

VI

Hattie Johnson  
HATTIE 1876  
JOURNALS



9

Monday  
January 10<sup>th</sup> 1876.

This morning left Canton "Home and  
board". Nearly all the missionaries came  
to the steamer to say good-by - Dr & Mrs  
Kerr, John and Mattie, Mrs Weston, Mary,  
Sophie, Annie, Laura and Fred, Mr Henry  
Dr Hopper and Johnnie, Mr and Mrs Evans  
Mr & Mrs Williams, Miss Wilder, Miss Galbraith  
and Mr Revie, Mr Whithead, Miss Rowe  
and Miss Radcliffe, Mr and Mrs Chalmer,  
Helen and Alice, Mr Pierce, Miss Taylor,  
Mr Masters and Mr. Parkes - All stood  
on the wharf and waved good-by to us as  
the steamer, pushed off and then gave us  
a parting cheer - We felt that we were leaving  
a circle of very near and dear friends.  
Mattie and Lucy accompanied us to  
Hongkong, we reached there about 4 P.M.  
and found Dr Rogers waiting at the wharf  
to receive us. Spent the pleasant evening with  
Dr and Mrs Rogers.

Tuesday  
January 11<sup>th</sup> 1876.

Spent the morning in shopping and at the  
Photograph gallery. At 3 P.M. came on board  
the Madagascar. Mattie and Lucy came  
off and spent half an hour on board.  
At three we got "under weigh". Watched  
Mattie & Lucy waving good-by to us from  
their little boat until it passed out of  
sight. As we were coming out of the  
harbor met the Cambay steamer coming  
in with Mr & Mrs Williams on board.

2 Wednesday

January 12<sup>th</sup>

Very windy and a rough sea.  
Sea-sick all day.

Thursday January 13<sup>th</sup>

Another windy day and high sea.  
Sea-sickness continued.

Friday January 14<sup>th</sup>

Pleasant weather and the sea  
more quiet. Sailed part of the day in  
sight of land coast of Cochinchina,  
hilly and barren.

Saturday January 15<sup>th</sup>

A fresh breeze blowing. We find it much  
warmer as we cruise south. This evening  
enjoyed a beautiful sunset. The sky was  
perfectly clear and the sun looking like  
a globe of fire seemed to drop into the water.

The Sabbath January 16<sup>th</sup>

A beautiful quiet peaceful Sabbath  
day and that I am sure we shall  
long remember.

Monday January 17<sup>th</sup>

A bright day going sailing up the  
Gulf of Siam. Passed several ships  
etc. Steamers the "Copenhagener"  
bound for Singapore.

3

Tuesday  
January 18<sup>th</sup>

Rose early and went on deck to find that we were just outside "the Bar". Signaled for a pilot and one soon came off who said that in two hours the tide would be high enough for us to cross the Bar. The banks of the river are very low and covered with trees and tropical vegetation. We came to anchor about five o'clock passed on our way up the river the Presbyterian Miss Compound at "the far end". A man who came up from the Bar on board the Madagascar kindly took us in his boat up to Dr Deans. We found them just taking lunch. They gave us a warm welcome which made us feel at home at once. Towards evening Dr Deans took us in his boat up to Dr Huttons where we found Dr & Mrs Hans Miss Anderson and Miss Grimstead. After our return to Dr Deans Mrs McDonald with Mr and Mrs Dunlap called.

Wednesday  
January 19<sup>th</sup>

After breakfast Henry and I went up to Dr Deans and staid till after lunch. Called at Mrs Bradley's on the way down and met there Dr and Mrs Chubb. Attended prayer meeting at Dr Deans at 4 P.M. Nearly all the Missionaries present.

Thursday. January 20<sup>th</sup>

In the morning enjoyed a delightful drive with Dr Deans. After breakfast went down the river and called on Mrs Dunlap & Mrs Van Dyke. Dr Deans & Henry called at the American Consulate. In the afternoon we left for Petcharburi stopping on the way to spend a very pleasant evening at Mrs Bradley's where we enjoyed hearing some good music.

4  
Friday January 21<sup>st</sup>

Spent in the boat en route for Petcharuni,  
A very hot day and both Mr Dunlap  
and I suffered from some headache.  
Passed just at night-fall a Roman Catholic  
settlement, saw one of the priests a foreigner.

Saturday January 22.

Reached Petcharuni about 2 P.M. Found  
our missionary friends living in a very  
pleasant home like trap. Mr + Mrs McFarland  
Miss Coffman and Miss Cook looking just as  
when we saw them in Canton.  
Towards evening went up to the "Palace  
Mountain" but was too late to see the sunset.  
The country about Petcharuni is very beautiful.

The Sabbath January 23<sup>d</sup>.

A quiet home like Sabbath. At eight o'clock  
attended the morning service in the little  
native chapel. It seemed so like a country  
meeting here at home among the coverts.  
Was and everything so quiet. After we  
returned visited Miss Cook's school. or rather  
they came to us for they gathered about her  
and sitting down on the verandah floor  
sung and repeated portions of Scripture.  
Afterwards went over to Miss Coffman's school.  
Her scholars are larger number of them  
grown up women. She had thirty four  
Miss Cook thirty. After dinner Mr McFarland  
had a service in Miss Coffman's school.  
which was quite well attended.  
The eight women who are church members  
came up to the ladies verandah afterwards  
to have a visit with me. In the evening  
we had our prayer meeting Mr Dunlap  
leading.

Monday January 24<sup>th</sup>

37

Spent the morning with Mrs McFarland. The gentlemen called on the Governor and he promised to let them have in the afternoon horses and a carriage to go to the Royal Mountain. About 2 P.M. the horses came two saddle horses for Mr Duple, and Henry and a tiny little carriage for the Ladies. Mrs McFarland, Miss Cort, and I went. The Royal Car is a very fine one almost equal to Cathedral Car but unlike that is filled with ugly idols. Mr Duple counted over 200, there was not less than three had been hurron when we left. On our way back we stopped at a temple to see one of the stupid Buddhas. It is indeed immense 17 1/2 feet long. Nearly the whole of it was covered with a dirty yellow cloth, yellow is the sacred color of the Buddhas. I got deep by the feet and found that the top of my head just reached to the fifth toe. One of the length of each toe nail was six times the breadth of my hand. All the fingers of Buddha have the fingers all the same length and also the toes. On the way back we drove through Market St and went to call on Mrs McFarland's teacher. Saw several of the Laos people, both men and women. They seem much more interesting and intelligent than the Siamese. Spent the evening at Mrs McFarland's and about nine o'clock embarked for our voyage back to Bangkok.

Tuesday January 25<sup>th</sup>

Spent on board the boat. Went on shore once to visit a temple which we found in rather a dilapidated condition. In the eve had a long talk with Mr Duple about missions in general and particular.

46  
Wednesday January 26<sup>th</sup>

Reached Bangkok about one o'clock in the afternoon. Noticed in passing Mrs Beadys that Dr and Mrs Clark had not yet left for Chiang Mai. At Dr Deans found everything quiet. Dr and Mrs Deans taking their afternoon rest. At 4 P.M. the Missionary friends gathered for their weekly prayer meeting and many expressed surprise that we had made our trip to Petchaburi so quickly.

Thursday January 27<sup>th</sup>

Early in the morning Dr Dean and Henry went to the office and arranged for our passage to Singapore on board the Rajah Brooke a very little steamer of about 20 tons which they were told would leave Bangkok on Saturday at 2 P.M. After breakfast Henry went up to the Deans and Mrs Dean and I went for a walk through some of the streets near their home and visited a temple one that has only been built a few years. In the afternoon wrote letters to send back to Canton, and then went down to the Mrs. Mission Compound to take dinner at Mrs. Lamphs. Spent a very pleasant evening in singing and conversation. Dr and Mrs Dean Mr & Mrs Lamphs Mr & Mrs Van Syke and their four little children Mr Gilbertson and Mrs Mc Donald. Enjoyed the rowing the boat back to Dr Deans very much.

Friday January 28<sup>th</sup>

Spent the morning in writing letters. Dr Dean called to take notes to his home to lunch. Stopped on the way to see

8

"Watt-Po" a very fine temple. Here we saw another sleeping Buddha much finer than the one at Petechaburi and said to be a little larger. It is made of brick and mortar and gilded, is in much better proportion than that at Petechaburi and had no dirty cloth covering over it. It is said the expense of making it was about \$3000. There were many other interesting features of this temple which we had not time to see. As it was now one an hour late in reaching Mrs. Harris where we had promised to take dinner. In the evening dined with Dr. Lane, Miss Anderson and Miss Grimstead at the English Consul's house. Miss Anderson came back with us and spent the night at Dr. Lane's.

Saturday January 29<sup>th</sup>.

The arrangements for the marriage of Henry and Miss Anderson had been made for 1/2 past nine this morning and we expected to go from the Consulate to the steamer but learned that she would not leave until the next day. Dr. and Mrs. Lane with Miss Grimstead came down to Dr. Lane's also Mr. and Mrs. Lamplaf with Messrs Van Dyke and McDonald. Mrs. Lane, Miss Grimstead and Mr. Van Dyke did not go to the Consulate. While the ceremony was being performed Mrs. Lane and I stood near



Henry & Miss Anderson - Dr Dean  
performed the ceremony afterwards  
the Consul had Champagne and  
cake passed around. We then  
went back to Mrs Dean's who had  
cake coffee and tea prepared.  
In the afternoon as we could not  
leave Bangkok we accepted an  
invitation from Miss Knapp to go and  
call with them the 2<sup>nd</sup> King "George  
Washington". On the way back  
met Dr Hume's boat with a box for  
Bella from America on board -  
We stopped long enough to transfer  
Henry & Bella to their boat and  
I went back with Miss Knapp  
and Mr Newman to Dr Dean's -  
Found them out on the lawn  
playing croquet. In the evening  
had a nice visit with Mrs Dean.

### The Sabbath

January 30<sup>th</sup>  
This morning Dr Dean had  
prayers in English instead of  
Latin as at week days. Each  
one repeated a verse of Scripture.  
Dr Dean repeated the beautiful  
text "Thou wilt keep him in perfect  
peace whose mind is stayed on  
thee" - I shall always remember  
and think of dear Dr and Mrs  
Dean as a living commentary on

on this trip. After breakfast  
 Lenny and I went to Dr Dean's  
 Chinese service. It seemed so  
 natural to be at a Chinese  
 service again and so unnatural  
 not to be able to understand what  
 was said for they speak in  
 the Iprato dialect. We waited  
 all day expecting momentarily a  
 message reminding us on board  
 the Rajah-Burke but at 4 P.M.  
 heard that she would not leave  
 until Monday afternoon. So instead  
 of going with the river to the steamer  
 we went down the river to the  
 chapel and heard Mr Landaff  
 preach a good sermon from the  
 text "What think ye of Christ?"  
 At the landing we bid good-bye  
 once more to the Bangkok Missionary  
 friends. Spent a quiet evening with  
 Dr and Mrs Dean.

Monday  
 January 31<sup>st</sup>

In the morning wrote a few more  
 letters. Dr Dean received from  
 Lenny photographs of his two  
 little ones Willie and Katie.  
 After lunch Dr and Mrs Dean  
 went with us on board the

Rajah-Burke and about four  
 o'clock we got under weigh -  
 We had a parting glimpse of  
 Dr. Leans house as we passed  
 and saw them in the verandah  
 waving good bye - As we passed  
 the last compound of the Pulo Mission  
 saw them all out some on the verandah  
 some on the lawn below waving  
 their farewells to us - We found  
 we had three fellow passengers on  
 board the Rajah Burke the Knags  
 from Penang Mr Wilson from  
 Scotland and the Bangkok Consul  
 Gen Partridge - rather a large  
 company for such a little steamer -  
 The Captain says he has never  
 had more than four before and  
 I imagine he hardly knows what  
 to do with his large family -

Tuesday February 1<sup>st</sup>

Dunk a smooth sea but still  
 enough motion to make me a little  
 sea sick - Wrote two letters read a  
 little and sat on deck for a time  
 in the evening enjoying the moonlight -

Wednesday February 2<sup>nd</sup>

Much the same as yesterday -

Thursday  
February 3<sup>rd</sup>

Still a smooth sea although the Captain has been prophesying rough weather. Spent nearly all night on deck. The cabins are so small and close.

Friday  
February 4<sup>th</sup>

Woke this morning to find it very warm indeed. The deck is so small we cannot get many feet from the funnel which seemed to-day to throw out a great deal of heat. Forward run a little breeze sprang up which made it more comfortable. We staid on deck nearly all night about one o'clock came in sight of "The lights of Singapore".

Saturday

February 5<sup>th</sup>

This morning every one was rejoicing in the prospect of getting on shore. We saw the boat to get off. From the harbor Singapore looks very pretty. We cannot

The Hotel d'Europe and much enjoyed the change to the pleasant rooms here from the narrow accommodations of the Rajah Bazar. In the afternoon went out to call on Mrs Keasbury.

The drive out "to Mt Lavin" was delightful and gave us some idea of the beauty of Singapore.

### The Sabbath

February 6<sup>th</sup>

Attended the morning service in a Scotch Pres Church. The minister who is just out from home preached a good sermon from the text -

"Christ formed in you the hope of glory." Spent the afternoon quietly in our rooms.

### Monday

February 7<sup>th</sup>

Wrote some letters in the morning sat at the table for Conyell father of the former Consul in Canton. In the afternoon called at Mrs Adams's but did not find her at home. Went first then to Mrs Keasbury's and Henry

returned for our baggage -  
Spent a pleasant evening. A  
lady named Mrs Miller wife of  
a Surgeon in the English Army  
is staying with Mrs Keasbury -  
A Mr Collins who is living near  
by called in the eve -

Tuesday - February 8<sup>th</sup>

Mrs Adamson called in  
the morning and invited us  
to take lunch with her to-morrow -  
Spent the day in writing letters -

Wednesday February 9<sup>th</sup>

Wrote letters in the morning and  
about noon Mrs Adamson's Carriage  
came for us - Had a pleasant  
visit and returned to Mrs Keasbury's  
before dark - In the evening  
Mrs Keasbury and Mrs Miller  
played several duets on the  
piano - It seemed to me  
such elderly ladies who have  
kept up their practice in  
music, so well -

10  
14  
Thursday

February 10<sup>th</sup>

Spent the day gently in writing letters - In the evening Mrs Miller went with us for a walk about the place and showed us a number of fruit trees that were new to me the Linnian Mangosteen Betelnut Rambutan Coffee Clove &c.

Friday

February 11<sup>th</sup>

This morning Mrs Adamson sent us a nice basketfull of mangosteens which we enjoyed - Spent the day in writing being out in the evening had a pleasant walk with Mrs Miller -

Saturday

February 12<sup>th</sup>

Wrote one or two letters and helped Mrs Keasbey with her sewing - In the evening we all gathered around the table in the verandah with our sewing Mr Collins came in and had quite a romp with the children and finally dressed up in a wrapper of Mrs Miller and personated several

different characters quite an  
amazing performance -  
with which the children were highly  
delighted and Mrs Kearney and  
Mrs Miller seemed to enjoy it  
very much.

## The Sabbath.

February 13<sup>th</sup>

Our fifth Sabbath since leaving  
Canton. We did not go down  
to the city to service. Mrs Miller  
and Mrs Kearney intended to go  
but just at the time there was  
a heavy shower of rain and  
they gave it up. I enjoyed seeing  
it rain very much. Henry read  
to us one of his sermons on "Peace  
like a River" - "Oh that thou hadst  
hearkened to my commandments  
then had thy peace been like a  
river and thy righteousness as the  
waves of the sea".

Monday  
February 14<sup>th</sup>

In the morning served with Mrs  
Miller for Mrs Kearney. Wrote  
some letters to send back to Canton.



making forty that I have  
 written since leaving there.  
 For the first time I think for  
 many years I have my letters  
 all answered. After lunch  
 Mrs Keaumont let us take her horse  
 and carriage and drive down  
 to the city. We went first to the  
 office and mailed our large  
 budget of letters. Henry was told  
 there that the "Prism" had come  
 in and gone again. This piece  
 of information startled us very  
 much for a few minutes but  
 we soon learned from the agent  
 that it was only partly correct.  
 The Prism came in on the  
 Sabbath but would not leave  
 until Wednesday. We drove  
 down to the wharf to see the  
 steamer but as we were told there  
 were only three vacant berths could  
 have no choice of cabins -  
 In the eve Mr and Mrs Young  
 came to dinner and afterwards  
 Mr Collins favored us with  
 another performance like that of Saturday.

Tuesday  
February 15<sup>th</sup> -

In the morning packed our trunks and Henry took them down to the steamer. - In the evening Mrs Miller went with us to see Miss Corker's school as it is called. The ladies who have charge of the school Miss Ryan and Miss Foster we found were away at the Tuesday afternoon prayer-meeting. The school-girl however all took their places and sang for us. The eldest class seven or eight girls eleven in number who told us they had been in school for eight years singing in English very much. They sang "Sweet Little Jesus of Nazareth" Only an Amherst beauty - and then the little girl sang "If I come to Jesus." They afterwards repeated each a text of scripture. I was surprised to hear them sing so well in English. Just as we were leaving Mrs Ryan and Miss Foster came in.

Wednesday

February 16<sup>th</sup>

This morning went over and took a cup of Tea with Mrs Collins. After breakfast wrote for the Recorder and put up our things ready to go on board. Found the ship quite crowded with passengers. It was very hot while we were lying at the wharf but after we got under weigh seemed cooler. The sea was very calm and all the afternoon we sailed in sight of land the shores hilly and covered with trees. In the eve some of the passengers sang a number of songs.

Thursday

February 17<sup>th</sup>

A pleasant day and smooth sailing. We find we have for passengers seventeen adults and ten children. Capt Barthele is a good-natured Irishman has been a Captain for seventeen years. Next him at table Capt Maria Musick a lady who is travelling

for her health - She is my  
 own mate and seems a pleasant  
 lady - Mrs Bergman sits next the  
 widow of a Captain of one of the  
 river steamers in North China -  
 He has only been dead four  
 months and she is going home  
 with four little children the eldest  
 only three and a half years old -  
 She calls the eldest "Maand" the  
 second "Biggs Boy" the third "Baa-Baa"  
 and the fourth is Baby -  
 Next Mrs Bergman sits Mr  
 Boston from Shanghai - and  
 then Mrs Eulech a lady from  
 Swatow who has a nice little  
 baby "Mary-Maand" Her husband  
 sits next her and then Miss Gall  
 a young lady who was formerly  
 a school mate of Mrs Eulech's  
 and is going home with them  
 from Singapore - Mr Talbot  
 a very little dark complextioned  
 man sits next and then a  
 Scotchman who is only going as  
 far as Penang - then the Ships  
 Doctor 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Officer

and Eugene. On the Captain  
left hand sits first Mrs Wells a  
lady from Shanghai who has  
no children, with her then Miss  
Coughly a tall lady. Her nephew  
George a boy of 11 or 12 is with  
her and another boy about the  
same age Willie Mc Guffy is  
going home under the care of  
Mr. Culek. Next Miss Coughly  
sits Mrs Carson and at her left  
her husband "Dave Carson".  
They belong to a troupe of Minstrels  
who are giving entertainments at  
different ports. My seat is next  
Mr Carson then Henry then Belle.  
Mr Carson is full of fun or  
jokative news as he calls it, is an  
American from New York his wife  
is a French lady. They have  
a piano on board.

Friday February 18<sup>th</sup>

Reached Penang very early this  
morning. It did not seem to be  
a very large place so on the  
ship and surrounded by hills.  
We wrote letters in the evening

to send back to Canton  
and thought of going on shore  
afterward but concluded it  
was too warm. Nearly all the  
passengers went off on shore.

Saturday

February 19<sup>th</sup>

Another very warm day -  
We expected to leave Penang  
at noon but instead of that  
it was nearly four o'clock  
before we were "under weigh".

The Sabbath.

February 20<sup>th</sup>

A quiet sea smooth sailing -  
Spent the day reading a  
book about the Holy Land.

Sunday

February 21<sup>st</sup>

Towards evening a very rough  
sea, ports all closed and many  
of the passengers sea-sick.  
A man came in through Mrs  
Enoch's open window describing  
her completely -

Tuesday

February 22<sup>nd</sup>

Not quite so rough as yesterday  
were able to have our ports open  
again - In the evening Mr &  
Mrs Gorman gave us a musical  
entertainment. The Captain  
Miss Galt Miss Gault and  
the Doctor danced in a little  
space about three feet wide  
at the head of the companion  
way.

Wednesday

February 23<sup>d</sup>

Quite sea smooth sailing.

Thursday

February 24<sup>th</sup>

This morning passed Pt de Galle  
a place where a great many  
steamers call. All day over  
sailing near the shores of Ceylon  
which are very beautiful hills  
and connect with verdure  
Just at evening reached  
Colombo. The lights of the  
city looked very pretty as we  
saw them from the harbor.

Some native boats came  
 alongside very singular looking  
 craft called "catamarans" made  
 of one large log hollowed out  
 and a super structure built  
 upon it and kept steady on  
 the water by an outrigger. -  
 They look unsafe but are  
 said to be very seaworthy. -

Friday

February 25<sup>th</sup> -

Rose very early and went on  
 down to take the morning train  
 for Kandy but found we were  
 too late. We called two "Catamarans"  
 Henry & Belle went in one  
 and I in the other. As we  
 were too late for the train we  
 went to the hotel for breakfast  
 and afterwards Henry called  
 on the Rev Mr Rhodes a Wesleyan  
 Missionary. We then drove out to  
 the Chromium gardens and  
 from there to the depot.



The train left at 2 in the afternoon it seemed so natural to be in the cars again that I could hardly persuade myself that I was not in America. The scenery the first part of the way reminded me of that of the Lakes of Panama. The rest of the way was a continual ascent up among the mountains until we reached Kandy 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The sunset was fine and the effect of the sunset lights over the mountains beautiful. But before the sun had set we passed around a curve and the intervening mountains hid the Western Sky from us much to my disappointment. We reached Kandy just at dark and went to the "Queen's hotel" to spend the night a strange old-fashioned building.

Saturday

February 26<sup>th</sup> -

Rose early and sat at the window a long time watching the people passing in the streets below. The view was very beautiful just in front a little lake and on the other shore high hills covered with trees and one of them crowned by a fort -

I watched with much interest the different people passing in their Oriental dress. Every thing reminded me of the descriptions I have read of life in India. The people are quite unlike the Chinese and particularly in their erect carriage and elastic step so unlike the stooping figure and shuffling gait so accustomed to on in China. The Buffalo cart was drawn by bullocks whose sides were lathered in very unreasonable way - a kind of fresh carriage unlike any I

have seen before in which  
 you can sit with their backs  
 toward each other is used by  
 the Goygus here. The dress of  
 the natives is rather picturesque  
 and many of them wear jewelry  
 in profusion. We saw some  
 with ear-rings all around the  
 ear and nose pins. The  
 view from the windows of the  
 dining room was very pretty.  
 We ate the only lunch at the  
 table. After breakfast King called  
 on Rev. Mr. Leff and afterward  
 we went out for a drive over  
 around the lake and up  
 and down several streets of  
 the town and then back to the  
 depot. The ride back on the  
 cars was hot and dusty. I could  
 hardly realize that we were  
 in India. It seemed as though  
 the cars must take us to  
 Cleveland. We reached Colombe  
 just at dark met the Captain and  
 Mr. Carson at the wharf. The  
 Quartermaster Abner who had  
 brought them off was still at the wharf  
 with his boat & kindly took us on board.

# The Sabbath.

February 27<sup>th</sup>

Spent a quiet Sabbath in the harbor of Colombo, a very warm day. Several of the passengers had gone to Kandy. At breakfast we were the only ones on board.

Monday

February 28<sup>th</sup>

Another warm day. All day they have been taking on cargo barrels of coffee. Wrote letters to send to Kandy. Remembered it as Miss Romie's birthday.

Tuesday

February 29<sup>th</sup>

We expected to leave Colombo about noon but it was nearly dark instead. We were all very glad to be again on our way. Found our number of passengers increased by the addition of Mrs Graham a lady from India and Dr Sinclair from Bannah.

Wednesday

March 1<sup>st</sup>

A smooth sea, pleasant  
sailing in the Arabian Sea.

Thursday

March 2<sup>nd</sup>

Spent the day in reading  
and helping take care of the  
children.

Friday

March 3<sup>rd</sup>

Read a book from the  
Ship's Library "Solalici".

Saturday

March 4<sup>th</sup>

Just as we were sitting down  
to dinner this evening heard  
that the Captain's little brown  
dog Toby was overboard.  
After a little hesitation the ship  
was put about and we went  
around in a circle coming back  
over our track but it was getting  
dark and poor little Toby  
could not be found.

The Sabbath -

March 5<sup>th</sup> -

My Birth-day - We had a service to-day - the Captain read the Prayers and lessons and King preached - making it seem more like the Sabbath -

Monday March 6<sup>th</sup> -

As usual nothing unusual occurred. We are still favored in having a smooth sea.

Tuesday March 7<sup>th</sup> -

Another eventful day. Saw that I rejoiced in finding my gold pen which had been lost for several days.

Wednesday March 8<sup>th</sup> -

Spent the day in reading &c. a beautiful moonlight evening

Thursday  
March 9<sup>th</sup> -

This morning came on deck to find that we were passing the Island of Socotra - Was told that the inhabitants are cannibal - Towards evening passed the "El Dorado" a fine large steamer -

Friday March 10<sup>th</sup> -

This afternoon about four passed Aden some twenty miles distant said to be a most barren and desolate looking place. The "Pulstain" passed us in the evening on her way to India -

Saturday March 11<sup>th</sup> -

At three in the morning the Captain came to tell us that we were passing through Babel-mandeb. "The Gate of Tears". We dressed and

went on deck as soon as possible - The strait was only two and a half miles wide and the land on either side high and rocky looking very dreary and barren we were told in the daytime but beautiful as we saw it in the soft moonlight. Just in the narrowest place we met a French steamer which suddenly changed her course and crossed our bows thus running the risk of a collision and making our officers very anxious for a few moments - We saw a large hum built on the land close to the sea shore and were told that it is the dwelling of the pilots of the Red Sea. Passing the day we saw much of the water in sight of islands one of which we were told a man



Who escaped from a wreck  
ten or twelve years ago has  
been living ever since -  
and has grown to be quite  
a wild man will have no  
communication with any one.  
We passed during the day  
ten steamers

### The Sabbath

March 12<sup>th</sup>

In the Red Sea a pleasant  
day and smooth sailing -

Went preached from the  
text, "And this is the confidence  
that we have in Him that if  
we ask anything according  
to His will He heareth us".

We put out ten steamers to-day -  
In the eve Mrs Bergman was  
taken very ill and Mrs Graham  
also -

Monday March 13<sup>th</sup>

Cool & pleasant, a fresh breeze  
blowing from the North which retards  
us so that instead of 220 m we are  
only making 180 miles a day -

Tuesday -

March 14<sup>th</sup>

Sailing slowly up the Red Sea spent the day in writing letters -

Wednesday March 15<sup>th</sup>

Another pleasant day. Still out of sight of land. The sunsets are very beautiful -

Thursday

March 16<sup>th</sup>

Early in the morning was called up to see Mt Sinai but found when I got on deck that it was still in the distance -

All day long we were sailing in sight of land. a very wide sand beach stretching back from the sea, and rising into sandy mountains several thousand feet high with only a scrub or tree or

redeem the desolate  
 dreary waste of sand -  
 Towards evening Mr Lincoln  
 and Mr Houb were pointed  
 out to us The sunset was a  
 very brilliant one and we  
 watched the sun go down  
 behind the mountains of  
 Africa - while across the Red  
 Sea its last rays lingered  
 on the tops of Mr Lincoln and  
 the neighboring mountains -  
 It was very beautiful and  
 we much enjoyed the soft  
 coloring of the sky and clouds.

Friday March 17<sup>th</sup>  
 This being St Patrick's day  
 the passengers and Officers  
 had agreed to celebrate  
 it - We spent the morning  
 making badges for the  
 gentlemen in imitation of  
 the Shamrock but were told

We did not succeed very  
 well. Early in the morning  
 we passed the locality which  
 is pointed out as the place  
 where the Israelites crossed  
 the Red Sea - and from its  
 natural features it is easy  
 to believe that it is really  
 the place - On either side  
 shut in by mountains of  
 sand without a single  
 vestige of verdure - a dreary  
 barren waste of sand with  
 Pharaoh's army pursuing them  
 and the sea ready to  
 engulf them. No way either  
 to the right or the left  
 "shut in by the wilderness":  
 weary and travel worn one  
 could hardly wonder that  
 they raised the despairing  
 cry - "Were there no graves in  
 Egypt that thou hast brought  
 us out to die in the wilderness?"

As I looked at the seemingly  
 endless wastes of sand - I  
 realized as never before the  
 severity of the Israelites' punishment  
 to wander forty years in  
 such a wilderness of  
 desolation must have been  
 a fearful retribution for their  
 want of faith.

We reached Grey in the  
 morning and anchored there  
 for a few hours leaving at  
 one P.M. Grey is built  
 on a flat sandy plain  
 with a back-ground of  
 sandy mountains -

The steamer anchored  
 some distance out and  
 none of the passengers  
 went on shore. We  
 learned here that one of  
 the steamers on had met

a few days previous had  
 been wrecked off Pt de Galle  
 striking on a rock and going  
 down almost instantly -  
 Passengers and crew were  
 all saved - We entered  
 the Luz Canal about one  
 o'clock! It is nearly ninety  
 miles in length - and some  
 parts of the way is not wide  
 enough for Steamers to pass  
 so that those that came in last  
 must stop in places made  
 aside for the purpose and  
 allow the others to pass them -  
 In this way we passed  
 down - We only steamed  
 about five miles an hour  
 except in some places where  
 originally there were lakes  
 and so now the channel  
 is wide - I was told that  
 the "Prism" paid 800 pounds

for passing through the canal. The passengers dressed in their best for dinner and all came on deck "wearing the green" in honor of the day. The sunset was a very brilliant one. We could see the reflection of the setting sun in the water beneath looking like two suns meeting at the horizon. After dinner several of the passengers had dancing on deck.

Saturday - March 18<sup>th</sup>  
 We expected to start early this morning but instead were delayed by a steamer which was coming out of the canal getting fast on the sand and so we waited for her three hours. We got under way about nine o'clock.

and then went right on  
without any hindrance.

About noon we passed Ismailia  
a place which has grown  
up since the Canal was  
opened. There is here a  
palace of the Khedive of  
Egypt and also a building  
which was built for the  
Empress Eugenie where she  
spent some time while the  
work on the Canal was in  
progress. We were told  
that this is the locality  
of the ancient Land of Goshen.  
A little after eight o'clock  
in the evening we reached  
Port Said. - Nearly all the  
passengers went on shore.  
We wanted to ascertain whether  
the steamer was going on or not  
before morning and learning that  
it probably would called a cab  
and made the best of our way to a hotel.



We were taken first to the Custom House where after a great deal of jabbering we were obliged to leave our three trunks and then were taken to the "Hotel d'Europe". When we reached there found no one who could speak English and as the little French we once knew seemed to have left us we had some difficulty in making ourselves understood.

However we succeeded in obtaining what we wished and were made comfortable for the night. On our way to the hotel we met and said good bye again to Mr Paulin Mrs Graham Mrs Gull and Dr Sinclair and Mrs Conybe.

The Sabbath.

March 19<sup>th</sup>  
 With the morning light we looked out upon the streets

41

of Port Said filled with  
people of many different  
nationalities a motley assembly  
clad in nearly every variety  
of costume. This place  
I had also been built entirely  
since the opening of the  
canal some eight years since.  
Henry called upon Mr Percival  
the English Consul. He  
made inquiries for Mr Lee whose  
sister had his brother's wife -  
Learned that a steamer  
would be leaving for Beirut  
at five in the afternoon and  
after some hesitation concluded  
that it would be right and  
best to take it, and did  
so leaving Port Said at 5 P.M.  
on board the French Steamer  
"Tage". The steamer was  
crowded with tourists and  
first class accommodations all  
taken up but we found

second class in many respects superior to that of the Piram -

Monday March 20<sup>th</sup>

Wakened this morning to find that one our fish coming to anchor in the harbor of Jaffa - "Joppa" - Jaffa looks so exactly like pictures I have seen of it that I can hardly realize that I have never seen it before. Nearly all our passengers went on shore as soon as we anchored. We had a very good view of the town from the harbor and as we expect to return and sail from here when we leave Palestine did not go on shore - and about six o'clock we again on our way.

Tuesday  
 March 2<sup>nd</sup>

This morning we find ourselves anchored in the harbor of Beirut. The location of the city is beautiful encircled as it is by mountains and looking down upon the Mediterranean. We called a little boat and went on shore. Here also we were obliged to leave our trunks at the Custom House while we went to a Hotel. Kemp then left us and went to call on Mr. Jessup. When he returned he brought with him letters and the black margin told us before we opened the writings that they brought the ending of the hope

so long cherished that our dear Frank might live to welcome us home. We could not reach them there but waited until some hours after in the quiet home of kind friends we might reach them together.

We went from the hotel to Dr. Jessup's where Henry and Bella were to stay and then I went on to the Girls Seminary where I received a cordial welcome from the ladies Miss Emmet Miss Jackson and Miss Van Dyke. They were fresh at dinner when I reached there. They have a little table for themselves in the same dining hall where all their school-girls take their meals at the same time. Seated around several tables ten or a dozen at each. They have about forty boarders very bright intelligent looking girls, making it seem quite like a home school. Some of

The girls speak English very well and all dress in English costume. Some of them are quite pretty - In the evening attended at Dr. Josephs an exhibition of the Magic lantern, over two hundred Arabic children were present -

Wednesday

March 22<sup>nd</sup>

Spent the morning in visiting with Miss Everett and Miss Jackson the different departments of the school in which I was very much interested -

In the afternoon Miss Jackson went with us to visit the College built at the other end of the town. The buildings are very fine and the situation beautiful overlooking the Mediterranean. We were just in time to attend the afternoon prayers and so

saw the students seventy  
 five in number all together.  
 Some of them are very fine  
 looking young men -  
 But here Professor Hall and  
 Mr Lewis also Dr. Van Dyke  
 who has been in Beirut for  
 many years and is said  
 to be the best Arabic scholar  
 in the country. On our  
 way back we visited a German  
 orphanage. They also have  
 a very fine large and well arranged  
 building. The children  
 were just having evening prayers  
 and it was a beautiful  
 sight to see 130 little children  
 in one room all one large  
 family singing Jesus Love  
 of my Soul. There are  
 twelve German sisters in  
 charge of the Institution - It  
 was nearly dark when we  
 returned to the Seminary -  
 In the evening Mrs Van Dyke  
 with her brother Mr Henry Thompson  
 came and took tea with us -

Thursday March 23<sup>d</sup>.

Spent the morning in writing letters. In the afternoon visited the Cemetery near by the Seminary where Philip Fisk is buried. His grave is covered by a very plain stone only bearing his name and age. In the evening met at Dr. Jessup's a large number of ladies and gentlemen forty or fifty. He showed again the Magic Lantern.

Friday March 24<sup>th</sup>.

This morning Miss Jackson went with me to visit the schools of Miss Taylor and Mrs. Pratt. Miss Taylor's work seems more like ours in China than the other schools I have visited not so far advanced. She has a day school and sixteen boarders.



We found the scholars of Mrs. Mott's school just giving off for a day's holidays. But Miss Sapiro one of the teachers kindly took us through the rooms which are really magnificent. Everything is conducted on a very expensive scale. There are eighty girls in the school and I was told the annual expense of the school is fifty thousand dollars. They have also many day schools in different parts of the country - over 2000 scholars in all.

Returned to the Seminary and attended a service in the school chapel. Henry talked to the girls Dr. Percorp interpreting. In the afternoon had a pleasant call from Miss Lewis. Afterwards the dragonman brought the horses for our trip for us to try them. In the evening had a special meeting with the school girls in the chapel told them about China Miss Van Dyke interpreting.

Mount of Olives and near to the place where when His ministry on Earth was ended he came with His disciples and "while He blessed them was parted from them and a cloud received Him from their sight into Heaven". It seems as though its sacred past must ever make Mount Olives seem nearer to Heaven than any other spot on Earth.

We had brought our Bibles with us and read here with new interest the account of scenes of which Mount Olives has been the silent witness. Down the eastern slope of the mountain we looked towards Bethany hidden from us by a rise in the ground the home of the family that Jesus loved - the place where He so often came for rest and the comforts of home and ever found loving friends

ready to minister to his  
wants - We felt it indeed a  
precious privilege to spend a  
few of the Sabbath hours in a  
place hallowed by so many  
sacred associations -

Monday morning we  
rose early as we had planned  
to ride out to Bethlehem and  
return before noon - The party  
of gentlemen who had been  
stopping at the Hospice were  
also starting this morning for  
their journey up through the  
country to Beirut and we  
left at the same time they  
walking out to the Jaffa gate  
where their horses were waiting  
for them - We met on our way  
crowds of pilgrims and a  
little distance from the city  
a procession carrying flags

and banners with musical instruments and singing the same monotonous chant which we hear everywhere -

A short distance from Jerusalem we passed the tomb where so many long centuries ago "Jacob buried Rachel in the the way to Ephrath which is Bethlehem".

Instead of going directly to Bethlehem we visited first Solomon's Pools three immense reservoirs supplied with water from a fountain at a little distance. The water from these reservoirs was conveyed by an aqueduct to the city. Near by are the ruins of a summer house and extensive gardens the whole dating back to the time of Solomon -

A ride of an hour or so  
brought us to Bethlehem  
which is much more thriving  
and prosperous in appearance  
than the towns of Palestine  
generally. a place containing  
several thousand inhabitants  
but I was surprised to learn  
that there is not among them  
a single Jew. We called at  
the home of the Rev Mr Miller a  
German Missionary who has  
been living in Bethlehem for  
seventeen years. He invited  
us to visit his school has a  
large number of day-scholars  
and fifteen boarders. Two of  
them a boy and girl are  
Belgians. He has gathered  
a church of about thirty members.  
Nearly all the Bethlehemites  
of to-day are Roman Catholics.  
Mr Miller went with us to  
the Church of the Nativity  
Here as elsewhere we found

Crowds of pilgrims.

The Church chapel is about thirty-six feet long and ten' wide - and at the eastern end there is a marble slab inserted in the floor in the middle of which is a silver star encircled by an inscription in Latin. "Hic Jesus Christus was born of the Virgin Mary." Over this star sixteen silver lamps are kept burning. An intelligent looking well dressed man in appearance quite-unlike the mass of the pilgrims was kneeling on the pavement as we approached the place and after kissing the star repeatedly he rose and went to kneel by the side of the manger, a few feet distant of the original

man ever occupied  
the place designated it is  
now replaced by one of marble.

Under the same roof we  
were shown the tomb of Jerome  
and the room in which it is  
said he studied and wrote.

A large building connected  
with the Church of the Nativity  
called the Basilica dates back  
to the year 327 and is said  
to be the oldest place of  
worship in the world.

Returning to Mr Miller's he  
pointed out to us the place  
where the shepherds were  
keeping watch over their flocks  
by night when the angel of the  
Lord appeared unto them  
bringing "tidings of great joy  
peace on Earth good will toward  
men," and also the valley  
where long years ago Ruth

gleamed in the fields of  
Boaz - Our visit to Bethlehem  
was necessarily shorter than  
we could have wished but there  
were many other interesting  
places to visit - It was nearly  
two when we reached the city  
and after taking dinner we  
remounted our horses to ride  
to Bethany - Passing through  
the Damascus Gate on the  
North side of the city we  
rode around the wall to  
the east then along the valley  
of Jehoshaphat across the  
brook Kedron followed the  
road over the Mt of Olives  
to Bethany no doubt the  
same road over which the  
Saviour so often walked  
as he went out to Bethany  
the same road that David  
when fleeing from his wicked  
and ungrateful son went



40  
up the ascent by the foot  
of Olivus and kept as he  
went up having his head  
covered and all the people  
with him covered every man  
his head and they went  
up weeping as they went up."

Passing a little beyond the  
summit of Olivus we came  
in sight of Bethany situated  
on its Eastern slope. It is but  
a small village only a few  
poor little houses but its past  
has left it a rich legacy of  
hallowed associations - and  
the visitor forgets everything  
else in remembering that here  
the Parous used often to come  
and that it was the home  
of "Martha and her sister  
and Lazarus whom Jesus  
loved". We were guided to  
a little enclosure the door  
of which was locked but

A woman soon came  
with a key to open it and  
tell us that it is the place  
where once stood the home of  
Mary and Martha - Near  
by a little building evidently  
built quite recently was pointed  
out to us as the home of Simon.

The place is enclosed by a  
high wall which shuts it in  
from the rest of the village  
and is a quite little spot  
the ground covered with soft  
green grass the place of all  
in the little village one would  
like best to remember as having  
been once the home of the family  
that Jesus loved. From  
this place we were taken a  
little distance to the tomb  
of Lazarus, a cave down  
into which our guide led us  
lighting the way with a taper.  
It seems to be a natural

care and at the foot  
of the stone steps leading  
down into it is a little square  
chamber to enter which we  
were obliged to stoop very low.  
It did not seem as though it  
is probable that this was the  
place where Lazarus was laid  
out of course it is possible  
that it may have been.

A crowd of little children  
followed us begging for  
"bakshush" it seemed with  
more than ordinary persistency.  
Eager to hold our horses or  
do something to secure the  
desired reward. Before we  
dismounted my horse without  
giving me any warning of  
his intentions lay down  
evidently with the idea of  
having a good roll regardless  
of my comfort or wishes.  
I scrambled away from  
him more quickly than

gracefully I imagine  
and fortitude. was not hurt  
at all. I had been told  
that this was a trick some  
of the Arab horses have.

This horse was one procured  
in the morning in Jerusalem  
not the one that I had on  
the way down through the  
country - Early in the morning  
I had discovered another trick  
of his which was to catch the  
bit between his teeth and  
hold it firmly and then  
have his own way regardless of  
the reins - On our way  
back to the city we stopped  
to visit the Tombs of the Prophets  
on the Western slope of Mt  
Olivet. The entrance is a  
small opening in the ground  
so very small that at first  
we could hardly believe it was  
really the entrance to the  
place that had been described

to us. But once through  
the entrance we found ourselves  
in a large chamber hewn  
out of the rock with ~~numerous~~<sup>many</sup>  
galleries extending in different  
directions in the outer wall of  
which are hewn numerous recesses  
for receiving the coffins of the  
dead. There are no inscriptions  
of any kind to aid the traveller  
in his conjectures as to their  
antiquity of these tombs - and  
I doubtless they have sometime  
in the past been occupied but  
are now empty - all traces of  
the living who constructed them  
and the dead who slept here  
have been swept away and  
the traveller can only wonder  
and speculate as to the secrets  
historic buried here which the  
silent walls will never reveal.  
No one supposes that they were  
ever what their name would  
indicate the resting place of  
any of the prophets.

It is said that much of the  
ground about Jerusalem is

hollow, and on every hand  
are grass hewn in the rocks.

Leaving the Tomb of the  
Prophets we descended the  
slope of Olivet crossed the  
valley of Jehoshaphat then  
followed the city wall around  
its southern limit to the Jaffa  
gate on the Western side which  
we reached a little after  
sunset.

Tuesday Morning we  
rose as soon as it was light  
so as to have the pleasure of a  
morning walk out to Bethany.  
We reached the top of the  
Mount of Olives just in time  
to see the sun die over the  
distant mountains. The view  
was beautiful in the soft morning  
light the barren mountains of  
the wilderness of Judaea did  
not look so painfully barren  
as when scorched by the mid-day

sun. It seemed but a little way down to the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab beyond, and on the other side we looked across to the Mediterranean which we were told could be distinctly seen on a clear day but this morning was too hazy for us to see it. We remembered Josephus' description of the beauty of Solomon's Temple as seen in the morning sunlight and as we looked towards Jerusalem, the words rose to our lips as they had so often before.

"Beautiful for situation the joy of the whole Earth is Mount Zion." The situation of Jerusalem is unlike that of any other city I have ever seen. Surrounded by mountains and built upon a mountain the city itself is 22 or 23 feet above the

level of the sea only  
900 feet lower than the  
highest points in England.

Here we can understand  
the force and beauty of the  
words of Holy Writ. "As the  
mountains are round about  
Jerusalem so the Lord is  
round about his people from  
henceforth even forever -

As we looked over the  
mugged mountains of  
the wilderness of Judaea  
our thoughts went back to  
the long ago when David  
pursued by the revengeful  
Goliath so often sought and  
found a refuge amidst  
their rocky fastnesses.

Leaving the summit of  
Clivk we continued our  
walk down its eastern



slope until we were  
"near to Bethany". We  
did not go down into the  
village but went down for a  
little time on the hillside  
above it. and thought how  
much we should like to  
know the very spot from which  
Christ ascended to Heaven.

The Church of the Ascension  
on the summit of Mt Olivet  
is supposed to be built on the  
spot but it is only a supposition  
and it did not seem to me  
a probable one. It is in full  
view from Jerusalem and I  
could not make it seem  
like the place the Saviour would  
have chosen. and according  
to the account <sup>as</sup> given by Luke  
"He led them out as far as  
Bethany". While sitting here  
a company of pilgrims with  
banners & flags and their

usual accompaniment of  
music passed through the  
streets of the village. It was a  
very sad sight so similar to  
the processions we so often see  
in heathen lands. We waited  
until they had passed then  
taking a farewell glance  
at Bethany and its  
surroundings - turned away  
and retraced our steps taking  
the road which led around  
the southern slope of Mt  
Olivet and across the valley  
reaching the city gate a  
little before eight.

After breakfast we went out  
with a guide to explore the  
great quarry underneath  
the city. We found the  
entrance near the Damascus  
Gate. Our guide had provided  
us all with candles by whose  
light we followed him through  
the great subterranean quarry.

which is one of the wonders  
of the city. Some writers have  
penetrated to the distance of  
seven hundred and fifty feet  
from the entrance - In some  
places we found water dripping  
from the rocks and forming  
stalactites. It is supposed  
by many that from this  
quarry were procured the  
stones for building the Temple.

From here we went some  
distance farther to visit the  
"Tombs of the Kings". These  
are more extensive than the  
Tombs of the Prophets and  
like them are hewn out of  
the solid rock. We descended  
into a court at one end of  
which was the entrance -

A kind of portico over it  
was very elaborately carved.

These tombs are all empty  
now and are supposed

never to have been the  
counts of the Jewish Kings  
some think they may have  
belonged to the line of Herod.

The entrance to the  
Tombs was closed by a  
large flat stone circular  
like a mill stone and  
fitting in a groove in the  
solid rock - and looking  
at this we understood just  
how what was meant by  
rolling a stone to the door of  
the sepulchre - From these  
Tombs we returned to the  
city and in the afternoon  
went out again visiting  
some of the shops where  
Olive wood is sold. It is a  
wood susceptible of a very  
fine polish and many  
beautiful articles are made  
from it. In one of the  
shops belonging to a Jew we

we saw a large collection  
of curious relics of antiquity -  
which he had collected -

From a court just in the  
rear of his shop we had a  
good view of the Pool of  
Bezethiah - We next visited  
a large underground cistern  
descending a stone staircase  
counting the steps of which  
I think there were sixty-three -

There are many of these  
subterranean cisterns under  
the city we were told -

Wednesday April 19<sup>th</sup>

This morning we started early to walk out to the Pool of Siloam which we had already had pointed out to us several times but had only seen from a distance.

It is on the east side of the city in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

The water flows from an artificial basin formed under a cliff into a larger reservoir 5.2 feet long by 18 feet wide and 19 deep. Some steps lead down to the water.

Like many other places in Palestine the Pool of Siloam is interesting only for the sacred associations which are inseparably linked with its name. The Village of Siloam is a collection of miserable little buildings

on the slope of the  
hill across the valley.

At a short distance from  
the goal stands a specimen  
tree which is said to mark  
the spot where Lazarus  
was martyred and not  
far distant Em Regel "the  
Well of the Spirit".

Returning to the city we  
climbed up the steep hills  
and followed the path  
along the city walls to  
St. Stephen's Gate - Near  
this gate inside the walls  
is pointed out the place  
where Stephen <sup>the first martyr</sup> was stoned.

The Pool of Bethesda is  
by many supposed to have  
been <sup>in this locality</sup> near this gate. There  
is still a large reservoir  
300 feet in length <sup>475 deep</sup> - <sup>in</sup> feet  
There has been no water  
in it for more than two

hundred years and it  
is now half filled with  
rubbish - Some think  
a more probable location  
is a little distance south  
of the Gate outside the  
walls - but like many other  
places only certain knowledge  
has been swept away by  
the passing years -

Later in the day we  
visited again some of the  
Aline Ormrod shops in the city -  
and in the afternoon went  
to a place near the Saffron  
Gate to see a model of the  
Hebrew Tabernacle made  
"according to the pattern  
given to Moses in the Mount".

It was very complete  
and every thing made  
as nearly as possible like  
the original with the



count included it was  
perhaps ten feet long and  
four or five wide -

It was nearly five o'clock  
when we returned and  
then we went out for a last  
visit to the Mt of Olives  
and the Garden of Gethsemane.

We went down the  
Via Dolorosa and out of  
St Stephen's Gate crossed  
the Brook Cedron then  
passing by the garden of  
Gethsemane along the  
pathway which leads out  
to Bethany. About half  
way up the Mt of Olives  
we sat down and sang  
some of the sweet hymns  
which seem to bring  
Heaven so near, linking  
the present with the bright

Saturday morning a heavy  
shower of Rain prevented us  
from going out into the streets  
but in the afternoon the clouds  
cleared away and we went  
to the Church of the Holy  
Sepulchre. It is an ancient  
structure dating from the  
time of Constantine more  
than fifteen hundred years  
ago and is said to cover  
or contain within its limits  
a fabulous number of memorable  
places. The place where the  
cross stood the Sepulchre where  
Christ was buried the limbs  
of Adam, Melchizedek, Joseph  
Kierdennis a block of white  
marble the stone on which  
the angel who announced  
Christ's resurrection the stone  
on which the body of the  
Saviour was laid to be

unmistakenly a part of the  
pillar of flagellation, several  
of the books sent at the  
time of the crucifixion and  
many others equally improbable.

We found the place crowded  
to overflowing with pilgrims  
from every part of the world  
the whole a scene of dreadful  
confusion that made me  
glad to remember that  
there is little reason to believe  
that the Church is really  
built as it claims to be upon  
Mt Calvary. Many of the  
pilgrims carried palm  
branches it being the Saturday  
before Palm Sunday, and  
they crowded and jostled  
each other most unceremoniously  
in their efforts to get near  
enough to kiss the spots  
which tradition marks  
as sacred. —

A large force of Turkish soldiers was stationed through the building to preserve order.

There was some sort of service being held at the time or one that and a large choir singing a monotonous chant which could be heard above all the confusion of sounds but the whole seemed to me the nearest approach to Babel that I have ever seen. It was an intensely painful scene and I was glad indeed to leave the place.

From here we found our way out to St Stephen's gate on the eastern side of the city towards Gethsemane and the Mt of Olives.

Crossing the valley of Jehoshaphat and passing over the Brook Kedron by a

little bridge we reached at  
the foot of the Mt of Olives the  
place which is now enclosed  
as the garden of Gethsemane.

The little door in the wall  
was opened for us by a monk  
the only person we saw within  
the enclosure where the peaceful  
garden was in delightful contrast  
with the noisy scene of Jerusalem  
we had just left. Whether  
this is really the place where  
the garden of Gethsemane  
was eighteen hundred years  
ago or not, we know that it  
must be very near it if not  
the very spot. Within the  
enclosure are eight olive  
trees which bear the marks  
of great age.

We lingered in the garden  
until the setting sun reminded  
us that we had been told

That the gates of the city  
are closed at sunset with  
the exception of one the  
Jaffa Gate - which remains  
open during the night.

A guard is kept at all  
the gates - This being the  
evening of the Feast of the  
Passover, our host had offered  
to try and obtain permission  
for us to be present from  
some Jewish family but  
failed as they naturally  
preferred to be without the  
presence of strangers -

We enjoyed instead a  
pleasant visit with a party  
of five American gentlemen  
who had been residing  
several days at the Hospice  
and were preparing for their  
journey through the country  
northward leaving Jerusalem

on Monday and planning  
for a tour of nearly five  
weeks. Four of them are  
clergymen representing nearly  
as many denominations  
Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist,  
Evidently a most congenial  
party and I could hardly  
help enjoying them the pleasure  
they had in store in the  
five weeks before them.

Our Sabbath in  
Jerusalem was a bright  
beautiful day. I was up  
just in time to see the sun  
rise over Mt Olivet. We  
attended the morning service  
in the English Church and  
listened to an excellent  
discourse preached by a  
converted Jew from the  
text, And Jesus sat over  
against the treasury.

It was a sermon that would  
have been impressive anywhere,  
but it seemed to me far more  
so in Jerusalem.

The Chapel in which we  
were worshipping is built  
upon Mt Zion and near  
the place where it is supposed  
the Saviour met with his  
disciples on that last evening  
the night on which He  
was betrayed. The church  
was well filled and I was  
glad to learn that the  
majority of the congregation  
were Jews, and more than  
one hundred of the members  
of the Church. Before the  
service a little child was  
baptized. We enjoyed  
the music one of the hymns  
sung was "Children of the  
Heavenly King" and the  
closing one was a beautiful



and touching lament for  
the present sad state of  
Jerusalem. The venerable  
Bishop Gobah who has labored  
in Jerusalem for more than  
thirty years was present and  
led in prayer and pronounced  
the benediction.

In the afternoon we went  
out a Sabbath day's journey  
to the Mt of Olives. From  
its summit the view of Jerusalem  
is beautiful. Mt Olives being  
higher than the mountain on  
which the city is built overlooks  
it and every place of interest  
can be distinctly seen.

The Church of the Ascension  
and a few other buildings  
now stand on the summit  
of Mt Olives. Passing them  
we went over and sat down  
on the side towards the  
Jordan.

From here we could look  
over the intervening mountains  
of the wilderness of the Jordan  
to the Dead Sea apparently  
but a few miles distant and  
beyond it clearly defined.  
rose the mountains of Moab.  
We could see plainly the  
valley of the Jordan and  
trace its course for some distance  
and looked off towards the  
location of Jericho hidden from  
us by the mountains between.  
Beyond the Jordan we noticed  
what seemed to be two passes  
through the mountain ranges  
eastward and wondered if  
through either of them the  
Israelites found their way  
down to the Jordan and  
which of the mountain summits  
that our eyes now rested on  
was the one from which Gues  
was permitted to look over into the

Promised Land Northward  
The Mountains of Ephraim  
reminded us of the road  
which we had come from  
Galilee down through Penuin  
and on thoughts of Mary  
Magdalene and the other  
women who followed Jesus  
from Galilee on long journey  
it must have been for them  
we had been nearly a  
week in making it. The  
Sabbath previous we had passed  
beside the Sea of Galilee and  
now in Jerusalem the two  
places where the Saviour spent  
the greater part of the three  
years of His Ministry and  
we had doubtless passed  
over the same road on  
coming down over which  
he and his journey often  
with the chosen twelve.  
And now we were on the

future - and as we  
were taking our farewell  
of Jerusalem and its  
surroundings our thoughts  
naturally turned backward  
to its memorable past -  
and forward to the  
New Jerusalem -

Leaving Mt. Sion we  
came down through the  
Valley of Jehoshaphat and  
climbed up the steep hill  
until we stood just outside  
the city walls which is  
situated in the S. E. corner.  
We stand just where  
the old temple wall  
did - And under the  
shadow of these walls  
we saw glorious things  
of them are spoken -  
Lion City of our God -

The sun was setting  
and dark clouds  
gathering in the West  
but the sunset coloring  
flashed clear across the  
sky and lighted up the  
clouds in the East above.  
Not a wink making a  
beautiful picture for us  
to remember. We had  
not time to linger here  
and fearing that St  
Stephens Gate would already  
be closed we followed the  
wall across south of the city  
then up the western side  
to the Jaffa Gate,  
reaching there a little  
after dark -

Our last morning in  
Jerusalem. We had arranged  
every thing the day before  
so that we might start  
early for our ride to  
Joppa nearly forty miles.  
We had saddle horses  
and a mule and donkeys  
to carry the luggage.  
Under the charge of a Arabian  
a good natured looking  
fellow, Mr Atterbury who had  
just come back from a  
trip to the Dead Sea  
again joined our company  
and Abraham came to see  
us start and say good-bye.  
The morning was dark and  
heavy clouds seemed to  
promise a rainy day.  
We rode once upon through  
the narrow streets across the  
city to the Jaffa Gate.  
A carriage road has been  
made from Jerusalem to  
Joppa or Jaffa as it is now

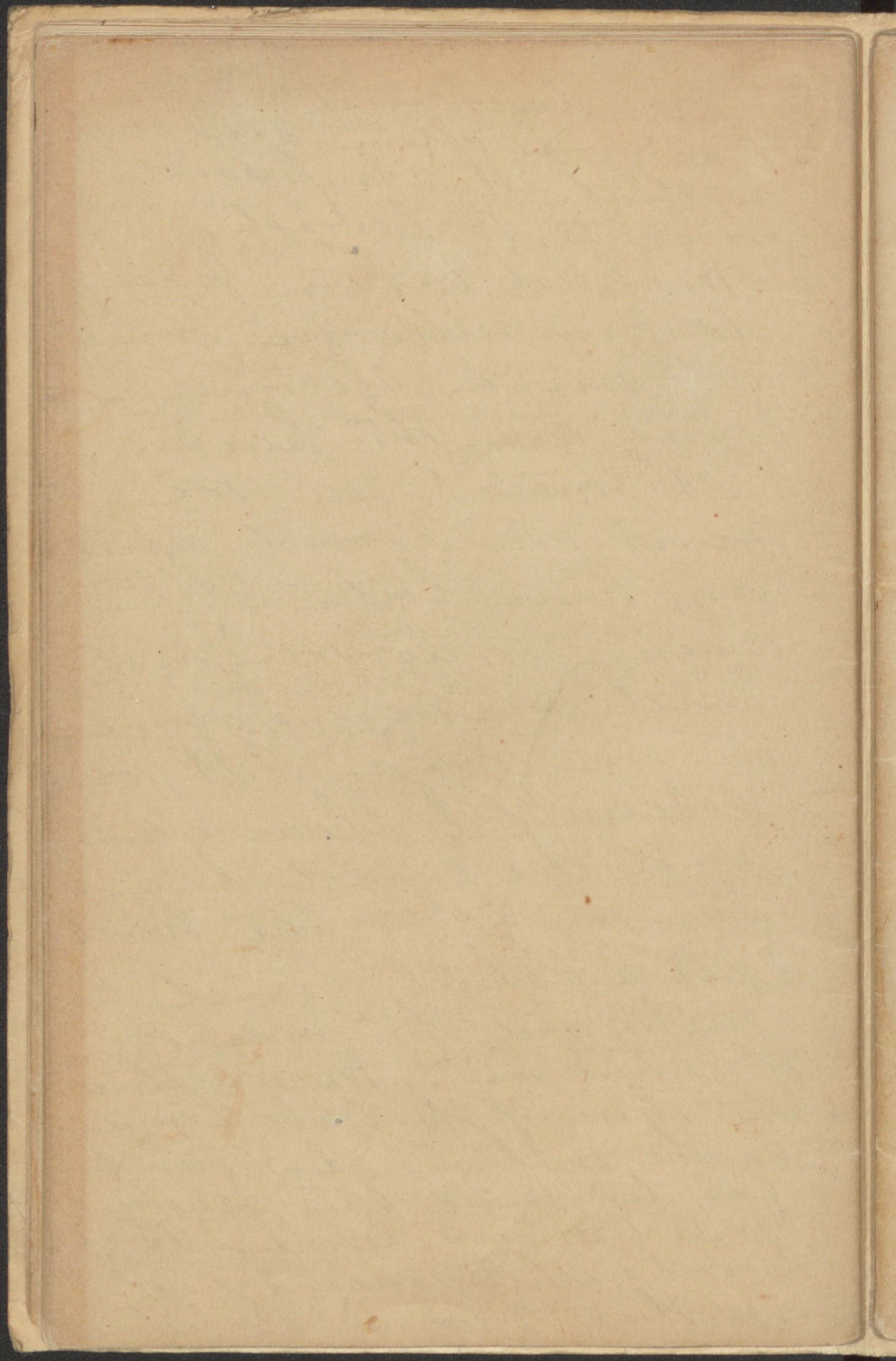
whose sides the effect of the  
changing lights and shadows  
as the clouds drifted over them  
was most beautiful. As we  
came near to Ramleh our  
many steeds quickened their  
steps evidently thinking they  
were near a resting place.

The city presents a fine  
appearance as seen at a  
distance across the plain but  
as we drew near, it seemed  
less inviting and when we  
reached the convent where  
travellers are accustomed to stop  
we concluded we would rather  
go on to Joppa than spend  
the night there. Ramleh is  
the Bethlatha of old and  
interesting as having been the  
birth place of Samuel and in  
later years the home of Joseph  
of Arimathea. It was once  
a large walled city with three  
gates next to Jerusalem in size  
& importance but now contains  
only 5000 inhabitants. Just  
before reaching here we had  
passed near Lydda where  
Eneas was healed by Peter.  
The distance from Ramleh to

Gaffa we travelled slowly as both  
we and our steeds were very tired.  
On the way we passed near the  
sites of Gaza & Ashdod to the  
south of our road. We met long  
trains of camels some loaded  
with stone & many donkeys with  
loads of the fine oranges for  
which Gaffa is noted larger  
than I have ever seen elsewhere.  
Towards evening as we passed  
the orange groves near the city  
the air seemed loaded with  
the fragrance of the blossoms.  
It was after dark when we  
reached Gaffa and we  
were quite tired enough to  
appreciate fully a comfortable  
resting place.

Friday -  
The morning we spent in  
arranging and repacking  
the trunks which we had left  
at Beirut to be sent down to  
us. We were too tired to go out  
in the streets and there is  
little of interest in the town.  
The house is still shown  
which is said to have  
been that of Simon the Tanner





Saturday

March 25<sup>th</sup> 1876.

This morning found us with our arrangements all made and every thing in readiness to start for our long anticipated tour through Palestine. It was nearly nine o'clock when our horses were brought and then we said good-bye to the kind friends in Beirut and with parting glances at the surroundings which in a few days had grown to look quite familiar to us mounted and turned our faces southward toward the "Land of Promise". Our dragoman who had contracted to be our guide and protector during the next two weeks supplied all our wants and see no safe inside the walls of Jerusalem, conveyed to the name of "Abraham Elias Isaac" and unlike most of the dragomans was dressed in English costume, a suit of gray somewhat the worse for wear. His knowledge of the English language we found to be quite limited and our attempts at conversation were

consequently rather unsatisfactory although as he generally claimed to be able to understand all that we said to him we could not well do less than to try and appear as though we understood him - and he never seemed to be at a loss for words of some sort to express his meaning. We had a pleasant morning for the commencement of our journey, and passing through the streets of Beirut were soon out in the open country - The scenery was very beautiful on our right we could see but far distant the blue waters of the Mediterranean and on our left the mountain ranges rising higher and higher and beyond all the snow capped peaks of Lebanon. The mountains are terraced and well cultivated which gives them a much more fertile appearance as seen from the summit than the base and their sides are dotted with numerous villages - Near the city we passed some beautiful pine groves and much of the road on both sides of the road were hedges of cactus often higher than our heads while many varieties of wild flowers were blossoming at our feet - For a little way the road wound

through cultivated fields and then led us down to the sea shore and all the rest of the day we rode by the sea sometimes so near on the sandy beach that the waves as they came in washed over our horses' feet.

We stopped at noon for lunch in a grove of oleanders, and near the place which tradition marks as the spot where Jonah and the whale parted company. After resting here for about an hour we remounted and pursued our way sometimes across the sands and sometimes along the steep hill-sides. The sun was setting when we reached Sidon and our long ride of twenty six miles had not made us too weary to enjoy the beautiful sunset light over the Mediterranean, the ancient city before us and the hills and mountains beyond. We found our tents pitched in an open space near a Moslem Cemetery just outside the city walls. There were already two tents there which we afterwards learned were occupied by Mr Atterbury from New York and an English gentleman, Mr Le Marchant. Our tents were not quite ready

for us and while sitting outside  
on some camp stools waiting for  
Abraham to arrange the interior  
of the tent we had an opportunity  
of seeing our baggage train which  
had come on before us, consisting  
of several mules a donkey and  
two horses. Abraham's followers and  
assistants were five in number his  
own personal attendant "the bunch  
boy" Hassan who was quite a  
character Omar an Arabic Turk  
a quite pleasant fellow. Joseph  
the cook whose failings and short-  
comings were a never failing source  
of repartee to Abraham and two  
Muleteers or "Mukkars" as Abraham  
called them Faris who always  
seemed to be trying to see which  
would open widest his eyes or his mouth  
and "Abou-habib" a little old man.

Animals and men seemed to vie  
with each other in making a  
noise and the tinkling mule bells  
the braying of the donkey and  
the shouting of the men in  
chorus was sometimes very effective.

As we came into camp the discomen-  
of the other party "Joseph" who was

a friend of Abraham's fired a salute of welcome and during the evening several shots were fired to inform "all whom it may concern" that the parties then and there encamped were provided with weapons of defence and prepared to use them in case it should be necessary.

We were told that a party encamped on the same ground only a week or two previous had been robbed in the night of a number of articles and considerable money. We were pleased to find our tents much more comfortable than we had expected.

It was lined with bright colored calico a carpet spread over the ground in bedsteads with comfortable mattresses a table with a partly covered and several camp stools made it seem quite cozy and home-like.

Abraham furnished us a good dinner to which we did full justice.

We retired early as nearly nine hours in the saddle had made us feel ready to enjoy and appreciate a long nights rest.

# The Sabbath-

March 26<sup>th</sup> -

A beautiful Sabbath-morning  
I was up first in time to see the sun  
rising over the mountains -

Henry sent to Dr Eddy a note  
which he had brought for him from  
So Jessup and about nine o'clock  
he called and invited us all to  
go and spend the day with them  
an invitation which we were glad  
to accept - As Mr Attorney had come  
over early in the morning to inquire  
whether there would be any service  
in the city Henry asked him to go  
with us and attend the Arabic service.

A short walk brought us to Dr Eddy's  
house outside the city and close to the  
sea-shore built according to the custom  
here with a large open court and rooms  
opening into it from every side -

Miss Eddy met us with a cordial  
welcome and soon her Mother came  
in with her daughter Mary and a  
younger sister - They have two sons  
now studying in America one of whom  
expects soon to join them in the  
mission work in London - After  
a few minutes conversation we went  
with them to the morning service  
in the native chapel stopping on  
the way to look into the river which

is used for the beginning of their  
Orphanage, a new enterprise. They  
have now seven girls in this department.  
The service in the chapel was  
well attended. Dr Eddy preached  
from the text "Peace I leave with  
you. My peace I give unto you."  
Four little children were baptized  
their parents having recently united  
with the church. The girls from  
the Boarding School were seven  
in number were present with their  
teachers. After service returned to  
Dr Eddy's. Mrs Eddy insisted on  
Mr Atwater's remaining to dinner  
and sent a messenger to ask  
Mr Le Marchant to join us which  
he did. In the afternoon Mrs Eddy  
met a Bible Class eleven the larger  
girls of the Boarding School.  
They seemed interested in hearing  
a little of China. Miss Eddy taught  
at the same time a class of small  
girls and after their lessons were  
finished all came into the  
parlor and sang a few hymns.  
Afterwards Henry with Dr Eddy  
and his daughters went to another  
service in the chapel and Henry



old them something of China  
and our work there -

After their return we sang together  
some of the sweet songs we all love  
"Love's Joy and Pledge" "Sowing the Seed"  
"Safe within the Veil" and others -

The windows of the room in  
which we were looked westward  
towards the setting sun and when  
its last rays were gushed in the  
waters of the Mediterranean in the  
darker twilight we knelt in prayer  
and thanked our Father for the  
sweet quiet Sabbath. He had given us -

In the evening we met again the  
girls of the Boarding School in their  
own school room and heard Dr.  
Eddy examine them on their Scripture  
lessons of the past week. We were  
very glad to see the building which  
has just been purchased for the use  
of the school and which seems  
well adapted to the purpose -

It was nearly nine o'clock when  
we said good-bye to our friends  
and following our guide through  
the narrow dirty streets soon  
reached the plain outside the  
city walls where our tents were pitched.

Munday.  
March 2<sup>d</sup> 17<sup>th</sup>.

We were up early and had our breakfast of coffee bread and eggs our tents taken down and everything ready to move by a little after seven. As Messrs. Le. Muechant and Attribus were going the same way that we must they joined their forces with ours so we had all together quite a company, two dragoons, nine men, and twenty two horses mules and donkeys. Just after we started we met Lt Eddy and Gray coming down to say good-bye. Our little dragoon made quite a display of their fire-arms. "Joseph" was dressed in the loose Turkish trousers and short jacket, and carried a long gun slung behind his back a sword, and a number of pistols stuck in his sash. Abraham had a gun and a pistol which in the course of the morning went off accidentally. They made several attempts to shoot the birds which started up as we rode along but their fire-arms seemed to be very unreliable and we concluded

we had better not expect much  
protection from them - They  
seemed to handle them so  
carelessly that we felt that our  
chief danger would be from some  
of their fire-arms discharging their contents  
at an unexpected moment in an  
unexpected direction - and insisted  
that they should not carry them  
loaded. About ten o'clock we  
passed the site of the ancient Gophath  
now only marked by two or three  
poor little buildings. There was  
once the "Gophath" which belongeth  
to Sidon, "the city of the widows" who  
furnished a refuge and home  
to Elijah for many days.

At noon we stopped an hour or  
so for lunch on an old ruined  
khan, and then resumed our  
voy along the shores of the  
Mediterranean in "the Coasts of  
Tyre and Sidon". In the  
afternoon we came in sight  
of Tyre the ancient "Mistress  
of the Sea" now only retaining  
the name and site of its former  
grandeur. The city seems to  
rise out of the sea being built

on what was formerly an island. When Alexander besieged the city he built a causeway to it from the main land and the sand has now filled in the intervening space changing it into a peninsula. We found our tents close to the sea shore near that of another party which had reached the camping ground in advance of us. The English flag floated over their tents and Mr Le Merchants found that they were an English gentleman with his daughters whom he had just travelling on the Nile a short time previous. Many of the children from the city came out to see us and gathered around us determined to gratify their curiosity and secure some "wakchush" if possible. They were mostly ragged and dirty, and many of them had very peculiar hair looking as though it had faded, only partially retaining the original color. The custom of tattooing the face and arms disfigures very much many of the women and girls.

a ride of a few hours brought us to the White Promontory "Alburn Promontorium" where a road has been cut in the solid limestone rock which at this point rises abruptly from the sea forming a natural barrier to travel by land. The road which had been made is very steep and rocky. We stopped for a few moments at its highest point nearly three hundred feet above the level of the sea which seemed as we looked down the perpendicular side of the white limestone rock to be directly beneath us -

From here the view was beautiful looking backward we could see Lake Palmarst surrounded by the sea across the plain of Lake the mountains North and Eastward Lebanon and Hermon and down the steep cliffs at our feet we looked into the clear depths of the Mediterranean stretching Westward as far as the eye could follow and over all the bright sunlight and the beautiful blue sky -

I would gladly have lingered longer here but there were still many miles to travel before we would reach the end of our day's journey so taking a farewell glance we began the descent trusting to our sure-footed little horses to select the safest footing -

A little farther on we stopped for our midday rest in a goodly shady place and Abraham spread our lunch for us under the spreading branches of what he told us was a juniper tree.

Soon after noon we reached the "Syrian Ladder". There a road has been cut along the mountain side so rock and steep as to give it the appropriate name of "Heala Syria".

This forms the boundary between Phoenicia and the Promised Land and here as we turned southward, our eyes rested on the goodly inheritance of Ashur, the beautiful fertile plain of Acre bounded by the long mountain range of Carmel -

We passed during the afternoon  
many beautiful olive orchards  
and fields of waving grain and  
towards evening a very large orange  
grove the trees loaded with fine  
oranges. Just before reaching here  
we saw a long aqueduct built by one  
of the preceding rulers - extending  
a long way out from the city.

It was quite late when we  
reached our camping ground.  
The tents were pitched in an  
enclosure near a military encampment  
and when we entered ours we  
found it already occupied by  
such a swarm of flies that it  
seemed as though there would  
hardly be room for us.

However when it became dark  
they took up their lodging  
in the upper part of the  
tent leaving us in undisturbed  
possession of the remainder.

Wednesday

March 29<sup>th</sup>

This morning the sky was  
overcast and seemed to promise  
us a wet day. Before the tents

we taken down the drops of  
rain began to fall and the  
prospect of riding in the rain  
did not seem very inviting.

We took out the oil-cloth waterproofs  
with which we had provided  
ourselves but finally concluded  
not to part them from unless it  
became absolutely necessary.

We were not sorry to leave our  
camping ground to the army  
of flies which had shared with  
us in the possession of it. But it  
was nearly eight o'clock before we  
were in the saddle and ready  
to bid adieu to sea. Our road  
all the morning lay along the  
beach and I enjoyed a good canton  
across the sands. We saw numerous  
jelly fish of a deep blue color which  
the receding waves left upon the  
sand, and several kinds of shells.

The clouds hung over us dark and  
threatening all the morning  
and several at times just ready  
to pour their contents down upon  
us but we escaped without a  
shower. At one time we saw a  
water-spout rise out of the sea  
apparently some miles distant.



All the way just before us rose  
Mt Carmel and we soon came  
in sight of the little town of  
Haifa near its base where a  
colony of Germans has settled  
who have come to Palestine to  
wait for the coming of Christ.

We had been nearly three hours  
in coming around the bay a  
long circuit by land, but as we  
looked back from Haifa to Acre  
it seemed a very short distance  
across the water. We passed  
through the town of Haifa a  
part of which is occupied by the  
Germans referred to. Over the  
doors of their houses were printed  
texts of Scripture as Psalms 15 - 1  
"Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle  
who shall dwell in thy holy hill."  
Passing out of the town our road  
lay through a beautiful olive  
grove. The olive trees are very  
pretty and their large gnarled  
knotted trunks give them a  
picturesque appearance. The  
leaf is small and narrow similar  
to that of the willow. I am told  
the olive trees often live to be

a thousand years old -  
In the orchards the trees are  
planted in regular rows and  
do not seem to interfere at all  
with the cultivation of the ground  
beneath them which is often  
covered with a flourishing crop  
of wheat, barley, or lentils.

We dismounted here and led  
our horses along the path  
under the shade of the olive  
trees on our right looking down  
over a beautiful cultivated plain  
some of the fields covered with  
waving grain and others when  
the soil was only freshly turned  
waiting for the sower and beyond  
the blue waters of the Mediterranean  
while on the left we looked up  
the rugged sides of Mt. Carmel  
to where its summit seemed to  
touch the sky above us.

From the path began to ascend  
and up a steep stone way along  
the side of the precipitous mountain  
our horses carried us safely up to  
the convent of the Carmelite monks  
1500 feet above the level of the sea.  
The view from the top of the

mountain is beautiful beyond  
description. We could still see  
the snowy heights of Mt Hermon  
and Lebanon far away to the  
North, across the bay of Acre it  
seemed but a little way to the  
city we had left in the morning  
at our feet the beautiful fertile  
plain sloping down to meet the  
Mediterranean. its waters now so  
calm and unruffled we could  
hardly imagine it could ever be  
stirred by the breath of the tempest.  
But on our way we had passed  
the wrecks of several vessels and  
it is said that just here is a  
very dangerous place for shipping  
when there is a storm from  
the North West. We took our lunch  
on a little grassy slope just outside  
the convent walls and soon  
after one of the monks came and  
invited us to come in and see the  
herbicide attached to the convent.  
Ladies are not admitted inside  
the convent proper but we were  
allowed to go through the rooms  
which are for the use of travellers  
who often spend the night here.

Mr. Le. Merchant could converse  
with the Monk in Italian. -

He wore a suit of coarse brown  
cloth with a rope tied around  
his waist and wooden sandals.

We all wrote our names in the  
Visitor's book and partook of some  
sweet wine and coffee which an  
attendant brought. We were  
afterwards taken into the church  
which is only used on special  
occasions as there are but four  
monks living in the convent. The  
monk knelt before an image of the  
Virgin Mary arrayed in royal  
robes with the infant Jesus in  
her arms - before which a number  
of wax candles were burning -

There were several tables mounted  
in the walls, one recorded the  
fact that some years before a  
noblemen I think from Italy  
had brought his father's heart to  
the Convent to be buried here.

From the chapel we descended  
some stone steps and were  
shown into the "grotto of Elias"  
a natural cave where Elijah

is said to have lived when at  
Mt Carmel. Here was an image  
of bronze representing Elijah  
and before this the trunk knelt  
again on the stone floor. Here  
also candles were burning and a  
large flat rock was shown as  
which is said to have been  
Elijah's bed. It all appeared  
so much like a heathen temple  
that it seemed very sad indeed  
and I was glad to turn away  
from a place which if it were  
once the home of the prophet Elijah  
seems now so desecrated.

We spent nearly two hours on  
Mt Carmel, gathered a few of  
the bright colored wild flowers  
growing just outside the convent  
walls and then began to think  
of descending. Down the steep  
mountain side we walked leading  
our horses then when again on  
level ground mounted and  
rode back through the olive  
groves the town of Haifa across  
the sandy beach and forded  
again "the Brook Kishon" then

Turning away from the  
Mediterranean, struck across  
the country eastward on our way  
to Nazareth. For a little way we  
waded through deep sand-banks  
but soon left them behind us  
and began to ascend the hills -  
and all the afternoon our road  
led us along the hill-sides and  
across plains and valleys the  
scenery about us seeming to grow  
more beautiful every moment.

The air was fragrant with the  
breath of the countless wild flowers  
which blossomed at our feet and  
covered the hill-sides their bright  
colors in beautiful contrast with  
the green grass and gray rocks.  
Scarlet anemones bright little  
adonis or pheasant's eyes. Sweet  
mignonette, pure white daisies hyacinths  
bachelor's buttons convolvulus (and  
many others that I regretted  
I could not call by name  
were blossoming in the richest  
proportion everywhere. We had  
been told that we should find  
the country beautiful so early in

the spring but it was far more  
so than I had anticipated.  
it seemed indeed "Beautiful  
as the garden of the Lord" and  
I could not but rejoice in the thought  
that in the midst of her desolation  
God still loves to cloth His chosen  
land in garments of beauty.  
Towards evening we came over  
the brow of a hill and saw in the  
valley before us the village of Shefa-  
Armer and near by a beautiful  
grove of olive trees and here our  
tents were pitched. We were  
delighted to find them in such  
a pleasant spot and much  
enjoyed the quiet loneliness of  
our surroundings. Just beyond  
the village was a ruined castle  
and across the road at a little  
distance from us a well to  
which the villagers maintain  
coming with their water-pots on  
their heads and here the  
shepherds brought their herds  
and flocks. For an hour  
or two in an evening there was

quite a company gathered  
about the well and as we  
watched them our thoughts  
naturally recalled the Bible  
narrative of Rachel and  
Rebekah at the well.

Early in the afternoon we had  
passed near "Gama of Galilee"  
a little distance south of our  
road. A beautiful clear  
starlight evening closed a day  
which had been full of interest  
and pleasure.

Thursday

March 30<sup>th</sup>

This morning we left almost  
reluctantly our beautiful camping  
ground. We had not gone  
far when on a steep hill-side  
my horse slipped and his footing  
suddenly fell instantly. Fortunately  
neither of us were hurt at all.  
But we were up again in a moment  
and I remounted him with  
an injunction to be more careful  
in future. I liked my horse



very much although he was  
rather too much inclined to  
have his own way which did  
not always happen to be mine -

He was quite small and a  
pretty boy? I named him "Zhamel"  
Arabic for beautiful but his  
persistent determination to bring  
up the rear at all times and  
under all circumstances nearly  
earned for him the appellation  
of "Lino". The impression that  
he was lazy seemed to be prevalent  
and Abraham's parting injunction  
as he helped me into the saddle  
generally was "Beat him. beat  
him good." Poor little "Zhamel".  
I am afraid his recollections  
of me will always be too intimately  
associated with the rod to be  
pleasant. Our morning ride  
from Shefa Omer to Rogauch  
was perfectly delightful. across  
a stretch of country as beautiful  
as that through which we had  
travelled the preceding afternoon  
a succession of beautiful valleys

fertile plains the hill-sides  
covered with a growth of dwarf  
oak, hawthorn and other shrubs  
and the ground everywhere  
carpeted with flowers -

It was nearly noon when  
we came in sight of Kazan  
looking down upon it from  
the hill above. The way down  
the hill-side we found very  
steep and rocky, but our horses  
picked their way carefully and  
carried us safely down into the  
town. We rode through the  
narrow dirty dusty street wondering  
how far the Kazan of to-day  
resembles Kazan as it was  
1800 years ago. We were now  
in the suburbs of Leblon  
having left that of Adher behind  
us in our morning ride -

Beyond the town we stopped under  
some olive trees for lunch and  
to wait for our tents to come up.  
It was a hot dusty place  
and made us wish that

We had waited under some  
of the beautiful shady trees we  
had passed earlier in the morning.  
A party of American tourists was  
already encamped here as we  
afterwards learned consisting  
of Mr De Forest from New York  
with his wife son daughter and  
niece. - The three younger  
members of the party had gone  
for an excursion to Mt Sabor  
and are home or two later we  
saw them come into camp at  
full speed. One of the young  
ladies told us afterwards that  
she was trying to get in ahead  
of the dragoons but failed,  
although she had the best  
horse. The dragoons are all  
of course good horsemen and  
of our side like the wind. -  
While sitting under the trees we  
noticed a very peculiar looking  
man coming towards us.  
He wore dirty white trousers a  
long loose white jacket and

a red cap. His hair and eye brows were quite white although he was not old. one of his eyes he kept closed nearly all the time and the other squinted alarmingly.

He walked up to Mr Le Marchant shook hands and said "And how are you?" As he seemed to expect the conversation to be continued, Mr Le Marchant asked him after a moments pause "And who are you?" Drawing himself up he said with emphasis "I am the guide of Nazareth. All the gentlemen know me the guide of Nazareth. I can show you Joseph's work-shop, The Synagogue, Marys Kitchen." I know all of Nazareth" As he seemed to have the monopoly of showing the sights of Nazareth, we told him we would go with him in the afternoon and see what he could show us. In the meantime our tents had come and the men were busy in putting them up.

We were near the Greek church  
and while we waited a funeral  
procession passed near us and  
went on into the church.

The bear a very large one  
was carried on the shoulders  
of several men a Greek priest  
was in attendance and a  
small company of mourners  
followed. The men soon  
came with the welcome announcement  
that our tents were ready and  
we were glad to find in them  
a shelter from the mid-day  
sun. After resting a little  
while we started out under the  
direction of the "Guide of Margaritha"  
to see something of the town.  
Just at the foot of the incline  
on which our tents were pitched  
is "George's well" and close by a  
little Greek church. Some claim  
that this is where the angel  
Gabriel appeared to Mary.  
Passing by this spot we went  
on into the town and were

taken first to the Synagogue  
where Christ "entered into  
the Synagogue and taught".  
A part of the building looks very  
ancient but I suppose there  
is no probability that it dates  
back so far and no certainty  
that it is even on the same site.

Next we were shown "The Chapel  
of the Annunciation" and here  
was pointed out to us the stone  
window through which Gabriel  
entered the place where Mary  
stood &c &c - Then climbing  
up a few stone steps we were  
ushered into what by the feeble  
light of the wax tapers we carried  
we could see was a little  
cave in the rock "Marys Kitchin"  
and certainly a more dismal  
place for a Kitchin could  
not be imagined - The  
next place Joseph's Work-shop  
is also now occupied by a  
chapel lighted candles burning  
the walls adorned with images  
and pictures -

15  
Little Sermon with the winds  
of Pain and Ender near its  
base and beyond the Jordan  
the mountains of Gilead -

The "Guide of Nazareth" who  
had insisted upon accompanying  
us pointed out to us what is  
now called the "Mt of Precipitation".

We lingered until the twilight  
shadows reminded us of the  
steep hill-side down which we  
must traverse to our tents -

On our way we passed a company  
of school-girls gathering flowers  
with their teacher a pleasant  
looking woman who spoke English  
very well and kindly showed  
us the nearest way down -

The path seemed at times as  
though it would lead us directly  
down on the roofs of the house  
which looked as though they  
were directly below us being  
built on the hill-side which  
is very steep - We followed  
the path and found our

way down however without  
difficulty reaching the tents  
just at dark. In the eve-  
ning Henry called on the American  
party. Mr De Forest had called  
at our tent while we were out.  
Mr. Atterbury came in to talk  
over a proposed alteration in  
our course of travel.  
"Abraham" gave us warning  
that he was not willing to  
travel in company with Joseph  
any longer in consequence  
of some unpleasantness that  
had occurred between them  
during the day -

Friday March 31<sup>st</sup>

Left Kayarith with some difficulty  
this morning on account of  
the ill feeling between our  
dragomen. Abraham was  
determined to take us by another  
road to Tabernis while we who  
had no share in their quarrel



all wished to go the same way. He finally yielded the point but with a very bad grace and it was some hours before he recovered his usual good humor. We found the road rather rocky leading us through a succession of beautiful valleys where dwarf-oak and hawthorn abounded.

In less than two hours we reached the base of Mt Labor and began the ascent. The road was steep and winding but our horses carried us up bravely and in about three quarters of an hour we were at the summit 1400 feet above the level of the plain. The sky was overcast and some rain-drops fell but we nevertheless had a very good view from the mountain top. We climbed over extensive ruins and an old monk pointed out to us the spot that tradition marks

as the scene of the transfiguration  
also in the distance the Mt of  
Beatitudes the "Hill of Galilee" where  
the last battle of the Crusaders  
was fought July 5<sup>th</sup> 1187.

Before us we looked southward  
over the plain of Esdraelon  
to the mountains of Little Hermon  
and Gilboa. Eastward lay the  
valley of the Jordan and the  
mountains of Gilead. We  
just had a glimpse of Mt Hermon  
through the clouds which partially  
enveloped the summit and here  
we saw again the sea of Galilee,  
still in the distance. We spent  
about an hour on Mt Labor and  
then began the descent, reaching  
the foot of the mountain a little  
before noon. We stopped for lunch  
in a lovely valley, under the  
shade of some dwarf oaks.  
The ground all about us was  
covered with wild flowers daisies  
anemones acronis lilies pink and  
white cyclamens and many  
others. A party of German

travellers that we had met  
in the morning and left  
upon Mt Sabor passed us while  
we were resting here - In the  
afternoon we travelled for a  
short distance on the great  
Caravan road between Damascus  
and Egypt, the road over which  
Caravans have travelled for so  
many hundreds of years on  
their way to and from Egypt  
as Abraham told us the same  
road along which the Ishmaelites  
carried Joseph when he was  
sold into Egyptian bondage.  
We passed the "Merchant's  
Caravansary" some forts now in  
ruins built for the protection of  
travelling Caravans nearly 300  
years ago. Near here was a  
market where we saw great  
numbers of horses, mules and  
donkeys. Leaving the  
Caravan road we rode  
during the rest of the afternoon  
across plains of no special interest.

The clouds still hung over us and occasionally some drops of rain fell but not enough to make us need our water-proofs. We passed several encampments of Bedouins their black tents looking quite primitive. On our way we had often met them with their trains of camels or tending their flocks and these "sons of the desert" are indeed wild looking specimens of humanity. It was five o'clock when we reached the summit of the last hill and looked down upon the Sea of Galilee spread out before us encircled with mountains which seemed to shut it in from the world outside. The surface of the lake as we first saw it was smooth as a mirror and the whole view as we peered on the brow of the hill and looked down upon it was beautiful beyond description and I

could not help thinking  
that the Saviour could not  
have chosen a lovelier place  
for the scene of his ministry  
on earth. Afterwards down  
beside the sea on the hot  
sandy beach when "the sun  
had risen with a burning heat"  
it was easy to think how  
often he must have felt when the  
people thronged him but that  
first evening the scene seemed  
perfectly beautiful and first  
impressions are deepest and will  
linger longest. Just below  
us on that shore of the sea  
was the little town of Tiberias  
all that is left of the ancient  
city and now the only town  
that remains of all that were  
found on the shores of Lake  
Galilee eighteen hundred years  
ago. Tiberias once a magnificent  
city the home of Herod is now  
only a dirty miserable little town.

The population is largely  
Jewish and I was told that  
the Jews there now expect the  
Messiah when he comes will  
appear in Iberias and set  
up his throne in Tefel a city  
a day's journey North West from  
Iberias. The road led us  
down the steep hill side and  
past Iberias to our camping  
ground a little south of the  
city and close to the sea shore.

Abraham went into the  
town to purchase provisions but  
returned saying that as it was  
Friday eve the Jewish day  
of preparation he found the  
shops all closed.

In the evening the wind  
rose and in a very short time  
the waves began to roll in and  
break upon the beach with  
considerable force and we went  
to sleep hoping that the wind would  
not rise sufficiently to blow down our  
tent a casualty which the men had  
endeavored to guard against by lightening  
the tent ropes and strengthening the stakes.

62  
Saturday  
April 1<sup>st</sup>

This morning soon after breakfast  
we mounted our horses to ride to  
the site of Capernaum Bethsaida  
and Chorazin - We rode through  
the narrow dirty streets of Tiberias  
which even among Oriental  
cities is noted for its want of  
cleanliness. Being Saturday  
it was the Jewish Sabbath and  
the shops were closed and from  
several synagogues that we  
passed we heard the voices of  
the worshippers within. It  
seemed almost as though we were  
desecrating the day as we passed  
the closed shops and open  
synagogues and remembered  
that it must have been the  
seventh day of the week that  
the Parian observed as the  
Sabbath when He was living  
here by the shores of Galilee.  
From Tiberias we could see  
at the head of the lake  
the place marked as the

site of Capernaum but it  
required a ride of several hours  
along the shore to reach it.

The road much of the way  
lay along the sandy beach  
sometimes winding up over  
the hill sides - The country  
looked wild and uncultivated  
thickets of oleander and other  
shrubs grew all along the way.  
An hour's ride brought us to  
Magdala once the home of Mary  
Magdalene now the most forlorn  
looking collection of miserable  
little mud huts that could be  
imagined. Wretched dirty  
little children run out and  
holding up their hands  
screamed "bakheesh" but we  
told them "bukra" Arabic for  
tomorrow which is understood  
as declining the privilege of  
giving. Near the head of  
the Lake we crossed the "Land  
of Genesareth" and soon came  
to the place which must



402  
authorities agree in considering  
as the site where Capernaum  
once stood - Nothing remains  
to mark it now save a few  
stones and all about is only  
a wilderness with hardly any  
signs of <sup>life or</sup> civilization. A little  
beyond this we passed a fountain  
of fresh clear water and then  
the road led up the hillside  
and on through a beautiful  
stretch of country partially  
cultivated to Bethsaida or the  
place where Bethsaida once  
was. Before the fearful war  
was pronounced upon her  
and the sister cities whose  
complete and literal fulfillment  
we see in the utter desolation  
which to-day reigns over the  
places that once knew them.  
Beyond Bethsaida a short  
ride brought us to Chorazin.  
Nothing remains here but  
a few stones on some of which

may still be seen traces of  
Carving - But for the oracles  
of prophecy predicting the  
utter overthrow of these cities  
it would seem strange that  
the intervening years could  
have destroyed so utterly  
every trace of their existence.

Capernaum for a time  
the home of the Talmud where  
many of his mighty works  
were done exalted to heaven  
in point of privileges Bethsaida  
the home of James and John  
and Philip Chorazin have  
all been swept away, but  
the shores of Lake Galilee  
remain the same to-day  
as when eighteen hundred  
years ago Jesus walked  
beside the sea and chose  
his disciples from the fishermen  
on its shores. There was  
little on the site of Chorazin  
to recall anything save the

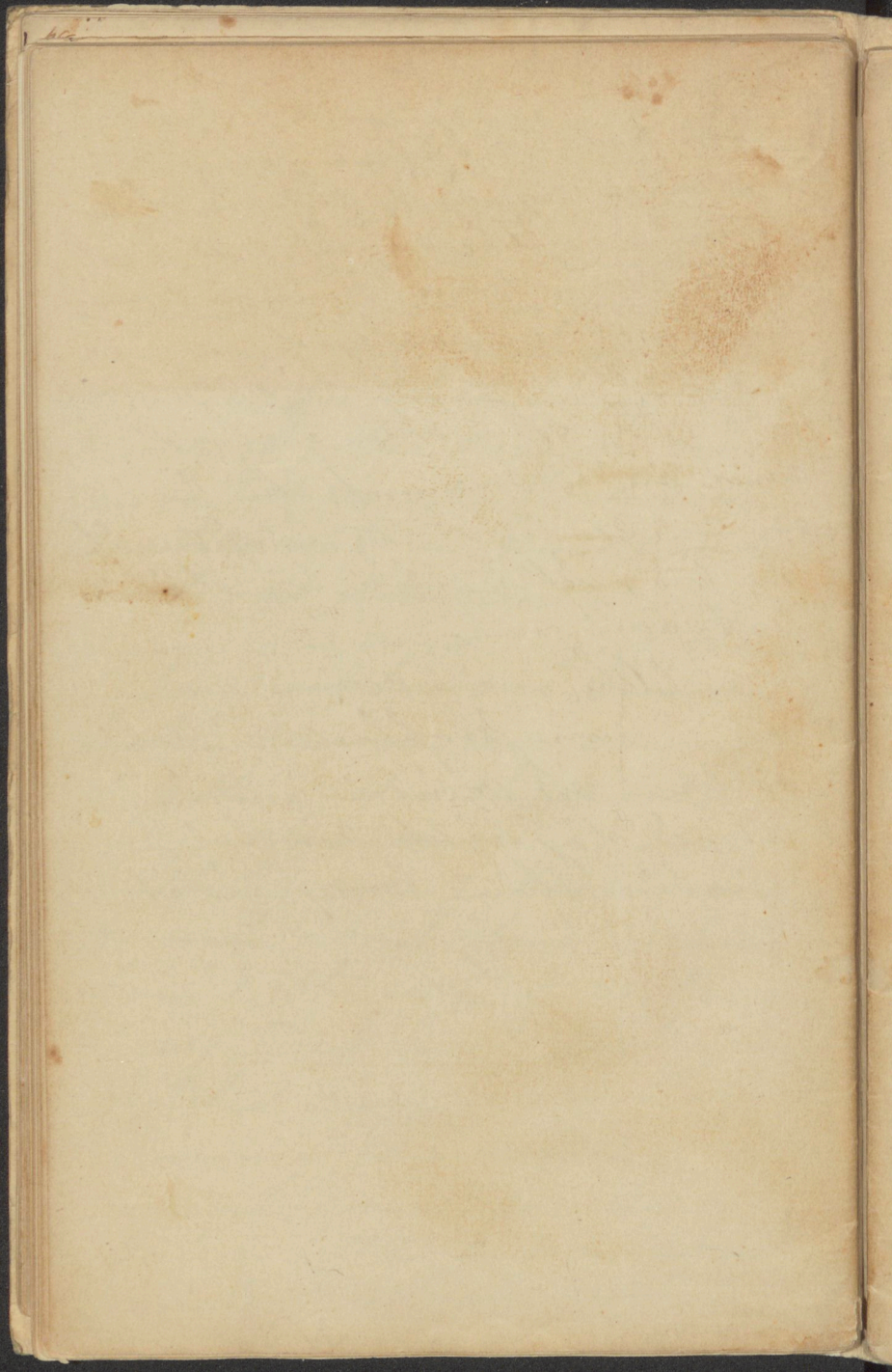
Sanon's words "Woe unto thee  
Chorazin" which sealed the  
fate of the sinful city so  
many hundred years ago.  
Turning back we retraced  
our way and passing Bethsaida  
stopped for lunch under the  
shade of a tree near the site  
of Capernaum. While sitting  
there two or three Arabs came  
and sat down under the  
same tree and one of them  
taking out his ink-horn and  
papers commenced writing  
it with Arabic characters.

Our afternoon ride was  
rather warm. We reached  
camp about three o'clock  
found the tents of an English  
party that had just arrived  
pitched near us. Towards  
evening the wind rose  
again and made us  
feel a little anxious about  
our tent which seemed

To front a tabernacle  
to stand against much of a  
storm. - The night was dark  
and rainy and towards morning  
our fears were realized.

An ominous creaking awakened  
us a little after three o'clock  
and in a moment the pole  
in the center of the tent snapped  
in two, letting the top of the  
tent fall in.

The men came in  
and soon propped it up  
so that it would answer  
until day light would  
enable them to repair it.



# The Sabbath

April 2<sup>nd</sup> -

As soon as it was light this morning Abraham went into the town and called two Jewish Carpenters who came at once with their tools and in an hour or two repaired the broken pole, and our tent was able to hold up its head again, it had looked rather forlorn in its drooping condition. In the meantime the pole of one of the tents of the English party encamped nearby had broken in a similar manner and as soon as the carpenters had finished repairing ours their draymen came for them to go and do the same service for them. The saying that "Misery loves company" is doubtless equally true in every land. Certainly Abraham seemed to rejoice greatly when he found the misfortune was not peculiar

to himself and came with  
evident delight to point out to  
us the other fallen tent saying  
"Get yourself above tent come  
down". The morning sunshine  
scattered the clouds of the previous  
night and the day proved to  
be a very warm one. The  
early part of the day was clear  
and the view of the Lake and  
the surrounding mountains very  
beautiful. We could see Mt  
Herman very distinctly, this is  
thought by many to have been  
the Mt of Transfiguration instead  
of Mt Labor. In the afternoon  
it became very hazy and  
gradually the distant mountains  
faded from our view and  
soon we could not even see  
them on the opposite shore of the  
Lake. In the evening just  
as the sun was going down  
behind the hills of Kaphitahi.  
We went down and sat for  
some time by the sea-shore with  
Mr Atterbury and Mr L. Merchant.

The water of the Lake is  
beautifully clear and the beach  
is covered with pebbles and  
little shells. While sitting  
here a boat passed us on the  
lake and in its occupants we  
recognized Mr De Forest and  
his family and learned afterwards  
that they had come over from  
Nazareth and were encamped  
on the North side of Tiberias -  
We returned to our tent for dinner  
and then went again down to  
the sea shore and sitting on some  
rocks close to the water's edge sang  
several hymns. It was a beautiful  
moonlight evening, the waters of  
the Lake were perfectly calm and  
peaceful, and as we remembered all  
the sacred associations of the place  
we felt thankful that it had  
been our privilege to spend  
our Sabbath on the shores  
of the Sea of Galilee -



Monday

April 3<sup>d</sup>.

Left our camping ground  
by the sea-shore this morning  
about seven o'clock. Our  
guides led us up the hill-side  
by a different path not nearly  
so steep as that down which  
we came Saturday evening.

On our right we left the  
Hill of Batten - where tradition  
says Christ preached the  
Sermon on the Mount - and  
where nearly eight hundred  
years ago the Army of the  
Pusadus suffered its final defeat -

Near the Hill of Batten a  
grassy slope was pointed out to  
us as the place that witnessed  
the miracle of the loaves and  
fishes - As we went up the  
hillside we turned back occasionally  
for parting glances of the places  
hallowed by so many sacred  
associations but the morning  
was very hazy and we could

not see far and soon the  
interesting hills hid from  
us Lake Tabilie and its  
surroundings - We retraced  
our way across the plains  
to Mt Labor which we reached  
about noon and stopped for  
our mid-day rest at its base  
under the shade of a karant  
tree - with high hedges of prickly  
pear growing all about -

The karant tree produces a  
kind of bean growing in pods  
and these pods are the "musk"  
with which the prodigal son  
longed to satisfy his hunger -

I was told that some  
think the locusts of which I spoke  
at our camp these musks -

While we waited here our train  
of mules overtook us and went  
on their way across the plain -

From where <sup>we sat</sup> we could see the  
plain of Esdrachon stretching  
far away to the south.

Beautiful as ever in the  
brightly warm. Amshin came  
by the shadows of the drifting  
clouds and far across it  
we could trace the winding  
path which we were to  
follow to our camping ground  
at Shuman. We rested here  
nearly two hours then remounting  
rode across the plain southward  
along the bank of Little Hermon  
past the villages of Ender and  
Goin to the little town of Shuman  
which we reached a little  
after five o'clock and found  
our tents up but not quite  
ready for us. Groups of dirty  
children and rough looking  
Bedouins gathered around us  
and Abraham told us that  
he felt very much afraid of  
them here. Our way to-day  
had been through the  
suburbs of Gebelin and  
Naphthali the lands which

eighteen hundred years ago  
witnessed the fulfillment of  
Ezra's prophecy - To-night  
our thoughts went still further  
back to the time when the  
prophet Elisha - used to come  
here and find in the home  
of the Homanite Roman a  
warm welcome and generous  
hospitality. And then we  
looked far across the plain  
to Mt Carmel over the long  
meany way that the mourning  
mother went when the  
shadows of death had darkened  
her home to carry the sad  
victims to the altar of God.

In another direction we could  
see out far distant the site  
of ancient Jezreel and we  
were encamped on the plain  
of Esdraelon the "Valley of Jezreel".  
Now looking so calm and  
peaceful in the soft sunset  
light - but which in past ages has  
so often been the battle field of  
conflicting armies -

Tuesday.

April 4<sup>th</sup>.

We were on our way early this morning and our guides first led us a little off from the direct road across an immense field of wheat to the "Fountain of Harod" or Jezreel where long ago Gideon brought his men to chase out from them the three hundred who in the night of "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" were to overtake and scatter the host of the Midianites encamped against them in the valley of Jezreel. The water of the fountain is beautifully clear spreading out into a large basin partially sheltered by the overhanging rock - and behind it rise the mountains heights of Gilboa. We had been passing over the very ground where Saul fought his last battle with the Philistines -

Discouraged and discouraged  
he had gone the night before  
to consult the witch of Endor  
and learned through her the  
sad fate in store for him -

As I looked across the plain and  
imagined it as it was on  
that day covered with the  
hosts of the Philistines I thought  
how hope must have died  
within the hearts of the Israelites  
as they turned to flee from  
their enemies up the steep  
rocky slopes of Gilboa -

A little further on we  
reached the site of ancient  
Gergul and riding up the  
hill on which it stood stopped  
for a few moments on the  
summit to compare its present  
with its past - Only a few  
miserable little buildings  
now occupying the place of  
this ancient city of the Kings -  
The city of Ahab who did

evil in the sight of the  
Lord more than all the  
Kings which were before him?  
When Jezebel kind her wicked  
life and died her miserable death.  
When Naboth was sacrificed  
to Ahab's covetousness - and  
when the fearful execution  
of retributive justice was visited  
upon Ahab's seventy sons -

In the perfect quiet that  
now reigns over these hills and  
plains it seemed hard to  
realize that they had ever  
been the silent witnesses of  
such scenes. We lingered  
to admire the beautiful view  
before us, at our feet the "Valley  
of Jezreel" the plain of Esdraelon  
stretching westward to Mt Carmel  
and the Mediterranean southward  
to Jericho the ancient Engannim.  
To the south west we looked  
off upon the hills of Galilee  
and southward those of  
Samaritan while to the east

beyond the valley of  
the Jordan rose the mountains  
of Gilead. From Jeruel  
our way led us through a  
beautiful tract of country to  
Genin - a town of some two or  
three thousand inhabitants  
apparently well built and  
prosperous as compared with  
the towns we had passed -  
It is the Esgamium of old  
and is beautifully situated at  
the southern extremity of the  
plain of Esdrachon. A military  
force is kept here for the protection  
of the country. These vast  
plains are now only partially  
cultivated and there are  
very few inhabitants living in  
the scattered villages. I was  
told that the whole population  
of Syria does not exceed one  
million and that not more  
than one fourth of the  
land is under cultivation -  
and shepherds take their



flocks when they will  
only keep them off from  
the tract of cultivated land  
which are not enclosed in  
any way. It is easy to  
understand how the Indians  
used to come up with their  
flocks and herds and "poose  
the land" The entrance to  
the town was between long lines  
of hedges of prickly pear and  
here I tasted first the fruit the  
Indian fig. To my taste  
insipid, but not unpleasant.

In riding through the town  
Messan, our lunch box had  
the misfortune to break the  
earthen cruet jar which was  
one of the "articles too numerous  
to mention" which composed  
the load which his horse  
carried and on the summit  
of which he rode with his  
feet sticking nearly straight out  
on either side. Abraham  
attributed the accident entirely  
to his desire to go on style  
and ride fast "like a gentleman."

through the streets of the city  
and reprimanded him soundly  
for so far forgetting his proper  
station in life. How any one  
encumbered with such an  
amount of miscellaneous luggage  
should ever think of aspiring  
to "ride like a gentleman" -  
was a marvel to me. But I was  
often astonished to see Hassan  
dashing along the path - at  
full speed with only a piece  
of rope to guide his horse  
his arms, feet, saddle-bags, musket,  
water-jar &c. all flying wildly  
in the air, and still more  
astonished to see that his horse  
did not lose anything off his  
back but presently came to a  
halt, horse, boy, and luggage  
all together, and all in  
good order. - Just beyond  
the town we stopped for  
lunch in a grove of olive  
trees beneath which a flourishing  
crop of lentils was growing -

Another party of travellers  
were taking their Monday  
rest, under the shade of some  
trees near by. We waited here  
more than two hours so as to  
join the mule train which  
passed us in the mean-time  
time enough to reach the  
camping ground in advance  
of us. Our afternoon ride  
of three and a half hours was  
delightful. The path leading  
us through winding valleys  
which opened out into beautiful  
fertile partially cultivated plains.  
The hill-sides covered with groves  
of olive trees. We were travelling  
through the inheritance of  
Isaiah and "saw the land  
that it was pleasant."

On our right we passed Dothan  
to which place Joseph was  
directed when searching for  
his brethren, and for a time  
the home of the prophet  
Elisha. - Later in the  
afternoon crossed a long

plain of low ground called  
the "Drowning Valley" - and  
near the hill which is crowned  
by the Fortress of Samra, a place  
which has been a stronghold  
in times past but is now partially  
in ruins. It was nearly  
evening when we reached  
our tents pitched in a low  
marshy place near Jeba  
and close by a fine fountain.

Wednesday

April 5<sup>th</sup>

We left our camping ground  
about the usual time this  
morning and followed the  
path leading from the valley  
up the hillside past Jeba  
or Gibeah. The road we  
found grew more steep and  
rocky - sometimes along the  
valleys and sometimes leading  
up over the hills from whose  
summits we enjoyed beautiful  
views of the surrounding  
country. Many of the hillsides

are terraced and cultivated  
but there are few trees and  
the general aspect of the  
country rather barren.

We passed several villages  
and at half past nine reached  
the first place of special  
interest the ancient Samarian  
for a time the capital of Abah  
It was here that he built for  
Jezebel a temple to Baal.

We visited here the ruins of  
the church of John the Baptist  
where it is said he was buried  
by his mourning disciples -

The church was a large  
building 153 feet long and  
75 wide and probably dates  
back to the time of the  
Crusaders. In Samaria the  
apostle Philip preached for a  
time and here he founded  
a church. We afterwards  
visited a place where two lines  
of large columns still remain  
standing supported once to  
have formed a part of a  
triumphal arch dating from

The time when "Herod the Great" re-built Samaria -  
It is difficult to realize what  
Samaria once was looking  
upon it now that "it has  
become desolate".

From Samaria we had a  
smooth and comparatively  
level road, beautiful landscapes  
at every turn. Our way lay  
through the inheritance of  
Manasseh and Ephraim.  
The country seemed more  
thoroughly cultivated we  
passed many groves of olive  
figs and pomegranates and  
the hillsides were terraced.

The people we met all  
through the country however  
poorly dressed go armed  
with guns, knives or clubs.  
During the forenoon we came  
again in sight of the telegraph  
line from Beirut to Jerusalem  
which we had not seen for  
several days. We reached

Nablous the ancient Shechem  
about noon - Our tents  
had not yet come up and  
we looked about for a cool,  
shady place where we might  
sit down to wait for them -  
There seemed to be no good  
shade trees near and we  
finally climbed over a stone  
wall and sat down on the  
ploughed ground under an  
olive tree - After an hour or so  
our tents were ready and we  
were glad to find in them  
a better shelter from the heat  
of the sun - Our camping  
ground was just outside the  
city and we could not help  
thinking that our tents  
might be in and could  
not be far from the very place  
where long years ago Abraham  
and Jacob pitched their tents  
"over against Shechem" - We  
were first at the base of Mt  
Gerizim, and after resting

for an hour or two longer  
remounted our horses to ride  
up the mountain that we  
might enjoy the view from  
its summit which is said  
to be very fine indeed -

The road up the mountain  
side overlooks the city of  
Shechem which is beautifully  
located at the base and  
extending up the side of  
Gerizim and rather picturesque  
in appearance as we looked  
down upon it. We found  
the path very steep indeed  
and it seemed as though  
the sharp pointed rocks  
which covered the mountain  
every where would surely  
cut and bruise our horses'  
feet. As we climbed upward  
dark clouds began to gather  
over head making us fear



that they would hide  
from us the view we wished  
so much to obtain - and  
long before we reached the  
summit the rain drops  
began to fall. Near the  
top we found a large party  
of Samaritans encamped  
who had come up to keep  
the passover feast on Mt Gerizim -  
the Saturday following -

I counted thirty tents. Many  
of their occupants came out  
to look at us and one dignified  
looking old man who could  
speak a little English made  
an attempt to carry on a  
conversation with Mr Le Marchant.  
It seemed strange to hear  
his "Ye, Verily" in answer to  
the commonplace remark that  
we feared there would be  
rain. They seemed hospitably  
inclined and urged us very  
much to dismount and come

into their tents but we did  
not accept their invitation -  
From here a short but very  
steep climb brought us to the  
top of the mountain - It is  
covered with extensive ruins  
the walls in some places nine  
feet thick apparently the  
foundation of an extensive  
building but what they  
really are does not seem  
to be very well known -

Some think that some time  
in the past there must  
have been a building here  
corresponding to the Temple  
at Jerusalem - as Mt Gerizim  
is the holy mount of the  
Samaritans - A little  
south of the ruins is a  
large smooth rock of irregular  
shape some forty-five feet in  
diameter and this is  
considered by the Samaritans

a very sacred spot their  
altar of burnt offering -  
Then they say is where  
Abraham came to sacrifice  
his son Isaac and also  
claim that when the  
children of Israel entered  
the promised land it was  
here the ark was placed  
and the tabernacle set up  
and that here the twelve  
stones from the bed of the  
Jordan were brought -  
It is Mt Gerizim that has  
been through so many  
centuries the rival of Jerusalem  
of which the Samaritan  
woman said to Christ  
Our fathers worshipped in  
this mountain but ye say  
that in Jerusalem is the  
place where men ought to  
worship - Just across a  
narrow valley is Mt Ebal

The exact counterparts  
of Gerizim - and we looked  
down the mountain side and  
thought of the time so long ago  
when the children of Israel  
were gathered there to listen  
to the reading of the Law  
by the tribes standing over  
against Mt Gerizim and  
the tribes over against Mt Ebal  
and of the many and sad  
changes that the centuries  
which have come and gone  
between that time and this  
have brought to the proud  
Jewish nation - Near the  
foot of the mountain our  
guide pointed out to us the  
tomb of Joseph and Jacob's  
well - The location of these  
places is considered to be well  
authenticated which cannot  
be said of much that is told  
to travellers by the guides -

We regretted much that  
we missed the fine view from

Gerizim which we should  
have had if we had been  
favored with a clear sky -  
The mountain itself looks  
dreary and desolate beyond  
description - Unlike other mountains  
it does not seem to be composed  
of rocks but rather covered  
with them - I could not  
help thinking that it looked  
as though it had been made  
and then a deluge of rocks  
and stones poured down upon  
it - Our guide was determined  
to take us back to our tents by  
another road and we had  
intended to go down the mountain  
on the other side and visit  
Jacob's Well but as the rain was  
falling we concluded to defer  
our visit there until the next  
morning and take the nearest  
way down - Remembering  
that "a merciful man is merciful  
to his beast" - we dismounted and  
led our horses down the rocky

path carefully picking  
our way among the sharp  
pointed stones. When we  
came back we found some  
excitement in the camp  
and soon learned that the  
"Shechemites" had fallen  
upon our dragoons and  
ill-treated them. Abraham  
had been wounded in the  
head by a stone thrown at  
him - and Joseph had  
gone down into the city to the  
Court of Justice where the  
matter was being investigated.

The trouble originated in  
some difficulty between a  
soldier of a party of American  
soldiers encamped near by  
and one of the Shechemites  
with whom he had had  
some dealings. A quarrel  
of words ended in blows  
and the poor fellow ran to  
our men for assistance which

accounted for their becoming  
involved. A large crowd  
gathered around and quite  
a disturbance ensued which  
was quieted by the appearance  
of some Turkish soldiers -  
The principal offenders  
were arrested and taken  
down into the city -

Joseph told us afterwards  
with great gusto that they  
were going to arrest him  
but he entered such a  
pitiful complaint of the  
ill treatment that he had  
suffered that he made  
them feel that it would  
be adding insult to injury  
to arrest him and they  
asked him to go with them  
instead as a witness which  
he was more willing to do.

He said he was not really  
hurt at all but he slipped

his purse out of his pocket  
and managed to tread  
on his tobacco box and  
break it and pulled his  
cap awry and then declared  
that all his money had  
been taken from him  
his tobacco box ruined and  
that several stones had  
hit his head - for he  
asked "Is it not better so  
than to go to prison for a  
few days?" It was very evident  
which he thought the better  
plan and he seemed to enjoy  
exceedingly the thought of  
his shrewdness in evading  
the grasp of the Law -

The case was investigated  
in the afternoon and in  
the evening a Turkish  
official came with a  
native missionary living in  
Letchum who speaks English



to apologize for the rudeness  
of his people - The party  
whose number was the  
principal actor and sufferer  
consisted of a young man  
from America and his two  
sisters whom we had met  
on board the steamer from  
Port Said to Jaffa some  
three weeks previous -

Late in the evening Gen.  
Le Marchant came in to say  
good-bye. As he had previously  
visited Jerusalem his plans  
was to go direct from Hables  
to Jaffa thus making it  
only one days journey -

Thursday -

April 5<sup>th</sup> -

We rose this morning to find  
that the clouds of yesterday  
were still hanging over us  
giving promise of a rainy day.

Two other parties were  
encamped near us and  
a little farther up the  
mountain on a green  
grassy slope under beautiful  
trees a third from whose  
tents floated the English  
flag. One party left the  
camping ground before  
us but we were on our way  
at seven and noticed  
as we passed that our  
American friends were  
just beginning to take down  
their tents. Mr Le Marchant  
was already far on his way  
to Gaffa having started  
nearly three hours before.

We rode through the  
streets of the strange old  
city so old that its history  
goes back four thousand

years to the time when  
"Abraham came into the  
land of Canaan unto the  
place of Shechem".

The streets are narrow  
and the houses built of  
stone. So small and the  
walls so thick that they  
seem almost as though  
hewn out of the solid  
rock. "Shechem in  
Mt Ephraim" was one of the  
cities of refuge mentioned by  
Joshua. Just outside  
the city we passed a military  
station and a large company  
of soldiers were out on a green  
grassy bank near by busily  
engaged in washing their  
clothes. Their military dress  
is I think quite picturesque  
the Turkish trousers and  
jackets with cap and sash.

Most of them wore jackets  
and trousers of dark blue  
cloth with scarlet trimmings  
and scarlet caps. A few  
were dressed in white which  
with scarlet sashes and  
caps looked very pretty.  
They seemed to be having  
a happy time notwithstanding  
the cloudy sky did not  
promise well for getting  
their clothes dry.

A little farther on we  
passed through a miserable  
little village, all that  
remains of Gochas -  
and just beyond is  
Joseph's tomb, a little area  
enclosed by a high wall  
and partially covered  
with a dome. There is  
little or no doubt that this

is really the spot where  
the Children of Israel  
buried Joseph "in Shechem"  
and here he has been quietly  
resting during so many Centuries  
undisturbed by the changes  
which the passing years  
have brought to his Land  
and people. Only a  
short distance from the  
Lomb of Joseph is Jacob's  
well in "the parcel of  
ground that Jacob gave  
to his son Joseph".

We found the well with  
some difficulty for the  
stones surrounding it have  
fallen out of place and  
it is partially covered over.  
I could hardly realize  
that the Saviour once  
sat here "reared with his

journey" and that he  
was then travelling doubtless  
over the same road which  
we are now on his way from  
Judaea to Galilee.

The well is at the base  
of Mt Gerizim the mountain  
in which the Samaritan  
woman told him their  
fathers had worshipped.  
Near here it is supposed  
from the natural features  
of the place Joshua  
must have stood when  
he read the Law in the  
hearing of all the congregation  
of Israel six tribes standing  
over against Mt Gerizim  
and six tribes over against  
Mt Ebal. Learning the names  
and the surroundings  
which give it so much interest

We went on our way  
the road leading us  
southward through the  
inhabitation of Ephraim -  
The rain clouds above us  
had been growing darker  
and darker and soon  
falling drops gave us warning  
of a coming shower -

We sought shelter under  
the branches of an olive tree  
but after waiting a few  
moments concluded as it  
furnished but very poor  
protection that it would  
be better for us to be making  
progress - as it was not yet  
raining very hard -

A few miles farther on we  
passed near the site of  
Shiloh the location of  
which is so clearly defined  
in the Bible - "A place which  
is on the north side of Bethel

on the east side of the  
highway that goes up  
from Bethel to Shechem  
and on the south of Lebanon  
a place so deeply interesting  
on account of its past history.  
It was in Shiloh that the  
children of Israel set up  
the tabernacle and where  
the tribes gathered to receive  
from Joshua their portions  
of the promised Land.

For forty years it was  
the home of Eli and for a  
time of Samueel and it was  
in Shiloh that the children  
of Israel assembled from  
year to year to keep a  
feast of the Lord.

We did not visit it as  
it half an hour's ride  
from the direct road but



those who have record  
that "all that remains  
of Shiloh today is the  
ground on which it formerly  
stood and a handful of  
scattered ruins".

Soon after passing the  
little town of Lingul we  
encounter a shower. Compelled  
us again to seek shelter  
under some olive trees  
and here we waited to  
take lunch and let the  
mule train pass us.

We had intended in the  
morning to spend the  
night at Bethel but the  
unfavorable state of the  
weather made us decide  
that it would be best to  
find a camping ground  
nearer. For nearly two

hours we waited under  
the trees to insure the tents  
being ready for us then  
remounting rode an  
hour and a half farther  
to the place where we  
found our tents. They  
were pitched in a beautiful  
place a wild ravine with  
high rocky hills on either  
side - the clouds resting  
on their summits and the  
mists creeping down their  
sides - Every thing was  
damp and cold and  
the wind blew in fitful  
gusts as if determined to  
take advantage of some  
unexpected moment and  
blow down our tents.  
But the cold and rain  
could not entirely prevent

us from enjoying the  
natural beauties of our  
surroundings and I could  
not help regretting that  
we could not see them  
under more favorable  
circumstances. The Atterbury  
came over in the evening and  
we all agreed that we  
would start as early the  
next morning as possible.

Abraham told us he thought  
that if our tents blew down  
in the night it would be  
our best plan to mount  
our horses at once and  
start for Jerusalem and  
so save them the trouble  
of putting them up again.

Fortunately however such  
was not our fate, towards  
evening the rain ceased and  
before we went to bed the  
stars were shining brightly.

Friday

April 6<sup>th</sup>

After a chilly night we rose this morning to find every thing rather moist and the sky looking dark and threatening. We gathered our things together and packed them up with some regrets to think that it was the last time and mounting our horses were on the way by half past six. Mr Atterbury and Joseph had already started and as we afterwards learned reached Jerusalem by ten o'clock. The clouds soon began to break away and we enjoyed occasional gleams of sunshine. The country through which

We were travelling seemed  
more barren and there  
were few traces of cultivation  
thru further North. We  
had come into the inheritance  
of Benjamin and a ride  
of two and a half hours  
brought us to Bethel -  
As we rode through the  
streets of the wretched little  
town that now bears the  
name and occupies the  
site of ancient Bethel  
we recalled the many  
scenes in its past which  
make it still a place  
of so much interest and  
then looking at its presents  
remembered the prophecy  
of Amos more than two  
thousand years ago -  
"Bethel shall come to nought."

From Bethel we caught  
a glimpse of Jerusalem  
twelve miles distant and  
a little farther on saw  
it very distinctly through  
an opening in the hills.

Not far from Bethel  
the location of Ai was  
pointed out but hidden  
from us by a range  
of mountains the same  
to which long long ago  
Abraham came when  
he removed from Chaneh  
into a mountain on the  
east of Bethel and pitched  
his tent having Bethel on  
the west and Hai on the  
east and there he builded  
an altar unto the Lord."

Further on we passed  
"Gibeon of Saul" and  
on a hillside at some  
distance Ramah was pointed  
out to us. As we drew near  
Jerusalem we overtook crowds  
of pilgrims on their way  
to the Holy City to spend  
Easter week within its limits.

They formed a motley  
company having gathered  
to this centre from various  
lands some of them had  
been on their way for  
more than a month.

A few of them were mounted  
on donkeys but by far the  
larger portion both men  
and women were walking.  
poor people who were many  
of them spending their  
little all in this pilgrimage

to the Holy City hoping  
thus to secure salvation.

I was told that many  
poor people will save in  
every way for years and  
years to get enough money  
to enable them to come  
at last to Jerusalem  
and make a pilgrimage  
to all the sacred places  
vainly thinking thus to  
atone for the sins of a  
lifetime. During the  
few days that we  
spent in Jerusalem  
we were often sad  
witnesses of their ignorant  
superstition and deluded  
folly. It was after  
twelve when we reached  
Jerusalem. I was not



disappointed in the first  
view of the city - It is  
beautifully situated built  
on mountains and  
surrounded by mountains  
and as we saw it in the  
distance a beautiful city.

Its location and appearance  
is in many respects quite  
unlike any other city  
that I have ever seen.

A nearer view reveals the  
poverty and wretchedness  
which makes the present  
such a sad contrast  
of the past but here as  
elsewhere "Distance lends  
enchantment". We  
approached the city  
from the north and  
passing near the Damascus  
Gate our guide led us

around to the west  
side and we entered  
through the Jaffa Gate -  
and made our way  
through the narrow dirty  
streets crowded with pilgrims  
to the German Hospice  
where we hoped to remain  
while in Jerusalem -

I had taken a severe  
cold the preceding night  
and was very tired and  
glad to rest in the  
comfortable room which  
they furnished us -

After resting an hour or two  
we secured a guide to conduct  
us to the walking place of the  
Jews it being Friday afternoon  
the time when they meet to  
mourn over the desolations of  
Jerusalem - They meet in

an open space just outside  
a wall the lower stones of which  
are supposed once to have formed  
a part of ancient Jerusalem.  
It is the nearest point to which  
they are allowed by their Muslim  
Rulers to approach to the site  
of their ancient Temple now  
occupied by the Mosque of Omar.  
For more than seven hundred  
years the Jews have thus assembled  
from time to time to mourn  
for their past glory and weep  
over their present desolation.  
We found forty or fifty assembled  
most of them standing close  
beside the wall some seated  
on the stone pavement, old  
men with tears streaming  
down their cheeks women  
and children kissing the  
stones over and over again.  
Some reading from books in  
the Hebrew and other seeming  
to join in the chorus. It was  
a very touching sight for

whether the grief and sorrow  
expressed were all as genuine  
as it seemed or not. There  
was enough in their appearance  
their surroundings and the  
thought of their present condition  
to make the scene seem  
impressively sad. Many of  
them we saw there had doubtless  
come from a long distance.  
Some we were told were Polish  
Jews. There are now in Jerusalem  
some four thousand Jews  
living in poverty and wretchedness.  
I did not visit the Jewish  
quarter but it is said to be  
the most miserable part of the  
city is located in the southern  
part between Mt Zion and  
Mount Moriah. They have  
founden byrargues which I  
was informed are made with  
the floors sunk below the  
level of the ground to indicate  
the present low condition of

the Jewish nation - It was  
very sad indeed to see the  
Jews in the position of strangers  
and aliens in their own  
city which in spite of her  
low estate they still have so  
passionately. While in  
Jerusalem I was continually  
reminded of the Saviour's  
words, "O Jerusalem Jerusalem  
how often would I have gathered  
thy children together even as  
a hen gathereth her chickens  
under her wings and ye  
would not." Words as sadly true  
of the Jews as a nation to-day  
as when more than eighteen  
hundred years ago they  
rejected the offer of protecting  
the.