

RAMBLES
IN MY
FATHERLAND

Part I

by J E Hanauer
1867-

October 7, 1874

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1867. The day was warm and the perspiration trickled from our foreheads, as after having filled our water skins at Ain el Hodh, generally called by pilgrims The Fountain of the Apostles, and taken care not to provide ourselves with horse leeches which are plentiful here, we rode eastward along Wady es Sikeh, which is also sometimes named Wad el Hodh from the fountain at its head.

Everything was parched, and no verdure seen except when the eye fell on some plants of billan among the naked rocks on both sides of our road. A path was noticed leading up the hills on our right, the heaps of stones, cast up on both sides by devout Muslims, showing that it led to some mazar or wely. On enquiry, we were told that it was the pilgrim road to Neby Mousa. We went on our way and ascended rocky acclivity, coming to the ruins of a Khan, Khan el Ahmar. This Khan is, by tradition, said to be the Inn mentioned in the Parable of the Good Samaritan, the "red Khan," probably from the blood-stained colour of the rocks, and the ascent to this place was from the Ephes Dammim on the east. It was late in the afternoon so we went on our way, and were soon to be seen skirting the cliffs of cretaceous rock which towered above our heads on the left. Passing them we noticed some ancient remains on the slope of the hill. Whilst I was deliberating whether I should go up and examine them, C.P. beckoned to me to follow him, so we passed the rest of our party, and were soon out of their sight, having cliffs of marly rock on our right, and Wad el Kelt lying deep and gloomy on our left. (This ancient convent of John of Conziba, dating back to the 4th century was a desolate ruin in 1867. It was not rebuilt by the Greeks till 1880).

We got a glimpse of the Dead Sea lying still and beautiful at the foot of the Moab range, whose hills were dyed a beautiful rosy hue by the parting rays of the setting sun. The lake was several hours distant to the southeast, and yet it appeared so near that I almost thought that I could take a header into its waters from the rocks in front of us. There was a lovely view of the Jordan valley as we led our horses down the steep path into Al Ghor and cantered northwards, crossing the dry channel of the Kelt just as it grew dark. The moon rose calm and beautiful over the Moab Mountains, and shed a mysterious light on the mounds noticed flanking our path. No sound was heard except the chirping of insects, and the crackling of the dry boughs of the dom as they were trodden on by our horses.

The tremendous cliffs of Kuruntil frowned down, far away on our left, as if annoyed by the presumption of the Franks who dared to brave the heat of the Ghor in July! A light now gleamed from the thicket just ahead of us, coming from the tent of our cook, who started with the tents and baggage a couple hours before we left Jerusalem, and was now busy preparing something good for our supper—quite welcome after our long ride. We reached our camp on top of the mound, handed our horses over to

the muleteers, now busy pitching our tents, and wandered down to the Fount of Elisha to bathe. Standing close to the wall of masonry at the western end of the Ain, I heard a noise above my head and looking up saw an enormous black mass rolling down towards me. I leapt aside, and in a few seconds, it came down with a crash, on the very spot on which I had stood an instant ago! On examination it turned out to be the baggage mule with the canteens, who forgetting that he was no longer in the stable of his owner at Neby Daoud, Jerusalem, had been trying to have a roll on the top of the mound. The muleteers came to look after him—happily nothing was broken.

Hearing my name called, I hastened to the tents to supper. The air was stifling hot in the tents, so I later resolved, in spite of the remonstrances of the rest of the party, to turn in, or rather to turn out, in the air. The situation was so novel that for a long time sleep refused to close my eyes, so I arose to look around me.

The horses and mules were tethered to a long rope stretched along the ground, secured at intervals by tent pegs. The horse of the Dragoman, a fiery stallion, was tied apart, his forelegs secured by a chain and padlock. The muleteers were stretched out on the pack saddles, their heavy breathing testifying to the soundness of their sleep. I passed them unnoticed, and looked northwards. In that direction, the wilderness of nubk-trees seemed unending, so turning eastward, I let my eyes run south along the hills of Moab, which looked beautiful in the moonlight.

At the foot of the range, S.E. of my position, lay Bahayrat Lut, the lake of Lot, reflecting the rays of the moon like a mirror of molten lead. Behind me rose the mighty precipices of Quarantania, with the ruins of the sugar mills of the Hospitallers nestling at their feet. I turned, and strained my eyes in that direction in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of the reflection of ancient armour, or hearing the neigh of a charger, but I must have been dreaming, for both the Knights and their steeds have long ago ceased to range through the valley, and at the present moment no living creature amongst those ruins, save perchance the beasts of prey—the prowling hyena, or the mournful owl. Feeling weary, I stopped my survey, and stretched my limbs to rest beneath a cloudless sky.

Up with the larks, and whilst the muleteers strike the tents, we take our breakfast. The tea is intensely hot, and no wonder, for we are 1100 feet lower than the Mediterranean. As soon as we have done, we leave Ain es Sultan, and with directions to the mules to follow as soon as loaded, we ride eastward past thickets of dom, and must take care not to have our clothes torn, and left hanging on the branches.

I notice a bush bearing a yellow fruit, about the size of apricots, and with flowers of a whitish pink, its branches covered with thorns. It is the wild egg plant, locally called Lot's lemons, (*Solanum Solomeum* Lemon, or *Solanum Melongena*).

Jericho is soon passed with its mud built huts and thorny fences. The children turn out to stare at the passing Franks, and of course, demand a baksheesh. We go on, startling the doves from their retreats in the bushes of dom. Several trees of Zukkum (*Elaeagnus angustifolius*) are passed just before we come upon an open space, where about 40 Bedouin of the Adwan are awaiting us in the shade of the thickets. They are to escort us on our wanderings. As we approach, they get up a play, showing off their skill in horsemanship, chasing and pursuing each other in mimic warfare, their long and slender lances (*remah*) quivering in the morning's light, as they rush after each other, holding them horizontally with outstretched arms! After having saluted them, we go on and they follow. We have now passed all the bushes of dom (*Zizyphus Spina Christi*) and are on the clayground where Solomon had his foundries. II Chron. 4:17. We cast inquisitive glances round us in search of the ruins of Hiram's workshops, but can discover nothing. The track we follow leads us down amongst the flat topped hillocks of the lower Jordan valley. The heat is intense, and we are thankful to find shelter in the jungle on the western bank of the river, where we intend to halt till our mules arrive.

We are in a delightful spot, the trees are beautifully green, and the sight acts quite refreshingly on our spirits after having left the parched and dreary waste behind us. The tree trunks and branches are encircled with climbing plants, and a kind of "caper" is discovered among the willows. (*Agnus Castus*) The river flows silently in front of us. The luxuriant vegetation on its opposite bank, and the blue sky in the background present a beautiful picture. A large flock of sheep and herd of camels appear on the opposite bank, their owners driving them into the river and they cross to our side. The sheep swim beautifully, the camels take the water lower down, and seem to walk through it, for it only reaches their shoulders in the centre, so that it is not very deep. (In 1867 there is no bridge over the Jordan).

Our baggage mules arrive and are unloaded, half a load is placed on the back of each beast, and then several naked Bedouin immediately take charge of it and lead it across. A photograph is taken, and our Bedouin are struck dumb with astonishment on seeing the river and their naked forms transferred to the photographic plate. Their comment, "The Franks have been taught by Ibli (Satan), only death can conquer them!" Now we cross, and whilst the mules are reloaded, we start eastwards, leaving orders for them to go on to Kaferein. The vegetation on this side is yet more luxuriant than that on the other bank, and amongst the bushes I notice a kind of *Acacia* of which I cannot get the name, also the *Gentian* with its yellow flowers.

After having left the lower Jordan valley, we ride on for some hours till we come to a stream of running water, which is very welcome, for we are thirsty. As I am told that we shall meet with no water for some time to come, I stay behind the rest of our party in order to fill our "zumzumeah" with the fluid. This done, I remount, and suddenly discover that my companions are out of sight, and I am alone amongst the thickets!

I call and receive no answer, so at last I turn my horse's head eastward, and laying the reins on his neck, I catch hold of his mane, and give him a kick in the sides, thus giving him leave to take me wherever he likes. He dashes away through the plain so swiftly that I find it prudent to bow my head lest I should get my face scratched by the thorns of the trees, and all of a sudden find myself in an unpleasant situation, for my steed has dashed into a Bedouin encampment, and stops in a brown study before the equally brown goats' hair walls of an Arab tent! The dark skinned sons of Midian are startled by the sudden apparition of a Frank amongst them, and men, women and children gather round me to inspect this sea-wonder (as a German would say). What surprises them most is that the Kaffir (infidel) speaks Arabic, for I enquire about my companions. They point me to a mound at a short distance, and there sure enough I see Mr. Warren taking angles, so bidding my new friends "Mah salameh" (with peace) I now rejoin the party.

The mound is the site of Beth Nimrah, now it is called Nimrim. We descend from the mount and lunch beside the stream Wady Nimrim, which flows past its foot. After a couple of hours of rest, we again start southward toward Kaferein. Our guide points out a hill with a round top near the Dead Sea as Nebo. We now meet with several Osher trees (Apple of Sodom—the *Calotropis procera* of botanists).

A little before sunset we reach our camp at Kaferein, the meaning of the word is two deserts. There is a wely on the mound close to our tents. Hipparites were observed here. Aram, conjectured to be Beth Haran, is showed us, south of Nimrim. Another place, Es Suameh is shown us to the S.S.E. It is immediately under Nebo. Our camp is supposed to be on the site of Abel Shittim. A black beetle, the Egyptian sacred beetle, *Utenchus Sacerd*, is observed crawling about.

Our Dragoman directs the cook to prepare a dish of rice for the muleteers who assist in pitching the tents. A pillar of dust is noticed moving on the heights above us. "What is it?" I enquire of one of the Bedouin. He answers "Zoba'a", a whirlwind. It is something novel to see the Dead Sea S.W. of our standing point, after having been accustomed to see it from Olivet in the contrary direction.

We will visit Arak al Amir today, but first our guide wishes to take us to a hot spring in the neighbourhood. It is delightful to ride through the jungles of bamboo, cassab (*Arundo donax*) which line the streams on this side of the Jordan. Water is plentiful here, and were it not so hot I think it would be a pleasant spot to reside in. But here we are at the spring, its temperature is 96 degrees Fahr. There are a great many frogs in the water, which feels tepid to the touch. One of our Arabs remarks that frogs are "nejs" unclean, but he, nevertheless, does not hesitate to assist us in catching some specimens.

Now let us turn up that valley north east of us. A large animal is noticed rushing down the mountain 50 yards in front of us. His erect mane, slouching gait, and savage look show that he is a hyena. I turn and ask the Bedouin riding at my side

what it is; he answers with one word—Dabagh. I call out to the rest of the party, but by the time they hear me, the beast has disappeared among the bushes bordering Wady Sayr. We reach the bank of this stream and cross. The oleanders are in full bloom, and rise about 15 feet above our heads. The red blossoms look beautiful when contrasted with the greyish green leaves. The Arabic name for the oleander is Dafla.

As we go on through the valley, a hill is noticed on our right, with a line of rugged black rocks running down it like a lion's mane. Now we begin to ascend the hills towards Arak al Amir. Every member of our party has a particular portion of work assigned to him. To collect all strange flowers, fruits, and insects which we meet on our way is a part of my work. We are surprised to find hollyhocks growing wild amongst the terebinths and prickly oaks.

We pass the site of an ancient city, and about noon, on descending the eastern side of a hill, behold gigantic remains in the valley below us. They are the ruins of Arak al Amir. The word ARAK is generally used amongst the natives to denote a steep cliff, a rocky stronghold, and the word AMIR may be translated prince or commander. Modern travellers suppose these remains to be the ruins of the palace which Josephus tells us was built by Hyrcanus Maccabbaeus, and whose stones were adorned with sculptures. Josephus' account follows:

“Hyrcanus determined not to return to Jerusalem any more, but seated himself beyond Jordan, and was at perpetual war with the Arabians, slew many of them, and took many of them captive. He also erected a strong castle, built it entirely of white stone, to the very roof, and had animals of a prodigious magnitude engraven upon it. He also drew round it a great and deep canal of water. He also made caves, many furlongs in length, by hollowing a rock that was over against him, in which were large rooms—some for feasting, some for sleeping and living in. He introduced a vast quantity of waters, which ran along it, and which was very delightful and ornamental in the court, but still he made the entrance to the caves so narrow that no more than one person could enter by them at once. The reason why he built them after that manner was a good one; it was for his own preservation lest he should be besieged by his brethren, and run the hazard of being caught by them. Moreover, he built courts of greater magnitude than ordinary, which he adorned with vastly large gardens. And when he had brought the place to this state, he named it Tyre.

This place is between Arabia and Judea, beyond Jordan, not far from the country of Heshbon.” The historian then goes on to state how the founder of this edifice committed suicide, after ruling the place 7 years, and how his property fell into the hands of Antiochus Epiphanes, B.C. 175. This account will make us understand how appropriate the name ARAK AL AMIR is for this place. The cliff with its caves is to the north of us with plants springing from its crevices, and the gigantic stones of the palace are black with age, but remains of sculptured beasts may still be discerned on

the eastern wall. (Antiquities:Book 12, p.162)

The ruins are on the western side of this broad valley which slopes gradually down to the banks of that stream about 5 minutes distance from us, thus presenting a small plain, the richness of the soil attested by the thickness of the parched undergrowth, in some parts reaches our stirrups, and which our horses find it no easy job to get through. The spot must be enchantingly lovely in spring, when all is green and in blossom. We will rest and lunch in the shade of that wall, but I will first go and get water from that stream, for that in our zumzumeah is warm and unpleasant.

As I am halfway down a covey of red legged partridges start up with a whirl before my horse's nose. He is so startled that it is some minutes before he can be induced to go on. The banks of the stream are bordered by the oleander, and different kinds of canes and reeds. Having procured water, I return to our resting place. Now our mules arrive with the tents, etc. The muleteers are ordered to get them pitched on the eastern bank of the stream, for we intend to spend the afternoon examining the ruins.

Mr. Warren and the dragoman go to visit the caves, Corpl. B measures the building, Corpl. P. takes photographs. I assist them. The stones are worn quite rough by rain and sun, and are like gigantic files—the effect is wonderful—for the shoes which I brought with me from Jerusalem begin to show marks of being worn out! The stones of the eastern wall have the sculptures of large animals. I believe that they are meant to represent lions. It is sunset before all the views are finished, and we repair to the camp. Next morning we again visit the ruins to finish the photographs, then follow our guides as they lead on southward. Several streams are passed, and amongst the bushes I notice the bramble or blackberry.

One of the Bedouin is the Chaplain of Sheikh Goblan. His name is Miflah—he is an Arab 'improvisatore' and he amuses the men of our escort by composing stanzas, criticising our muleteers, cook, etc. Several very large locusts are caught.

We turn down a valley, and at its southern end come to a valley running east and west, with a fine stream of water gushing out from under a small cave at its northern side. This is WADY HASBAN, the HESHBON of the Bible. It is noon, and as tomorrow is Sunday, it is resolved to encamp here. Mr. Warren and Corpl. Birtles set out to inspect the ruins of the town which are at some distance. Corpl. Philips and I stay at the camp. A photograph of the spring is taken. The Bedouin shepherds bring their flocks here to water them, and the women from the Bedouin encampments in the neighbourhood come with their donkeys and Koorab, bottles of goat-skin, in order to procure water for their families. They are evidently much surprised on seeing us, having probably never seen such white-skinned animals before! It is now evening and Mr. Warren and companions have returned to us. I have made it a custom to sleep in the open air—it is very pleasant and romantic to lie on one's pillow gazing on the stars in the spacious firmament above us, till one's eyes close, and my star gazing ends in slumber. Tonight, however, it is not so, for my head is

full of Sihon, king of the Amorites, and other associations of the spot I am on. The moon rises late, and at last I drop off to sleep, but in my dreams I always seem to find something connected with the invasion of Moab by that Monarch, or his own fall by the sword of the Israelites.

Today is Sunday and we rest here. After breakfast we are summoned to gather in the shade of the rocks. Prayerbooks are produced, the Morning Service is read, and some hymns are sung. Somehow they sound strange and hollow as they are re-echoed by the rocks around. It is really something uncommon to sing Christian hymns in the Land of the Amorites and surrounded by the swarthy sons of Midian, and very often my thoughts wander to the quiet Church on Mt. Zion, or to those flocks of sheep and goats drinking at the fountain.

“Oh for a sweet inspiring ray
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
Those blissful realms where Jesus reigns!”

Monday: Our tents were removed this morning, and after having followed the Wady Hesban for a short time, we were led over the hills towards Nebbah. The rocks are of a red colour in some places, and in others they are purple or yellow as if they had been washed in some spots with mulberry, and in others with pomegranate syrup. There are some interesting caves among these hills but it is not easy to visit them as they are surrounded with precipices.

As we passed down Wady Hesban I noticed a large vulture of the kind often seen flying about in this country, of a whitish yellow and wings tipped black, sitting on the rocks on our left. It is about noon when we reached the Springs of Moses, situated in a ravine N.W. of Nebbah. This spot is romantic and beautiful though a regular suntrap at noon. We are standing on a terrace on the southern side of the stream which rises in those caves east of our standing-point. In those caves it stands at from 3 to 4 feet, and then rushes wildly down the rocks in leaps of from 20 to 30 feet, thus forming a succession of cascades—a rare feature in this weary land.

S.W. of us rises the rounded peak of Nebo, which we shall ascend this afternoon. Looking westwards, we gaze down the glen into the Ghor, which lies before us in the glaring light of a tropical noonday sun. After the tents had been pitched, Corpl. Philips took two views, one of the spring and ravine, and the other a general view of Mt. Nebo. After that Lieut. Warren, Corpl. Birtles and myself accompanied by a fellah, with a mule carrying a theodolite, ascend the hill.

On a western spur of the mountain, which rises 1,100 ft. above the Fountains, 2,670 ft. above the Mediterranean, we find extensive ruins, probably the site of the town of

Nebo, which was built by the Reubenites about 1452 B.C. (Numbers 32:38) It is, however, improbable that the ruins themselves are of that age. Mr. Warren, in his letters to the Palestine Exploration Fund, gives a description of them:

“They consist of a confused heap of stones, 300 yards from end to end (east to west), and 100 from north to south, lying on a spur of Jebel Nebo. There are scattered about the remains of several columns and cornices, also the remains of a temple, 70 feet in length, and some vaults beneath. We descended into these vaults. They are divided by piers 2 ft. 3 inches thick; arches 16 ft. span and 6 ft. rise; the arches are 1 ft. thick, and are paved over with flagging 18 inches square. This paved place is west of, and in some connection with, the temple.” He also found the appearance of a city wall. The stones about were very much worn. See “Reports of Progress of Works at Jerusalem and elsewhere in the Holy Land”, by Lieutenant Warren. R.E. Letter XXXV, page 87.

After taking some angles, Lieut. Warren set about examining the ruins, leaving me in charge of the instrument. As I sat there, I could not help recalling to mind that old man, who, at the age of one hundred and twenty years, stood with unbent shoulders and undimmed eagle eyes, probably not far from this very spot, gazing—3,300 years ago—at the very landscape which is spread before my view!

The sun is in the west, and the day is very hazy, so that we cannot behold the utmost sea, but yet the view is magnificent, I might almost say overwhelming. The hills of Moab are lying at my feet, one below the other, like the seats of some vast theatre, viewed from the uppermost gallery and at their base the Sea of Lot lies like a mirror with the hills that surround it reflected on its surface. Beyond it westward on those white heights is seen the minaret of Neby Moussa, and further on in the background, the Holy City is recognized through the telescope. The eye ranges northwards along the hills of Palestine Proper, whose eastern sides present a series of gorges and rocky glens. Between us and them the Jordan valley is spread, a twisting line of verdure running down its centre, and marking the course of the river. On this side the stream and looking due north our eyes rest on the oak clad hillsides of Gilead and Bashan.

Behind us sits the fellah who came up with the mule. I again look westward, the sun is just setting behind the Judean hills, their eastern sides are in the shade, and his parting rays resting on their summits, give them the appearance of a screen of black velvet edged with gold, stretched along the western sky.

Twilight comes on, and Mr. W. and Corpl. B. return. After Mr. W. has ascertained the altitude of the Pole-star, we descend the hill, reaching the tents as it grows dark. I forgot to state that in the vaults the officer found the bodies of four women which had been thrust down there. We lie down to rest with our minds full of the impressions received on that lonely peak, and in our dreams it seems that we hear a voice saying, “How goodly are thy tents, oh Jacob, and thy tabernacles, oh Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the riverside, as the trees of lign-aloes which the

Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters, . . . He couched, he lay down as a lion, and as a young lion; who shall stir him up? Blessed be he that blesseth thee, and cursed be he that curseth thee,” and as the voice proceeds with its declamation, it sinks with a tone of mournful desperation, “I shall see Him, but not now. I shall behold Him, but not nigh; there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall arise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth.” Then as the seer turns his eyes and his look lights on the different regions around him, he foretells their overthrow concluding with the words, “Alas, who shall live when God doeth this? And ships shall come from the coast of Chittim, and shall afflict Asshur, and shall afflict Eber, and he also shall perish for ever.” The sound dies away and the echoes of Pisgah have hardly ceased, when the strain is taken up by a voice from the Israelitish camp in the plains of Moab, a voice sounding triumphant and confident, “Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak, and hear O earth the words of my mouth I will publish the name of the Lord. Ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, His work is perfect: for all His ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He The Lord’s portion is His people. Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness. He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: So the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him, . . . But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked, then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation And when the Lord saw it, He abhorred them, . . . and said, I will hide my face from them, I will see what their end shall be, . . . their foot shall slide in due time: for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon them make haste I will make mine arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh: Rejoice, O ye nations with his people for he will avenge the blood of His servants, and will render vengeance to his adversaries, and will be merciful to His land and to His people There is none like the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in His excellency on the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms; and He shall thrust out the enemy from before them, and shall say, Destroy them. Israel then shall dwell in safety alone; the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine: also His heavens shall drop down dew. Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency! and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places.”

And now, the speaker, an old man, with lofty brow and hoary head, but with piercing glance, and firm and resolute footstep appears. He emerges from the camp and climbs the hills alone, he has reached the summit, leans on his staff and surveys the Land. Far away southward, beyond the sulphurous waters of the Sea of Death, he

reviews the stony desert through which the Almighty had led him and the people, by a path they knew not; westwards, stretched in the golden light of day lies the Land of Promise, the heritage of Israel. His eye kindles with interest as he views, in the spirit of prophecy, the people he had led forty years cross the Jordan and take possession of the city of palm trees. Then follow in swift succession, like the slides of a magic lantern, the occurrences of the Conquest; the transgression of Achan, the fall of Ai, the night march to the rescue of Gibeon, the battle at Merom, and the division of the Land. The death of Joshua and the elders follow, and Israel is left without leaders, every man doing what seems good in his own eyes, and serving Baalim. The warning of the angel at Bochim, must not be forgotten—God’s judgments and Israel’s distress.

The deeds of the Judges follow—the battle of the Kishon, Jael’s daring and Gideon’s night attack with his chosen 300, and the other acts of that period were, we may believe, unfolded to the prophet’s eye as he surveyed the Land of Canaan, beginning from the snow-capped hills of Hermon, along the hills of Naphtali, the plains of Jezreel, Sharon, and the Jordan, to the ridges of Carmel and vine clad hills of Hebron—with the deep blue of the Mediterranean Sea forming the background to the picture.

Another set of events is unfolded and the fall of Eli’s sons, the captivity of the ark, Samuel’s rule, the reign and disastrous defeat of Saul, the civil war between Ishbosheth and David, all call for attention.

The clouds gather, hiding the Land for a moment. When they disperse the army of Israel is seen storming the citadel of Zion, the son of Zeruah being the first to place his foot on the ramparts; then the clang of arms is changed for other sounds, and the melody of the psaltery rings from the princely halls of Zion, followed by the height of Israel’s glory, the Shechinah resting over the ark in Solomon’s temple, the smoke of the sacrifices ascending as the Monarch utters the prayer to Jehovah, beseeching Him to hear in heaven His dwelling place, and forgive and bless his people. But see! the prophet’s brow is contracted and his features show the indignation which burns within him; for already on the hills before Jerusalem the workmen begin to erect a temple for Chemosh. Solomon’s death, the division of the kingdom and its decline are the just punishment for Israel’s sin and Israel’s apostasy. The sweet songs of Zion have ceased, and the air is filled with the shouts of those victims who are forced to pass through the fire, offerings to Moloch, horrid king. In spite of the warnings of the prophets, and the reformatory efforts of a Jehoshaphat, a Hezekiah and a Josiah, the nation falls deeper and deeper. First Israel and then Judah are carried into captivity and the temple burnt with fire. B.C.588. Seventy years pass and a small remnant returns to repossess the Land of their fathers, working for the reconstruction of the temple—the sword in one hand—trowel in the other, whilst a Haggai stands forth and declares, “Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, the earth and the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all

nations, and the desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory, and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord.” Haggai 2:6-8.

The tide of history rolls on, and we would gladly ask the man who erected the brazen serpent in the wilderness whether his eye, which seems fixed in ecstasy, is gazing on the cross—erected on Golgotha—and whether he sees the PROPHET he predicted, suffering the death of a criminal for an ungrateful world. The sunlight is obscured, and the veil of the temple is rent in twain, the rocks are rent, and the bodies of the saints arise, whilst through the gloom the triumphant cry is heard, “It is finished,” and the events of the resurrection close the series of visions.

Jesus, who died a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By His almighty pow’r;
From death He sets his people free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

The sun sinks in the west, and Moses bows his head in death, the red glow of the evening enshrouds his dying form and the Lord Himself buries him.

In life he stood solitary and alone in the midst of his people and he died as he lived and went to join the cloud of witnesses mentioned in Hebrews 11. It is bitter to lie down in the dust of death when the goal is so near and the laurels so invitingly held out to the grasp, but it is sweet when our eyeballs break to look forward to a brighter, a better heritage, eternal in the heavens. OH! Could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise; And see the Canaan that we love, With faith illumined eyes! Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o’er; Not Jordan’s waves, nor death’s cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. We are awakened by the rays of the morning sun shining on our faces. Is it possible that we have been dreaming? We do not know.

As I am suffering from diarrhoea, Mr. Warren thinks it prudent to leave me here, whilst the rest of the party proceed southwards. I spend the time labelling the geological specimens we have picked up on our way, and bathing in the springs which gush out of the limestone rock. About noon the flocks collect round the stream to drink. After they have rested for a while, the shepherds rise and call then, and the sheep follow their pastor instinctively, not a single animal going after a stranger. Mr. Warren and party return early in the afternoon. They have been to Baal-Meon (Ma’in).

Dr. Kitto in his ‘Land of Promise’, page 312, has described the position of this place as three-quarters of an hour south east of Heshbon. Mr. Warren has, however,

ascertained it to be ten miles to the south on Wady Zerka. He went about a mile further down the stream, but being already on the territory of another tribe, Sheikh Goblan refused to proceed. (Lieut. Warren's Letters: No. III, page 13 = Land of Promise, page 312)

South of Wady Zerka, Ma'in, runs another valley Wady Woleh. The land between this and the Arnon, the southern boundary of Reuben, is called Al Kurn and has been identified with the plains of Moab, where the Israelitish camp stood. Deut. 34:1.

North of Zerka the ruins of Madba (undoubtedly the Medeba of the Old Testament) are situated, mentioned in Numbers 21:30 in the records of the invasion of Moab by Sihon. Here a victory was gained over the Ammonites and their allies by the army of Israel under the command of Joab and Abishai about 1037 B.C.

For an account of the battle see I Chron. 19. There is no fountain here, but a large pool, its length 130 yards, breadth 100, and it is 15 feet deep, being encircled by a thick, well built wall. The ruins of the place cover a space about half an hour in circumference on the top of a hill and on the plain to the west. All the buildings are prostrate, on the west side the ruins of a temple are found, built of large blocks of stone, and betokens great antiquity. My diarrhoea is better, and we leave this place tomorrow.

Starting at sunrise, we proceed eastward up the ravine. Ascending for a short time, we find ourselves on a small plateau, covered with Bedouin encampments. Passing some of these we notice a large falcon in confinement. It is used for hunting and the Arabs call it Sukr, in distinction to the Skayr, or kestrel, which builds its nest in the holes of the Haram wall at Jerusalem. The fish pools of Heshbon, by the gate of Bath Rabbim (Song of Solomon 7:4) are passed, and we go onwards to Elealah (El A'al). There are no buildings standing on this site, but well-worn stones of ancient edifices lying about involuntarily recall to mind the prophet's lament over Moab, "Moab shall howl over Nebo and over Medeba; on all their heads shall be baldness, and every beard cut off. In their streets they shall gird themselves with sackcloth; on the tops of their houses, and in their streets, everyone shall howl, weeping abundantly. And Heshbon shall cry, and Elealah; for the shouting for thy summer fruits and for thy harvest is fallen. And gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field, and in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting: the treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses; I have made their vintage shouting to cease." I forgot to state that before we reached the pools of Heshbon, as we were passing an encampment, its Sheikh came out, and laying hold on the halter of Sheikh Goblan's mare, invited him to descend and dine. After some coquetry he stopped, sending some of his men with us. It would have been considered as an insult if the Sheikh had absolutely refused to comply with the invitation, and might have led to unpleasant results.

After leaving El Al we proceeded, passing many sites of ancient towns, the names of

which Mr. W. carefully collected and got written out in Arabic on our return to Jerusalem. He came upon the ancient Roman road, and rode along it for a little while, then leaving it, we proceed to our camp at Naghur, passing several patches of ground cultivated with doura. The owners are fellahin, who, fleeing from the conscription at Jerusalem or Nablus, have found shelter from the government among the Bedouin of El Belka, who, though they regard all agricultural pursuits as despicable, have no objection to enjoying the fruits of the husbandman's labour.

The refugees generally make a good job of their residence here. Their protectors get a stipulated portion of the crop, which is generally plentiful, and the rest they get transported to the market of Jerusalem by their relations in villages on the other side, who generally know their whereabouts. In this manner a sort of commercial intercourse is kept up between the natives on both sides of the river, consisting of a barter of rice, coffee, sugar, percussion caps, etc., for grain, cheese and butter. The last article is the one usually obtained, for the greatest supply of native cheese comes to the Jerusalem market from Nablus.

I mentioned percussion caps, and I may remark that firearms with percussive locks appear to be more plentiful among the Arabs on this, than amongst the fellahin on the other side, who are generally armed with old muskets with flints. I do not notice a single weapon of that description amongst our guards, excepting the pistols they, and all the shepherd boys in the vicinity, wear in their girdles; and the carabinas with their large bell shaped mouths. The few guns carried by the men escorting us are all double-barrelled, and with percussion locks. The arm most generally seen amongst these people is the shalfa, or rimah—a long slender lance. If the bearer of this weapon carries an ostrich feather on it, he is expected to fight out any combat he may be engaged in, if not, he may run away in the hour of battle, without having the taunt of cowardice laid to his charge.

Another weapon generally worn by the Sheikhs is the saif, or scimitar, with blade of Damascus steel. This arm is thought much of by the Bedouin. The father bequeaths it to his son, and in their daily conversation, the oath, "By the life of this sword," is constantly heard. But here are our tents, and as we have had a long ride, we will rest awhile.

26th July

We have been making daily excursions for several days among small cities south of Amman, which is only a few miles distant. UM RASASS and UM EJ JAMAL, BETH GAMMEL are names which we have constantly heard during our rides to the ruined sites, the most remarkable in my estimation are those of ES SUK.

We left our camp, and riding eastwards along a shallow valley arrived at the ruins which are of some extent. The first thing that strikes our attention—several columns still erect with Ionic Capitals. Of these, Corpl. Philips took a photograph. At some

distance to the S.E., are the remains of another large building, a view of which was also taken. The ruins stand on a small elevated plain on the hills S.E. of Amman.

Dr. Kitto, in his *Land of Promise*, page 311, places it to the S.W. of Es Salt. To the north of the erect columns is the basement of a ruined building with stone troughs on it. Close to the eastern wall is an opening into some underground vaults, but as we have no ropes, and the sun is declining, we resolve to return campwards, visiting the place some other time. The bushes on the slopes of the low hills we pass have been burnt down by the Arabs, in order to clear the ground. The Ain or Spring at Naghur is only a hollow surrounded by masonry with a little water at the bottom.

27th.

This morning we start early for Es Suk and a photograph of the basement of the building is taken. At the S.E. corner is a stone with vine leaves beautifully sculptured on it. After breakfast in the shade of the ruins, we mount our horses and start northwards. It was at first supposed that the basement with the troughs had something to do with the idol worship of Ammon, but we were soon undeceived, for we passed a similar building in a better state of preservation, and at some further distance another. The interior of this building has several tiers of troughs or sarcophagi in it, ornamented with sculptured garlands, etc. The stones are not very large, but they are bevelled. The buildings were therefore, in all probability, mausoleums.

Whilst this latter edifice was being photographed, the Bedouin from the camps on the adjacent plain gathered round the tent, and our guards had to keep a sharp lookout lest a shower of stones should put an end to all photographic operations on this side Jordan. Corpl. Philips, fingers blackened with silver nitrate, led the credulous mob to take him for a magician practising the black art!

Soon after leaving this place, Goblan pointed to a building in a valley, with a stream of water running through it, and gave it the name of Kula'at Amman, (Castle of Amman). We did not go there directly, but first examined some scarped rock at a short distance.

It was noon when we reached RABBA, the once populous capital of Ammon. Populous! We felt it hard to realize the fact that this scene of desolation was the site of a city crowded with civilized inhabitants. Inhabited it is at the present day—but not by men! Jackals house in the deserted buildings. Scorpions, centipedes, serpents and lizards of different kinds crawl about the fallen and weatherworn columns.

The valley was crowded by the flocks of the Adwan, which had been brought thither to quench their thirst, and no human beings could be seen far and wide, except the shepherds, our Bedouin guards, and our muleteers, busily unloading the baggage mules.

The presence of the swarthy and semi-barbarous sons of Jabal amongst the crumbling remains of ancient architecture and civilization only served to add another striking feature to the stern desolation of the scene. Not a sound was heard except the bleating of the flocks, the cawing of flocks of black birds which were circling overhead, the voices of the Arabs, and the ripple of the stream! Not a tree could be discerned on the hillside to relieve the monotonous grey colour of the heaps of stones which encumber the declivities. Even the oleanders which border all the other streams of Moab were absent, and it seemed as if the words of the prophet Jeremiah, "Rabbath of the Ammonites shall be a desolate heap," Jer. 49 were staring us in the face wherever we turned our eyes. Having allowed the horses to quench their thirst by the stream which abounds in fish, we went to our tents, which were just being pitched in front of the old theatre, which still rises majestically on the southern bank. Between it and the stream, and at right angles to both, lie the ruins of an ancient Odeum.

The tents had hardly been pitched, when a gust of wind, rushing down the valley from the west, overturns them—though happily, nothing is injured. After lunch a photograph is taken of some sculptured ornaments in the interior of the Odeum (No. 320, Palestine Exploration Fund), and a plan made of the buildings. This last job is not an easy one, for the interior is encumbered with heaps of fallen stones, and it seems that the jackals have made their abode here. Their stench is so fearful that we are obliged to hold our handkerchiefs to our noses, whilst we work.

This over, we wander westward along the stream. The Corporals amuse themselves by shying stones at the fishes and with good effect, for a goodly number soon swim on their backs on the surface, providing us with an extra dish at dinner. Mr. Warren discovers a marble statue in the river's bed. It is rolled out, but, sad to say, it has lost its head and arms, like Dagon. On enquiry, we are told that the Bedouin have knocked off those missing members, in order to use them for pestles for pounding coffee!

It is sunset, and the Zaghaz, a kind of bird about as large as a pigeon, which have been flying about screaming the whole day in large flocks—their black plumage making them appear, to my imagination, like routs of evil spirits bewailing Ammon's fall; these birds have gone to roost, and supper over, we lie down to rest, wondering whether any fragments of King Og's bedstead may yet be found among these ruins.

I do not know how it is, but I am so excited whenever we near ruins that I am quite unable to describe them. I wonder at the coolness and sang-froid with which the rest of our party write their notes and make their calculations. As for me the thoughts rush so tumultuously through my brain that I am unable to put them down. My hand shakes so, when I would write, that I am never able to put down more than—"Left this encampment and push'd on to that." My notes will make a sorry figure when the journey is over.

It is Sunday. The morning service is read in one of the vomitories of the old theatre. Is it not strange to worship God, where, 1800 years ago, might be heard the roar of lions and the shout of a sight-seeing populace? We do not know but that the arena may have been drenched with martyrs' blood, and that the cry of "Christians to the lions," may not have rung through the valley. Our hearts turn with revolting feelings as, the service over, we emerge from our nook, and imagination pictures the edifice filled with spectators, whilst the cry of "Habet, habet," rends the air.

In the evening we take a quiet walk up to the fountain, and then to the citadel on the top of the hill on the northern side of the valley. Our guards are bathing at a little distance below the bridge where Corporal Birtles saw a water snake this morning. We pass the Castle, whose round towers remind me of pictures of feudal strongholds shown in histories of England. Further on, we are going westward, we notice the ruins of a square building with sculptured work on the soffit of its arch. The stream appears to have changed its bed slightly, for we come to the remains of another bridge, nearly buried. There are remains of buildings near the spring where Bedouin women fill their goat-skins, and shepherds water their flocks. Some Muslim tombs stand close by, and on one Mr. W. finds a stone with a Templar's cross, like that found in an excavation near the Damascus Gate, Jerusalem.

On returning from the citadel, whilst the rest of our party are in the tents, I climb the steps of the theatre and opening my Bible, run my eye over the prophecies concerning this part of Palestine. (See Isaiah 1:1. Paraphrase of Prophecies.)

"Hark! Hark! A threat'ning voice
Once heard in Judah in Uzziah's date,
And times of later date. It now again
Comes wailing o'er the hills, th'astonish'd stones
Thrill with amazement at the unwanted tones.

"Hearken, oh Heavens! and give ear O Earth!
Whilst Moab I bewail; See! Kiriath waste,
And Ar is brought to silence in the night.
Ascend to Bajith, and at Dibon weep,
On Subith's slope let fall thy tears,
Bid Horonaim mourn.
In Nebo's streets let sackcloth girths be seen,
Bid Kiriathaim wail, Beth Gamul sob between.
Moab shall howl for Nebo, for Medeba cry,
And baldness be on ev'ry head, and tears in ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry beard be shaved, and little childrens' cry
Vain pray'rs in Chemosh's sanctu'ry, to Chemosh send on high.

Vain pray'rs, vain pray'rs indeed, for Moab's idol sin,
Shall go into captivity; together with her king!

“Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, The Mighty One.
Moab shall howl for Moab, ev'ry one shall howl,
For Moab shall be spoiled, her young men
Be led to slaughter, and her horn cut off.
O vine of Sibmah, I will weep for thee.
With Jazer's weeping!—Thy plants reach the sea,
The sea of Jazer.—In the winepress, none
Shall tread with shouting mirth: for joy is gone.
To seize thy summer fruits the spoilers come,
They shall spoil Moab, slay her sons,
And break the crown of her tumultuous ones.
Then Nimrim's brook shall desolate be seen,
Through deserts flow her oleander'd stream
And leopard-glances midst her thickets gleam.
To Moab's borders let the cry go round

(Compare with Isaiah 1:1,2; 15, 16, 60:6-8; Jeremiah 48, 49; Ezekiel 25:5)

“Till Elim's well echo the fatal sound.
For Dimon's waters shall be stain'd with blood.
And he that 'scapes, prey to the lion's brood.
Moab's vain daughters shall be outcast birds
That, wand'ring, bathe their wings at Modjeb's fords.
Then Chemos to captivity 'll be led.
Shame and confusion on his princes' head.
His shrines be wasted, and his glory fled.
Blow the trump in Kir-heres, let its blast
Bid Kerioth's palace warders hold a fast.
Their fast is vain, behold, their coward ranks
Quail like the hearts of women in their pangs.
Lift up thy voice for Ammon, and bewail
The pride of Rabba, and her wat'ry vale.
Her palaces shall be the camel's lair,
And flocks shall couch, and foxes harbour there.
Lo fiery flames on Rabbah's walls shall curl
Midst battle's dreadful shout and tempest's awful whirl.
Because of Gilead's daughters fair ripp'd up.
Moab and Ammon shall drain Sodom's cup.

“The voice is silent, hush’d the plaintive moan,
On the theatre’s steps alone I’m found.
The voice is hushed, but now a piercing groan
Bursts from the fallen fanes, and columns scatter’d round.
Fallen is Ammon, Rabbah lies a heap.
Stabling the camel, pasturing the sheep.
Her punishment was just, her doom is come.
Her ruins may be number’d one by one:
The fishy stream embank’d on either side.
The ancient Churches, where the jackals hide,
The ruin’d Castle, tow’ring to the sky.

“The Roman bridge, the citadel on high
Beside the fountain, flocks of Kedar couch,
And in her temple, noisome reptiles crouch,
On the theatre’s columns hoots the owl,
Amidst the ruins fierce hyenas prowl.
Beside the bridge no fisher spreads his toils,
The headless statue feels the Hydra’s coils.
The Templar-cross adorns a Muslim tomb,
Fit mark of Ammon’s fall, of Rabbah’s awful doom.”
J.E.H.

(Compare with Hosea 1:1, Amos 1:13-15; 2:1-3; Zeph. 2:8-11)

We spent several days at Amman—measuring, photographing, etc. On the citadel are the remains of a Persian building with sculptured ornaments on its walls. Mr. Warren found some inscriptions, belonging to the triumphal columns, which appear to have stood here, also a sort of bas-relief of an animal, with a cow’s back and a pig’s head. It was so worn that it could only be distinguished at a distance.

One day a number of Arab Sheikhs came to visit Mr. Warren. Having occasion to enter his tent on some trifle, I heard him tell the savages of the arts and commerce of Western Nations, whilst they listened with silent wonder to his description. I noticed several specimens of the praying mantis here. The Christian Arabs call the insect, St. George’s Mare, from a supposed resemblance of its forelegs to those of that prancing animal on wretched daubs in Greek Churches in this country.

The Bedouin have captured a young leopard in the neighbouring hills. It is only about a month old, but is already about ten inches high, and two feet long from the tip of the nose to the end of its tail. It is very playful, and it is amusing to watch its

gambols, as it now lies in wait behind a stone, and the next moment dashes forward to seize some object which has caught her eye.

I must also make a remark which will help to show the fulfilment of one prophecy concerning Rabbah. Whilst nearly all the other brooks of Moab are bordered with oleanders, which as is well known, are unwholesome for sheep, I did not notice a single oleander bush in the whole valley of Amman.

From morn till noon the valley swarms with sheep, and just in front of the theatre, where our tents stand, the soil is so impregnated with their droppings, that we have found it needful to suspend our water jugs from the sides of the tent, as we several times found that the fluid it held had been tainted by standing on the ground.

The shepherds are all armed with pistols. Even boys of ten years old wear the weapon. They are quite uncivilized, as might be expected, and once when we bought a pot of milk from them, they returned the money, saying that they did not know what to do with it, and begged for a lump of sugar, or a few matches—articles rarely met with in these parts.

There are few birds in the valley, as there are no trees, but a couple of cranes seem to have made an observatory of the towering heap of masonry at the S.X. (what is the X supposed to be? BP) corner of the building near the Theatre. They look inquisitively at us, trousered animals, and seem to deliberate whether we are not bipeds of the same order as they, only rather bulkier. Perhaps our fishing with stones has interested them, for as we photograph the interior of the Castle, one of them comes to watch our operations, probably with the praise-worthy intention of learning something useful. Hawks are sometimes seen flying through the valley, and now and then a vulture.

We quit Ammon and leave the old tower with its row of arches (which I almost forgot to mention) on the right—we go westward. The fountain is soon passed, and we are again on the hills. Some ruins are passed, I have forgotten their names, and we again see Bedouin camps among the hills on our left.

Goblan points one out as the tents of his tribe, and begs us to honour him with a visit. But time presses—for we wish to reach Jerash before the hostilities between the Arab tribes and the government begin in real earnest. Besides we intend to visit Diab, the Emir of the Arabs, today, and we hear that there is a cave in Wady Seir worth visiting. We have therefore no time to lose, if we would spend next Sunday at Ain Hemar.

That romantic valley on our left is Wady Seir, where we will encamp tonight. The tents of Diab are on this elevated plain north of it, near that solitary tree. Now we are there. The goat hair tents are pitched in a circle. This tent is that of the chief. It is long, very long, perhaps two hundred feet, divided into several compartments.

This first one is the chief's reception hall, the others separated from it by curtains of goat's hair are those of his harem, etc. This man with gray hair and aquiline nose is the old robber himself. He and his eldest son receive us courteously, their fine features make a striking contrast to Goblan's bloodshot eye and muffled face.

After the usual compliments, coffee is handed round. My companions remark that it tastes strongly of senna. The conversation is uninteresting. A little child is brought in—Diab's grandson. In his prattling talk he already asks for his mare and his pistols.

Dinner is served up in large round wooden dishes. It consists of rice, swimming in butter, meat and rice-milk. There are no spoons, and we have to use our fingers. It is lucky, however, that the bread is so thin that it can be rolled up and made use of as spoons. The meal over, a servant pours water on the hands—reminding us of Elisha, who poured water on the hands of Elijah.

Diab tells us of a sculptured stone at some distance. We go to see it after taking leave of our host, who seems much astonished at the account Goblan has given him of the magical instrument which can draw pictures—our camera! We go to see the stone, and it is found sure enough, but there are no marks of art about it except what has been performed by the winter rains which have washed it smooth.

We are not the first explorers who have been duped—witness Dr. Layard, who, telling of his discoveries at Ninevah, writes,

“While at Mosul, Mormon, an Arab of the tribe of Haddedeem, informed me that figures had been accidentally uncovered in a mound near the village of Tel Kef. As he offered to take me to the place, we rode out together; but he only pointed out the site of an old quarry with a few rudely hewn stones. Such disappointments were daily occurring, and I wearied myself in scouring the country to see remains which had been most minutely described to me as sculptures, or slabs covered with writing, and which generally proved to be the ruin of some modern building, or an early tombstone inscribed with Arabic characters.” (Layard's: Discoveries at Ninevah, page 21, N.Y. Ed., 1859)

The sun is still high and Mr. Warren determines to send Corpl. Philips and me to examine the caves the Bedouin tell us of. We ride southward, after leaving the sources of the stream, along the romantic sides of Wady Seir. Thick woods of Sindian (the ancient oaks of Bashan) cover the hill slopes and hide the precipice on either hand behind their thick branches. We canter on, now breaking through fields of thistles, whose heads stand higher than those of our steeds, and soon after, bowing our heads, lest the branches of an overhanging terebinth inflict punishment on us similar to that of David's rebellious son.

But there is the cave in the cliff on the eastern side of the gorge. We tie our horses to the trees at its foot and clamber up. The approach is up a sloping rock, and more

difficult than dangerous, for the surface is thickly strewn with the fallen leaves of the trees, and we slide down almost as fast as we crawl up. However, at last we reach the door of the cave.

From this point the cliff rises perpendicularly. Its face has been carefully smoothed, and about half way up there is a set-in, and windows with bars hewn out of the rock, showing clearly that the place was not a tomb, but a Troglodyte dwelling.

We enter the arched doorway, and we are in a chamber most beautifully worked; and when our eyes are accustomed to the gloom, we notice that two cornices run alongside the walls of the room, the first about five feet from the floor, and the second about the same distance above it, and as far from the roof. Unfortunately we have no rule with us, and can therefore only guess the distances. The spaces between the projecting cornices are covered with rows of small triangular niches exactly similar to those found over loculi in the Tombs of the Kings at Jerusalem. The northern wall is not united to the eastern and western walls except by the cornices, which running round it, form the thresholds and lintels to six doorways, one above another, three at the eastern, and three at the opposite end of the wall of rock. By these we gain admission into the second compartment of this strange place, which resembles the other detail.

If rafters were laid across from cornice to cornice, we would have six rooms in three storeys, two on every storey, each room being connected to the one adjoining by rock-cut doorways, the floor of one room forming the roof of that below it. The uppermost room of the southern compartment, at the time we visited it, actually had some trunks of trees stretched from cornice to cornice, and was often used by Arabs wandering through the lonely glen, as a resting place at night.

One question remains to be answered before we quit the spot, and it is, how was access gained to the upper from the lower rooms? Looking round again, we find what appear to have been the rudiments of rock cut steps. As we ride back to the springs where our tents are pitched, two thoughts occupy our minds. The first has been mentioned above—it is that we have just left an ancient habitation, and the second is the speculation whether the dwellings of the Kenites (Numbers 24:21) may not have been similar to it. We reached the tents at sunset.

Sunday is spent at Ain Hemar. Corpl. B. went to Es Salt yesterday, which in not far off. The country is disturbed. The Turkish troops are pressing on to Jerash, and the Bedouin are gathering into Wady Seir. The weather is uncomfortably warm—the thermometer ranges from 96 to 100 degrees Fahr. The next day we go on to the Jabbok, reaching the stream about sunset. We have hardly got the tents pitched before we are joined by the Rev. W. Bailey from Jerusalem. He was so kind as to bring a pair of red Arab shoes which Corpl. Birtles had obtained for me at Es Salt with him, as those I brought from Jerusalem began to shew marks of decay when at Arak al Amir, and are now quite used up.

The waters of the Zerka are muddy like those of the Jordan—it is very warm and oppressive. Not only we, but the animals also feel it, the leopard most of all. The poor creature lies stretched in one of the tents panting as if dying. The Bedouin have no bread, so one of them takes a little flour, and after having kneaded it on the hairless side of his sheep skin jacket, bakes it in the fire of camels' dung. When it is ready he divides it amongst his companions, who then go to sleep.

This morning we press on to Jerash—the road leads north over the hills. We pass a number of empty sarcophagi before we halt under the gateway—or as it is sometimes called, the triumphal arch. Further on, the remains of a pool is passed, probably intended for exhibitions of naval battles. We go on, leaving the circle of columns in the Forum, and a large building on the rising ground behind, on our left. In a few minutes we are carefully threading our way amongst the fallen capitals and broken architraves of the street of columns. The Corinthian style gives way to the Ionic, just as we dismount and seek for shelter from the stifling heat, under the shade of the oleanders, which grow on the banks of the stream. The thermometer stands at 105 Fahr., and it rises to 107 before nightfall. The ruins are on both sides of the stream, but the greatest part of them lie on the western bank.

Sites have been selected by Mr. Warren for the photography and Corpl. Philips set to work, though under great difficulties. The heat has caused the photographic bath to crack (I was carrying it, and its contents poured down over my trousers completely spoiling them) as it did once before at Amman. The Corpl., however, succeeds in producing sixteen excellent photographs. As I was carrying the camera from one part of the ruins to another, an eagle passed at a short distance overhead, screaming as if surprised by the sight of the strange machine. The bird came so near that I could see distinctly the angry glance of his eyes.

I noticed a great number of pieces of the shafts of spirally fluted column lying about, but none standing. It was a melancholy sight to see the lizards climbing about and basking in the ruins. There is an old Roman bridge spanning the ravine and a solitary mill belonging to a fellah of Es Soof is driven by the stream.

Whilst we were here we were attended by some of the villagers, Goplan and his retinue not caring to be caught here by the Turkish troops who were approaching.

The most striking ruins are those of the Temple of the Sun with beautiful Corinthian columns still erect, two amphitheatres, the forum with its circle of Ionic columns also standing, and the street, the northern part of which has Ionic, and the southern—Corinthian columns on either side. There are many inscriptions lying about amongst the magnificent remains. Some near the Temple of the Sun were buried, and had to be exposed with mining tools. There are no inhabitants in this populous and beautiful city, excepting the miller already mentioned.

Jerash-Garasa—was one of the ten cities (Decapolis). We find no mention of it in the

Bible. It was taken by Alexander Janneus about 72 B.C. and again by the command of Vespasian, who sent Lucius Annius to subdue the city. It was taken at the first onset, and a thousand young men who had not escaped were slain. The city regained its former splendour under the Antonines, but was destroyed when the Arabs took the country. (Jewish War, Book 4, chapter 9, page 103, Whiston's translation) We left this place on the afternoon of the third day.

Midst Gerasa's ruins Gilead's eagles scream
Fallen her columned pride, and lone her stream,
O'er broken architraves the geckos run,
Which once adorned the Temple of the Sun,
And Greek inscriptions strewn on ev'ry side,
Plainly do shew Gerasa a humbled pride.
Through Bashan's glades the bulls have ceas'd to roam
For Reuben's sons have lost their pastur'd home.
And Heshbon howls, and Elealeh weeps,
And murdered women lie on Nebo's steeps
Peniel's site deserted lies,
The hideous dofdahs' croaking cries (Frogs)
Sound Jabbok's banks between.
And Nimrah's water's lonesome flow,
As prophets told thousands years ago.

— — — —

But through the clouds a star prophetic shines,
Shedding a lustre o'er those sacred lines
Which tell that Moab's captives shall return,
Nebaioth's rams in sacred fire burn,
When Isr'el's tribes their heritage regain,
And Zion's princely heights see their Immanuel's reign.

J.E.H.

Passing westwards through the deserted villages and through woods of pines, we ascended Jebel Haggaret. Its sides were covered with thick wood, amongst which the natives of the villages had hidden themselves from the approaching force of 10,100 men, who occupied Jerash soon after our departure. Jebel Haggaret is 5,000 ft. above the Dead Sea, and 1,000 higher than Nebo. Lieut. Warren thinks it to be Mt. Gilead. In a gully on the north we were shown two villages in the proximity, Reimun and Sarkab.

Descending the mountain, we went to our camp, pitched in the pine woods. The

winged seeds of this pine are eaten by the Arabs of Jerusalem who think them to be tit-bits. Our muleteers therefore took several bags full of them with them to Jerusalem. They are called Hab Ekraish. I could hear nothing of the name Mahanaim. The next day we proceeded southward towards Jebel Osha. We crossed the Jabbok about 8 miles from its junction with the Jordan. I noticed a great many Oleasters (wild olive trees) growing on the heights above it, and also several wild fig trees.

We passed a ruin our guides called Gilead. Sunday was passed at Jebel Osha. There is a wely on the top of the mount marking the tomb of Neby Osha, the prophet Hosea. The edifice is a wretched modern structure. Some of the people of Es Salt brought us grapes and milk gifts which were very welcome. Mr. Bailey held morning service, and the shadow of a large tree was welcome. He preached from Romans I, a chapter peculiarly adapted for our meditations when we looked back at the scenes we had visited and recalled to our memory the people who had once inhabited those now deserted, but once populous and civilized cities. What mighty lessons could be drawn from their history? Their polished manners and arts did not save them from Divine wrath, "because that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools . . . And changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image, made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four footed beasts and creeping things.

And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient. Who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

The ruins of temples, theatres, and palaces are an impressive commentary upon the fate of civilization without the fear of God. The sermon is over, let us take our Bibles, and sitting under the bushes, look westward towards the Land of Israel. Now let us read the second chapter of the epistle, and following up the thoughts shown us, view the other side of the picture.

The religious and austere performance of the ceremonial law does not justify a man, but faith in Jesus Christ, "For there is no respect of persons before God, . . . Who will render to every man according to his deeds. To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal Life. But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile. But glory, honour, and peace to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."

As the remains of Moab and Ammon are illustrations of the contents of the first, so the ruins of Palestine Proper illustrate the second chapter, and both together verify the

opening clause of chapter 6, verse 23. Is it not as if the mountains on either side of the Jordan cry aloud to whoever will hear, "The wages of Sin is Death."

The next day is clear and bright, so that Mr. Warren is able to take angles. This done, we go on to Es Salt. We have hardly got a hundred yards distance from the tents, before we find that several vultures have gathered round the place they occupied, busily engaged picking up what they can get. As we proceed, we pass the well cultivated vineyards of Es Salt, and after a little while we pass the town, and go on to a spring lower down the valley. It is called Ain Jadoor, and here the tents are pitched. In the afternoon we go to visit the town. There are twenty five Anglican families in the place. As they are not recognized by Government, they are in great dread of the approach of the Turkish troops, and have sent a deputation to Mr. Warren begging him to use his influence on their behalf.

Mr. Warren gave them a letter to the Governor General of Syria, which letter was of great service. We visited the dwelling of Mr. Behnan Hasonneh, the Protestant Catechist. As he was an old acquaintance of mine, I remained with him whilst Mr. W. and the rest of the party went to visit the castle and the Greek church. All of a sudden we see all the people of the village rush out with frantic cries—men, youths, and boys, all armed, some with old flint guns, others with pistols, swords, spears, and not a few with formidable clubs studded with nails. They rush with one accord up the hill east of the village. On asking what the matter is, I am coolly told that it is only an alarm or fright, and that such a general turn out is a common occurrence at Es Salt.

A report has circulated that the troops are advancing on the place, and so the men turned out to engage them. When they got to the top of the hill, they formed up. The Bedouin numbered about 200 horse, and the Salteah about 400. It was soon found that the approaching squadron were a tribe of the Beni-Hassan who had deserted from the other side. On this discovery the horsemen on both sides engaged in playing the "Jereed." In the evening I left Es Salt and returned to the tents. Next day we left Ain Jadoor, and passed several deserted mills on its banks.

Passing a copious fountain gushing from the limestone rocks where the shepherds were watering their flocks, we soon found ourselves wandering amongst the oak clad hills near Arak al Amir, of which we got a glimpse. We spent the night in this neighbourhood. There is a small fountain in the valley close by, but the supply of water is very small, and that brought to us was very disagreeable. Next morning we started towards the Ghor.

From Kaferein we went on to Aram. The mound has a tomb on its top like that at Kaferein. Ascending the mound, we looked towards Jericho in order to see whether we could discern the camp of the Turkish troops who were going to join those in Moab. I thought that I saw their tents, but it turned out that I had mistaken a number of white hillocks on the western bank for them.

We were taken to a stream of water, tasting strongly of sulphur. On the northeast of the Dead Sea we passed a ruin called Es Suwamieh, which may be Beth Jeshimoth. As we returned to Kaferein, we paid a visit to a Bedouin encampment. We were treated with leben (yogurt), which was very refreshing after our warm ride. The people were, it was quite evident, much alarmed at the vicinity of the Turkish troops though Goblan, with much Arabic eloquence, declared that "they feared no man!" The leben was served in vessels roughly formed out of blocks of dom-wood.

Leaving these Arabs we turned eastward towards Kaferein where our tents had been pitched. Several plants of Osher were passed. The seeds were drying, so I was able to collect some for Mr. W. Reaching the camp we dined. Dinner over, the tents were struck, and after sunset we started westward towards the Jordan. The leopard was entrusted to me, it was very lively, and seemed to object to being carried on horseback. It growled fiercely as we passed Nimrim. We went on in silence, the Corporals once or twice began to sing, but it sounded unearthly and unnatural over the wide plain, so we ride on more quietly. The stars shine down on us with unwanted brilliancy, and almost induce one to ask whether they are not the lights of the Jerusalem above.

The River is reached at 11 p.m. It flows still and beautiful in the light of the moon which rose not long ago, but the thought that it is to be crossed at midnight, and as it were by stealth, gives rise to a feeling of melancholy. Was it thus that my forefathers crossed 3300 years ago? We are over now, and go on to Ain Hagla, where we lie down for a few hours rest.

At sunrise Mr. Warren and Corpl. Birtles start off to the Dead Sea. Mr. Bailey, Corpl. Philips and I go with the mules towards Neby Mousa. The fountain at Hagla is a well, enclosed with a circular wall of masonry about 5 feet deep. The Bedouin bathed in it this morning and made the water quite dirty.

As we went westward over the plain, we passed the ruins of a building supposed to have been erected by the Crusaders. The Arabs call it Kusr Hagla. (I revisited it many years later. It had been rebuilt. It was an ancient convent, on the walls of which were the well preserved remains of medieval frescoes.)

The northern boundary line of the tribe of Judah passed by Beth Hogla (Josh. 15:6). There are a great many bushes growing near the fountain. A wild boar was seen rushing into the thicket whilst we were at breakfast. We reached Neby Mousa after some hours ride. The building is in a ruinous condition, especially the wall enclosing it. There are heavy chains attached to the gate. I wished to enter, but the Bedouin objected, and I did not wish to irritate them.

Our road wound along the tops and sides of the marly hills in this vicinity, the white glare was very unpleasant to the eyes. I had charge of the leopard again. The creature was very troublesome, and I had several times to hold its head and paws so

that it could not scratch or bite me, as it sometimes was quite furious.

About noon we reached a well, or rather a large hole in the rocks, filled with water. The shepherds were watering their flocks, and we drank out of their leathern bucket. After some time we reached Wad al Hodh. Passing the Ain we ascended towards Jerusalem. The air is quite chilly after the heats of Moab and El Ghor. Bethany is passed, and on turning the hillside, Jerusalem suddenly stands before us. My heart leaps for joy.

The rest of the party enter the city. I am very glad that I am sent with the mules to the Sanatorium to get the tents pitched, for it is not pleasant to be met in clothes tattered and blackened with nitrate of silver. When the tents are pitched I hasten home.

End of the First Part.