

SUNDAY DISCOURSES

BEFORE THE

Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

By Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

SERIES XXX. 1916-1917

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effected in Philip, it seems to contain, at the some time, the prescription which, if followed, will cure also the nations of the earth of a deep-rooted, insidious disease that has made peace on earth and good will among men impossible. Society needs the strongest kind of medicine against class-pride, race-prejudice, and irreligion. Much of that medicine has been administered by this war. As in the case of Philip, the belligerent nations will come out of this war nobler, wiser, better than they were when they entered it. They will come home from the battlefields crippled—but convalescent. There will probably be no other war for a long, long time. There may never be war again. Isaiah's dream of seeing swords beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks may be realized at last. There will be closer brotherhood between creeds, classes and nationalities. There will be deeper religious feelings, which will shield society against the greed and selfishness and heartlessness, that have been the most fatal disturbers of human society.

May the parting year take with it all that was evil in the year, and in the years past. May the new year usher in the peace that may have no end, the peace that may know of no class-pride, of no irreligion, of no race-prejudice; that may know of but

One God over all
 One Brotherhood of all
 One Good-Will for all.

Belligerents
 Will Return
 Crippled—But
 Cured.

Palestine—Old and New.

I. On the Way to Jerusalem.

A DISCOURSE AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.
 By RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, January 14, 1917.

More than a score of years ago, while on a tour of investigation in Russia, and in the home of a Jewish resident of Kiev, the conversation turned to the ill-treatment accorded to the Jews of that land. One of those present expressed his wish to live in America, where he would be free from persecution, and enjoy rights equal with others. Another, a venerable patriarch, expressed his preference for Palestine. Asked for his reason, he replied, that Palestine is on earth what Paradise is in Heaven, that there is no more beautiful country in all the world, that nowhere is land as rich, and fruit as luscious, and flower as fragrant, and bird as melodious, and food as plentiful, and water as limpid, as in the Holy Land. I knew that reality would present to him a far different picture than imagination had drawn, but, knowing also that his advanced age would preclude his ever visiting that land, I deemed it best not to disillusion him.

Palestine
 Likened Unto
 Heaven.

Interested in knowing to what extent that patriarch's opinion of Palestine was shared by other Russian Jews, I seated myself, one day, on a homeward-bound ocean steamer, next to a steerage passenger, and said to him, "In two or three more days you will be in Palestine." "No, not Palestine, but America," replied he. "Is not America as good as Palestine?" I asked. "As little as earth is like unto heaven," answered he. "How do you know?" I asked. "I and others have had letters from America which told us that, while people are free there, and God be thanked for that, making a living is harder there than it is at home." "What living does Palestine afford?" I inquired, and promptly he answered: "That is God's country. There God is near to His people and provides for them. It is the

Preferred
 to United
 States.

land that overflows with milk and honey; the land where two men are required to carry a single cluster of grapes. It is the land which God has sworn to His people Israel as an everlasting possession."

The conversation on that subject ended there. It made quite clear to me why orthodox Jews, even in America, repeat fervently in their annual Passover service: "This year we are still slaves; may the next year see us free. This year we are still here; may the next year see us in Jerusalem."

As the time for my visit to Palestine drew nigh I felt increasingly conscious of an anticipatory interest, quite unlike anything I had felt before in all my travels. Though not a stranger to entering new lands, having at that time almost circled the globe, I felt conscious that no other land had found me as eager to reach it. Despite my knowledge to the contrary, there seemed to rise in the background of my consciousness pictures of an ideally beautiful country, such as my eyes had probably been fed on in my early childhood, for Bible pictures were the first pictures I ever saw, copies of holy pictures by Italian masters, and Bible illustrations, in which art and fancy were taxed to the utmost for the purpose of producing the perfection of grace and beauty. Or was it due to a feeling akin to that which possesses one, who is about to revisit his native home, after an absence of many years? For, after all, Palestine was my native home, tens of centuries ago. There my forbears of long, long ago, first saw the light of day, and, for all I know, performed a part of that work that has made Palestine the best-known land of all the earth.

Notwithstanding that Egypt had proved to me most fascinating and instructive, and notwithstanding that there was still much to see there, and much to learn, I departed from beautiful Cairo without regret, so eager was I to reach Port Said, there to board the Turkish steamer that, after a night's journey, was to land me at Jaffa, the entry port of Palestine.

I have travelled much on water, but, with the single exception of a ship in Greece, I do not recall in all my journeying a vessel that was as crowded, unsanitary, ill-equipped, ill-served, uncomfortable, as was that which brought me to Jaffa, on March 23, 1914.

**Disagreeable
Night's
Voyage.**

It was the Pilgrim season. Easter was at hand, that annually floods Palestine with tourists, and the Transportation Company availed itself of every inch of ship space, to its own financial advantage, and to the disadvantage of the passengers. Cabins, not big enough to accommodate comfortably one passenger, were made to hold three, with scarcely enough of air in them to keep a rabbit alive a length of time. Only by securing a whole three-berths cabin could one hope to find a fairly decent night's lodging. The rear and lower part of the ship was packed with pilgrims, for the most part Russian Moujiks, who had come on foot from great distances, and had been many weeks on the road, without having, pilgrim-fashion, changed their clothes, or even removed them from their bodies. Their lack of cleanliness seemed to be the most conspicuous part of their godliness, and the odor of it permeated every quarter of the ship. With such a cargo aboard, it seemed a miracle that we escaped spending a few days in quarantine. A night passed on such a ship as that is not apt to keep one who is fond of fresh air any longer in his cabin than necessary, and so the hour was quite early when I made my way to the upper deck. The sight that presented itself to my eager eyes, on arriving there, and on looking about, made me forget, almost instantly, whatever discomforts I had experienced.

The ship had anchored in the roadstead of the Mediterranean, about a mile off the shore of Jaffa. The difference between the darkness below, and the flood of golden and crimson light above, between the stenches in the lower decks, and the fragrance on top, was overpowering. My eyes were riveted at last on the land of Palestine, the land that has affected civilization more than any other, that has been a second fatherland, the spiritual home, of countless millions of Jews and Christians. What other land, many, many times larger, has done the work it has done, though but 150 miles long and 50 miles wide, an area no larger than that of the State of New Jersey, or of the State of Connecticut if we eliminate the barren mountain regions? Could all the books in the western world, bearing directly and indirectly on what has emanated from Palestine, be placed in one scale of a balance, and all other books in the other scale, it The very outlines of the country seemed eloquent with history, would possibly be found that the former outweigh the latter.

**First
Glimpse of
Palestine.**

legend and tradition. Its cities and towns, rivers and lakes, valleys and mountains, have been more familiar to many a one far, far away, than have been their counterparts in his own respective land. The deeds of its heroes have been familiar on the lips of people who knew not even the names of the great men of their own lands. What mighty battles have not raged in that country, that, like Belgium of our own day, lay between mighty powers to the North and South, which, in their increasing warfares, against each other, spread, again and again, carnage and ruin throughout the habitations of Palestine? What mighty conquerors have not tried their prowess on that land. David, Shishak, Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander the Great, Ptolemy, Antiochus and the Maccabees, Pompeii, Titus and Hadrian, Chosroes, Omar, Saladin and Napoleon.

As I stood and gazed upon Jaffa, I could not but think that it has been rightly named *The Beautiful*, for, a prettier picture than it makes, at a mile distant from shore, situated on the side and top of a terraced cliff more than a hundred feet high, embowered with a mass of rich, tropical vegetation, crowned by minaret, spire and flat-roofed houses, one does not see in many a day's travel, the sight of which is all the more welcome to one fresh from the treeless and flowerless desert of Egypt.

And the fragrance of the air rivalled the beauty of the land. One of the ladies of our party remarking that a certain other lady near her must have emptied a bottle of cologne over herself, so strong was the perfume, was informed that it was not cologne she smelled, but the fragrance of the blossoms of the world-famed orange-groves in the outskirts of Jaffa, several miles distant.

Not so pleasant were the sounds that broke on our ears. Whatever else one may say of the Arab boatmen of Jaffa, he cannot ascribe to them melodious voices, or quiet ways of doing things. Boatsful of them gathered at the side of the ship along which we were about to descend, and shouted forth the praises of their boats, and of their skill of helping passengers off the ship-ladder into the boat. And skill it certainly required, for, the distance between the last rung of the ladder and the boat below is quite considerable, and, if the sea is rough, one might find the boat

Beauty of
Jaffa at
Distance.

Dangerous
Landing.

swept from beneath him at the moment he makes a leap for it. In fact, the landing at Jaffa is the most dreaded part of a Palestinian tour. And rightfully so, for, parallel to the shore run lines of fierce-looking reefs through which the boats must thread their way to the landing. If the sea is rough, this passage is most dangerous; if very rough, the boats do not start out at all to fetch passengers, mail, and freight; the ship proceeds to Haifa or Beirut, not infrequently to meet with a like fate, at Jaffa, on its return, and obliging passengers to disembark at the port from which they had started.

You may ask, as hundreds of others have asked: "Why does not Turkey blast out the rocks, and build a pier that will make landing sure, no matter what the weather?" The answer is simple enough. Turkey is bankrupt. She cannot pay even the interest on indemnities that have been imposed upon her, and on her war-debts. And she dares not give the concession to a foreigner, eagerly as it is sought, lest there happen to her what has happened to other impecunious nations, at the hands of the great powers; the concession is soon construed by the foreigner as a possession of the foreign nation; troubles are incited, the foreigner's garrisons are stationed there; gunboats are landed, and concession becomes permanent possession.

Much to the relief of the ladies of our party, the sea was calm on the morning of our arrival at Jaffa, and no difficulty was encountered in disembarking from the ship, and in landing at the Custom House quay. It was a strange sensation to set foot on Palestinian soil, but only for a moment, or so, for the time and place were not conducive to sentiment. I wonder whether even one stone-deaf could have escaped the noises that greeted the passengers on their arrival, or whether one totally blind could have remained insensible to the filth that forced itself upon our attention wherever we turned. A dozen men—long-gowned, many of them long-bearded, capped and fezzed and turbaned in all colors of the rainbow, the dirt of their clothes and turbans vying with that of the quay—pressed around with offers of their service, and we might have had considerable trouble in ridding ourselves of them, had it not been for the presence of a *Kavass*. This Turk, picturesquely uniformed, with a long, curved sword on his left, and a long staff of authority in

Why Danger
Not Removed.

Unpleasant
Sights and
Sounds.

his right, was part of the office-force of the United States Consul, who, in answer to letters of introduction, which had been sent in advance, had been delegated, in conjunction with a representative of the Jewish community, to extend to my party welcome, and to offer us their services. The presence of the *Kavass* served its purpose admirably. The noisy crowd fell back at his mere look. The examination of the luggage was a matter of form. Before long we found ourselves ready for conveyance to the hotel, in a wagon, old enough to have been used by one of King Solomon's numerous queens, over roads that may have been paved at that remote time, but that have not been repaired since. As we drove along there recurred to me the exclamation, which Emperor Frederick II, of Crusade fame, is said to have made respecting the Holy Land: "If God had known the beautiful land of Naples, he would never have sent His Son to miserable and stony Palestine."

Becoming conscious of a feeling of disappointment, I pulled myself together, at once, with some such thoughts as these: "You have come to Palestine from a far distance, not for scenic beauty, nor for art or architecture or comfort. These await you in Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France. You have come here to tread the soil which the Patriarchs and Priests, the Prophets and Lawgivers, of Israel have trod, to breathe the air they breathed, to get some of the inspiration with which they were filled. You have come here to study, at first hand, some of the problems which agitate Jewish people at the present time. You must not expect the ways of the Orient to be like those of the Occident, nor must you look for comforts in Palestine to which you are accustomed at home. You must never forget what Kipling taught:

"East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."

The effect was instantaneous. The eye beheld things interesting and beautiful where but a minute before it had seen only the unsightly and the sordid. It saw masses of luxuriant vegetation—orange trees and lemon trees upon which the fruit hung golden, fig trees and almond trees and pomegranates, palms that raised their feathery heads high above garden walls as if to catch extended views of the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Threaten
to Mar
Enjoyment.

The Beautiful
to the Fore.

Beyond the little flat-topped houses could be seen the hills of Judea and Samaria.

The mind cast a retrospective look. On the very shore on which we had landed it saw vast rafts of cedars which King Hiram of Tyre had sent from Lebanon for the erection of the great Temple which King Solomon built, and it saw them carted up to the city of Jerusalem, along the very road on which we travelled. It saw the prophet Jonah, on the very roadstead on which we had disembarked; boarding a ship that was to cast him out a short time after. It saw the maiden Adromeda chained to one of those dreaded reefs of which I have spoken, exposed to a huge sea-monster, and rescued by Perseus. It saw the destruction of the city by the Syrians, and witnessed the glorious victories won there by the Maccabees. It saw the rebuilding of the city by Pompey, and the restoration of it to the Jews by Caesar, and the second destruction of it by Vespasian. It pictured to itself the home of Dorcas, the good woman of Jaffa, of whom the New Testament speaks, whose life Peter is said to have restored from death in recognition of her kindly deeds. It saw the home of Simon, the tanner, in which Peter had dwelled for a time. It saw the fierce battles that raged there between the armies of Saladin and those of Richard, the Lion-hearted. It saw the two thousand Turkish prisoners whom Napoleon compelled to dig a trench along the Jaffa shore, and to place themselves in front of it, to be shot dead into it.

After such revue among scenes ancient, mediaeval, and modern, historical, mythological, and legendary, in which Jaffa had played a part, facing reality was no longer unpleasant. The eye pictured beauty behind the veils that completely covered the faces of the Moslem women we passed on the streets, and endowed with valor the Beduin chiefs who bestrode majestically, in picturesque attire, their stately dromedaries. It found interest in beholding within narrow streets, under the same roof of tiny homes, goats and donkeys and persons dwelling together in unity; in listening to the bargainings in the bazaar; in watching the genuflections of worshippers in the mosque, the crowds of men sipping their small cups of Turkish coffee, and smoking their narghiles, on the sidewalk cafes. It found interest in reading over stores, kept by Jews and Syrians, signs that tell in classic Hebrew of the things that are sold or done within.

Jaffa in the
Past.

Jaffa in the
Present.

What could have been more sightly than the long, undulating lines of caravans bearing unceasingly their burdens of fragrant oranges, the sweetest and largest in the world, toward the ships, that carry this golden fruit of Palestine to all parts of Europe, on an average a hundred millions a year.

And even though the hotel was far different from the Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo, from which we had just come, even though, instead of elevators we had to climb a rickety stairway; and, instead of electric light, we had to satisfy ourselves with candles stuck in tin-holders and empty bottles; and, instead of Oriental rugs, oil-cloth; and, instead of marble washstands, tin basins; and bedsteads and chairs that must have come down from Biblical times; and floors that threatened to give way beneath, and ceilings that threatened to come down from above, and beddings and meals that could not have been much worse,—I was none the less glad that I breathed the air of Palestine.

And gladder still I was when I was made acquainted with the marvels that have been wrought in the city of Jaffa by Jews who have, in recent years, sought refuge there from the persecutions of Russia. Though constituting but one-fourth of its population of 60,000, the introduction or revival of commerce and industry in that city is largely due to the progressive spirit and enterprise of the Jewish-newcomers. If Palestine develops, as many believe it will, Jaffa will probably bear the same relation to it that Hamburg bears to Germany, Antwerp to Belgium, or New York to the United States.

And if Palestine is to become a country fit for habitation by occidentals of culture and refinement, it will also be largely due to the model which Jews have built at *Tel Abib*, a suburb of Jaffa. In all my travels in the Near East, I cannot recall another settlement as attractive, as cleanly, as modern, as that at *Tel Abib*. It looks like a piece of the newest of the new world transplanted in the midst of the oldest of the old world.

I know of nothing that could give better assurance of the success that would attend a resettlement of Palestine by large numbers of Jews, possessed of sufficient means and enthusiasm and pioneer spirit, than the picturesque cottages of *Tel Abib* by the sea, and the flourishing

**Glad Despite
Discomfort.**

**Marvels
Wrought
by Jews.**

**Its Comfort
and Culture.**

Jewish agricultural colonies near by. One need but compare these settlements with those of the Moslems to see and feel the difference between the old and the new, the oriental and the occidental. There, for the most part, dirty and miserable hovels, lacking in the most elementary comforts; here, beautiful one- and two-story houses, surrounded by little gardens, provided with modern conveniences—running water, drawn from splendid wells; sewage connection, bathrooms. There, dark and narrow and filthy passage-ways; here, streets that are broad, scrupulously clean, sidewalked, tree-lined, lighted at night, secure, though not a policeman is employed. There, perpetual dirt; here, a Public Park, the only one in Palestine. There, constant beggary; here, signs of prosperity made apparent by sounds of classic music issuing from homes, by valuable rugs suspended from balconies, by neat and modern attire of men and women. There, the crassest ignorance; here, a High School that has not its equal in all Palestine, attended by more than 800 students, boys and girls, who are being trained in every branch of High School studies, with an efficiency equal to that of best of American schools, by instructors who are graduates of the foremost European universities, with the classic Hebrew of the Bible used both by pupil and teacher as the classroom language, and which tongue is also used as the common medium of communication of the students on their athletic fields, and by their elders in their homes, and by the little ones in the streets at their play. No music has ever sounded more sweet to my ear than the melody of the tongue, spoken in ancient days by the Prophets and Bards of Israel, reintoned, after centuries of silence, on the lips of descendants of theirs of our day.

And when at a reception tendered to me and my party at the home of Mr. D. Levontin, the Managing Director of the Anglo-Palestinian Bank, I met a goodly number of the representatives of the community of *Tel Abib*, of whom no less than thirty-five were university graduates, and when I was told by them of the other educational institutions at or near Jaffa, a mechanical school, an agricultural school, a music school, a library, a Maccabee Brigade, when I noted the enthusiasm and idealism of the pioneers, coupled with good, common sense, that kept them from losing their foothold on solid ground, when all this and

**The Rejuvena-
tion of
Palestine.**

more I heard and saw, I felt that I had witnessed the rejuvenation of Palestine.

In the glow of that spirit, and after having spent some hours on Jewish farms in the vicinity of Jaffa, I boarded a train for the journey, up the 2500 feet of steep ascent, to Jerusalem. Though the 54 miles trip took all of four hours, not a mile of it but was full of historic and legendary and scenic interest. First came the Philistine plains, on which some of the most promising of the Jewish agricultural colonies are located, on and near sites familiar to the Bible student. Here is the town of Lydda, at one time the home of Peter, and the seat of a celebrated Rabbinical school, and now said to be the last resting place of Saint George, the slayer of the dragon, and the patron saint of England. There is the village of Ramleh, once a rival of Jerusalem, memorable for the great wars that were waged between Philistines and Israelites, Egyptians and Romans, Persians and Arabs, Crusaders and Saracens. Beyond is the hamlet of Gezer, once a city so flourishing as to be considered worthy of being given as a dowry by Pharaoh to his daughter, upon her marriage with King Solomon.

The train enters the mountain regions, and with difficulty ascends a winding course through weird, rugged, naked, picturesque rocks, full of jackal holes and caverns, one of which the giant Samson is said to have made his place of habitation, when engaged in his exploits against the Philistines. Beyond, we catch a glimpse of the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua fought his battle royal, and of which the admiring poet declared that even the sun and moon stood still until the victory was complete.

Anon comes the site of Bethar, where, under the valiant Bar Cochba, Israel made its last, but disastrous, stand against the mighty Romans.

Nearing Jerusalem, we pass through the regions where David won his spurs and crown in battling with the Philistine.

The outskirts are reached. The train stops still. We are in Jerusalem.

Palestine---Old and New.

II. In the Holy City, Part I.

A DISCOURSE, AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.

BY RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, January 28, 1917.

Some three years ago, when attempting to tell of my impressions of Benares, India, I realized the hopelessness of describing sights and scenes of an oriental Holy City. Having myself found it difficult to believe as real some of the strange sights my own eyes saw, how could I hope to make them believable to those who had not seen them at all? Does it not tax your credulity to the utmost to be told of great Temples dedicated to cows and monkeys, and of divine honors paid within them to numbers of these animals? Does it not strain your belief to the breaking point to be told of men and women mutilating themselves in their frenzied piety, making sharp-pointed spikes resting-places for their naked bodies, standing daily, from sun-rise to high noon, waist-deep, in the waters of the Ganges, and completely blinding their eyes by staring fixedly at the burning sun, crawling on their hands and feet, in their pilgrimages from far distances all the way to the Holy City of India?

Difficulty of
Describing
Holy City.

And yet, a description of even such a city as Benares seems a lighter task than telling of sights and scenes in Jerusalem. For, in the Holy City of the Hindus, shocking as some of its sights are, one deals with one people, and with one faith, and with one state of culture. In the city of Jerusalem, however, we meet with almost as many kinds of peoples as there are na-

Description of
Jerusalem Most
Difficult of All.

tions on earth, and with every shade of three of the greatest faiths, and with states of culture that run the whole gamut from densest ignorance to profoundest scholarship.

In all my travels around the earth, I have seen no other city that is as full of contradictions and paradoxes as Jerusalem—at one and the same time attractive and repellent, religious and irreligious, advanced and backward, modern and ancient, sane and insane, a city lacking in communal pride, in civic interest, in united citizenship, each of its three great religious bodies concerned in itself alone, hostile against the other, hostile even against sects of its own denomination. It may be possible for a Moslem to grasp all that is Mohamedan in that city, and for a Christian all that is Christian, and for a Jew all that is Jewish, but for any one of these three groups to hope to interpret aright the spirit of the other two is to cherish a delusion. I found it difficult to understand even the Jew, and the Jew of Jerusalem seemingly finds it difficult to understand himself, for I heard one of them say to an Arab, with whom he was quarreling, "This is my Holy City, not yours." He apparently did not know that the Mohamedans have no other name for Jerusalem than *El Kuds, The Sanctuary*, and that they have been in possession of that city some twelve hundred years, a longer time than it was in the hands of ancient Israel. Relating this little incident to a Palestinian Christian, he replied: "Both, the Mohamedan and the Jew, are wrong. The crucifixion of Jesus and his resurrection in Jerusalem, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, have made that city the spiritual capital of all Christendom."

I was not in Jerusalem many hours when I realized that it was not a tourist-town, and understood why a certain lady, whom I met at Cairo, had advised me to keep away from Jerusalem, if I would spare myself keen disappointment. She had gone there to fill the interim between the end of the winter season in Egypt, and the beginning of the summer season in the spas of Europe, and, of course, she did not find it to her liking. She had looked

No Other City
so Full of Con-
tradictions.

Many Unfavor-
ably Impressed.

for society, and found only piety. She had brought with her trunks full of fashionable clothes, and found the severe pilgrim's garb all the rage. She had come for diversion, such as she had enjoyed at Cairo, only to find that there was not a single place of amusement in all Jerusalem, that, while Baedeker gives two pages-full, in small print, of names of religious and charitable institutions in that city, he has not a line, telling where one might find entertainment; whereas, in Cairo, there are a number of theatres, an opera house, concert and dance halls, a great variety of vaudeville shows, of moving picture places, and of other resorts. I also understood why a certain gentleman had advised me to keep away from Palestine, if I wanted to hold to my faith. His conception of the Holy Land had been so extravagantly idealized, that the sight of the real had produced a disagreeable shock. And as to the declaration, which another gentleman had made to me, that all that I would find in Jerusalem would be filth and fraud, fanatics and fakirs, this summation of his experience may constitute good alliteration, but it showed very poor observation.

To a student of psychology and ethnology, of history and religion, Jerusalem is certainly a most interesting city. Sights and scenes present themselves there which differ in many respects from those one meets with in other famed cities of the orient. The very first view of it from the railroad station is most impressive. On towering hills, three-fourths of a mile distant, rise miles of turreted walls, colossal in height and thickness, pierced by a number of huge gateways, each battlemented and ramparted, giving the impression as if a thousand of the most formidable-looking castles on the Rhine had been gathered to form one stupendous fortress. The nearer one approaches them the more massive they appear, and when gazing upon them from the hotel, opposite the Jaffa gate, the impression they make is almost overpowering. I had read of Jerusalem since my boyhood-days, and I had thought that I knew something of that city. But I had never pictured to myself such towering elevations and such titanic walls. Nor have I seen a city of

First View
Deeply Im-
pressive.

like elevation and of like inclosure in all my travels around the world. It was not until face to face with them that I understood the meaning of the Psalmist's words "Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion."

And what Jew, that has still glimmering in his heart even but a spark of pride of his distinguished ancestry, can look upon the debris and ruins that now cover, several scores of feet high, the former splendor of Jerusalem, and not feel deeply moved? Colossal as the walls are, they bear no comparison with the mighty ones which David and Solomon and Nehemiah and Herod had reared, of which, excepting one small fragment, there are left only the foundations, and these are buried scores of feet beneath the present surface. In the place of the one-time Tower of David stands now a citadel garrisoned with Turkish soldiers. Several Mohamedan sanctuaries, a Mosque, and the ruin of a Fort, now take the place of the glorious Temple which Solomon had reared. Not a trace is left of the sumptuous palaces which King Solomon had built for his numerous queens, nor of that of Herod, the Great, that rivalled in beauty and costliness those which the Cæsars had erected in ancient Rome, that was built of white marble, was studded with masses of precious stones, was adorned with gardens of matchless beauty, with fountains, and artificial water-courses that leaped in cascades and scattered their refreshing spray far and wide.

And yet, the sadness which such a first survey of Jerusalem awakens in the heart of a loyal son of Israel, is soon succeeded by a note of joy. For, though the fate of Jerusalem has been sadder than that of any other capital, ancient or modern, though it was completely destroyed eight times, with not a stone left upon the other, and partially destroyed forty times, though it was again and again depopulated, and left it barren and desolate for centuries at a time, it is, nevertheless, today a city of some 80,000 inhabitants, throbbing with life and hope, with signs of rejuvenation apparent on all sides, while not even the sites

Moved by Sight
of Ruins.

Sadness Gives
Way to Joy.

are known of the ancient cities of Babylon and Niniveh, that lie buried under the desert sands, or of Memphis and Thebes, of which cities nothing is left but vast masses of ruins in the midst of regions of perpetual silence and desolation.

Instead of losing one's faith in Jerusalem, a loyal son of Israel is apt to have it strengthened there, when thinking of the many and vain attempts that have been made by mightiest of conquerors to destroy it completely, and to turn it into a howling wilderness. Gone or shrivelled are the proud cities whence the conquerors came; the city they conquered remains. Gone or shrunken are the nations that boasted of having destroyed Israel; today three-fourths of the population of Jerusalem are Israelites. A time there was when not an Israelite was allowed to set foot within the bounds of Palestine; another time, when only on payment of a sum of money was the Jew permitted to gaze, from a distance, upon the capital of ancient Judea, and only on the anniversary of the day when it was destroyed by the Roman. At the present day, the rejuvenation of Palestine is due to masses of Jews gathering there, in constantly increasing numbers, from all parts of the globe.

One who thinks and feels is strongly tempted to believe, when under the spell of the Holy City, that it has been divinely decreed that Jerusalem shall never be destroyed, nor Israel annihilated, that its great work as well as that of Israel are yet to be done, that, as Isaiah prophesied, "In the fulness of time, the Lord's House will be exalted above all the heights, and all nations will stream into it and many people will say: Come ye, and let us go up to the House of God that He may teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths, for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He will judge between the nations, and arbitrate for many peoples, and they will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation will not lift up sword against nation, neither will they learn war any more."

Faith Strengthened
in Jerusalem.

Great Work
Awaits Israel
in Jerusalem.

And watching the crowds as they pass through the Jaffa gate, or as they circle, on the backs of donkeys, the miles of wall, or as they walk along narrow and dingy David Street or Christian Street, or as they gather about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or within the sacred precincts of the Dome of the Rock, or at the Wall of Wailing, one could easily be led to believe that the flow of the nations toward Jerusalem has already set in.

A more cosmopolitan multitude than one meets with in these places is scarcely conceivable. Judging by their garb, one-fourth is oriental; one-fourth, occidental; one-fourth, a mixture, of both; the remainder is of a nondescript character. Together, they form a most fascinating variety of human types, a spectacle that keeps one forever guessing whence and why these people come. Jews of the semi-oriental and religious type, hailing from Eastern Europe, and ecclesiastics of the Christian church, of many different sects and orders, and in many different garbs, predominate. Religious cranks in all manners of absurd attire and deportment vie with the aforementioned for first place. Mere novelty seekers, who have tired of European places of interest, are conspicuous among them. And the money these bring with them naturally attract toward them traders and beggars and dragomans of all descriptions.

Before your eyes there pass, at one moment, bearded Greek priests and Roman shaven priests, the latter in long black robes, the former covered with low stove-pipe hats, the next moment a Bedouin sheik in his flowing, striped mantle of many colors. The next moment a pale-faced Galician Jew comes along in a blue, velvet gaberdine trimmed with sable, and on his head a flat, plate-shaped, fur-trimmed hat, and upon his feet high Russian boots. With him are a dark-faced Jew, of Yemen, Arabia, and one who hails from Bokhara, attired in a long, tight-fitting Cossack coat, and with a cap of astrakhan fur upon his head, the three conversing together in pure Hebrew. Immediately behind them comes a Moslem woman, in gaudy-colored silken garments, whose half veil of

transparent material seems intended to reveal more of her face than to conceal. Anon comes the typical English globe trotter with pith helmet on his head, pipe in his mouth, and a white umbrella and a Baedeker in his hand. Majestically between them all stalks the heavy-laden, proud camel, probably just arrived with tourist wares from Egypt in the South, or from Syria or Persia in the North and West, or from the port of Jaffa with Palestinian goods "made in Germany." Grotesquely at the side of these trot little, wiry, tireless Palestinian donkeys, with riders on their backs whose ridiculous riding costumes make them look more asinine than does the ass itself. Next comes a little herd of black goats, to dispose of their milk at the door of the consumer, thus doing away with the middle man. The water carrier, who follows close behind, suggests the query as to whether there is to be a mixture between the water contained in the glistening, distended goat skin on his back, and the milk which the goats themselves have delivered. On the curb sit women bread-sellers, with loaves in their laps, the dirt of their hands proving conclusively that Palestinian buyers and sellers do not subscribe to the germ theory. Near them squat little children, clad in clothes which in size, seem to have been designed to last them till their wedding days. The man close by, who purchases a measure of grain, apparently does not believe in the free delivery system, or in paper bags, for he empties it inside of the spacious belted bosom of his shirt.

The little newsboy, who shouts aloud in Hebrew, "Here is your 'Hacheruth'" (a Hebrew daily newspaper), is a Yeminite, Jewish lad, with a corkscrew lock hanging down each side of his face, reaching to the chin.

A wild-eyed, long-haired, half-naked dervish hurries along with a quick, nervous tread, reciting in a hoarse voice Koran texts, and casting awe upon fezzed and turbaned passers-by. As if prearranged, he is followed by a man dressed in dazzling white, barefooted, long-haired, with a beard grown and trimmed like that with which pictures of Jesus have made us familiar, with a great red cross sown on the front of his garb,

obviously mentally unbalanced, and imagining himself to be Christ on His second advent. Another marches along attired in rags, ecstatic in mien, counting his beads, mumbling words, wholly unconscious of them against whom he stumbles or of them who stumble against him. Next comes a woman in pilgrim's garb, who has probably made a vow to atone for past sin by freely distributing alms in the Holy City, and who finds no difficulty in getting rid of her money.

On, on, continues the motley procession, now an Abyssinian, black as ebony, now a Chinaman yellow as ochre, both probably recent converts to Christianity or Mohamedanism, and both on a pilgrimage to the Holy City. Cross follows crescent; Greek cross succeeds Roman cross. The atmosphere is literally saturated with religiosity. The monk who follows next is probably the one of whom I had heard later, who fancied himself to be the prophet Elijah, and who, for that reason, barely half covered his nakedness with a piece of camel-skin, such as Elijah is said to have worn, and who, thus attired, proceeded to the Dome of the Rock, the sanctuary, that, next to that at Mecca, is holiest to Mohamedans. There he was taken for a Jew, and was fanatically assaulted, and, but for his displaying a cross, he might have been killed, for, Jews are not allowed to set foot within this sanctuary, neither would Christians be allowed, were it not for fear of the sword of Christian governments, for the Mohamedan hatred of the Christian is said to be even greater than that which he entertains toward the Jew.

I wonder how my party would have fared, had it been discovered, at the time when we visited the Haram Esh Sherif, the large and sacred area in which the Dome of the Rock and the Aksa Mosque are located, that we were Jews. Our American passports would probably have secured protection by officials, and the *Kavass* of the American consulate, who was delegated as protector of the party, would probably have held fanatics at bay. But at times, when Mohammedan fanaticism is at fever heat, nothing protects save

**Danger Zones
for Jews.**

the faith of Islam. The Vice-Consul of the American Consulate, Mr. Edelman, of this city, a Jew and a friend of the party, thought it best not to accompany us to the danger zone, saying that, since his being a Jew is generally known, his presence might bring about a scene, which, in the interest of amicable relationship between Turkey and the United States, he prefers to avoid.

Strange irony of fate! The Jew is denied entrance to a precinct which, for a thousand years, constituted his most sacred treasure, the very centre of his spiritual and political life. It was the Mount Moriah of Abraham's day, and the Mount Zion of the days of David. Its summit rock was the spot on which, according to tradition, Abraham was ready to offer his son Isaac. That same rock was the threshing floor of Araunah, the Jebusite, from whom David bought it to make of it a Sanctuary. Upon these very grounds King Solomon built his proud Temple, and that very rock was part of its sacrificial altar. On these grounds Nehemiah built the second Temple, and Herod built the third, the latter more magnificent than the other two. Within this area stood the Holy of Holies, the Sanhedrin, and the other great buildings that adorned the Temple mount.

Today, not a trace is left of all these buildings. The rock, however, is still there, and over it the Mohamedan has reared a Dome that is one of the most beautiful buildings in all the world, some regarding it superior even to the Taj Mahal, in India. The sanctity it has acquired among Mohamedans is due to the legend, that angels carried Mohamed, after his death at Mecca, to this spot, and that from it he made his ascent to Paradise, and that to it he will return, and hold last Judgment over the quick and the dead. His foot-print is still pointed out on the rock, as well as the mark which the angel Gabriel left when he forcibly held the huge rock back from following Mohamed into heaven. In fact, it is the belief of Mohamedans that the rock floats in the air, being too good to rest on earth, and not good enough for heaven.

Jews Not Admitted to Temple Mount.

How Temple Mount Acquired Sanctity for Mohamedans.

No, the Mohamedan will not suffer the Jew to set foot on the elevated, beautiful spacious Temple mount than which there was no area in all Palestine more sacred to him. Sufficient for the Jew, the Moslem thinks, is the fragment of the Solomonian wall, in a dingy quarter below, where he may weep and wail to his heart's content.

But many wonders have been wrought in the story of Palestine and the Jew, and many wonders will yet be wrought.

He, who now wails in the dingy alley below, may again rejoice on the beautiful Temple mount, on the sunlit heights on top.

Jew Given
Right to Wail
Below.

May Yet
Rejoice Above.

Palestine--Old and New.

III. In the Holy City. Part 2.

A DISCOURSE, AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.
By RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, February 11, 1917.

Some one has defined man as the only animal that worships. When I first read that definition I thought it simply facetious. I have since recognized in it more wisdom than wit. When visiting such a city as Jerusalem, one can hardly escape the conclusion that the chief end of man's existence on earth is worship. One form of it or another confronts one wherever he turns. It seems to be the only occupation of by far the greatest number of people living or visiting there. And those who do not worship live on those who do. Fancy is strained to the utmost to furnish means for unleashing religious feelings. Where the real fails, the false is substituted, and labelled as "historic site."

Fondness of
Worship in
Palestine.

And this craving for worship in Palestine is shared alike by Christian, Mohamedan, and Jew. Imagine my surprise on seeing, during the Holy Week of the Christian Church, when the city of Jerusalem was crowded to overflowing with pilgrims and tourists, a band of wild-looking Moslems, bearing sacred flags, headed by a number of half-crazed dervishes, marching to the strains of music, through narrow, crowded David Street, on their way to the yonder side of the Jordan, to worship at the Tomb of Moses, on the anniversary of his death. The Biblical statement that "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day" does not disturb them in the least. They know it, even if no other does.

Shared by
Mohamedan,
Christian
and Jew.

An official, well versed in Turkish affairs, told me that

captivity. A Roman colony had been settled there, but it had failed to take root. The one-time proud city presented a picture like unto that described by Jeremiah in his *Lamentations*. In the fourth century of our present era, the Roman Emperor Constantine embraced Christianity. His mother Helena, when past eighty years of age, made a pilgrimage to the site of ancient Jerusalem, and, while there, aided by a miracle, so the story runs—and of which story nothing was known during her life-time—she discovered the very cross on which Jesus had been done to death, and the very sepulchre in which he had been entombed. But, alas, even miracles, and octogenarian dowager empresses, are liable to make mistakes, seeing that they paid no heed to topography and law, and located a place of execution and sepulture within the walls, in the city, where they could never have been tolerated. For her miraculous discovery Helena acquired a saintship; truth, however, received a hard blow. Attempts have been made to prove that, in the days of Jesus, the present site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre lay outside the city walls. The foundations of the three different walls reared from the days of David to those of Herod, still exist, and tell a different story. Where the explorer speaks in matters such as this, the exegetist must keep silent.

Recognizing the error that has been made, a number of explorers and scholars have located Golgotha, or Calvary, as the Latins called it, outside the city walls. Conder and Gordon believe that they have discovered the spot elsewhere, and advance ingenious theories in favor of their choice. The upshot of the controversy, however, is this: while scholars cannot agree as to where Jesus may have been executed and sepultured, there is complete agreement among them that the site that has been designated could never have been the place.

And yet, notwithstanding these controversies, no one could suppose that the genuineness of the site labeled as the Sepulchre of Jesus had ever been questioned, were he to judge from the goings on within that church.

No pen or tongue or brush, and be it the cleverest, can depict the scenes there enacted. Within its walls credulity exceeds all bounds; blind faith leaps every re-

Nevertheless
Belief in Its
Genuineness
Continues.

the death-day of Moses, and the place of his burial, were designedly invented by the government, so as to withdraw from the city annually, at a time when it is surcharged with holy zeal, and filled with fanatics, such of the Mohamedan dervishes and zealots as are likely to give trouble. As it is, the Turkish government has trouble enough, during the Holy Week, with the frequent, bitter, and occasionally, bloody encounters between different Christian sects within the Church, that professes to have been reared over the spot where Jesus was crucified, and to hold the empty sepulchre in which he had been entombed, hence its name the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre." Not wishing to add Mohamedan fuel to Christian fire, and to come in conflict with Christian nations, which are only too eager to dismember the Ottoman Empire, it invented this "pious fraud," this annual pilgrimage to the last resting place of Moses, in the land of Moab, as a means of draining Jerusalem of the most dangerous of its own fanatics, during the most dangerous week of the year.

The term "pious fraud" applies to a large number of practices in Palestine, and nowhere more so than in and about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Not an archeologist of note, not a Bible student, who has made Jerusalem the subject of exploration or critical study, but tells us that from thirty to a hundred feet, and more, of rubbish and ruins now cover the site of ancient Jerusalem, the accumulation of centuries of sieges and destruction, of isolation and desolation and repeated earthquakes. Archeologists and critical Bible students, moreover, show conclusively that the place of execution and burial in ancient times was outside the city walls, that, being regarded unclean by the Jewish law, they could not have been tolerated within the crowded city, and that Golgotha must, therefore, have been located at a considerable distance from the spot which is now designated as the place where Jesus was crucified and entombed.

For three centuries after the death of Jesus no one knew his burial place. The Roman had destroyed the Temple and palaces, and almost everything else that was destructible. He had razed the walls to the ground. The inhabitants had either been slain or been led into

Occasion In-
vented at "Tomb
of Moses."

At Tomb of
Jesus.

Historicity of
Holy Sepulchre.

straint. The semi-darkness of the vast church; the eccentricity of its architecture; the barbaric splendor of its decorations; the gorgeous vestments of patriarch and prelates; its scores of chapels, crypts, caves, cloisters, colonnades, niches, some mezzanine, some subterranean, all filled with crucifixes, lamps, candelabra, images, of priceless value; the vast mass of people, hailing from all parts of the globe, costumed in every conceivable attire, engaged in fervent devotion, some in silence, some in loud ejaculations, some radiant with joy, some moaning and groaning; the chanting of choristers; the reading of masses in different chapels by different priests, the preaching of sermons in different tongues to different congregations, the strains of organ music, the unceasing ringing of bells, the processions of priests, nuns, acolytes; the heaviness of the atmosphere, caused by the burning of innumerable lamps and candles, and by the clouds of incense,—all these act upon the emotions in a manner that makes it difficult even for one of a critical mind to resist their spell.

If such their power on one of a critical mind, what must it be on the faithful, the devout, the illiterate, the credulous, to whom the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is the holiest spot on earth, the spot which, as a stone within indicates, is the centre of the universe, and the connecting link between earth and heaven? What must worship within that church mean to the hundreds of thousands whose pilgrimage to it is the realization of a life's dream, the fulfilment of a solemn vow, the atonement of some great sin? Is it a wonder that, having attained their fondest hope, they should give free reins to their deepest emotions, should pour out their very hearts and souls in prayer and penance, in adoration and supplication?

Tell such as these that the spot where they worship could never have been the place where Jesus was crucified, tell them that his sonship of God was no different from that of any other mortal, that he died the death of a Jewish patriot at the hands of the Romans, and not the death of a God at the hands of the Jews, tell them that he was a human being who lived divinely, not a divine being who lived humanly, tell them that when he was dead he continued as dead as any other mortal that is dead, that the story of his resurrec-

Stirs Deepest Emotions.

Truth Would Mean Violence.

tion, and that of the other miracles that are ascribed to him, were all the inventions of propagandists to aid them in their work among the mythologically minded pagans, tell them that salvation can never be obtained through mere belief in a savior, but through conscientious self-effort in saving oneself—tell them these things, and they will either not understand you, or, if they do, they are liable, under the perfervid heat of their religious emotions, to do personal violence to you.

Watch those Russian pilgrims, near the entrance of the church, whose muddy boots, and weather-beaten clothes, and unwashed faces and hands, and unkempt hair, tell best of the long journey they had made on foot, and of the hardships they had endured; watch their impatience while awaiting their turn to do homage at the finely finished marble slab, that looks suspiciously modern, and that is said to be the very stone on which Jesus was anointed and shrouded for his tomb, after his crucifixion. Watch them laying upon it their own shrouds and those of people at home, which act of sanctification is to assure the wearers of them entrance into heaven. Watch them placing upon it crosses, images, candles, rosaries, prayerbooks, pressed flowers, to be taken as priceless souvenirs of the Holy City, to dear ones at home. Watch them pressing their hot kisses upon it, or moistening it with their tears, or stretching themselves, full length, upon it to absorb its sacredness in their very souls. Watch their pious fervor at the places where, as they are told, Jesus was imprisoned, where he was scourged, where he was crowned with thorns, where he was crucified, where he resurrected, where he reappeared to Mary and Magdalen after his resurrection, where the angel said to them: "He is not here, He is risen"; where the holy fire descends from heaven annually. Watch them proceeding from place to place on their knees, kissing the very ground of each place, dirty as it is with the mud of the thousands that have preceded.

Follow them next crawling through a low aperture into the Holy of Holies of that church, a little, marble-lined chapel, six by six, unventilated, artificially lit by scores of most costly lamps, which contains an empty marble tomb, the very one, it is claimed, in which Jesus was laid to rest and out of which he miraculously disappeared.

Scenes Within the Church.

Scenes at the Holy Sepulchre.

Watch their ecstasy or agony at the sight and touch of it, hear their hysterical sobs or exclamations upon their issuing from it,—observe all this, and you will find little ground for believing that acquainting them with the legendary nature or with the deliberate invention of much or all of what they had seen and been told would meet with any other reception than the bitterest resentment.

I wonder what might have happened to me had it been known to these overwrought worshippers that I, too, had visited this Holy of Holies, for no Jew is permitted to set foot upon the holy ground of the Holy Sepulchre. Even Christian sects are advised to keep clear of such places in that church as are not set apart for their respective sects. Little wonder that the Sultan of Turkey is, by Christian governments, entrusted with the key of that building, and that he is required to keep Mohamedan armed soldiers in constant attendance within that church. For the sake of peace between Christian sects, different chapels have been set aside within that church, a separate one for the Greek Catholics, who predominate; a separate one for the Roman Catholics; another for the Armenians; another, for the Copts; another, for the Abyssinians, etc., and a different time is given each of these for worship at the altar of the Holy Sepulchre, under surveillance of Turkish armed soldiers, and if one of these trespasses upon the ground set apart for the other, a riot is likely to follow, and likely to be accompanied with bloodshed. Many an Easter Sunday has proved a Bloody Sunday within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Outside that church may be seen a continuation of the goings on within. A score or more of so-called "historic sites" are pointed out, the truthfulness of which is never questioned by the credulous ones. Walk along the *Via Dolorosa*, the *Way of Sorrow*, the lane through which, the legend says, Jesus was made to carry the cross to the place of execution (which lane is now several scores of feet higher than it was in the days of the Nazarene, and which place of execution is the fourth different one that has been named in Christian church history), and you will soon learn how wondrously learned your dragoman is. "This is the spot," he will tell you, "where Pilate said: '*Ecce Homo*,'

Frequent Strife
and Bloodshed.

Credulity Rampant
Outside
the Church.

'*Behold the Man.*'" A little further on he will tell you: "Here is the spot where Jesus sank beneath the weight of the cross." A little further on he will tell you: "Here is the spot where Simon of Cyrene took the cross from Jesus." Pointing to a stone, a little further on, he will tell you "the depression in it was caused by the touch of Christ's hand." "Yonder house," he will continue, "is the one in which Veronica lived, she who wiped the perspiration from the brow of Jesus, and who was rewarded by his image remaining imprinted on her handkerchief, of which handkerchief a number are now on exhibition in churches of Europe, where may also be seen enough wood of the original cross to make several crosses, and enough nails of the original cross to fit out a small nailshop.

What more blessed than faith; what more sad than faith abused? What more uplifting than faith joined with reason; what more debasing than faith supplanted by blind credulity? What good might not be accomplished by hearts and souls capable of such deep emotions as one sees displayed in the holy places of Jerusalem, if these emotions were but rightly guided, if, instead of exhausting themselves on scenes, real or imaginary, of 2000 years ago, they were directed into present-day channels of usefulness—drying tears that fall today, comforting hearts that ache today, staunching wounds that bleed today, building the new that is needed today, instead of idly weeping and wailing over ruins, or memories, or fancies, of long ago.

It was with such thoughts as these that I passed from a contemplation of the worshippers, in and about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to a contemplation of Jews engaged in prayers in front of a fragment of a wall, known as the *Wall of Wailing*. This piece of ancient masonry, all that is left of the fortification which King Solomon had built around the acropolis of Jerusalem, is about fifty yards long, and about as many feet high, is built of massive blocks of stones, especially the lower courses, one of which blocks measures more than sixteen feet in length, and thirteen feet in width. It is located in an alley-way, in one of the dirtiest parts of Jerusalem; and one is strongly tempted to believe that the class of people one sees most in front of it, or near it,

Right and
Wrong Uses
of Faith.

Shown at WALL
OF WAILING.

are of the dirtiest in Jerusalem. Of course, there are many of the other kind, men and women of goodly appearance, and of spiritual mien, who have come on a pilgrimage, some of them from far distances, to help praying for the restoration of The Holy Land to Israel.

There they stand, in front of the wall, pouring out their very hearts in prayer, especially on Friday afternoons, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the oriental and occidental, the long-bearded and short-bearded, the long-gowned and the short-gowned, those garbed in loud colors, and those in subdued colors, those who supplicate in loud tones, and those whose lips barely move, those whose faces and bodies show hysterical emotions, and those whose faces are calm, and whose bodies are quiet, those whose eyes weep copiously, and those who shed not a tear; those who tenderly stroke the stones, and those who more tenderly still stroke their beards.

You pause in the rear of one of the groups, and listen to their chanting of a litany, one man acting as a leader; the others making the responses, and this is its text:

*A Litany at
Wall of Wailing.*

Leader: For the palace which lieth desolate,

Response: *We sit in solitude, and mourn.*

For the Temple which is destroyed,
We sit in solitude and mourn.

For the walls which are broken down,
We sit in solitude and mourn.

For our majesty which is departed,
We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader: We pray Thee, have mercy on Zion!

Response: *Gather the children of Jerusalem.*

Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion!

Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.

May beauty and majesty surround Zion!

Oh, turn Thyself mercifully to Jerusalem.

May the Kingdom soon return to Zion!

Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.

May peace and joy abide with Zion!

And the branch [of Jesse] spring up at Jerusalem.

Leader: Lord, build, Lord, build—

Response: *Build Thy House speedily!*

In haste! In haste! Even in our days,

Build Thy House speedily.

Much has been written and much has been said of this Wall of Wailing. Some have considered it the only thing worth seeing in Jerusalem; others have regarded it the least of all of its attractions. Some have ^{Different Im-}_{pressions of Wall} made it the first of their sight-seeing visits in the Holy City, and have repeated their visits to it daily; others, after seeing it once, wished never to see it again. Some saw there the deepest emotion; others saw there but barren formalism; some saw there a sorrow that was real; others, a grief that was feigned; some recognized there the loftiest idealism; others, the basest mercenariness.

As for myself, I saw considerably of what both of the other classes of observers saw. And, possibly, I also saw what neither of the others saw. I had seen in other parts of the world, at Balbeck in Syria, at Karnak in Egypt, at Athens in Greece, at Rome in Italy, ruins of former power and glory, so colossal, so magnificent, as to make the piece of wall in Jerusalem pale into nothing, in comparison with them. But, at none of the other places did I see direct descendants of those, who lived at the time when the palaces and temples now in ruin stood in the zenith of their beauty and majesty, praying for a restoration of their people's ancient-day, vanished glory.

And also this I saw and felt, that, notwithstanding all the prayers that have been offered there throughout all the centuries, and notwithstanding all the tears that have been shed upon the stones of that wall, they have continued obdurate. And they will continue so to the end of time. Mere words, and be they never so fervent, and mere tears, and be they never so hot and copious, will never build Temples nor restore Commonwealths. Prayer may arouse man into working miracles; it never moves God into doing what is in man's power to do. It is easy to ask God to restore Palestine to the Jew, and the Jew to Palestine; but God never helps those who do not help themselves.

Prayers Un-
answered.

If Jerusalem is ever again to play the part it has played in the past, it will be due to such work as is now being done in the Jewish agricultural colonies of Palestine, in the High School of Jaffa, in the Bezalel workshop at Jerusalem, never to the efforts of those thousands in Jerusalem, whose chief occupation is to pray, at a ruin, for the restoration of the ruin of Israel.

Deed, Not
Prayer, Will Re-
store Palestine.

Palestine--Old and New.
IV. In the Holy City. Part 3.

A DISCOURSE AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.

BY RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 18, 1917.

It was well that I saw the new Jewish settlement of *Tel Abib*, in the outskirts of Jaffa, and something of Jewish agricultural life in the orange groves beyond, before I saw Jerusalem. Had I landed in Jerusalem first, my disappointment might not have allowed me to get as far as Jaffa. As much as I had found Jaffa the hope of New Palestine, I would have found Jerusalem its despair. We are told that it has long been the custom of pious Jews, upon first beholding Jerusalem, to tear parts of their garments, as a sign of mourning, and to wail the words of the Prophet Isaiah: "Zion is become a wilderness; Jerusalem, a desolation." Today, even the unorthodox might lament on becoming acquainted with conditions in Jerusalem, not because of the ruins of the once mighty city he beholds there, but because of the ruin of a once great people that there forces itself upon his attention at every turn.

Well That I Saw
Jaffa Before
Jerusalem.

It was well that my itinerary permitted me a ten days' stay at Jerusalem, otherwise, I might have known only one kind of Jew in that city, the begging, sickly, subsidized, praying, idling Jew, the Jew whose appearance and attire and manner make him most unsightly to look upon, the kind of Jew that makes

That I Had
Ten Days for
Jerusalem.

superficial observers turn from him in disgust, that prompted even so kind-hearted a man as Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), and so intelligent a traveller as Julien Viaud (Pierre Loti), to write of him most dishearteningly.

It was well that I had letters to prominent people of the Jewish Community of Jerusalem. Otherwise, I might never have come in contact with kinds of Jews whom the average tourist does not meet, whom he cannot even discriminate from other occidentals in that city; I might never have had a chance of seeing something of their home life, something of their philanthropic and educational endeavors, of the herculean problems with which they wrestle; I might never have learned of the hopes they cherish of an independent, self-governing, self-maintaining Jewish Palestine—hopes that make them capable of sacrifices which few others would bring, capable of labors in which few others would persist.

Before my visit to Palestine, especially since the modern resumption of Zionistic agitation, I had been much confused by the different reports of that country and its people that I had read and heard. Some of them were very favorable; others most unfavorable. Which was I to believe? I was not long in Palestine before I recognized that neither of them had wilfully prevaricated. Each had told its story from its own point of view. Each had colored its version with the hues of its own bias or prejudice. Not to repeat their mistake, I resolved to make my own observations, and to form my own conclusions, entirely uninfluenced by what I had heard or read, wholly immaterial whether they lead me into the camp of the Zionist or into the camp of the Anti-Zionist, or into the camp of neither.

How easy it is to be influenced, one way or the other, may be seen from the following little incident. A friend of mine, whom I chanced to meet in Jerusalem, presented me with a painting, representing the head of a "Jew of Jerusalem," which he had purchased in one of the shops of that city. I thanked him for his good in-

That I Came in Contact With Different Kinds of Jews.

Contradictory Reports of Palestine.

Easy to be Influenced.

tentions but declined the gift. I told him that I had no desire of starting a rogue's gallery. He told me that the painter of it had assured him that it had been taken from life, that the original of it could be seen any day on the streets of Jerusalem. I replied that my own eyes had seen several Jews that might have served as models of that picture, but, I added, I had also seen other kinds of faces, that were good to look upon, noble, spiritual faces, that might have served as models of pictures of the ancient prophets and bards and lawgivers of Israel, faces which by credulous ones might easily be believed to be reincarnations of Jesus and of his disciples, and I went on to tell him that it would be as wrong to regard this type as the real picture of the Jew as would be the other. Each of the pictures is true of individual Jews; neither of them is true of all the Jews of Jerusalem.

It is easier, however, to form a resolution than to live up to it. There are times when it is difficult for one in Palestine to steer clear of bias or prejudice. There are times when the future of the Jew in that country seems bright; times, when the outlook is dark, if not hopeless. The latter view was a frequent one with me during my stay at Jerusalem, hard as I fought against it. The more one of an open mind, and familiar with requisites for nation-building, studies conditions in Jerusalem, the more likely is he to come to the conclusion that the Jewish population of that city, which is two-thirds of all the Jews in Palestine, will have to undergo a radical change, if Jews are ever to become a nation in Palestine, and if Jerusalem is to be its capital.

Jerusalem suffers from an accumulation of past theological blunders. Long, long ago, an unfortunate belief saddled itself upon religion—non-Jewish as well as Jewish—that the beggar is the special favorite of God, that alms-giving by the well-to-do is one of the best means of obtaining salvation, that prayer and penance and burial in the Holy Land lead easiest into Paradise, that prayer offered there, in return for alms, for such as are unable to get there themselves, is as efficacious as a personal

Outlook at Times Bright, at Times Dark.

Jerusalem Suffers from Theological Blunder.

visit, that the man who thus prays in the Holy Land for the absentee is as much a benefactor as is he who pays for being prayed for by "absent treatment."

Prompted by that belief, tens of thousands of Jews from Eastern Europe and the Orient took up their pilgrim's staff, and made their way to Jerusalem. Possessing, Settled by Misfits. for the most part, little or nothing of worldly goods, it was not difficult for them to pull up stakes. The future gave them little concern, they left that to God Who, they felt sure, would not desert those who devoted themselves to a life of prayer in the Holy Land. Many of them were old and feeble, and their only prayer was to keep alive long enough to reach Palestine so as to be buried in holy soil. But death did not always come as speedily as expected. Continuing alive, subsistence had to be provided. There was no industry in Palestine, and no commerce. Its little trade consisted of souvenir articles relating to Christianity, in which trade the Jew had no part. Larger and larger grew the number of Jews that came to pray and die in the Holy City, and greater grew their want and suffering.

Their loud appeals for help stirred the people at home, and moved them to effect an organization, known as the Pauperized by HALUKAH. *Halukah*, that has for its sole object sending alms to those who give themselves up to prayer and religious study in the Holy Land. Exaggerated reports of what is being done by the pious ones at home for the pious ones in Palestine spread far and wide, and led thousands of other Jews to take up their abode in Jerusalem, for their own salvation, and for that of their benefactors at home. To such an extent have these *Halukah* benefactions grown that, till the outbreak of the present war, they amounted to nearly half a million dollars annually. Several hundreds of thousands of dollars more were received through floods of letters, that were sent to Jews in all parts of the globe, appealing for support of one or the other of the many charity institutions, which disease and want have built up in Jerusalem. There is a magic in the word Jerusalem which casts its spell even over indifferent Jewish hearts. On that spell the man-

agers of this "Begging Industry" counted, and they exploited it to the utmost.

It is estimated that two-thirds of the sixty thousand Jews in Jerusalem live of the *Halukah* and the begging letters, and that most of the other third are maintained Extent of Pauperization. directly and indirectly, by the modern agencies that have been established by Jews of other lands, as a protest against the present pauperization system. What a commentary on the mediaevalism of that people it is to learn that while this praying class of Jews maintains two hundred and fifty houses of prayer and of religious study in Jerusalem, they do not maintain a single place of industry! Praying in return for alms has been reduced by them to a system. On the visitor's book of one institution in that city may be read the following announcement: "For an annual donation of five francs, a prayer will be offered for the donor every Sabbath. For an annual donation of ten francs an additional prayer will be offered monthly at the *Wall of Wailing*. For an annual donation of a hundred francs, there will be offered, in addition to the aforementioned, a prayer semi-annually at the Tomb of Rachel." Similar tariffs have been worked out by other denominations in that city for similar services. I can imagine the expressive, if not picturesque, language Thomas Carlyle—who preached the doctrine: *orare est laborare*, "to pray is to labor"—would have employed, had he come across these Tariff-Rates for prayers in Jerusalem.

And yet, notwithstanding the vast sums of money that have been annually sent to Jerusalem, so large is the number of Jews entirely dependent on alms, that the amount apportioned to each is exceedingly small. Consequent Poverty and Misery. In consequence thereof, the poverty among them in that city is appalling. Go where you may, within the walls of Jerusalem, and you meet the ragged, the emaciated, the blind, the lame, the halt, at every turn. The four hospitals, the five orphanages, the two Old Folks Homes, the Blind Asylum, the Eye Clinic, the Insane Asylum, the two Soup Kitchens, and the yet other institutions, all of them maintained by Jews and for Jews, at an annual cost of more than

\$100,000, are crowded to the doors, and none of them is sufficiently equipped to do all the work required of it. You cannot be in Jerusalem twenty-four hours but you are called upon by representatives of half a dozen Jewish charities for aid to their respective institutions. And the more there is given the more is needed. For every one helped, a dozen new ones present themselves needing help.

Distressed by the indescribable miseries that presented themselves to Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Straus, of New York, on their visit to Jerusalem, five years ago, they founded a free Soup Kitchen, which, at first provided food for three hundred people daily. At the present time, the daily food recipients number seven hundred. One who witnesses the famished mass of people that come there for their only daily meal, consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, and cereals, cannot but feel grateful to the donors for so bountifully providing for some of the starving ones. At the same time, he cannot but be sorrowful that such an institution had to come into existence.

The mode of life of these people, largely indoors, sedentary, inactive; the quarters they inhabit, for the most part the foulest in Jerusalem, littered with pestilential refuse matter of all sorts, unsewered, unprovided with any other than filthy cistern water; the homes they occupy, generally damp, mouldy, unreachd by sunlight and fresh air—all these are quite sufficient to undermine their health, to sap their vitality, to rob very many of them of eye sight, to age them before they have attained their prime, to open the way for them to one or the other of the many charities of Jerusalem.

And these impotent, emasculated, marrowless and sinewless, weaklings believe themselves to be the pioneers of the New Palestine. Contrast these with the sturdy Pilgrim Fathers, who landed in midwinter, at the Rock of Plymouth in Massachusetts, in a wild and unknown world, and braved and conquered there the severest of hardships and trials, and then form your own conclusion as to what hope there is for the rise in Palestine of a Jewish

Accessory
Causes of
Misery.

Unfit for
Pioneering.

Nation, whose founders are to be such as now constitute the overwhelming majority of the population of Jerusalem.

Fortunately, the grievous mistake that has been made in Jerusalem has been recognized by some. Steps have been taken looking toward the ultimate rooting out of the century-old evil of hoping to reacquire a lost country, and to rehabilitate a denationalized people, by means of mere prayer, and by subsidizing those that pray. Eyes have been opened to a recognition that a people subsidized in idleness is a people pauperized, and that paupers can never be pioneers. Efforts are making in many quarters, within Palestine and outside of it, to build up a people fit to be a Nation, if such a one there is to be, a people physically and morally and spiritually healthy and vigorous, a people throbbing with life and activity, a people making work a synonym of prayer, and prayer a synonym of work, a people supporting itself by its own handiwork, instead of being supported in idleness, a people taking its place behind the plow, at the loom and furnace, in the workshops, in the marts of industry and commerce, a people made acquainted in schools of learning with the results of the latest economic and scientific researches.

Small as the beginning has been, and slow as has been the progress, the results attained warrant faith in ultimate success. Quite a number of schools for imparting modern knowledge to both sexes have been opened in Palestine, and have continued open, notwithstanding fanatical opposition by the champions of the old system. Some ten *Kindergartens* in the different Jewish settlements prepare the soil for the new learning and the new spirit. A *Normal School*, and a *Teacher's Seminary* fit instructors for leadership of the new generation. Foremost among all the schools of Palestine stands the *Jewish High School* of Tel Abib, whose eight hundred students of both sexes give promise of inaugurating a new era in old Palestine. The *Bezalel School for Arts and Crafts* has won a reputation for excellence in workmanship that extends beyond the confines of Palestine, a school in which young people

Need of Reform
Recognized.

Educational
Reforms
Instituted.

are trained in metal workmanship, in carpet-weaving, lace-making, ivory-carving, lithography, and other useful and artistic trades. Great things may be expected from the *School for Technical Education* in Haifa, toward which Mr. Jacob H. Schiff contributed one hundred thousand dollars, whose magnificent and beautifully located buildings compare favorably with the finest of our own country, and whose curriculum of studies is to equal the best of the kind in occidental lands. A site has been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Straus on which a *University* is to be erected, in due time.

The introduction and popularization among the younger generation of the Hebrew tongue as the one common medium of intercommunication—the great achievement of Ben Jehuda—is fast removing the great barrier to the unification of the people, a barrier that was built up by the different languages used by the different units of the Jewish population of Palestine.

The filthy quarters within the walls of Jerusalem are no longer the exclusive places of habitation of the Jews of that city. More and more of the younger generation are taking up their abode in the cleaner and healthier districts outside of the walls, and their homes are fast becoming the most attractive of the Holy City.

There, too, are located a number of splendid health-promoting institutions, a *Health Bureau*, the munificent creation of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Straus, that spreads knowledge to all parts of Palestine on sanitation and hygiene, on the eradication and prevention of malarial, on the extermination of breeding places of poisonous mosquitoes, on purification of drinking water, on disposal of sewage, on the treatment and prevention of trachoma, the horrible eye-disease of Palestine; a *Visiting Nurse Settlement*, from which trained women go forth on their blessed ministry of treating the eyes of children in the schools, of assisting mothers in the hours of their extreme need, of alleviating the sufferings of the aged and helpless and hopeless; a *Pasteur Institute*, the only one in all Palestine, affording treatment to the many in that country suffering from bites of mad dogs and jackals.

Sanitary
Reforms
Instituted.

Some two thousand Jews in Jerusalem are engaged in handicraft, such as carpentry, coppersmithing, engineering, baking, shoemaking, tailoring. The cabdrivers of the city are, for the most parts, Jewish. Twelve thousand Jews are following, with gradually growing success, in the provinces of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, the pursuit of agriculture, the original pursuit of our Palestinian forefathers, the noblest of all pursuits.

True, great as this work seems, it is small in comparison with the appalling poverty and misery that abounds in Jerusalem. Nevertheless, it holds the key of the solution of one of the many Jewish problems, if Zionists will resolve upon a radical measure, and prove themselves strong enough to adhere to their resolution.

More Radical
Cure Required.

There must be no further immigration to Palestine of aged, feeble, dependent Jews. There must be no subsidizing and pauperizing of yet more Jews coming to Palestine to pray, sicken, and die. While the score of thousands of idle, starving, sickly, praying Jews who are there now must, of necessity, be provided for, the utmost care must be exercised that no more of this class be allowed to settle in that land, during the present state of its rehabilitation. If so great and rich a country as the United States deems it self-protective to regulate immigration to its shores, if with all its idle and fertile lands, and inexhaustible resources, and sparse population in the Far West, it deems it wise to exclude the feeble, the sickly, those that have no means to care for themselves, and are likely to become a burden on the community, shall not so small and poor a country as Palestine, a country with next to no commerce and industry, and with but little agriculture, and with very limited room for immigrants, be guided by like principles of self-protection?

Immigration of
Misfits Must
Cease.

If Jews there are who must pray for the restoration of Palestine, let them do so at home; if God means to answer their prayer, He will do it whether He is prayed to in Palestine or elsewhere. It is not the *praying* but the *laboring* Jew, not the old and feeble, but the strong, vigorous one, who is

LABORING
Not PRAYING
Jews Wanted in
Palestine.

needed as pioneer in Palestine. If Jews of other lands believe that they can help re-establishing Palestine as a home for the persecuted Jew, let them continue and enlarge their *Hakukah* contributions, but not for the pauperization but for the strengthening of them that settle there, for the creation of industries that shall make possible the manufacture of goods that must now be imported for the lack of hands and skill to make them, and for the want of means to market them.

When Jerusalem shall have two hundred and fifty places of industry, instead of two hundred and fifty places of prayer, the plea of Zionists will have a deeper meaning, and obtain a wider hearing, than it does now.

Palestine—Old and New.

V. Bethlehem.

A DISCOURSE, AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.

BY RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOFF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 25, 1917.

Whatever the opinion be which a traveller through Palestine have of William II, Emperor of Germany, he cannot but feel grateful to him for the influence which his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, a number of Travel Difficult in Palestine. years ago, exerted on the condition of its principal roads. Even though they still leave much to wish for, they are so very much better than the roads over which he did not travel, that one can readily picture to oneself what a journey through the interior of Palestine must have meant to former generations. So execrable are parts of the roads, so steep the grades of that mountainous country, that no team of horses, the driver of my conveyance assured me, can outlive two consecutive trips from Jerusalem to Tiberias and back, a distance of some two hundred miles, the round trip. Of the railroad, that has been in course of construction for a number of years, and that is to connect Jerusalem with Haifa, Damascus and Beirût, only the northern end is completed, and in operation. They who wish to visit southern and central points must still avail

themselves of donkey, camel or wagon, and whichever they choose, they are sure to wish before long that they had chosen one of the others.

As one or two hotels in Jerusalem are quite acceptable, if one happens to stop in them during the rainy season, when the one bathroom is available, it is best to make a day trip to such near-by cities as Bethlehem and Hebron, and return to Jerusalem in the evening. Jericho, being too far for a one-day trip, and possessing a small hotel, one may spend a night there without much discomfort. For a visit to cities further on, a tenting expedition is much to be recommended. The caravan being under the management of a native, experienced, English-speaking dragoman, who takes complete charge of the outfit, transportation, food, luggage, fees, bakshish, the traveller is relieved of much worry and annoyance. While the camps have not quite the accommodations which some of our own well-equipped camps possess, still they have advantages which make them preferable to the hotels of the interior of Palestine. You have your own cooks, and fairly palatable meals. You have your own bedding, washing-utensils, and other necessary tent-furnishings. The tents, which are more elaborate than ours, being of variegated colors within, and brocaded with ornamental Koran texts, are generally pitched on high ground, in the outskirts, near a well or lake or running stream, and you are fairly sure of clean environments, of pure water, and fresh air. Besides, the closer contact with nature which the camp-life affords, the opportunity it presents for observation and admiration of the superb scenery of that country, awaken gradually a feeling of kinship with our early forbears, who, when they inhabited those regions, knew of no other life than that of the camp.

If one is a lover of nature and fond of walking, and has some knowledge of Biblical and other ancient history to afford

him entertainment while he walks, he should make the trip to Bethlehem on foot. The distance from Jerusalem is only five miles; the road is good; food for eye and mind is abundant, and, under the guidance of a good dragoman, he can be back by nightfall, if he starts early enough in the morning. I have had many teachers in Scriptures, and some of them succeeded admirably in making certain Bible characters and events attractive and instructive, but I do not recall a single one among them who ever impressed me with the scenic beauty of Palestine. The high regard that has been attached to the divine in the morals of the Bible, seems to have shut out every appreciation of the divine in Palestinian scenery. Many a one does not believe in God because he doesn't know how to see and hear and worship Him where He may easiest be seen and heard and worshipped—in the Temple of Nature.

An ever-varying panorama of mountain and valley, hill and dale, field and vineyard, pasture and orchard, unfolds itself before the traveller along the entire road, and grows the richer and more fascinating the nearer he approaches his destination. The longer you travel in the interior of Palestine, the stronger grows your conviction that whatever else ignorance or greed or fanaticism may have faked in that country, its scenery is genuine. The highways are the same the ancient patriarchs and prophets walked over. The wells are the same from which they quenched their thirst. The carpets of many-colored wild flowers delighted their eyes as they gladdened ours. The Jordan still flows in the same old bed. The mountain-ridges still paint the distant sky with azure. Mount Hermon still raises his snowy head, and sends his welcome waters and refreshing breezes far and wide.

Much as Palestine has suffered from the devastations of the

Walk to Bethlehem Advised.

Advantages of Camping.

Whatever Else "Faked," Scenery Genuine.

almost incessant wars, from the consequences of misrule, from the thriftlessness and ignorance of the Arabs, Ancient Customs Retained. who have taken the place of the original settlers, the region in the environs of Bethlehem has, nevertheless, succeeded in maintaining the fertility for which it was especially famed in Biblical days. And the natives have retained most of the customs and habits of them whom they have dispossessed. One easily forgets the centuries that have passed since Israel inhabited that land, easily imagines the people he passes on that road to be contemporaries of those who lived there in Scriptural times. Yon lad, barefooted, bare-breasted, bright-eyed, who pastures his sheep, now playing a tune on his pipe, now flinging pebbles with his sling, looks as the ruddy shepherd lad, David of Bethlehem, must have looked, when his father had him called, perhaps from this very field, to learn whether he be the one whom the prophet Samuel desired to anoint as King over Israel. The young woman in yonder field, lithe and graceful, and shy when her eyes meet those of a stranger and a male, seems the very picture of what Ruth must have looked like, when gleaning after the reapers, perhaps in that very field, for a meagre livelihood for her unfortunate self, and her yet more unfortunate mother-in-law, Naomi. And the tall, prosperous-looking man, not far from her, might well be taken for Boaz, the rich owner of the field, whose attention the modest and industrious young woman attracted, and whose heart and hand he later won.

After such little mental excursions into ancient Bible story, you return to the present, and proceed on your journey.

Tomb of Rachel(?). Presently, when about half a mile from Bethlehem, you find yourself in front of a dome-topped building, and your dragoman informs you that it is the *Tomb of Rachel*, of the favorite wife of Jacob, of the mother of Joseph and Benjamin. The modernness of the building arouses your

suspicion as to the genuineness of the tomb, and your suspicion is strengthened by the comparative modernness of the whitewashed sepulchre within. And yet more is your suspicion aroused when you remember that the prophet Jeremiah locates it at Ramah, a town to the north of Jerusalem, while the place where it is now located is four and a half miles to the south of it. There is a reason why this present location has been given it, of which I shall have occasion to speak later.

However, whatever doubt as to its genuineness existed in my mind, none exists in the minds of the thousands of pious pilgrims that visit it annually, and that pray at its sepulchre. It is as sacred to Mohamedan A Place of Pilgrimage. and Christian as it is to the Jew. Like the Jews, the Mohamedans regard Rachel as one of their ancestral mothers, tracing their origin from Abraham and his descendants. The Jews have fixed times for prayer at the Tomb. Judging from the appearance of some of those whom I saw about the building, I could not but conclude that if they have prayed there before for prosperity for themselves, it seems to be very slow in coming.

Continuing our journey, we reach a fork in the road; the one to the right leads to Hebron, some fifteen miles further south; the one to the left leads to Bethlehem. First View of Bethlehem. A few minutes more bring the latter town in full view, most picturesquely located at the foot of high, richly cultivated hillsides to the left, and of large sweeps of wheat, and barley fields, and vineyards, and olive groves, to the right.

I experienced a profound sensation when my feet first trod the soil of Bethlehem. Few sites of ancient cities are as famed and cherished as is this little town in the hills. Excepting Jerusalem, no other place is as intimately associated with the greatest Next to Jerusalem Most Famed.

heroes of the Old Testament and the New, David and Jesus. And it is especially to the Christian that that little town has a charm peculiarly its own. Myth and legend, poesy and fancy, have spun about it tales and stories so miraculous and fascinating that the heart loves to dwell upon them, even though the mind classes them with romance and invention.

With the exception of the charming idyl of Ruth, which centers in Bethlehem, but little mention is made of it till the time of David, the great-grandson of Ruth and Boaz, who was born there, and who there spent his early years. When called into public life, he withdrew from it, but returned to it after he had been made King of Israel, and after he had made Jerusalem the national capital. He made it the place of his country residence, and it became to Jerusalem what Versailles was to Paris; or what Potsdam is to Berlin. And such it continued to be throughout the days of King Solomon, his successor. Hence it partook of the glory of the Golden Age of Israel.

And that glory hovered over it throughout the long years of Israel's Messianic expectations, when, by reason of its subjection to cruel foreign powers, it longed for the rise of a descendant of the Royal House of David, who, like the Founder of that House, would come with mighty sword in hand, would drive out the cruel and hated enemy, would re-establish the pristine glory of Jerusalem, would reassemble the scattered of Israel, and make it again a nation extending its borders as far as it did in the days of the illustrious Solomon. How eloquently that longing is expressed by the prophet Micah. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose origin is from olden times, from most ancient days."^{*}

Early Home
of David.

Messianic
Hope Centered
There.

^{*}Micah v: 1.

With the exception of one slight reference to it, this passage of Micah, who lived about 750 years before the birth of Jesus, is the last that we hear of Bethlehem in the Old Testament. After its ruin by the Babylonian conqueror, in connection with the destruction of Jerusalem near by, it seems never to have recovered. So complete was that ruin, that not even a trace remains to-day of its one-time Davidian splendor. Probably every stone of its buildings and foundations, every piece of timber of its houses, was taken,—the stones to build walls and ramparts during the subsequent sieges of Jerusalem, the wood to furnish fuel for the camps of the soldiers. It finds no mention in any of the Books of the Maccabees, that tell of activities that took place in that section of Judea, toward the close of the second century before the birth of Jesus. Neither is any notice taken of it in the writings of Josephus, who was a resident of Jerusalem close by, and who lived in the same century in which Jesus lived. When more than 300 years after the birth of Jesus, Constantine the Great, the Roman Emperor, came upon its site, he found it covered with a wild, thick forest.

After a silence concerning Bethlehem of seven and a half centuries in Jewish literature, a knowledge of it suddenly bursts into light in the New Testament, and in a manner equalled only by the nativity stories of some of the Greek and Roman and Oriental gods.

One night, since celebrated as the Christmas night, certain shepherds, so tells the Gospel according to St. Luke, while with their flocks in the fields near Bethlehem, were suddenly approached by an angel, effulgent with light, and informed by him that the Savior was just born in the city of David, and he told them where and how they would find it. No sooner was

Obscured for
Seven and
One-half
Centuries.

Bursts Into
Light with
Claim of Being
Birthplace of
Jesus.

this information given, when there was "with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'" After the angels had returned to heaven, the shepherds made their way to Bethlehem, where they found the new-born babe, as they had been divinely told, and also its parents, Joseph and Mary, who had come all the way from Nazareth, in distant Galilee, in obedience to a decree by Augustus Caesar "that all the world should be taxed."

Whilst the shepherds were thus made aware of the birth of the Savior of mankind, there arrived at Jerusalem, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew (who knows nothing of the shepherd and angel story), certain wise men from the East, and inquired: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the East, and we come to worship him?" And they were told that, according to the words of Micah, his birthplace must be Bethlehem. And thither they went, guided by the star that moved in the sky in front of them, and that stopped over the inn, where the Christ-child was born. They entered the house, and worshipped the child, and presented it with gifts of gold and spices.

Upon their departure, the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, bidding him to flee to Egypt, to escape the murderous sword of King Herod, who had ordered the slaying "at Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, of all male children two years old and under," hoping to include in the slaughter the new-born Christ-King.

These are pretty stories, just the kind to captivate Grecians and Romans of that day, who were accustomed to mythological tales, and on whom early Christian missionaries were working hard to win them to the new faith. But, having been written under conditions different from ours, and for peoples

Claim Contradicted by History and Science.

of a different mind, they no longer appeal as they did when they were first told, or as they did during the Dark and the Middle Ages. Ours is an age of exact history-writing, of critical investigation, of scientific research. And these stories of the birth of Jesus are such palpable contradictions to facts of history and science that, even though it be with regret, they must be assigned to the department of fiction.

Though three gospels tell of his birth, but one of them, that according to Luke, a pagan convert, speaks of Bethlehem having been the birthplace of Jesus, notwithstanding that his having been born in Nazareth, Why Bethlehem Made Birthplace of Jesus. in the northern Province of Galilee, as son of plain working-people, is generally accepted in the New Testament. The reason for the change of the place of nativity is quite apparent. It was meant to serve as a fulfilment of the words of the prophet Micah, that the King of Israel would be born at Bethlehem. Unfortunately for the change, Luke did not know that Micah lived 750 years before the birth of Jesus, and that his words referred to a time when Bethlehem was still a city of distinction, and when it counted among its inhabitants descendants of the royal house of David, to whom the people looked for their new King.

More unfortunate still are the efforts which two of the gospels make to prove Jesus a descendant of David, each tracing him from a different line of ancestry, yet both bringing his pedigree down, through David, to Joseph as his father, notwithstanding that each, elsewhere, tells that Jesus was the offspring of the Holy Ghost Why Jesus Traced to David and Made "Divine." and the Virgin Mary, and, to effect this miracle, mistranslates a verse of Isaiah,* a contemporary of Micah. The reason for this latter claim is quite obvious.

*VII: 14-16. See author's *Impressions of the Oberammergau Passion Play*, Chap. VII.

Miraculous birth was generally claimed in those days for illustrious personages, such as Buddha and Confucius, Pythagoras and Plato, Alexander and Augustus, and others. The whole of this story, as told in Luke, I saw sculptured, in honor of the birth of the Egyptian Pharaoh, Amenophis III, on one of the walls of the magnificent ruin of the temple at Luxor, that was built 1400 years before the birth of Jesus.

Still more unfortunate is their bringing Joseph all the way from Galilee to Judea, for the purpose of paying his taxes to the Roman Governor Quirinius, which Governor had died six years before the birth of Jesus. Besides, according to Roman regulation, a Galilean was obliged to pay his taxes in his own province, and since one's wife was not required to be present at the taxation, Joseph would never have thought of taking Mary on so distant and difficult a journey, in the delicate condition in which she must then have been.

More damaging still is the story that is told of King Herod, in connection with the birth of Jesus. Clever as the writer of it was as a story teller, so ignorant was he as an historian, for, otherwise, he would have known that Herod had died four years before Jesus was born. And even had he lived, and had he caused the slaughter of the little ones, is it to be supposed that so horrible a butchery would have found no mention in Jewish history, no echo in the Jewish literature of that day, that was quite bountiful, and that was not at all sparing in recording the misdeeds and crimes of that unpopular and unscrupulous King? The reason of this story was to give fulfilment of the words of Jeremiah, "A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted,"* which words, when used by the

Why "Herod"
and "Star"
Story Invented.

Other Legends
Invented.

*Chap. XXXI: 15.

prophet, who lived 500 years before Jesus, referred to the descendants of Joseph and Benjamin, sons of Rachel, who were being dragged into Babylonian captivity, along the highway, past Ramah, north of Jerusalem, where Rachel was sepulchred. This misapplication of the original text gives the reason why the tomb of Rachel was falsely located near Bethlehem, instead of Ramah where it belongs.

And as to the stories of a star leaving its course to pilot travellers to a certain inn at Bethlehem, and shepherds and their flocks being, on the mid-winter night on which Jesus is said to have been born, on the pastures of Bethlehem, which being 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, are often covered with snow at that season of the year—I shivered with cold there on an early April day—these stories are so redolent of the unscientific age in which they were born, that merely to mention them is to discredit them.

But, neither that story nor any of the others are discredited by the hosts of pilgrims who annually visit Bethlehem. On the contrary, their credulity relishes, with like appetite, a number of other legends in connection with Bethlehem. Of a certain field of pebbles you are told that one day Jesus was passing as a man was seeding it with peas. "What are you planting?" asked Jesus. "Stones," gruffly replied the farmer. "Very well, then," replied Jesus, "stones shall be your harvest of that field forevermore." Not very Christlike, was it? A certain grotto is pointed out, called, *Grotto of the Lady Mary*, so named because, when the Virgin Mother nursed there the Divine Infant, some drops of her milk fell to the ground. Instantly all the stones within it turned milk-white. Henceforth it became a favorite place of pilgrimage for nursing mothers, believing that a piece of its stone pulverized and mixed with the food would increase their supply of milk. A certain stone is pointed out as the one on which

the exhausted Virgin Wife rested herself on the road to Bethlehem. A certain well is the very one into which the Star of Bethlehem fell, after it had successfully piloted the Wise Men of the East to the inn of Bethlehem.

And of all believers in these and other legends, none are said to be more credulous than the present-day inhabitants of Bethlehem, who are almost exclusively oriental Christians, some 11,000 souls of them. We can hardly wonder at it, for most of them live and thrive on pilgrim trade, especially on the manufacture of religious souvenirs, made of mother-of-pearl, a specialty of Bethlehem. They are an industrious people, and they keep their town clean, the cleanest I have seen in Palestine, with the exception of the Jewish settlement at Tel Abib in the outskirts of Jaffa.

The chief attraction in the town is, of course, the *Church of the Nativity*, the one which Constantine the Great, is said to have built over the inn and crypt in which the Christ-child was born. As said before, when he looked for the site where Bethlehem had stood, he found it overgrown with a thick forest. How the exact spot in the jungle, where the inn had stood, more than three hundred years earlier, was discovered by him, or for him, I was not able to learn.

If Constantine built this church, it is the oldest of all Christian churches, and remarkably well preserved. If it is not the oldest, it certainly is the saddest.

Beneath the chancel of that church is located the cave in which the Christ-child is said to have been born. Two sets of staircases lead down to it, one for the use of Latin and Armenian Christians, the other for Greek Christians. Such is the hatred between these sects, that each would think its steps profaned were they used by the other. Arriving at the foot of one of these slippery and much-worn steps, I found the area set apart

Modern Bethlehemites.

Chief Attraction: CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Saddest of Churches.

for each set of Christians carefully outlined, and an armed Mohamedan soldier walking up and down to keep the peace between them. Battles have been fought within that cave. Its marble floor has been strewn with bodies of Christians slain by Christian hands. The Crimean war, waged between Russians on one side, and English, French and Turks on the other side, is said to have had its origin in a battle within this cave. Not in all the so-called heathen temples which I visited when on my journey around the world, did I see armed soldiers required to keep peace between worshippers professing the same faith. Yet such is a necessity in the Mother Christian Church, in the church in which, it is claimed, the *Prince of Peace* was born. What more tragic than that!

The crypt, a small recess in the cave, is covered with gaudily colored silk and tapestries, and is ablaze with the light of many lamps. A monk points out the exact spot where Jesus was born (indicated by a large silver star on the ground, where he was cradled, where the three wise men knelt and worshipped him. How these "exact spots" became known he did not tell. The tawdriness of it all, the lack of artistic taste, the dampness and mustiness, make a very disagreeable impression. One leaves the place very much disappointed, probably because he expected too much.

Retracing my steps to the floor above, two more armed soldiers, standing guard, turned disappointment into disgust. This is the church for which the claim is made that it was erected over the spot where the *Prince of Peace* was born, and that at his birth angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will among men," yet, in that very church armed Mohamedan soldiers are required to keep Christians from laying violent hands on each other. When war is waged between Christians in the

What Wonder War Waged in World When War Waged Within Birth-place of Prince of Peace.

very *Church of the Nativity*, is it a wonder that battles rage between Christian nations? When deadly arms are required in the church of Bethlehem, Judea, is it a wonder that ammunition should be turned out, by the trainloads, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania? When such things happen in a church, in the one reared on the site where he is said to have been born whom Christians worship as the Savior of Mankind, is it a wonder that Jews should still hope for the coming of that man or age that will prove, in truth, the Savior of Mankind, that will establish, at last, peace on earth, and good will among all men.

Palestine--Old and New.

VI. Hebron.

A DISCOURSE, AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.

BY RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 18, 1917.

You may recall my telling you, in the first discourse of this series, of a feeling of disappointment taking possession of me shortly after my arrival in Palestine, and of my overcoming it by reminding myself that it was not for pleasure or pastime or luxury, but for study, that I had come to the Holy Land. As my travels in that country continued, I found it necessary to add to the beatitudes already existing one of my own: Blessed be they who expect little, for they will be spared much disappointment. I certainly found it helpful on the day I visited the city of Hebron. I started with little expectation, and I returned with little disappointment. Reason enough I might have had for starting with highest hope, for few towns in all the world are as old and as historic as it. It was hoary with age when Europe was still undiscovered. Some of its illustrious people lived and toiled and passed on a thousand years before Rome awed the world with its power, or Athens delighted it with its art. Even Memphis, one of the oldest towns of Egypt, now no more, had not come into existence in the days when Hebron first flourished. Its only rival in antiquity is Damascus, and to it an age is assigned of 5000 years.

Proud of the antiquity of their city, the Hebronites of to-day claim, without a blush, that theirs is the spot to which Adam and Eve betook themselves after their expulsion from Paradise, that there Cain and Abel were born, and there the latter was slain. Deny this as we

Started for
Hebron With
Little Expecta-
tion.

One of Oldest
Historic Cities.

must, we have no reason to doubt that it was the home of Abraham, who lived some 4000 years ago, and that he, and other Patriarchs, and their wives, excepting Rachel, lie buried there. It was from that city that Jacob sent his son Joseph on the errand that was destined to raise him to the viceroyalty of Egypt. It was there where the spies of Moses saw the high-statured men that seemed giants in their eyes, and where they plucked the cluster of grapes so large and heavy that it required two men to carry it. It was there where David was crowned King of Judah, and where he ruled before he conquered Jerusalem, that was then an insignificant place. It was there where Absalom organized his ill-fated rebellion against his father; where Joab slew Abner, and where the murderers of Ishbosheth, the son of King Saul, were hanged. There Judas Maccabe won a signal victory when he recaptured that city from the Idumeans. There raged one of the fiercest battles between the armies of Israel and Rome, the former led by the brother of Simon bar Giora, the latter by Vespasian, who proved himself conqueror, and destroyed the city. There, eleven hundred years later, the forces of the Crusaders and the Saracens met in battle, with victory, in the end, at the side of the valiant and chivalrous Saladin, the Mohamedan, and in Mohamedan hands it has continued ever since.

What ancient city with a record older and richer than that of Hebron? What ancient city could arouse in a traveller richer expectations? Profiting, however, by experience gotten in other Palestinian towns, I promised myself nothing more than the satisfaction of treading the soil where such events as I have spoken of had taken place.

Yet, even though I have not taken with me from Hebron memories of disappointment, the day on which I visited it stands out as one of the most unpleasant I spent in Palestine. A cold wind was blowing on the morning on which we started from Jerusalem in open wagons, on our visit to Hebron, twenty miles distant. Misled by the heat of Egypt, and forgetting that Palestine is a mountainous country, and that much of it lies half a mile above sea level, we had shipped our heavier clothes from Cairo to Beirut, and suffered for our inexperience. For weeks, the eagerly

Disagreeable
Spring Day.

looked for and desperately needed rain had failed to come. Cisterns were running dry. A bath at the hotel was not to be thought of. Man and beast were suffering for the want of water. Crops were despaired of. Prayers for rain had been ordered and offered in mosques, churches, and synagogues. At last it had come, but it came accompanied by a spell of most disagreeable, penetrating cold, for which we were little prepared.

The first five miles of the journey covered the road to Bethlehem, of which I have already spoken. Some three miles beyond the parting of ways, we alighted at the so-called Pools of Solomon, three large, ^{Pools of Solomon.} spring-fed, partly rock-hewn, and buttressed, reservoirs, one above the other, of an average size of some 500 feet long, 200 feet wide, and 100 feet deep. In ancient times they supplied Jerusalem with water, by means of aqueducts that are now in ruin. The creation of them is attributed to Solomon, and around about them, it is claimed, were located those palaces and gardens of his, of which we read in the second chapter of Ecclesiastes. If such buildings and gardens there were, nothing is left of them, save these pools. These are in a fair state of preservation, and but comparatively little expense could restore them to their former usefulness. But conditions in Turkey would have to change considerably, before much-needed changes could take place in Palestine.

The road further on made it quite clear that we were half a mile higher in altitude than we had been when we had observed the vegetation along the roads of Jaffa, at the level of the Mediterranean. It was summer there; here it was early, blustery, spring. ^{Vegetation Different From That of Coast.}

There grew the ripe orange and lemon, here spring-flowers—cyclamens, anemonies, daisies—were still shivering in the cold. Here almond and apricot and olive trees had just put on their spring dress; wheat and barley were not yet in ear. The further on we journeyed the poorer grew the country and the people, and ruins to the right and left told their pathetic story of happenings long, long ago.

The scenery brightened as we approached the outskirts of Hebron. Hills, covered with successive terraces, cultivated

Rich Vegetation at Hebron. to the very top with olives and figs and vines, heaved into sight. The narrow valley between them seemed a veritable garden. Dozens of springs sent into all directions little rivulets of water, and one could readily understand why this district is regarded as the best cultivated in all Palestine, and why its rich vineyards, still famed for their luscious grape, are said to have grown, in former times, clusters so big that they required two men to carry them. Who knows but that the phrase "a land overflowing with milk and honey" may have originated there?

When about a mile and a half from the heart of the town, the wagons halted, and the cloth was spread for luncheon, on the ground, under a terebinth tree. We were not left wondering long why the shelter of a tree was preferred to the quarters of some inn at Hebron, for the leader of our caravan assured us that we would find it safer and cleaner where we were, and that, in addition, we had the satisfaction of facing the venerable, weather-beaten offspring of the very oak under which Abraham himself ate many a meal, and under which he entertained the three messengers, when they were on their way to warn the family of Lot of the volcanic eruption that was about to befall the cities of Sodom and Gemorah. How young ancient history seems after all, when it is possible, in our day, to stand in the presence of a tree that is but one generation removed from the one under which the Patriarch Abraham pitched his tent!

The little grove, in which stands that proud descendant of a venerable ancestor, has become a favorite place of pilgrimage, and is in special repute for sanctity among Russians. Besides caring for the tree, they have established there a hospice for the shelter of pilgrims of their own denomination, and have reared a lookout tower that affords a splendid view, as far as the Mediterranean to the West, and the Dead Sea and the Mountains of Moab to the East.

On reaching the city we had occasion to discover for ourselves that were safer, when eating our lunch, in the grove of Mamre than we would have been at an inn in Hebron. That city is in ill repute for fierce fanaticism. The service of a Sheikh of that place had to be

At the "Oak of Mamre."

Hebron a Fanatical City.

secured for our protection, and he walked at the head of the party, at the side of our leader, who was a native Syrian, both of them armed. Some of the drivers of the wagons formed the rear-guard. We were strictly enjoined to keep close together, and not to pay attention to hostile looks and expressions on the part of the Mohamedan natives. In appearance, the city presents quite a contrast to that of Bethlehem. If its conditions are specimens of Mohamedan civilization then has Bethlehem good reason to be thankful for being Christian. Its streets are narrow and filthy. Some of its houses seem old enough to have sheltered the patriarchs. The newer ones are patterned after the old, all built of stone, cube-formed, flat-roofed, small-doored, and slit-windowed. The roofs of not a few serve the purpose of workshop, dining-room, sleeping-room, wash-room, dressing-room, and what not. The external appearance of these houses was quite sufficient to cure us of a desire to see the inside of them, even if such a visit had been permitted.

Its population is given as more than 20,000 souls, all Mohamedans, excepting about 2000 Jews. There are no Christians there, whether from choice or necessity, I cannot tell. The Mohamedans as well as the Jews ^{Jews of Hebron.} include Hebron among their holy cities, because both derive their descent from Abraham, who dwelled there. Its name with the former is *El Chalil er-Rachmân*, *Friend of the All-Merciful*, the Friend being no other than Abraham. The Jews live in dingy quarters within a walled ghetto, whether voluntarily or compulsory, I do not know. For the most part, they are engaged in the manufacture and sale of wine. A few follow mechanical trades. Small as their number is, they maintain four synagogues, twelve houses for religious study, a hospital, and a dispensary. They are largely maintained by the *Halukah*. The other Hebronites maintain themselves by agriculture, and by the manufacture of glass, lamps, and water receptacles made of goat skins. Located on the chief highway between the south and north, it is also quite a market for Beduins, its principal articles of trade and barter being agricultural products, wool, and camel's hair.

Despite one's dislike of their fanaticism, one cannot but

admire the graceful carriage of the men when walking along in their long robes, and their stately flowing mantles. Their tall stature strongly indicates their descent from the *Anakim*, the original dwellers of that land, who appeared as giants in the eyes of the Israelitish spies. In graceful carriage, the women seem not inferior to the men, although their attire is not as attractive. As to their looks, being heavily veiled, they keep that secret to themselves. Among themselves the Hebronites seem friendly enough. Men embrace and kiss one another on both cheeks, or they place their right hand on the left shoulder of the other, or they place their right hand first on their left breast, then on their lips, then on their foreheads, to symbolize that heart, voice, and mind are at the service of their friend.

But they displayed no such friendliness toward us. We were all "Christians" to them, and their pet epithet for Christian is "dog," and that epithet was hurled at us quite frequently with tone and look of intensest hatred. Boys openly threw stones at us, and mud was thrown at us from roofs and from behind walls. Women lifted their veils long enough to curse us, and to expectorate in our direction. The sullenness and malice of it all indicated clearly that they would prove a vicious crowd to deal with were any of us to get into trouble with them. And so we paid no heed to what they said and did, and followed our leaders, accompanied by the hooting and jeering of street-gammons.

Our way led to the one great attraction for which the trip to Hebron is generally made: the Cave of Machpelah, in which lie entombed Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and their respective wives, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah. Poor Rachel, as told in our last discourse, has found a lonely grave, somewhere at Ramah, north of Jerusalem. Why her son Joseph had the body of his deceased father removed, with great ceremony, from Egypt to this cave at Hebron, and, not also that of his mother from the wayside near Jerusalem, scripture does not know, neither does any one else.

The cave constitutes a chamber beneath the great mosque

of Hebron, which chamber no Christian nor Jew, and but few Mohamedans, are privileged to enter, unless provided with a firman from the Sultan of Turkey. The former King of England, the father of the present Emperor of Germany, and a few other men of distinction, have had that privilege, but in each case body guards and soldiers were required to prevent an outbreak of bigotry among the Hebronites.

And but for a disarranged itinerary, I myself might have enjoyed that distinction. It had been agreed that Mr. Henry Morgenthau, the former Ambassador of the United States to Turkey, and I were to meet at Jerusalem on a certain date, to make the Palestinian tour together. Unexpected official duties delayed the Ambassador's coming by a week, and prevented our being together more than one day in Jerusalem. Necessitated by my itinerary, which was arranged to suit the sailing-time of a steamer at Beirût, I was obliged to do the sight-seeing, in and near Jerusalem, including Hebron, without Mr. Morgenthau. This was unfortunate for me, for he came with a firman from the Sultan, and provided with a guard, and was permitted, together with members of his family, and others, to obtain a glimpse of the cave from which I, and those with me, had been barred. But I was assured by him later, and by others, that I did not miss much. The way down to the cave leads from the floor of the mosque, on which, in different places, six richly covered cenotaphs occupy spaces directly over the spots where the real tombs are stationed beneath. Dean Stanley, who accompanied the former King of England on his visit to this cave, published an account of it, in which he tells us that each of these cenotaphs occupies a separate, marble-cased chamber, is covered with a costly carpet, and is guarded by a railing and locked gates. When the first one of these chambers, that of Abraham, was opened, the guardians groaned aloud, and one of them addressed the spirit of the Patriarch in these words: "O Friend of God, forgive this intrusion." The prayer was apparently answered, for nothing has happened to that mosque since. A story is told of how, despite prohibition, the Hebronites were obliged to admit to this cave certain

Looks and
Manners of
Natives.

Christian and
Jew Not Allowed
to Enter.

Came Near
Entering It.

The "Cave of
Machpelah."

pupils of the Jewish Bezalel School of Jerusalem. The gate of an iron fence in the cave needed repairing; there was no Mohamedan in Palestine who could do that work, and so Jewish craftsmen had to help them out of their difficulty.

The mosque, with its four lofty minarets, is a stately building, and of Gothic architecture. Originally it was a Christian church, and was built after Jerusalem and its environs had been conquered by the First Crusaders some 800 years ago. After the overthrow of Christian dominion in Palestine, by the noble and valiant Saladin, the cross was again supplanted by the crescent, and the church of Hebron converted into a mosque. On the outside it is bounded by a towering ramparted wall of ancient, massive masonry, the lower courses of which are regarded to be superior, in size and finish, even to those of the Wall of Wailing at Jerusalem, and lead to the belief that they may have been placed here about the time when the others were placed, perhaps as a protection of or as a tribute to the tombs of the Patriarchs.

At certain times, the Jews of Hebron are permitted to pray at these stones, as those of Jerusalem do at the Wall of Wailing. That those of Hebron have prayed there often and fervently may be judged from the polish and oiliness which these stones have acquired in the course of the centuries, through the rubbing and petting of them by the supplicants. They may even ascend as far as the seventh step of the entrance to the mosque, and, through a chink in its wall, drop written supplications to the patriarchs below. It is said that when engaged in such prayers they are often harried by the street gammons, and that these frequently deposit notes in the chink that are not fit for the living to read, much less for the sacred dead. We ourselves dropped no notes to our remote ancestors. We had nothing to tell them that would have been pleasant for them to read, even if they could have read. And of unpleasant things, they had seen and heard enough in their days to have deserved being spared by their distant descendants of a far distant land.

But, while I dropped no notes in Hebron, I did consider-

Mosque Formerly a Church.

Jews Send Notes to Tombs of Patriarchs.

able thinking while journeying back to Jerusalem, much of which journey I made on foot, partly because I can think better when walking, partly to spare the horses on the mountain road, and partly to keep the blood in circulation, for the weather grew colder as the night drew on. The topsy-turviness of things at Hebron furnished much food for thought; a former Christian church now a Mohamedan mosque; over the mausoleum of the founders of the Jewish people, first a church, then a mosque; and now both Christian and Jew denied admittance to it by the Mohamedan; hatreds between these three, and yet each professing himself a worshipper of the same God.

Somewhat later I had occasion to ask an intelligent Mohamedan the question I asked myself on the Hebron-Jerusalem road, what the reason was of the bitterness between the followers of the three great monotheistic faiths, especially that between Christian and Mohamedan. And he told me a long, and a sad story. Mohamedans, said he, have no quarrel with Christianity. The Koran assigns a place of distinction to Jesus, as it does to Moses. It regards these two inferior only to Mohamed as messengers of God. Their quarrel is with Christians, he said, not with Christ. They have never forgotten, and never will forget, the indescribable cruelties and outrages the crusaders perpetrated in Jerusalem when they conquered that city, how they turned conquest into massacre, how they spared neither man, woman or child, neither the feeble and hoary-headed, nor the babe at its mother's breast, how their knights boasted that they rode to their stirrups in the blood of the infidels, how Jews and Mohamedans alike were burned alive in synagogues and mosques, how, when the conquerors sickened at last of their butcheries, they compelled such of the women and children as had survived to cleanse the city of the corpses and blood of their husbands and fathers and brothers and sons; how they put them under the most cruel tortures to reveal hidden treasures to the conqueror, and later sold them into slavery or put them to still baser uses; how, after all this carnage and brutality, they offered thanksgiving to the Prince of Peace amidst imposing ceremonials, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Topsy-Turviness of Hebron.

Mohamedan Hatred of Christians Explained.

Such cruelties, he continued, endured for nearly two centuries, and cost the lives of some four or five millions of Mohamedans. And they have not yet ceased. We are charged, said he, with cruelties against the Armenians, whose leaders are but political intriguers, playing the game of European powers, which have no other end in view than the dismemberment of the Mohamedan Empire. While much is said of the cruelties of Mohamedans against Armenians, not a word is said of the cruelty of Christians against Mohamedans, in Egypt, in Persia, in the Sudan, in Tripoli, in Arabia, in India. And what of the story you Jewish people can tell, he asked, what of the sufferings you have endured, and still endure, at Christian hands?

I held my peace. Discussion could only have intensified his bitterness. The thought foremost in my mind after this conversation was the same that it was on the road from Hebron to Jerusalem: Christians are not yet *Christian*; Mohamedans are not yet *Mohamedan*; Jews are not yet *Jewish*.

Palestine--Old and New.

VII. Jericho, The Jordan, and The Dead Sea.

A DISCOURSE, AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.

By RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 25, 1917.

The first part of the road to Jericho and the Jordan, leads across one of the shoulders of Mt. Olivet, the head of which is the highest point of Jerusalem. After passing through the Damascus Gate, one of several ^{On the Way to Mt. Olivet.} that afford exit from within the city to the regions beyond the wall, the road skirts the valley of Jehoshaphat, where the Jewish cemetery of Jerusalem is located. A more crowded cemetery than it, it would be difficult to find. Burials have taken place there for many centuries, and the more contracted the unoccupied area has become, the greater has grown the demand for space, for Jews flock to Jerusalem for burial from the ends of the earth, in the belief that the resurrection will begin there, and that the way to Paradise will lead easiest and straightest from that place. Like claims are made by Mohamedans and Christians for their respective cemeteries in that city. Stone crowds upon stone, in seeming innumerable, irregular rows, with no other room between them than is required for weeds to grow, and for stray goats to graze them off. Near them are a few rock-hewn tombs of artistic pretension; one of these is credited to the remains of the prophet Zachariah; another to James, the brother of Jesus; another to Absalom, the rebellious son of King David. All of these tombs are in ruin. From the crevices of that of Absalom bushes grow. Its interior is filled with rubbish. Small stones lie scattered about it, cast there by passers-by as an expression of their contempt for the memory of him who, to gratify his lust of power, raised a rebellion against his own father.

Before pursuing the road to Jericho, it is well worth while

to ascend to the top of Mt. Olivet, and catch a glimpse of Jerusalem from its highest point. Impressive as is the first view of the Holy City, upon arriving by rail from Jaffa, the panorama that unfolds itself to the eye on Mt. Olivet far exceeds the other in beauty and in sweep. Along the western horizon stretches a marvellous landscape, fading toward the region of the Mediterranean. To the east a view is afforded across a weird and barren mountain range, descending, down, down, all the way to Jericho and the Jordan and the Dead Sea, some twenty miles distant, and nearly four thousand feet lower than Mt. Olivet, so far away that the Jordan seems but a winding silver thread, and the Dead Sea but a glistening mirror.

Between these two distant views stretches, across hills and dales, the city of Jerusalem, the old part within the wall, the newer outside, presenting with its different colored domes and minarets and towers and spires a truly venerable appearance.

It is difficult to look upon the city and its environs from the heights of Olivet, and not feel deeply moved. Oh, the scenes that have been enacted within yon walls, and outside of them! Oh, the rivers of blood that have been shed for the possession of that city! Oh, the eternal truths that have been thundered there, and whose sound has not ceased reverberating to this day! What scenes may yet be enacted in that widest known and best beloved city in the world?

A young lady, who had looked upon Jerusalem from the heights of Olivet, and whom I chanced across in my travels, remarked to me that the view from there was so overpowering that she was moved to tears. I told her that I, too, had been deeply moved, and that others, long before us, had been moved to tears on those heights. It was on Olivet, when on his flight from his son Absalom, that King David wept. On those heights Jesus wept, when he beheld the city in all its glory, and thought of its pending doom.

According to the Gospels, these heights, and some of the towns on the hillside, were especially dear to the Nazarene, and, hence, the sites of them have become very sacred to orthodox Christians. It was from Mt. Olivet that the disciples and followers of Jesus started on their pro-

Fatal Procession
From Olivet.

cessional entry into Jerusalem, with their Master at their head. There, more loyally than wisely, they acclaimed him "King of the Jews" in the hearing of the Roman Governor and his legions, in whose ears such an acclamation, in the capital of a Province tributary to Rome, and at that critically seditious time, meant open treason, and forfeited the life of the acclaimed. That night the Nazarene, who was far more conversant with the law of God than with the power of Rome, was seized and nailed to the cross, and over his thorn-crowned head were inscribed the words, in three different languages: *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*, as a warning to other would-be Kings.* What happened there would happen today if some Belgian enthusiasts were to make a processional entry into the capital of their country, during its present occupancy by a foreign power, and there proclaim their leader "King of the Belgians."

At a little distance below the top of Olivet is located the Garden of Gethsemane, the identical spot, it is claimed, where Jesus spent his last night on earth, where he was **Gethsemane** betrayed and seized. The few olive trees that grow there are claimed to be the very ones that stood there nineteen hundred years ago, and a high value is attached to the oil pressed from their olives, and to the olive-stones, of which rosaries are made. The monks in charge of the garden know the identical place where the Master was betrayed, a stone now worn hollow by the fervent kisses of pilgrims. They also know the spot in that garden where the betrayer hanged himself, a claim that is disputed by a tree on the road to Bethlehem, and both of them are contradicted by the writer of the *Acts of the Apostles*, who tells us that Judas did not hang himself at all, but that he "fell headlong in a field, and burst in the middle." When taking into consideration that the whole Judas story is an invention,* it is not worth troubling oneself over this and other contradictions.

With equal assurance, monks on top of Mt. Olivet point out the spot where the crucified and buried Jesus reappeared, in the flesh, to his disciples, and whence, after giving them his final instructions, he ascended into heaven, in commemoration of which event

Ascension
Claimed by
Mt. Olivet.

*See author's *Oberammergau Passion Play*.

the father of the recently deposed Czar of Russia, and the present German Emperor, caused to be reared there, one, a magnificent seven-domed church, the other, a splendid Sanatorium, both buildings supplemented with view-towers that are the highest in Jerusalem.

Unfortunately for the Mt. Olivet claim, the ascension of Jesus is said to have taken place, by no less an authority than the Gospel according to St. Luke, at the little town of Bethany, on the other side of the Mount, on the road to Jericho, the place in which Mary and Martha lived, and where Mary, in the house of Simon, the leper, anointed the Master's head with precious ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, and where he is said to have raised their brother Lazarus from the dead, after he had been in the grave four days long. I have no doubt that at the time when Jesus frequented Bethany he found it a sightly place. At the present time it is a dirty village of some forty hovels, seemingly an abode of beggars, who prey on the credulity of pilgrims, by faking on them all manners of sites and stories.

Shortly after leaving Bethany the road to Jericho starts on its long, winding descent. Wilder and more barren grows the landscape; warmer and heavier grows the atmosphere. With every mile we descend, it becomes more and more evident that we have left behind us the blustering, early spring climate of Jerusalem, 2600 feet above sea level, and are gradually approaching the subtropical climate of Jericho, 900 feet below sea level, and that of the Dead Sea, 400 feet lower still, a drop of 3900 feet, and all within a distance of twenty miles, a freak of nature that has not its equal in all the world.

More and more the pinkish-yellow mountains on both sides of the road contract until they form a chasm so narrow that, in places, it scarcely measures twenty yards across its bottom, so formidable, that one cannot but think of a hold-up by Beduins, for which this district is known, and because of which it stood in ill-repute in ancient days. Here it was where, according to the Gospel of St. Luke, a certain man on his way "from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among robbers, who stripped him, and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead," and who, but for the good

Claimed Also
by Bethany.

Descent to
Jericho.

Wildness of
Gorge.

Samaritan, who cared for him in an inn on the road, might have perished there. A khan, as an inn is called by the natives, where we stop, and where horses and camels and donkeys are fed and watered, and where travellers may obtain cold drinks or hot water, occupies the very spot, it is said, where the original inn had stood. Frequency of travel, however, during the pilgrim season, and the knowledge that touring parties are accompanied by armed men, have made that road quite safe in recent years, notwithstanding the labyrinthal gulches and gaping caverns in the gorge, which, at this point, has changed its color from pinkish-yellow to blood-red. From time to time, we pass Beduins, picturesquely mounted on their camels, with long firearms suspended from their shoulders. They seem, however, to be more concerned about their herds of camels than about the travellers. Probably the prettiest picture on those mountain tops is the sight of a herd of camels, with their pearl-gray young ones near them, their awkward yet attractive forms silhouetted against the sky-line, and Beduins, peculiarly capped and mantled, suddenly appearing among them on fast-speeding camels, and as suddenly disappearing.

The day is drawing toward the noon-hour, and the air is growing hotter, fortunately, thanks to obliging clouds that cover the sun, not as hot as it might have been. The walls of the gorge grow more and more perpendicular, and we are amazed to find caverns within them occupied by hermits. We are told that some of them have lived there for scores of years, and have spent their days in praying, fasting, and meditation, as preparation for the life to come. How laborious the ascent and descent must be! How monotonous such an existence, in such a place! What a misconception of religion and of life! And such wasted lives have been lived there from earliest times. These dismal regions, and those bordering the Dead Sea, have always constituted a hermit's paradise. The very look and atmosphere of these places seem to suggest to such as are religion-crazed the slaying of the body for the sake of the soul, seem to shut out of their existence every joy of life, every thought of service to their fellowmen, every ambition, save wearing, some day, the golden wings of an angel, and singing hallelujahs in Heaven, all day long.

Caves Occupied
by Hermits.

We are told that one of these caves was at one time occupied by the Prophet Elijah, when he fled from the wrath of King Ahab and his wicked queen, Jezebel, and that this was the spot where he was fed by the ravens, and that the stream of water that rushes madly at the bottom of the ravine, some five hundred feet deep, is the brook of Cherith, albeit Scriptures tell us that the place of his escape lay eastward, on the yonder side of the Jordan. We are not surprised at the location in these regions of the Monastery of St. George, which is said to be a sort of an ecclesiastical reformatory, where unruly or criminal monks are confined. If the report is true, and they are not cured there of insubordination or depravity, the hope of ever curing them might well be abandoned.

Gradually the gorge widens and brightens, and opens an overawing view. Before us stretches a vast plain, with an oasis in the midst of it, the site of Jericho, bordered, on the yonder side of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea, by the titanic walls of the mountains of Moab, from the top of which Moses cast his eyes over the land of promise, which he was not permitted to enter. On the left, the Jordan zigzags through the parched wilderness, and is spared the sight of the barrenness by a jungle of trees and undergrowths along both its banks. On the right lie the unruffled waters of the Dead Sea, so calm and leaden as to seem deserving of the name by which it is known. In full view stands the towering, massive Mount Quarantana, Mount of Temptation, where, it is claimed, Jesus spent his forty days' fast, after his baptism, in the Jordan, and from the summit of which Satan showed him "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them,* and which he offered unto the Master, on the condition that he serve the devil.

When later I walked the roads of Jericho, and stood at the bank of the Jordan, it was difficult, at first, to believe that I was really at places whose names had sounded like music to my ears from earliest childhood. In these parts stood the cities of Sodom and Gemorah, which a volcanic eruption had destroyed, and which are now covered

Splendor of Ancient Jericho.

*Math. iv, 8.

by the waters of the Dead Sea. Here was the river which Israel crossed, at last, after wandering in the wilderness forty years long, and here was the town where they first entered the promised land. Here stood the walls that fell before Joshua's valor, which fall furnished a theme for glorification and exaggeration so rich, that the chronicler of it could not withstand the temptation of working it into a miracle, one of the most unique in literature. In these parts took place the final leave-taking between the prophets Elijah and Elisha, a parting which furnished another chronicler with another theme for a miracle. Here Elisha cleansed a spring from some impurity which had made its water unfit to drink, an achievement which the hero-worshipper likewise converted into a miracle. Here was the stream whose waters cleansed Naaman of his leprosy. Here was one of the marts of Palestine where the caravans from Syria and Arabia met, in their journeyings North and South. Here the roads of the pilgrims from beyond the Jordan and from Galilee converged, and from here they proceeded together to the Temple at Jerusalem. Here was the winter-resort of ancient Palestine, a city rich in groves of palms and of balsam trees, of oranges and pomegranates, rich in fields of corn and grape and hemp and sugar cane, rich in bowers of rarest flowers; a "paradise on earth" as Josephus called it, a city so beautiful that Marc Antony, the Roman triumvir, thought it a fit present for Cleopatra, the Egyptian queen, who loved to loll in its balmy clime during winter months, and who here cast her luring spell also over tributary Israel's King, Herod, the Great. Here was the city which Herod later bought from her, and where he erected palaces, and aqueducts, a theatre and a tower, and where he finally ended his eventful but infamous career.

But, alas, for the transitoriness of earthly glory! Heaps of stone now mark the site where Herod's palace and other proud buildings stood. Of the aqueducts barely the foundations are traceable. One single palm is left in the place that once bore the name of the "City of Palms." Gone are the balsam trees, and all the other vegetation that made the city, in Josephus' eyes, an earthly paradise, that attracted even so luxuriant a queen as Cleopatra. Instead of an emporium of trade and fashion, which Jericho at one

Nothing Left of It.

time was, it has become a small, unsightly village of tumble-down mud houses. Its inhabitants, a cross between Arabs and Nubians, some three hundred in number, seem to have utterly degenerated; their only efficiency seems to lie in the direction of beggary. A handful of Germans settled there some years ago, and, utilizing the rich spring for irrigation, succeeded in raising oranges which, in size and lusciousness, are equal to the best of Jaffa. But, unfortunately, the distance from the sea coast, whence oranges are shipped to foreign markets, and the difficulty of the road to Jerusalem, make competition with Jaffa well-nigh impossible. Though agriculturally successful, the undertaking has commercially proved a failure.

Nevertheless, it showed that Jericho, and the plain encircling it, now a wilderness, could again be made to blossom as the rose, if the abundant waters of the Jordan, now lost in the briny Dead Sea, were again, as in the days of yore, turned into irrigation channels, and made to fructify the parched, hard-baked soil. That things will grow there is amply demonstrated in the garden surrounding the little Jordan Hotel. Jasmines, and roses resembling our American Beauty, and other flowers, grow there in richest profusion. Oleanders attain there to the size of trees. Accacia, Mimosa, Bamboo, Pepper, Pomegranate. Banana trees show clearly enough what the plain of Jericho could do were it but aided by the waters of the Jordan, and by the hands of man. If the thousands of pilgrims, who annually flock to the Jordan, were as much concerned about bathing with its waters the plain of Jericho as they are about their own bodies being baptized or washed with them, that region of Palestine would soon reacquire the glory it at one time possessed.

The excess of piety which some of these pilgrims, especially those hailing from Russia, display, at the banks of the Jordan and in its waters, borders on madness.

Scenes on the
Jordan.

Some of them bring their funeral shrouds with them, and make of them bathing suits, assured of a hundred-fold blessing in heaven if buried in shrouds that had been immersed in the waters of the Jordan. Was not Jesus himself baptized in these waters by John, the Baptist, and was it not at that baptism that a voice from heaven called unto him

"Thou art my beloved son in whom I am well pleased"? Others in their ecstasy lose every sense of environment, disrobe and robe at the exposed bank, as if no other person were present.

An Arab offered the service of his boat for a row upon the Jordan. Though the boat was worse than a tub, and the price asked was as big as the cost of the tub must have been, I could not resist the temptation of plying the oars, such as they were, on the tawny waters of the Jordan, the only real river of Palestine, and this one only about sixty feet wide. It was a pleasant sensation to be on the waters that were so dear to the bards of ancient Israel, on a river whose banks witnessed much that is sacred to the Jewish heart. When seemingly shut out completely from the world by a bend in the river, and by a jungle of trees and shrubs and wild undergrowth on both the banks, the sound of sweet music broke on my ears, that grew the sweeter the nearer it approached. I soon recognized the tune and the words. It was the *Hatikvah*, the Zionist's national hymn, sung by several boatsful of boys and girls, who, with their teachers, had come on a Pic Nic from the Jewish High School at Jaffa. I cannot tell when I was so deeply stirred by a hymn as I was at that particular time and place. To me it seemed as if I listened to the Jewish *Marseillaise*, the song of liberty rising from the very hearts and souls of them that had escaped the massacres of Kishineff, the cruelties and outrages of Russia and Roumania. I asked them to sing it again, and they did, and lustily, and I joined them, and the few minutes when we, of different ends of the earth, sang together, I count among the sweetest memories of my life. The song seemed to raise visions of a time coming when the Jewish youth of Palestine will do for it what all the pilgrimages and baptisms have failed to do, a time coming when, instead of donning shrouds for the sake of entering a Heavenly Paradise, they will put on overalls, and make of Palestine an earthly paradise, when, instead of praying at dead stones at the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem, they will labor here and elsewhere in soil that but awaits the hand of man to resuscitate it into life.

Somewhat later, after traversing vast, wild, salt-encrusted tracts, I stood at the point where the Jordan empties its living

Deadness
Around Dead
Sea.

waters into the Dead Sea. What an ignominious end for a river that had a glorious rise in snow-capped Lebanon, 3000 feet above the level of the sea, some 150 miles north. How pure and limpid its waters there, how gay and youthful its bounds and leaps at its source; how turbid when it makes its fatal entry into the Sea of Death! What a pity, to see so much water, so much needed (some one has estimated the amount to be six million tons daily), enter a sea, of the size of Lake Geneva, 50 miles long, 10 miles wide, 1300 feet deep at its lowest depth, that not only has no outlet, that not only is of no service to anybody or anything, but that also kills whatever life enters it or tries to live near it, that makes "dead men" even of the monks and hermits and anchorites, who make their abodes, for prayer and penance, in caves of the mountains which flank that saddest, dreariest, loneliest area on earth.

Gazing upon the heights of the Mountains of Moab, where Moses stood and looked across this very sea into the Promised Land, where he died satisfied that others will see what his eyes were not permitted to behold, I drew from those heights the hope that a time will come when others will see the region about Jericho and the Jordan and the Dead Sea as much alive as it is now dead, as populated as it is now deserted, as fruitful as it is now barren. And chief among them who will work that miracle will be they who will hail from the Jewish School of Arts and Crafts at Jerusalem, and from the Jewish Technical School at Haifa, and from the Jewish High School at Jaffa, and from the Jewish agricultural settlements in Judea, Samaria and Galilee. On that day will be realized anew the words of the Prophet Isaiah: "The wilderness and the solitary place will be glad for them; and the desert will rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Deadness May
Change to Life.

Palestine—Old and New.

VIII. Samaria.

A DISCOURSE AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.

BY RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 8th, 1917.

Thrice we left Jerusalem, and returned to it, while on our tour in Palestine, the first time when we visited Bethlehem; the second time, when we went to Hebron; the third time when we made our way down to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. To-day we shall leave Jerusalem, and not return. Our tenting expedition will lead into the interior, and northward, from Judea, through Samaria and Galilee, to Syria.

Leaving
Jerusalem.

From time to time, one meets with people who have visited Palestine, and who, when asked how they liked it, answer that they found it so full of filth and misery and desolation that they never want to see it again. There is no denial that such conditions prevail in that country. But there is much more to be seen, by those who make allowance for differences between the occident and orient, between the past and present, by those who have the power to project into space, as if upon a screen, sights and scenes, cities and peoples, as real as they were in the days of old.

People Disap-
pointed With
Palestine.

Deeply impressive are the ruins of the Acropolis of Athens, or of the Forum of Rome, but they are far more than impressive to the one who has the power of visualizing to himself the Acropolis when it stood in

Because Know
Little of It.

its glory in the days of Pericles and Phidias, or of the Forum when it told of the power of Rome in the days of the Caesars. Such powers of visualizing the past one must possess who would profit by a visit to the Holy Land. Unless one brings knowledge of Palestine into that country, he must not expect to carry from it much that is worth while. Unless one knows something of the great events which at one time took place in Samaria, the region which we are about to visit, of the great temples and palaces and theatres that stood there, of the great battles that were fought there by rival Kings, of the prophets that there made kings and queens to tremble, he will take with him out of that land a disappointment as great as was the ignorance of it which he brought with him.

And so, let us endeavor to see what others failed to behold, and profit from a journey which others found unprofitable.

It is an early April day on which we start. As we proceed, we cannot but recall the beautiful lines in the *Song of Songs* of **A Cold Start.** the Bible, which describe the advent of a Palestinian spring: "Lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear upon the earth; the time of (bird) singing is come; the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, the vines in blossom give forth their fragrance." We find every line of the poem true: the rain is over and gone, the earth is covered with a beautiful carpet, woven of bright blue irises, scarlet anemones, yellow buttercups and crocuses, white daisies, and pink cyclamens, the voice of the turtle is heard—but the winter is not yet entirely past, for the air is raw and damp.

After traversing some six miles of a lofty plateau, we arrive at a beautifully situated village occupying the site of **Arrive at Ramah.** *Ramah* of Biblical times. We cannot but believe that its appearance must have been far more sightly when Jacob buried there his beloved Rachel, when Saul, in search of his father's lost asses, found there a kingship instead, when Samuel was born there of Hannah, the godly wife of Elkanah, and when he spent much of his time there as head of a school of prophets.

We must not tarry long in its narrow, crooked and irregu-

lar streets. The distance we have to travel is far; the road is difficult, and by nightfall we must be at our camp, toward which the caravan of donkeys, donkey drivers, wagons, tents, cooks, servants, had preceded our party of twenty odd persons by several hours.

The winding road ascends slowly and leads, some twenty miles distant from Jerusalem, at an elevation higher even than that of Mt. Olivet at Jerusalem, to a small hamlet **At Bethel.** of some four hundred souls, situated where once flourished the town of *Bethel*, which is associated with some of the greatest men and events of Israel. Here Abraham built an altar. Here Jacob, when on his flight from his brother Esau, spent the night in the open, and dreamed of a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, with angels ascending and descending upon it. The height of the place may have suggested to him its nearness to heaven. This was the place which the Ten Tribes chose, after their separation from the other two tribes, for the erection of a golden calf, and as a place of pilgrimage, to rival Jerusalem.

We leave Bethel, and continue the winding road northward through barren and silent regions. No sound of bird is heard, and flowers seem to refuse to bloom where birds **At Shiloh.** refuse to sing. If the few people we pass intend to replace bird and flower, they make sorry substitutes, for their voices are not musical, neither is their appearance beautiful. Gradually, as the road descends, the scenes brighten, birds and flowers reappear, fig and olive trees clothe the hillsides, with flocks of goats and sheep grazing between them. The shades of night are settling upon the earth. The tired horses, knowing that resting time is nigh, put on an extra spurt, and before long we are on the site of ancient *Shiloh*.

A more sacred spot than it, in the interior of Palestine, could scarcely have been chosen for our first night's camp under the stars. Here the Ark of the Covenant found a resting place after its forty years' wandering in the wilderness. Here stood the Sanctuary, in which ministered the Priest-Judge Eli, assisted by the lad Samuel, for the birth of whom his hitherto childless mother had prayed at this place. Here religious festivals were celebrated, like unto those at Olympia, in ancient

Greece, on which occasion the daughters of Israel indulged in sacred dances, and it was here where, at a certain time, the wifeless Benjaminites lay in wait for the dancing maidens, and seized them, and carried them off, and made wives of them, and thus kept alive their tribe.

It was cheering to arrive, after a day's hard travel, at a camp ready to receive us, the dining tent, all set, at one end, the kitchen-tent at the opposite end, the sleeping tents facing each other, containing cots, wash-stands, mirrors, chairs, rugs, etc., etc. Horses and donkeys grazed near by; some of the drivers lay stretched upon the ground; others acted as guards, a sheikh of the town acting as guard-in-chief, for villagers are inquisitive not only as to what is going on within the tents, but also as to what is contained in the pockets of tourists, or as to what of their belongings is transportable.

The night is cold, almost too cold for comfortable sleep, notwithstanding the strenuous journey of the day before. The call for rising, next morning, comes early. Breakfast is soon over, and, before we are aware of it, the tents are down, and the mules loaded with them, and off, to be in readiness for us, one for luncheon on the roadside at noon, the others for our camp at night.

After two or three hours' ride, through regions similar to those we traveled over the day before, we find ourselves on a height from which we obtain a magnificent view of the mountains of Samaria, and of the snow-topped peak of *Mt. Hermon*, still further north, the latter looking at a distance not unlike Japan's sacred, white-hooded *Fuji Yama*, not as high nor as symmetrical as it, but quite as lonely, therefore, quite as impressive. Nearer and nearer we approach the celebrated twin-mountains *Ebal* and *Gerizim*, and the narrow valley between the two, in which nestles the city of *Nablus*, the site of ancient *Shechem*, the first capital of the Northern Kingdom, or the Kingdom of Israel, as the Ten Tribes called themselves.

Our road to it passed a chapel containing a deep well, the drilling of which is attributed to Jacob, hence its name *Jacob's*

Camp at
Shiloh.

In the Moun-
tains of
Samaria.

Well. Great sanctity is bestowed upon it and its water, not only because the hand of Jacob himself, it is claimed, helped sinking it to a depth of some hundred feet through the solid rock, but also because at that well took place, it is said, the celebrated conversation between Jesus and the Samaritan woman, of which we read in the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. The grounds about were covered with Russian pilgrims, and the monks, or priests, in charge of the chapel did a flourishing business in furnishing water from that well to the pilgrims, that they might quench their thirst with it, or carry it to their distant homes, there to be used for Holy Water, or for effecting cures.

Two of them quite forgot that they were pilgrims in the Holy Land; they came to blows at the very entrance of the chapel, one having accused the other of having stolen his bottle. There was blood in the eyes of both, and, but for the interference of other pilgrims, the fight might have had a serious ending. Judging by the looks of these pugnacious pilgrims, and of a number of others, and bearing in mind that the water of *Jacob's Well* looks and tastes like other well water, it would not surprise me to learn that that water not only effects cures on others, but also works miracles on itself, by constantly refilling itself, thus repaying part of the expense incurred in making the pilgrimage.

I have with me a little bottle containing water from the river *Jordan*, just as it came from Palestine, water that is regarded even more holy than that of *Jacob's Well*. If there be one here or elsewhere who believes that, by sprinkling himself with it, he can be cured of stupidity, or of any other disease, he is welcome to the bottle and all its contents.

Next of interest in that region is the *Tomb of Joseph*, about one-half mile distant from the well which his father is said to have drilled, sacred to Jew, and not less so to Mohamedans, the latter exercising control over it.

If some of the Palestinian tombs or stones could but talk, what fakes they would expose, what profitable sources of income they would end!

At Jacob's
Well.

At Joseph's
Tomb.

Of highest interest, of course, is the city of *Nablus*, better known to us by its Biblical name, *Shechem*. Its present name **At Schechem.** is a corruption of the Latin word *Neapolis*, meaning New Town, a name given it by the Romans after they had destroyed it, and had started it anew with a colony of their own. Its population is about 25,000. In dirt and narrowness of street it is second to none in Palestine. In fanaticism it is not behind that of Hebron. In leprosy it probably holds a higher rank than do some of the other towns. In industry it boasts of a score or more of soap factories, for the product of which the city and its people seem to have little use, judging by sights and smells.

These are hardly attractions to tempt tourists, and I doubt whether any of them would ever visit that city, were it not for the distinction which its predecessor enjoyed as **Its Rise and Fall.** first capital of ancient Samaria. Its soil was trod by some of the Patriarchs. Joshua and Rehoboam held national assemblies there. There Abimelech obtained the throne through the murder of all of his brothers, save Jotham, who there told his celebrated parable of the trees selecting a thornbush to rule over them. There occurred the revolt of the ten Northern Tribes, under Jeroboam.

Its glory as the capital of the new kingdom was short-lived, however. A new site was selected on top of a high commanding hill, some six miles further north, **Origin of Samaritans.** and there a new and magnificent capital was built, to which the name of *Samaria* was given. In time, both the old and the new capital were destroyed, and the Ten Tribes were led into captivity, never to be heard of again. Only the old and young and feeble were left behind, who made their way back to Shechem, where a heathen colony had been established by the Assyrian conqueror. With these they intermixed, and from this mixture arose a new Jewish sect, called the *Samaritans*. As this new sect was largely tainted with the blood and faith of the heathen colonists, communion with the remaining two tribes of Judea was denied its members. Bitter hatred between the two ensued; the new sect built its own Temple on Mt. Gerizim, and adopted its own cult. So wide was the breach between them, that when Judea struggled

with Rome for its very existence, the Samaritans helped the Romans to crush the Jewish nation.

For this cruel act, however, the hand of Nemesis seems to have rested heavily upon the Samaritans. More and more their number dwindled, so much so that to-day **Dying Out.** they count only about 150 souls in all, two-thirds of them male, and one-third female. Unable to intermarry with Jews or Mohamedans; one-third of their males not able to find wives among their own sect, on account of the lesser number of females; constant interbreeding, is sapping their vitality. But a little longer, and they will have disappeared altogether. What so pathetic as to look upon this handful of people, and to realize that the little of Israelitish blood that courses in their veins is all that is left of the one-time powerful Ten Tribes!

Mr. Yellin of Jerusalem, the distinguished author and scholar, had given me a letter of introduction to the High Priest of the Samaritans. Unfortunately, I could not get to see him. He was on top of Mt. Gerizim, getting things ready for the Passover pilgrimage, and for the sacrifice of seven lambs, in which all of the sect participate, in strict conformity with the text of the Pentateuch. Of this Pentateuch they possess a very ancient copy, that differs from ours in a number of places, the difference being manifestly interpolations or substitutions in their favor. The Pentateuch constitutes all of their Bible. They take no cognizance of the other Biblical books or of the Post-Biblical and Rabbinical writings, or of the ordinances and institutions enjoined in these. **Their Religious Cult.**

It was a Sabbath day on which I visited their quarter, the cleanest I saw in Nablus, and which could be reached only by wading through the filth of the Moslem quarters. Their synagogue consists of but a small, whitewashed room, and their mode of service, performed in the archaic Samaritan tongue, partakes much of the Mohamedan form of prostrations and genuflections, and swaying to and fro. Their conception of God is largely that of ours. They abhor images. Saturday is their Sabbath, and on it they rigidly refrain from work. The women do not participate in the service. In stature the men are tall, in physiognomy Jewish, in attire picturesque—long-gowned, turbaned or tarbooshed. The young women I saw in

the High Priest's house, which adjoins the synagogue, were of comely appearance. The High Priest's son, who is next in succession to the priestly office, invited me to accompany him to the top of Mt. Gerizim, there to be his father's guest, and witness the Passover sacrifice, and partake with them of the Paschal meal. Much as I wanted to add to my travels so novel an experience as this, time did not permit. Besides, I had already received and accepted an invitation to spend the Passover with the Liniado family at Damascus.

Passing from the site of Shechem to that of Samaria, we easily recognize the reason that must have prompted the change At Samaria. of capital. The former lay in the hollow of two mountains, where it was exposed to attack from the heights. The latter lay on the heights, hence its name *Shomeron* (Samaria) ("Watch Hill"), where it commanded the fertile, well-watered plains for miles in every direction.

The ascent to it, through terraced and cultivated fields and olive groves, is steep, yet cheered by a wealth of wild Strewn With Ruins. flowers of all colors. The chariot roads that once led to the heights have disappeared. Of the colonnade, forum, hippodrome, temple, gateways, towers, which King Herod, the Great, built there, on the ruins which the Assyrian conqueror had left behind, only ruins remain—here some marble columns, the capitals of which had been carried off, perhaps to serve as a millstone, or as cornerstone for some villager's mud-house; there, a fragment of a massive Roman altar; yonder, a majestic flight of marble steps; still further on, a colossal statue of Augustus Caesar, in whose honor Herod, the Great, built a Temple here, in which the Roman emperor was worshipped as a god, and whose name *Sebaste* (the Greek for *Augustus*) was made the name of the place, which name the village on that site still bears (*Sebastiyeh*). What a contrast between that miserable village of the present and the gorgeous buildings that stood there in King Ahab's times, and, later, in the days of Herod! What a contrast between the statue of Emperor Augustus, now a ruin in a desolate region, and the time when it constituted the Holy of Holies of a magnificent Temple, with thousands of worshippers prostrate in front of it! How have not only the mighty fallen, but also the monuments that celebrated their might!

On that historic site we camped nearly two days, and one of them being a Sabbath, I was asked by the party to conduct divine service, with which request I complied. Divine Service in Camp. The service was held in one of the tents; a small table served as pulpit. Over it waved a United States flag. I cannot describe the feeling that possessed me at the thought that the spot of our place of worship was probably part of the area on which stood the idolatrous temple which Jezebel, the Zidonian wife of the Jewish King Ahab, had built, and had dedicated to the worship of Baal, when I felt conscious that my voice resounded in the regions in which were heard, in appeal or denunciation or threat, the words of the prophets Hosea, Amos, Micah, especially those of Elijah. I read such selections from the writings of the prophets as related to the life that was lived, to the scenes that were enacted, to the wrongs that were done, in these regions, and the predictions that were made of the complete and calamitous overthrow of the Northern Kingdom.

In the sermon that I preached I tried to rehabilitate the present desolation of the site of Samaria in the splendor in which it was clothed in the days of Ahab and Outline of Sermon. Jezebel. I pictured their ivory palace, the brilliancy of their court life, their military power, their oppression of the poor to indulge their own extravagance and sensuousness. I spoke of their murder of Naboth, and of their seizure of his vineyard to enlarge thereby their own spacious gardens. I spoke of their cruel persecutions of the priests of Jahve, and of their supplanting them by priests of Baal. I spoke of the nature and mission of the prophets of Israel, spoke of them as public tribunes, as champions of the people, the like of whom the world never saw before, and but rarely since,—men filled with the spirit of God, men who could not barter conscience for gain, men who could not brook any wrong, no matter how powerful the wrong-doer, men with whom the sense of duty outweighed every consideration, men to whom the right of the poor was as mighty as the might of the mightiest, men who courted danger and death at the hand of rulers rather than endure their violation of even the slightest of the laws of God.

I spoke of the need in our day of men such as they were,

if we would see the end of tyranny and oppression, the end of extravagance and self-indulgence at the cost of the heart's blood of the poor, the end of hatred and injustice between man and man, if we would see swords taken from the hands of those that wield them, and beaten into plowshares, if we would see men sitting under their own vines and fig trees, with none to hurt them, with none to make them afraid, if we would see the earth as full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea.

A gentle rustle of the olive trees, at a distance, wafted sounds toward our improvised chapel, sounds that seemed
 The Prophets' *Amens*, breathed by the spirits of the godly men
 Amen. hovering about the place where they uttered their deathless messages.

For the rebirth of the spirit of Israel's prophets of old in our day I prayed fervently that morning. I have prayed for it fervently since. Most fervently do I pray for it in these days of stress and storm, of trials and tribulations, of world-wide hatreds, of bloodshed on seas and lands. May God grant fulfilment to that prayer, and to all the other prayers that are lifted to Him, here and the world over, for the right that shall never again know of wrong, for the liberty that shall never again know of oppression, for the love that shall never again know of hatred, for the peace that shall never again know of war.

Palestine—Old and New.

IX. Galilee.

A DISCOURSE, AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.
 BY RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, April 15, 1917.

The hour is early. We are seated on the shore of Lake Tiberias (known also by the name of Sea of Galilee, and Lake Gennesaret). Back of us is our camp, and most of the campers are still asleep. In front stretches a sheet of water beautiful enough to invite comparison with some of the Italian lakes, so beautiful that Professor Gesenius located along its shores the scenes of Solomon's "*Song of Songs*." Its length is a dozen miles or more; its width is half that area; its depth, some two hundred feet. Its outline is that of a harp, hence, its Hebrew name *Kinnereth* (corrupted in English into *Gennesaret*). The Jordan River, that enters it at its upper end, traverses its entire length, and emerges from it at the opposite end, to make its fatal entry into the Dead Sea, some sixty-five miles below. Snow-capped Mount Hermon, soaring some ten thousand feet into the blue empyrean, in height and beauty unrivalled in all Palestine, and equalled in but few lands, looks down upon us in all its morning radiance. Mindful that we are nearly seven hundred feet below the level of the sea, and hence, in a subtropical climate, it sends down to us refreshing breezes. The mountain-sides about the lake slope down gently to the shore, and hide from view whatever lies beyond them. Excepting the city of Tiberias, to the South of which our tents are pitched, not another

On the Shore
of Lake
Tiberias.

town or hamlet is seen along the shores. At a distance, a single, motionless, little fishing-smack is seen. Nothing moves; and, save the song of birds, not a sound is heard. All is quiet, inviting and diffusing rest.

And we need the rest. We have travelled hard since we left Samaria; and we have had some frights. Some of our party had taken ill with a kind of sickness that is quite serious in the Orient. Some of the ladies had strayed from the party, had lost their way, and, in trying to retrace their steps, had wandered further and further away. Night was approaching; there was danger of their being seized by Arabs, and held as hostages. And so a posse of men with a native sheikh at their head had to be sent in search of them, who happily found them before harm could come.

After breaking camp on the hill of Samaria, our way had led northward over steep and deforested mountains, and across fertile valleys, toward Galilee. For luncheon we stopped beside a green hill at Dothan, where, as the early chapters of the Bible tell us, the lad Joseph had been thrown by his brothers into a pit, from which he was later rescued and sold to Ishmaelites, who were on their way to Egypt with spices and balm and myrrh from Gilead. As abandoned cisterns are quite common in that country, it is not very hard to make one of them serve as the very pit in which the young dreamer had been made to suffer for his dreams.

We recall some other Biblical narratives that had centered in that place. Here the servant of the prophet Elisha had seen the vision of horses and chariots of fire protecting his master (II Kings vi, 14-19). Hither had come Naaman, the Syrian general, to be healed of his leprosy by Elisha. As the mind wanders among yet other scenes of the hoary past, it is suddenly recalled to the present by the puffing and snorting of a steam flour-mill, close by. What ages of time between Joseph and Elisha, and a steam flour-mill! Even Palestine and Arab cannot stay the march of progress. Yet, while it can change the oriental's mode of work, it cannot change the oriental workman's mode of dress. Instead of being attired in close-fitting overalls, as our engineers are clothed, the one we saw at the

mill was clothed in a wide, loose, long, oriental gown, that seemed much in the way in an engine-room. His appearance suggested much more one of the Ishmaelites that carried off Joseph than a fireman and engineer in a flour mill.

Some hours later we arrived at Jenin, where we found our camp pitched on a high grassy slope, overlooking the small town, the male population of which seemed to be all on the street; some sleeping; some sipping small cups of black, thick coffee; some playing a game resembling our backgammon, and smoking their *narghiles* while playing. The women seemed to hold a gossip *seance* in the cemetery close by, a favorite place for such gatherings and entertainment, among Oriental women.

The town, in ancient time, bore the name of *En Ganim* (*Fountain of Gardens*) and must have deserved it, judging even from present-day evidences. Trees abound, among them stately palms. Rich springs send their water in every direction. The surrounding scenery is superb. To the South, stretch the mountains of Samaria, from which we have just come. To the North lie the Mts. of Gilboa, where Gideon had sounded the trumpet of liberty, and where, with his three hundred picked men, he had won the signal victory that had brought peace to Israel for a hundred years. Beyond it lies Mt. Moreh, and near it the village of Nain is located, where, so the Gospel of Luke tells us, Jesus restored a widow's son from death to life. A little further on lies the village of Cana, where, as the Gospel of John tells us, Jesus, at a wedding feast, converted water into wine. Beyond it lies the town of Endor, where King Saul, on the night before his last and fatal battle, consulted the witch, and compelled her to conjure up the spirit of Samuel, which foretold to the troubled King his coming doom. Beyond Mt. Moreh, Mt. Tabor rises, the most symmetrical of all the mountains of Palestine. To the right lie a number of hills, on one of them is situated the city of Nazareth. To the West stretches the plain of Esdraelon, also known as the plain of Jezreel, one of the most fertile and most historic of all the plains of Palestine.

One who knows the happenings on that plain is little sur-

In Need of Rest.

Off for Dothan.

Beauty of Galilee.

prised at its fertility. It was saturated with human blood. On it were fought some of the most memorable battles in ancient times. Making possible an easy entry way into Palestine, it became the battleground of mighty contending hosts. There the valiant and eloquent prophetess Deborah inspired Barak to administer to the Canaanites their crushing defeat. There the armies of the Kings of Judah and Israel wrought havoc on each other. There Phoenicians, Syrians, Arabians, Saracens, Franks, shed their blood in streams for the possession of Palestine. And there, at Har Mageddon (Armageddon) is yet to be fought, according to the Book of Revelations, the greatest of all battles, the battle against war itself.

Sleep that night was made well-nigh impossible by the loud and uninterrupted barking of jackals in the surrounding hills, and by the fierce answers they called forth from the dogs of the town, whose number must have been legion. Besides, some of us had to rise early, to avail ourselves of the service of the new railroad line, the construction of which had reached from Haifa to Jenin, and which, when completed, will connect Haifa and Jerusalem with Damascus and Mecca. Some of our party left for Tiberias, to receive treatment at the Scotch Medical Mission, located in that town, and in charge of the very able Dr. Torrance. I travelled in the opposite direction, to Haifa, on the Mediterranean coast, to study Jewish conditions there, and to visit a number of Jewish Agricultural Settlements, located in that region. The others followed the camp on its way to Nazareth.

At the camp in Tiberias, the members of the party reunited, a few days later, and made report of happenings and observations during the separation. The sick contingent told of their restoration to health. Those who had visited Nazareth found it a picturesque and interesting hill-town of some 12,000 souls, two-thirds of them Christians. They learned that Jews are not tolerated there, and that its four or five different Christian sects live in constant and bitter feuds with one another. Not even in Nazareth have the followers of the Prince of Peace learned to live in peace with

Memories of
Esdraelon.

Party
Separates.

Visit to
Nazareth.

each other. Many sites are pointed out in that place as having been connected with the life of Jesus or with his parents. Of a certain church it is said that it covers the spot where the angel Gabriel announced to the Virgin Mary that she was about to become the mother of the Divine Child. Another spot is pointed out as the place on which the house of the Virgin (the *casa santa*) stood, before angels carried it, through the air, many hundreds of miles distant, to Loretto, Italy, to prevent its being desecrated. At a Monastery is shown the carpenter shop in which the father of Jesus followed his trade. Another church is said to cover the site on which stood the synagogue in which Jesus preached his first sermon in Galilee. Whatever doubts we may entertain respecting these claims, we may be sure that the spring of that town, from which, it is said, Mary drew water for her household, is genuine, for it is and was the only spring in Nazareth.

I, in my turn, told of my observations in Haifa, of its beautiful location at the foot and on the slope of Mt. Carmel. I told of its increasing importance as a maritime town, and as a mart of trade in which Christians and Jews, who constitute a considerable part of the population of 20,000, have a large share. I told of its inadequate harbor facilities, vessels being obliged, as at Jaffa, to lie at anchor in the open roadstead, necessitating the service of small boats for transporting passengers and freight. Of its foreign settlements, I found that of the German Templars most attractive; their neat, tile-roofed, fenced, and gardened homes seem like a transplanted piece of the Fatherland. The development of the trade of that town, and of the agriculture in its environs is said to be largely due to these Germans. Churches, and missions, and denominational schools abound.

Of its sites, Mt. Carmel is the most interesting. Its wooded ascent is steep, but the view it affords on top makes the climb well worth while. Little wonder that Isaiah extolled its beauty, and that many of the ancients spent their summers among its trees and gardens and vineyards. The Mediterranean on one side is balanced by the picturesque mountain ranges on the other side, with the plain

Visit to
Haifa.

On Top of
Mt. Carmel.

of Esdraelon at their feet, overspread with a green and golden carpet fit for angels to tread on. Carmelite monks point out a grotto which the prophet Elijah used as hiding place, and they also show the spot where he called down the fire of heaven to the undoing of the priests of Baal.*

Of modern sites, the group of magnificent buildings constituting the Jewish Technical School, attractively located on the slope of Carmel, overlooking the Mediterranean, gives promise of far-reaching importance to Haifa in particular, and to Palestine and Syria, in general. It, as well as the Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station at Atlit, some eight miles to the South of Haifa, is destined to inaugurate a new epoch in the hoary history of Palestine, one that may do as much for that country in the future as have any of its institutions in the past.

By appointment, I was met at Haifa by one of the Aaronson family, and was by him escorted to Atlit. A brother of my escort, Aaron Aaronson, has made a most important discovery in Palestine, that of wild wheat, which, it is believed, will, in time, make it possible for wheat to grow in the arid regions of that land, and of other lands. Having succeeded, during a visit to our country, in interesting a number of our wealthy Jews in his work, they furnished him with the means to continue his wild wheat researches, and to establish a plant, in which to carry on scientific experimentation with different kinds of soils, cereals, fruit-trees, vines, berries, vegetables, flowers, and the like, to discover what will grow in Palestine, where and how it may be raised best and cheapest, how difficulties of soil, climate, drought, insects, may be overcome. So thoroughly American are the methods there employed, and the implements used, that an American visitor feels, when inspecting the plant, as if he were at home. There is nothing like it in Palestine. Already farmers pilgrim to it for information and instruction with an eagerness equal to that with which other people visit holy places. One has little doubt as to which of these two kind of pilgrimages will exercise the greater good on that country and its people.

*I Kings XVIII.

On the observations made in the agricultural substation and colony at Chederah, and in the colony of Zichron Jacob, situated some miles below Atlit, along the Mediterranean coast, and in the dozen other Jewish Agricultural colonies located at or near the plain of Esdraelon, and Lakes Tiberias and Huleh, I shall have occasion to touch in the discourse "*Under his Vine and Fig Tree,*" which is to follow this.

Jewish
Agricultural
Colonies.

The opinion of the party seemed to be unanimous, that of the different observations made, during our few days' separation, mine had been most worth while, that the efforts which are being made by Jews to restore the soil of Palestine to its former-day fertility, and themselves to their ancient pursuit of husbandry, were far more worth seeing than all the other sights, real or faked, that are offered to the tourist in the Holy Land.

The Modern
Preferred to
the Ancient.

Much of this conclusion applied to the town of Tiberias, where our party had reassembled. One who is conversant with the glory of Tiberias in ancient days, searches in vain for even a trace of it at the present time. Wars surely wrought their havocs there. What the Roman had spared, the Persian had pulled down; what had escaped the Persian's wrath lured the Arab's lust of destruction. Him followed the Crusader and the Saracen, and by the time they were through with it there was nothing left to destroy. Of its 9000 inhabitants, some 7000 are Jews, who, because of its former glory, regard it one of their holy cities. Their only occupation seems to be devotion to prayer and religious study, in return for which they are supported by the *Halukah*. Their intense poverty leads one to believe that praying as a means of obtaining a livelihood is a most unprofitable pursuit.

Tiberias
Today.

As the time of our visit to Tiberias was a week preceding the Passover, the Jewish households there were undergoing a rigid housecleaning, and white- or blue-washing, so that, in accordance with the Biblical command, they might be purged of every particle of leaven. One cannot but commend the wisdom that suggested such a thorough housecleaning once a year, and one cannot but regret that a like ordinance was not enjoined

upon Mohamedans by the Koran. Some made easy work of it by moving all their furniture and utensils, from pot to bedstead, to the lake, and subjecting them there to a treatment of water, soap, and elbow-grease. Others, mindful that their bodies needed cleaning as well as their pots and pans, repaired to the Hot Springs of that town for their scouring. Marvellous stories are told of the curative powers of these hot springs, but one glimpse of the dirty bath house was sufficient to cure us of a desire for a hot bath. Ancient records tell us that these sulphur baths were at one time far-famed, and widely sought even by the greatest, and that they greatly helped making Tiberias as much of a pleasure ground as a health resort.

A number of celebrated tombs give special distinction to that town, one of them contains the remains of the great Rabbi Its Celebrated Tombs. Jochanan ben Zakai, probably a contemporary of Jesus. In another sleeps the no less distinguished Rabbi Ben Akiba, under whose inspiration Bar Cochba led the Jews to their last but unsuccessful stand against mighty Rome. There, too, rests the illustrious Rabbi Meir, and two of his disciples. Another tomb is consecrated to the remains of the great mediaeval philosopher, Moses Maimonides.

These tombs tell plainly enough of the importance the town enjoyed in former times. It was founded by Herod Antipas, and made by him the capital of Galilee. Formerly a Seat of Learning. He erected there a proud palace, a forum, a race course, a synagogue, and surrounded it with a massive wall. The Jews did not take kindly to it at first, but, during the siege of Jerusalem, and after its destruction, it became a haven to them. They established there a Sanhedrin, and a Rabbinical School. Rabbi Jehuda-ha-Nasi completed there the *Mishna*, to which the *Gemara* was there added later. There was compiled the *Ierusalem Talmud*, and there was introduced the vocalization of the Hebrew text of the Bible.

The unsightliness of the town becomes all the more pathetic when one reads what that town looked like in the days gone by. And what is true of Tiberias is true of all Galilee. Galilee of Ancient Days. We recall the enthusiasm with which Josephus speaks of it, and the praises which Pliny, the Roman

writer, bestows upon the towns surrounding the Lake. The former tells us that the province, though but 60 miles long and 30 miles wide, counted more than 200 cities and towns, of which not even the smallest counted less than 15,000 inhabitants. The shores of the Lake presented an unbroken series of habitations. The entire population of the province was estimated to have been more than 2,000,000 souls; today, the population of all Palestine does not reach the number of 700,000. Favored by fertile soil, sub-tropical climate, abundant water, and by absence of frost, the richest kind of harvests were garnered for home-consumption and exportation. Fruit-trees and vineyards, herds of cattle, and flocks of goats and sheep, covered the mountain sides; forests crowned the now barren tops; wheat and barley, millet and pulse, rice and sugar-cane, vegetables and berries of all kinds, filled the valleys.

And richer yet than its harvest of grain and fruit were the crops of men which the province yielded. It was the home of patriots, the breeding place of rebels. The freedom of the mountains entered their souls, A Spiritual and Patriotic People. and expelled every craven thought. The bravest battles against Rome for independence were fought by Galileans. If they lacked the culture of literary Judea, they made amends for it by the heroic valor of patriots. The flame of the Messianic hope burned brightest in their hearts. One after the other of them went forth to wrest the country from the hand of the cruel Roman, only to pay for his daring with his life.

One of these was Jesus. Here, in his native province, he prepared himself for his life's work. Here he drank in wisdom at the feet of his Jewish teachers. At this Lake was his favorite abode, and here he preached those Labors of Jesus in Galilee. ethical precepts, which, in their collected form, have become known as the Sermon on the Mount. Here he gathered unto himself, from off the Lake, his first disciples. Here his sweetness and light so impressed themselves upon the people, that their love of him easily magnified words and deeds of his into miracles, or they credited to reality what their own loving fancy spun. And so, there was scarcely a town about the Sea of Galilee, that had not a miracle to relate of him. Here

he made the blind to see; there, the lame to walk; yonder, the dead to rise. Here he calmed the sea by his mere word; there, he satisfied the hunger of thousands with but five loaves of bread and two fishes; yonder he walked the water in safety; here he caused nets of fishermen to be filled with vast quantities of fish, who, before his coming, had fished in vain all night long; there he ordered demons out of the body of a man, and sent them into the bodies of swine.

Great as is the faith of the pious in the miracles of Jesus, a greater miracle to me is the greatness of the man who could inspire such faith. Science will gradually relegate these miracles to the realm of fancy, whence they have sprung; history, however, will reserve for the Rabbi of Nazareth a distinguished place among the illustrious teachers of Galilee, among the foremost leaders of the world.

Palestine---Old and New.

X. "Under His Vine and Fig Tree."

A DISCOURSE, AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.

BY RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, April 22, 1917.

The season between Passover and Pentecost was the busiest and happiest in ancient Palestine. Spring had passed through the land, and had called aloud: "Forth from your tents, O Israel, with sickle sharp, and and with scythe gleaming, for, lo, the full-^{Joy of Farming in Biblical Times.} eared wheat is bowing low, and the bristling barley is browning fast." And forth they went in answer to that call. Merry were the songs of the reapers on the plains, and sweet the refrains that resounded in the vineyards and orchards on the mountain-sides.

And they that toiled and sang were not exclusively of the lowly of the land. Agriculture in Israel was not the pursuit of the slave. It was a calling fit for the greatest, and was pursued by these as cheer-^{Pursued by Highest.} fully as by the humblest. Yon rich owner of farms, who labors hardest in the midst of his men, is Boaz, and the poor, young woman, gleaning near him, is Ruth. The broad-shouldered husbandman in the farm adjoining, who "threshes his wheat by the wine press," is Gideon, Judge and Savior of Israel. The youth in yonder field, who towers above all the others is Saul, first King of Israel. The sun-browned youths, resting under

the sycamore, are the sons of Jesse, founder of the royal house of David. He of kingly presence, who binds the sheaves, is Uzziah, the conqueror of nations. The herdsman in the pasture, he of spiritual mien, is Amos, the prophet.

And it was as much of a sacred calling with them as it was an honorable one. Did not God Himself institute the pursuit of agriculture in Paradise? Did not the prophets teach them that their lost Paradise will be restored only when men will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks?

And what the prophets had taught that the later Rabbis reaffirmed. The foremost of these were as skilled in the laws of agriculture as they were in the laws of Scripture, could harvest a field as readily as they could render a legal decision. The Talmud devotes several of its treatises to a consideration of husbandry; and a number of its teachers make the pursuit of agriculture the choicest of all callings. If it is not as profitable as some, say they, it is the most honorable of all. They closed their schools during sowing and reaping times, so that they and their pupils might participate in the work which, as they taught, not only sustains the life of man, but also makes possible his happiness.

Naturally, where such knowledge and love of agriculture existed, the land could not but yield richest harvests. Ancient

Palestine was a garden spot. It fairly ran with milk and honey. Its granaries were filled to overflowing; its harvests helped to feed the nations beyond the borders. Its writers never tired extolling the fatness of its lands, the abundance of dew and rain that satisfied their thirst. Listen to the psalmist's rhapsody: "The hills are clothed with flocks; the valleys are covered with grain; they shout for joy; yea, they sing." (Psalm lxxv, 13.)

Equally
Esteemed in
Post-Biblical
Times.

Ancient
Palestine a
Garden Spot.

No such rhapsodies resound in Palestine to-day. Naked are most of its hillsides. Dried up are many of its springs. Where there were gardens there are now wastes.

Where the vine and fig tree flourished there shoot the thorn and thistle. Uselessly the Jordan rolls its waters through sun-baked valleys. Desolate is the country that once was full of people. When the Jews were driven from the land its beauty and richness departed with them. The unceasing wars robbed the mountains of their forests, and the hill-sides of their orchards and vineyards. There was no one left to restore what was destroyed. Storms washed down the terraces; the top soil followed, and laid bare the rock beneath. The roving Arab came to replace the Jew, but he brought not with him the Jew's love of agriculture and his skill and thrift. And so Palestine languished, and longed for the coming of the day when it would flourish again as it did in the days of yore.

And the restorer came, came half a century ago, came as a colony of Jews, who took up anew, in the land of their fathers, their one-time favorite pursuit, the love of which not even eighteen hundred years of cruel detention from it could root out of their hearts. By hard and patient labor, these Jews proved that, while the land has been greatly injured, the injury is not beyond repair. Faithful labor still yields its reward. Dew still descends in Palestine; rain still falls. Given a proper chance the land still ripens grain and fruit. Climate is as salubrious to-day as it was in ancient days. The Jordan is still full of water, and able to disperse it, through irrigating channels, where the land is dry and baked. Forests and orchards can be planted anew. Swamps can be drained, terraces restored, springs reopened, and the disintegrating limestone can be made gradually to replace the lost top-soil and to fertilize it at the same time.

When Jew
Driven Forth,
Its Productivity
Departed.

Productivity
Restored With
Return of Jew.

The conviction of these colonists convinced others. Other Jewish colonists followed, and with true pioneer spirit, wrestled with the soil. To-day, some 15,000 Jews are tilling land, in some two score colonies, in different parts of Palestine, with ever increasing, ever richer promising, success.

To me, of the many great achievements at the close of the last century, and at the beginning of this, not the least is the peaceful reconquest of Palestine by the long-debarred Jew, and his gradual restoration of its arid and unproductive soil to its ancient-day fertility. So great an undertaking was this that, had I not heard, from the lips of some of these pioneers, the story of the infinite hardships they had to endure, the offerings of life and health they had to bring to the Molochs of malaria in one place, drought in another place, Beduin and locust attack in yet other places, and had I not seen with my own eyes some of the tribulations and privations that must be endured in obtaining a footing as a farmer, even but a precarious existence, on the soil of Palestine, I could not have believed the modern Jew capable of it.

Even for labor-hardened sons and grandsons of farmers, inured to the cultivation of the soil, and to the isolation and hardships of farm labor, it would have been a daring undertaking to attempt farming in a land as ruinously neglected as that of Palestine.

The Jew was not one of these horny-handed sons of horny-handed sires. For long and cruel centuries, after driven from his land, he was denied the right to own an inch of soil on the face of the earth, even to till it, was banished from the open and sunlit fields, was forced to live in dark, dingy, crowded ghettoes, was compelled by law to engage in the lowest and meanest trades. But such was the eagerness of these victims of a world's unreasoning wrath for

Restoration of
Palestine
Greatest
Achievement of
Modern Jew.

Would Have
Been Hard for
Experienced
Farmers.

a place in the sun, for a corner in the land of their fathers, where they might be free to live their own lives, free to work out their own destiny, free to feel the dignity of independent manhood, that they cared little for hardships, little for taunts and sneers, little for predictions of failure, as long as the land held out to them the possibility of being subdued by hard labor, of being forced to yield a living to them who were determined to live upon it.

They succeeded because they *willed* to succeed. They proved anew what thousands of others had proved before, that greater than money, greater even than knowledge and skill, than luxuriant soil and un-failing protection, is the *will* to make the seemingly impossible possible, the seemingly unendurable endurable, the seemingly unproductive productive. No matter how dark the hour, how gloomy the outlook, they were buoyed up by the faith that what their fathers did they can do, that what the land performed in ancient times it could be made to perform in our days.

Of course, there were friends of the cause who helped, and there are those who still help, and who yet will help, notably the *Alliance Israelite Universelle*, the Jewish Colonization Association, European and American Zionistic societies, Baron Edmond de Rothschild of Paris, and others. But the greatest of all helpers was the no longer sufferable persecution of Russia and Roumania. In sheer desperation the sufferers concluded that even the hardest lot in Palestine would be preferable to the insults and assaults and massacres to which they were subjected in the lands of their bondage. And so, despite themselves, Russia and Roumania, like Mephistophelès in Goethe's *Faust*, proved themselves the power that wills the evil, and yet performs the good.

Succeeded Be-
cause Willed
to Succeed.

Persecution
Greatest
Helper.

Jewish Agricultural Settlements in Palestine, of any significance, began after the middle of last century, and the number of them increased with the increase of the persecutions in Russia and Roumania. A Jewish Agricultural School was founded, at *Mikveh Israel*, near Jaffa, as far back as 1870, by that indefatigable philanthropist, Charles Netter, who, after long and arduous toil, sleeps now his eternal sleep in the land which he loved the most, and near the school to which he gave his most consecrated service. In that school are taught all branches of modern, practical and scientific agriculture, and some of its graduates serve as leaders and supervisors of Palestinian colonies. Its buildings and class-rooms, its cultivated fields and gardens, would be a credit to any country. It is an institution such as this, as well as the kindred preparatory schools in *Petach Tikvah*, *Chederah*, *Zichron Jacob*, and the Farm School for Girls at *Kinnereth*, near Lake Tiberias, as well as the Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station, at *Atlit*, of which I spoke in my last discourse, that portray best the spirit and earnestness with which the Jewish Colonies have entered upon the rehabilitation of the land of Palestine.

The number of tourists who annually visit Palestine is estimated to be some 20,000. Several companies "personally" conduct parties through that country. Scarcely a town or village, scarcely a tree or stone or well or sheet of water, that can be regarded, or "faked," as being of Biblical times, but that it is visited. For things of modern times, however, there is little interest. You see touring parties come to Jaffa, and make a bee line to a couple of places mentioned in the New Testament, one, where a certain tanner, named Simon, lived; the other, where lived a good woman, named Dorcas. Having seen these, they know of nothing more worth seeing in that

Preparation
for Scientific
Farming.

Modern
Miracles
Slighted by
Tourists.

town, and they proceed to Jerusalem. Of the new sights in or near Jaffa, that are as noteworthy as are any of the ruins of Palestine, far more noteworthy than some of the "fakes," of the new and beautiful Jewish residential section of that city, with the great Jewish High School in its centre, the only one in Palestine, of the Jewish Agricultural School, and the Jewish Agricultural Colonies, in the vicinity of Jaffa, in number so large that they have necessitated the issuing of a new map of Palestine, of these, average tourists never hear, or, if they do, but few have the desire to see them. Here are places where real miracles are being wrought in our day, before our very eyes, where a dead soil is being restored to life, and where a handful of people is reconquering a land with no other weapons than the plow, sickle and scythe, but they do not attract because they are new, and, what is still worse, they are true.

Many as were the hours which I devoted to sight-seeing in Palestine, I do not recall any that were more interesting and pleasurable than those I spent on Jewish farms in that land. Before yet 24 hours had passed after my landing in Palestine, I was on my way to the Colony of *Petach Tikvah* (the Gate of Hope) some six or seven miles north of Jaffa. No one who is capable of judging, and who is unprejudiced, can, after seeing that colony, and hearing of its achievements, doubt the modern Jew's fitness for agriculture, and his ability to reclaim Palestinian soil, and make it as productive as it was in the days of yore. A neglected region, two score years ago, much of it a poisonous swamp, it is to-day a flourishing plantation, comprising some 1500 acres of orange trees; several thousand acres of almond, lemon, fig, and other fruit trees; more than a million grapevines; large acreage of wheat and other cereals; large fields of flowers raised for distillation of perfumery for commercial purpose, the whole supporting a population of some 5000 Jewish

Colony of
PETACH
TIKVAH.

souls. During the year preceding the outbreak of the present world-war, more than half a million boxes of oranges were exported from this colony, realizing some \$750,000, and they who consumed these oranges in London and Paris and elsewhere, and praised their lusciousness and size and aroma, little knew that this fruit was raised by Jewish hands, on Jewish land, in Palestine. There does not seem to exist a modern device for the improvement of agriculture of which these colonists have not availed themselves. Irrigation channels intersect their lands; a reservoir stores their water, and a gasoline motor pumps it; some of the latest farm implements are used by them. Unlike the Arab farmers of that country, who depend entirely on rain for water, and whose implements and methods are still as primitive as they were in ancient days, the Jewish farmers believe in making practical science and intelligent industry assist nature, and in obtaining superior results from the co-operation of these requisites of successful agriculture.

And they also succeed in finding much happiness in farm-life. The colony of *Petach Tikvah* looks more like a park than a series of farms. Embowered by trees stand their little gardened cottages; elementary Schools, an Agricultural High School, a Kindergarten, a Synagogue, a Town-Hall, a Community House, provide for their educational, religious, civic, and social needs. Whatever trials they had, and there were many of them, are fortunately past. The present is pleasant for them, and the future promises yet greater things. For these colonists the prophecy of Isaiah seems half fulfilled, they are sitting "under their vines and fig trees." As to the other half, that of "with none to hurt them, and with none to make them afraid," that, too, will come, and probably soon, with the inauguration of wiser government in Palestine. One of the largest orange growers of the colony pointed with pride to his splendidly kept grove, and said to me: "They predicted failure when we started, does this look like failure? They said Jews

cannot live together in peace, they will never be able to govern themselves. If there is on earth a more peaceable community than this, I would like to see it, or hear of it."

The flourishing condition of *Petach Tikvah*, to the north of Jaffa, is true of that of *Rishon le-Zion*, several miles to the south of it. Its chief cultivation is the grape-vine, of which some one million and a half have been planted, the product of which is exported to many of the European countries, and to our own. Great cellars have been erected there, and equipped with the most improved machinery for the manufacture of wine and brandy, and for proper storage of them. As much as 400,000 gallons of wine have been produced by this colony in a single year. Besides the grape-vines, large numbers of fruit trees, and some 20,000 mulberry trees have been planted, the latter for the cultivation of the silk-worm, and for the promotion of the silk-industry. The colony counts more than 1000 souls, who are comfortably domiciled in little houses of stone, surrounded with flower and vegetable gardens, and provided with barns and poultry houses. The money originally loaned to these colonists is being gradually paid off. Educational and religious needs are provided for, as in the *Petach Tikvah* colony, and a Public Bath and a Hospital serve the interests of health.

And what we have said of these two colonies applies also to that of *Zichron Jacob*, some ten miles south of Haifa. Started on a small scale by Roumanian refugees, it has become one of the largest of all the Jewish colonies of Palestine, and one of the most attractive, because of its beautiful location near the Mediterranean. The hardships at the start, their perseverance, and the ultimate success, are but repetitions of the story you have already been told. The agricultural advance of the others is fully duplicated here, and even improved upon, for *Zichron*

Colony of
RISHON LE-
ZION.

Colony of
ZICHRON
JACOB.

Jacob boasts of a steam-plow. Of other improvements we may mention its public park, its library, its paved streets, and its palm-garden.

As this discourse is not intended to be a history and description of the Jewish agricultural colonies of Palestine, I can-
Other Colonies. not speak of the other colonies, much as I should like, especially as it is my belief that not enough can be said on this subject to convince our people as well as others of the Jew's fitness for agriculture, and of his ability to restore, in time, the soil of Palestine to its original productivity. But the story has been told repeatedly, and by authoritative writers, and is in print, and can be readily secured by those interested.*

For our present purpose it is sufficient to say that the newer colonies, of which there are some thirty odd, repeat the experience of the earlier ones. There are many hardships at first, many disappointments, requiring much faith, much courage, much perseverance. But, able to profit by the mistakes of the older ones, and to be guided by the experiences the others have gained, the way to success is made easier for them. Many of them have already attained it, or are fast approaching it.

Some specialize in the cultivation of fruit trees; others, in cereals; others, in grape-vine. Some cultivate the mulberry tree for the promotion of the silk-industry; others, flower gardens for the distillation of perfumery; others, the bee-hive for the extraction of honey. Some breed live stock; others specialize in dairying, and find a market for their product, even in distant parts. Together they cultivate some 100,000 acres, and so closely settled are parts of Palestine with Jewish colonies that it is already possible, near the Southern end of Lake Tiberias, to spend a whole day passing from colony to colony, with-

*See article, "Recent Jewish Progress in Palestine," by Miss Henrietta Szold, in American Jewish Year Book, 1915-1916.

out getting off land owned and tilled by Jews. Some of the colonies, located on the heights of Northern Galilee, near snow-capped Mt. Hermon, and near picturesque waterfalls, occupy sites so favored by nature, so well-watered and cool, that they give promise of becoming the future health and pleasure resorts of Palestine, and of opening up to cultivation and occupation new territories, to the east and west of the Jordan. One of the colonies, that of *Rechoboth*, in Southern Judea, has introduced annual National Olympic Festivals, during which young people compete in athletic games, and in oratorical and musical contests, as was done in Greece of old.

What some 15,000 Jewish farmers are doing in Palestine, many tens of thousands of others will do, and will do it better, for they will have the benefit of such institutions as the Agricultural Experiment Station at Atlit. ^{Larger Colonies Will Follow.} and of the Jewish Agricultural Schools at Mikveh Israel, Petach Tikvah, Chederah, and Kinnereth. They were coming fast before the outbreak of the unfortunate world-war, and were establishing themselves with their own means. On the very day on which I was the guest of Mr. Aaronson, at the Experiment Station, a Committee of representative men of Warsaw, Poland, came to make inquiries as to where and how they might locate a new Jewish colony, to consist of themselves and of a considerable number of others. Being men of cultured appearance and address, I was interested to know the reason for their desire to locate as farmers in Palestine. And they told me that they could no longer endure the insults and boycotts at the hands of the Poles, that, difficult as they expect the new undertaking to be at first, and small as the returns will be, they would rather have a crust, and eat it in peace, than have a loaf, and suffer bitterness therewith.

In God's time, the war will end. The return of Jews to the soil of Palestine will resume. There is enough of un-

**Jews Will
Again Possess
the Land.**

occupied land in Palestine for hundreds of thousands to settle upon it agriculturally. And with their superior farming, and thrifty mode of life, roving, thriftless and shiftless Arabs, especially in the fertile and well-watered Trans-Jordanic region, will not be able to compete. In one of his essays Emerson cites the following Scandinavian myth: Once upon a time, the little daughter of a giantess saw a farmer plowing in the field. She ran, picked him up with her finger and thumb, and put him and his plow and his oxen into her apron, and, carrying them to her mother, said: "Mother, what sort of a beetle is this, which I have found wriggling in the sand?" But the mother said: "Put it away my child; we must be gone out of this land, for these people are farmers, and where farmers settle and labor, such as we cannot dwell."

This myth seems a prophecy of the future of the Jewish farmer in Palestine. Like the giantess, roving and idling Arabs will say: "We must be gone out of this land, for these people are farmers, and where farmers live and toil, we rovers cannot dwell."

Palestine--Old and New.

XI. The Dream of the Zionist.

A DISCOURSE, AT TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL.

BY RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, April 29, 1917.

Among the many things which one hears enumerated as having been disposed of by the recent Revolution in Russia mention is frequently made of Zionism. As the Jews of that country are hereafter to enjoy every right accorded to other Russians, what need will there be, it is asked, for their pulling up stakes at home, and trying to establish themselves in another country, where they are not sure of a living, nor of such rights as the new Russian government guarantees to them?

**Zionism
Believed No
Longer
Necessary.**

I would have been of the same opinion had I not visited Palestine, had I not come in contact there with some of its leading Zionists, who hail from other countries than Russia, some from Asiatic and African countries, some from France, Germany, and Austria, from Italy, England, and the United States. I would have been of the same opinion, had I not seen those whose settling in Palestine had not been motivated by persecution, or by a longing for greater freedom, whose migration to that country had been prompted solely by the desire to help re-establishing Israel as a nation, to help making Palestine again a Holy Land, the home of God's Chosen People, where there shall rise again prophets and lawgivers, bards and inspired writers, as of old.

**Belief
Unsustained.**

Zionists in Palestine, and the world over, may easily be divided into two classes, *first*, those who have settled in the Holy Land, or who want to settle there, to save themselves from persecution, ostracism, restriction, humiliation, denial of equal opportunity, which they are obliged to suffer at home; *second*, those who desire to save the Jew and Judaism, especially in the lands of largest liberties, from becoming lost among other peoples, and among other isms.

Two Kinds of
Zionists.

The word Zionism has in recent years become quite familiar to our ears, and quite glib on the tongues of numerous speakers. Some have exercised themselves considerably over it, have branded it a great danger to the Jew, an evil that cannot but undermine the Non-Jew's trust in the Jew's loyalty to the country of his birth or adoption. Others have heralded it abroad as the only savior of the Jew, as the only means that can make possible the transmission of his sacred heritage to future generations. Both of these are guilty of undue excitement, and of much exaggeration. The controversy is not unlike that which raged a century ago, at the first introduction of Reform in Judaism. There were those that loudly claimed, at that time, that Reform will conquer the Non-Jew's dislike of the Jew. There were others who were of nothing as sure as that Reform will deal the death blow to Jew and Judaism, will pave the way for the Jew's speedy passage out of the synagogue into the church, and who, therefore, regarded themselves justified in denouncing it as bitterly as they could. Jew and Judaism, and prejudice against both, still exist. Reform has not won the Non-Jew's love of Jew or Judaism, neither has it dealt the death-blow to the Jew. Even so will Zionism neither undermine the Non-Jew's trust in the Jew's patriotism, nor will it prove the only means to make possible the perpetuation of the Jew and Judaism.

Claims for
and Against
Zionism.

Instead of being one of the newest *isms* in Israel, as many believe, Zionism is one of the oldest. It began on the day after the destruction of Jerusalem, after the over-throw of the Judean nation, some eighteen and a half centuries ago, and it has been fondly nursed ever since by countless Jews, the world over. It has been, and is, the unvarying and unfailing refrain in the daily prayers of orthodox Jews. It has been, and is, kept alive in them by the reading at their services of such passages, from the writings of the prophets, as this: "Behold, I will gather them out of all countries whither I have driven them in mine anger . . . and I will bring them again into this place, and I will cause them to dwell in safety."* In the direction of Palestine they turned, and still turn, when offering their prayers. For their return to it they prayed, and still pray, when saying grace after meal, when solemnizing the marriage ceremony, when singing their Sabbath hymns. It was especially during their Passover service that that hope flamed brightest. It was the one hope that burned eternal in their sorrowing breasts, that cast its glow even over their darkest days. It was the one faith that made persecution endurable, that made possible their outliving it. It tuned the lyre of their noblest poets, made some of their greatest singers and writers seize the wandering-staff and go forth, to catch even if but a glimpse of the land they loved dearer than their lives. It was the one hope that, more than any other, bound them together into a common bond. It was the one invisible flag, under which they walked erect into exile, into the torture chamber, to the scaffold, to the burning stake. Without the hope of restoration to Palestine, there would have been no Jew left to-day to tell the story of his past, or to dream of a brighter future.

* Jerem. xxxii, 37.

From time to time, attempts were made to turn that hope into reality, but they failed. The times were as unripe as the plans proposed were unwise. It was not until our days that a movement for the restoration of Jews to Palestine was put forth that seems prophetic of success. Men arose possessing all the qualifications of statesmen, men who, while dominated by highest idealism, were practical enough to keep their heads out of the clouds, and their feet solidly on the ground. They planned long and well, and worked patiently and cautiously. They saw but one weapon by means of which Palestine could be safely and enduringly reconquered for Jews: the farmer's implement, the plow, the sickle, the scythe. They began to purchase lands in Palestine, and to settle Jewish agricultural colonies upon them. They founded an Agricultural Experiment Station, and agricultural and technical, and other schools, to train the hand as well as the head of the rising generation. What the result has thus far been, and what yet greater success is promising, you have been told in the series of discourses, entitled "*Palestine—Old and New*," that have preceded this. Agriculture has created a point of contact between the people long debarred from their land, and the land long deprived of its people. The "landless people" is taking root again in the "peopleless land." Hundreds of thousands of acres of idle and potentially fertile lands are but waiting for the return of thousands of other Jews, so as again to be deserving of the proud distinction enjoyed in ancient days, "a land overflowing with milk and honey."

Wonderful as the achievement has thus far been, considering the short time and small means and difficult undertaking, more wonderful to me is the class of leaders that fathered and sponsored the movement "*Back to the Palestinian Soil*." We might naturally have expected them to have hailed from Russia and Roumania, and to have been

Modern Re-
vival Prophetic
of Success.

Source of
Revival.

impelled by the necessity of finding a place of escape for themselves and their fellow-sufferers. Few of the leaders, however, hailed from that country. They came from lands where the Jew has full citizenship rights, where he is governed by the same laws with which other citizens are governed. Herzl was an Austrian; Nordau is a Frenchman; Zangwill is an Englishman; Ruppin is a German; Friedenwald is an American. It is the nationality of these people that makes the Zionistic movement of our day remarkable, and that requires a different explanation of it than that which is usually given, namely, that it is a movement to find a place of safety for the persecuted Jew of Russia and Roumania. Zionism is all this, and much more. It has its roots far more in the bitter disappointment experienced by the Jew in the so-called liberal lands than in the sufferings endured by him in illiberal Russia and Roumania, far more in the fear of extinction that threatens the Jew among so-called enlightened peoples than in the fear of *pogroms* that hangs over him in darkest Russia.

They were hopeful days, those that followed the Napoleonic *Sanhedrin*, in 1807, and the European Revolutions, in 1848. Autocracy was supplanted by Constitutional Monarchy in most of the European lands. Political and religious liberty was granted to the people, irrespective of creed. Ghetto walls fell, and the Jews entered the public arena. The long-dreamed of emancipation had at last come to them, and they rejoiced greatly, and evinced their gratitude in acts of patriotism unexcelled by any other people.

But, alas, it was not long before they learned that it is one thing to grant equality to the Jew, and quite a different thing for governments and peoples to regard the Jew the social equal of the Christian. The *old prejudice* was far more powerful than the *new law*. Hatred of the Jew continued. Social ostracism barred the door to him everywhere. From appointments to judicial and professional and military

Golden Hopes.

Disappointed.

honors he was largely excluded. In the Universities, the Jewish student was denied admission to fraternities. Trade-guilds remained closed to him. In public places he was exposed to insult. At times, and in places, it almost seemed as if the loudly vaunted emancipation had made the lot of the Jew more difficult to bear than it had been before the law declared him the full equal of his fellow-citizen.

It was a brilliant diplomatic and ethical victory which Disraeli had won at the Berlin Congress in 1878. He had made **In Roumania.** Roumania's independence as a nation conditional upon her granting to her Jews full citizenship rights. Six other European Powers seconded England in that demand. Roumania agreed, and obtained her independence. But she not only ignored her duly signed and sealed pledge to the seven signatory powers of Europe, but also intensified her ill-treatment of her Jews. Tens of thousands of them were obliged to flee to our shores for refuge. And when the United States Government, through its Secretary of State, John Hay, of blessed memory, issued a protest against Roumania's violation of her Treaty, and appealed to the signatory powers that they demand of that faithless country compliance with her sacredly given pledge, Roumania ignored his protest; one or two of the powers formally promised to look into the matter; others did not think it worth while to bother about it. And that was the end of the protest. There was not enough of interest on the part of the seven great signatory powers in having justice done to the Jew, to move them to compel Roumania to comply with Article No. 44 of the Berlin Treaty.

Anti-Semitism, swooped down upon Germany and Austria like a fell disease. Vilest accusations were fulminated on public platforms and in public press against the **In Germany and Austria.** Jews, who had given to these nations some of their greatest men. The powerful Bismarck himself not only backed the movement, but was also the very creator of it, as

an act of vengeance against the Jewish statesman, Lasker, one of the leaders of the Liberal Party that opposed some of the former's political measures. A court-preacher made Anti-Semitism a religious issue; a court-historian made it a national issue; a rector of a High School made it an educational issue. Resolutions were passed in the leading cities entreating the people to refrain from all intercourse, commercial, industrial, political, social, with the enemy of the Teutonic race. Mobs assaulted Jewish quarters. Riots took place in the universities. Prominent men were challenged to duels. Eminent scholars like Virchow and Mommsen appealed to the German nation for a return to reason, but appealed in vain. The appeal of even the Crown Prince Frederick of Germany was ignored; that of the Austrian Emperor was openly defied. For the Jew, there was but the one alternative: either to convert to Christianity and receive decent treatment, or to continue in Judaism and suffer humiliation.

From the Teutonic nations Anti-Semitism spread to Russia, and its ravings there, in Kishineff, and other towns, are recorded in letters of blood in the tragic **In Russia.** story of the Jew.

From Russia Anti-Semitism spread to France, and set that people wild with rage. The Dreyfus case had to be concocted to satisfy its craving for a victim, and before that craving could be satisfied, poor Alfred Dreyfus, an innocent man, an honorable, patriotic army officer, had to bear the foul charge of treason, had to be publicly degraded, had to be transported as a traitor, for life-imprisonment, to Devil's Island, had to suffer for a number of years, in that torrid and pestilential climate, within an iron cage, the agonies of hell, and his people had to suffer insult and assault, his attorney, the noble Labori, had to suffer an attempt on his life, by an assassin, his defender Zola had to bear ignominy, and the noble Picquart had to suffer imprisonment.

From France it spread to England, and called forth there many bitter attacks on Jews, in pulpit, on platform, and in In England. press, during the discussion in Parliament of the *Aliens Bill*. They were charged with being aliens, and continuing aliens, in seeking their own ends, never those of England. Anti-Semites spared not even Disraeli in his grave. They accused him of having been but a crafty, scheming, unscrupulous Jew, never an Englishman, of having been actuated by no other motive than gratifying his own personal ambition, and advancing the interests of his fellow-Jews. Their bitterness extended to Ireland, led a churchman of Limerick to declare, in his pulpit, that it is madness for the nation to nourish the Jewish viper in its bosom, that his poisonous bite is sure to slay the benefactor. The result of such ungodly preachment was inevitable. Jews in that city, and in other parts of the island, fell prey to a series of brutal attacks.

And there is no need of my telling Americans that Anti-Semitism has crossed the ocean, and has found lodgement on In the United States. our shores, that it is being felt, with increasing offensiveness, in our social life, in the exclusion by certain hotels and clubs and schools and fraternities, and the like, of Jews as a whole, irrespective of the culture and character of the individual who applies for admission.

Observing no abatement of persecution and ostracism, in advanced countries as little as in the backward ones, discovering no ray of hope of better treatment, observing Belief Zionism Only Escape. that these constant humiliations are driving thousands of Jews out of the synagogue into the church, in the belief that thus alone can they gratify their social ambition or their chance in life—observing this, it is not surprising that numbers of our people, who are proud of their faith and ancestry, who are assured that the Jew has still much work to do for the benefit of humanity, should see no other solution of the Jewish problem than a return to Palestine, there, if possible, to

form a government of his own, there to live under laws of his own making, there to work out his destiny, in his own way, in uninterrupted peace.

This is the dream of the Zionist, and some 200,000 Zionists are dreaming it to-day, the world over. Some 15,000 are already sitting under their vines and fig trees in Palestine, and thousands of students are preparing themselves in Palestinian schools for the work that is awaiting them there. Thousands of others hope to follow these pioneers, as soon as means shall permit, and conditions in Palestine shall warrant.

Of course, it was not to be expected that a movement as radical as this would go unchallenged. There are many doubters, many scoffers, and many bitter opponents. There are those who believe that the cure pro- Opposed by Anti-Zionist. posed is worse than the disease suffered. There are those who believe that only by being scattered among the nations can the Jew fulfill the mission for which God has placed him on earth. There are those who believe that Jews represent a religious body, and not a race or nation, that as little as there exists a Methodist nation or a Baptist nation so little should there exist a Jewish nation. There are those who believe that the hope of founding a Jewish nation in Palestine is chimerical, that that country has not room nor food for more than a small fraction of the Jewish people.

Personally, I share the belief of those who hold that the Jews represent a creed, and not a race or nation, that their mission is to be among the nations rather than to Valid Objections. found a nation of their own. Nevertheless, this belief of mine does not dispose of the fact, that the people among whom they live do not so regard them, that to them they represent a separate people, a people preferring their own society, marrying only with their own, having beliefs and customs and observances differing from those of others.

Moreover, I believe that there are and will be other ways than Zionism to solve the Jewish problem, that the time for its solution is not as far distant as Zionists believe, that it may be solved long before Palestine may be settled in large numbers by Jews.

I do not, however, entertain the fear of certain anti-Zionists that a return of some Jews to Palestine will reflect on the patriotism of other Jews, who will continue to inhabit the respective countries of their birth or adoption. Should a Jewish government be established in Palestine, its jurisdiction will not extend beyond the borders of that land. It will exercise neither political nor religious authority over followers of the Jewish faith located in other lands. People are judged by the way they discharge their citizenship duties in their respective countries, not by what some of the people of their faith or ancestry are doing in another country. If they are not so judged, it is not their fault, but the fault of those who do not judge aright.

And as to Palestine being too small a country to accommodate the twelve or more millions of Jews in the world, not even the most sanguine Zionist ever dreams that more than a fraction of Jews would, even under most favorable conditions, return to that country; not because there would not be room enough for them there, but for the reason that the call to the ancient fatherland does not appeal to all Jews alike. When Cyrus, the Persian conqueror, gave permission to the Jewish captives in Babylon to return to their country, and to rebuild their Temple in Jerusalem, but comparatively few availed themselves of the privilege.

Even though the area of Palestine is only about 10,000 square miles, it is not as small and as barren and as hopeless a country as anti-Zionists have proclaimed it to be. The discourse preceding this has told you of its

Room and
Food for All.

agricultural possibilities. The country which at one time nourished a population of 10,000,000 of people, can do it again, and better; because of present-day superior agricultural knowledge and facilities.

Besides, in our day of international commerce, a country is no longer entirely dependent on the product of its own soil or mines or streams or workshops. Steamboats and railroads level walls between countries. Syria, Asia Minor, the Trans-Jordanic region, the region between the Euphrates and the Tigris, are within easy reach of Palestine. The soil of Mesopotamia is luxuriantly fertile, especially adapted to the cultivation of cereals, fruit, and animal husbandry; its water is pure and abundant; its climate is salubrious; its winters are short and mild, its summers long enough to ripen two harvests; its mountains are covered with wood; the rivers teem with fish. Its great streams are navigable; capacious harbors are nigh; its products of the land can be laid down in the capitals of Southern and Central Europe within five days after their shipment, at a price that can hold its own against that of the products of other lands.

With such possibilities in Palestine and neighboring countries, the dream of the Zionist is not all a dream. There is far more reality in his dream than there was in that of the *Pilgrim Fathers*, when they sailed forth in an unseaworthy vessel, on an unknown ocean, and landed in mid-winter on a frozen wilderness, there to establish a homestead for themselves, where they might worship God in accordance with the dictates of their conscience, and enjoy their inalienable, political, and civil rights.

Even if one be not a Zionist, if he has travelled through Palestine with open eyes, and with an unprejudiced mind, if he has seen what has already been accomplished in the Jewish agricultural colonies of that

As Dream of
Pilgrim
Fathers
Realized.

So Zionism
Realizable.

country, he cannot but look forward to much greater achievement in the near future. He who observes the comparative peace and contentment that attend the lives and labors of the fifteen thousand Jews settled on Palestinian farms, who notes their happiness in being in a country which, in a sense, they already regard as their own, in being able to follow their Judaism unopposed and uninsulted, must indeed be a fanatic in his anti-Zionism, if he cannot wish a like state of existence for the tens of thousands of their brethren, who still pine in Ghettos of benighted lands, or suffer ostracism and humiliation in countries that pride themselves on their intellectual and moral advance.

There are difficult problems ahead of Zionism. Palestine is still to be acquired. If acquired, its protection by the nations is still to be secured. That secured, a mode of government will have to be devised suitable for the Mohamedans and Christians who will inhabit that land, as well as for the Jews; suitable for a people that has lived under almost every form of government, from autocracy to democracy, and whose religious beliefs vary from extreme orthodoxy to extreme radicalism. That government established, pursuits widely different from those now generally followed by Jews, will have to be adopted by them. The present-day *Halukah* pauperization system will have to stop; immigration to Palestine will have to be restricted, especially during its pioneer period, to such as are able to do part of the upbuilding work, to such as possess the health and means to care for themselves. The present Arab population of Palestine will have to be satisfied. The sacred places of both, Mohamedans and Christians, will have to be safeguarded. Such fanaticism as one meets within Hebron and Nablus will have to be converted into good will.

Even to one friendly disposed, Zionism seems still a dream. But, if a dream, it is a pleasant one. Would that all dreams were as pleasant and realizable as it!

Difficulties
Ahead.

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SPECIMENS OF OPINION

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