

scapes surrounding it. Another ride for three quarters of an hour and we joyfully entered one of the gates of the venerable city of Tiberias. As a piece of history, it may be stated that this city is supposed to be built upon the spot where "Rakath," one of the cities by Joshua given to the tribe of Naphtali, once stood. In later times it was destroyed and again rebuilt by Herod Antipas, when it received the name "Tabarije," after the Emperor Tiberias. Josephus fortified the place, but was not able to hold it against the forces of Vespasian. However, when Jerusalem had been destroyed it became the central point of the Jewish theocracy. Here the great Synhedrium, which had condemned Jesus to death, held its sessions, and here the so-called Jerusalem Talmud was composed.

At the present time the city has some 3000 inhabitants, half of whom are Jews. They seem to lead a kind of vegetating existence, being, to a large extent, maintained by gifts which come to them from rich Jews in Europe and America, or from the numerous "Jews' Societies." They seem to be unable to maintain themselves. The English Church has a missionary here, but it appears that it is almost impossible to do anything. If a Jew has a wish to mingle with the Christians, he is immediately ostracised by his brethren. He gets no more gifts, because these are always distributed by the Rabbis; and so he prefers to stick to his own religion for the sake of the bread he gets; unless, indeed, the missionary is in a position to offer a larger loaf of bread than the Rabbi.

A visit was paid to the Latin "Hospitium," where we were received in a very friendly way by the "Pater," an aged gentleman, well versed in the Scriptures. He spread the table before us with bread, cheese and wine, and heartily invited us to partake thereof. After a while the conversation became very animated, but the gentleman seemed most indignant at the idea of God having revealed His will in these last days. That God could not do, he said, except through the Pope—the visible head of the Church upon this earth. And he was really amusing when he tried to prove the continuation of the priesthood through the Popes. One thing became clear to me: That the Protestant churches are but poorly provided with arguments in favor of their position, as compared to the Roman Catholic Church. The mother is really better provided for than her wayward daughters.

Another visit was paid to an interesting old gentleman. He was nearly eighty years of age. Although somewhat reserved in regard to his own history, he related that he was born in that unfortunate Poland, of one of the noble families, and had taken an active part in his youth, in some of the many attempts made for its restoration. For his patriotism he had been expelled by the Russian Government, robbed of everything he had on the earth, and had, finally, found his way to

this hidden corner of the world, where he lived, as he said, a hermit in a wilderness. Surrounded as he was by every token of extreme poverty, sharing his dwelling place with mice which seemed to be familiar to him—there was still a dignity and a majesty with him that might have fitted a king. Truly, the image of God cannot be totally destroyed unless when man himself destroys it. The gentleman still spoke fluently Russian, Polish, Arabic, German, French, and displayed a general knowledge of the history of the world, which was perfectly astonishing considering his advanced age. For America and our republican institutions he expressed great admiration, regretting that he had never had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with them. We told him of the Book of Mormon account of the origin of the Indians; of the revelations of God, given through Joseph Smith, and God's plan of salvation as set forth in these revelations, to all of which he listened with deep interest.

To be in Tiberias and not have a boating trip on the inviting sea is hardly possible. Here on this sea Jesus walked, hastening to the rescue of His disciples who were in danger of perishing in the waves. From a boat on this water Jesus taught the assembled multitude who stood on the shore. Here Peter made his wonderful draught of fishes, typical in its significance and miraculous in its nature. From the settlements on the shores of this sea several of the Apostles of our Lord were chosen and called to be the mighty messengers of peace to a world groping in spiritual darkness. There is not a sheet of water in the whole old world that to a Biblical student has so much interest as this. To find a boat and for an hour or two to be rocked on its blue waves was, therefore, a pleasure not to be resisted, although a boat was very dear.

The sea Genezareth, or the Galilean Sea, was in old times called "Kinnereth" or "Kinnaroth," which is derived from the Hebrew "Kinner," a lute or zither. It was so called from a fancied resemblance in form to that instrument. The Arabs call it "Bahi Tabarije." It is situated in the Jordan Valley, and is 208 metres below the level of the Mediterranean. It is twenty-one kilometers long, twelve kilometers wide, and contains a surface of 170 square kilometres. Its greatest depth is 250 metres. The water is a little salty, but can very well be used for drinking purposes, and contains an abundance of fish.

But we have already remained a whole day in Tiberias and must hasten on. Before us is a long day's journey. About six o'clock in the morning of the 18th of February we left, intending to rest on Mount Tabor for dinner. This mountain top we reached at half-past eleven. Tiberias, as before stated, is 208 metres lower than the Mediterranean, and Mount Tabor lifts its head 615 metres above the sea. We had, consequently, ascended in less than six hours the considerable

height of 823 metres, and the road all the way was wretched beyond description. In fact, it was no road at all. It was generally a path, so stony that even goats would have hesitated to use it, notwithstanding their well-known rambling propensities. And the monotony of the sharp rocks or rolling pebbles was interrupted only by deep mudholes. It was perfectly astonishing to see how the horses managed to move on without breaking their own legs or the necks of their riders.

Everything went well, without any serious accident, and on Mount Tabor we were welcomed by the Catholic monks who dwell there. They invited us to rest our tired limbs on their soft cushions, and they prepared a sumptuous dinner for us, after partaking of which they took us around to see the ruins on the Mount and to enjoy the grand view from its highest point. We spent an hour on this beautiful spot, after which we were ready to continue our stony journey, refreshed bodily and spiritually.

Mount Tabor is 300 metres high, with cupola-formed top, and beautifully clad with rich vegetation. The old Romans called it "*Itabyrium*," the Arabs, "*Dschebel et Tur*." The Christian tradition has, since the third century, pointed this mountain out as the one on which Moses and Elijah appeared to Christ and conferred with Him concerning His death in Jerusalem. (Compare Matthew xvii: 1-8; Mark ix: 2-10 and Luke ix: 28-36.) Against the tradition it has been said that Tabor was probably inhabited at the time of our Savior, and that Christ could not have chosen an inhabited spot for this conference with the heavenly ambassadors. It must be remembered, however, that no other mountain has been shown as more entitled to the honor of being the one on which this remarkable event happened; and as long as this cannot be done, nothing is gained by simply denying the tradition. A tradition that dates so far back as the third century of our era is no doubt entitled to some respect.

Certain it is that there is no spot in all Palestine that can be compared to it for beauty. As I stood on its highest point looking around I felt lifted above the ground by the power of God, being nearer heaven than earth. Toward the north was the great Hermon, east the outlines of Haman, south the mountains of Gilead, west Mount Carmel and a blue strip of the Mediterranean. This was a magnificent cyclorama, and I felt like Peter: "It is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles." But then this feeling lasted only a moment. The next I was conscious of the fact that I had no home here. My friends, my loved ones, are far, far away, beyond that blue ocean. There, not here, it is good to be.

"But yet, the home, the heavenly prize. Which far beyond this scenery lies, Is the rich boon I crave; Though here a stranger I may roam. My heart is fixed—I have a home, A home beyond the wave."

I hope the poet will excuse me for singing "wave" instead of "grave," as I really could not think of the dark