

# Found the World with William Jennings Bryan



Jews' Wailing Place at Jerusalem.

By William Jennings Bryan.  
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When I was a boy I was greatly surprised in Jerusalem and Judea, but disappointed to learn how few Protestant Christians visit this city which may, without impropriety, be styled the Christian's Mecca.

Possibly the wretched harbor at Joppa—its harbor it can be called—may frighten some away, for when the weather is bad passengers are often carried by, and yet it does seem that there should be more than 4,000 a year from the rich and numerous churches of Europe and America. More than 20,000 pilgrims visit the Mohammedan Mecca each year, although the Mohammedans are poor and the journey difficult. Port Said is only 115 miles from Joppa and Alexandria less than 300 miles, and more than 20,000 persons disembarked at these ports last year.

Making a liberal allowance for Egyptians returning from Europe, for immigrants from Europe to Egypt and for invalids visiting Cairo in search of health, it is still true that many times as many go to Mecca as to Jerusalem, and of the less than 4,000 tourists who visit the Holy City less than 1,000 continue their journey to Nazareth and the sea of Galilee.

**Railroads Through Nazareth.**

The number which I mention does not include the Greek Catholics or the Roman Catholics, but it is an outside estimate of the number of Protestant Christians. The railroads which are building and the carriage-roads in process of construction will make travel

eastward and may increase the number in the future, but it is difficult to explain or to understand why so many have come near to, and yet passed by without seeing, the places made familiar to the Christian world by the books of the Old and New Testament.

We landed at Joppa when the weather was fair, but were detained a half day that they might "dearify the ship," as the Turkish authorities describe rick-killing upon the ship—a custom inaugurated after the rat had been convicted of carrying bubonic plague. Joppa is on the edge of the plain of Sharon and, as an abundance of water can be secured at a reasonable depth, the city is a garden. Orange trees thrive there and the fruit is excellent. Two places of interest are shown, the home of Tabitha and the house of Simon the tanner, the latter immortalized by the vision which taught Peter the universality of Christ's mission.

The railroad to Jerusalem crosses the valley of Sharon, which at this season of the year is exceedingly attractive. The crops are growing, the fallowen are at work in the fields, and everywhere the wild flowers bloom. The roses of Sharon had many rivals, if the plain looked in olden time as it does now. The principal station on the plain is Ramleh, through which conquering armies marched for ages. From time immemorial Palestine has been a prize of war. When it was not itself the object of conquest, its occupation was necessary to the acquiring or holding of other territories. The Persians, the Egyptians, the Parthians, the Scythians, the Greeks, the Romans and the Turks have all overrun this country—not to speak of the numerous wars of the Israelites and the expeditions of the Crusaders.

From Alexander the Great and Caesar to Napoleon, no world-conquering general overlooked Palestine—and yet, out of Palestine came the Prince of Peace.

South of Sharon lies the plain of Philistia, a narrow strip of land between the hills of Judah and the sea, a small region and yet it supported a people who warred for centuries with the children of Israel. It was at Gaza, one of the chief cities on this plain, that Haman pulled down the pillars of the building and died with those who made sport of him.

**The Walls of Jerusalem.**

Leaving the low country, the railroad begins the ascent of the Judean hills through the Wady es Burar, and as one is carried up the tortuous course of the narrow valley he begins to understand why Jerusalem was considered a citadel. The hills rise to a height of about 1,500 feet and are so inaccessible that a small number dwelling on top could easily defend themselves against a much larger force. The narrow limits of Judea impress one, hemmed in on the west by Philistia, on the south by the desert and on the east by the deep chasm of the Dead Sea. Its history was developed in a territory scarcely larger than a Nebraska county.

As we approached the summit the vineyards appeared and the olive groves became more numerous. Jerusalem is beautifully located. No wonder its rebuilding and repopling is the dream of the devout Jews, many of whom come from distant corners of the earth to spend their last days within its precincts. The present walls of the city are only a few hundred years old, but the tower of David is believed to be



On the Banks of the Jordan.

a part of the wall erected by the great Hebrew king.

Once within the city one is surrounded on every hand by places that stir the tenderest memories. Even the uncertainty as to the identification of many of the sites made sacred by the life, the sufferings and the death of Christ—even the rivalry between the various sects cannot prevent a feeling of reverence. Here he whose name is borne by increasing millions was condemned without cause, crowned with thorns and at last crucified, sealing with his blood the testimony of his life.

Early in the fourth century Helena, mother of Constantine, set out to identify the spots most intimately associated with the Savior's life. She selected the place where she believed Christ was crucified and buried, and her son erected the Church of the Holy Sepulcher to mark the locality. For 15 centuries her designation was accepted as the correct one, and the Roman Catholics, the Greek Catholics and the Armenians, who divide the space in the church between them, have kept joint though not always harmonious watch over the various altars and chapels.

A few years ago the correctness of the location of Calvary was disputed and a hill over the Grotto of Jeremiah was fixed upon by the dissenters as

the place of the crucifixion, and a tomb near by as the sepulcher. Since that time the traveler has been shown both places and furnished with the arguments in support of the claims of each. It is contended that the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, though within the present walls, stands upon land which was outside of the original walls, while the new location is outside of the walls as they are at present. Possibly future excavations may settle the question by determining the exact location of the wall in the time of Christ; but what matter? The two places are not far apart, and the whole vicinity has been hallowed by His presence.

Pilate's judgment hall, the Via Dolorosa and the Ecce Homo arch are marked by the erection of a Catholic convent and school for girls, where one finds a cleanliness in striking contrast to the streets outside.

**Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.**

The pools of Gihon, of Siloam, of Bethesda and of Heskiah are all given as the wells of the pool where Jesus hanged himself is pointed out, as well as the cave in which Jeremiah wrote his lamentations; the chamber, where the last supper was observed is also fixed upon, and the tombs of Rachel, Absalom and of David. I do not know how much

evidence should be given to the testimony adduced in behalf of these different sites, but we are sure of the identity of a few places. Mount Zion upon which David built his palace, is known; Mount Akra can be located and about Mount Moriah there can be no mistake. The great bare rock that crowns the last named eminence is a landmark that has not been and cannot be easily removed. It is now covered by a mosque, but was once the sacrificial stones of the Hebrews. Solomon's temple was built on Mount Moriah, and some of its foundation stones and subterranean chambers can still be seen. In a street that leads by these foundation walls is the Jews' wailing place where for many centuries devout Hebrews, gathered from every country, have met on each Friday afternoon to bemoan the fate of Jerusalem and to petition.

**Weeping Over City's Fate.**

One sees no more pathetic sight in a trip around the world than this assemblage of men and women, some gray-haired, some in middle life and many mere children, chanting their laments and caressing the stones which the hand of Solomon laid when he was building the temple which marked the summit of Jewish political power.

Bethlehem is also identified, and whether or not the church of the Nativity, erected by the mother of Constantine, covers the spot where Christ was born, one can look upon the hills around about the city and recall that it was here that the message "Peace on earth, good will to men" came to the shepherds who kept their flocks by night.

In the garden of Gethsemane, by the Brook Kedron, one can tread the soil under the "fig tree" and the "olive tree" of his loneliness and agony. The garden is now walled in and carefully kept, and its old, gnarled and knotted olive trees shade the pathes and the stone steps which lead to the Dead Sea, 2,500 feet below.

Nowhere else can one walk amid scenes so familiar to the civilized world as are those of Judea. Surrounded by paganism and idolatry, a little bar began here the establishment of a monotheistic religion and, notwithstanding backslidings, shortcomings and wanderings from the faith, the spiritual side of life was never entirely forgotten. The great prophets thundered their warnings from these hills; great singers poured forth their hymns of penitence, praise and thanksgiving; here a wonderful literature was developed and a history written which was stranger than fiction; and here, in the fullness of time, came One who was commissioned to substitute the law of love for the law that required "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

In the city of Jerusalem there are now some 60,000 souls, and a composite population it is. While about two-thirds of the people are Jews and the remainder divided almost equally between the Mohammedans and Christians, one can count representatives of a score or more of nations in an hour's walk.

near the edge of a wild, deep and rugged canyon, at the bottom of which plunges the Brook Cherith. A Greek monastery has been built at the place where Elijah found refuge during the drought.

Jericho is a small village and a half mile from the site of the ancient city of that name. It depends for its support upon the tourists who visit the Jordan valley rather than upon the cultivated area.

The Dead sea, 48 miles long and 1 mile wide, covers the deepest portion of this most remarkable of the depressions in the earth's surface. The sea extends from the base of Mount Hermon to the eastern arm of the Red sea, known as the Gulf of Akaba. For more than 100 miles this sea or ravine is below the level of the rest, the surface of the Dead sea being 1,300 feet lower than the Mediterranean. As the Dead sea is in some places 1,200 feet deep, the greatest depth of the chasm is, therefore, more than 3,000 feet. The water of the sea is bitter and contains 25 per cent of salt, or about five times as much as the ocean. As we took a bath in the Dead sea, we can testify that one cannot sink in its waters.

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**Where the Promise is Kept.**

We have been impressed with the life-giving power of a fountain in a barren land and can more fully realize the force of the promise that the man who delighteth "in the law of the Lord" shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water.

But no part of the Old Testament has been brought more vividly to our minds than the twenty-third psalm. Life is much the same here today as it was two, three, four thousand years ago, and we have seen innumerable flocks and have watched the sheep following the shepherd with confidence as he staff in hand, led them into new pastures or from hillside to stream. No animal is more helpless than the sheep and no guardian more tender than the shepherd. The sheep know their master's voice, and we have several times seen a shepherd carrying a lamb in his arms. The hills about Jerusalem, the springs, the shepherds and their flocks will rise before us whenever we read again.

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## Portland to Palestine Touching High Places of a Delightful Trip Canada

Professor J. B. Horner, occupying the chair of literature and Latin at the Oregon Agricultural college, is away, and in his stead the Journal has the pleasure of publishing his impressions of the tour for The Oregonian. Mr. Horner has the observer's eye, the philosopher's vision and the story-teller's pen; his letters will instruct and amuse. This letter tells of his visit to the Church of Saint Anne at Beauport.

By J. B. Horner.

ANY are the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Anne de Beauport, an enjoyable trolley ride from Quebec. Our way thither is overlooked by Montmorency falls, 80 feet higher than the falls at Niagara, the duke of Kent's chateau, where lived the father of Queen Victoria, and the plains of Abraham, where was decided the fate of New France, and other points of historic interest. Down on the Rhine they say, "Time gives history and wine their richness"; hence in searching for historical facts we are prone to turn from American history to the old continental fields, summer-fallowed for decades, since they have produced incidents approaching the historical horizon. The old continent has made its history and is taking a well-earned rest, as the farmer who has cleared and fenced his lands, broken the sod and built an elegant home surrounded by beautiful walks and delightful driveways. The old continent has made history in determining its political geography, and now enjoys the pursuits of peace in avenues marked out centuries ago by a far-sighted and provident ancestry. In this new era is the history-making continent, but our history does not require the compelling power of time to give it zest and flavor. A day, and Dewey ranks with Nelson; 60 minutes undo the work of half a century in San Francisco, and the transatlantic race between science and speed in America is making the world dizzy. My pen is not extravagant, therefore, when it tells you that there is enough history and tradition along the road from Quebec to Beauport to turn a man gray at the age of 40.



Famed Church of St. Anne de Beauport.

**Origin of the Church.**

The guide reminds us that in 1600 some Breton mariners, while navigating the St. Lawrence, were overtaken by storm. In made history that afternoon they remembered St. Anne, the well-beloved patroness of their own beloved Brittany, and they at once invoked her with fervor and vowed that if they should be saved from shipwreck they would build a chapel in her honor on the very spot where they should happen to land. When the morning showed these brave men found themselves quite unexpectedly on the north bank of the river, in front of Beauport. They landed, and true to their vow, raised a little wooden chapel in honor of St. Anne.

A good monk continued with this bit of tradition. "Holy Writ has nothing to say of St. Anne; it does not even

mention her name. We must not be astonished at this. As the Virgin Mary was sufficiently glorified to have had our divine Savior for her son, so it suffices for the glory of Saint Anne to have the immaculate Virgin Mary as her daughter. She was buried first at Bethlehem, then transferred to Jerusalem and brought from Jerusalem to Apt in France by St. Lazarus, who was raised from the dead by the Savior. Her sisters were the mothers of several of the apostles and of Saint Elizabeth, who gave birth to John the Baptist. Saint Anne's life was that of a pious mother who gives her time to prayer, the care of her children and that of the afflicted."

As the car swept into the village of

Beauport, streams of pilgrims were seen pouring into the basilica, which a little Greek rustic with dishevelled hair helps the visitor to understand that is a place of regal origin. These pilgrims are on the way to the altar where lay a bone from the hand of St. Anne—a constant object of veneration to the pilgrim, an object of legitimate curiosity to the visitor, to whom culture had been neglectful and fortune unkind. The response was a look of resentment such as ought never to cloud a lady's face. Accordingly, the social atmosphere became so chilly in that part of the car that as soon as opportunity permitted the women who had stanned toward each other occupied

for them. At the entrance of the basilica are two vast stacks of crutches leaning high, and the attendant assures us have been thrown away by cripples who have been miraculously healed by St. Anne. Such is the marvelous faith exercised by these pilgrims who come long distances supporting themselves with staffs and crutches, sometimes crawling on hands and knees. Mothers carry their sick and dying infants in their arms, the crippled—blind, the blind support the crippled—all come to kiss a relic from the hand of St. Anne, the mother of the blessed Virgin.

**Sunshine of Faith.**

I am glad the dark veil of circumstantialness anciently drawn between churches has worn so thin that a Protestant, although along religious lines, may see through and enjoy the sunshine of faces glowing radiant as the unction of faith beams upon the pilgrims approaching the shrine of Saint Anne. The Hingly bones has been worn deep with tears and kisses, which is an evidence of faith that leads over difficulties like a bridge of stars. The townsmen as well as the pilgrims, during the season of pilgrimage, pearly are miraculously healed and that the healing power is no respecter of diseases. A display of spectacles and eyeglasses, with other jewelry, have been gratefully given to the shrine at the basilica by those who have received help at Saint Anne. So many have been the gifts that thousands of rings, chains and necklaces have been melted into crowns and other larger ornaments to relieve the monotony of the display. In fact, the edifices themselves are gifts from those who have obtained health at the shrine of Saint Anne.

**A Wonder of Grace.**

Our short stay denied us the privilege of witnessing this evidence further than that I did behold with my own eyes what some would call a wonder of grace performed at the shrine of Saint Anne. Among the pilgrims to Beauport came a woman who for want of a seat in the car sat by another clad in silk. There was no affinity between these women of widely different tastes. The greatest calamity that can befall friendship in the formative state is violation of taste. First, the one despised the other, to whom culture had been neglectful and fortune unkind. The response was a look of resentment such as ought never to cloud a lady's face. Accordingly, the social atmosphere became so chilly in that part of the car that as soon as opportunity permitted the women who had stanned toward each other occupied

seats widely apart. Early after our arrival the poorly dressed woman came into the basilica, and kneeling beside a cripple at the shrine of Saint Anne offered up her petition; for like all poor, she had much to ask for. Soon the princess of the social circle came in and reverently knelt beside the woman; she had ruthlessly brushed aside the poor and there offered up her petitions, for although the wants of the rich are not always so evident, they are as imminent as the wants of the poor. Then she in calico took from a cloth an old worn leather-backed volume—a Bible or prayer book—and read from its pages promises that stimulated her faith, and a glow of joy removed the look of revenge from that labor-stricken face. Then she in silk produced a volume sumptuously bound in morocco and gold and read inspiring promises, while her face beamed with a new sunshine which she had found at the altar of Saint Anne. They kissed the shrine and arose. Departing, they embraced each other as sisters; for something which had whispered to them, "Ye ye reconciled one to another," now told them that revenge had surrendered the throne to love, and pardon had been recorded in the great chancery above. Two women were never more affectionate and attentive to each other, and silk never harmonized more beautifully with calico than on the returning car from Beauport, where sat the two women whose hearts, although once estranged, had been melted together that day by faith at the shrine of Saint Anne de Beauport.

**Sweeping Off Flies.**

Unalaska resembles other northern stations, having warehouses, docks, the inevitable Greek church and a score of wooden cabins. Whalers leave here for the Arctic regions.

Dutch Harbor is a station for our revenue fleet. There is much coming and going of ships of all nations; there lay quite a formidable fleet, and only two ships out of 12 carried colors of the same country.

Just before entering the harbor, says a writer in Outdoor Life, one notices a detached rock high against the side of the cliff. It bears a striking resemblance to a Russian priest in full robes. Touched by the sunset light, he seemed to stand blessing the harbor.

Sailing north-out into Bering sea, one looks back at the desolate, silent, treeless islands, which seem to wall the edge of the world. Hundreds of miles west they run toward Vladivostok.

Two hundred and forty miles north of Unalaska are the Pribyloff islands; not large, but the greatest seal islands in the world. There are many fur seals around the shores of Bering sea and the Aleutian islands, but the great mass of them are bred in the Pribyloff group. No white man is permitted to land on these breeding grounds without a permit, signed by the secretary of the treasury of the United States.

**Crooked and Hilly Streets.**

The streets of Jerusalem are narrow and crooked, and one is going up hill or down hill all the time. The houses, the stores, the walls, the gates and the custom of the people seem more oriental than European. There are no streetcars, no modern bookstores and no newspapers, excepting one printed in Hebrew.

The carriage road from Jerusalem to Jericho winds around the Mount of Olives and down the eastern side of the Judean hills, past the Apostles' fountain and through the Wilderness of Judea. This wilderness is not the custom of the people are Jews and the remainder divided almost equally between the Mohammedans and Christians, one can count representatives of a score or more of nations in an hour's walk.

A little more than half way down the slope is a rest station called in honor of the parable the Good Samaritan Inn. (But for the mounted guards who now patrol this road the traveler would even today be in danger of falling among thieves.)

A little farther on the road leads

to the Dead sea, 48 miles long and 1 mile wide, covers the deepest portion of this most remarkable of the depressions in the earth's surface. The sea extends from the base of Mount Hermon to the eastern arm of the Red sea, known as the Gulf of Akaba. For more than 100 miles this sea or ravine is below the level of the rest, the surface of the Dead sea being 1,300 feet lower than the Mediterranean. As the Dead sea is in some places 1,200 feet deep, the greatest depth of the chasm is, therefore, more than 3,000 feet. The water of the sea is bitter and contains 25 per cent of salt, or about five times as much as the ocean. As we took a bath in the Dead sea, we can testify that one cannot sink in its waters.

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