

and covered with hieroglyphics, figures of birds and utensils still quite visible at some distance. The inundations of the Nile have left only about forty-five feet of it above ground. This is, perhaps, the only very ancient obelisk standing on its original site. The pyramids were quite visible fully fifteen miles away, the two appearing one, with a bifurcated point.

Near by is an old sycamore-tree, covered with the names of ambitious people and inclosed by a fence. Here, tradition has it, Joseph and Mary rested when they fled into Egypt with the young Child. The tree is old, but while Jesus, perhaps, saw the obelisk which we had just left, and the pyramids which rose in the distance, this tree probably sprang up within the century.

Our road back to the city ran between fields of bearded wheat ripening for the sickle. This is the only wheat we saw in Egypt. The head is short but heavy, and the yield is probably quite large to the acre. This was doubtless the corn which Joseph stored and his brethren came to buy. The treasure-cities, which his descendants built under the lash, have long since disappeared. We may have driven home over their ruins!

Alexandria, Egypt, March 30, 1877.

LETTER XXVIII.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO JERUSALEM.

LIKE the children of Israel, we went out of Egypt into the Promised Land; unlike them, we went by water rather than by sand or through the desert. We had glimpses enough of the barren wilderness while on the Red Sea to understand why the Israelites longed for the delta of the Nile, with its luxuriant vegetation, even though the tales were doubled in the brick-yards. Following on camels their course through the Peninsula of Sinai and the desert is a trip often undertaken by travelers, and is perfectly practicable for those who have several months to devote wholly to Palestine, but not for such as make the tour of the world in less than a year, and who must apportion their time accordingly. Our course lay from Cairo to Alexandria by rail, and thence by steamer to Port Said and Joppa.

The run by rail was through the delta of the Nile, crossing both of the principal branches into which it divides before mingling its waters with the blue Mediterranean. The country was not unlike that part of the delta through which we passed from Suez to Cairo. Our friends were right who said, "There is not much to be seen in Alexandria." To one who had never been to Europe it would pass for an average Continental city, or perhaps I should say French city. Hotels and stores are mostly French, and so are the European ladies one sees on the

streets. It is not for what Alexandria is, but for what it was, that we cared to see it. True, its admirable location on the Mediterranean, first noticed by Alexander when it was without a street or a building, promises to secure for it again something of the commercial, if not political, importance which it had when its streets were lined with four thousand palaces, and filled with a half million of people. It had degenerated into a mere village from being one of the principal cities of the world, but has already so far recovered its population as to number over two hundred thousand souls. But what a mixture! In one street you are in Paris, in another in Italy, in another in Damascus, and in yet another in Athens. Alexandria has more than twenty thousand Greeks. Socrates, Hippocrates, Xenophon, are names on the sign-boards which surprise you, and are often in the Greek as well as in the Roman characters. On our steamer from Alexandria to Joppa the bulletin was in five languages—French, Italian, German, Greek, and English. With so many Greek names on every hand, one cannot but recall the fact that the Septuagint translation of the Scriptures into Greek was made in Alexandria; and this was the home of many of the greatest scholars, and had the finest library in the Old World. Here two of the Ptolemies reigned, their glory and that of their empire ending with the voluptuous Cleopatra. Here stood the Pharos, the massive marble light-house, so large that a chariot could be driven up the circular way which led to the top, and well accounted one of the seven wonders of the world.

Of all this glory little but the site remains. Pompey's Pillar, a polished granite column crowned with a capital, rises to the height of nearly a hundred feet, and was one of the first objects seen in approaching the city by rail and the last in leaving it by steamer. It was erected in honor of Diocletian,

who captured the city over sixteen hundred years ago. Cleopatra's Needles once stood in the temple-area at Heliopolis, where one of the granite obelisks of the same character is still standing in its original place. They were brought to Alexandria to stand in front of the Cesarium and crown the Roman conquest. Cleopatra is said to have placed them there in honor of a son whom she bore to Julius Cesar. One is still standing, of about the same height and character as the one at Heliopolis, only bearing somewhat different hieroglyphics. The figures of birds, knives, and serpents are found on both. One of the so-called needles, or obelisks, has long been on the ground partly covered with mud. This is the one that was given to Great Britain many years ago, and which she hesitated to accept on account of the enormous expense of taking it home. At length, however, she is preparing to receive it, a private citizen having given fifty thousand dollars to have it removed, and erected in England. Rome and Paris have one each, and why not London?

We also saw the smaller Catacombs. We intended driving to the larger ones, but our dragoman, or guide, was shrewd enough to take us to those nearer at hand, and, while we were disappointed in their size, we did not learn that we had been deceived until too late. We saw, however, their general style in the smaller ones. They are underground avenues cut in the solid sandstone, with niches on each side capable of holding a mummy-case and its contents. They are empty now. We hope that our dragoman may be late in filling a niche here or anywhere else. He needs time for repentance. The traditional site of the Pharos we saw after embarking for Joppa. A point of land extends out to the sea, and then assumes the form of a cross with very long arms, which thus afford an excellent harbor on each side of the artificial cause-

way. This striking natural formation, or island as it was, first attracted Alexander's attention to the place, and determined him to build his great city here. On this point of land there was erected the Pharos, or wonderful light-house, and here one stands to-day. It is related that the architect's chalk giving out as he was drawing on the ground the outline of the city, Alexander commanded him to sprinkle flour along the line in place of it, which was regarded as a favorable omen of its future wealth and greatness.

The steamer which brought us to Joppa was the "Apollo," of the Austrian Lloyd Line. Leaving Alexandria at 11 A.M. March 30, we awoke the following morning at Port Said. The Mediterranean may be comparatively tideless, but she can be quite restless, our little ship having considerable motion. But we managed to maintain our equilibrium quite well, although writing was out of the question. At Port Said we were at one end of the canal as we had been at the other end in Suez. We saw several immense ships enter it on their way to China, and they steamed through as easily almost as if in mid-ocean, although limited to five miles an hour. Many steamers were lying at anchor here, some coaling and others stopping only a few hours to discharge freight or passengers. The Suez Canal has made the place a busy one, but it will probably never possess commercial importance. The canal itself is one of the modern wonders of the world. No difficulty is experienced in keeping it at the necessary depth of water, save some distance out in the Mediterranean, where the strong west winds drift the sand and require the constant labors of dredging-machines. The extensive works of the canal company are located at Port Said.

Early on the morning of April 1, Easter Sunday, we were in sight of the Promised Land. The

mountains of Judea greeted my eyes as before sunrise I came upon the poop to get a first view of that land consecrated by the foot-prints and labors of our Lord. Here the incarnate God had lived, and taught, and died, and this very Sabbath specially commemorated the fact that he had risen. Even the sepulcher hewn in these solid rocks was not able to hold his lifeless form when the hour had come for him to loose the bands of death and come forth in divine triumph and glory. During the two hours before we dropped anchor we could see Mount Carmel toward the north, with the probable place of Elijah's sacrifice on its remote eastern point, while on the south was the country of the Philistines, where Samson and David fought, and where Philip preached. Stretching between us and the mountains of Ephraim, which we must cross before reaching Jerusalem, was the Plain of Sharon, famous alike for its fertility and its flowers. No wonder Jonah came to Joppa to take shipping for Tarshish, for this was the only sea-port of Palestine! Even Joppa was without a harbor, although vessels could ride at anchor here in safety in good weather. It may have had a harbor built in the days of Solomon, when the cedar for the temple was sent down here in floats from Lebanon; but it was a very small, artificial one, wholly unsuitable for vessels of the present day. We had to pass between and behind some rocks on our way in smaller boats to the landing. These may once have formed a sort of breakwater. Legends clothe them with romantic interest as the ones on which Andromeda was chained that a sea-monster might devour her, and where she was released by Perseus.

Sending our baggage on to the Jerusalem Hotel, we stopped to see the house of "one Simon a tanner," "by the sea-side," where, on the house-top, Peter had his vision of the lowered sheet with its

clean and unclean animals, which was to open his mind and heart for the duties that now awaited him in the message of Cornelius's servants, who were knocking at the outer gate. We had seen the house before leaving the ship, and it was so near the seaside that a small light-house had been erected upon its flat roof. The well in the yard, and the recently-discovered vats, long hidden by the city-wall which had been built along the sea, confirmed the truth of the tradition which located the house here. Water was needed for the vats, and from this old well the supply had doubtless come. An old blind man was drawing water from it as we entered the inclosure, and it has doubtless supplied many a house in Joppa during the last twenty centuries. We went up on the house-top where hungry Peter fell asleep and dreamed. Its flat roof has been the bed of hundreds since. In short, all the conditions seemed to be so well met that there was an air of probability about the place impossible to be put in words. If all traditional sites were equally reliable, we should have no difficulty in locating great and memorable events. The house is now owned by a Mohammedan family, and one room is used as a place of prayer. Aside from the mats which are spread upon the floor there is no sign of its being used as a place of worship.

We met many Greek women coming from service, perhaps in the very streets where Dorcas was often seen to pass on the same errand, as well as to distribute to the poor the garments which she had made. She was a woman of too warm a heart to perform her alms by proxy. Those who gathered about her corpse, ere Peter called her back to life, remembered no less her kind words and looks than her charitable gifts. The streets are narrow, the stone-walls of the houses rarely having a window—in short, the whole appearance of the place not dif-

fering from any Oriental towns through which we had passed in the last few months. The bazaar by which our path to the hotel led us was filled with camels, donkeys, and traders. After Friday and Saturday, the Mohammedan and Jewish Sabbaths, the Lord's-day comes in as a great holiday and business day. The coffee-houses were filled with people sipping the fragrant Turkish coffee from tiny cups. The stalls were filled with carobs—the husks which both the swine and the prodigal did eat, and a common food among the poor to-day—dates, and especially oranges.

Jaffa probably furnishes the finest oranges in the world. Camels and donkeys bearing large boxes and bags of them were on their way to the landing, where they will be shipped to Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and even to England. We saw some that measured sixteen inches in circumference, a friend having sent to our room a twig containing several so large. Orange-groves abound near the city. The air in the suburbs is laden with the rich fragrance of orange-blossoms. The trees appear to be bearing and blossoming at the same time nearly all the year. The soil about Jaffa seems peculiarly adapted to their growth, and probably has been in all the past. Orange-peel, in place of bark—so we were told—is used for tanning, and Simon the tanner could have been easily and cheaply supplied with all he wanted.

We saw blind men sitting by the way-side begging. In fact, blindness appears to prevail as largely in Palestine as in Egypt. What a proof of Christ's divinity was that—"the blind receive their sight!" His mission on earth was in part to relieve many of the physical infirmities of the people of his time. His fingers would have been laid upon some of the sightless balls which were upturned as we passed had he journeyed with us. It was his nature to pity and to heal. Long hedges of huge cactus skirted

the road on our way to the hotel. The cactus grows almost to a tree, and makes a fine fence for the orange orchards.

We stopped in the suburbs of the city, where a thriving German colony has built quite a village. This colony numbers about two hundred and fifty souls, and they have come to Palestine under the belief that, according to certain scriptures, all Christians should live here. They are taking the initiative in bringing European implements of agriculture into the country, patent reapers and threshers now being used on the Plain of Sharon. They have also established a line of vehicles to Jerusalem for the accommodation of the many travelers to the Holy City. Near the hotel is a private school, taught by a Miss Baldwin, of America. Here some twenty or more gathered on Sunday afternoon and listened to a sermon by Bishop Marvin, on "Peter's vision in Joppa." Afterward we knelt in the Lord's Land to celebrate the Lord's Supper. The silence of prayer was broken only by the roar of the Mediterranean as its breakers beat upon the shore.

The wall of Joppa, which was terribly battered when the city was taken by Napoleon, is now being torn down by order of the sultan. This is done in the hope that the town may extend beyond its old limits. The place now numbers some eight thousand souls, and if Palestine ever has a considerable population its principal sea-port may become quite a place.

Our road out of the city to Jerusalem led between orange-groves beyond the traditional site of the grave of Dorcas, and in a few minutes we were driving through the Plain of Sharon. Twenty miles of our road, or the whole width of the plain, was carpeted with flowers, the most striking being a deep red anemone, usually called "the rose of Sharon." Fields of waving wheat skirted the road,

bearded like that of Egypt, but less heavy than that of the Valley of the Nile. The native farmers were out with their rude plows, drawn sometimes by a yoke of oxen, then by a single camel, and in more than one instance, despite Moses's prohibition, by an ox and an ass under the same yoke. The soil appeared very porous and mellow, and easily turned by the simple plow-share. This consisted of a narrow piece of wood, the top covered with iron, and with an iron point. The plow had but a single handle. Something like a corn-planter was in some instances attached to the handle, by means of which watermelon-seed were dropped and covered at the same time. The "latter" rains being over, what is now planted must not require much moisture, since the "early" rains will not fall until October. This Plain of Sharon is perhaps seventy miles in length, and, with the Plain of Esdraelon, was the principal granary of the country, although the terraced hills yielded considerable harvests as well. Doubtless in earlier times this plain was very fertile. It could hardly be called so now, although the yield is fair.

Our road was newly macadamized, so that in some cases we preferred to drive by the side of it. Watch-towers of stone are located in sight of each other all the way, and usually a couple of soldiers in each keep guard of the road. Considerable companies of soldiers were drilling at Joppa when we arrived. The sultan has made a heavy draft for soldiers upon his Syrian subjects, in view of possible war with Russia. We saw Lydda a short distance from the road. Here Peter healed Æneas, bed-ridden eight years with the palsy, and was sent for to come without delay to Joppa after the death of Dorcas. Here, too, according to the legend, St. George slew the dragon, an event recalled by the sight of every English sovereign, and marked here by a church erected over the tomb of St. George.