

Around the World By Faith
With Six Weeks In the Holy Land

By
FRANK BARTLEMAN

SECOND EDITION
Price 50c per copy.
\$4.00 per dozen, postpaid.

Order of
F. BARTLEMAN
5606 Bushnell Way
Los Angeles, Calif.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Call.

Off for Europe. England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales.

Holland, Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt.

Jerusalem. Six weeks in Palestine.

Ceylon, India, China, Japan.

Home, Sweet Home.

[photo]
FRANK BARTLEMAN - 1906

[photo]

MISSIONARY FRANK BARTLEMAN

Ready to circle the walls of old Jerusalem. “Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.”

- Ps. 48:12.

THE CALL

For years previous to my world trip I had had an impression that some day I would enjoy just such a privilege from God. I had been in the most exacting line of service ever since my call to preach in 1894. Was converted in Phila., Pa. in 1893, at 22 years of age. With so many years in street, slum, prison, and evangelistic work, with its constant privation, for the Lord had called me to walk by faith, without salary or support of any kind assured by any board, my nerve force was about used up. I had always sought the fields no one else cared to go to. I had been through the year of intense prayer in Los Angeles previous to the Pentecostal outpouring, and all through the early years of the Azusa Mission meetings and work. Had crossed the Continent twice and back again, four times from coast to coast, with my little family, all by faith, working our way from city to city, in the years 1907 and 1908, just after the Latter Rain outpouring. In those days every Pentecostal door was open to the God-sent worker, without discrimination.

Previous to all this we had crossed the Continent, from New York to California, by stages, in the same service of faith, in various missions. In 1909 I spent six weeks in the work in the Hawaiian Islands. In all I had traversed 45 states, with a portion of Canada.

My early life and ministry was one of intense privation from the beginning, with no one to help me but the Lord. I needed a rest and change, and needed it very badly. Among other hardships I had spent two years in the South, among very unhealthy surroundings, where the malaria nearly killed me.

I was so worn before I started by faith to circle the globe that I could not contemplate the writing of an ordinary post-card without agony. My nerves were threadbare. I had been born an invalid and had never had any natural strength to rely upon. My people were not especially religious. What little pre-

paration I had gotten for the work was by my own hard efforts. And so God was pleased to reward my years of strenuous labor with this blessed rest and change which I am about to describe.

After making known my call from God to circle the globe, to visit the various mission fields, many tried hard to discourage me. One brother declared I would not live to get half way around. I confess it did look that way. I only weighed 145 pounds, and my strength was completely gone. It seemed like suicide. But I knew I could safely obey God. And I could not afford to miss His will. I came back weighing 155 pounds, and with the best health I had known for many years. Was almost completely cured of a bad stomach neuralgia I had suffered well nigh death from. In fact for years I had scarcely been free from pain. 25,000 miles on the open sea, with the blessing of the Lord, worked wonders for me.

Some even went so far as to tell me that God had shown them that I was going to my death, and worst of all, against His will. But here I had opportunity again to prove my call. I told the Lord He knew my heart, and that I would appreciate it if He would break a leg and stop me if He saw that I was riding "the ass of my own will", like Balaam. In fact I was willing to turn back from any point if He should show me I was going wrong. But there seemed nothing to do but go.

March 17, 1910, at 9:30, P. M., I left my little family at 163 S. Gless St., Los Angeles, Cal., after prayer and committing them to God. It was hard to tear away. I suffered almost death in the natural in leaving. In fact before I had gone a block on my way to the street car I was obliged to set my grip down and lean against a telephone pole for support. But I staggered on, got to the train, and was on my way, in the will of the Lord. I left behind me a loving wife and three young children, the youngest less than five months of age. A whole year of my life was to be torn out of my family fellowship, never to be replaced.

I gave my family ten dollars, all the money that we had in the world. We had never owned any prop-

erty. The Editor of the Way of Faith, Brother J. M. Pike, had sent me \$25.00, from Columbia, S. C., to be used for my trip. With this amount I left Los Angeles. Not very much to go around the world with. But God! I was to travel by faith. We had no assurance of support from man, nor means for traveling expenses. The family were to trust God as well as myself. The Lord was to demonstrate His ability to provide for that which He had ordered. And He did it.

I literally fought with demons the first night, on the train, on the way to Stockton. An awful wave of home-sickness for my little family came over me. It seemed I would die. But again I had opportunity to prove my call. And again I called on the Lord to intervene and turn me back if I was mistaken in my call. The devil told me I was deceived. The natural man cried out to return to my family. In fact I would have welcomed an excuse to turn back at that time. But God said "go on."

At Stockton one soul was reclaimed. I preached three times. Had caught a cold in the rain and suffered severely all night, but the Lord touched my body just at daybreak, and I was delivered.

I next stopped at Oakland, where I preached in Bro. Barney Moore's mission. Got a wonderful spiritual victory one evening here, while praying in my bedroom. I had suffered all one night with pain around my heart, without sleep. It seemed the devil was determined to kill me. But the Lord blessed greatly in the meetings.

From here I went to Woodland, Cal., speaking in the mission, with much blessing. My next jump was to Salem, Oregon, where I preached also with much help from God. At this place I stopped in the home of Julius Voget, a brother to Pastor Voget whom I afterwards met and worked with in Germany. In fact it was through this stop that I was recommended to Pastor Carl Voget of Germany. So the Lord was ordering better than I knew. In later years, on my second trip to Europe, it was this Pastor Carl Voget who opened the field to me on the Continent.

At Seattle I had one service. From there I hurried on to Vancouver, B. C., remaining over Sunday. Here

I met a brother who gave me \$20.00 for my trip.

Over the Canadian Rockies I had the privilege of some wonderful scenery. I had coveted this trip for years. God gave me the desire of my heart. "Delight thyself also in the Lord (in His will); and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." I thought of Israel whom God made to "ride on the high places of the earth." Crossing the "Great Divide," backbone of the American Continent, we came over some very dangerous road. The snow and dirt were sliding as the frost gave way.

We reached Winnipeg safely and I preached the same night at the Pentecostal mission. Bro. Argue was in charge. The people were very receptive. I was given a beautiful overcoat here, by Archdeacon Phair, an article I was then very much in need of.

At Minneapolis I preached once, and then proceeded to Chicago. There I preached at the Stone Church, where Bro. Piper was in charge. I then went to Alliance, Ohio, and on to Pittsburg, Pa. Here I preached at the Christian Missionary Alliance. I also spoke at Wilkinsburg. The Pittsburg water poisoned me so that I was very sick one night. I was getting very weary also of the long journeys by train.

My next jump was to Washington, D. C., where I secured the necessary Passport for foreign travel. Came on from there to Phila., Pa., where I preached at the Highway Mission. I had another hard spell with my stomach, suffering intensely, but God gave the victory. We had great blessing in the meetings. I then visited my aged parents at Carversville, Pa., just north of Phila.

At New Haven, Conn., I preached with good results. Came back to N. Y. City, and then visited Nyack C. M. A. Training School. Returning to N. Y. City again I spoke at Glad Tidings Hall several times.

OFF FOR EUROPE. ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND AND WALES

But it was now time to set sail for foreign parts. I had never been out of America before and was about to try, to me, the “great unknown.” Faith was to have a chance to exercise itself in reality now. I bought a ticket for England, sailing June 1, 1910, on the White Star Liner “Adriatic”, one of the largest vessels then afloat. After paying my fare, \$55.00, second class, I had just \$150.00 left from the money the saints had given me along the way.

Truly “they that go to sea in ships, see God’s wonders in the deep.” We saw two waterspouts on the way across. They were a terrific sight. An unusual occurrence in that part of the ocean. They did not look to be more than five miles away. A waterspout is really a cyclone on the water. It creates a vacuum and draws thousands of tons of water up into the clouds from the sea, where it is converted into moisture. The spout reaches from the sea to the sky, probably a mile or more in length. Its proportions are enormous. The sea fairly boils around it. It is curved in shape, and twists continually. We could see the water running up en masse, by suction, as through a glass tube. Finally both spouts broke at the top and were dispersed. No ship could live if struck by one.

There was much drinking and immorality on board. My ticket was good to Southhampton, but I decided to land at Plymouth. We had been between seven and eight days on the water. The voyage had been a smooth one and I had not been sick at all, but the atmosphere of the vessel was morally bad. The last night, just before landing, one could not sleep, the confusion was so great. I had two men for my cabin partners, one a cow-boy from Wyoming, the other a gold-digger from the Black Hills. They were both as wild as Texas steers, and drunk most of the voyage over.

The first thing one sees upon approaching land is the small fishing vessels, always a sure indication that land is near. They are a welcome sight. I spent some hours looking around the old town of Plymouth. It was Sir Francis Drake's town, one of the oldest in England. From this harbor, the Plymouth Fathers sailed in the Mayflower for America. I rode for four and one-half hours, up to London, through the best part of England. Passed through Cornwall, Billy Bray's old stamping ground, and saw Windsor Castle from a distance, approaching London. I reached London safely, and after an hour's ride across the city in a cab, found my Pentecostal friends. My first stop was with Pastor Niblock, who was very kind to me. Later I stopped with Cecil Polhill, in his beautiful home. No one could have treated me more kindly than these two brethren. I addressed a Pentecostal meeting both afternoon and evening of the day after I arrived in London.

The next day Bro. Polhill took me to Bedford (John Bunyan's Town), in his beautiful Touring Car, a distance of fifty miles from London. On the way we stopped at the village of Elstow, where Bunyan's home was. Here I saw the cottage he lived in (when he was not in prison). Also the old church and belfry, where he used to ring the chimes as sexton, and where he was converted, through the chiming of the bells. Old Moot Hall, where he afterwards preached, was still standing, close by. From the familiar village scenes here he drew his illustrations for "Pilgrim's Progress." Here was the "slough of despond." And there was the same old "wicket gate", in the old wooden church door. The "gate beautiful" has also been preserved most carefully. Of course the old church has been remodeled, but these particular features have been preserved with religious care. Just as they were in Bunyan's day. They date from the Seventeenth century.

The old prison where he spent twelve long years "in durance vile", for daring to preach a free Gospel on the streets of pious Bedford, has been long ago torn down, but the old prison door has been preserved most carefully. It is now embedded in the

place of honor, in a new Chapel built to Bunyan's memory, in Bedford. I looked through the same bars that Bunyan had, but from the other side, and under quite different circumstances of course. Bedford is now known as "Bunyan's Town", and is rightfully proud of it. There is a large figure of Bunyan erected on a base at the entrance to the Public Park in Bedford. All men honor him today. He had to suffer to win this recognition. They were also erecting a costly Memorial Chapel to his memory in Elstow, with carved panels representing his scenes in "Pilgrim's Progress."

I preached three times at the little Pentecostal Hall in Bedford, with great blessing. Also addressed some cricketers, after their game at Howbury Hall, Bro. Polhill's estate, before returning in the Touring Car to London. I thanked God for the privilege of preaching a Pentecostal Gospel in "John Bunyan's Town." Had a severe attack of stomach neuralgia at Bedford, and on the way returning to London, and suffered greatly all one night after returning. England is much damper and colder than California.

The first place of interest I visited in London was Westminster Abbey. A marvelous old building of the Thirteenth century, with tombs and carved figures in bronze to England's illustrious dead. There is a slab to the memory of John and Charles Wesley. They are honored among kings. I stood by the tomb of David Livingstone, whose heart was buried in the heart of Africa, but whose body lies in Westminster Abbey, also among kings. He was a king for God's Gospel. I also saw the old "Coronation Chair", under which is bolted with iron rods and bands the "stone" exciting so much comment. Some claim it is the original "Jacob's Pillar." But, who knows? It is guarded sacredly, and kings are still crowned upon it proudly.

Next I visited the House of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, and St. Paul's Cathedral. Old Blackfriars Bridge and the River Thames were near by. In London Tower, the old political prison, I saw many old relics. Here Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and Catherine Howard were beheaded, at the instigation of Henry the Eighth. Many prisoners of note have been

incarcerated in this old Tower. It has been a gruesome old place.

I spoke twice at meetings after returning to London. Bro. Polhill very kindly gave me five pounds (\$25.00) to send to my family in America.

I left London for a trip north, stopping first at Sunderland, on the North Sea. Here Pastor Alex. Boddy received me very kindly. I spoke several times in his meetings and was very kindly treated. Met an excellent body of Pentecostal saints there. Received a letter while there, from Bro. Polhill, with \$25.00. He had sent it to America but too late to reach me before sailing, so it had been returned to England, and found me at Sunderland. God takes care of His own funds that they do not go astray. He also takes care of His children when He puts them forth. I found the climate pretty cold and heavy here. The Lord greatly quickened the saints in our meetings.

From Sunderland I went to Edinburg, Scotland. Here I stopped a short while with a good Pentecostal family by the name of Beruldsen. Had some meetings in the home, with much blessing. It did not come dark here at this time of the year until 10 P. M. and was daylight at 1 A. M. The country was very healthy. I visited the Castle in Edinburg, Holyrood Palace, St. Giles Church where John Knox preached, and also his grave. Knox's grave is now in the middle of the street, back of the Church, in front of the Parliament buildings. The old cemetery has been abolished. But his grave has not been disturbed. It is marked with a simple, flat stone, with J. K. 1572, upon it.

Mary Queen of Scots lived in Holyrood Castle. I visited the old Greyfriars Churchyard, where the Covenanters' prison was, and where so many noble martyrs for Jesus are buried. Visited John Knox's house also. Knox thundered the Gospel from St. Giles until Queen Mary trembled on her throne. She declared she feared Knox's prayers more than the combined armies of Europe. And well she might for he had prayed, "Give me Scotland or I die." God removed the tyrant from her throne in answer to his prayers. Some of the old pillars of Knox's time still support

the new Church edifice. The present building is practically new. There is a figure of Knox, to his memory, in the Church. He “never feared the face of any man.” Edinburg is a beautiful city. Here I had a terrific battle in my body again. The damp and cold caused me great suffering. But God delivered.

I next came to Glasgow and Kilsyth. Here I met Bro. Dan’l Awrey, in the large station at Glasgow. He had just come from Kilsyth, where I was going. It was a strange providence that brought us together. Neither knew anything of the other’s whereabouts. We met in the narrow corridor. Otherwise we must have missed each other in the crowd. We only had five minutes together. God had it all arranged and timed. He was the first acquaintance I had met from America since leaving. It was a great refreshing to both of us.

I reached Kilsyth safely and received a hearty welcome from Bro. Andrew Murdoch and his company of Pentecostal saints. They were big hearted miners. Spoke at the meetings four times. The saints drank in the truth like the thirsty ground drinks in the rain. I had wonderful liberty. But the devil fought me terribly again in my body. They gave me \$15.00 here. They only earned about seven dollars a week in the mines, and most of them had large families. A better people I have never met.

I next crossed the North Channel, from Firth of Clyde to Belfast, Ireland. This is a great ship-building centre. Here I saw two of the largest Steamers in the world in process of building, the Olympic, and her ill fated sister, the Titanic. Only spent a few hours in Belfast, coming on from there to Dublin, Ireland is indeed an Emerald Isle. So green. It rains much here. The fields are small, of all shapes and sizes, and divided by green hedges. The houses are much poorer than those of England. The cold and rain was rather hard on me. I suffered much from neuralgia and congestion.

At Dublin I stopped over one night. It is a great city. The River Liffey runs through the heart of it. While there I visited Dublin Castle. The Irish are a wonderfully strong, healthy people. I rode to the

Depot in one of those queer little side-seated Irish Gigs. From Dublin I came to Waterford, where I stopped a few hours. Came through Kilkenny on the way. I finally reached Rosslare, where I took the boat for Wales. Saw in Ireland an old "round tower," also an old fort built in 1009, A. D. Visited an old Abbey built in 1200, A. D.

I crossed the Channel to Fishguard, Wales, took the train, and dropped off at Loughor, Evan Roberts' home town. He was not at home, being in England, with Mrs. Penn-Lewis, but I visited his home twice and talked with his parents and sisters. They had a very neat little home. I found his people quite intelligent. Here in Loughor I visited Moriah Chapel, where the Revival first broke out. I stood in the same, hallowed pulpit, and sat in the same chair that Evan Roberts had. Also knelt at the same altar where he received the fire, and had wet the floor with his tears.

I spent one evening in meeting with a little band of Revival converts, at Pen-Rheol, close by. The presence of God was wonderfully manifest. At the close of the service we were hushed in the very street in front of the Chapel by the presence of the Lord. We walked home together unable to utter a word to one another. His presence was so real.

I then came on to Swansea, where I stopped with the Pentecostal saints. Here I spoke three times in the Mission Hall. Suffered much from the cold and rain. Fought with demon powers all night one night. Both God and the Devil seemed to be claiming Wales. In Swansea I visited an interesting old Castle. Also visited the old "Debtor's Prison." Some wag had written on its wall while incarcerated there, long time ago, the following doggerel lines. "Welcome, Brother Debtor, to this poor but peaceful place, where no bailiff dunn, or letter, dares to show its frightful face." I found the Welsh a nation of singing birds, and highly emotional. They are a warm hearted, lovable people.

I came on to Cardiff, stopping a short while between trains, and from there went north to Halifax, England, where I stopped to hold some meetings, with Sister Lydia Walshaw. Spoke three times in the little mission with great blessing. The saints were much

strengthened. One young woman left the meeting under conviction, got part way home, but had to turn back and give herself to God. They gave me \$40.00 here. I spoke at Bradford one night, a town close by Halifax, at Bro. Smith Wigglesworth's mission. Visited his home there.

From here I started back for London, stopping on the way at Mrs. Penn-Lewis's home in Leicester, where I spent the afternoon with Evan Roberts. Had an interesting visit with him. Reached London in the evening. I spoke at two more meetings in London, at Zion College, before leaving England for the Continent. Also visited Bunhill Fields, where the Gospel rang out in London to the multitudes in the open air, from the lips of Wesley, Whitefield, and other stalwarts of the cross. I visited John Wesley's house where he lived and died, and stood in his prayer room, his Study and the room where he breathed his last triumphantly. Here in this house are his letters and books, preserved with religious care. The old furniture is also there. I visited his church, and stood in the old original box pulpit that he had so powerfully preached from. I also sat in Fletcher's study chair. Stood by Wesley's grave, and that of Adam Clarke, close by. Clarke had requested to be buried close to Wesley. On his tomb is inscribed, "In giving light to others, himself hath been consumed." Richard Watson, John Bunyan, and George Fox, are all buried in Bunhill Fields. I found their last resting places there.

HOLLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, ITALY, EGYPT.

Left London and England at night, crossing the Channel to Holland. We had an unusually smooth voyage. We reached Amsterdam by train at 8 A. M. Before leaving England Bro. Polhill had given me \$75.00 more for my trip. Thank God! I now had \$285.00 on hand.

I spoke four times, through interpreter, at Bro. Polman's mission in Amsterdam. It was my first experience speaking through interpreters. I confess it went rather lame at first. But I soon got in a great measure used to it. I found it a great training in deliberation of speech. Some one has said speaking through Interpreter is like tying a man to your feet and then trying to jump over a fence with him. But I did not find it quite so bad as that. It is more like going on crutches. There is a great blessing in the feeling that another world of people is thereby opened up to you. Of course it is better to be able to speak directly to your congregation where that is possible.

I received a very hearty welcome from Bro. and Sister Polman to the Continent. They aided me in every way possible, and were both grand, good people. I learned to love the Holland saints very much. They are very solid in character. Pentecost has done great things for Holland. Had great liberty in preaching.

Holland is full of wind-mills and canals. The police carry a sword and grappling hook. The sword is the weapon of protection in Europe. The grappling hook they use to drag people out of the canals with. They frequently fall in, and sometimes they jump in, in an attempt to commit suicide, or more often possibly to get away from the policeman. Canals run through the cities also. Most of the houses are built on piles. In the older streets many of these have sunk on one side or the other, tilting the houses, until in many cases it creates an odd spectacle. It looks like an old person's teeth, some leaning in, some out.

I left Amsterdam, to return later, and ran north, to Bunde, Ostfriesland, Germany, where I was to visit Pastor Carl Voget, who had been recommended to me by his brother with whom I stopped in Salem, Oregon, when first starting on my trip. This had been all arranged directly by the Lord as I knew nothing whatever of the Voget family when I left Los Angeles. In later years I was to spend much time in the ministry in Germany with Pastor Voget of Bunde. Here at Bunde, just across from the north Holland border, I found a fine little band of earnest, simple hearted Pentecostal saints, pastored by Bro. Voget. But I could only stop a short time here, as I was obliged to hasten on. This was a little side trip. Bro. Voget at this time was still acting as Associate Pastor in the State Church. He has since come out into the Pentecostal ministry fully. The old Parish house in which he lived was at least 400 years old. The monks had at one time inhabited it. The old Church building dated from the Thirteenth century. It was a very interesting building, both on the inside and out.

No one could speak English in this place but Pastor Voget. He interpreted for me. Naturally he was very glad to see me, having come direct from America, and from his brothers. He had spent some time in America himself previous to this time, and had learned English thoroughly. I had much liberty in preaching.

I found I could buy a ticket as far as Bremen, and was obliged to buy another ticket there, for Hamburg. In all that large Station I only found one man who could speak English. I did not even know enough German at that time to buy my ticket for Hamburg. My father was born in Germany but never taught me his language. My mother was born in America, of English and Welsh descent. My father's mother was French. I ran on from Bremen to Hamburg where I stopped for a day or two at the Strand Mission, conducted by Bro. Emil Meyer. Here I found a Swiss sister, Sister Vogel, whom I had previously met in Los Angeles. She could speak German. Again the Lord had it all-arranged, without my previous knowledge. I did not know she was in Germany. She

was the only one in the place I could find who knew English. She interpreted for me and we had a blessed time in the services. It was quite a venture to plunge into the heart of Germany under such circumstances, but God had ordered it, and I trusted Him fully. He did not fail me.

I hastened on to Berlin, the Capital city, a great metropolis of three million people. Here I received a gracious welcome. Found the Pentecostal Gospel had taken a firm hold here. It was very solid and real, as everything was in Germany. God had a good interpreter ready for me here also, dear Bro. Beyerhaus. He was a very able man. I preached several times with much help from the Lord. The saints were much encouraged. They gave me an offering of ten dollars. Traveling was very cheap in Germany. I generally traveled third class, finding fourth class in Germany even tolerable. The soldiers traveled that way. One afternoon a sister came into the meeting in great pain. We prayed for her and she was immediately relieved. Thank God! She was full of joy and gratitude.

I found Berlin very wicked. There was much drinking. Visited the Public Parks and some of the Public Buildings. There was much grandeur. The weather was still very cold and rainy, though it was now July. I had really seen almost no good weather since leaving California. My body was crying out for warm weather. One abominable habit I found in Germany I shall never forget was that of sleeping between two feather beds. One was too many. Two was simply killing.

From Berlin I started back for Holland, where I had left my trunk, at Amsterdam. I wanted to go through Belgium and France. My next stop, on the way, was at Mulheim-Ruhr, the real Pentecostal centre of Germany. Here I found about four hundred baptized saints, filled with the Pentecostal Spirit. Spent a few days here, breaking my visit by a side trip to my father's birthplace, in South Germany. I spoke one night at Velbert. Arthur Booth-Clibborn, son-in-law of Gen'l Booth of the Salvation Army, was my interpreter. He had spent much time in Germany. I spoke two or three times at Mulheim-Ruhr.

While there I took a young English brother with me, who had only studied German for six weeks, and started for my father's birthplace, in Wurtemberg. We had some interesting experiences on the journey. We traveled six hundred miles in going and coming. Three hundred miles each way. Most of the distance we made by boat, on the famous River Rhine. This had been a dream of my boyhood days. It was now fulfilled. The ancient Castles and the general scenery was truly enchanting. We passed through Cologne, taking a look at the famous Cathedral there, then traveled all day on the River. I had promised my father before leaving America that I would take this trip for him.

We landed at Mainz, and after riding all night on the train without sleep, we passed through Heidelberg, and later reached Heilbronn. The scenery was beautiful along the River Neckar. Before leaving the Rhine we had passed the Lorelei Rock, and Bingen of the Mouse Tower fame. From Heilbronn we took a branch road as far as Schweigern Station, ten miles from Heilbronn. From here we walked three miles across the country to Massenbachhausen, where my father was born and passed his boyhood days. Our trip became now intensely interesting. We found the very house where my father had been born. There were no relatives there. The family had left more than fifty years before. We found some old people who remembered them. The village was strongly Roman Catholic.

Everything was there just as father had described it to me. The spring was still before the neighbor's house. The house he was born in remained the same. It had been a dream of my father's to some day visit the old home before he died. But this he never realized. The son who bore his name was to enjoy this privilege for him. This part of Wurtemberg is not far from the Black Forest. The whole trip of six hundred miles only cost for the two of us twelve dollars, all expenses told. The second night we slept in a hotel at Mainz, before returning by boat again to Cologne. We had been three days and two nights on the trip, with only one night's sleep.

After spending a day or two more at Mulheim-Ruhr I returned to Amsterdam. But while at Mulheim-Ruhr I met a young sister who had been raised from the dead, in answer to the prayer of Pastor Humburg and other workers. It was a genuine miracle. I satisfied myself of this fact fully before I left the city. The sister had been dead two or three hours and consciously with the Lord.

I returned to Amsterdam, and spoke three times before leaving. We had powerful meetings. God gave me blessed messages. It was my privilege also to visit the Zuyder Zee, with the Sunday school children, before leaving for the south. Had a delightful time rowing on the sea, which was as calm as a millpond, and I felt much refreshed from this relaxation from the meetings.

I spoke at the Hague one night also, and had a good look at the city. The Peace Palace was just then in process of construction. I also visited the Queen's Palace and Museum. In Holland, they use dogs to draw the milk wagons with. They are sturdy little fellows. Everybody works for their living there. There is also much man power used. I saw men drawing canal boats, pulling with a kind of harness on them.

Passing south I next stopped at Antwerp, Belguim, at the Seamen's Rest Home. An English sister, Mrs. Esselbach, was in charge. I spoke at three meetings, finding a little company of Pentecostal saints even here. Ran over to Brussels and spent a day. Belgium is a very wicked country. The people are very immoral and drunken. The marriage state is very little respected. They have the finest draught horses in the world in Belgium, being monsters in size. I have never seen their like anywhere else in the world.

My next stop was at Paris, France. I found this an awful wicked city. Visited a little company of Pentecostal saints in one of the suburbs, Rosny-sous-Bois. It was refreshing to find that even here in wicked Paris God had a little company that had not soiled their garments with the moral rotteness all around. Bro. Michael Mast was the leader of the little flock here. He interpreted for me, having a fair

knowledge of the English language. They were very kind to me. The Lord blessed very much in the meetings.

I went to the top of Eifel Tower, and had a wonderful view of the great city. The tower is one-thousand feet high. I also visited the Pantheon, Notre Dame, and the Triumphant Arch, and stood beside the Tomb of the great Napoleon. Had strange sensations as I looked upon the tomb of that great General. It was hard to believe it was really true. It seemed to me at first I must be dreaming.

There were few children in evidence on the streets of Paris. I at first wondered at this fact, for I had seen so many children in Germany. And then I remembered that France was notorious for destroying her offspring. The population of France has decreased rapidly through this "murder of the innocents." In Paris a "Suicide Club" existed, and I found the Devil himself was being worshipped in one place. The curse of France is Atheism, wine, and lewd women. In France all the clocks at the Railway Stations were kept five minutes behind time, to give late comers that much "grace" to catch the trains. It will take more grace than that to enable them to meet God in peace.

My next jump was to Zurich, Switzerland. Switzerland is a beautiful country. The mountain air was grand. I found myself "riding on the high places" again. Praise God! Spoke three times in the Pentecostal mission. The saints were much edified. Pastor De Labilliere was in charge. He spoke English and was a fine fellow. The saints gave me an offering amounting to \$34.00 before I left. I had received practically nothing from America since leaving her shores.

While here I took a steamer ride on Lake Zurich. We passed the home of Dorothy Trudell. I also took a ride on Lake Luzerne, to the head of the lake. It was a wonderful trip. Had a beautiful view of the snowcapped mountains, but did not get up among them. Zurich was the home of Zwingli. From here he rode to his death, at the field of Cappel. Stormy scenes had been enacted here. Leaving Zurich I passed through the famous St. Gothard Tunnel. On the way

we passed through Altdorf, Wm. Tell's village. In Italian Switzerland I saw the finest scenery I have ever seen in the world. The vision seemed to change almost every moment, as the train swept around the curves in the mountains. It cannot be described. The scenery was touched with a warmth that caused it to far exceed even the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies. It seemed all lakes, and mountains, and valleys. I reached Milan, Italy, safely, and stopped over night in order to get a little rest from travel, in order to see Italy in the daytime.

Spent the evening looking around the town at Milan. While there I visited the Castle and Cathedral. This is one of the most beautiful Cathedrals in the world. Here I found my first palm trees again, and began to feel as though I was getting back home. It was so nice and warm my whole nervous system seemed to relax under the magic touch. It was like California. I had up to this time hardly found anything but rain and cold for five months, since leaving Los Angeles. It was now well on in August.

August 23, I ran on to Rome, Italy. We ran along the Tiber for some distance before reaching the city. I saw walled towns, built on hill tops, all through the country, in real Mediaeval fashion. At last I was in the so-called "Eternal City", the city of the Caesars. I went to see the old Coliseum, whose walls are still standing, very largely intact, after a lapse of eighteen centuries. This old place seated eighty thousand people. Here they fed the early Christians to the lions. "Butchered to make a Roman holiday." But the Christians butchered were also Romans, largely. They had the real "martyr" stuff in them. Like the "Big Trees" of California, these seem to have belonged to a past race. "There were giants in those days."

I had a wonderful view of Rome from the dome of St. Peter's. Afterwards I went through the Vatican. Saw some wonderful pictures in the Gallery. Visited the Pantheon of Agrippa, and the Castle Angelo, where the Pope was shut up a prisoner for so long. I also visited several Cathedrals. Was especially interested among these with the one where the staircase is located that Luther was climbing on his knees when God

spoke to him, "The just shall live by faith." Here was the same old staircase, now covered with planks, to keep the many poor dupes climbing there from wearing the marble through. They were still climbing it when I was there. No one is allowed to ascend it except on his knees. Nine years indulgence is granted by the Pope, to all who can be induced to exercise this imbecile act. The Pope ought to be obliged to climb this staircase himself, on his knees, the rest of his life, by way of punishment. It is reputed to be Pilate's Staircase, transported miraculously from Jerusalem. He may believe it who will.

I went along the Appian Way, in a carriage, where Paul entered on foot. Also went through the ruins of Caesar's Palace, and of the old Forum. Here I saw the ruins of many heathen temples. But one of the most interesting places, next to the old Coliseum, was the Catacombs. I visited the one known as St. Calixtis'. This one contains thirty acres. It is four stories deep. There are a number of others scattered around the city. Here many thousands of the early Christians were obliged to live and die. Even the old monk, who showed me through these old musty, subterranean caverns and chambers, dropped the remark in my ear on parting, "It does not mean very much these days to be a Christian."

I visited the Arch of Titus, erected to his honor for carrying the Jews and their treasure away from Jerusalem, captive. But the old Coliseum walls were the most fascinating of all. I could have lingered there for days. I seemed to catch the martyr spirit as I trod its old ground floor. The caverns where the wild beasts had been kept were still there, and the old passage-ways through which they had been let out on their victims. With great reluctance I was obliged to leave Rome, after only two short days amid its wonders. I traveled as economically as possible, always riding as cheaply as safety would permit, and rarely employed paid guides in my visits to places of interest. I depended on my Guide Book, and the Lord, not to let me miss anything that would serve for His glory. In this way my expenses were very moderate. I seldom bought meals at Hotels but lived largely on fruit,

when away from friends. I seldom went out of my way to visit places. My course was a straight one for the Gospel. The Lord allowed me to see many wonderful things directly in my line of travel.

I went directly from Rome to Naples, arriving in that city 12:15 P. M. Here I found a vessel leaving in twenty-four hours, so closely had the Lord timed my journey. Had feared I might have to stay at Naples for some time under expense. I caught the train for Pompeii, as quickly as I could drop my grips into a hotel near by Cook's Office, where I had gone to receive my mail from home. Had to hurry from the Depot by cab in order to reach there before the Office closed for a half holiday. In fact I had only a few minutes to get my mail and engage Steamer reservations for Egypt for the next day, before the Office closed. It was pretty quick work all around.

I soon found myself treading the streets of that strange, old exhumed city, Pompeii, that the wrath of God had blotted out of existence so long ago as 76, A. D. It was already well afternoon. I had a great desire to visit the top of Mt. Vesuvius, as most travelers who pass this way do. It was too late to go with Cook's party, as they go in the forenoon, but an Italian offered to furnish a horse and go with me to the top very cheaply. It was the best I could do so I closed the bargain, we mounted our horses, and I was off for one of the wildest rides I have ever taken. We had to reach the top of the mountain, and back before dark. It was a long, circuitous ride.

My Guide seemed to take it for granted that I was at home on a horse, for he rode behind and urged my mount until we fairly flew. Unfortunately my stirrup straps were too short, and I feared at times I would fall off. But I prayed mightily for a safe arrival, and no accident happened. It was a wild ride throughout. I would not care to repeat it.

The horses could only go within a half-mile of the top. From there on it seemed almost straight up. Two burly Italians, on the scene for that purpose, helped me the rest of the ascent, and I found myself finally looking into an immense cavern. Vesuvius is immense in its proportions. But there were only sul-

phur fumes to be seen. The crater was asleep. Probably just as well for us. The lava ashes were hot under our feet. Coming down I simply held my feet up, and my helpers carried me. We slid down to the horses. The trip was a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The scenery was like a paradise. I have never regretted my trip to the top. It cost me very little in money or time. It was dark before we had gotten all the way down however. I took the train back to Naples, removed my trunk from the Depot to the Hotel, took a cold bath in my room, and got to bed and sleep about 1:30, A. M. The next morning, Sunday, had a few hours around town, and then was off for the Steamer. We sailed at 3: P. M. on the Orient Line, Steamer "Ormuz," under the British flag, for Port Said, Egypt. I sailed second class, from Naples to Port Said, for \$25.00. It was a distance of 1,350 miles. And so I was leaving the Continent of Europe, closing another new and wonderful chapter of service. This visit proved to be only preparatory to a more extended service in Europe in the years to come, immediately preceding the Great World War. (This further service I hope to describe in a second booklet, if permitted to publish it.)

We had a beautiful smooth voyage on the Mediterranean, to Port Said. It was all too short. I did not get sick at all. Was very tired from my strenuous work on the Continent and would gladly have stayed on board a few days longer. We had a very nice lot of passengers. The journey only lasted four days. We passed Stromboli and Sicily, through the Straits of Messina, close to the city of Messina, in the night. Could see Malta, where Paul landed. Later we sighted the coast of Greece, after touching at Taranto, Italy, to receive the last mail. We ran between the Islands of Crete and Claudia, close in to both. Here Paul's vessel passed and harbored. We had crossed his track in the night, which he took to Rome. We also passed within a gun-shot of Fair Havens.

We landed at Port Said, Egypt, safely. I found it a very wicked city, and very immoral. It was pretty warm here. I bought a cork hat in preparation for the tropics. Only spent one night at Port Said and

then ran on to Cairo. It was now Sept. 1. The train ran through the Land of Goshen, where Joseph located his father and brethren, with their flocks.

I found Cairo a very wicked city also. Its population offered a strange study for an American. Here one meets the Sheik of the Desert, and the Egyptian coolie. All nations are pretty much represented. But the Bedouin is the noblest looking of them all. The French are strongly in evidence in Cairo.

I came on up the Nile to Assiout, by train, a distance of about four-hundred miles inland. Here I found Bro. Post and Bro. Moll, Pentecostal missionaries from America. They gave me a hearty welcome. I spent nearly a week here, speaking several times through interpreter, in the mission. Was translated into Arabic. The native Christians seemed much edified. We also spent one night at a native village. We held a meeting and one man was saved, and a backslider reclaimed. This was at Nikali. I slept that night on a bare board. But I did not sleep very much. The mosquitoes and the heat were both fierce. The dogs howled and the men quarreled all night in the streets. It was raw heathendom.

The flies stick worse in Egypt than in any place I have ever been. That "plague" at least is still hanging over Egypt. There is hardly a sound pair of eyes in the country. The children's eyes are unprotected in their infancy, and the flies destroy them. The River Nile is the life of Egypt. But for this single artery, traversing the country it would all be desert.

I returned to Cairo Sept. 6. The heat was so intense I could not move during the day at all in Assiout. The land was like an oven. It simply exhausted me. Camels go through the streets here as plentiful as horses at home. There were only about thirty white people living in Assiout, out of a population of nearly 100,000. Flies, bedbugs, fleas and mosquitoes were still more numerous. But there were fine grapes, figs, dates, and pomegranates also.

I went to see the Great Pyramids of Gizeh, and the Sphinx. They are truly immense, and very wonderful. The largest pyramid there covers twelve and one-half acres of ground. There are stones in it that are corn-

puted to weigh one hundred tons each. It stands 450 feet high, and measures 746 feet across its base. How they ever built it no one knows. The continual cry of “backsheesh” is in the tourists ears here. The people are very poor. The present day Egyptian has very little in common with his illustrious ancestor, whose “mummy” he is always ready to sell. Egypt sits for the most part in mud. Their houses are built of mud. He who once rode on the back of the Children of Israel, now sits in the dirt, the basest among the nations. Only the Gospel can ever elevate him. And yet Egypt received and exalted Joseph. She sheltered the Israelites for a time. And she gave to the world a Moses, and protected the infant Jesus from the hands of a cruel Herod. “Blessed be Egypt.” Isa. 19:25.

I returned to Port Said, where I met Bro. Forder, missionary in Palestine to the Bedouins. We sailed for Jaffa, Palestine, together. It was one night by boat, a distance of one hundred miles. The cost was only \$6.50. We had a beautiful, smooth sea.

PALESTINE, JERUSALEM

We reached the shores of Palestine in the early morning of Sept. 10. The dream of years was at last fulfilled. It was with strange emotions that I sighted the "Holy Land", with its shore line of waving palms, in the early morning dawn, from on board the steamer. We were obliged to anchor a half-mile from land as the harbor is very rocky. The Turkish Gov't never allowed this harbor to be dredged, as it would make it too easy for a foreign army to land. Then the sea is often very rough, and one cannot land at all even in the small boats, which are always employed for landing the passengers, unless the sea is smooth. Frequently the passengers are obliged to go on north to Haifa, before landing. But the Lord favored us.

They held us up for Health Inspection, and collected 35 cents apiece from us, on the pretense that there had been some cases of cholera floating around lately. Our money looked all right, so they passed us, but the delay made us too late for the train to Jerusalem. We had to stop over night at Jaffa. We "passed the rough rocks with a smile and a shout", and landed safely. There is a single, narrow passage thirty feet wide, between jagged rocks, with a swift current to carry the small boats through. The oars cannot be used at that point.

We had quite a walk to the Hotel. The streets are not wide enough for a carriage. But at last I was in Joppa. Here Jonah took ship for Tarshish, and the whale swallowed him for his disobedience. I visited the traditional "House of Simon the Tanner." Of course it could not be the same one, but it was one like it, with a flat roof, and by the sea. - Acts 10:6. Here in Joppa Peter had his vision on the house-top, and Cornelius sent for him to come to Caesarea. Peter had come from Lydda, near by, to Joppa, to raise Dorcas from the dead.

We left Jaffa for Jerusalem the next morning. The Station was outside the city. The Turks were wily,

their excuse being however, that they did not want the sacred soil of their cities desecrated by the trains. The real reason was that they did not want to make it too easy for enemy troops to get inside. The French Gov't built this railroad, by permission of the Turks. It is fifty-five miles from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and cost just one dollar for this distance when I made the trip. I found changing money one of the very first difficulties to be met with. The Turks had no fixed monetary system. They had a sliding scale, liable to change any day, and always to their own advantage of course.

We passed through the orange groves around Jaffa crossing the Plain of Sharon. The first Station we came to was Lydda. On the way we passed the site of Hazar-shual, by tradition the place where Samson caught the three hundred foxes. - Judges 15 :4. Lydda was built fourteen hundred years before Christ. It was known as Lod. Here Peter healed Aeneas. The town lies out of sight among the olive groves. As we passed on we could see the Valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the Moon to stand still. I bought a handful of fresh figs, all I could eat, of a little Syrian maid at the Station, for a metlik (one cent). And she was well pleased with her pay.

The next Station was Ramleh. The railroad runs the same way that the milk-kine took with the Ark of God. - 1 Sam'l 6:12. Later on we reached Bitton (Bethel). Here the Jews had made their last stand against the Romans. 800,000 were slain when they were finally defeated. We were now climbing the mountains of Judea. We crossed the Valley of Rephaim, and finally reached the last Station, just outside the city of Jerusalem itself. In going to the city by carriage we crossed the Valley of Gihon, riding along the west side of Mt. Zion, near the Tower of David. Jerusalem is built on four hills: Zion, Moriah, Accra, and Bezetha. The mountains round about the city are yet higher. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people, from henceforth, even forever more." - Ps. 125:2.

Bro. Chas. Leonard and his family received me into their home in Jerusalem very cordially. They were

missionaries there. I found it much cooler in Jerusalem than in Egypt. The climate was more like Southern California. The first thing I did was to go on the flat house-top and have a look at the Mt. of Olives. In the far distance I could even see the Mountains of Moab, where Moses was buried. The air was very rare and clear.

Jerusalem is 2,670 feet above sea level. At last I stood at the centre of the world. The most sacred and historical spot of all ages. "Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem." - Ps. 122:2. This is the centre of the world historically, religiously, politically, geographically, commercially, socially, and every other way. The greatest kings of all time have had their throne centre here. The King of kings, Himself has owned and blessed it with His presence. The greatest prophets and priests ever known have made their centre and home here. These streets have witnessed such scenes, and felt the pressure of the feet of such personages, as no other earthly city ever has or will. It has been the city of the greatest desires of men, and of the greatest purposes of God. And yet it has been the city of the greatest disasters, through the rejection of God. Privileged above all, punished beyond all.

Palestine is very fertile. Limestone abounds, and the rains have been increasing yearly. Jerusalem itself is a most interesting city. There were few street lights in Jerusalem when I was there. People went out very little at night, as it was quite dangerous. There were no newspapers then in Jerusalem, but plenty of gossip. There were no street cars, and telephones were but little known. Jerusalem had at that time a population of 100,000. I went down town the first day after arriving. Called at Cook's Office, the Post Office, and the American Consul's. We were required to register, so if anything happened to us we could be identified by our government. I passed through Jaffa Gate in entering the old city, and down David street, by the Tower of David. The old walls still surround Jerusalem, with the exception of a space near Jaffa Gate, which was removed in order to let the Kaiser of Germany

through, as a special honor. He had visited the city some time previous to my coming.

The “Holy Land” of our closet visions, and the Palestine of today, are for the most part very different propositions. The land is filled with idolatry. However the old scenes are still there, though the people have changed. I first visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, so called. Here I saw idolatry to perfection. Through a hole in the side of a Cabinet the Greek Patriarch hands out what is supposed to be “holy fire”, fallen from heaven, every Easter day. This fire is carried by lighted candles, to Russia, and all over the Greek world, to light the altars for another year, in all the churches. The multitude of poor religious dupes believe the mystery for a miracle. The Patriarch of course knows better. The place is generally crowded at Easter. They fight for first possession of the fire. Men are trampled down, and frequently killed, and the Turkish guard always had to be trebled on that occasion.

The Greek Church holds the supremacy in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but a number of branches of the Eastern Church have their separate chapels under the same roof. There are Copts, Armenians, Latins and the Greeks, all rival professing Christian factions. The Turkish, Moslem guards had a great time to keep all these elements of religious zeal from murdering one another, especially on Feast days.

Here under this roof they have a round, marble stone they call the centre of the world. They have grouped, closely together, most of the closing scenes of the life of Jesus. They show you the tomb where he was buried, and arose. Also the place where the three crosses stood, and the very hole where the cross of Jesus is supposed to have stood. A few feet away they show you where the rocks were rent. They have Adam buried right underneath Calvary. Then Melchizedek is also supposed to be buried here. The tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus are here. They have the rod of Moses, and claim even to have found the crown of thorns, and the nails from Jesus’ cross. They claim the dust was gotten from here to make Adam

with. Of course this is all idolatry and deception. But they must get it all under their roof. They make a pile of money out of this sort of thing.

Thousands of pilgrims come every year from all parts of the world, many dying on the way, to kiss and worship these spots, and to consecrate their belongings upon them. They make rich gifts. An army of priests are thus kept in idleness. A figure of the Virgin Mary has enough jewels hung on her to fit out a hundred ordinary women. The religious instinct is very strong here. It gives way to violence if aggravated by resistance.

I am satisfied Calvary was not at this place at all, but rather outside the wall, at "Gordon's Calvary." The present wall clearly follows the foundations of the old natural wall, which have never been disturbed. Jesus was crucified "outside the gate." But the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is well within the city. This practice prevails however pretty much throughout Palestine. They have Greek, or other Eastern Churches, or Mohammedan Mosques, built over practically all the reputed sacred places. The Moslem, as a descendant of Abraham, through Ishmael, comes in for his share of the spoils most jealously.

Jerusalem has been destroyed and leveled off so many times that the original city existed far below its present level. They have dug down in some places many feet to the old original pavements. One of these excavations has discovered what is known as "the Pavement." - John 19:13. The old streets are some of them arched over with stones, to protect from enemies above as well as around. They used to over-run the city when they would get within the walls. They would attack the people from the house-tops also. Jerusalem has suffered total destruction seven times, and partial destruction fifteen times. There are many old underground caves and passages opened up throughout the city. The streets are so narrow, and the houses so close together, all built of stone, that the enemy would simply level the city off, and build again on top of the debris. The old pavements excavated are doubtless the same that kings and prophets and even Jesus himself, have trodden.

The city is full of Jewish Synagogues, and Turkish Minarets for Moslem worship. The majority of the population was Jewish when I was there. The moonlight nights were wonderful. A lady used to sing "The Holy City", in a Hotel across the street in the evenings, with the windows open. It almost lifted one's soul to the skies as the words floated out on the night air:

"Last night I lay a sleeping, there came a dream so fair.
I stood in old Jerusalem beside the Temple there.
I heard the children singing, and ever as they sang,
Me thought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your king!

And then me thought my dream was changed, the streets no longer rang,
Hushed were the glad Hosannas the little children sang.
The sun grew dark with mystery, the morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hark! how the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your king.

And once again the scene was changed, new earth there seemed to be.
I saw the Holy City beside the tideless sea;
The light of God was on its streets, the gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter, and no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night, or sun to shine by day,
It was the New Jerusalem that would not pass away.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! sing for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest - Hosanna forevermore,"

David street runs the whole length of the city. It is about ten feet wide, walled over in many places, and altogether a curious study. It is crowded with bazaars and markets. Here men with great loads on their backs, often taking up the larger part of the space, pass through as a thoroughfare. The bazaars line both sides of the narrow street. Men do most of the carting in this country, on their backs. They can carry tremendous loads. There are few sidewalks. Donkeys are driven through this crowded medley, with either men or loads upon their backs. Everybody is yelling to everybody else to get out of the way. One would frequently find a donkey's head jammed in his stomach if he did not watch out. Many of the streets

are in steps, because of the incline. Everybody thinks out loud to themselves. In fact they are great big children. The people of the East are very emotional. They are Nature's true children. The Turkish singing made me think of ghosts.

The camels had right of way in David Street. One had to stoop down and crowd the wall when they came along. Sometimes their loads would reach from side to side of the street, and it took some fine manouvering to turn the corner.

I visited the "Jews Wailing Place." The weeping seemed little more than religious form with most of them. It sounded hollow and unrepentant, hypocritical. They were as proud of their wailing as the Pharisees of old. This was one of the oldest parts of the wall of the city, inside the city itself, but outside the Temple Area. Some of the old stones at this place are of immense size, having evidently never been disturbed. I visited also the Pool of Bethesda, where Jesus healed the sick man. - John 5. The early Crusaders built a church over it whose ruins are still standing. The pool is still there, fed by spring waters.

The streets of Jerusalem are all very narrow. Men, camels, donkeys, and loads of every kind are taken through these narrow thoroughfares. They are free for all. The few sidewalks also. Mixed with this mass, in close proximity, are the market stuffs. Flies are thick in the midst. The air is stifling in this teeming medley, especially in the covered streets. But here the people live, eat, and barter produce and provisions of every kind. One would think they were violently angry when they bargain. But it is their way. They have no fixed price. They get all they can for their goods.

I visited the Temple Area, which I found to be intensely interesting. This encloses a space of about thirty-three and one-half square acres. We were obliged to have a Turkish guard in order to enter the enclosure. The Moslems are very fanatical. Two foreign women had been killed only a short while before by a fanatical Moslem at prayer in the Mosque of Omar. They had hindered him in his devotions. The

call to prayer is given several times a day from the minarets, by the Muzzain. Everything stops in the Mohammedan world at this call. They pray wherever it finds them. In Cairo I saw them from my window, praying on the threshing floor. They are never ashamed to be seen at it. In fact all Moslems pray. What a lesson for Christians. An old Moslem used to wake me up every morning in Jerusalem very early praying in a building near by. As we entered the Temple Area we felt we were on "forbidden ground." And yet I resented the feeling, for it rightfully belonged to God and His children. The Mosque of Omar stands where the Temple once stood. The Moslem takes his shoes off when entering. We were allowed to enter by pulling felt slippers, which they furnish, over our shoes. Woe unto us if a slipper came off by accident. We were cautioned to watch this closely. I rebelled at even this prohibition in my heart. But there was no other way. It at least protected my shoes from the, to me unhallowed Moslem floor of the Mosque. So I decided to call it even. I knew this slight concession was only made on their part rather than lose their fee from conscientious Christians.

This enclosure is on Mt. Moriah, where Abraham offered up Isaac. The Mosque of Omar was built about the seventh century, by the Mohammedans. The most interesting thing in the enclosure is the Rock Moriah. It seemed marvelous to gaze upon it. It is the top of the mountain, a bare rock. On this rock Abraham may have offered Isaac. This was the location of Araunah's threshing floor, that David bought. 2 Sam'1 24:18-25. Here Solomon later built the Temple of the Lord. - 2 Chron. 3:1.

In the top of the old rock enclosed in the Mosque of Omar, there is a hole cut through. Underneath there is a large, hollow cave hewn out. Beneath this is the old cistern, into which the blood from the sacrifices was drained. It was flushed through an aqueduct into the Brook Kedron. The opening to the cistern is closed by a round, flat stone. When stamped upon it sounds hollow. The Moslems would never allow this opened. They called it "the well of spirits." May not John have referred to the same figure, in Rev. 6:9,

where he speaks of the souls crying out in waiting from underneath the altar?

Just over this hole in the rock the altar of burnt offering is supposed to have stood. God has doubtless preserved this as a memorial for these last days. Here the Jews foreshadowed the one great sacrificial offering for sin, the Lamb of God, which they finally rejected when He came. Here on this rock the "blood of bulls and goats" was offered for centuries, that spoke of Him.

The Moslems show you marks in the rocks which they tell you are prints of Gabriel's hand and foot. They claim that when Mohammed died the rock started to go up to heaven with him. Gabriel laid hold of it, and thus held it down. They also show you a square of green marble, with three nails in it. If you put a franc piece on one of the nails you are sure to go straight to heaven when you die, although you are not a Moslem. Money talks. They say when the nails are worn out (by having money put on them), the end of the world will be due. The heaven in this case is the Moslem's pocket, where the money goes. Most people are not anxious to hasten the end of the world, at least not so cheaply.

There is another Mosque, called El-Aksar, in the south end of the Temple Area. This is considered by the Moslems the most sacred spot in the world next to Mecca. At this spot Solomon's Porches once were located. Jesus and Paul often walked there. - John 10:23. It covered the original Solomon's Stables. One of the old arches, the top of a doorway, is still seen underneath. There are two pillars, quite close together in the Mosque of El-Aksar. Some Sheik told the Moslems that whoever could squeeze himself through this space would be sure of heaven. One poor fellow killed himself in the attempt. After that they closed the space up. The Moslem will do anything he is told in order to merit the supposed favor of God. It seems almost as hard to get professing Christians on their knees to pray as it is to bring the old camel down to receive his load. He will fuss and groan and remonstrate and fight until he is compelled to come down.

My next trip was around the walls of Jerusalem.

[photo]

“Valley of the Shadow of Death.” - Ps. 23. Head waters of the Brook Chereth, Palestine, Missionary Frank Bartleman sitting in center of picture.

“Walk about Zion, and go round about her. Tell the towers thereof.” - Ps. 48:12. I started from Jaffa Gate, the road that comes from Joppa. It does not take a great while to compass Jerusalem. She is built “compactly together” (Ps. 122:3), with narrow streets and houses closely joined. That is why when the city was besieged the conquerors would simply level off the debris and build on top. Jerusalem was originally built on four hills, with streams running between. Today it is almost level, through this process of leveling off. The city of Jesus’ time is many feet under ground, and has to be excavated for. The present walls have for the most part been knocked down many times, and built up again. However a good part of the original stones are in the wall today, as can be readily detected by their peculiar cuttings. At some places, as at the Jews Wailing Place, some of the old original stones have never been displaced. They are too massive. We pass the “Upper Pool of Gihon”, around Mt. Zion, leaving David’s Tower, by the Jaffa Gate. Here is where a section of the wall was removed to let the Kaiser of Germany through in pomp.

Through the valley of Gihon we find a rapidly descending depression, past the Lower Pool of Gihon, and the old Aqueduct of Solomon. In Solomon’s time they brought the water to the Temple Area for the sacrifices, etc., through a stone aqueduct, a distance of eight miles, from Solomon’s Pools. The Pools lie higher than Jerusalem. We next enter the Valley of Hinnom. Here is where the god “Moloch” is supposed to have been set up. It gets deeper and wilder as we descend it. Just above us is located the traditional “Upper Room” and also David’s Tomb, on the Hill of Zion. It is not likely however that the original Upper Room is still standing, after all the storms of war that have swept Jerusalem. However this has been reputed to be the place since the Fourth Century. The exact location of David’s Tomb may or may not be known. The Turks have never allowed a satisfactory investigation. When I was in Jerusalem this place was held by the Moslems. Consequently no investigation was possible against their consent. They charged visitors to these places, as they do to all the sacred places in Palestine. It

is quite a lucrative business for them to keep up the places of interest, whether they be genuine or only imaginary. They probably would not care to have the delusion discovered, if it were not real. I left three or four Moslems quarreling over a franc piece I had given them, after my visit. That was their chief interest in the matter.

Following the wall we reach the “Dung Gate.” - Neh. 3:13. This is near the Temple Area, at its southwest corner. Here is where the old original, massive stones are found for a surety, in the wall. One of them is thirty-eight feet long, three and one-half feet wide, and seven feet high.

On the south we next come to Aceldama, the Potters Field, or Field of Blood. - Matt. 27:7-8. Acts. 1:19. Here is where Judas terminated his wretched existence. This section is full of tombs, cut out of the rocks, and it is altogether a wild, desolate region. Even the Arabs are shy of the place today. They do not attempt to do anything with it. Just below this point the Valley of Hinnom unites with the Brook Kedron. Here is Joab’s Well, the site of En-Rogel. Josh. 15:7. 1 Kings 1:9. Near here was Tophet. We now start up the Valley of Jehosaphat, or the Kedron. We are just half way around the city.

At the point of confluence of the Valley of Hinnom and the Kedron we have dropped in elevation several hundred feet below the city level. To the left is located the Pool of Siloam - John 9:7. Here is where Jesus sent the blind man to wash his eyes, and he came seeing. The Moslems also held this place when I was there. They had a minaret over the enclosure, and a wall around it. To the right is the Village of Siloam. - Luke 13:4. We have now reached the slope of Olivet. We pass the ancient, reputed tomb of Zechariah. This is clearly of great age, a massive, stone structure. Close to this stands Absalom’s Pillar. This is also very old. No one knows how old. It may or may not be that for which it is claimed, but it fits the description all right. It is located “in the king’s dale.” - 2 Sam’l 18:18.

Next we come to Gethsemane. How shall we describe our feelings! Of course the exact spot where Jesus sweat “as it were drops of blood” in agony for a

lost world cannot be positively determined. But we know it was somewhere not far from here. We have the general location at least. There is little opportunity to pray at this spot today however. This is one of the disappointments of Palestine. The Latins have the place walled in. They have the “stages of the cross” marked off all round the inside of the enclosure. And a priest stands guard over you to see that you carry nothing away. Most disappointing of all the place is modernized, like a public park. The only thing really left to remind one of Jesus’ relation to the Garden, is the stumps of old olive trees, possibly several hundred years old, but it is very doubtful about their being in existence in Jesus’ time. You pay a franc for this privilege also.

I climbed to the top of the Mt. of Olives, by the way King David probably took when he fled from Absalom barefoot. - 2 Sam’1 15:30. From the top the whole country, and the city of Jerusalem, are spread out before one like a huge panorama. From this point we can see as far as the Dead Sea, the Jordan Valley, and even the Mountains of Moab, still farther beyond. Mt. Nebo stands four thousand feet above the Dead Sea level. Moses could see this whole country where we stand, from Mt. Nebo, though thirty miles away. The air is exceedingly rare and clear. Here Jesus’ feet last stood on earth, and from here He ascended to heaven, in the sight of His disciples. Acts 1:12.

This is directly facing the Golden Gate, on the east side of the city wall. This Gate was closed by the Moslems, when they took the city last from the Crusaders, about 1200 A. D. It opens into the Temple enclosure. They had a tradition that a Christian conqueror would come some day and take the City, and that he would enter in by that Gate. For that reason they closed it up, to keep him out as long as possible. We next pass by the “Ash Heap.” This is forty feet deep, six hundred feet long, and three hundred feet wide, where the ashes from the ancient sacrifices doubtless were dumped.

I next visited Solomon’s Quarries, discovered about a half century ago. They are on the north side of the city, and extend for a long distance right under the

City of Jerusalem. They consist of an immense chamber, with many ramifications. Here Solomon is supposed to have gotten the stones, with which he built the Temple. It is a beautiful white limestone, very easily mined, but hardens rapidly when exposed to the air. The marks of the instruments used for quarrying are still to be seen in the rocks and are very ancient. There are rejected, broken blocks lying all around. - 1 Kings 6:7.

My next stop was at the "Garden Tomb." This I found very interesting. It is located near the "Place of the Skull", or Gordon's Calvary, which I believe to be the real place of the crucifixion. This tomb also certainly fits the description of John 19:41, 42, exactly. Unlike the Jewish tombs generally existent there, which are niches cut out of the rock to shove the bodies into, this one has a large open cavity within. At both ends of the place for the body is a seat of stone. This tomb has been discovered in quite recent years. Of course it cannot be proven that it is the genuine place, but we must admit at least that it fits the description perfectly. It is much more likely to be the real spot, than the one pointed out in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, within the City. It is a question however whether God would really discover the Tomb of our Lord to us. Like Moses' grave we would be apt to worship it. However, "He is not here, but risen." What matters it about the grave?

Just behind this is Golgotha, the Calvary which General Gordon discovered and recommended to the Christian world as the true one. This is on a hill, just outside the City walls, near the main thoroughfare, where the people could pass by and wag their heads at Jesus, according to the Scriptures. It is now a Moslem Cemetery. We had to pay a fee to get in. Both Roman historians and Catholic authorities are agreed as to this being the place of public execution of old. They executed the criminals here, and threw their bodies over the hill. The face of the hill is formed like, and resembles strikingly, a human skull.

We passed the Damascus Gate on the north, and back to the Jaffa Gate, where we started from. Before we reached here I looked into a French Convent. Here

at the altar was to be found, day and night, unceasingly, two nuns kneeling in prayer. They relieved each other in regular shifts of two hours each. How few Protestants would be willing to kneel for two hours, especially with as little to gain from it as these two nuns. I took a ride around the City Walls again, later, on donkey back.

On another occasion I visited the “King’s Winepresses.” - Jer. 31:38-40. Zech. 14:10. I followed the line of Jeremiah on this trip, on the north, outside the walled city. Also visited the ancient tombs of the Kings and the Judges.

On the north side of the wall, in the “new city”, many nations were building and had their compounds. Each had their own Postoffice, as they could not trust the Turks to handle their money and business at all. Russians, Austrians, Latins, Germans, French, Greeks, and English, were all represented. The Americans had a colony, but had no separate Postoffice. The Russians seemed to have the pre-eminence. I visited their Compound and attended some of the services in their Cathedral. They had one of the finest choirs of male singers in the world, only excelled possibly by the Czar’s own choir in the Kazan Cathedral, in St. Petersburg, which I think the finest that I have ever heard.

All nations are represented at Jerusalem. A miniature situation of what it will be in the “last days”, when all nations will gather for the final “Armageddon.” Russia will again be the chief opponent of Israel, as she always has been. But the Jews control the money market of the world. They are the chief bankers at Jerusalem, and money will win in the end. God has given it to the Jews, and will give them Palestine also.

We took a trip on donkey-back to Anathoth, Jeremiah’s town. - Jer. 29:27. From there we descended into a deep gorge, to the head-waters of the Brook Cherith, at Ain-Farim. It was an interesting spot, but very wild. We had been warned that robbers in this locality were very plentiful. It was the traditional site of “The Valley of the Shadow of Death.” Somewhere around here Elijah had been fed by the ravens.

JERICHO, RIVER JORDAN. DEAD SEA

My next trip was to Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the River Jordan. We found it indeed “down to Jericho.” Before we had gone three miles our carriage broke down. It was a “rocky road to Jordan.” The driver returned to Jerusalem for a better carriage. The second proved more comfortable also. In going we passed around the north wall of Jerusalem, down by the Garden of Gethsemane, crossing the Brook Kedron. From there we passed around the Mt. of Olives to Bethany. We waited at the “Apostles Fountain” for our second conveyance. This spring no doubt Jesus and His disciples had drank from many times. We were traveling the same road that travelers had followed from time immemorial in going from Jerusalem “down to Jericho.” The country became very wild and rocky. Truly the “wilderness of Judea.” Stopped for a short rest at the “Good Samaritan Inn.” - Luke 10:30-35. Somewhere along here is where the man, also on his way to Jericho, “fell among thieves.”

From Jerusalem to Jericho is about twenty-one miles. From Jericho to the Dead Sea is about ten miles farther on. The drop in altitude from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea is from 2,670 feet above the Mediterranean Sea level, to 1,300 feet below sea level. The Jordan Valley here is the deepest depression in the world not covered with water. On the road we met great caravans of camels, loaded with grain and driven by the Bedouin farmers or merchants, all the way from beyond Jordan, in Moabland. They were coming up to Jerusalem to market. All were well armed. Turkish soldiers patrolled the road continually from Jerusalem to Jericho, to keep down the thieves. They always went mounted on horses. The country became more wild and dangerous as we approached the Jordan Plain. Deep gorges were on every side, and naked, barren rocks. Just before we reached the Plain of Jordan we had a fine view of the Brook Cheroth, down a tremendously deep gorge. The country here was very wild.

Just over on the left is the traditional Mount of Temptation. - Matt. 4. As we make the last turn among the hills, before descending into the Plain, a wonderful view spreads out before us. The Plain of Jericho stretches like a map at our feet. We see the sites of ancient and modern Jericho, and Gilgal, close by. Ten miles south lies the beautiful, blue expanse of the Dead Sea. Far to the north one can see the bold ridge of Mt. Hermon. The atmosphere is very rare. To the east, beyond the Jordan and Dead Sea, lying like a great wall against the sky, are the mountains of Moab and Gilead. The highest summits are Nebo and Pisgah. Six miles to the east, by direct line, runs the River Jordan. Passing by modern Jericho we drove out on the Plain, across the Valley of Achor, where Achan and his belongings were stoned and burned. - Josh. 7:24-25. We soon came to the ancient site of Jericho. The excavations reveal a part of the wall of the ancient city. The curse on Jericho is literally fulfilled. - Josh. 6:26. Even modern Jericho is a wretched habitation. Few travelers care to sleep there. The water is full of alkali. And there are all kinds of creeping things to torment one. A few miserable Arabs live in tents there. In fact there is just enough accommodation for travelers to survive with in the matter of Hotels.

We visited Elisha's Fountain. It is a miracle in the country. It is close to old Jericho, and is a large fountain. The springs that feed it are very strong. The water is still fresh and sweet. And it is absolutely the only good water in the country. Elisha evidently did a good job with it. His work remains. - 2 Kings 2:19-22. It is very hot there naturally, at thirteen hundred feet below sea level. We were obliged to stop at the Hotel in Jericho over night. But I got little rest. It was so hot, and the fleas so bad, I could not sleep.

A two hour's ride brought us to the Dead Sea. Here the water is clear and beautiful in appearance, but feels oily and slimy. Like the apples of Sodom (sin) its appearance is deceptive. It holds a solution of fifteen per cent more salt than the ocean, and weighs bulk for bulk considerably more than the human body. A young man in our party went in bathing and tried to sink, but could not. Just opposite this is Mt. Nebo, east

ward, towering over four thousand feet above Dead Sea level. The Dead Sea is forty-six miles long, and six miles wide. Nothing can live in its waters. The bottom of the Sea is bituminous. Large cakes of bitumen frequently come to the surface, break up, and are dissolved in its waters. Sodom and Gomorrah, the wicked cities of the Plains, perished here. The country is volcanic. Here Lot made his unhappy choice, barely escaping with his life, saved as by fire. All this country would need to burn it up would be sufficient lightning. The fuel is all there.

One hour and a half more brings us to the Ford of the Jordan. The Jordan is about an average of ninety feet wide and ten feet deep. Its current is generally very swift. It is a very crooked river. After returning to Jericho for the night, we started back for Jerusalem in the early morning. It was a hard, uphill road. In some places the road is so steep that the rock is hewn out in steps. We had to get out frequently and walk, and help lift the carriage up.

We took a last look at Jericho's fertile Plain. Mt. Nebo rose straight up before our vision, beyond Jordan. We thought again of Moses' dying vision, and of his keen disappointment. From that position he could see practically the whole of Canaan. Before noon we arrived back at Bethany. Here we stopped for a little season. Jesus was often found here, with Mary, Lazarus, and Martha. Lazarus was raised from the dead here. It is a wretched, tumble down village with much ruins. We reached Jerusalem again safely. The trip had only cost me five dollars.

“By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab there lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug the sepulchre, and no man saw it e'er.
For the angels of God upturned the sod, and laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the tramping, or saw the train go forth;
So, without sound of music or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown the great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle on grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie, looked on the wondrous sight,

Perchance the lion, stalking, still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard that which man knoweth not.

And had he not high honor? the hillside for his pall;

To lie in state while angels wait with stars for tapers tall;
The dark rock pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand in that lonely land to lay him in the grave."

THE DEAD SEA

"I looked upon a Sea, and, lo! 'twas dead.
 Although by Hermon's snows and Jordan fed.
How came a fate so dire? the tale's soon told,
 All that it got it kept, and fast did hold.
All tributary streams, found here their grave,
 Because this Sea received, but never gave.
Oh, Sea that's Dead, teach me, to know and feel,
 That selfish grasp and greed, my doom will seal.
And Lord, help me my best, myself to give,
 That I may others bless, and like Thee, live,"

BETHLEHEM, HEBRON, OAKS OF MAMRE

My next trip was to Bethlehem and Hebron. We traveled in a carriage, by party. Bro. Chas. Leonard was with me. We crossed the Valley of Gihon, passed the Aqueduct of Solomon, and entered the territory of the Tribe of Judah. Had a beautiful ride across the sloping Plain of Rephaim. We soon reached the reputed Tomb of Rachel. - Gen. 35:16-20. Here the Jews come often to wail and worship. This is the same road that the "wise men" doubtless took when they went to Bethlehem to find the young child Jesus. - Matt. 2:1-10. The site of ancient Zelzah is on our left, the home of Kish, the father of Saul. Sam'l 9:1, 2, 10:1, 2. We now reach Bethlehem. The city appeared beautiful in its lights and shadows, the white limestone fairly glistening in the radiant morning sunlight. We saw here the fields of Boaz, and the Shepherds' Field. Bethlehem had a population of about seven thousand. Its population was largely Christian (nominal). Here Boaz lived, and Naomi came with her daughter-in-law, Ruth. Here Jesse lived, and David was born. And here, while only a shepherd boy, he was anointed king of Israel. But here also, greater than all, the Son of God was born. Here angels appeared with their glorious message of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

Joseph and Mary ended their long journey from Nazareth here. The "wise men" found the babe Jesus here. And here the stable was turned into a throne, for the King of kings and Lord of lords. There was "no room in the inn." Here, then, happened the greatest event in all the world's history, the Incarnation. It seemed wonderful to be standing on this sacred spot.

The Church of the Nativity is supposed to mark the spot where the Christ was born. Here the Latins, Armenians, and the Greeks, control the situation jointly. With the help of the Turkish guards, who are generally trebled on special occasions, they were usually kept from murdering one another outright. But it kept

the Moslems busy. Such is so-called Christianity, without Christ, the religion of the Eastern churches. Leaving this building, full of idolatry, at some distance we come to the well of Bethlehem. - 2 Sam'l 23:14-17. This was the water that David longed for in the heat of battle, and poured out on the ground when he obtained, as a drink offering, because of the consecration of those who brought it. A mother-of-pearl industry is carried on extensively at Bethlehem.

As we journeyed on to Hebron we could see Tekoa, the home of Amos, on an eminence on the left. - Amos 1:1; Neh. 3:5. Solomon's Pools are located near here. We spent a half hour investigating these. The water is still brought from here to the Temple Area on Mt. Moriah, in Jerusalem, as it was for the ancient sacrifices and Temple rites in Solomon's time. It was then brought through a stone aqueduct, but now through iron pipes. Portions of the old stone aqueduct are still in evidence. The pools themselves are immense. They are hewn largely out of the rock. The largest one is 582 feet long, 175 feet wide, and 50 feet deep. There are two others almost as large. Powerful springs feed them. They lie higher than Jerusalem. - Eccles. 2:6.

But now we reach Hebron. This is one of the oldest towns in the world, as well as in Palestine. - Num. 13:22; Judges 1:10. Here Abraham dwelt. - Gen 13:18; 18:1. It was a "City of Refuge. - Josh. 21:11-13. Here David was first made king. - 2 Sam'l 2:1, 3, 11. The Cave of Machpelah is the most interesting spot. Here lie buried Sarah, Abraham, Isaac, Rebekah, Leah, and Jacob. The tombs are enclosed in an ancient building of stone, now a Moslem Mosque, about 200 feet long, 115 feet wide, and 80 feet high. The Moslems controlled the situation when I was there. They lay great store by their father Abraham. Abraham tried to hurry the Lord up and help Him out with His promise. As a result he got Ishmael on his hands. And he has had him on his hands ever since. The great enemy of the Jew, as well as of the Christian, is the Mohammedan. The descendants of Ishmael are all Moslems.

Here at Abraham's tomb the Jews came to wail and weep over their loss, as they do even yet in Jerusalem.

They wept for their desolate state as a nation. And well they might, for were not even their most sacred spots in possession of another? They were allowed to ascend only six steps at Abraham's Tomb. A Turkish guard, with fixed bayonet, saw to it that they did not go farther. They dropped prayers, written on paper, through a hole in the wall, addressed to Abraham, begging his intercession with God for them. I imagine the Mohammedans were rather skeptical about his receiving them. We had a renegade Jew for a Guide. He spoke Arabic and disguised his nationality. He reached his hand in the hole and secured one of the prayers for me, for a keepsake. At their "Wailing Place" in Jerusalem they stick written prayers between the stones in the wall. They also drive nails in between the stones, to remind the Lord of His promise to make them "a nail in a sure place." - Isa. 22:23.

The Pool mentioned in 2 Sam'1 4:12, is still to be seen in Hebron. It is quite a large one. In Hebron they manufacture tanned "water-skins" for the country. We visited the Christian Missionary Alliance Home here. From here we drove to the Oaks of Mamre. - Gen. 18:1-4. This seemed like enchanted ground. Here the angels met Abraham. One of these standing oaks is of great age, and girth. It is twenty-six feet in circumference. I ate "grapes of Eshcol" under the "oaks of Mamre." -Num. 13:23, 24. The two are in close proximity. The bunches were immense. I could easily believe the story of the "spies." We returned to Hebron, and back to Jerusalem. Hebron is called by the natives El-Chalil, the "friend of God." This trip was thirty miles, fifteen miles each way. It only cost me \$1.50

NAZARETH, SEA OF GALILEE

My next and last trip was the most extensive, and if anything the most wonderful of all. It is up in the country that one really gets with God in Palestine. Things are more natural there, around Galilee. The cities are so full of idolatry, and abnormal, pretty much as in all cities. "Man made the city, but God made the country."

I left Jerusalem 8, A. M., on the morning of Sept. 30, in a carriage with some Missionaries who were bound for Shechem (Nablous). This was over the long road that Joseph and Mary took, doubtless on mule- back, when they came from Nazareth to Bethlehem, to be taxed. The reader can judge of the seriousness of their undertaking. Going north we passed through Benjamin and Ephraim. After passing the Damascus Gate we soon reached the Tombs of the Kings. We next crossed Mt. Scopus. From here on the country became very interesting. It was all mountainous. The colors and hues were wonderful and ever changing. We passed not far from Anathoth, where I had gone a short while before, donkey back. Mizpah was in plain view. Ramah came next in order. Here Sam'l was born. - Sam'l 1:9, 19, 20; 25:1.

We next passed Bethel. Here Jacob had his vision of the ladder. Farther on we passed Shiloh. Somewhere about here we had a little excitement which might have resulted seriously for us all. Our driver, a Moslem, like Jehu drove carelessly. He nearly ran into an Arab in the road. The fellow made a move to draw his gun (they all go armed in that country), and I had to do some mighty praying. Finally he picked up a stone to throw at us. I ordered the driver to drive on quickly. God delivered us from the angry Arab. He had quite a company of men with him. It was the Fast of Ramadan, which lasts for a whole month. They fast all day, and feast all night. Our driver was feeling ugly as well as the others. It was getting near evening and they were very hungry.

Finally we came to Jacob's Well. Close by was the "parcel of ground", mentioned in John 4:5, that Jacob gave to Joseph. It was a small piece of cleared, level land. A short distance farther on was the traditional Joseph's Tomb. - Gen. 50:25; Josh. 24:32. Of course no one can prove the identity of this tomb positively. The Moslems have possession of it. It may be that of Joseph. There is no other one around there. But Jacob's Well is there all right. The same old well. It is in possession of the Greek Catholics. They were building a chapel over it when I was there. The Catholics get everything worth while under cover. Most all the sacred spots in Palestine are now occupied in this way. After all this may be God's means of keeping them from being carried, off, for the time. They would pull up Jacob's Well, water and all and transport it to some foreign Museum, if they could. Wells are very scarce in Palestine. There is no question at all about this being the original Jacob's Well.

It is very hard to be able to get alone to worship in such places. You are attended and watched everywhere, lest you carry something off. However a very necessary precaution after all. You cannot get alone with your thoughts as you would like to. If you attempt to pray your sentences will be punctuated with the cry of "backsheesh", from some hungry beggar. It keeps you however from worshipping the places. "The poor ye have always with you" in Palestine. They stalk the tourist like a hunter stalks his prey. In fact they never leave you until you are safe within the walls of your Hotel, with doors locked. And there they wait for you. It would require a Lawyer to try their cases. Some even grow rich in this profession. They do a prosperous business in the tourist season. Superstitious tourists purchase many an imaginary indulgence in this way. On the other hand it is very easy to hire this class of beggars to commit crime. In fact most of the crime committed in this country is perpetrated in this way, through a second party.

But after all it seemed most wonderful to be sitting on the top of the same old well that Jacob had. Oh, what wonderful events had taken place around this old well! Wells never change locations, especially in East-

ern countries. They are a scarce article, and highly valued. Water is truly the life of this barren, hot country. This same water has been flowing since Jacob's time. Here Jesus preached to the Samaritan woman. - John 4. The top of the well is about three feet across. Below it is possibly eight feet wide. It is a very large well, about seventy-five feet to the water and "very deep", as the Samaritan woman said. There are strong springs flowing into it.

We drove on to Shechem (Nablous), between Mt. Ebal and Gerizim. The Moslem children threw stones at our carriage as we entered, just to show their hatred for the "christian dogs." Their elders encouraged them in it. Shechem is a strong Moslem town. It is very old. - Gen. 12:6. On "Gerizim" the Samaritans have a sort of a temple. They still "worship God in this mountain." - John 4:20. Once a year they sacrifice seven lambs at this place. There are only a handful of these people left. They are not Moslems, but claim to be from the tribes of Israel. - Matt. 10:5. Jesus did not recognize them as such. Josephus tells us what he thinks about them in his history. We get a trace of their history in Judges 9. They have in their possession the "Samaritan Pentateuch." The Jews of today "have no dealings with the Samaritans." - John 4:9. The Samaritans are fast dying out and wish to intermarry with the Jews, but the latter will have nothing to do with them.

The "blessings and curses" were read and proclaimed from Mt. Gerizim and Ebal." - Deut. 11:29. Deut. Chaps. 27 and 28. This valley is quite narrow and the air very rare. The matter could have easily been accomplished in the hearing of the people by means of a trumpet. Here Joseph came to find his brethren. - Gen. 37:13. It became a "City of Refuge." - Josh. 20:7; 24:1. It has always been a place of robbers, as it was still when I visited it. (Judges 9:25). Abimelech beat down the city and sowed it with salt. - Judges 9:45.

I stopped over night at Shechem, in a Hotel. It was a horrible experience. The "Maradan Fasters" were feasting all night, and making much noise. The half-wild, hungry, fighting dogs never ceased their yelping.

The fleas bit extra hard. I was stopping at a Native Inn. “Up, get you out of this place”, came to me long before morning. It was not hard to be persuaded that this was the voice of the Lord. At 5, A. M., before daylight, I started with a horse and dragoman, for Nazareth. My dragoman, an Arab, was afoot. He could not understand a word of English. The dew was very heavy. He motioned to me to open my umbrella. I was very glad I did. Otherwise I would have gotten very wet.

“Like the dew of Hermon, that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion.” Ps. 133:3. After a stiff climb through the mountains we reached the hill of Samaria, the site of the ancient city of Samaria. Here Prof. Riceland, an American director, was carrying on huge excavations. He was very kind to me. There were some grand old ruins here. Some massive pillars had been uncovered. - 2 Kings 7:3. There were the ruins of a Roman Temple, with massive steps, and the heathen altar. The Roman structures had been built right on top of the ancient Israelitish edifices. There they were, unearthed, dating back unmistakably to the times of the Kings of Israel, and the Judges. - I Kings 16:24. etc. Here Philip came, later, and preached Christ. - Acts. 8:5.

We started on north. It is about seventy miles from Jerusalem to Nazareth. We passed through Manasseh and Issachar, and into Zebulun and Napthali later. But like Jesus, “we must needs go through Samaria.” We passed over some very rough country, by foot paths and horse trails. It was a short cut. There was no carriage road here. Only a trail through the mountains. The natives along the way were very unfriendly, all Moslems. I had one or two narrow escapes, but my dragoman saved me. Of course the Lord was my real protector. I learned later that many travelers had come to grief over this same road. They tried to rob me once, but my dragoman was too sharp witted for them, and got me away. I realized my danger and did some strong praying. The dragoman probably feared that they would “clean me out”, and there would be no “backsheesh” left for him. That was

about all he got for his services. Those poor fellows are expected to hustle their pay from their passengers, like the Steamship stewards.

The Moslems hate the “hawaji” (stranger). They consider him lawful prey. Some tourists have even been killed on this mountain trip I learned later. The country is very wild. I shared my luncheon with my dragoman, which pleased him greatly. I had brought it with me from the Hotel. He had only sour bread with him. We passed through the Plains of Dothan. Here Joseph was “cast into a pit” by his brethren. - Gen. 37:13-30. It is a fine level piece of land for grazing. Here Elisha was surrounded by the Syrian soldiers, whom he smote with blindness. - 2 Kings 6:13. We made good time here, my dragoman riding behind me on the horse for the first time. He was very tired from climbing the mountain. We emerged into the Plain of Esdraelon at last, after going through still another mountain trail, and struck the highway at En-Gannim - Josh. 19:21; 21:29, just before nightfall.

I stopped over night at the Hotel, which was run by a German. Had a good night's rest in a clean bed. I gave my dragoman liberal “backsheesh”, which he had not failed to remind me of all day, and a nice juicy pomegranate for good measure. He was very well pleased. I was now on the edge of the great Plain of Esdraelon.

The next morning I left En-Gannim, with another dragoman, for Nazareth. We both had horses this time, and made better progress. Besides we had level traveling from now on, until we should reach the ascent to Nazareth, on the hills, at the other side of the Plain. We rode for fifteen miles across the level Plain. It is very long and wide. The mountains of Carmel are on the west side, the mountains of Gilboa on the east. In these Saul and Jonathan were slain. - I Sam'1 31:1; 2 Sam'1 1:21. Megiddo (Armageddon) was in sight on the west. - Judges 5:19. On the north were the mountains of Galilee, and Little Hermon. The mountains of Samaria were behind us. We passed close to Jezreel, where Naboth had his garden. - 1 Kings 21. Here Jezebel met her fate, and was eaten by the dogs. - 2 Kings 9:30-37.

Endor could be seen in the distance, in the shadow of the mountain. - 1 Sam'1 28. From here we could see the country all the way to Jabesh-Gilead. We stopped at Shunem for water. The site of Bethshan could be seen in the distance (1 Sam'1 31), and also Gideon's Fountain, where the three hundred lapped water like a dog. - Judges 7:5, 6. At Shunem had lived the woman who entertained Elisha, and whose child he raised from the dead. - 2 Kings 4. And here had been the original "Prophet's Chamber." - 2 Kings 4:10. We passed in sight of Nain where Jesus raised the widow's son, and broke up the funeral - Luke 7:11-16. Endor could now be clearly seen, in the shadow of Little Hermon. Here Saul went to the witch, and to his ruin. - 1 Sam'1 28:7-25. Mt. Tabor was just ahead on our right.

Nazareth is a "city set upon a hill." We could see it all the way from En-Gannim. After an hour's climb up the mountain side we reached Nazareth, the home of Joseph and Mary, and the place where Jesus was "brought up." The situation was most charming. Here I dismissed my dragoman. We had had a silent time. Neither could communicate with the other, he being Arab. All I understood was the magic word "backsheesh." This he plied incessantly. But altogether he was a pretty good fellow. I stopped at a Native Hotel in Nazareth. The cost from Jerusalem to Nazareth, for carriage and horse, a distance of seventy miles, had only been five dollars. It was a three days journey. It cost me a little over two dollars besides for Hotel accommodations and food. I lived on fruit on the way largely. Went without meals at the Hotels.

Nazareth is very pretty and interesting. I got a most wonderful view of the country from a hill behind the city. This was one of the most extensive views to be had in all Palestine. I could see the desert beyond the Sea of Galilee, as it stretched away toward Damascus, as far as the eye could reach. The mountains of Lebanon were stretched out toward the far north. Haifa, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Mountains of Carmel, lay before me on the west, in plain view. These were all distances of from twenty-five to seventy-five miles away. The atmosphere is extremely rare in these parts.

At my feet lay beautiful, Nazareth, nestled among the hills. Next I visited the Mt. of Precipitation, so-called, where the Jews are supposed to have tried to throw Jesus over the hill. - Luke 4:29. Truly a prophet hath no honor in his own country. This is the only near hill to Nazareth with a sharp precipice or cliff in connection. It may well be the one. The descent is very steep and rocky. Just the place for such a deed. From this cliff I also got a wonderful view of the surrounding country. The great Plain of Esdraelon was stretched out at my feet. It resembled a large patch-work quilt, with its divided tracts of various colored vegetation, brown, yellow, and green.

At the south end of the Plain rose the hills of Samaria. En-Gannim now lay at the extreme south side, clearly visible. From there I had journeyed the day before. Jezreel was just before me, to the far south. The Mts. of Gilboa lay on the east. Mt. Carmel, Haifa, and the Mediterranean Sea, were on the west. Tanaach and Megiddo (Har-Megiddon), were on the rise of the mountains before me across the Plain. Little Hermon and Tabor lay at my feet. Shunem was now just out of sight around the mountain. But Nain and Endor lay before my eyes. It seemed as though I could almost look into the houses, although they, were at quite a distance from me. The atmosphere was so rare. Through a large depression I could see Jabesh-Gilead beyond Jordan, with Bethshan on this side. Northeast stretched out the dreary, glistening desert, toward Damascus. Nazareth lay behind me.

I spent two wonderful days at Nazareth. Reluctantly left the city with one fond look behind, and started on horseback for the Sea of Galilee. The scenery on the way was most beautiful. Jesus had often trod this way. I felt Him very consciously with me in Spirit on this trip. "Oh, I long to walk with Jesus, by the shores of Galilee," was soon to become mine in reality. The most precious memories cluster around the Sea of Galilee. We passed through Gath-Hepher, the home of Jonah, soon after leaving Nazareth. We next reached Cana of Galilee, where Jesus turned the water into wine at the marriage feast.

John 2. It seemed wonderful to be really visiting this place. Here Jesus performed His first miracle. We passed Horn Hattin, the Mountain generally accepted as the Mt. of Beatitudes. - Matt. 5. Here the Crusaders were finally defeated by the Moslem Gen'l Saladin, July 5, 1187.

Just before we reached Tiberius, on the Sea of Galilee, we got a wonderful view from the hill above. The whole Sea was spread out before us like a picture. On every side were mountains, except for the narrow Jordan Valley. The wind at times sweeps with terrific force from the north, the Lake and Jordan Valley furnishing a regular funnel or vacuum. Hence the violent storms that sometimes swept the Sea, in Scripture narrative. The Sea of Galilee is but twelve miles long, and three miles wide, but great storms sweep its surface. When the weather is calm it lies like a mirror among the hills. There is very little vegetation in the way of trees around it. It is country. The cities of Palestine are more tiresome. But here is rest. One can really get alone with God at the Sea of Galilee. The beggars do not follow you here.

We reached Tiberius safely. - John 6:1-23; 21:1. There were many Jews living here. Like Nazareth, where the population was mostly Christian (nominal), there were not many Moslems in Tiberius. This was a real relief. I walked along the Sea to Magdala, the traditional home of Mary Magdalena. On the way I saw many tombs, hewn in the rocks, such as the demon possessed people used to live in, in Jesus' time. The people in this village were very poor. Magdala is a wretched village, the houses being built mostly out of mud and reeds. I walked on along the Plain of Genessaret to the extreme north end. It was wonderfully blessed in this place. Here I could get alone with God and my meditations.

How often had Jesus and his disciples walked and toiled here. Here these crude fishermen, who later shook the world, were called. Here they received their early training for the greatest service on earth. The "weak things" indeed, but made mighty by the power of God. I walked the sands by the sea and

picked up beautiful shells. Near here Peter had caught the fish with the coin in its mouth, to pay his own tax and that of Jesus. Here Jesus had commanded the disciples, after a hard night of failure, to “launch out into the deep.” - Luke 5:4. They caught so many fish that the net broke. Here on this shore Jesus fed the multitudes with loaves and fishes. And here He stilled the Sea, and there was a great calm.

My Bible was fast becoming a new Book to me. I had a Fifth Gospel now, the sight of the things and places themselves. Here Jesus appeared to the disciples, with the wind against them, walking on the water. And here He slept in the boat, while His disciples were terrified. Here the crowd thronged Him so, to hear His words, that He was obliged to preach from a boat. These and many other thoughts crowded my memory as I walked along these sacred waters, hallowed so often by the presence of the very Christ Himself. The sound of the soft lapping of the waves upon the sands along the shore was most soothing and inspiring. It seemed to speak to me of that greater peace, which only God can give.

The Plain of Genessaret is quite large. The water is called the Lake of Genessaret along here, but it is all the Sea of Galilee. It is called the Sea of Tiberius also near that city. The coast line is quite irregular. The sites of Chorazin, Capernaum, and Bethsaida are very uncertain. There are a few old ruins here, but nothing definite to indicate the real site of these cities. Small villages now dot the shore in two or three places, inhabited by a handful of fishermen.

Here at Capernaum most of Jesus’ mighty works in this section were done. Peter’s wife’s mother was healed of fever here. Jesus pronounced his heaviest curses on these three cities. They have been dreadfully fulfilled. - Matt. 4:13; 11:21-23. Capernaum, so highly favored, has been brought down to nothing, because it rejected Jesus’ preaching. It is not known for certain exactly where it was located. To look around the Lake at the miserable little huts one would never dream that great cities once flourished proudly here. Tiberius is the only place of importance worth mentioning on the Lake.

I returned from my walk to the north end of the Lake along the Plain of Genessaret, where Jesus had so often trod. As I walked along the shore I took off my shoes and walked barefoot in the edge of the water along its sands. I liked to think that I was treading in the very same place where Jesus trod. My feet were pressing the same sacred shore, as the waters of the same sacred Sea laved them. It was a holy hour. I was privileged to be alone. There was not a soul in evidence anywhere. Oh, how still and holy the surroundings seemed! Only one other hour had been so holy on my trip. That was when I paced the floor of the old Coliseum in Rome alone, where the early Christian martyrs had been fed to the lions. But I was obliged to leave these hallowed scenes.

Dear Galilee will always live fresh in my memory. I stopped at the Latin Monastery, as there were no Hotels open at that season. A priest from Canada, who could of course speak English, welcomed me warmly. He was glad to meet some one from America. We became quite friendly. He did not seem to have the bigoted spirit of the most of his kind. I stayed one night and part of two days at Tiberius. The trip from Nazareth to Tiberius was twenty miles. My horse and guide cost me three dollars. My guide had to have a horse also.

I came from Tiberius to Sanach, at the south end of the Sea, where I took the train for Haifa. This railroad came from Damascus, ending at Haifa, on the Mediterranean. I was obliged to come from Tiberius by row boat, on the Sea of Galilee. It was a pleasant experience. My oarsmen were Moslems, which part was not so pleasant. They could speak no English. How I wished the disciples of old had been there to row for me.

We followed by train the Jordan Valley and River for some distance southward, turning northwestward at Bethshan. - 1 Sam'1 31. Passed Gideon's Fountain. - Judges. 7:5, 6. We also passed close by Shunem. - 2 Kings 4. Soon we crossed the River Kishon, and ran along Mt. Carmel. - 1 Kings 18:40; 2 Kings 4:25-37. Reached Haifa safely. We had passed by Elijah's old

stamping ground, where he called down fire from heaven on the sacrifice, vindicating and proving God, and defeating signally the prophets of Baal. Here he had prayed for rain, and got it too. - Jas. 5:17, 18. But Jezebel of Jezreel had chased him after all. He was a man "of like passions." However, God honored His servant later by taking him home in a "chariot of fire", not far from where He had Himself buried Moses, some centuries before.

Elijah's was a stormy course, and a rugged service, over a very rough country. He coursed over a lot of territory for those days. Water and food were scarce, as they are today, in much of that country. Just across the harbor from Haifa lies Ptolemais. I stopped over one night at Haifa, in Bro. Joseph's Mission to the Jews. He was himself a Christian Jew. Had a good day in Haifa. I spent some time along the shore of the Mediterranean, and climbed the mountain back of Haifa, toward Carmel. Sailed for Jaffa (Joppa) in the evening to return to Jerusalem. We had a beautiful, smooth sea. Passed Caesarea in the night. - Acts 10:1. This was the home of Cornelius. I took the train from Jaffa for Jerusalem again, reaching there safely. My trip from Tiberius back to Jerusalem cost me \$4.80. A distance of about 160 miles, by land and sea.

And now I was ready to leave Palestine. I had spent six blessed weeks there. Had preached a number of times in Jerusalem, in the Christian Alliance Church, with much blessing from the Lord. Once or twice I was translated into Arabic, but my congregation mostly understood English. As I had no interpreter with me I naturally had not been able to preach up in the country. It was a time of recuperation and spiritual profit principally for my own soul. God was preaching to me. I had now a new Bible. The places and events were now so real.

My travels all told in Palestine only cost me \$22.00 for fares. My living did not cost me over \$15.00 extra, having stopped with the Leonard's in Jerusalem. \$40.00 covered easily my Palestine expenses. This would be \$50.00 counting my fare from Port Said, and return. I did not receive more than this amount from Ameri-

ca from the time I left her shores until my return, after nine months absence, at the end of my journey.

I bought a ticket in Jerusalem, from the North German Lloyd agency, from Port Said to Hong Kong, for \$120.00, Third Class. A trip of 3,488 miles. By buying Third Class I saved \$100.00 over Second Class. The day before the boat was due at Jaffa, that was to take me back to Port Said, to meet my vessel for Colombo, Ceylon, the news came that Cholera had broken out at Beyrout, where the boat had stopped. In this case it was very doubtful if it would be allowed to stop at Jaffa to take on more passengers. Here I was in a fix. My ticket was bought, but I could not get out.

The other alternative seemed to be that of getting on the boat, in case it should decide to stop, but to be carried to Alexandria instead of Port Said, where it would be taken direct to Quarantine. That would mean to be shut up in Quarantine for six days, at my own expense. In either of these cases I was bound to miss my vessel for Colombo. There was no way out but by prayer. And "prayer changes things." I called the saints together and we laid the matter before the Lord. The next morning no further word had come from the boat. My friends asked me what I would do. I told them I felt God wanted me to act out my faith by going to Jaffa, and He would take care of the rest. A brother visiting in Jerusalem gave me \$22.50, in case I should need Quarantine expenses, and be carried to Alexandria. It turned out afterwards I needed this in India. The Lord knew all about it and used this way to get it to me. I had not at this time received over \$25.00 from America since leaving there.

I went to the Station at Jerusalem, bought my ticket for Jaffa, and was waiting for the train to pull out. There was only five minutes left before the time to start when an English Hotel keeper, who knew my position and was watching me, came to the car window and told me they had just heard from the boat. The Quarantine had been lifted over night, the boat would stop at Jaffa, and I was sure for Port Said, and for my Vessel. I gave God the glory publicly, said good-bye to my friends, and was on my journey once more.

CEYLON, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN

I waited at Port Said for a day or two until my Vessel came, stopping at a hotel. Had left my trunk here, at the Seaman's Rest Home. Now I had my Ticket for Hong Kong, but no berth reserved on the Steamer. Everything was crowded at this season. There was very heavy travel. But I trusted God to get me on the vessel. He had already proven Himself in such a way I could not doubt Him. Finally the Vessel came and I boarded it without asking any questions. I waited until we had started, and then inquired for accommodations. First and Second Class were both overfull. But the Third Class had just two or three berths left. Thank God! I was glad then that I had bought Third Class. And now I was off for Ceylon and India, on my way to China.

We passed through the Suez Canal, the Gulf of Suez, and were soon ploughing our way straight down through the Red Sea, out of sight of land on either side. We crossed the track of the Children of Israel where they went through the Sea "dry shod." - Ex. 14:21, 22.

Got a look at old Mt. Sinai, where the Ten Commandments were given to Moses. Africa lay on the west, with Nubia and Abyssinia. Asiatic Turkey, Syria, with Mecca and Medirra, were on the east. We stopped at Aden, Arabia, to leave mail, but the passengers were not allowed to go ashore. I had seen the lights way over in Abyssinia the night before and longed to be privileged to bring the Gospel to Dark Africa also. We passed through the Straits of Babel Mandeb, coming in close to the coast of Somaliland. Again my heart yearned for Africa.

And now we were entering the Indian Ocean. It was calm and cool. The weather had been very hot in the Red Sea. In four days we passed the Maldive Islands, and were soon at Colombo, Ceylon. It is ten days from Port Said to Colombo. Half way round the globe from Los Angeles is just about midway between Aden and Colombo.

I had not been sick for a moment on the way. In fact I had been kept from sea-sickness from the time I left New York, though I had some battles. But faith triumphed. I recognized before I started that I did not have to be sea-sick simply because it was customary. The Lord had made that very plain to me. I determined by God's grace that I would prove this to be a fact, and He kept me. In fact for the whole trip of 25,000 miles on the open sea, around the globe, I never was once overcome by sea-sickness. To God be all the glory. Naturally I am a poor sailor, and my stomach the weakest part of me. On my previous trips at sea, up and down the Pacific coast and across to Hawaii, I was always sick as a dog.

I had the privilege of breaking my journey at Colombo, and taking the next Vessel, later for China. So I had decided to spend a month in the island of Ceylon, and in India. The Vessels sailed monthly. We reached Colombo Nov. 5. Colombo is six degrees and fifty-seven seconds north of the Equator. It is Tropical. There are many spices there. Cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, pepper, etc. Cocoa beans, tapioca, tea, coffee, and all tropical fruits, grow here in abundance.

Bro. Hettiaratchy, a native, Pentecostal preacher, met me at the Vessel, and I went with him seven miles back in the country from Colombo to Cotta, where his family lived. We rode there in a native bullock cart. The vegetation was beautiful, all tropical. There were oranges, limes, pineapples, guavas, sour sop, bread fruit, cocoanuts, bananas, papais, pomegranates, and many other kinds of tropical fruits. Some I had never seen before. All kinds of spices flourished. There is much rain near the coast, but the centre of the Island is very dry. The natives go sparsely clothed as the heat is very great. The humidity is so great that clothing seems almost unbearable at times. Here in Colombo I saw my first Jinrickishas.

The natives are mostly Buddhists. I saw much idolatry. They take life very easy here. I took a trip up into the centre of the Island. Spent ten days in all in Ceylon. Bro. Hettiaratchy went with me. We first went to Kandy. Around here the foliage and

vegetation was very profuse and charming. I think it even exceeded Hawaii. We saw a number of rubber plantations. Traveling is mostly done by bullock cart in this country. Of course the main arteries of travel are the railroads. Jinrickishas are used in the cities.

Kandy is seventy miles inland. Here I visited also a large tea plantation. The pepper vines were very beautiful. I spoke at the Y. M. C. A. at Kandy. At Cotta I had spoken twice from the Church of England pulpit. I was translated into Ceylonese. There were no Pentecostal missions in Ceylon when I was there. Christianity has never made much progress in Ceylon. The people live a life of such ease for the most part that they are hard to arouse to a sense of spiritual need. With the exception of the northern central part of the Island, which is very dry, there is very little want in Ceylon. Fruits, etc., are very plentiful.

Before I left Ceylon for India we went farther north, to Anuradhapua, the site of the old Singhalese Gov't. This had been the ancient Capital of the Island. Here ninety kings reigned in succession. The old ruins, of which many date from as far back as three hundred years, B. C., were very interesting. They consisted principally of Dagobas, or monuments, huge piles of earth and masonry, erected by these ancient kings to perpetuate their memory. There were many old statues of the kings also. Figures of Buddha were plentiful. Some ruins remain of old palaces, etc. The Boa Trees are still held sacred and worshipped. Also the Lotus plant. We visited some interesting old Buddhist temples, of great age. Their religion is abominable.

These ruins denote a high state of proficiency. The native ability has evidently deteriorated almost as much here as is evidenced in Egypt. At one time, through a process of irrigation, now lost, the centre of the Island was the granary of the country. Today it is little better than a barren waste. There are remains of a system of canals and reservoirs for irrigation, but now in complete ruin. The people are very poor in this section today. There is very little vegetation, especially of a food bearing character. Much of the country here is in reality jungle. We stopped in

Anuradhapura with an English Pastor, the son of Arch-deacon Phair, of Winnipeg, Canada. He treated us very kindly.

We stopped off at Ambampoli, on the way back to Colombo. Here we found the very poorest part of the Island. My heart was touched with the desperate state of the natives here, both physically and spiritually. The country was largely jungle. Wild beasts were very plentiful. Here elephants frequently attacked and destroyed whole villages. Cheetahs, bears, and many other kinds of wild animals abounded. One did not dare to go out after night.

There is a strip of country here, stretching the width of the Island, one hundred miles long by forty miles wide, in which there were about 200,000 inhabitants. They were mostly Buddhists. There were about two hundred Buddhist priests living among them. This whole section was practically without a Missionary and without the Gospel. It had not rained here for a long time and the majority of this population were actually on the verge of starvation. There was very little rice to be had, and the most of the people were too poor to buy it. They were living on clover greens, grass seed, and in fact anything they could scrape together in the way of vegetation. It seemed awful to think of such plenty in some parts of the world, and these poor people starving for even a handful of rice. This appeared to me like a fine field for missionary work of a pioneer kind, but it would entail some sacrifice.

The climate was quite unhealthy here. The Buddhist priests had very little influence over the people. The people seemed humble and harmless. A native Magistrate in this district told me he believed this whole section could be taken for Christ if a few Pentecostal missionaries would enter it. He was a Christian, and favored American missionaries. There were at least two hundred villages within easy reach of Ambampoli alone.

I walked ten miles, with a native guide, one morning to visit some of these villages, carrying a quantity of Gospel portions with me to give them, in their own

tongue. My heart was made sad at the condition of the people, without Christ, and my own inability to help them. They must die without help, and without Christ. The children were as bright and lovable as any children I have seen anywhere. And yet doomed to grow up in heathenism. There was no one to take an interest in them and see them saved. We visited another village in the evening, walking two miles. In the forenoon the sun had gotten so hot before we reached home that I was obliged to lie down on my back in the shade for a few minutes every half mile, in order to be able to go on. We were traveling through jungle, where at night the man eating animals stalked their prey.

I became convinced that all that was needed was a spirit of love and self-sacrifice in order to gather a rich harvest of souls for Christ from among these people. But who would go to them? Their state was so desperate that they would respond to kindness readily. I believe they would have looked upon a real Missionary among them as almost a god. There was very little pride and haughtiness, as found often among more favored people. The English Government was doing nothing for these poor people. In fact it was too busy making money in other more favorable parts of the Island. The officials were not there for that purpose. The natives are far too often exploited by Foreign Government, rather than aided.

We returned to Colombo again and I was now ready for India. I had traveled about four hundred miles in Ceylon, in going and coming. It had only cost me four dollars. Fares were very cheap at that time.

Tuesday Nov. 15, I took the boat for Tuticorin, India. It was one night's sailing. They had a case of Cholera on board when they came from India, so we had plenty of room returning. I had a chance for the exercise of faith again. The sea was very smooth. We reached Tuticorin safely. It was a distance of 125 miles. The cost was \$3.25.

The Indians are naturally a peace loving people. They are not meat eaters. That may explain why a handful of beef eating Englishmen are able to keep

their millions in subjection. Then the Indian is a born philosopher, a mystic. Such people are not generally fighters. But they make splendid Christians.

From Tuticorin I took the train to Madras. This was a distance of 445 miles from Tuticorin. Here I stopped between trains. I spent three or four hours in this great heathen city. It is the Capital City of the Madras Presidency. I think there must have been a million of population there, if I remember rightly. The native quarters were very interesting to me. I visited a heathen temple. Here I saw also one of the far-famed Juggernaut cars, that the heathen devotees used to cast themselves in front of, thus offering up their lives as a sacrifice to their god on feast days. The Juggernaut cars have great wooden wheels, and are dragged about on special occasions by the people.

I had a most interesting experience in connection with Madras. I had a desire to stay longer in this city, and to take the evening train north, rather than the noon train. Had spent the night before on the train, getting into Madras early in the morning. But while I was looking around the city at the strange sights a powerful impression came upon me that I must take the noon train. I could not shake it off, so finally deciding it must be the Lord, I very reluctantly returned to the Station, and started on my journey at noon. After riding two nights and one whole day and a half more I reached Poona Junction, early in the morning. I traveled European Third Class, and had to sleep the first night in India on a board seat. The next two nights, I climbed up on a wicker affair that was overhead for baggage. It proved to be a little more comfortable, but I suffered much from the cold, not having sufficient covering along with me. The nights are very cold in India, though the sun gets very hot during the day. I did not buy regular meals, but lived principally on rice and curry along the way, which I bought from the natives at the Stations very cheaply.

At Poona Junction I had to change cars for Dhond and Kedgaon (Mukti). Here I wanted to stay over until the eleven o'clock train and look around and

stretch myself a little in the sun, but for some strange reason I could not get my baggage taken care of. In fact everything seemed to go wrong. At last I decided the Lord did not want me to stop over, and as a train was just leaving for Dhond I decided to board it and go on. It was time for it to start and as I was at the head of the train the Guard told me to get into a native coach and he would clear the natives out for me. This he did, but had no sooner left than they swarmed in again. Again he cleared one side for me, but had only stepped out again when they fairly swarmed all over me. I decided I had gotten into the wrong pew, for they were a filthy crowd, not safe for any stranger to be shut up with, so I made a break for the door, and started to run down the platform to find the Third Class European, where I belonged. It was at the rear end of the train. I just reached it as the train pulled out. Jumping in I almost fell into Bro. Dan'l Awrey's arms. I had met him once before, providentially, in the Station at Glasgow. Now we stood face to face again, without either one having had the slightest idea of the present whereabouts of the other.

Here was indeed again the hand of God. Neither of us knew the other was in India. Now I understood why I had had such a strong impression to take the noon train from Madras. Also why I was not able to stop at Poona until the later train. He doeth all things well. I found Bro. Awrey was also bound for Dhond, and Mukti. His Vessel had gotten in at Bombay that early morning, from Europe, and he had taken the first train for Dhond. We rejoiced in this manifest leading of the Lord. God had ordered our meeting Himself. We had arrived on schedule time. We were to be together in the Lord's service at Bro. Norton's, and at Ramabai's. We were also to be refreshed by one another's presence. I had known Bro. Awrey in America, where we had had sweet fellowship, together in previous years, in the Pentecostal service.

We first stopped at Dhond, with Bro. Albert Norton. We had dinner and then learned that Bro. Norton had planned to spend Sunday at Mukti also. This was Saturday. Bro. Awrey and myself went on to Kedgaon (Mukti) in the afternoon. Bro. Norton came

the next morning. It was only a few miles between. I spoke at Mukti Saturday evening, to the workers. Sunday was the big day at Ramabai's. Bro. Norton preached in the morning. Bro. Awrey and myself administered the Communion to the girls in the afternoon. I preached at night. Manoramabai, Ramabai's daughter, interpreted for me. They all sit on the floor at Mukti. Before me sat thirteen hundred girls (mostly child-widows), that had been gathered in from various famines. When they went to prayer it was like the "sound of many waters." They all prayed at once. Ramabai did not interfere with the leading of the Spirit.

After I heard those Christian Indian girls pray I felt I wanted to get down on the floor too. I had a chance to when it came meal time, as they all eat sitting on the floor. But I found I had left it rather late to begin. My joints refused to turn sufficiently for absolute comfort. They gave me a cushion as a special favor. That helped a little.

I spoke to the girls again Monday afternoon. Ramabai had shut down all work Monday, in order to take advantage of our visit for the spiritual benefit of the girls. Mukti is ordinarily a very busy place industrially. They carry on weaving, and various other industries. Manoramabai again interpreted for me. Bro. Awrey and myself anointed and prayed for about seventy sick girls, for their healing. In the majority of cases they expressed themselves as having received a definite touch from the Lord. I think I have never been more conscious of my own good-for-nothingness, and of the conscious presence and help of the Lord Himself, than I was in this service.

There seemed to be very little demonstration as far as one could see, but I was conscious of a steady, moving faith that brought reality and results. We experienced "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen", while we prayed. In the evening, at Ramabai's request, we laid hands on and prayed for nearly one hundred girls who were about to go out in Evangelistic work in the country. We prayed for a special anointing and "gifts" for the girls for this service in the native villages. Even Ramabai,

and Manoramabai her daughter, had us lay hands on them for the same purpose. I felt very unworthy. The humility of these great leaders was very touching. I left Mukti feeling I had been very near to heaven. Shall never forget my visit there.

We returned to Dhond and spoke to the native workers in the evening, at Bro. Norton's. The next morning very early Bro. Awrey and myself started for Bombay together, he to take his boat for Hong Kong, China, where his family was then living, and I to return to Colombo, where I would soon catch my next vessel for Hong Kong also. Bro. Awrey's Vessel was lying over at Bombay. We reached Bombay safely.

A very unexpected thing had happened at Mukti. Before we left there Ramabai called Bro. Awrey and myself aside and much to our surprise handed us each a roll of Rupees. It was the last place I would have expected to receive help from. But God knew my need. I found she had given me about seventeen dollars. This amount almost covered my expenses from Colombo and return. I was running short of money. I could not help contrasting the surroundings and the spirit at Ramabai's with the spirit and conditions in the temples of India. In the latter places the air is unspeakably foul, with the bats as chief inhabitants, and nothing but sin and misery in evidence all around. Surely it has paid to save Ramabai's girls in India.

By this time I was pretty tired in my body. I had ridden on the train from Tuticorin to Bombay, which took nearly four days, and three whole nights. Then I had ridden Third Class, sleeping on a board seat, and in a wicker hangar, suffering much from cold at night, and nearly burning up during the day. I had very few regular meals. We were obliged to start from Dhond for Bombay at three o'clock in the morning. But traveling was very cheap in India. It only cost me about three-eighths of a cent a mile.

I went to Sister Orlebar's home in Bombay. Bro Awrey took his boat and went on for China. We were destined to meet once more, however, before we both

reached Hong Kong. Here at Bombay met Sister Abrams, just returned from America, with new workers for India. I could only stay two days in Bombay, but I spoke at the home both nights to a little company. I found Bombay a very large city, very dirty, and very wicked. They had the Bubonic plague there so that I could not look around as extensively as I would liked to have done. While there I visited the Parsees' Tower of Silence, where birds eat their dead.

I left Bombay by boat, going down the coast, to Mangalore. Had to sleep on deck three nights, as it was too hot in the Cabin, and the mosquitoes fairly swarmed the place. In the open I could rest. The air on deck was fine. Just warm enough to be comfortable. The nights were beautiful under Indian skies. Our vessel stopped at the Portuguese port of Goa for a few hours. This was a very old town. Here I witnessed a senseless Roman Catholic Pageant, half pagan. The Roman Church adapts itself to conditions as it finds them, never disturbing original conditions any more than necessary. I landed at Mangalore and took the train for Calicut. Here we ran all day through beautiful, green cocoanut groves, down the Malabar coast. Stopping at Calicut I met at the Station a Missionary of the Basic Mission located there. It was late in the evening. I had not known where I would stop for the night, but felt led to take in this large town on my way back to Tuticorin and Colombo. God again had it all arranged. I had not even known there was a Mission there. The Missionary took me to their Compound, just as though I had been expected, without asking any questions, after I had told him I was a traveling Missionary. White travelers are very scarce in that part of the world and he had spied me out at the Station as I left the train.

I had a beautiful night's rest at the Compound, the President's wife herself preparing supper for me, and I soon found myself among the best of friends. They were Germans but spoke good English. The next morning the President drove me around town in his bullock cart and showed me the various departments of that interesting work. The language spoken by the natives here was Malayalam. They had the Plague al-

so in Calicut. I was obliged to secure Health Papers before I could pass on.

I took the train again, ran on down the coast, and across to Madura. Here I stopped again, to visit a large heathen city. Paid a visit to the heathen, Hindoo temple. The people here were Tamil. This old city was very interesting. Here I saw the ludicrous sight of a native being reprimanded severely for slapping gently a cow he was driving, with a stick. They worship cows there. He could have beaten his wife to death in the street and nothing would have been said. On the train going through India I offered a starving boy a liberal portion of my rice curry I had just purchased, at a railway station. He wanted to eat it, but the natives forbade and threatened him. He must not break his caste. Better to die than to break caste in India. We have also caste (sects) in America.

Dec. 1, I left Madura for Tuticorin. I had passed through Bangalore on the way to Madura, but had not time to stop. There were Pentecostal Missionaries there. The next day I sailed for Colombo. I found my Vessel for Hong Kong would arrive at Colombo one day early this trip. So the Lord had brought me back, arranged my journey, all on schedule time. I just had time to get ready, and sailed the next day for Hong Kong, China. My trip through India, from Colombo and return, had cost me less than twenty-five dollars, all expenses counted. I now had just fifteen dollars left, and my ticket to Hong Kong. I had traveled over three thousand miles, from Colombo through India, and return. My fare cost me about twenty dollars.

Sat. Dec. 3, found me on board the North German Lloyd, Steamer "Goeben", bound for Hong Kong. We sailed at 11, P. M., around the Island of Ceylon, out into the Indian Ocean again. I was sorry to leave Ceylon. I had fallen in love with the Island. While there I had had an interesting experience I must mention, while riding in a bullock cart with Bro. Hettiaratchy. While jogging along the string, never too strong, broke under the ox's neck. It was all that held the two-wheeled vehicle in the balance. Our weight tilted the wagon backwards. The shafts released, flew upward. We tipped out backward in the road, bag and baggage,

turning a graceful back somersault in the process. It was all done so quickly one might have thought the world had suddenly turned upside down. But it was us who had turned. We got on our feet, none the worse for our experience, had a good laugh, brushed the dust off our clothes, and got in again, after the necessary repairs, which simply consisted of a new string under the bullock's neck. The animal had very kindly stopped when he found we were not coming along.

After three days' sailing, with smooth seas, we sighted the Island of Sumatra, entering the Straits of Malacca, having now reached the Straits Settlements. The Vessel stopped at Penang for a few hours. We went ashore, but it was after dark, so we could not see very much. I would have liked very much to have seen the place by daylight. The great countries of Burma and Siam lay just north of us. Continuing our course southward we soon reached Singapore. Here we had several hours on shore, in daylight. When we arrived there I was met at the wharf by Bro. Awrey, again. His Vessel had reached there a day or two before, lying over to unload. He had to sail in a few hours, just before my Vessel. But we spent the day together, looking around Singapore. My Vessel was a faster one and would reach Hong Kong first however.

Here at Singapore we were less than two degrees, about one hundred miles, north of the Equator. It was very hot. I found Singapore a thriving city, mostly populated by Chinese. We turned north, when we left here, entering the China Sea. From now on the weather turned rapidly cooler. We began to encounter very rough seas. I had quite a battle to keep from getting sea-sick. But God gave me the victory. Most of the passengers were sick. I slept on deck, in my chair, though they had everything closed down tight, to keep the water out. The waves were washing the deck. The Stewarts would chase me from one side of the deck to the other during the night. But the air was rotten below. I was traveling Third Class, which made it worse. Below they were all sick as dogs. I passed my thirty-ninth Birthday on this trip, in the middle of the China Sea. A crowd of Japanese coolies had come on

the boat at Colombo and they had to have rice for their diet. By eating rice with them for my meals, instead of the heavy meat and potatoes they fed the white Third Class passengers, I saved my stomach greatly on this trip. Rice was very easy to digest. It was ten days sailing from Colombo to Hong Kong.

My clothing was now getting pretty well worn. A ship that has had a long sea voyage naturally comes into port a little battered. I was trusting God for my fare home from China, though I had not the least idea where it would be coming from. Reached Hong Kong safely, with just ten dollars. Here I looked up the Mission Home then conducted by Bro. and Sister Garr, and received a hearty welcome. At last I was in the great country of China, with its four hundred million heathen souls. The greatest country on earth in many respects. In fact "The Middle Kingdom." This was another dream of years come true.

I spent Christmas in Hong Kong, speaking afternoon and evening at the Pentecostal Mission, through Interpreter. After spending a few days here I took a trip inland, three hundred miles, up the West River, as far as Wuchow. Here I visited the Christian Missionary Alliance Headquarters. This city had 100,000 inhabitants. I was cordially welcomed by Bro. Jaffray, then in charge. I had met him in America. Here I was privileged to speak a few times to the Chinese, Bro. Jaffray interpreting. I also preached at a Station near by, conducted by the Wesleyans. Dropped down the River in returning, from Wuchow to Sam Shui, and then took the train for Canton, stopping off at Sainam on the way for a short visit. Here we had a Pentecostal Mission. On the boat coming down West River I had a stifling experience. The Cabin was crowded with Chinese, most of them smoking opium. I was suffering neuralgia in my stomach at the time. Had contracted cold through my experience on the China Sea.

At Canton I stopped with Bro. and Sister Dixon. I had known them in America. Bro. and Sister Bettex were also there. Here at Canton I had the privilege of preaching to a large, heathen congregation. Was much blessed and helped of God. I found the cities of China,

especially the inland ones, unspeakably filthy. China is also a country of graves. Riding on the train one sees almost every hill apparently covered with them. These are never allowed to be disturbed, as the Chinese worship their ancestors. As there have been teeming millions of them China is full of these graves of their ancestors, carefully preserved. Little mining has been done in China, principally on this account. I saw some very old temples, visiting one in Canton where there were hundreds of gods. I also saw several Chinese Pagodas. On the West River I was treated to the novel sight of a large Boat, like a Steamboat, only the wheel was turned by a company of coolies treading it. In this way the vessel was propelled, carrying passengers and freight.

There are all kinds of smells in China also. The Sampans I found interesting, but not very sanitary to travel in. They also have their peculiar smell. The Jinrickishas were more pleasant, though at first I did not much like the idea of thus wearing out man power. It seemed inhuman to me. But I found they were used to it, and were very glad to eke out an existence in that way. The vehicles which they pull are very light. They do not consider the service slavish or degrading.

At Hong Kong we prayed for a raw heathen in one of Bro. Garr's meetings. He had been suddenly seized with a real cholera pain in his stomach, in the meeting. Bro. Mok-Lai-Chai and myself laid hands on him, and the Lord delivered him instantly. He was so happy and grateful he did not know what to do. Finally in his ignorance he tried to worship me, bowing at my feet. Of course they stopped him promptly, and then instructed him in the way of salvation and the true worship of God.

I was wondering and praying very earnestly about how I was to get home from China, when one day Bro. Awrey, who had arrived at Hong Kong also, told me that the Lord had told him while we were together in India that he was to pay my fare home to California, from China. This was truly wonderful, for I had never said a word to Bro. Awrey about my finances, and he said himself he did not know whether I had one dollar or a thousand. But God had unmistakably spoken to

him. I praised the Lord for His faithfulness, and for this provision. Quite a sum of money had been given to Bro. Awrey in the British Isles for Missionary purposes, no stipulation being made as to exactly how it should be spent. I could now see my way home from China. Had now been away from my family well on toward a year. Both they and myself were becoming eager to be reunited again after such a long absence. I had only ten dollars at this time, and it would cost eighty-five dollars to reach San Francisco, Second Class.

Bro. Awrey had decided to remove his family at this time to Shanghai, so we made arrangements on an Austrian Lloyd Steamer, to travel deck passage. The coolies moved his household goods to the Vessel. We sailed Jan. 18, in the evening. There were eleven of us in the party. Bro. and Sister Awrey, their six children, two other Missionary Sisters, and myself. We had the whole rear half of the deck to ourselves. Underneath we had room enough for a dozen families, and to spare. The freight was pretty well cleared out, the Vessel having come all the way from Trieste. We set up our beds, and stove, and table, cooked our own food, and kept house just as we would at home. The vessel was a large one.

God gave us a very smooth sea. The first officer remarked that there were not usually ten days in the year when the sea was as smooth in those parts as it was on this voyage. But God's children were on board. The Captain was very kind to us. We were very comfortable and warm. It only cost us \$3.60 apiece for the whole trip, eight hundred miles, from Hong Kong to Shanghai. On other Boats it would have cost us eleven dollars apiece, Third Class. The sun was bright and the weather beautiful and calm all the way. We passed the Island of Formosa, but too far away to see it. Had a four days' voyage.

Arriving at Shanghai safely the rest of the company remained in the waiting room on the wharf, while Bro. Awrey and myself started out to find a house to rent for his family. Through a wonderful chain of providences inside of two hours at the most we had

found a vacant house, just the thing he wanted, rented it, and the coolies were moving his goods from the boat into it.

I stayed one week in Shanghai, with the Awreys. Looked around the city considerable. The old city of Shanghai was especially interesting. Bro. Awrey decided to make another trip at once, to America. We went to the Steamship Office to purchase our ticket for San Francisco, but found we would be obliged to be vaccinated if we were to travel Second Class. There was an epidemic of small-pox in Shanghai. Of course we could not afford to travel First Class. So there was no other way out. I knew God wanted me home. So we both submitted to the requirements of the law as gracefully as possible.

We went to the China Inland Mission Compound and had their Doctor vaccinate us. Then Bro. Awrey bought our tickets. Four days later we sailed on the Chiyo Maru, for San Francisco, on the evening of Jan. 31, 1911. I was a happy man. I now had my ticket for California. My loved ones, from whom I had been separated so long, were just across the Pacific, and I would be getting nearer to them every day. In fact I was starting on the last leg of my journey, with a ticket through. It would soon be "Home, Sweet Home."

HOME, SWEET HOME

We got a cabin for two, for Bro. Awrey and myself, so we had a good, quiet time together. Reached Japan Feb. 2. We anchored at Nagaaki all day, spending the day ashore. Then we entered the Inland Sea, between the Islands of Japan. The scenery was very beautiful. The hills of Japan are terraced, for cultivation. They are obliged to use all space to sustain their teeming millions. We anchored next at Kobe, where we also had a day ashore. I found the Japanese much cleaner in their mode of living than the Chinese. They are very industrious. But their morals are very low.

Reaching the Island of Nippon we were soon at Yokohama. Here we anchored three days. I ran over to Tokyo by train. It was a beautiful ride, through the country. Here I saw the Royal Grounds and Palace where the Mikado resides. There was much small-pox in Japan. We next sailed for Honolulu.

Had not gone far until we struck rough seas. The Pacific is always rough between Japan and Honolulu. There is a long, heavy, side-wise swell. But God kept me again from sea-sickness. I had some battle however. Crossed the one hundred and eightieth Meridian. Here we had a double day. I think that was the longest day I have ever spent. It did not count in the Calendar. And I wanted to get home. In going eastward around the earth we go away from the sun's course, thus missing one whole revolution, or twenty-four hours, approximately. This has to be made up at the one hundred and eightieth meridian. We finally sighted the Island of Oahu, just at daylight. Land was a welcome sight. I had been there in 1909. So I had now really girdled the globe already. I knew the earth was round, for I had been around it myself. We reached Honolulu safely.

Soon after we shipped from Yokohama a case of small-pox had been discovered, among the First Class passengers. So all hands had to be vaccinated at sea. Bro. Awrey and myself were the only ones to escape

among the white passengers, having been the only Second Class white passengers to board the vessel at Shanghai. We showed our fresh scars, already nicely healed, with the Doctor's Certificate. The rest of the passengers felt rather envious of us. We were now enjoying the voyage, while they had their time of inconvenience before them. We were glad we had been vaccinated at Shanghai.

But now they tied our vessel up at the Quarantine Wharf at Honolulu, and it looked as though we were not going to get ashore. The Vessel was to be over night there. We wanted to sleep on shore, away from the motion of the vessel, and also to meet the saints there and attend the Pentecostal Mission. We went to prayer for deliverance. No one seemed to have any hope that we would be released. But I had the assurance while we were praying that we would be freed. I was already shouting the victory within myself. Finally, because the case had been found among the First Class passengers, and because we had all been vaccinated on board, we were allowed ashore. If the case had been among the Second Class passengers they would have held us, and let the First Class passengers ashore. Money talks.

We were soon with our Pentecostal friends, who were very glad to see us, and we had a good time at the mission that night. The Lord in fact wonderfully blessed us. I slept at Bro. Hansen's home, with whom I had stopped in 1909, when in Honolulu before. When I went to bed that night I saw a picture of my two oldest children over my bed, that had been taken and sent to Bro Hansens' since I had left home. It made me so home-sick I could hardly wait until the vessel started next morning to be on my journey again.

I had my ticket for San Francisco, but had been wondering how I was going to get to Los Angeles. Had no money left. But I got a letter at Honolulu from my wife with six dollars in it. At the close of the meeting in Honolulu the saints pressed into my hands some more money, which upon counting on board after the Vessel had sailed, I found to be enough to get me home to Los Angeles. Oh, how faithful the Lord was. I had never made my wants known nor asked for a penny

from anyone on the whole journey. It seemed so sweet to have the Lord concerned for me. We sailed the next day, at 10, A. M. And now I was speeding home for sure. No one can tell the joy that filled my heart, after eleven month's absence from home and loved ones. But I was to have still one more trial of my faith.

Soon after we left Honolulu another case of smallpox was discovered among us. This time it was among the Second Class passengers. Now we were in for it sure. That meant two weeks isolation at the Quarantine Station on Angel Island, unless the Lord intervened. While I could not get home too quickly to suit me now, yet I did not care to carry small-pox germs with me to my family, although I had been vaccinated myself. Again I went to prayer. We reached Golden Gate early in the morning of Feb. 24. The silver Moon was beautiful. A bright planet shone also like a diadem in the clear morning sky. It was not yet quite daylight. The Vessel stopped outside, to wait for the Pilot. I dressed and walked the deck. It was one of the happiest moments of my life, shadowed only by the dread of Quarantine.

There in the distance, sure enough, lay the dark outline of the hills of California. Our long trip from China home was ended, a distance of nearly seven thousand miles. I had circled the globe and was within sight of California once more. God had blessed my journey, both by land and sea. I had been absent just eleven months and one week. Had traveled 36,000 miles in all, 25,000 miles on the open sea. I had not been overcome by seasickness once, and had not missed a single meal on board. There had been times when not more than a half dozen were at the table, but I was always there. I had left Los Angeles weighing but 145 pounds. I returned weighing 155 pounds.

The morning dawn began to break over the dark hills, shedding a golden hue on all around. Oh, how beautiful it seemed to me, for was it not California, and home again. The Sun arose and we passed into the Harbor. But now came the battle. Bro. Awrey and myself gave ourselves to prayer in our cabin for deliverance from the Quarantine. Practically all of the

passengers had expressed themselves as having no hope of escaping the two weeks on Angel Island. Even the San Francisco morning papers had announced that we had small-pox on board and would be Quarantined. But God! I refused to give it up to the last and dared to believe God in spite of it all. Even Bro. Awrey lost faith, and tried to reconcile me to the situation. But I wanted to get home. The Lord had delivered before. He could do it once more.

And after an anxious time of consultation on the part of the doctors, etc., the Lord triumphed. It was decided to let us all go, except the case infected. This was due to our having been vaccinated. Even the passengers were greatly surprised to be set free. I sent my family a telegraph message of my safe arrival, and left San Francisco on the evening train, for "Home, Sweet Home," after bidding Bro. Awrey good-bye, who went on east.

I reached Los Angeles at 9 A. M., Saturday, Feb. 25, 1911. Phoned the family from the depot, in order to hear their voice once more, and found them all well. Then I jumped on a street ear and reached home as quick as I could travel. The children ran to meet me. But then for the first time I realized how long I had really been away. They had changed with age. My home coming was very different from my going away. It was a joyous coming. I had gone forth weeping. I left home in the evening darkness, but returned in the morning light. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. - Ps. 30:5. "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him." - Ps. 126:6.

I left home with only \$25.00, enough to get me out of the State, which had been sent me for that purpose. I reached home with little more than a dollar, but just that much more than I had needed. And so God had provided. My fares, on land and seas, had amounted in all to about \$600.00, an average of one and two-third's cents a mile. Other expenses amounted to about \$300.00. Making a total of \$900.00 in all, for the whole trip, all expenses met. My little family had been well

cared for in my absence, and all by faith. In fact better than when I was with them. For this I thanked God.

They also had learned to trust God better than ever before. We never asked for a dollar during this time. I never asked for an offering. All came by prayer. It was a journey by faith. And as such, it was a complete success. I had only received fifty dollars from America during the nine months that I was absent from her shores. Left home Thursday, March 17, 1910. Arrived home Saturday, February 25, 1911. Thanks be unto God for all His tender mercies, both on land and sea. There hath not one good thing failed us of all the Lord hath spoken.

OTHER BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

How "Pentecost" Came to Los Angeles

The story of the old Azusa Mission outpouring, as it was in the beginning, by the Author who was an eye witness.

Price 50c. \$4.50 per dozen.

Two Years Mission Work in Europe

Just before the world war. A lively account of the Author's experience in most of the countries in Europe, especially in Finland and Russia, where secret meetings were held. It also describes the beginning of the world war, as witnessed by the Author in Germany.

Price 50c. \$3.50 per dozen.

From Plough to Pulpit

A fascinating account of the Author's early life. Conversion, call to preach, and many years of pioneer, faith mission work in all parts of the U. S. A most helpful book for young workers.

Price 50c. \$4.50 per dozen.

The Deity of Christ.

A most excellent compilation of what the best scholars of the church age have written on this most important subject. This book is really forty volumes in one and a most helpful book for scholars.

Price 50c. \$4.50 per dozen.

A Treasure Chest

This little booklet is a gem, being composed of the Author's best thoughts in a nutshell, in proverb form. Very condensed and comprehensive, like nuggets of gold.

Price 15c

These books can be ordered of the Author.

Frank Bartleman
5606 Bushnell Way
Los Angeles, Calif.