James, and many others. There are also a number of Hospices within and



without the walls of a religious character, which exist for the entertainment of tourists and pilgrims.

The Christian religions have resident representatives in Jerusalem, viz.:

Greek Orthodox Church ..	..	Patriarch of Jerusalem.
Latin ..	..	Patriarch.
Armenian ..	..	Patriarch.
Coptic ..	..	Bishop.
Syrian ..	..	Bishop.
Abyssinian ..	..	Abbot.
Russian Orthodox ..	..	Archimandrite.
Anglican ..	..	Bishop in Jerusalem.
Greek Catholic ..	..	Archbishop.
Armenian Catholic ..	..	Vicar General.
Maronite ..	..	Vicar General.

**Municipality.**—The Municipal Council is at present (1920) appointed by the mandatory Government. There are six members: two from each of the three religions, viz., Christian, Moslem, and Jewish, with a Mayor at the head. **Rates** are paid for watering, lighting, and for night watchmen. **Licenses** must be taken out for hawking, for the sale of wines and spirits, and for signboards. There is an "octroi" charge of one piastre per package on all goods brought into the city. Toll fees paid for crossing the bridge over Jordan are the property of the Jerusalem municipality.

**House Rent.**—Houses are taken on a year's lease beginning always on the first day of the Moslem New Year, which is a movable feast. For some time past there has been a great dearth of accommodation. Rents have risen from 300 to 500 per cent., partly owing to the scarcity of houses, but also to the fact that native residents are becoming more particular, so that houses which were considered as suitable five years ago are now condemned as unfit.

**Tourist Traffic.**—Jerusalem in pre-war days relied for economic prosperity on the tourist traffic. The decrease in this traffic has made a vast difference to the prosperity of the city. Statistics of tourists:

1911 .. ..	5,700
1912 .. ..	4,900
1913 .. ..	3,900

Besides the tourists, some 20,000 pilgrims visited the city in 1913, and more in former years.

The **Main Industry** of the city has been to supply "souvenirs," and these consisted, and still to a large extent consist, of crosses and boxes of olive wood, rosaries, beads of mother-of-pearl (nacre), albums of pressed flowers, photographs, postcards, stuffs in cotton and silk. Applied art is also carried out extensively—lace, embroidery, carving, beaten and repoussé metal work, chased and engraved shells, etc., etc.

**Articles Manufactured in Jerusalem** are chiefly for local consumption and not for export. The chief of existing industries (1920) are: Sesame oil, flour mills, copper utensils, kerosene tins, native slippers, and printing.

**Trade and Commerce.**—Before the war the principal supplies of the Jerusalem market came from England, in spite of energetic trade propaganda on the part of Germany.

**Imports before the War.**—Glass, jewellery, perfumery, liqueurs, sugar, coffee, candles, rice, drugs, beer, flour, ecclesiastical vestments, ikons, etc. etc., these latter coming exclusively from Russia.

**Exports.**—Souvenir articles in olive wood, mother-of-pearl (nacre), and wine, which is manufactured chiefly at the Jewish colony of Richon.

To-day the principal articles of import are: Manchester goods, rice, sugar, onions, sesame, coffee, flour, dates, henna, salted fish, alcohol, etc., etc. At present (1920) the exportation of anything except articles of souvenir is negligible.

**Banks.**—Anglo-Egyptian Bank, Ltd., Imperial Ottoman Bank, Banca di Roma, Credit Lyonnais, Anglo-Palestine Co., Ltd.

**Insurance Companies.**—Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, Alliance Insurance Co., Northern Assurance Co., Balvise Compagnie d'Assurance (Suisse).

Policies are taken out mainly by Jewish inhabitants and Syrian-Christians. Moslems, by the fatalistic nature of their religion, are not so much inclined to adopt our Western precautionary measures.

**Hotels.**—Olivet House Hotel (small, but strongly recommended; English). The Grand New Hotel (by the Jaffa Gate; Christian). Hotel Allenby (on the Jaffa Road; Jewish). Central Hotel (Jewish). Jerusalem Hotel (Jewish).

**Hospices.**—There are many of these, but the best and most comfortable is the Hôtellerie de Notre Dame de France, opposite the New Gate, under the control of the Fathers of the Order of Augustinian Assumptionists, open to visitors of all nations and denominations; very clean, and moderate in its charges.

**Hospitals.**—The British Ophthalmic Hospital of the English Order of St. John of Jerusalem, on the Bethlehem road, near the station. The English Hospital. The French Hospital. The Greek Hospital. The Municipal Hospital. Rothschild's Hospital, and other Jewish Hospitals.

Besides these, most of the Christian religions support a medical mission.

**Education** at present is classified thus:

Schools at which fees are paid. Charitable and religious institutions. Government schools for Christians and Moslems. Jewish schools. A Jewish University is to be built on Mount Scopus. The Bezalel School for applied art. The Jerusalem School of Music.

**Other Schools** in detail:

1. British High School and Training College for Girls, affording good secondary education to Syrian girls of all religions, and intended especially for girls of good families. It is a Union school worked by five co-operative societies, and opened in 1918.

2. The C.M.S. College for Syrian young men, where men of all religions work and play together. At this college six or seven languages may be learned. This Society has also a Girls' School by the Damascus Gate, and Bishop Gobat's School for Boys on Mount Zion.

3. The London Jews' Society have a Day School for girls, who pay a small fee, near the Jaffa Gate.

4. Attached to the Anglican Cathedral of St. George is a boarding-school for girls, to which is attached a free day school for children in the neighbourhood. There is also a day school for boys who can pay fees, and a college for older boys. Close to the schools is a hostel controlled by the Bishop as a boarding-house for boys who do not live in Jerusalem.

**Communication.**—From Cairo to Kantarah, from Kantarah, the creation of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, a through train to Ludd, change for train to Jerusalem. Railway also Jerusalem to Jaffa (light railway); to Haifa, and thence to Damascus. Good roads connect Jerusalem with Hebron to the south, with Ramleh, Ludd, and Jaffa to the west, Nablus on the north, and Jericho, very steep and very stony in parts, to the east.



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