

A SUNSHINE
TRIP

GLIMPSSES OF THE ORIENT



MARGARET BOTTOME

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

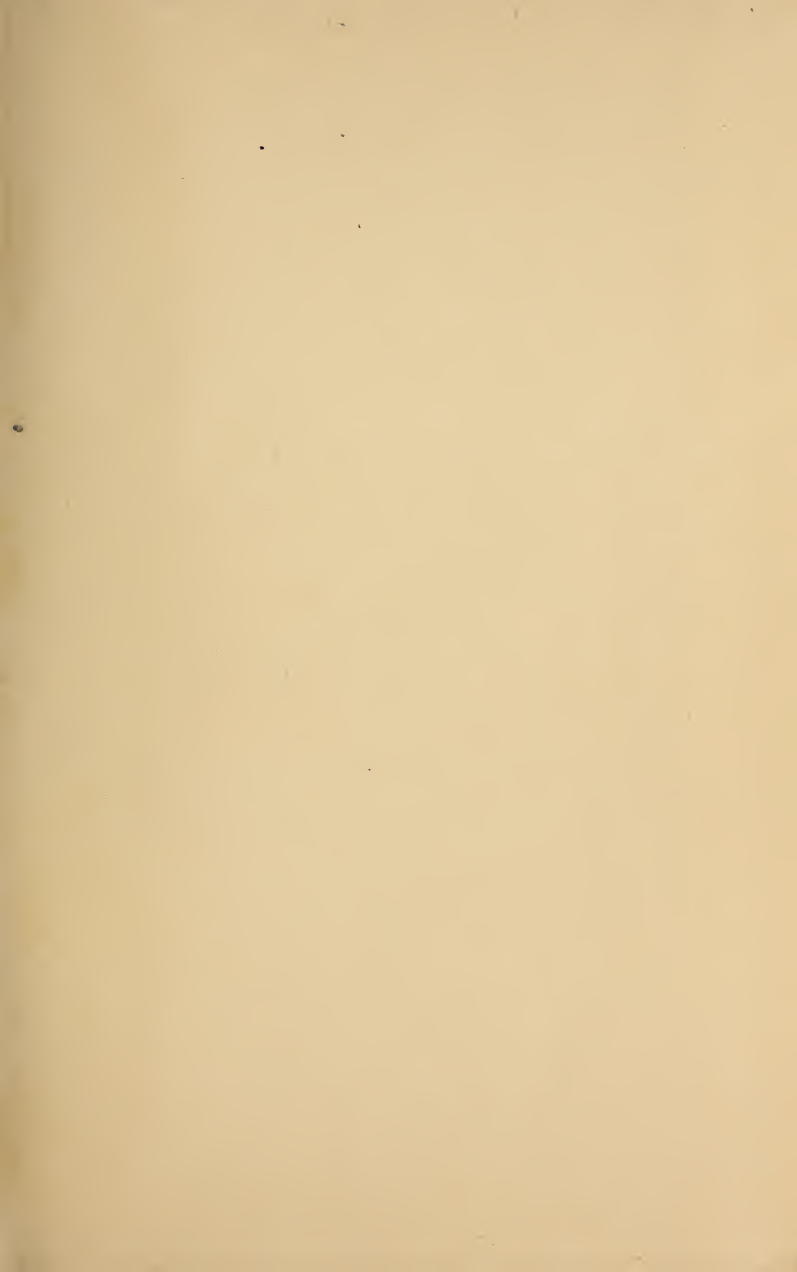
Chap. Copyright No.

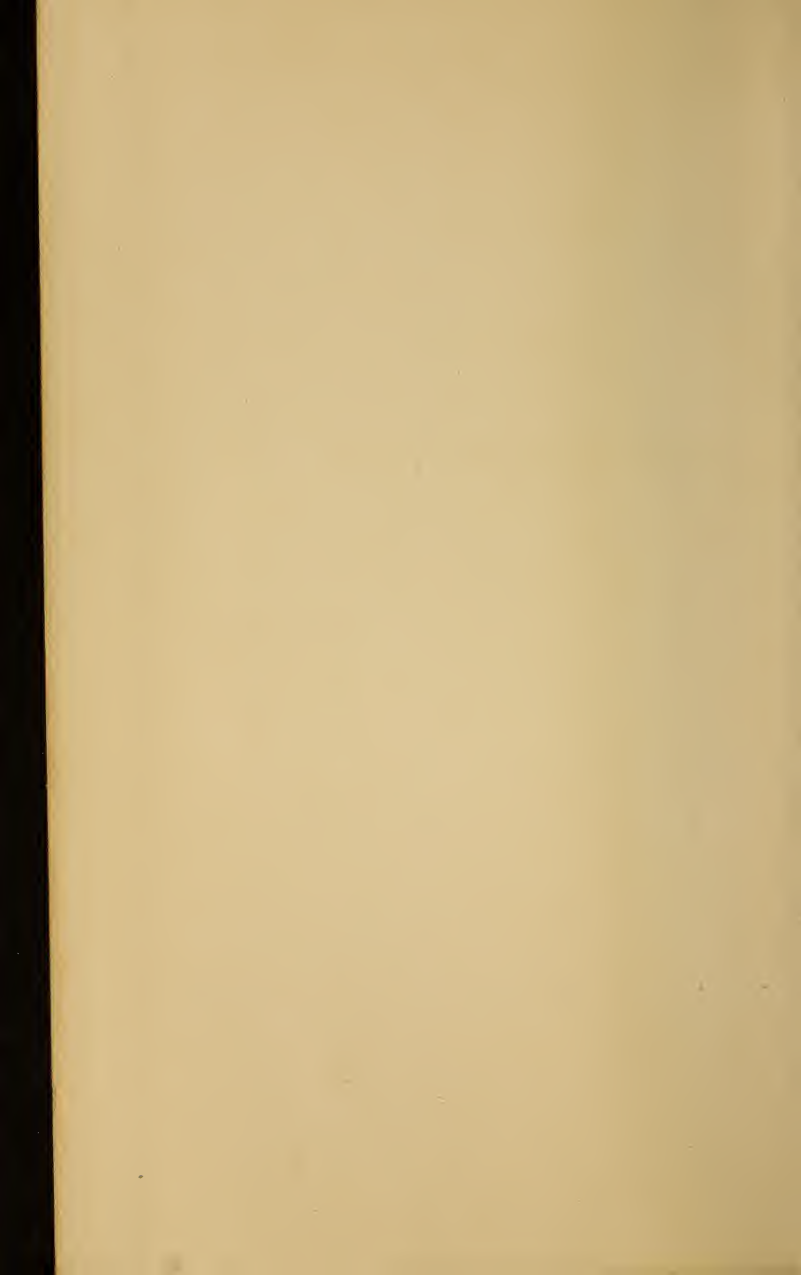
Shelf

D 8 4 8

B 7 7

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





A SUNSHINE TRIP





Margaret Bottoms

A Sunshine Trip

GLIMPSES OF THE ORIENT

Extracts from Letters

WRITTEN BY

MARGARET BOTTOME



EDWARD ARNOLD

NEW YORK
70 FIFTH AVENUE

LONDON
37 BEDFORD STREET

1897

15126 C²-1

Copyright, 1897,
BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

D S 48
B 77

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

TO

MRS. NORMAN L. MUNRO,

WHO MADE "THE SUNSHINE TRIP" A POSSIBILITY,

This Little Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

Contents

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	ix
ON THE OCEAN	1
MADEIRA	4
THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR	7
ALGIERS	11
VILLEFRANCHE, MONTE CARLO, ETC.	16
TUNIS	24
MALTA	32
"WAY DOWN IN EGYPT LAND"	39
CAIRO	44
ON A SAND-BANK	50
OUR DRAGOMAN	53
FAREWELL TO THE RUINS OF EGYPT	65
THE SCARABEES	79
MY MOHAMMEDAN DAUGHTER	87
CAIRO AFTER OUR RETURN FROM THE NILE	95
MOSQUES	99
LEAVING CAIRO FOR PALESTINE	102
THE HOLY LAND	106

Contents

	PAGE
BETHANY	121
THE MOUNT OF OLIVES	125
GETHSEMANE	134
BETHLEHEM	137
THE MOSQUE OF OMAR	142
WHAT I MISSED	145
SOMETHING ELSE I MISSED	154
A PLEASANT MORNING IN JAFFA	158
NAPLES	165
POMPEII	171
ROME	177
THE COLOSSEUM	189
VENICE	193
MILAN TO PARIS	203
ENGLAND — THEN HOME	211

INTRODUCTION.

LIFE is too short to permit one to refuse to do anything in one's power to give pleasure to others. Acting on this principle, I consent to let this very imperfect account of my trip to the East go to those who insist on having it. I have been waiting for the time to come when I should have leisure to write more at length; but alas! that time has not yet arrived. The best I can do is to give these extracts of letters I sent from the East, imperfect as they are. If in this way I can give pleasure to any one, I shall feel amply repaid.

M. B.

A Sunshine Trip

ON THE OCEAN

BLUE skies, smooth seas; all the glories of sunrising and sunseting; the Atlantic Ocean so beautiful that it seems no longer the "unpastured sea hungry for calm!" It appears as if it had entered into rest.

These days and nights we are spending on the "Fuerst Bismarck"; the new friends we are making; the beautiful sights we see on this ocean, day after day! Really, it does seem to me that never till all earth's beauties disappear, and we come in sight of the New Jerusalem, and sit down together by the side of "the pure river of water of life," shall

A Sunshine Trip

we have anything so perfect as our voyage to the lands that will be new to most of us.

It has been the dream of my friend's life to see the Holy Land. I am sure I never dreamed I should see it; but my friend's dream has made it possible for me. What a happy party we are! Since the morning of January 28 (the most beautiful winter day I ever saw) we have had the same blue skies and smooth seas; and, if this continues, I think our trip could most appropriately be called a "Sunshine Trip."

I need not describe ship life to you who know it; and yet this is so different from the ordinary voyage across the Atlantic! It is a Southern trip in more ways than one. Acquaintanceship soon ripens into friendship, for you must remember that we are living together for a

On the Ocean

long time. When we go into the dining-room we look on the right for our St. Louis friends as if they were our guests or we were theirs.

Of course it is always Egypt and the Holy Land with us; and yet we enjoy everything on the way. I mean, as best I can, to let you know at least a little of each place at which we shall stop on our way to Alexandria, and if you get only a few lines from a place you have never visited, it may be of interest to you.

I am delighted that we are to stop at so many places that will be new to me. I think we are all prepared to act on the suggestion of Archbishop Trench,—

“Wise it were to welcome whate’er of joy, though
small, the present brings :

Kind greetings, sunshine, songs of birds and flowers,
with a child’s pure delight in little things.

And of the unborn future rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.”

MADEIRA

ALL here is new to us, — new people, a new mode of travelling, and a climate that almost makes you feel you have reached the land where everlasting spring abides. We are told the island was discovered by an eloping couple, who, fleeing from Portugal to France on a small vessel which was blown hither by adverse winds, were left by the crew of the craft. They lived and died here, and the oldest church in the place is built over their graves.

It seems to me that the spirit of love still broods over the place. I shall always remember it as the place where white roses were thrown into the window while we were ascending the hill in a little open railway-car, with the tropical

Madeira

gardens on either side of us. The flowers which are considered rare by us are the common flowers here. For a moment I caught a sight of what I imagine Paradise will be. It almost seemed as if the "loved of long ago" would come to meet us with white flowers. And in the little church on the top of the mountains, called "Our Lady of the Mountains," so profusely decorated with the beautiful japonicas, it seemed as if all church distinctions vanished, and we all felt like kneeling and returning thanks for the beautiful voyage we had had over such a lovely sea.

In that little church I saw a sight strange to me. On the wall I noticed a leg made of plaster; a little distance from that, a hand; and, not far off, a foot. Not long after, while talking to Father McL—— (whom we all en-

A Sunshine Trip

joyed so much on the "Bismarck"), I asked him what it signified. He had not noticed it, but he said, "Undoubtedly some one has suffered much, and perhaps has had a limb amputated, and, his life being spared, to commemorate the mercy, has had a plaster cast made of the limb and hung it in the chapel." "Well," I said, "I am glad you told me. There are many people who ought to remember the great mercies of their lives and yet have n't had so much gratitude as these poor people." The word was not slow in coming to my mind, "I beseech you, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." The feet that have been spared, the hands that are still ours,—shall we not dedicate these living feet and arms to the service of the One who made them and has preserved them for us?

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

HERE I am at Gibraltar ! This rock has had a peculiar fascination for me from childhood, though I never expected to see it. How often I had heard my mother say, "You could not move her any more than you could move the Rock of Gibraltar." You will remember that the rock was known to the Phœnicians as one of the Pillars of Hercules, the point on the opposite African coast being the other pillar. West of these pillars, which were named for the deity, and not the hero, the ancients supposed there existed nothing but darkness and chaos.

I stood and looked off on the two con-

A Sunshine Trip

tinents, and had one of my usual reflections. How little those ancients dreamed of the beyond! They thought they had it all. How little did they dream of the Western world! Standing on a spot where the African coast was so near, I thought of the great Beyond, not bounded by our North and South, and East and West. I left the spot, murmuring the lines of Whittier's, —

“I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.”

It was interesting to go through the galleries which honeycomb the rock; and looking through the little openings out on the beautiful sea makes you think of the pleasant things that come to you while passing a rocky way in life, where you get for a moment a view that tells you it will not always be a rock. I need

The Rock of Gibraltar

hardly tell you that I saw a lesson in the fact that a variety of plants and trees and shrubs flourish among the stony ledges and crevices.

Around the point we saw the summer residence of the Governor. Beyond that an inaccessible cliff rises in a perpendicular wall of rock from the sea. For the first time I stood on Spanish soil and saw the contrast between a British and a Spanish town, and I could not but feel as if I would like to have England own everything on the footstool, excepting, of course, the United States. Say what we may about the British Lion putting its paw on everything, I notice that where that paw is, there is civilisation.

We were in Spain for a few moments only (and were glad hurriedly to leave), and saw only the wretched little town of Lima, where the bull fights are given on Sun-

A Sunshine Trip

days and fête days. The utter wretchedness of the place, the extreme poverty and filth, made us say, "Take us back to British possessions." The Spanish may dream that the rock is only temporarily under the British flag; but no one who steps on Spanish soil, it seems to me, and then goes back to where the British flag floats, will fail to say, "Long may it wave."

ALGIERS

IN 1830 the French took possession of this city, and have held it ever since. It was intended, I have heard, that Algiers should be restored to the sovereignty of the Sultan of Turkey, but Louis Philippe decided to retain the conquest. I am glad that the Sultan does not own it. I seem now to see the dazzling white houses as they looked to me, with the early sunlight on them, that beautiful morning when we came in sight of them. The houses rise from the water front with such regularity and in such a mass of greenery that I do not wonder the natives say Algiers is a diamond enclosed in an emerald. Here we first caught sight of what,

A Sunshine Trip

we are told, we shall see along the entire coast. The Arabs bring their Oriental goods to the steamer, and on the morning I speak of, our deck was transformed into a fascinating shop. All kinds of curious things are offered for sale, not only Egyptian, but Moorish; and the prices are not unreasonable. We were told to wait till we reached Cairo before making purchases. We spent Sunday here. Of course we wanted to go to service, so we took a carriage, asking to be driven to the English Church; but the driver stopped at the mosque "El Tebir," built in the tenth century, and a fine example of Moorish architecture. Our courier said we had plenty of time to see this mosque: so here we had our first experience in putting on the usual slippers, for we could enter the mosque only with sandalled feet.

We shall not get so many opportunities

Algiers

of going to church on this trip that we shall be apt to forget the sermon in that English Church, or the service that never seemed sweeter, or the hymn that was more to me than all I had heard since leaving New York, — “ I could not do without Thee.” How often Mrs. M—— and I have repeated the words, “ I could not do without Thee ” ! So just now, instead of telling you of more of the outward, let me repeat, as the beautiful Algiers is fading from our sight, the words of the hymn, sweeter than ever before, sung in that little English Church : —

“ I could not do without Thee, —
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange, deep longings,
Interpreting its need.

No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O Blessed Lord, but Thine.”

A Sunshine Trip

Ah, me! I wish that the poor Moham-medans that we saw prostrate themselves in their mosque that Sunday morning only knew the true Prophet and King,—our Lord Jesus Christ.

How shall I describe that lovely Sunday afternoon after our dinner at the hotel? As we walked through the avenues, with their hedges of cactus and roses on every side, everything seemed so strangely beautiful. At last I saw palm trees large enough to satisfy me. I smiled at rubber trees huge as maples or oaks, and thought of the little miniature rubber tree I had left behind me at home; and I said to myself, when I see it again I will tell it of its grand relations in Africa; for it is a comfort to know you are respectably connected, though you may never see your rich relatives. Algiers will always have a fascination for me.

Algiers

On Monday afternoon we were all on board our steamer and were sailing for the South of France. How home-like the steamer has become to us; how pleasant the greetings with one another, after a day on shore,—the telling each other of our impressions and showing purchases made; all so companionable that it is no wonder the very name of the “Fuerst Bismarck” will ever have a pleasant sound for all of us!

VILLEFRANCHE, MONTE CARLO,
ETC.

WE arrived at Nice on the morning of the twelfth of February. The fairy scene continued, the weather being perfect. As we stood at the station waiting for our train, we saw an empty railway carriage, and, thinking it was our train, we hastened to fill the empty seats. When all were nicely seated, up came our guide and said, "Will you please get out." Of course, there was nothing to do but get out; and then he said in his imperfect English, "Please see that I am in front of you, and not behind, in the future." I need not tell you I thought of the times when I had gone ahead of my Guide.

Villefranche, Monte Carlo, etc.

The familiar lines came back, —

“I would be treated as a child
And guided where I go.”

“Follow your guide.” If that train had moved, we should have gone exactly the way we did not want to go, — the wrong way. Alas for the many who have taken the wrong train in life !

Our visit at Nice was most agreeable. The climate, as elsewhere, is absolutely perfect. But the object of painful interest was Monte Carlo, famous for its great gambling establishment. Our visit to Monte Carlo was in the evening. In order to obtain entrance to the gambling-rooms all are required to give their names and addresses. It was the first and last time my name will stand as a visitor to the gambling hell at Monte Carlo or any other such place. The grounds are en-

A Sunshine Trip

trancing. They are filled with immense varieties of trees and shrubbery, and at last I saw every variety of the palm family of which I am so fond. Ascending the marble terraces, you get a magnificent view; and the music to which you listen, as you make your way to the entrance, completes the allurements. What an evening! I had never seen a gambling-table before. I passed from one table to another and looked at the players, too intent on the game to notice us. All was still,—the only noise, the shovelling of the gold. I saw lovely looking women, old and young, at the tables; no excitement apparently. The excited ones were those who were looking on, many of them debating whether or not to risk a little, just to try it. I saw young girls drawn into this vortex for the first time, and you could see the colour come and go in their cheeks. But

Villefranche, Monte Carlo, etc.

those at the table seemed to be beyond that. At eleven o'clock all must leave.

We lingered till near that time in the gardens, standing among the beautiful shrubbery, enjoying the air, so pure and fresh after that of the close, brilliantly lighted rooms. While standing thus, there came from the gambling-rooms a well-dressed lady, who quickly passed by us into the dense shrubbery. In an instant there came to our ears a cry of despair which none who heard will ever forget. She threw herself on the ground, and again and again we heard the heart-rending cry. A man emerged from under some trees and lifted her up; but she extricated herself from his grasp and again threw herself on the ground with that shriek of despair. In a few minutes all was still. She had gone or was carried away, whither no one knew. It confirmed

A Sunshine Trip

all I had heard of Monte Carlo, — a paradise with a serpent in it. The woman had evidently lost all.

The next day we drove from Nice to Monte Carlo, over the famous drive of the world, — the Corniche Road. In a jeweller's shop at Monte Carlo we were shown a beautiful necklace of pearls that were for sale. They were left to pay some gambling debt, the jeweller said, and the owner, a lady, was waiting till the pearls were sold in order to get to her home. She had no money to get away. The old story, — “the pleasures of sin for a season,” and the season soon over. After the night when I heard that woman scream, I did not care to see the beauty of the place. We drove over to Monaco, the seat of the prince of that name. It is situated on a bold rocky promontory one mile from Monte Carlo. The prince derives his

Villefranche, Monte Carlo, etc.

vast revenues from the great gambling establishment.

At Nice we saw the famous Battle of the Flowers. This fête was new to me, although I had seen carriages as beautifully decorated at the Flower Festival in the White Mountains. We had front seats on the grand stand before our hotel, where we could see it all. One of our party had provided herself with six hundred bouquets; but four hundred more were needed before the battle was over. The carriages contained huge baskets filled with flowers; bouquets were thrown to the spectators; and, as quick as a flash, the compliment was returned. I could not help thinking how much lovelier it was to throw flowers than stones. Ah, we need more battles of flowers, even in our families! Those who threw the most received the most; those who threw sparingly

A Sunshine Trip

received sparingly. I noticed that it was not always the most beautifully decorated carriages that were bombarded, or the most elegantly dressed women who had the best time, but rather those who gave the most.

I am sorry I can say so little of what the truly religious or Christian people may be doing in this and that place; but we passed so quickly from one point to another, simply getting a bird's-eye view of all, that I really had no time to make any extended investigation. I had to be content with the loving souls with whom I found myself face to face as the days went by. We saw only enough to make us hungry to see more; maybe life itself is only to create hunger for the more beautiful beyond. I once met a lovely woman who said life was only just long enough for you to make your selections,

Villefranche, Monte Carlo, etc.

and in the Great Beyond you would have time to cultivate what you selected here. So far as drives are concerned, I should select that drive in the most picturesque and beautiful portion of the Riviera. It winds along the coast, in and out among the bold promontories that jut out into the sea, promontories all covered with most luxuriant vegetation.

TUNIS

WE are now back again on our steamer. The two days at Tunis were memorable days. In the morning, when we were ready to go on shore, there was a commotion in the companion-way, and we learned that our stewardess, who had greeted us, only a little while before, with her pleasant smile, had fallen and was being carried to the officer's room. She had said to one of the other maids, only a few moments before, "My morning's work is nearly done; I have only a few more ladies to wait on." How little she knew how nearly done it was! The doctor said it was heart disease. In a short hour all was over. We stepped

Tunis

into our row-boat. She was carried in another. Who could have foreseen, that morning when she served us in our state-room, what would happen in such a short time? All the stewards and employees on the boat raised a fund, not only for covering her grave with flowers, but for the erection of a stone to mark her resting-place in the Protestant burial-ground, where is buried the one who wrote "Home, Sweet Home."

Some time afterwards, on making inquiries about her, I found that she was not at all well when she engaged for the voyage, and her friends had done all they could to get her to take a rest. But she was a widow with an only son, and her answer was, "The boy must be educated, and I must earn the money." In the pocket of her dress was found a letter from her boy, who was at school in

A Sunshine Trip

Switzerland, I think. He asked his mother if she could spare him two shillings. A well-known man of our country started a subscription list, and enough money was subscribed to educate the boy. Oh, the unwritten histories ! I could only imagine that mother's anxiety for her fatherless boy, her own efforts, and all her patient toil till she fell. Then, in a way she had never dreamed of, her prayers were answered. Her boy would be educated. It seemed that the death of the mother would do more for the boy than her life could have done. In that hour the Fatherhood of God and the possible brotherhood of man seemed more within reach.

I saw and had a conversation with the Lutheran minister who buried the "Smiling Stewardess" (as we called her), and he told me he was engaged in building

Tunis

a little church, to be called "The Home, Sweet Home Church." (I wish all the churches were real "Home, Sweet Home churches.")

Here at Tunis, we saw the Palace of the Bey, and we went through the Harem. The Bey was absent with his wives. Of course, the chief attraction is a visit to the site of ancient Carthage. Hardly anything remains intact but the cisterns, still capable of holding water. The ruins are truly melancholy. It was our return to the steamer that marked the day. The sea had become rough, and there was difficulty; the landing certainly looked dangerous to those standing on the steamer watching for the boats to come in. The distance was much greater from the steamer to the shore at Tunis than at any other place! The waves ran so very high! The boat in which I sat was the

A Sunshine Trip

last of a number of boats, so the interest was intense. The only way for us to board the steamer was to step on the little platform, on which rested the ladder that ran down the side of the steamer, just as the wave lifted the boat to the platform. You had to be careful so as not to step before or after. There was just one moment in which it could be done. The officer had his hand extended, and if you took advantage at the right instant, all was well; but if there was the slightest hesitation, there was only one way, and that was to drag you up, and I had seen more than one pulled up just as the wave was taking the boat back. As I rose in the boat, I heard a stranger say as I took up my wrap, "Leave all," so I threw the wrap down in the boat, and as the boat lifted, stepped on to the platform. After my return home I heard that I had

Tunis

fainted and was dragged on the ship, but there was not the slightest truth in that. I never was calmer or less in danger of fainting, though it was an exceedingly trying moment; but my friend, who watched it all from the deck of the steamer, suffered far more than I did, for, by chance, I was the only one of our party on the boat. The others had come by a previous boat, and had landed on the other side of the ship, where there was less danger. As I look back at it all now, I could hardly afford to lose it out of the trip. It is a nice thing to step just at the right moment, not too soon, not an instant too late. It made me think of lines I have never seen in print:

“God’s wisdom is immense ;
His heart profoundly kind,
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.”

A Sunshine Trip

How unlike Him are we ! How apt to be behind or before !

I think that picture will be a great help to me in my inner life. Fortunes have been lost by not taking a step when a hand has been outreached. How well I remember keeping my eye on the officer whose hand I was to take ! The waves had lifted the boat so that I could step. It was no time to look at the waves or at those who were watching from the deck of the ship. I simply had to step — and there was the hand. How vivid it all is now as I write ! It illumines such words as, “*Now* is the accepted time,” “*Now* is the day of salvation.” The Holy Ghost saith *now*.

Another wave lifted me on a level with the platform. How often I have seen souls lifted by the waves of deep feeling, knowing that the ship of safety must be

Tunis

reached ; and yet at the moment they must take the step of faith, they allow themselves to be swept back. “ And they entered not.” Why? Because they feared — they doubted. Many a step we would take, if we but listened to the words of warning, —

“ To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.”

When the step is taken which lands us not in the arms of earthly friends merely, but in the everlasting arms, and we are greeted by the Captain of our Salvation and congratulated on our safety — this is bliss indeed. And with such a Captain, and in the company of those with us in the ship, we are ready for any calm or storm that may be ahead of us, before we drop anchor on the far shore, where, whatever the words may mean, whether of mystery or separation, “ there shall be no more sea ! ”

MALTA

THERE is a peculiar interest to me in visiting the island of Malta, aside from my desire to see an old friend who resides on the island, and of whose beautiful home I had so often heard, and now hope to have the pleasure of visiting. It was off this island that the vision of the angel came to Saint Paul. It was there he said of God, "whose I am and whom I serve," — a word I have need to remember in these days of travel, for travelling, even in Bible lands, does not necessarily make you spiritual; indeed, it is just the reverse. There is so much to attract the attention and dissipate the thought, that unless you see the things

Malta

that are not seen, while looking at the things that are temporal, you can become entirely worldly. On the very spot almost where Saint Paul was shipwrecked, you will find yourself gazing at laces and silks curiously woven, and you will think of this one and that one to whom you would like to take these things, forgetting that they could not be much to others without the associations. Yet there is another side, and I really feel indebted to a gentleman who said to me a few minutes ago, when I told him I feared I should backslide, going into the shops and looking at the curious things and wanting to buy what I didn't need: "Do you ever think that in buying you are keeping people from starvation? This is the mission of these people; they are taught of God to make the Maltese lace; and if there was no one to buy it, what

A Sunshine Trip

would become of them?" I realized in that conversation with a thoughtful man, the truth of the old word, "The merchandise of it [of wisdom] is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." He helped me, and showed me, what I was in danger of forgetting, that "as God has given some of us money, we are responsible for giving it; while others who have not that mission must look out that in no way they dim the fine gold of thought and inspiration God has given them." A conversation like the one I had with this same gentleman made me think that we so seldom give this exchange of our best thoughts to one another.

But I had commenced to tell you about Malta. We were fortunate in being there on the first day of Lent, and we heard a part of the sermon preached by the

Malta

Bishop of Malta (alas! we did not understand a word of what he said) in the famous Church of St. John. This church was constructed by the Knights of Malta, and because the Maltese cross that we wear as members of the order of The King's Daughters and Sons was their symbol, I was especially interested in learning all I could about these Knights. The floor on which I stood while listening to the Bishop preach was inlaid with some two hundred mortuary slabs in memory of the Knights. They are very quaint, and many of them curiously beautiful. The order was, as perhaps you know, both military and religious. The church is surmounted by a Maltese cross, beneath which is a figure of our Saviour. I was most interested in going down, not long afterwards, into a crypt, or chapel, and finding myself surrounded

A Sunshine Trip

by all that was left of the bodies of two thousand of the Knights of Malta. Their skulls are curiously arranged in figures, and the bones of their arms made to form the Maltese cross. Under the altar in Latin we read these words: *The world is a theatre, and human life is a personification of vanity. Death breaks in and dissolves the illusion, and is the boundary of all worldly things. Let those who visit this place think on these maxims. Pray for perpetual rest to the dead lying herein, and carry with you a lovely remembrance of death. Peace be with you.* We said "Amen" as we turned away, leaving the bones of the brave Knights behind us. Their life had been very stormy, and we were glad to think of them as at rest.

We did not care to see in one of the chapels above the altar a thorn which was said to be a portion of the crown of

Malta

thorns worn by Christ ; nor a fragment of the cradle of the infant Jesus, nor one of the stones which slew St. Stephen, nor several other "sacred relics." We felt there was much more need to be willing to be thorn-crowned ourselves, and to have the *spirit* of the Holy Child Jesus, and to be careful we did not throw stones at any of the living saints. We were told that the crucifix over the altar was made from the basin used at the washing of the disciples' feet. How much easier it is to worship in the letter rather than in the spirit ! And yet the Master's words so plainly spoken are, "God is a spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." But after all, the interest in the island is associated with Saint Paul. No one, I think, can doubt but that here is the spot spoken of in the first verse of the 28th chapter of Acts :

A Sunshine Trip

“And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Malta (Melita).” It is certainly a place where two seas meet, “a creek with a shore.” I certainly felt that I was on sacred ground.

In 1845 a white statue of the Apostle was erected, visible far to seaward, and it requires but little imagination to picture the truly grand old man standing on the deck of that stranded ship, calmer and more self-possessed than any experienced sailor of that shipwrecked company. One is glad to think that Saint Luke was with him. There is a statue also of the beloved physician not far away from that of Saint Paul. Ah, Saint Paul was *the* Knight of the Cross; all other Knights pale before that hero of the Cross of the Crucified One.

“'WAY DOWN IN EGYPT LAND.”

CAN it be possible I am in Egypt? We approached the mysterious land on the morning of the 21st of February. The blue Mediterranean never looked half so blue as it did that morning, and the sunlight on the white shores of Egypt made a picture never to be forgotten. It was a fitting close of our radiant voyage on the beautiful Mediterranean.

Soon the row-boats were on their way to us. We were not in Cook's party, so we were not on the side of the ship where the great crowd was. Our courier was on the lookout for Mr. Clark's agent. We easily distinguished him by the

A Sunshine Trip

American flag which he carried. Then ensued a scene beyond all description for wildness. The "children of the desert" are by no means so quiet as is the desert. I never heard such a babel of voices in all my life, and I knew the meaning of "fleet of foot" as I saw these Arabs, carrying our trunks, run down the ladder with a swiftness that was bewildering. I could quite understand their running before the chariots.

What we should have done without Mr. Valentine, our courier, I could not say, for he could shout in Arabic with the best of them. Shephard's was overcrowded, so we drove to the Continental, where rooms were waiting for us, and we soon found ourselves in a most delightful hotel. If we had wished to see titled people, the Duke of Cambridge and other notable people could be seen at the hotel.

“Way down in Egypt Land”

I shall always remember that four hours' railway journey from Alexandria to Cairo. The palms could be seen in the moonlight, and occasional white houses of some kind or other; but it was a desert-looking place, and as I looked out of the window of the car, I could see in imagination the blessed Mother with the Child in her arms, fleeing into Egypt, — that Babe, the hope of the world. And so many old words had such a new meaning as I said over and over to myself, “I am in Egypt!” “Out of Egypt have I called my Son.” The old Bible stories of my childhood came back to me, and the weird strains of another dark race, singing, “Let my people go.” Everything is fascinating to me. The figures in vari-coloured costumes, in our hotel, or flitting in and out among the palms that are every-

A Sunshine Trip

where, made a variety of pictures. The white and sky-blue of their robes, the variety of colours in their turbans, all formed a moving panorama. I had thought I had seen black people, but I never saw anything so black as these Nubians.

As I opened my Bible this morning I read, "Fear not to go down into Egypt; . . . I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will surely bring thee up again." This word was given me by a friend as I left New York, but it means more than ever to me this morning. I was sorry we could not have stopped in Alexandria for a few hours on our way to Cairo. It was in this city, founded by Alexander the Great, that the Old Testament was translated into Greek from the Hebrew, receiving the name of the Septuagint from the fact that threescore and

“Way down in Egypt Land”

ten pious scholars, called “The Seventy,” were engaged in the work. But we were eager to get our letters, and though our trip means more to us than those trips that are described as “rushing through Europe to get letters from home,” yet we were very desirous to hear from home.

CAIRO

AND now shops, bazaars, mosques! Nearly two thousand of them, I learn. The distant pyramids! The famous museums! All to be visited immediately!

Undoubtedly the best way is to take a carriage, or walk out and stroll, and take in, for the first time, Oriental life in this way. I saw that morning, for the first time, the running footmen. Never could I have imagined such graceful movements. No person of position drives in Cairo without one or two of these attendants. The "sais," they are called. They are young and handsome, gorgeously attired, and wear skull-caps. I learned afterwards, they die young;

Cairo

the pace kills them. I could seem to see one of these running footmen before Ahab's chariot.

The scene in the streets, or alleys, where the shops are, beggars description. It seemed as if every nationality were represented. How the donkeys could get through streets where there did not seem to be room for more than two persons to walk abreast, was surprising. We did not spend much time in the shops; we wanted to see the pyramids.

You get the first glimpse of the pyramids from the windows of the railway carriage,—as you come from Alexandria; but at that distance you are not impressed by their size. You do not feel as you do when you see the Alps for the first time; but when you get to them, the effect is wonderful. Oh, the awful shadow the great pyramid casts!

A Sunshine Trip

It shuts out everything. That one pyramid is all you can see. We all have read that hundreds of years ago the great pyramid was stripped of the outer blocks to build Arab mosques and palaces; that accounts for its unfinished look.

The gentlemen of our party ascended that awful staircase, but we women did not. For we took no chances during our travels, and that is one reason, perhaps, why we returned in such vigorous physical condition. I should have liked to see the colour of the pyramid in a certain light when, I am told, it looks like a pile of gold. Perhaps to be told that it stands one hundred and sixteen feet higher than the top of St. Paul's dome gives some idea of its size; but to stand up against it was an experience. I thought, when looking at the Sphinx,

Cairo

of the story I heard, that it never spoke but once, and that was when Ralph Waldo Emerson stood before it. Then the stone lips moved, and Emerson heard the words, "You 're another!"

Here on the desert I had my first experience with a race for which I was prepared at least to have respect. To be sure, I had had no personal knowledge of camels till that day. The largest camel was selected for me; why, I cannot imagine! The great creature crouched down and the dragoman lifted me on its back. The camel gave such a howling groan as I did not wish to hear repeated; but I thought it was because he would have liked a lighter load. But he gave the same awful groan when I was taken off, and looked at me afterwards. That look took away all respect I ever had for camels; for he plainly

A Sunshine Trip

showed he had no respect for me. That look seemed to say: "Why are you here? You are too young to look at." The camel looked as if he were a thousand years old. I am sorry to have to say all this, but it is true. And what with that look and the groaning, I made up my mind it belonged to a race of grumblers. I do not say camels have nothing to grumble about; but they grumble when they have no cause for grumbling, and grumbling is a very bad thing. That was the trouble with the children of Israel, in the very land I had gone to see. "Their carcasses fell in the wilderness" because of grumbling; they "murmured"; that is, grumbled.

I had my picture taken while I was on that very camel. In the picture I have a placid look. Why, I shall never be able to understand; for I think I

Cairo

never was more frightened in my life than when on that camel. When that great creature moved with a groan, and I went up, up, and did not know how much higher I might go, I assure you, although I have been very fond of saying "Look up and not down," at this time I did not want to look up. I looked down and reached down, and said to the dragoman and another Egyptian standing by, "Oh, keep hold of my hands!" and then came another of those awful groans! I was thoroughly scared!

I did take a short ride on the dreadful creature afterwards, just to be able to say I had done it (I doubt whether that thing ever pays!), but it was my last as well as my first ride on a camel. I am sorry my dream about camels is dispelled; but ever since then I have had to count them out of my objects of admiration.

ON A SAND-BANK

OUR boat! I may have joy in many boats in the future, but I shall take no such interest in any as I did in this, which was all our own. Our House Boat, — what a haven it was to us the night we foolishly walked from the station to it instead of taking the donkeys!

The morning following, I saw a sunrise on the Nile, a picture that will stay with me for ever! How we enjoyed being by ourselves! We hardly condescended to notice the dahabiyehs that passed us filled with other tourists. There was a strange fascination in being on the Nile, where it never rains, and where the sun always shines; and yet for all the beauty of the

On a Sand-bank

moonlight night on the lovely Nile (which I cannot begin to describe) Egypt seemed like one vast graveyard.

One experience on our boat is noted in my diary, which has this record: "*Out of our course.*" Yes, we were on a sand-bank. I looked at other boats, dahabi-yehs that were in their course, as they sailed by; but we were on a sand-bank. How well I remember the welcome words, "*We're off!*" that at last greeted us. We had been disappointed again and again; had thought more than once we were really moving: but now there was no doubt of it; we were in deep water again. There are many people who are out of their course, and are on a sand-bank. There are people who steer according to the "course of this world," and they are satisfied to stay on their little sand-bank. Their God is the God of this world, and

A Sunshine Trip

they wish for no other. The saints of old were quite bewildered with the prosperity of such, and did not at first see that they were in slippery places. And there are others who start on another course, with a purpose to come to their best; and they make mistakes, and find themselves out of their course and on a sand-bank. Now, apart from all the chances that brought them there, and all the helps that at last made them move into deeper water, it is a very pleasant cry to hear resound within to the ear of the soul, as well as it was to us in our difficulty, — “*We ’re off!*” How pleasant it was just to know that we were moving! Safety is to be sought in the mid-stream.

OUR DRAGOMAN

HOW the tall form and intelligent face of our dragoman stands before me now, and I can hear his voice in the tombs at Thebes, calling our especial attention to the figures and scenes on the walls. He was quite silent as he rode by my side that day on our way to the tombs. I think the only time he spoke to me was when he said of the little Mohammedan girl, "She has no mother"; but I talked to him in the tombs that day as he explained everything. Imagine my surprise at hearing him say, "Madame, here is a four o'clock tea"; and sure enough, cut in the stone was a little

A Sunshine Trip

table, and not only the cups and saucers, tea-pot, sugar-bowl, and milk-jug, but even the biscuits. This was done four thousand years ago, and the faces of the ladies did not seem unlike faces you meet on Fifth Avenue.

In this tomb I saw more symbols of the one doctrine which lived, we are told, persistently and unchanged, in the Egyptian mind for five thousand years: the doctrine of the future life. So much was symbolical of the resurrection. Indeed, the grand tombs themselves were not built as mere objects of pride, but as everlasting habitations which would preserve the body from decay and keep it ready to be reinhabited by the soul at the proper season.

But at last I became tired of the perpetual, "This is the god so and so, and this is the god of that and that," and I

Our Dragoman

exclaimed, "Oh, mercy! they have a god for everything, have they not?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "for everything."

"But there is only one God," I exclaimed very earnestly. Then the face of our dragoman lighted up as he said, "There is only one God"; and I knew what he was going to add, so I shook my head, smiling, and repeated, "There is only one God," and, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." He smiled as I passed on with him, repeating to myself, "I am the Lord thy God."

How surpassing strange it has been, day after day, to look at so much that is four thousand years old! I am quite used to the words, "so many years before Christ." I am bewildered with the oldness of everything. I sit on the deck of our boat and see them drawing up water from the Nile just as it was drawn

A Sunshine Trip

up four thousand years ago. This wonderful Nile! The ancient Egyptians recognised how very much they owed to the Nile, and in their hymns they thank the Nile-god in appropriate and grateful terms. Statues of the god are painted green and red, which colours are supposed to represent respectively the bright green colour of the river in June before the inundation, and the ruddy hue which the water has when changed by the red mud brought down from the Abyssinian mountains. The river has a strange fascination for me. It makes Egypt. In all the marvellous tombs of the kings, everywhere, you see the Nile cut in the stone, and the sacred boat on the sacred river.

It was a never-ending source of wonder to me that the colours could retain their brilliancy after so many thousands of years. You see the same beautiful green

Our Dragoman

of the Nile in the representations of the sacred serpent, which also is graven on all the tombs. I saw so many of the kings' heads crowned with the serpent. The sculpture in these tombs is wonderful. Usually it symbolises the life of the kings. Now and then some symbolic picture in the tombs gave to the words in our New Testament a new significance. I saw one of the gods offering the water of life, and the words of Christ came so freshly to my mind: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." Another symbol was the tree of life. How real it was to me, that what they were groping after we have in our glorious gospel! The sun-god was on every wall, but the warm healing rays of the Sun of Righteousness they did not know.

I can see now why Egypt has been

A Sunshine Trip

used by Christians as a symbol of unregenerate nature. Yet in its unregenerate state there is the longing for a better life, the need of worship; and so we "fill these lower courts with broken images of Him." It is all so pathetic to me; at times I cannot look at the misery, so often the result of their dismal belief. The flies, being considered sacred, never can be brushed even from their eyes. Blindness is therefore very common, and nothing could be more pitiful than the suffering of the little children, their eyes almost covered with the flies.

How lovely our Christianity is by contrast! I cannot conceive of any one visiting this land and not loving the Founder of our faith more and more. Yet, the Egyptian spirit is in our Christian land, and we have to fight idolatry in ourselves. The words I heard so

Our Dragoman

often still ring in my ears,—“I am very hungry, lady.” At first I thought she wanted something to eat. I had some crackers in my pocket which I thought she might like, for I knew it was the time of the fast, so I handed the child a cracker; but she said, “Oh, no, lady, hungry for backsheesh.” Ah, yes, hungry for money. The one cry everywhere, more money! I said to one of the girls who put out her little brown hand and cried, “Backsheesh,” —

“I did give you some money.”

“Oh, yes,” she said, “thank you, lady, but more! more!”

I am glad we go from Egypt to the Holy Land. “I would see Jesus”; and yet the truth that I thought was real to me is more real to me to-day. “The Kingdom is within you.” What we *are*, not what we see! Man’s happiness comes

A Sunshine Trip

never from without. All you get in travelling is from what you carry with you. The old truths will be wonderfully illuminated for me by these journeyings into new, distant lands.

In wandering among these ruins of magnificent temples, you naturally think of what they must have cost. Of course it is impossible to estimate, but we are told that every palace, every temple, represented a hecatomb of human lives. We know how the Hebrews suffered, and yet they were less cruelly used than some who were kidnapped from beyond the frontier. One can hardly endure the thought of the suffering undergone by those who laboured under ground, goaded on, without rest or respite, till they fell down in the mines and died. There are lessons to be learned in this land of Egypt for those who are studying the problems

Our Dragoman

of capital and labour. The Sermon on the Mount is the solution of the social problem.

The one central figure that is with you all the time you are on the Nile, from the hour when you saw him as a mummy in the Museum in Cairo, is Rameses the Second, the Pharaoh of the Captivity, whose son and successor was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. This, I believe, has been settled. The Bible and the monuments confirm one another. One is always sorry that Moses did not once call either of the three Pharaohs by the cartouche name, but I have read that they were not allowed either to speak or write the names of their kings. As I roam through these ruins and imagine the glory, they seem to me soaked with human suffering. As I looked at the features of Rameses the Second in the Museum at Cairo, I quoted

A Sunshine Trip

to myself the words, "There's nothing great but God"; I said it again on the Nile; I felt it more deeply still when I wandered through the ruins of the great temple he built, — the aisles of which undoubtedly Moses wandered through, and pondered in his heart the meaning of all this earthly grandeur, only the ruins of which we now see. He was a prince among princes, the adopted son of the king's daughter; he knew how much of all this earthly magnificence would be his. As I walked over the ground where Moses walked, through those halls of ruined greatness, those words in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews never were more significant to me: He chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the *treasures in*

Our Dragoman

Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." And *he has it*.

What now is that mummy in the Museum, and his empty tomb on the Nile, and all these broken statues of the great king, compared with Moses, who gave the Ten Commandments from the hand of God to this sinful world? How wise Moses was to choose affliction with the people of God! All the interest we have to-day in these kings and tombs is that they prove the truth of what was written by Moses, the great law-giver of the world.

I would consider my visit to Egypt a failure did I not take in the inner truth taught me by all that I saw. It is certain that only character, only spirit, lives on. The tombs are being ransacked. The mummy is taken out to be exhibited, and one exclaims, "I have seen an end of hu-

A Sunshine Trip

man greatness." But the cross brightens in the shadows, and you feel sure it will triumph, because it is the power of love in suffering; it is the laying down of life for *others*; it is the eternal emblem of voluntary self-sacrifice! I shall sing,

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,"

with a deeper meaning after my visit to Egypt, and our trip up the Nile.

FAREWELL TO THE RUINS
OF EGYPT

A FRENCH writer has put Egypt in an epigram: "A donkey ride and a boating trip interspersed with ruins." Miss Edwards said that this sentence gave the whole experience of the Nile traveller, and added, apropos of these three things, the donkeys, the boat, and the ruins: "It may be said that a good English saddle and a comfortable dahabiyeh add very considerably to the pleasure of the journey, and that the more one knows about the past of the country the more one enjoys the ruins." The first two, the saddle and boat, we had; but, speaking only for myself, I was not well read up

A Sunshine Trip

on the ruins, so I cannot say with Miss Martineau that I was not satisfied to sit down to breakfast without having first explored a temple; much less could I say with Miss Edwards, "I could have breakfasted, dined, and supped on temples." She says her appetite for them was insatiable, and grew with what it fed on. To tell the truth, I became tired of them after I had seen the greatest of them; but we were unfortunate in being at Luxor and Karnak in extremely hot weather. To be sure we did not have to walk; we had our donkeys. Among the ruins at Karnak, — and they were the grandest by far, — the temple where undoubtedly Moses walked, the temple built by Rameses the Second, the Pharaoh of Moses' time, was the most interesting to me. At Karnak, after looking again at the kings and the gods and goddesses

Farewell to the Ruins of Egypt

sculptured in the walls and looking up and down the vast aisles of pillars (one hundred and thirty in that temple, each one measuring eleven yards around), I felt like singing (and we did), —

“ My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and *templed* hills.”

I seem to see in these temples the Hebrew children making bricks without straw; and the unwritten history of millions of sufferers. In the ruins of the temple at Karnak, I saw little boys not over twelve years of age carrying great stones for one piastre a day (five cents of our money). The excavations are going on. I looked at five of the sacred bulls which have been unearthed during the year; and every day discoveries are being made.

A Sunshine Trip

There is no end of tombs. Egypt seems a vast sepulchre beneath our feet. In going to the temple yesterday, we passed through a very long avenue of palms, with the lesser sphinxes on either side which have been unearthed recently. There seems also no end to the sphinxes. I wish I had seen the picture a well-known writer speaks of. She says: "You see in the picture a brown, half-naked, toil-worn fellah laying his ear to the stone lips of a colossal sphinx buried to the neck in sand. Some instinct of the old Egyptian blood tells him the creature is godlike. He is conscious of a great mystery lying far back in the past. He has perhaps a dim, confused notion that the big head knows it all, whatever it may be; he fancies those closed lips might speak if questioned. Fellah and sphinx are alone together in the desert.

Farewell to the Ruins of Egypt

It is night, and the stars are shining. Has he chosen the right hour? What does he seek to know? What does he hope to hear? Under the picture you read, —

“Each must interpret for himself
The secret of the sphinx.”

How glad I am that our God is not silent to us! He does speak to us. We do hear His voice, and we not only have a God that knows, but one that loves. I hoped that I should get from this trip an illuminated Bible, and I am getting it.

“Come this way,” our dragoman called out yesterday in the temple at Karnak, “and see the tree of life.” As I stepped along over the stones the words came so vividly to my mind that I repeated them as I looked up at the sculptured tree with one of the gods in the centre of it: “And on either side of the river was

A Sunshine Trip

there the tree of life." Then he directed our attention to one of the gods pouring out the water of life. I shook my head as I said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto *Me* and drink"; "I am the water of life."

I was reading a long letter to one of our party afterwards. I had been writing and giving my reflections while in that same temple; our dragoman was leaning up against the side of the boat, and I discovered that he was an attentive listener. When I read, "I am God, and beside Me there is none else," I happened to look up, and the bright smile was on his intelligent face. I smiled and said, "One God!" and added: "You are my Mohammedan brother and I am your Christian sister. We may not see alike here" (laying my hand on my head), "but God looks here," I said (as I laid my hand on my heart).

Farewell to the Ruins of Egypt

He smiled, as in his broken English he said, "Ah, yes, you are right!"

While we were there, quite a procession passed through the temple, singing. I asked the dragoman what they were saying, and he replied that they were praying to the prophet. "Praying to the prophet!" I said: "Are they priests?" "Oh, no, only the workingmen. They say, 'Allah, help us! oh, help us!'" These people affect me. The more I see of them, the more they appeal to my pity.

On our way home we rode through an Arab village. The street was so narrow I could see the faces of the people at their work. Of course they are noisy; but they strike me as being innocent and harmless. I said to our dragoman who was riding at my side: "Where are the rich people? All I see are so poor." He replied, "There are only one or two in

A Sunshine Trip

a place ; all the rest are poor, very poor." A few minutes after a fine turn-out passed us, — two gentlemen. One was the son of the French consul ; he is a captain, and for the second time I saw the graceful runner who runs before the carriage. Never could I have imagined such gracefulness, such fleetness. Once again the sight of the runner makes so life-like certain Old Testament scenes. But one can only feel pity for the men who must thus earn their daily bread. The abject misery of the poorer classes is pitiable. No wonder their constant cry is, "Money !" Why is it, I have so often asked myself, where one sees the greatest beauty of architecture, one sees the poorest specimens of humanity ? The great cathedrals of Europe impoverished the people of the places where they were built, and the contrast between the ruins of these magnificent temples and the utter

Farewell to the Ruins of Egypt

poverty of the people never ceases to impress me.

We're off! Such a clapping of hands and such glad shouting on Sunday the first of March, as we found ourselves moving off the sand-bank where we had been stranded for twenty-four hours! "Out of our course," "shallow water," and like expressions, had a significant meaning for me. When night came, and I could hear the voices of the Arabs busy at work trying to get us off the sand-bank, I went into my state-room and took up my Bible with a hope that God would speak to me through the sacred Word. I had seen so many things that were called sacred: "sacred river," "sacred serpent," "sacred eye," "sacred boat"; everything sacred, but not making the worshippers sacred; an utter absence of the Spirit. So to take up our "sacred book" was a joy; and as I opened it

A Sunshine Trip

my eyes fell on the words, "Thy thoughts are very deep." They had a fresh meaning because our trouble had been that we were not in deep water. So I had some profitable reflections during the time we were trying to get off the sand-bank. It is very easy to get out of a deep current, God's current; from God's deep thoughts into shallow streams, and on some sand-bank. But it is not so very easy to get off these sand-banks.

I see so many people in life who are evidently out of God's current; they have not taken their soundings, and so have drifted on to these sand-banks. A little distance from them you see other barks, not so valuable, perhaps, sailing along in the right current, as we saw boats through all those hours when we were not moving. The trouble with so many of us is that we do not keep in the current of God's

Farewell to the Ruins of Egypt

thoughts. They are "very deep," but we drift into the shallow current of our own thoughts or other people's thoughts, and so we miss the grand sailing in God's deep river of thought.

So there was much of cheer in the two words, "*We're off!*" It was Sunday morning when we heard these cheering words, and I went to my state-room to get my Bible to have a little reading in the Old Testament. It is wonderful how illumined the Old Testament is now that I have seen the sculptured idols of all the Egyptians that God told His ancient people they should not worship. With what a new meaning Joshua's last charge to the children of Israel came home to me! God would not have them *speak* the names of these gods. (How tired I became of their names!) I think never did God's command, "Thou shalt have no other

A Sunshine Trip

gods before me," sound so grand. We may well say, "Incline my heart to keep this law." It is no little thing to obey God. I realised it on this Sunday morning.

The word came that we were nearing one of the places where we were to see the ruins. If I had not seen any, and this was my only chance, I might have felt it was the right thing to do, but we had seen the greatest of them; and while I know the difficulty there is in drawing the line, I do think that for those who profess to be serving God there should be at least one day sacred to Him, and that our Sunday should not be used for sight-seeing. There should be a Sabbath. What an example we had of this in the devout Mohammedans. How impressive it was to see those whose emblem is not the cross prostrate them-

Farewell to the Ruins of Egypt

selves at sunrise and sunset, no matter who happened to be near.

This morning I noticed our dragoman did not move while I sang, standing by the side of the boat, the entire hymn, "In the cross of Christ I glory" —and he understands English well. Oh, the difference it would make in this people if they only knew and followed Jesus Christ!

We are soon to be in the land of His birth, where He was "brought up," lived and died; and yet His own words follow me, "The Kingdom is within you." It must be Christ in us. What a meaning will be connected with, "Ye are the temple of the living God," and "What! know ye not your bodies are the temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in?" How full of instruction was everything I laid my eyes on, and I could not but call to mind that the Great Teacher drew His

A Sunshine Trip

deepest lessons from the commonest things. As I looked at the forms being unearthed, I thought of the buried souls that need to emerge out of darkness into God's marvellous light. Unearthed! How significant the word sounded! I stood close one day and saw one feature after another come in sight. The workmen gathered around to see the sight; for what was coming was of unusual worth. I marked how careful the workman was who was using the instrument. Oh, the infinite care, the infinite patience, the Holy Spirit shows in His working to restore the lost image! Maybe, if we could see deeply enough, we should see how much has to be removed in order that the buried treasures may come to light. I learned more than one lesson as I stood and saw faces of stone unearthed that afternoon.

THE SCARABEES

I WANT to tell you of the little insect that has had so much greatness thrust upon it, and the lesson I learned from it, and how it reminded me of the real meaning of our order of "The King's Daughters." Perhaps you know about these scarabees. Every traveller on the Nile has had them offered to him for sale; perhaps genuine, more likely not. You have to buy them sooner or later to get rid of those who offer them. You know perhaps the history of this Egyptian insect.

A well-known writer says: "This beetle lays its eggs by the river's brink, encloses them in a ball of moist clay, rolls the ball to a place of safety on the

A Sunshine Trip

edge of the desert, buries it in the sand, and when its time comes, dies content, having provided for the safety of its successors. Hence its mythic fame, hence all the quaint symbolism that by degrees attached itself to its little person and ended by investing it with a special sacredness which has often been mistaken for actual worship. Standing by, and watching the movements of the creature at its hard work of rolling the burden up hill, its untiring energy, its extraordinary muscular strength, its businesslike devotion to the matter in hand, one sees how subtle a lesson the old Egyptian moralists had presented to them for contemplation; and with how true a combination of wisdom and poetry they regarded this little black scarab, not only as an emblem of the creative and preserving power, but perhaps also of

The Scarabees

the immortality of the soul. As a type, no insect has ever had so much greatness thrust upon him. He became a hieroglyphic, and stood for a word signifying both 'to be,' and 'to transform.' His portrait was multiplied a millionfold, sculptured over the portals of temples, fitted to the shoulders of a god, engraved on gems, moulded in pottery, painted on sarcophagi and the walls of tombs, worn by the living, and buried with the dead."

I wish I had seen the living beetle at its work; but the history of this beetle made a great impression on me. I saw it in every tomb I visited cut in the walls, and I said over and over, if it had lived for its own comfort and enjoyment, — in short, if it had lived a selfish life, — it would never have been known; and the meaning of the word "others" in silver

A Sunshine Trip

on the ebony cross (a gift one of the lovely daughters of our Order gave me as I sailed away) had a deeper meaning for me. "Others!" He saved others. If any man will save his life, let him lose it, "and he that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it."

Did I tell you of a morning on the Nile when I rose very early, and, standing alone on our deck, looking at the shore of Egypt, I sang,—

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time."

My voice attracted our Mohammedan dragoman, and he stood near while I sang the whole hymn. Then I turned and said to him, "The cross will win, it will conquer; not the crescent, for the cross means *love*, self-sacrificing love." Somehow I think he will remember it. He smiled at me in his quiet way; but I

The Scarabees

noticed afterwards that he always drew near when I sang. He was very interesting to me; he always lifted me on my donkey as if I had been a baby. Oh, this sad, sad Egypt, that I shall bid farewell to for ever to-morrow! I don't wonder they took up the bones of Joseph and carried them out of Egypt. I would not like to be buried in Egypt. There was nothing bright but its skies, its sunrising and sunsetting.

I have become acquainted for the first time with the Turks on this trip. They are never far away from us. I am used to seeing them at prayer, not only in their mosques, but elsewhere. I was in Cairo when their fast, answering to our Lent, commenced, and I was in Jaffa, Palestine, when it ended, and I saw them on Sunday, their great feast day, answering to our Easter, and for the first time they looked

A Sunshine Trip

happy. They were caring for us in so many ways during all their fast of forty days, and they never tasted food any of those days till after sundown. You know there are five commandments that Mahomet enforced on his followers. They must pray five times a day, bestow alms on the poor, perform the pilgrimage to Mecca, keep the fast of Ramazan, and observe bodily cleanliness as far as possible. This last commandment they did not seem to keep very strictly, for they never looked really clean.

In the Koran the prophet exhorts his followers to believe in one God, in the angels, in the other prophets (to the number of 124,000), and in *himself*, in the five books of Revelations, the Psalms, the Bible, the Koran, the resurrection of the dead, the last judgment, and the existence of heaven and hell.

The Scarabees

I was surprised to know that they believed that Abraham and King David were Mohammedans; and the tomb of Rachel is as sacred to a Mohammedan as to a Jew or a Christian. They do not believe in Jesus. Oh, how often, as I have looked into the faces of the Mohammedan women, have I wished they knew Jesus!

As there is a painful interest in the Turks, — the unspeakable Turk, as we call him just now, — you may want me to tell you how they look and what seems to be their character. Well, in the first place, they always are lazy; they like to sit, as it seemed to me, in thoughtless contemplation over their coffee and cigarette (perhaps we have some Turks in our country that are called Christians). They always seem serious to me. They are extremely superstitious. I could tell you of the

A Sunshine Trip

strangest superstitions imaginable ; for instance, they always keep their nails clean, because, if there is the least dirt in their nails, that implies unclean spirits. I wish some superstition would keep the whole body clean.

Of course you know they are fatalists. I never felt any fear of them, but we were never alone with them. Our courier was always with us ; then we had our dragomans, and there was a gentleman in our party. The one thing they want is money, and they would only hurt themselves by harming us. And then they are under a chief, and are told what to do and what not to do. I must say I did not fall in love with them, but I did pity them.

MY MOHAMMEDAN DAUGHTER

ON the morning of February 27 we started soon after breakfast for a sight of the tombs of the kings, and for a visit to the great Rock Temple of Thebes. We crossed the Nile in a most ancient-looking boat, and the Arabs came walking in the water to carry us in their arms on shore. Slender-looking as these Arabs were, they took me up as if I had been a baby, and stood me on the bank where our donkeys were waiting for us. I was very glad the largest donkey was for me. Again I was lifted by our dragoon and put on the donkey's back as if I weighed only fifty pounds (my weight is considerably more). I looked at the

A Sunshine Trip

young Arab at the side of my donkey and asked his name. He said his name was Abraham, and the name of the donkey was Rameses the First. Of course with Abraham at my side, and on such a royal donkey, I had no fear, and cantered off as if I had been always used to donkeys (I draw the line at camels); and so I took my first donkey ride on the desert.

Shall I ever forget the touch of the little soft brown hand that rested on mine as I rode on that donkey over the desert to visit the kings' tombs? I did not see the child till I felt the touch of her hand, and, as I looked down, I saw that the soft eyes of the little Egyptian girl were raised to mine as she said, with the tender tones peculiar to the children of the East (except when they are angry), "*I am your daughter.*" "My daughter?" I said. "Yes," she answered, "I am your daugh-

My Mohammedan Daughter

ter” ; and then she looked so tenderly into my face as she said, “ Nice mother.”

“ And I am your mother ? ” I inquired.

“ Yes,” she said, smiling, “ nice mother. I am your daughter.”

“ Well, what is my daughter’s name ? ” I inquired.

“ Amena,” she answered.

“ And you are my daughter Amena ? ”

She laughed as again she said, “ Yes, *nice mother.*”

Our dragoman, who was on the other side of me, said, “ She has no mother ; her mother is dead ; she has only a father.”

After that I looked more tenderly at the young girl, as she trotted by my side with her little feet bare, holding her water jar on her head ; so when the words came again, “ Nice mother,” they touched my heart.

I said to her, “ And you have no mother ? ”

A Sunshine Trip

Her face looked very sad as she shook her head and said, "No," and again came the words, "I am *your* daughter; your daughter Amena."

I said, "Well, if you are my little Mohammedan daughter, then I must be your Christian mother." I did not know how the word "Christian" would strike her, but the same smile was on her face as she again said, "Nice mother."

Then I told her in simple language about a little daughter of mine whose name was Mamie, who had gone to live in a beautiful home with Jesus, the one who had said "Suffer the *little* children to come unto Me." I do not know how much she took in of what I said to her, but her face seemed so sad and interesting as it was lifted to mine, and her little brown hand nestled so closely in mine, that she seemed to understand. Just then some

My Mohammedan Daughter

other girls of the same age ran up and said to me "Nice lady!" Then Amena gave me such an imploring look, and turned almost savagely upon these girls, and getting closer to me said, "You know *I* am your daughter Amena," as much as to say, they only call you "Nice lady," — you are my "nice mother." Never did I see jealousy in a face more plainly than in that child's face. Of course I did not forget that what she wanted was "backsheesh," but she had not uttered the word.

As we were nearing the tombs I put a coin in my daughter's hand, and she disappeared, and such a sudden disappearance I never saw; if the earth had opened and swallowed her up, it could not have been more sudden. I turned to the dragoman and said, "Well, my daughter has the money, and it seems as if that was

A Sunshine Trip

all she cared for, so she has disappeared.” So I did not expect to see my Moham-
medan daughter again, but I must confess I was pleased on our return home when she appeared again on the desert with a fresh jug of water on her head, and again I heard the words, “Nice mother,” and “Thank you, mother,” “You know I am your daughter, your daughter Amena.” I was glad I had one little coin left, which I put in her hand as I asked her where she had been, and she said she had gone home. A moment after she pointed to her home. It was not so good as a pigsty, — a mud hut in which the owners and their donkeys could lie down. Never shall I forget that picture of utter desolation — nothing but those mud holes did I see, and these were called homes.

“*I am your daughter.*” Was she not God’s daughter? Ah, me! I often think

My Mohammedan Daughter

of my Mohammedan daughter in that dreadful desert. She wears no silver cross with "In His Name" on it, she is not on the roll of The King's Daughters, and yet somehow to me she is my Mohammedan daughter, and what is far better, God's Mohammedan daughter. Years have passed since I heard a minister say on a steamer, "My poor Mohammedan brothers!" It was the look on his face when he uttered the words that made the words stay with me. I understand him better to-day as I say, "My poor Mohammedan daughter!" Shall I never see her again? How I wish I had done more for her; had even given her more "backsheesh." I never can think of any of the poor creatures to whom I did not give any money, or gave but little, that I do not regret not having given more. They are so wretchedly poor! What we call poverty here is riches

A Sunshine Trip

compared with their condition. I know how hateful the name Mohammedan is to us, but I was taught a lesson I shall not soon forget when I heard an Armenian woman, whose relatives had been murdered by the Mohammedans, say, "Oh, we desire so that these Mohammedans should know our Lord Jesus; we love their souls, and we hope that in seeing us die for the love of Christ, they may see that our Christianity is the true religion."

I turn from the picture of my Mohammedan daughter on the desert, with a prayer for more of the spirit of self-sacrifice that was in the Father of us all, who "so loved *the world* that He gave His only begotten Son." Do we love the whole world?

CAIRO AFTER OUR RETURN FROM THE NILE

ON the morning of March the 2d we were up at three o'clock, preparing to take the five o'clock train from Girgeh for Cairo. We breakfasted on our boat, the "Elephantine," for the last time at four o'clock. The beautiful moon enabled us plainly to see our donkeys, and an Egyptian cart on the shore waiting for us. Ordinarily I should have preferred to ride on the donkey, but the only chance I should have of a ride in an Egyptian cart was too great a temptation for me, so I chose the cart. I had seen so many veiled women on these carts (which had for seats long boards with carpet thrown

A Sunshine Trip

over them). After that ride I could say I know how to *feel* for them, for that was certainly hard riding.

At five o'clock we were on our train, with all our baggage, including a very large basket of luncheon, for we had to travel all day again between two deserts. At six o'clock our dusty party arrived in Cairo, and then we learned the bad news that the cholera was in Cairo. We should have to be quarantined wherever we went, and we found that thousands were waiting to get out of Cairo. For a little time everything was so uncertain that I did not know but that I was going to miss seeing the Holy Land. For this I had come. Glad as I was of all that came to me on the way, still my heart had been set on seeing the land of His birth; the land where He worked, and suffered.

It took us all day to go from Cairo to

Cairo after our Return from the Nile

Port Said. We travelled through the Desert of Arabia, and it was refreshing to have our courier come to our window and point to Moses' Spring in the distance. We looked and saw some rocks quite a way off, and he told us that it was there that Moses smote the rock and a spring of water gushed out. Not long after we saw a sight most refreshing to see in a desert, — a small lake of water, which the guide said was the spot where Pharaoh was overthrown in the Red Sea; we certainly felt we were travelling over the land of the ancient story we knew so well. I got out of the cars and ran up a sandy hill to Abraham Heights, but before I had a chance to explore, the whistle blew, and I had to go back.

Now we were approaching what I wanted to see, — the Suez Canal. Never can I forget the sight. All I could think

A Sunshine Trip

of was ships that sail in the desert. Very large ships they were ; we saw five that were sailing along that blue canal. All the hopes, and the realisations of the hopes of different nations in having that canal finished, flashed upon the mind ; the expense of it ; the use of it ; the sad history of the man associated with it, all come upon you so quickly. But the evening shut in on us, and looking out at the stars, and the lights that were becoming more and more distinct along the shore, we soon found ourselves at Port Said, where the yacht was waiting to take us to Beyroot, and in a few moments we bade farewell to the land of Egypt. We were very desirous to be off its shore, and we thought we could put up with any inconvenience if we were only free from Egypt.

MOSQUES

MY first appearance in a mosque was in Algiers. I was, of course, interested in watching the Mohammedans at their devotions. It was a strange sight to me. I watched one man for a long time. The contrast between the Roman Catholic churches and the mosques are so great: the Mohammedans stand before the Invisible: no sign, no altars — no sound. I am sorry to say the look the man gave me when his eyes rested on me after his prayer, did not show that his religious exercises had improved his disposition, but I do not know that that fault is confined to Mohammedans. I have seen Christians whose dispositions did not seem improved by their religious exercises; however, I don't think a Chris-

A Sunshine Trip

tian could have looked at me as that Mohammedan did. I was n't long in getting off my religious slippers after that. As a rule, the Mohammedans were exceedingly disagreeable to me; they were so dirty-looking, and yet their religion requires so much bathing. I could never help thinking what they would have been if they had not bathed so frequently.

How more and more precious our Christianity becomes at every step of the way! After we reached Egypt, we became quite used to the mosques. The day after we visited the great pyramid, we went to visit the mosque of Sultan Hassan, the most beautiful in Cairo, and perhaps the most beautiful in the Moslem world. It looks as if it would soon be a beautiful ruin. We are told that never in Cairo is anything repaired. New buildings go up, but no matter how

Mosques

venerable the old is—it is allowed to moulder away inch by inch till nothing remains but a ruin. Of course, before we entered the great court, we were obliged to put on the slippers.

There was a charming fountain in the court. It was all open to the sky, covered with prayer rugs, and there was a pulpit in the centre, and under the pulpit I saw a man that I was told had come to stay during the forty days' fast, and in that time he would eat nothing. All who came here seemed to come to pray, but you must remember these mosques are places of rest and refuge. Beside a man prostrate in prayer, I saw another man sewing buttons on his coat. It was new to me then that the Moslems are as devout out of the mosque as in it — (the good ones). Are all Christians as devout out of church as in it?

LEAVING CAIRO FOR PALESTINE

THE sixth of March finds us again on the blue Mediterranean. Undoubtedly, the inner history, the unwritten history, is by far the most important in our eyes. Shut up alone in that state-room (my friends not knowing then of my sore throat), with the fever on me, I did not know but that my condition might be very serious. We were nearing Palestine, the land I had come so far to see, and I did not know what was before me; it was one of the loneliest hours of my life, — spirit loneliness. And into the darkness and loneliness the living Christ came and said, “Without

Leaving Cairo for Palestine

Me ye can do nothing." When all the memory of my trip to the East, when all the outward, in a coming hour, shall have faded from my mind, "without Me" will still remain.

It was my preparation for the Jerusalem that was not to be what I had dreamed. It was my preparation for my disappointment at not seeing so much I came to see; but yet I was not to be "without Him," and that, after all, was everything. So among all the blessings of my trip, I must never forget the blessing in disguise of my illness on that yacht, "The Norse King."

I little thought when I stepped on that boat how eventful it would be to me; but, alas! it was more eventful, in a different way, to others whom we left behind us on it, when our journey was over. For, a few days after we left, it

A Sunshine Trip

was wrecked on the rocks, and the passengers were given only ten minutes to make their escape, losing all their luggage and the memorabilia of their trip.

My entrance into the Holy Land, lying in the compartment of the car on our way from Joppa to Jerusalem, was so different from what I had expected! I could hear them talking of all the places so familiar to a Bible student; but I, with my sore throat, was unable either to speak or lift up my head. Alas! for all my dreams of being really in the Holy Land. Still, before leaving for Jerusalem, I did manage to see a little of the ancient Joppa (now called Jaffa).

What will it matter to us that Peter had a vision, if we have none? The question asked by "our Henry," "Is this the place where we shall see visions?" stays with me. If we have the spirit that

Leaving Cairo for Palestine

Saint Peter had, we shall see visions. And even if old, we shall have our dreams, for the promise runs, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

THE HOLY LAND

I DO not wonder that Spurgeon never could be persuaded to visit the Holy Land. He feared that the sight of so much that was far from sacred would jar painfully on his cherished impressions of the land where our Saviour lived and died. I can quite understand him ; the mixture of all that is sacred to you with so much superstition is a great shock. I wanted to get away from the city ; I wanted to get to the Mount of Olives and to Bethany, for our Lord's ministry was almost wholly an out-of-door ministry. He taught in the open air ; and I was glad there was another spot in Jerusalem beside the one in the Church of the Holy

The Holy Land

Sepulchre, where many think our Lord was crucified ; they call the spot Gordon's Calvary, or Gordon's Golgotha. General Gordon made a very thorough study of this matter, and decided for himself that the hill outside the city was Calvary ; and very strangely the spot is the shape of a skull. The Moslems own it, and have enclosed it ; but no kind of building is on it. There it stands, — a green hill “ outside the city wall.”

The English, at a great cost, have recently bought the fields that surround it, and have put no building on it, I am thankful to say. You shrink so from seeing ordinary buildings on spots that are sacred. If I lived in Jerusalem that place would be Calvary to me ; and I found that a number of those I met in Jerusalem go to that spot. You can see it from any part of the city. As you pass through the

A Sunshine Trip

Damascus gate, it seems the most natural distance and the way the sad procession would have passed. I am so glad I have a Calvary I shall love to think of. There was no satisfaction to me in the Calvary inside the church. I took comfort in the thought that Mary did not kiss the stone on which they say the angel sat, after His resurrection. She wanted to hear what the angel had to say. I did not kiss it, I did not kiss any stone; and I am sure Mary was too anxious about the risen Christ to stay any time in the sepulchre. She wanted *Him*, and so did I. Never did I appreciate the fact that I had a loving Christ so much as I did among the mummeries and superstitions connected with the life and death of our Lord, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I still think if I could have gone to the Sea of Galilee and to the Jordan, of which I only caught sight from the Mount

The Holy Land

of Olives, I might have had my dream of Palestine realised. But that was denied me, so I have my dream.

But do not think that my visit to the Holy Land was a failure. It was not; I saw things that are not seen, and they are eternal; I saw things that will make me a more serious woman for the rest of my days. I saw that walking over the path called the Via Dolorosa, "the sorrowful way," does not necessarily bring you nearer the Crucified One. And I saw that we can never understand or appreciate His "sorrowful way" till *we* have a Via Dolorosa, — a sorrowful way ourselves to pass. Then, if we are willing, and even glad to suffer for Him who suffered for us, we are on the path He trod; and there can be no real appreciation even of the cross until we are crucified, until we know something of the meaning of volun-

A Sunshine Trip

tary self-sacrifice. The religion of Jesus is very costly, and that is the reason why it will endure, and why His kingdom will have no end.

Never did pride of every sort seem so utterly out of place as in the Holy Land. I saw a poor Russian peasant throw what I still think was his last coin in that cave of the Holy Sepulchre. He had kissed the stone again and again, and finally threw his body upon it. Then he had to leave ; but he turned back and threw the little silver coin, and disappeared through that door, to pass through which you literally have to stoop down in order to get into the cave. He was followed by a sleek ecclesiastic ; and the guide at my side said, " These Greek priests fatten on the money of these poor Russians." Oh, how much rather in that moment would I have been that poor peasant than the richest ecclesi-

The Holy Land

astic ! I thought of a sentence I had read : “ Simple women have kept the piety of the Church fragrant, when famous ecclesiastics have trafficked with gold. Generous hearts have sheltered a homeless Christ in the poor and little children, although they wrote no epistles for after ages.”

Never did it seem so undesirable to be rich as it does to-day. I have my serious doubts, from what I read in my New Testament, and from what our religion of Jesus means, whether any one can be truly a follower of Jesus and be what the world calls rich. It must be given to His suffering humanity, or we are not like Jesus Christ ; and I do not see how we shall be able to stand face to face with Him when He says : “ I was hungry, thirsty, naked, homeless ; what did you do for Me ? ” And when we ask : “ When,

A Sunshine Trip

Lord, did I see you thus ?” He will say :
“ Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these, ye did it not to Me.” I shall return from the East with some very solemn convictions. If the religion of Jesus is anything, it is a relationship of love ; and there is great danger of our Christianity losing its charm, and its place being taken by church or vague sentiment, or something less than the love that makes the soul cry out : —

“ I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all ! ”

Oh, whatever we lose, let us not lose our “ first love ” !

You have only to come to the East to see the fulfilment of Christ’s own words, for here are the very spots where the churches were to which the Spirit addressed the warning word, bidding them

The Holy Land

to take heed or the candlestick would be removed out of its place. But they did not take heed; they became rich and proud, and the candlestick was removed. Principles remain ever the same. Is there no danger in our American Church? Are we striving to be like the lowly Nazarene? Do we care for the poor and warn the rich? Are we ambitious to live on the East Side of the city of New York, where we are more needed, perhaps, than on the West Side? I shall never forget what the self-sacrificing Dr. Wheeler said to me. We were anxious to get away from the dirt of Jerusalem, and he said, so sweetly, "Won't you help us to make it clean?"

I came nearest to having what I imagined I should have, one afternoon in returning from Bethany to Jerusalem. I looked off on the country and said: "He

A Sunshine Trip

looked at these skies and these hills." Just then Mr. Clark, who was by my side on his donkey, said: "Undoubtedly our Lord walked this way every afternoon on His way to Bethany to the home of Martha and Mary," and then I had something that will remain with me. And then on the Mount of Olives I really seemed to see Him as He beheld the city and wept over it. O Jerusalem! I am sure if I were a Jew, the place of wailing by the old wall would be the most natural place for me to go.

As I have wandered among the ruins in Jerusalem, how true to the letter the words of Jeremiah have been fulfilled. "The Lord hath accomplished His fury; He hath poured out His fierce anger, and hath kindled a fire in Zion, and it hath devoured the foundations thereof. The kings of the earth, and all the inhabitants

The Holy Land

of the world, would not have believed that the adversary and the enemy should have entered into the gates of Jerusalem." The words of the Old Testament as well as the words of the New Testament become such living words after you have seen the land, — you exclaim so naturally, "How is the gold become dim! How is the most fine gold changed! The stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of the street. The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter."

It is deeply interesting as you walk these dirty streets to think how many Jerusalems are beneath your feet: no less than eight are lying one upon another. Some one has reckoned them up for us.

- 1st. The city of the Jebusites.
- 2d.

A Sunshine Trip

The city of Solomon. 3d. Of Nehemiah. 4th. Of Herod. 5th. The city as rebuilt by Hadrian. 6th. The early Moslem city. 7th. The Crusaders' city. 8th. The later Moslem, which still stands ingloriously on the wreck and ruin of all that preceded it. Forty feet, we are told, under the Via Dolorosa are Roman pavements over which passed the victorious legions nearly two thousand years ago. Jerusalem will always be sad to me; and I was glad to go out of the city to see the Mount of Olives and Bethany and sweet, though mournful Gethsemane.

Dr. Wheeler, of the Medical Mission in Jerusalem, told me — and no man has such means of knowing as Dr. Wheeler, he has been here so many years — that the faith of many of the Jews is simply sublime. They hold on to the promises made unto the fathers with a grip

The Holy Land

that never lets go, and they say He must fulfil His promises. All the land will be theirs; and there is a feeling among the Mohammedans that the land is not theirs and their time is short. The Jews are gathering here very fast now, — there are three times as many Jews here now as there were twelve years ago, — and the soil is one of the richest in the world. Dr. Wheeler also told me that, at the rate of forty cents a day, you can have about everything you want to eat. I have never seen such cauliflowers in my life; at least four times the size of ours, and only about two or three cents apiece. And never have I seen such meat displayed, — sheep and lambs ready for the market, so white and glistening that it was pleasant to look at them. And as for oranges, they will make home oranges too poor to look at. And the grapes in the season are sold for

A Sunshine Trip

next to nothing ; such delicious grapes, they tell me.

It seems as if there must be a future for Jerusalem, and the question will come, Does He not remember the place where He suffered and died? Only one thing has reconciled me to the fact that the followers of Mahomet have held possession of the land, — they have kept it Oriental ; we are indebted to them for that. I never felt sure that any of the places pointed out to me as the exact spots where our Lord stood or suffered were where they were said to be ; still we are indebted to the Armenian, Greek, and Latin churches for keeping sacred so many spots that must be near, if not on, the identical places where they assure us He stood. But I must be true and tell you there is much that is disappointing in Jerusalem. I remember an hour when I said to myself, “ If I could

The Holy Land

have gone to Samaria, and seen the well (you feel sure of the wells) where Jesus sat, when wearied, it seems to me I should have been satisfied." But in that hour my spirit seemed to hear the calm voice of the Spirit saying, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth." And in that hour I saw how much better it would be to have the well of water in me, than to sit on the well and imagine Christ by my side. It is the indwelling Christ we need; not even the historic Christ is enough. How deep His words were as they came to me in Jerusalem where He had said, "Nor yet at Jerusalem. . . . Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. The

A Sunshine Trip

water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Yes, that was the well I needed, and not the well at Samaria.

BETHANY

CAN it be possible I have seen Bethany? Can it be I have passed over the road where His Blessed Feet trod, day after day, when, tired with the day's work, He wended His way to the house of Martha and Mary? Oh, how indebted we come to feel towards those two women, when we think how they made it seem like home to Him! Some day we shall thank them. We feel the same way towards that unknown man who put a pillow under His head on that fishing-boat, while He slept through the storm till the cry of human distress awakened him (the storm of wind and rain did not).

On my way from Bethany, I saw the lilies of the field on either side of me; and

A Sunshine Trip

as I looked on the blue sky, and thought it was the very sky He looked upon, and gazed off to the hills at which David looked when he said, "I lift up mine eyes to the hills," at last I realised I was in the Holy Land; and at one spot of that road, which I seem to see now, on my way back to Jerusalem, I almost felt that I should see Him. Oh, it was so near to seeing Him! I had said so often, —

"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
Let the little ones come unto me."

And I was in the very place where He said it; and yet He said, "It is expedient for you that I go away." Oh, yes, I knew it all; but it has been expedient that so many have gone away, but once in a while the heart will cry out, "Oh, for the touch

Bethany

of a vanished hand!" I really wanted to see His face that day; but never mind, that is ahead, for it is written, "and they shall see His face." Ah, me — the lepers were around me, but One who did not fear touching them (I did) was not there. O the Man of Galilee! The Man of Nazareth — why did they not call Him the Child of Bethlehem?

After Peter was baptised with the Holy Ghost, he called Him "The holy child Jesus." Ah, we need a supernatural power to enable us to know a supernatural being, and such was Jesus Christ. No one knew that better than the early disciples did, for they said, "No man can call Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

My last look at dear, hallowed Bethany was late one afternoon while the sun was setting, and then, too, I had my final view of the walled city. Shall I ever see it

A Sunshine Trip

again? Will it yet be in some future a glorious city? Well, I am glad there is a New Jerusalem where the gates are not shut at all, for there is no night there. To me Jerusalem the golden will have a newer meaning after this visit to old Jerusalem.

“For thee, O dear, dear country !
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
 Thy holy name, they weep :
The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

“O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God’s elect !
O sweet and blessèd country
 That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.”

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

I WAS allowed to go out much sooner than I had expected, by my physician, the good Dr. Wheeler, whom my friend secured for me as soon as we reached Jerusalem. She pleaded so hard that one of his deaconesses should come as nurse, that he consented, though she could hardly be spared from the hospital. I think if six nurses could have helped me, my friend would have had them all there. (I shall plead more feelingly for the cause of the deaconesses than I could have done had I not known the sweet ministry of Sister Margery.) And before going further, I must tell you of Dr.

A Sunshine Trip

Wheeler, a medical missionary, whose mission is supported by the English Church in London. The mission has a wonderful hospital in course of building, to which Dr. Wheeler is devoting all his energies. How strange it seemed that a medical missionary should come to me in my illness, when almost the last time that I spoke before sailing from New York was at our Board of Ladies of the Medical Missions. And here I was in Jerusalem, with a physician that could tell me all about the Medical Missionary work in Jerusalem; and as soon as I could talk, I was not slow in asking questions, you may be sure. I found that he was especially devoted to the poor Jews, though caring for all who came to the hospital, and trying to win the Moslems, just by loving kindness; never speaking to them of their faith, only treating them

The Mount of Olives

as brothers. The poor things cannot understand how the missionaries are willing to do it without receiving pay; and when they come to ask the missionaries why they do it, the opportunity comes to speak of Jesus whose religion is love.

How sure I became while in the East of the truth of the old hymn we used to sing, —

“Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue.”

When I spoke to Dr. Wheeler of the loss of the spirit in the worship of the letter, and the weariness to me of all the symbols, he shook his head, as he said, “You do not know this Oriental mind as I do; take these away, and you take all away from them; they haven't the Western mind; they must have the symbols.”

A Sunshine Trip

I was not strong when I set out to visit the Mount of Olives ; but Mr. Clark had a comfortable chair for me, and I was carried by two Arabs, and Sister Margery was on her donkey on one side of me, and Mr. Clark on the other. It was no little favour to have Mr. Clark ; and I love to linger in memory on those hours at the Mount of Olives, for I did not have another so full of spiritual enjoyment. Never shall I forget the moment when the Arabs who carried me put their burden down, and Mr. Clark said, "Look back, Mrs. Bottome." As I turned, the city was before me, so compact with the wall around it. None who have ever seen that sight, felt that surprise, will ever forget it ; and, undoubtedly, our Lord had stood there when He looked at the city and wept over it. The words came back — "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou

The Mount of Olives

that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you *desolate.*” One must be in Jerusalem to fully take in the word “desolate.” It is the only word. Shall I ever forget that place of wailing, where they press their foreheads to the remains of the old wall of that once beautiful city! Afterwards, when I found myself on the top of Mount Zion and recalled the words, “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion,” I understood more fully the meaning of His words, “Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.”

It was a memorable hour to me when I stood on the platform surrounding the lofty minaret marking the place of the

A Sunshine Trip

Ascension. I was so eager to see all the land below that I told Mr. Clark I was quite sure I would not mind the steep ascent up the iron stairway to the top. How glad I was to get where there was nothing to disturb one's thoughts! The view from the top of this tower is one of the finest in the world. Walking around the balcony, it seemed as if the whole land were close to me. And it was not difficult to imagine that little group, with Jesus in the midst of them, coming along the road to the spot where He would bless them, and in the act of blessing be parted from them.

Only Mr. Clark and Sister Margery were with me; the almost ever-present beggars were not there. Mr. Clark knew the land, and is a Biblical scholar, and to be with him there was to have the "land and the book."

The Mount of Olives

I would not wish to put myself under the care of any company but that of Mr. Clark; and we meant it when we said to him, on parting at Jaffa, "Refer any party who is thinking of visiting Palestine, or any of the countries we have visited, to us, and we will give you the strongest of testimonials." I look back to that hour on the top of the minaret as almost the only hour when I was not in the presence of a crowd of unfortunate beggars, clamouring for back-sheesh. I heard that we should be overrun with beggars; but I could not have imagined the wretchedness as it actually exists, and to give was only to increase the crowd. Not a sacred spot, scarcely, could you see but in the presence of the Mohammedans. The sun was setting as I was carried down the hill, ashamed of being carried where

A Sunshine Trip

He walked; and there seemed a peculiar meaning in the lines that came to my mind:—

“I blush in all things to abound, the servant is above his Lord.” The lilies of the field, the same He looked at when He said, “Behold the lilies!” were on either side of me—“Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.” The lilies are of the brightest scarlet hue; and I was told that the shade could not be obtained by dyes in Solomon’s time. It was literally true, therefore, that Solomon, in all his glory, could not match that beautiful shade of colour. I saw the Mount of Olives and the beautiful lilies for the last time that afternoon. But love never forgets, its past is ever present, its yesterday is always to-day. Love makes every memory say, “Lo, I am with you always,

The Mount of Olives

even unto the end of the world." And so I join my prayer with another, "Let Thy love make the past a present to me, let it bring to the gates of my life the footsteps of the Son of man, let it make *my* country a Palestine, *my* family-circle a Bethany, *my* cross a Calvary, and *my* crown an Olivet!"

GETHSEMANE

A GARDEN where an old monk gives you flowers, and where you see old olive trees; where you wish the old monk would go away and leave you there alone; where you would like to sit under the olive trees in the twilight and then— Ah! “The light of the world cannot reveal the glories of Gethsemane. It can disclose the sweat-drops and the tears and the darkness. It can reveal the suppliant pouring forth His petition with the voice of strong crying. It can show that the prayer is seemingly unanswered, and the passing of the cup denied; but cannot disclose the peace that comes with the cup.

Gethsemane

It cannot detect the angel of strength that follows the surrendered will."

O Gethsemane, what should we do without thee? "Not my will, but Thine be done." You see (if you have eyes to see) while there, that every rose and flower that is handed you, or that you may take, you owe all to His agony in that garden. It is fitting it should be a garden. We owe all our gardens, inside and outside, to the love that only "feared" that His strength might not hold out till His work for us should be finished on the cross. He was heard in that He feared, and there was an angel sent to strengthen Him. Surely, we can say of Gethsemane, as we say of Calvary, "Thou art Heaven on earth to me, lovely, mournful Calvary." When we think of what His "Thy will be done" has been to the saints

A Sunshine Trip

for nearly two thousand years, as they have entered their Gethsemane, — and all, sooner or later, have had their Gethsemane, — you can hear the echo of His “Thy will be done” in their

“Thy will, not mine, O Lord,
However hard it be ;”

and every note of that song we owe to His “Thy will be done.” Oh, what an opportunity those three disciples lost! Why did they go to sleep? All their after cowardice might not have been if they had not lost that opportunity. Maybe it is because we do not draw near to the suffering Son of God, and enter into the fellowship of His sufferings, that this suffering world is allowed to bear its agony. We indulge ourselves, instead of being like the angel that strengthened Him. Farewell! sad, but beautiful Gethsemane!

BETHLEHEM

“O LITTLE town of Bethlehem.”

All I saw of Bethlehem that I shall love to remember was what I saw with my spirit eyes the morning I lay in my bed at the Howard Hotel in Jerusalem, when my nurse, who was at the window in the early morning, said, “Oh, Mrs. Bottome, I wish you could see the view from this window; here is the road that leads to Bethlehem.” I closed my eyes, and I saw the road that leads *from* Bethlehem, thronged with happy children, every one of them knowing that Jesus said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me. . . . And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed

A Sunshine Trip

them." Oh, that road *from* Bethlehem ! The joy of the world comes direct from Bethlehem. "Jesus was born in Bethlehem." The angels sang there ; and there the Wise Men brought their presents. O Spirit of God, preserve from fading the dayspring from on high ! let the Spirit preserve from setting the star that rose in Bethlehem. We need the Spirit to quicken our memories.

In the Holy Land, and especially in Bethlehem, did His words come with such force into my heart, "*The Kingdom is within you.*" My disappointment in Bethlehem was complete. It was the only rainy day we had while on the trip ; and yet we had the sunrise when my nurse stood at the window in the early morning, and, if I remember correctly, the rain ceased in the late afternoon ; but I went to and returned from Bethlehem in a pouring rain.

Bethlehem

I went to the Church of the Nativity, where you see the manger. There are two altars, one for the Greek Church and the other for the Latin Church. One church owns the manger, and the other the silver star, over which is an altar. Standing guard over these two representative Christian churches are the armed Turkish soldiers, to keep these Christians from killing one another!

They hate each other so, with a perfect hatred; and that was Bethlehem! I wanted to get away, as I did so many other times, for the spirit was lost in the letter. Over the manger hang gold and silver lamps; indeed, here, as in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the silver and gold were everywhere; but your very heart cried out: "Where is the Christ, the Incarnate Son of God, whose name is Love?"

A Sunshine Trip

The rain was so great that I could only glance at Rachel's tomb. All venerate her, Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians. Poor old Jacob! If it had been a clear day, and I had had time (alas! that commodity was so scarce), I should have liked to dream a little while of the past at her grave. "Call the child Ben-oni!" There was one thing about her tomb, — you felt sure of it; and that was more than you could say of many other places.

Of course, you are expected to stay and see the well; and they told me the water was delicious; David liked it. There was also a fascination for me in the cave of Adullam. But perhaps I had expected too much from seeing Bethlehem. Anyway, I shall have no pleasant, holy remembrance of it. It eases my mind to make this confession.

Bethlehem

The Church of the Nativity is almost a horror to me. I have a great admiration for the Empress Helena. When I saw her statue afterwards in Rome, I greeted it as an old friend; but I never could imagine anything more hollow than the services in the Nativity Church. As for the choir boys, gazing around and turning to look at us, and the selling of the wax tapers, I should have thought a scourge of small cords not out of place just then. As Bethlehem is now, the words, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem," would have no attractive power for me.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR

THIS mosque surrounds a rugged piece of rock. To the Mohammedan this is the most holy place in the world, next to Mahomet's tomb. From this rock you are told Mahomet ascended to heaven. I looked at the rock that tried to follow. They told us the angel Gabriel came down and held it till Mahomet got clear; they show you the finger-marks of Gabriel, for he had all he could do to hold the rock down. The reason why this spot is so sacred to the Jew is that he believes this rock to be the Moriah on which Abraham offered up Isaac,—the actual spot where the sacred Ark rested.

The Mosque of Omar

We did not go down into the cave — or at least I did not. Perhaps you remember that General Gordon begged to be allowed to open the hole in the floor. I have read that he was refused. They believe it to be the entrance into the lower world. Gordon, however, thought otherwise, and after excavating in the Kedron Valley he came on some conduit which apparently ran right up to this rock. He at once concluded that this opening in the rock was to carry off the blood and water of the sacrifices in old time. It is fully believed that on this rock stood the great brazen altar.

Underneath this mosque you are told that Solomon stabled his horses; and these stables are known as Solomon's. Two thousand horses can be cared for here.

There is a walled-up gate that is very

A Sunshine Trip

interesting. It is called "The Golden Gate." The Mohammedans have a legend concerning it. The tradition is that the conquerors of Zion will enter through this gate, and the power in Jerusalem will pass from the Moslem to the Jews. Therefore the gate is walled up that entrance may be impossible.

The Jew believes the tradition, and quietly waits for the time when the Golden Gate shall be thrown open for the Messiah to enter and reign over His people. I hope it may be, but I wish they would open their hearts to Him now. Yet I cannot help thinking He loves the city where He worked and suffered and died ; and here, as in other places, especially on the Mount of Olives, it does seem to me He will yet stand, and the feet marked with the print of the nails will yet press this soil.

WHAT I MISSED

IT is not always best to speak or write of what we have missed in life; it is so much better to dwell on what we have not missed. But I must tell you, because you will ask me, what I missed particularly. First, Nazareth, where “He was brought up,” and where I had so much anticipated going. For it had seemed to me the beautiful scene in our New Testament would be more precious still, if I could have imagined His voice on the very spot (if that could be) where He stood up and read the prophecy concerning Himself — “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; to

A Sunshine Trip

bind up the broken-hearted . . . to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." But I did not see Nazareth. Now what can I do, having missed it? Well, it seems to me I must use my imagination, and in spirit listen to the words that can never grow old, because always needed. And this may be a comfort to some of you who will never visit the Holy Land.

Then, I also missed the Sea of Galilee. This was a still greater loss to me, for I had dreamed of sitting by the sea, or the lake, and looking at the same kind of boats in which He so often sat, and the fishing smacks, those which one sees to-day. He had said such wonderful things; but missing it has taught me we might associate Him with every sea and every lake if we only would; for all lakes and rivers and seas are His, and we might so

What I Missed

often see His form on the sea in imagination. It has been said, "Faith has still its Olivet, and love its Galilee," and, as I write, one place after another comes up that I had so fully expected to see, but missed.

I did not see the Damascus road, where a light above the brightness of the sun shone on Saint Paul and he heard the words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Ah, he never forgot those words, *I am Jesus*. I do not know how intensified the story would have been if I had gone to Damascus, but I know that I have, since I returned, read all these incidents in my New Testament with increasing interest; and yet I must be honest and say that in spiritual travel, — spiritual light that illuminates the truths of our Bibles to us can only come in companionship with the Holy Spirit, — we

A Sunshine Trip

may stand on the most sacred spots in the world, and all be common soil to us ; but with the Spirit in us, whether we step on the Holy Land or not, all will be holy ground to us. No one knows better than I do to-day how much or how little all these sacred places may be to us : “ We perceive as we are.”

And yet I can confess to the disappointment in missing the overland trip ; though now I can see how unwise it would have been to have attempted it when the Bedouin tribes were so restless, and there was such a spirit of uneasiness through all the East. For though these Bedouin tribes claim to be direct descendants of Abraham, they are natural born robbers, and it is always unsafe for any one to pass through their country unguarded ; and though mounted Turkish soldiers were to be our escort, we did not feel by any

What I Missed

means sure of them. "Turkish soldiers" had not a very restful sound to us. We knew these Bedouin tribes were after money; for the head of each tribe is legally required to pay the Sultan one Turkish pound, nearly five dollars, a year. In this way only can they be exempt from military duty. Early in May, near the time we expected to be there, a party was visiting the Jordan and Dead Sea with the usual guard. Four of the number separated from the others; and in less than two hours they were seized, robbed of their horses, money, and clothing, and a most pitiable lot they were when they reached their tents after nightfall.

We valued our lives too highly to take the risk of the tent life that had appeared so fascinating to us in anticipation. So, when disappointed, I feel I must do as I have done so many

A Sunshine Trip

times in my life, — organise victory out of defeat. But the hardest part was to have to disappoint others. When I thought of the King's Daughters who wrote me from Smyrna, saying, "We are so sad here in the East, and we feel your coming will give us hope," and when I thought of the two hundred young girls who were to have a holiday when I should arrive at Beyroot, the disappointment was keener still.

Yet I said to myself, surely He is guiding me. Did I not ask for guidance; did I not say as one of old said, in the very land I had gone to see, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence"? Often God has purposes to work out through our disappointments that are too deep for us to see at the time, and I could not forget that all that others had received from me in the past that had been of any

What I Missed

benefit to them had come from my poverty, never from my riches; so I said, it may be that others will in some way be enriched by what I have missed, rather than by what I had hoped to have. Any way, the blessed "all things" remain, and the "all things" take in what we have missed.

Of course, I determined to make the most of what remained, and what you do see in the Holy Land somehow never leaves you. It is a long way to the Orient, but I would not hesitate to go again, if my Guide led me there. And indeed what an education it is to have such a courier with you, as we had in Mr. Valentine, and how we vexed him by staying so short a time in each place! He felt all the time what we were missing; he knew everything, and was ready to tell us what we did not know: and his soul was vexed; I could see it from day to day. But his

A Sunshine Trip

business was to take care of us, to guide us, and he did it well. He illustrated the sweet words, "He careth for you." He did not want us to look after anything, not even our wraps, or our little hand-bags. When we entered a car, we were sure to find everything safely put up above us or at our side. How proud he was of "the boy" of our party! He felt he owned us all. To be sure, it took us a little time to get used to being owned; but where would we have been without him? He knew all the languages we did not know; and before we were through, we found he was the man of consequence, for the best hotels knew him. I am sure, if I should take the trip again, I should look out for Mr. Clark and the courier, Mr. Valentine, he provided for us.

And now the question is, Shall I take in the lesson that I have a Guide — one who

What I Missed

wishes to take care of everything for me — who is constantly preparing places for me so that I always go into a prepared place? To realise this always would be worth a trip to the Orient.

SOMETHING ELSE I MISSED

I HAVE just read a letter sent to one of our party from Mr. R——, who left us at Jaffa to visit Constantinople and Athens. Both were in our itinerary, but the distance by boat between Jaffa and Constantinople was so great, and the younger ones of our party were so tired of boats, and as the East had not been so fascinating to them as to us older ones, and they were eager to reach the Continent, we took our steamer for Brindisi. Mr. R. writes from Beyroot. “When I arrived at the American (Presbyterian) Mission I was more than pleased. The grounds are beautifully laid out, the buildings are splendid, and the stone

Something Else I Missed

church is the best I have seen in the East. They have four hundred pupils of both sexes. Dr. and Mrs. Bliss, the heads of the institution, have lived here forty years. The Doctor was absent, but we saw the charming Mrs. Bliss in her beautiful home. They have been wonderfully successful in establishing a grand work. Mr. William E. Dodge and Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York, are two of the principal trustees and contributors. Another Mr. Jesup is our American Minister, or Consul General, here. They were all disappointed when I told them that Mrs. Bottome had gone back via Alexandria, and would not visit them. They had been expecting her; and Mr. Jesup had promised the two hundred young ladies in the school a half holiday when Mrs. Bottome arrived, and they were to have had an afternoon tea, and

A Sunshine Trip

to have given her a reception. They had no idea that she had been quarantined in their harbour.”

I am not apt to take so much space telling what I have missed; but I want these dear friends who are passing through so much trial in that disturbed land to know that I would have made every effort in my power to have reached them, if I had known two hundred dear girls were looking for me. While quarantined at Beyroot, I did think of the institution, and of the noble work they were doing, and said to myself how sorry Mrs. William E. Dodge will be when I return and tell her I did not see the institution to which she has been, and to which she is, so devoted. “What I missed” is very suggestive. We are always missing something, because life is made up of choices. We must leave something to have any-

Something Else I Missed

thing; and we often, I fear, leave something for that which proves to be less than nothing. How much we need wisdom, how much we should ask for it, that we may not miss the most important things!

A PLEASANT MORNING IN JAFFA

ON our return from Jerusalem to Jaffa, waiting for the Austrian steamer to take us to Port Said, I remembered that our Greek dragoman had spoken of an English school in Jaffa, so I asked him where I should find it. As I intended taking a donkey ride, he offered to walk beside me and show me. We went through the town, finding it more crowded than ever, as it was a feast-day, — the long fast of the Ramazan had just ended. I remembered being in a mosque in Cairo when Lent commenced. All is gaiety now; the women and little girls have on their best gowns, and all

A Pleasant Morning in Jaffa

look happy. As we entered the gate leading to the large stone house, I noticed a white marble slab in the wall at the side of the door, and on it the words, Isaiah liv. 10. The history of it was given me just before leaving.

I was ushered into the school by one of the teachers, a lovely-looking girl, who took me into a room where the larger girls were. They all stood while I said a few words to them ; they were exceedingly bright-looking, and were a mixture of Jewesses, Moslems, and Christians. After speaking to the different classes in different rooms, Miss Walker-Arnott, the founder of this school, and the one who has carried on the Tabitha Mission in Jaffa, introduced herself to me, and took me into the drawing-room for a little chat. It was then I learned that she had come here alone to Jaffa, and had built

A Sunshine Trip

this large house with her private fortune. She was under no society, and had not had a commission till of late years. The children she gathered around her then, are her teachers now ; and it was her ambition to educate, and then have them in turn educate others. I learned that there were a Home, or boarding-school ; three schools in town ; a Sunday-School in the Home, for scholars from the three town schools ; a meeting for women in the town ; a class meeting for men in the Home ; and a Bible woman visiting in the town.

There are a number of native assistants, trained in the Institution, and on the roll are the names of one hundred and seventy children of different faiths ; but I noticed this morning when I repeated the words of Jesus, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," they all repeated it

A Pleasant Morning in Jaffa

with me. Miss Arnott told me that the work among the Moslem women had been particularly encouraging. The children were taught to think and judge and act, and are incited to pass that highest standard which is such a purely Western importation in the East, namely, faithfulness and veracity. A sweet spirit pervaded the house, a something that made you think it might be Bethany, where Jesus would be sure to come. I was so glad she gave me the history of the marble plate in the wall. She said that after the wall was completed and the foundations all securely laid, persecution began. One day she was nearly worn out; she seemed on the edge of completely breaking down; and at last felt so discouraged that she laid down on a lounge and realised that all the energy, strength, and enthusiasm that had kept

A Sunshine Trip

her going had really left her. She had laid her fortune and life down, and had not accomplished the work she had undertaken to do. Just at that moment one of her trusty workmen came in and asked her if she knew who had written on the wall outside. She asked what was written, and the answer was just this: Isaiah liv. 10. She opened her Bible and read: "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

She told me that when she read it, new strength came to her, she rose from the lounge and was well again. So she kept the words that were written with charcoal on the stone as long as she could, then had them cut in a plate. She never knew who wrote them, but imagined

A Pleasant Morning in Jaffa

that some travellers had pitched their tents in the night, and seeing this unfinished building, just wrote the text with a bit of charcoal. The work they did they never knew.

I really needed to get a glimpse of something real, and am glad I have the picture of the Tabitha School to hang up on the walls of memory. I have been so sick of the sights and sounds that have greeted me in the past in the Holy Land. Oh, to have sat down by the Lake of Galilee; and yet, knowing as I do, how unlike it is to what you imagined it would be, it is far better to be with Him on every lake in spirit. That, perhaps, is the reason He said, "It is expedient for you that I go away," then "I will be with you always and everywhere." Oh, yes, *He* is our Holy Land! The Promised Land! Life itself is only a symbol,

A Sunshine Trip

a figure of the true. So I will take up
the little refrain that has helped me so
much.

“Where He may lead I’ll follow,
My trust in Him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace,
I’ll sing He knows !”

NAPLES

ON the morning of the 24th of March we stepped from our steamer (which we took at Alexandria) on to the continent of Europe at Brindisi. How many times at important events of my life the word has come with a new force: "I beseech you, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice"! And I felt that morning that the old hymn of my childhood was the appropriate one for me, —

"Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee thine own,
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone."

It took us all day to reach Naples. As we approached the city I saw the

A Sunshine Trip

fires from Mount Vesuvius. I must confess I did not feel as if I wished to go very near them. Until very recently Cook's Cable Railway has been very convenient for those who have wished to go to the top ; but of late the eruptions have been uncommonly frequent, and the road completely blocked by the lava. It is now a very toilsome trip, if not a dangerous one, and I learned a lesson on the Nile I do not intend to forget. I took risks in the excessive heat that I would not take again, so I decided to content myself with "looking up" without going up. Naples has interested me exceedingly. I find it a much larger city than I had anticipated. It is considered the most beautifully situated city in Europe. The bay is a dream of beauty ; one American enthusiast said, "See Naples and die." I should rather

Naples

say, "After seeing it, what must the pure river of water of life be?" Earth is so shadowed. The first thing I heard this morning was a band of music, and, looking out of my window, I saw the fresh troops marching to the scene of war. Three thousand left yesterday. As I thought of all the sorrow of so many mothers at parting with their sons, never to see them, perhaps, again, the lines of Mrs. Browning came so forcibly to my mind, —

"Dead! . . .

Both! both my boys! If . . .

You want a great song for your Italy free,

Let none look at *me!*"

The contrasts here, as everywhere, are so sharp between great poverty and extreme riches! The horses are uncommonly fine. I think I never saw so many beautiful horses in so short a space of time as I saw on the afternoon we

A Sunshine Trip

drove around the city ; but the faces of the poor are pathetic, and their pressing cry for help meets you everywhere. It does seem as if when you get where nature is the most beautiful, man is in the extremest need. What will it be to see a city, "so holy and clean no sorrow can breathe in the air"! When poverty and filth was on every side of me in Jerusalem, how much to me was the anticipation of "Jerusalem the golden"! It is not here.

We were relieved on entering Naples not to hear the wild voices in Arabic ; and the absence of the Mohammedan loose dress was a comfort. But, alas, we did not escape sights and sounds that made us shut our eyes! We have been enabled to do much more than we possibly could have done through all the trip by riding instead of walking. Nothing sur-

Naples

prises an Italian more than people walking when they could ride; they detest walking. I certainly have an affinity with them in that respect. After all, we are the same people travelling that we are at home.

It was a source of much amusement that I took a nap one afternoon in a tomb. I am more indebted to that nap, perhaps, than I shall ever know. We had been exploring the tombs at Thebes, and having ridden many miles on our donkeys, we were not aware how hot the sun was. When we came out of the tomb, just at the entrance, where we were sheltered, our dragoman had spread a rug, and had prepared for us a very nice lunch. When luncheon was finished, and dishes and cloth were removed, the rug looked so tempting that I threw myself down and slept three quarters of an hour, I am

A Sunshine Trip

told. That sleep saved me, for I was the only one that did not succumb to the heat on the return to the boat. So I was very glad I did take my usual nap, although in a tomb.

P O M P E I I

A MONG the fascinating novels of my girlhood was "The Last Days of Pompeii," and so I was all ready for the trip to Pompeii our second day in Naples. We started early in the morning, and found, when we reached the railway station, that there had been a change in the time-table since the day before, and our train had gone. There was nothing to do but to take carriages; but we anticipated a delightful ride over a country road, and supposed we should be in sight of the beautiful bay. Well, we didn't have what we expected; but that is not an uncommon thing in life. We took the long ride over the stony pavements all the way to Pompeii. We did see new

A Sunshine Trip

sights; we saw more macaroni than we shall ever see again, hanging like curtains on the sidewalk, and we certainly saw enough faded glory to last us a long time. You could see that all the houses of the poor had once been dwellings of the wealthy; and not a house, scarcely, without a balcony at every window! Most of them were in different shades of the colours so peculiar to Naples, — a salmon pink, or white, or dark brown, — and on many of the houses were faded paintings.

I was pleasantly disappointed in the ruins. The wall decorations lend a peculiar charm. The lower part of the columns are covered with painted stucco. The colours I was not prepared for, and they were very pleasant to see. The red and yellow seem appropriate in this brilliant Southern sun. Of course the best of everything that has been discovered has

Pompeii

been taken to the remarkable Museum in Naples.

As I was carried through what was once a theatre, the House of Commerce, temples and colonnades, I had a good opportunity to reflect and learn lessons that I fear I should not have learned if I had been tired by walking. It seemed so wonderful that this was the ancient city mentioned in history three hundred and ten years before Christ, and which fifty-nine years after the birth of Christ was the favourite resort of the wealthier class. In the year 63, Mount Vesuvius, which had been quiet for centuries, became active, and a great earthquake destroyed a good part of the beautiful city. But they went right to work, rebuilding in the Roman style, and when the final catastrophe occurred in 79, much was unfinished. I looked at a row of columns that were in

A Sunshine Trip

course of building when all was buried ; and of all the wonders of excavation I have seen in this trip, in some respects this seemed the most wonderful. To think that all remained completely buried for fifteen centuries ! and we saw the marvellous statuary in the Museum at Naples, and the bronzes that are the wonder of the world ! One of our party, Mrs. G——, was particularly anxious to see the kitchen utensils that had been unearthed, and when one thinks that Pompeii represents almost the only source of our acquaintance with ancient and domestic life, we have a right to be interested in the kitchen utensils. Excavations ! There is a peculiar charm in the word to me ; buried treasures ! Much is buried. I think I shall sing the old song with a new meaning, —

“ Touched by a human heart,
Wakened by kindness,

Pompeii

Chords that were broken
Will vibrate once more."

It might help us in our work to think that every kind word and kind act is helping to remove the rubbish that encases the lost image. I remember standing and watching, while in a tomb in Egypt, as the soil was removed; and all at once a treasure was in sight. Passing along, you could see here and there images peeping out of the great wall, — valuable discoveries that had just been made, — and nothing I had ever seen was like these buried treasures that had at last come to light. Oh, if we could take courage when working, *excavating*, trying to find the buried soul, and when at last the tear starts, feel that the treasure is in view!
The soul is there!

Again and again, while in the East, I thought of our own dreadful East Side,

A Sunshine Trip

where there is so much of want. Thank God for those who are willing to do the work of excavating! Some day a great joy will come to those who look on the beautiful soul, — not a statue in a museum, but a beautiful spirit in the Father's house. Will not the joy pay for all the toil, as memory takes them back to the days when they were engaged in the work of unearthing, bringing to light and joy, God's buried treasures?

ROME

CANON FARRAR says it was the dream of Saint Paul's life to preach Christ in Rome, then the centre of civilisation; but if he had had his dream fulfilled, we might not have had his "letters from Rome." It is an interesting study, to say the least, to think how much poorer this world would be to-day if some people had had that of which they dreamed and for which they longed. Think of what an inspiration the world would have lost if it could not have had imagined that noblest of men sitting in his hired house chained to a Roman soldier, writing letters that will live in character long after all that made Rome the imperial city shall have

A Sunshine Trip

crumbled into dust! How much greater is Saint Paul than Rome! This thought never left me while sight-seeing in what is called (but is not) "the eternal city."

The two great objects of interest to me, and those which I had wanted to see from a child, were St. Peter's Church and the Colosseum. If I had stayed a month in Rome, I should have wanted to visit St. Peter's every day, — the grandest edifice ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky, as Hawthorne speaks of it. The approach to the cathedral is the piazza of St. Peter's, which is partly surrounded by curved colonnades. In the centre of the piazza is the great obelisk brought from the Egyptian Heliopolis. I have read that during the erection of this monument, in 1586, the engineer neglected to calculate on the stretching of the ropes, and the great shaft hung sus-

Rome

pended in the air, and because of the strain on the ropes it could not be placed in position, until a sailor workman shouted, "Pour water on the ropes." His suggestion was promptly acted upon, and the five hundred tons of rock came safely into place. The sailor was not punished by the death promised to the first of the eight hundred workmen who should speak at that critical moment, but was rewarded with the privilege of furnishing the palm branches for St. Peter's on Palm Sunday.

I was not disappointed in St. Peter's, though it was so unlike what I had expected. There is no "dim religious light" there. The interior is very light, the windows being of plain glass. Many magnificent marble columns that were taken from the pagan temples stand about the thirty beautiful altars and the monuments in the church. Of course I stood by the

A Sunshine Trip

famous iron statue of Saint Peter. The great toe of this statue is indeed being worn away by the constant kissing. Our courier stood by my side, and of course kissed the bronze toe, and I saw that he noticed I did not, so I said to him, "I too love Saint Peter, and while standing here I have offered a little prayer that I might have the love he had when Jesus said to him, 'Feed my lambs.'" In that moment I thought of the many lambs that need the affection that the faithful seem to give to Saint Peter. I should have been very glad to see the Pope, and if he had not been so feeble, we probably should have been granted an interview, or, as we were in the church on Palm Sunday, we might have seen him there; but he was extremely feeble at that time.

You have read better descriptions of the wonderful church than I can give you.

Rome

I could write a book on what I saw, and did not see, in St. Peter's and the Vatican, and yet, strangely, what remains most vividly before my mind is what *you* might not have noticed. In one of the many chapels in the church there was a service on the day before Palm Sunday, where we saw a number of cardinals, and where the service was very imposing. But nothing impressed me like the figure of a woman in deep mourning as she knelt by one of the pillars. The whole service was in a language I could not understand. All the rich colours of the robes of the priests and cardinals, all the odour of the incense from swinging censers, faded from my senses as I gazed on that woman who was a figure, a symbol, to me of the broken hearts of all womankind. She never moved during the time we were in that chapel, and I seemed to see only that

A Sunshine Trip

woman and the unseen man of Nazareth, who said, "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." Oh, how my soul turned away in that hour from everything to the personal Christ, who can be revealed to us only by the Holy Spirit!

I *need* to see the things that are not seen, for they only are eternal. I have felt this all the time I have been sight-seeing, and if I had not come for instruction, I should have found, as many who travel for mere pleasure find, that it is a weariness to the flesh, and they wish they were at home. I heard a young girl once say: "I think this is unendurable, this monotonous life on the sea day after day, unless one is in love"; and I quite agreed with her, but I felt like singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Oh, what a difference companionship makes, what a difference it has made to me! How much more the wonders of

Rome

art have been to me after praying, “ Show me what You want me to see, and let me see the meaning of things, not the mere things ” !

It seems to me one cannot but be impressed here in Rome that it is suffering love which is crowned. Saint Peter and Saint Paul were martyrs ; they lived and they died for the good of others ; and that is the reason they are living in stone, living in the heart of humanity to-day. The cross, the symbol of this self-sacrifice, is everywhere. You are shown the very chain — the rude iron chain — they bound Saint Peter with. It is *now* in a golden case. Strange, is n't it, that many who call themselves Christians can see the symbol of the cross everywhere and not say, —

“ Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ? ”

But He only knows how many are bearing

A Sunshine Trip

the cross He has laid upon them. Saint Peter's chains are on exhibition, but who can tell what chains are worn by the saints that earth does not recognise. Poverty is a chain. I shrink from mentioning other chains so many are wearing to-day; but He knows His martyrs in every age.

I saw, while standing within the walls of the great Colosseum, what I saw among the ruins of Pompeii, and in the tombs of the kings on the Nile, that there comes an end to all human greatness. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." I learned this by heart when I was a girl, and history, the history of nations, the history of individuals, proves the truth of the saying my mother repeated to me so often, "*Pride will have a fall.*" Ruins! Ruins! A great part of this trip has been made up of seeing ruins. A gentleman well known

Rome

in New York City said to me the other day, "What a pity that theological students could not go to Jerusalem to finish their studies and see the followers of the different religions of the world before they are let loose upon the people to preach!"

I replied, "There is just such a theological school now being built by a very wealthy Englishman in Jerusalem." I would add that it is a pity that every preacher of righteousness could not make the trip I have made to *see*, not merely *read*, the truth that "*God only is great.*"

How poor pride looked compared with humility, when in the city of Rome I thought of Nero and Paul and compared the two characters! How grand Moses looked in Egypt compared with Rameses the Great! How glad he is now that he chose rather "to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures

A Sunshine Trip

of sin for a season," and the season so short! The body, or mummy, of Rameses the Second is on exhibition in the Museum of Cairo, but not the body of Moses. The last sight we caught of his body was on the Mount of Transfiguration. A glorious body! Oh, yes, righteousness pays in every age. I looked at the marble statue of Moses and Michael Angelo here in Rome a few days ago, and did not wonder the artist struck it with a hammer after he finished it, and said, "Why don't you speak?" Ah, Moses had spoken, and that was the reason he had become the dream of poets and artists. There are some people that have n't life enough in them while living to ever breathe in marble after they are gone. Moses led the children of Israel out of the land of bondage; he was God's servant, and so never died.

Rome

Thank God, we have some leaders to-day, though not many, who are willing, after being learned in all the art of the schools and having prospects like Moses had, to turn their backs on all, and instead lead a life of utter self-effacement. The cross is everywhere, but not the spirit of it. And yet I am sure that He who looks at the heart knows the lives of many whose names will not be heralded on earth, but who are marked with the cross and who know the meaning of Saint Paul's words: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live; . . . and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

All the weary travel to reach *this* Mecca will more than pay, if we reach Him who is the real Mecca, for we can stay with Him, and do not have to turn back to

A Sunshine Trip

go over the dusty road again, as I saw
so many pilgrims do. When Christ is
reached, there is a sense in which our
travelling days are o'er:—

“ God is our home, and in that state
We cannot so far separate
As not to make the distant near
And know the loved are always here.”

THE COLOSSEUM

THIS is a ruin you could never tire of seeing. Think of eighty-seven thousand spectators being accommodated on the marble seats, and fifteen thousand more who could stand and witness the games! We looked at the four tiers of seats and imagined the first tier occupied by the Emperor, the senators, and the rest of the *élite*, including the vestal virgins. The second tier was reserved for the knights and nobles. Then came room for the plebeians. The top gallery, we are told, was used by the sailors employed in the manipulation of the immense awning that shaded the spectators and the men employed in showering per-

A Sunshine Trip

fumed water on those beneath. Think of the dedication of the Colosseum being celebrated with games which lasted one hundred days, and during which time ten thousand men and five thousand wild beasts were slain on its arena; and we stood and looked down on that arena! I thought of the thousands and thousands of Christians who perished there. I must say that the painful association that was so connected with that ruin of the most wonderful edifice ever erected took from me the enjoyment I would otherwise have had.

I did not see it by moonlight. That would be a sight! But we had been cautioned not to visit it at night unless we wanted to risk getting malaria; and we were not sentimental enough to run any risk. I had known of friends who had never recovered from the effects of dis-

The Colosseum

ease they had taken at Rome ; and all through our trip we had been exceedingly careful. I did not forget what a friend of mine said to me just before leaving. In speaking of a friend who travelled with her in the East, she said she has never been the same woman physically since her trip to the East. We wanted to return well, and so we did very little at night during the entire trip. We are told that this wonderful Colosseum, now in ruins, did not fall with decay. Had it been left untouched by the bandits, who ruined so many of Rome's greatest monuments, it would have remained intact probably to this day. It was regarded as a sort of mine, or quarry, from which was taken the material to build the palaces and the smaller buildings. One half of the only wall is gone, and but two thirds of the

A Sunshine Trip

original Colosseum remains. You can form an idea of its size by the value of the material yet standing, since, as shown by a noted architect, the mere stone, brick, and marble in the ruins are worth \$1,250,000. One can see the underground passage and cells in which were kept the condemned victims of the arena, both man and beast. Alas, for the human nature that could enjoy the sight of the flowing blood! To me, it is simply savage human nature. Thank God, a better day has dawned! Nothing shows more conclusively to me the fact that man is only a ruin of the image that God made him, than all that is suggested by a visit to the Colosseum at Rome.

VENICE

BEAUTIFUL Venice! There is no city like it. To float in a gondola on a moonlight night, and listen to the music, is an experience not to be forgotten. Now I am back in Venice and on the Grand Canal, and looking at the old palaces on either side that have such a fascination for me. "The canal is like an 'S' in shape, and cuts the city in two nearly equal parts. It is two miles long and about one hundred and eighty feet wide, except at the narrowest places, where the famous Rialto crosses it. This bridge of perhaps one hundred feet span was built in 1588-1591. It is one graceful arch of Italian

A Sunshine Trip

marble, on which are twenty-four shops, and three passage-ways for pedestrians. There are but three other bridges over this canal, and they are of iron. The great building of Venice is St. Mark's Cathedral,—some one calls it the 'Golden Cavern'; it is incrustcd with precious stones, at once splendid and sombre, sparkling and mysterious. It is the richest cathedral in its adornments in the world. It is a partial copy of St. Sofia in Constantinople, golden-roofed, with great marble statues outlined against the five domes of the church. The sun from this consummation of the sublime in Oriental and Venetian architecture brings out the most exquisite colouring, and when the sky is glowing (as it can only glow in Venice) the effect is magnificent. Above the central portal are the four gilded horses that in 1204 were brought

Venice

from Constantinople. Napoleon stole them, and they were taken to Paris in 1797, as trophies of war. The horses were returned in 1815, and now grace the portal as of old. The interior of the old church is as wonderful as the exterior. More than five hundred valuable columns of precious substances are in and about St. Mark's; and forty-six thousand square feet of beautiful mosaic, much of it executed in the eleventh century, cover its floors, walls, and ceiling." I would like to tell you more of this wonderful cathedral; it is so beautiful. Every one has heard of the pigeons of St. Mark's that swarm in this square and have been fed by the city for seven hundred years. "Our Henry" had a good time feeding the pigeons, and so had the pigeons in being fed; but they were in

A Sunshine Trip

great danger of being killed with kindness at his hands; he never tired feeding them. I do not like to stop writing of the weird old city. I did not go again to the palace of the Doges, or over the Bridge of Sighs, or down through the dreadful dungeons that I was so determined to explore a few months before, but I left Venice saying, as I think every one says, "Farewell, beautiful Venice!"

We left Florence yesterday at two o'clock and travelled by an express train until eleven o'clock last night to reach Venice. This morning for the first time I felt like calling a halt; as you remember, I was in Venice last summer. I said to our party, unless I can in some way be a help this morning, I wish you would go without me; for not only was I tired, but I wanted

Venice

to be left with my Bible and pen and paper. So here I am in one of the grandest hotels I was ever in. Our private parlor overlooks the Grand Canal; the golden room is flooded with golden sunshine, and I am resting as I could not even on a gondola.

Of course this afternoon I will pay my respects to St. Mark's and the aristocratic pigeons, etc. I see that by having this quiet hour I can catch up the thread that I laid down in Rome.

I was sorry that I could not accept Mrs. Clark's invitation (wife of the President of our Theological Seminary in Rome and daughter of Dr. Butts of Drew Theological), who kindly offered to take me to the other side of the Tiber to see what I could in so short a time of the work of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. But in returning

A Sunshine Trip

Mrs. Clark's call on me, I had to tell her all our arrangements had been altered, for it had been found out that in order to be in Switzerland at Interlaken on Easter, we should have to leave earlier than we had anticipated, and so I not only missed going with Mrs. Clark, but was obliged to go in the afternoon of the day on which I was to speak on the work of the King's Daughters in our American Church.

I was so disappointed, and so were the Daughters who wear our little silver cross, but we had to start for Florence. Never had the words that I had given to my friends before leaving home been put to a severer test, —

“'Tis equal joy to go or stay.”

It is much easier to theorise than to act; but I am glad of the line that precedes the above, —

Venice

“But with a God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.”

The joy will come in either going or staying, in recognising our Guide and doing His will. Some one says, “Travel is the fool’s paradise.” I don’t think the fools have a paradise at all. It takes a wise person to have a paradise, whether at home or abroad. I believe the people who travel for mere pleasure do not find it. You come to know of so much unhappiness that people have who are travelling. Sometimes you are compelled to listen to sounds that tell a sad story of domestic life, or domestic death.

During the last moments I spent in my room in the Grand Hotel in Rome, the smile did not leave my face as I listened to a gentleman whistling in the room next to mine. He commenced whistling, —

“I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.”

A Sunshine Trip

I smiled as I wondered whether he had awakened from his dream. Just then his tune changed, and he whistled a tune called "Dennis" that I always associate with

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

While I was thinking, "Well, if you really get to that, it will not matter whether your dream of dwelling in marble halls comes true or not," again the tune changed, and the song we heard so often on the trip was beautifully whistled ("The Palms"); and then he started in on,

"O Beulah Land! Sweet Beulah Land!"

Well, the whole thing was a sermon to me; and to tell the truth I have to catch my sermons as best I can on this trip.

Venice

So I arranged it all, commencing with

“Dreaming dreams of a life that is not,
Of a life that can never be,”

then awakening to see that life must have a purpose in it, that we have “a charge to keep.” Then coming in sight of a cross and seeing a life laid down for us, and this bringing us sooner or later in view of the Delectable Mountains, we finally catch a sight of the New Jerusalem, that will “never pass away.”

“O Beulah Land! Sweet Beulah Land!”

Of course I had prepared myself for the disappointment of staying so short a time in Florence. It could only be a bird's-eye view, seeing a few paintings and pieces of sculpture; but the old familiar hymn, “Work, for the night is coming,” will never be disassociated from Michael Angelo's last piece of work,

A Sunshine Trip

“Night and Morning,” which I saw in Florence. Are we doing work that will be worth looking at even if unfinished?

The holy Robert McCheyne sealed all his letters with a device of the sun going down behind the western hills, and over it these words, “The night cometh.”

MILAN TO PARIS

WE left Milan at night, and the next morning we were nearing the spot where we had expected to take the train for Interlaken. But we had decided to go right on to Paris. So the sunset on the Jungfrau I should not see. But I had seen it, and it was "within" me. Had I not gazed at the celestial vision, and longed for purity, — had it not made me hungry more than once, to know what the bridal of the soul must be? So I looked at it, as memory brought it before me, as we passed the region of the Alps, and I had a sort of feeling that "what thou hast not now, thou shalt have hereafter." There is much we must learn to wait for, and our lives, I am sure, would be much happier if we would wait in

A Sunshine Trip

hope. It is only a question of time when we shall have all things. ✓ We are heirs of all things, and we shall come into our inheritance some day. ✓ There is a deeper meaning and greater joy in "Hope in the Lord" than some of us have ever known. ✓ So I passed the Alps in *hope*.

We reached Paris on the eve of Easter. The beautiful Easter! I did not grieve that we had missed being in Rome on Easter. It was impossible to be in Jerusalem, where of course we should have been so delighted to be on Easter. Yet we had learned that in our dreams we had not counted on some facts, for we were in Rome on Palm Sunday; and I noticed we had not the same desire to remain over Easter that we had had. So on Easter Sunday morning in Paris, in the quiet of my room, I saw that the lesson had gone down deeper, — "The Kingdom

Milan to Paris

(the Easter) is within you." One does not reach this experience quickly. I was told when a child that the sun danced on Easter Sunday morning; so that if it rained and the new bonnet could not be worn, I had no Easter. Of course that was a very early stage, but the later stages were foolish too; but I knew that Sunday morning in Paris, that nothing could prevent me from having an Easter, for He had become my Easter, and as the picture at the tomb had always taught—it was her name uttered by the voice of love, and her glad recognition of her Master that made the real Easter, for one woman: so I had my Easter in Paris, but Paris did not make my Easter. I saw on that day for the first time the wonderful Church of the Madeleine lighted with innumerable candles; and the finest singing I ever heard in a church I heard that

A Sunshine Trip

afternoon. The effect was wonderful, and yet there is a glory that excelleth — the inward glory of the Spirit; for the music ceases; the flowers die on the altar, but the glory of an inward Christ abideth forever. That which will continue longest with me, as associated with my visit to Paris, was a gift I received, which cannot be taken from me. I know it was given to Saint Paul in the first place, but it was surely given to me on the night of Easter day. “My grace is sufficient for thee.” It was spoken to my inner consciousness. I said, “Is it sufficient for all my sinful past?” And the answer came — “Sufficient!” I said, “Is it sufficient for all my future?” and the answer came — “Sufficient!” Sufficient “grace to cover all my sins,” and sufficient grace with every thorn and for every duty. And it was made very clear to me by the

Milan to Paris

Spirit that it was *His* grace that was sufficient and *not mine*. I could not depend on any grace but His grace; and that was to be given me just to meet every need. I was to draw on Him for his grace moment by moment. That was enough, that was more to me than all the sights of earth, — *that* met my deepest need, and that was a preparation for the news which came the next day, — that enabled me to resign the determination that the ending of the trip should find me at Tavistock, where I should look at the words: “Oh, bliss of the purified” and “Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory,” and where I should read again the words cut in the stone, that I had heard the voice that is now still utter so many times, “The Spirit and the Bride say come.” But if dear M—— is so ill as the letter says, then I must

A Sunshine Trip

return to see her before she sails for old England; and only a few days remain, so I shall not see the spot so sacred to me. Mrs. Munro is more than willing to change from the "Lucania" to the "Campania" which will sail in a few days. So with only a mere call in London (the city so fascinating to me) we sail on the "Campania" for New York. We have been far from our home. We have passed dangers seen and unseen. We have enjoyed much, — learned much, and we feel sure that while other places may fade or grow dim in our memory, the land of His birth, — the land where He worked and suffered and died, will be an unfading memory with us. Disappointed we may have been in much of the Holy Land or in the absence of what we had expected to see, but after all it was the Holy Land, and it was the Jerusalem that we hoped,

Milan to Paris

with the pious Jews, would yet be the joy of earth ; and the echo of the voices of the angel who stood by the side of the disciples we seemed to hear, as we left the sacred spot : “ This same Jesus which is taken up from you unto heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go unto heaven.” We left Jerusalem with the faith and hope that His feet would again stand on the Mount of Olives.

And yet I keep saying, “ Can it be I have been in the Jerusalem where He set His face to go and suffer ? ” For “ He set His face steadfastly towards Jerusalem,” and after Him the grand Apostle said, “ I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that bonds and imprisonment await me.” Oh, there is a “ Jerusalem, the golden,” for all those who have suffered in this Jerusalem : —

A Sunshine Trip

“ These are they who bore the cross ;
Nobly for their master stood ;
Sufferers in His righteous cause ;
Followers of their dying God.”

How slow we are to enter into His sufferings, not seeing that this is the only way to enter into His glory ! We need not go to the Holy Land to see the place of His suffering. He is being crucified in New York ! The bloody sweat is wherever the cry of the oppressed is heard, for there is still a suffering Christ. Alas, that the church should not see more deeply into the meaning of all their appeals ! Those who love Christ will make the land where they have lived and died for ever fragrant with their memories. We must come to the willingness and the joy of being crucified with Christ, or we shall never know the power of His resurrection.

ENGLAND — THEN HOME

WE have stepped on English soil at last, the soil so precious to me. The ugly channel, as it has been called, was as lovely and smooth as the Hudson; no one thought of being ill. On my way up to London, the wonderful trip nearly over, I went back in thought, as one always does, to the one spot, the Holy Land. I was glad to think that in all the beautiful pictures in our New Testament (and now I know the land as well as the book) none could be lovelier than that one where He stood by a grave; and in that grave was the body of one whom Jesus loved.

A Sunshine Trip

And if it be true that all the beautiful words and truths He uttered are only specimens, a little of the ore of the mines of truth and love, only think what fortunes are ahead of us ; for with Him it is always : “ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.”

We have to remain here a few hours for our steamer, and of course we have paid our respects to St. Paul's and beautiful Westminster. We saw them as the sun was setting ; for in London, as everywhere else, the bright sunshine is with us. One is hardly surprised at the absence of sunshine in London ; so we feel especially grateful that we can have even here the memory of its presence.

THE voyage is ended!

I cannot send out this little book without thanking the many who prayed for a safe journey and a safe return. How many prayed that the seas might be smooth, and their prayers were answered! The Mediterranean will ever remain in memory the "Smiling Mediterranean." The stormy Atlantic was not the name for the beautiful Atlantic we crossed. Did He say in answer to so many prayers, "Peace, be still"? It hardly seemed any time after we stepped on the "Campania," before we were looking for the faces that three months before

A Sunshine Trip

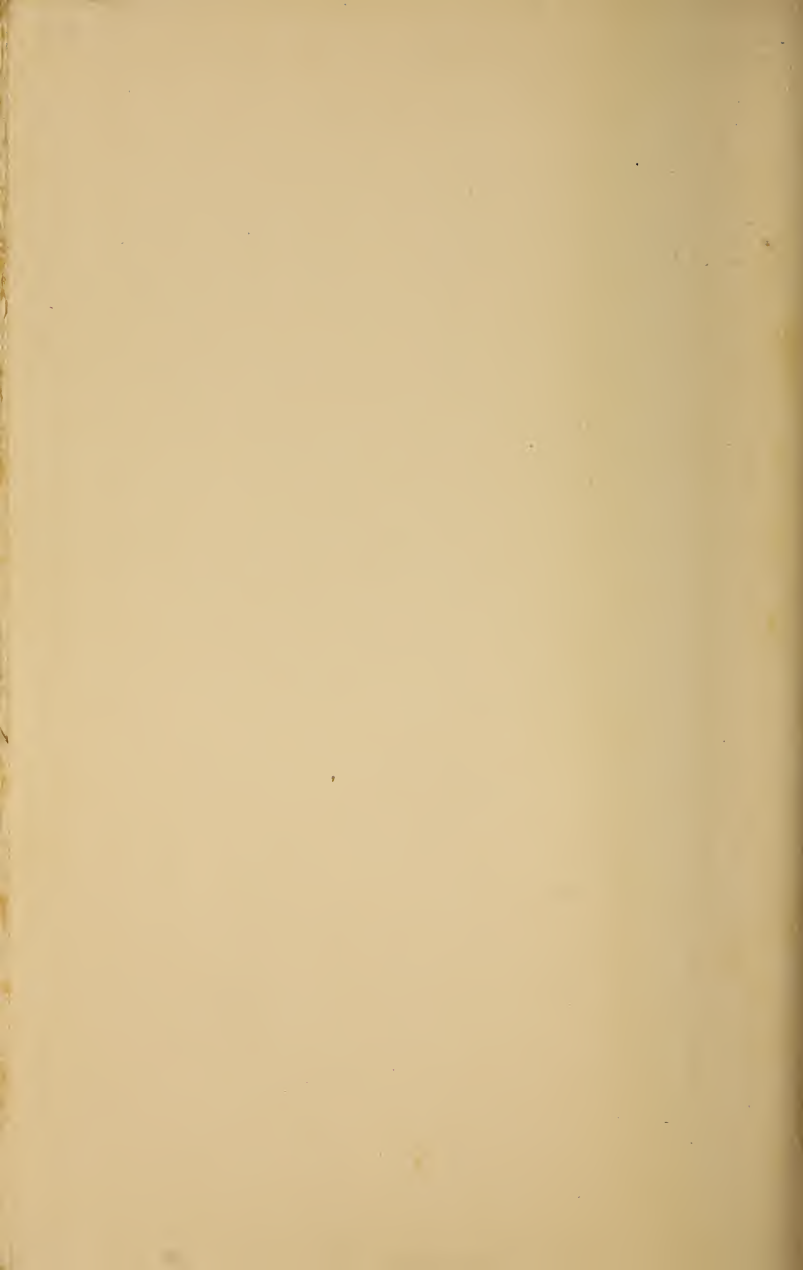
we strained our eyes to see as we passed from the shore, still waving to them when they were out of our sight. One who threw me a bunch of violets, who reached the steamer too late to come on board (his eager, happy face I see now as I write), has reached the eternal shore. With him the storms are all over. Will he meet me with fadeless flowers when the sea of life is crossed? I am glad he threw me the violets. We shall be glad some day for all the flowers we have given or received. As I stood on the "Campania" as she neared the dock, and the faces of my boys became clear to me, a strange gentleman standing in front of me said, as he stepped back, "Take my place, madam; there is no one looking for me." God grant, when the voyage of life is over, all the seas, whether calm or smooth, crossed, we may

A Sunshine Trip

be able to say, "Almost Home," and not have to add, "There's no one looking for me." We have now the power to make that saying impossible. Love never forgets. If we have helped souls to that further shore, they will come to see us land.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 010 174 951 4