

valley of the shadow of death from the lofty height of Mount Tabor, but I could think of the beautiful valleys of the mountains where the Saints of God have been gathered, in order to meet their Lord when He shall again appear with Moses and Elijah, and other Saints, and take in His own hands the rule over this earth.

I must not forget to mention that several ruins are found on Mount Tabor. The foundations of a church are still seen, as are also remnants of walls and towers. Our guide told us that the church dated from the fifth century, and the fortifications were since the time of Jotham, and Melek et Adil. Large cisterns and grottos hewn in the solid rock, were particularly numerous, proving that the mount has played an important part in the many wars which have raged in this country, more especially during the bloody crusades.

That the mountain will still have to take a part in the conflicts to come is no mere supposition. As a strategical point it is still likely to be the scene of bloodshed.

I suppose I had better close this letter here, as I leave Mount Tabor for Djenin.

J. M. S.

HAIFA, Palestine, Syria, March 14.

THE APIA DISASTER.

The following account of the terrible loss of ships and lives at Apia, is dated March 30, and reached San Francisco April 12:

In the little group of Samoan or Navigator Islands, which a few months ago attracted the attention of the civilized world by the fierce and cruel combat between the two factions of natives, and the consequent serious difficulty between Germany and the United States, by a disaster more appalling than all the wars ever waged here, the United States and Germany have lost nearly 150 lives and \$3,000,000 worth of property. The most violent and destructive hurricane ever known in the South Pacific passed over the islands the 16th and 17th of March, and, as a result, the fleet of six war ships and ten other ships were ground to atoms on the coral reef of the harbor, or thrown on the beach in front of Apia. The United States frigate *Trenton*, the flagship of the Pacific squadron, lies within a stone's throw of the American Consulate, a total wreck. The great hull of the magnificent vessel which steamed into the harbor a few weeks ago, rests on the bottom, fast going to pieces. The United States steamer *Vandalia* is buried out of sight between the *Trenton* and the shore. Her shattered foremast and smoke-stack rises from the water to mark where the gallant vessel struck and lay for twelve hours before. An awful torrent of water swept four of her officers and thirty-nine men from the deck and rigging. The U. S. S. *Nipsic* lay for several days alongside the *Vandalia* with her bow high on the beach and within forty feet of the water's edge. The vessel, though badly damaged,

was hauled off a few days ago and is the only war ship afloat in the harbor. The three American men-of-war swept ashore almost at the same spot. The force of the storm was never equaled in this part of the world before. The barometer had been falling steadily for several days previous, and the wind commenced to blow on Friday, March 12th, and continued till Sunday morning. Rain fell in torrents during the whole time, and great clouds of sand swept over the town. Hundreds of people stood on the beach and watched the awful spectacle in the harbor. The vessels all had a full head of steam and three or four anchors were out. The yard and topmasts were down and every precaution was taken to secure the safety of the ships, but the wind constantly shifted from east to north-west and the force was so great that the vessels dragged their anchors all over the harbor, drifting from one side to another, and coming into collision several times. Tremendous seas broke over them and torrents of water rushed down the hatchway and put out the fires. Persons on shore were powerless to aid the ships. Hundreds stood on the shore in a blinding storm, watching the great vessels pitch about and drift on to total destruction.

The sea broke upon the shore, rushing away up beyond the usual high water mark. Many persons on shore were injured by the floating wreckage, and great clouds of sand filled the air and cut the skin like a knife.

The natives especially acted nobly, wading far out into the surf, where a white man could not live, and many a life was saved through their efforts. The storm raged furiously for nearly two days, and when it finally abated the scene of destruction on shore was frightful. Houses were unroofed and blown down and trees were uprooted and thrown about in such a way that the streets were in many places completely blocked. Out of seventeen vessels which had been moored in the harbor, only two small schooners stayed afloat, and these were badly damaged. Most of the warships were anchored in the harbor and were necessarily very close together. Those nearest the shore were the *Eber* and *Nipsic*. The *Eber* was directly in front of the American consulate, about a quarter of a mile from shore, and the *Nipsic* was about 200 yards east of the *Eber*. The *Adler* was just ahead of the *Nipsic*, and the *Olga* and *Calliope* were ahead of the *Eber*. The *Vandalia* was beyond the *Calliope*, a mile off shore. The *Trenton* was the last of the war ships to arrive here, and, being much larger than any other man-of-war in the bay, there was no room for her near the shore, so she was obliged to drop anchor beyond the *Vandalia*, just within the outer coral reef. The sailing crafts were in shallow water west of the men-of-war. The *Trenton* and *Vandalia* had the most dangerous berths in the harbor, while the position of the *Nipsic* was considered safest. The storm commenced to set in on the afternoon of Friday, March 15. By

evening the wind had increased to a gale, and nearly all the war ships had their engines working to relieve the pressure upon the anchors. The crews of most of the sailing vessels threw out an extra anchor and went ashore. Rain commenced to fall at midnight and the wind increased in fury. Great waves were rolling from the open ocean and the pitching of the vessels was fearful. Every man was kept at work. By 3 o'clock in the morning the situation was alarming. Nearly every vessel in the harbor was dragging and there was imminent danger of collision. On the shore the people assembled on the beach. Everybody had been wakened from sleep by the tremendous fury of the storm. The tide was coming in rapidly and washing over the streets a hundred feet above the usual high-water mark. Rain fell like sleet, and the men and women who were out tried to shelter themselves with pieces of board or other objects before their faces. Through the blackness of night could be seen the lights of the men-of-war, and even above the rushing and roaring of the wind and waves the shouting of the officers and men on board came faintly across the water. It could be seen the vessels were dragging. Every moment it seemed as though two or more of the great warships were about to come together, and the watchers on shore waited in breathless anxiety to hear the crash of a collision. When daylight came it was seen the position of the vessels was entirely changed. The furious wind had swept them from their former moorings, and they were all bearing down in the direction of the reef. Black smoke was pouring from their funnels, showing that desperate efforts were being made to keep them up against the wind. The vessels were tossing about like corks: one moment standing on their beam ends and the next instant their sterns would rise out of the water and expose to view their rudders and rapidly revolving propellers; then their huge prows would be lifted high in the air only to be plunged into the next wave and deluge the ships with a torrent of water. Several small sailing vessels had gone ashore in the western part of the bay. The *Eber*, *Adler* and *Nipsic* were very close together and only five yards off the reef. The little gunboat *Eber* was making a desperate struggle for life, but every moment was being drawn nearer the reef. Suddenly she shot forward as if making a last struggle. The current, however, bore her off to the right, and her prow struck the port quarter of the *Nipsic*. The shock carried away several feet of the *Nipsic's* rail and one boat. The *Eber* then fell back and fouled with the *Olga*, and this checked her progress. She seemed unable to make any further efforts to save herself, swung around broadside to the wind and drifted slowly toward the reef. In a moment more a great wave rolled in toward the shore. The *Eber* was lifted high on its crest and carried down with awful force, and in an instant