

THE PROFANATION OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Turks on Guard at the Tomb of Christ.

A Regiment of Moslems Needed to Preserve The Peace at Christianity's Shrine.

THE TURKS. THE CHRISTIANS and the HOLY SEPULCHRE. By JAMES CREELMAN.

THE horror of the great Adana massacre seems to have made as little impression on the Turkish official mind as the heroism, love and self-sacrifice of the Christian missionaries who witnessed it, for the scattered voices of Christianity in Asia Minor are too weak to be heard long in the fat Sultan's palace, and the blood of thirty thousand victims slain this year, actually within a hundred miles of European warships, still cries uselessly for vengeance.

It is not in Constantinople, but in Jerusalem, that the power of Christianity gets its real valuation in the eyes of the Turkish Government.

The Ambassadors of armed Christendom are too much occupied with schemes of commercial or political intrigue at Constantinople to waste any time in securing the punishment of the slaughterers of Christian multitudes, unless important points in trade or politics are to be gained, so that political diplomacy is in a sort of conspiracy with Moslem authority to treat the unavenged butchery of Christians on the Cilician Plain as a thing of the past, an embarrassing incident to be forgiven and forgotten while more serious questions of commerce, finance, and treaty are pressed.

In Palestine, where for more than sixteen hundred years Christian lamps have burned before the scenes of Christ's birth, ministry and death; whose parched soil and rocks are memorials sacred; whose very air is sacramental to pilgrims drawn from the ends of the earth—in the Holy Land the Moslem looks in vain for signs of Christian concord or unity.

No wonder the fierce and ignorant hordes of Asia Minor dare to murder thirty thousand Christians and to violate women and desecrate churches within a few miles of the Mediterranean Sea in the twentieth century without fear of retribution.

Around the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem: around the grotto of the Nativity in Bethlehem; by the Garden of Gethsemane, under whose still living olive trees Christ prayed and sweated blood; in the crooked street through which He staggered under the cross; on the Mount of Olives, from which He ascended to Heaven, and from whose ancient summit the Dead Sea and the Jordan, where He was baptized, can be seen in these holiest places of Christian history, Christian monks and priests quarrel and fight over hair-splitting questions of sectarian dignity and privilege, tear each other's hair, slap each other's faces, and shed each other's blood.

Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, robed, mitered, hooded, and sandaled, with Syrians, Copts, Abyssinians, and what not of minor churches huddled on either side of the great Christian denominations, insult and conspire against each other, and descend to vulgar fist brawls, while hosts of poor pilgrims, haggard, weary, and white with pain, pour their pitiful savings into monastic treasuries in which are already piled gold and jewels enough to make the splendor of the Caesars look dim.

Islam, whose bayonets keep the Christians from each other's throats in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, looks on and laughs at the confusion of Christendom among its supremely sacred shrines, and even the Jews, returned from all lands to wall and weep against the foundation stones of Solomon's temple—and will not venture on the ground above lest they might step unawares on the lost Holy of Holies—are puzzled to know why the Christians continue to send missionaries to Palestine to convert Israel.

All through my investigations into the Adana massacre, in the wrecked cities, the burned villages, the fields reeking with Christian corpses, and among the homeless widows and orphans and dishonored maidens, I thought of Jerusalem. After I had left the scenes of death and shame and desolation I would go to the hill of David, look upon the Holy Sepulchre, walk on the Mount of Olives and in the Garden of Gethsemane, and, perhaps overcome by the sentiment of my surroundings, fall to my knees out of a very ecstasy of peace in a city that had stood forty sieges and been completely destroyed many times.

On the way to Jaffa the Arab-crowded ship stopped for a while before venerable Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel and across the wide bay from Acre, where Richard the Lion-Hearted and his mailed knights wet the earth with blood in their struggle to wrest the Holy Sepulchre and the true cross from Saladin.

Within the hoary walls of Acre lives Abdul Abbas Effendi, white-haired son and successor of Baha'ollah, the founder of the Bahai religion, a wonderful Persian movement for the religious unification of the whole world, which has millions of followers in India, Russia, Persia, and America, with churches in New York and Chicago.

In 1844 there appeared in Persia a young man named Ali Mohammed, who announced himself as The Bab (Persian for God or Gate) and declared himself to be the forerunner of "He whom God will manifest," a mighty teacher who would unite all peoples in one religion. The Bab drew many followers to him, but the Persian Government does not encourage new religions, and, at the end of two years' teaching, the young leader was imprisoned for four years and then publicly executed as a heretic at Tabriz.

The movement was carried on by Baha'ollah, a young man of noble family who had been one of The Bab's most devoted followers. The Babites multiplied by tens of thousands and presently Baha'ollah, with many of his companions, was exiled to Irak, and then, through an arrangement between the Turkish and Persian Governments, they were sent to Constantinople, later to

Adrianople, and still later to the fortified penal town of Acre.

Before leaving Irak Baha'ollah declared himself to be the divine teacher whose appearance was foretold by The Bab. When he died at Acre, in 1850, his eldest son, Abdul Abbas Effendi, succeeded to his place as the leader and expounder of the Bahai movement, but made no claim to divine power. Until the new Turkish Constitution was proclaimed he was a prisoner at Acre, but now he is free to move where he will.

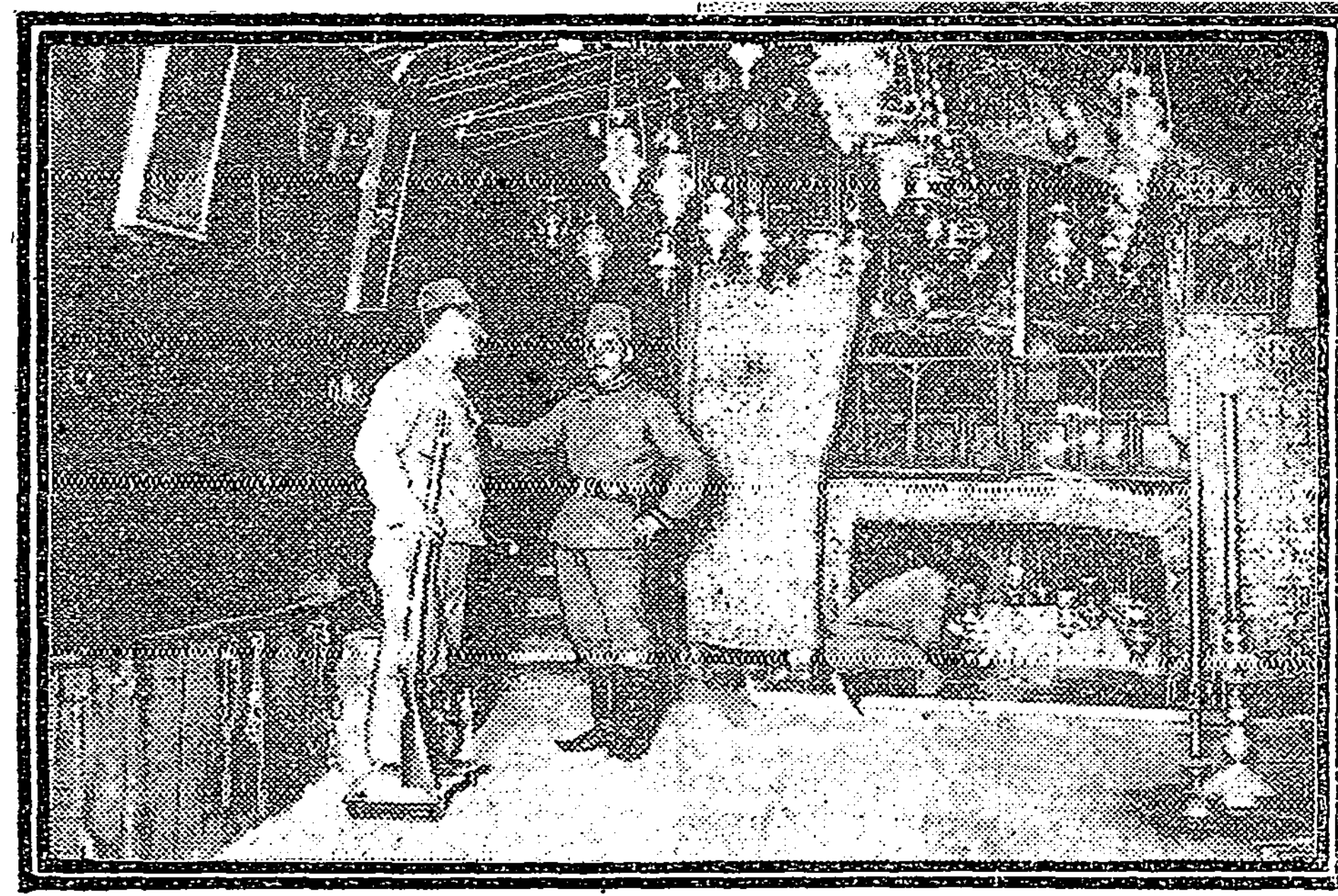
Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, Zoroastrians, Buddhists, and Brahmans have sat at the same table with Abbas Effendi, who, usually with a group of his American followers about him, continues to spread the Bahai faith throughout the world, until, it is said, the movement now numbers more than 15,000,000 men and women of many countries and many races, all bent on the religious unification of mankind, the abolition of warfare, and the elevation of the race, not through philosophy, but through love and service, and to convince humanity that "the time has come for men to live the life of the Kingdom—to live it in the world—to be in the world, but not of the world."

I had no time to see Abbas Effendi himself, but in Haifa I talked with the greatest of his followers, Mirza Assad'ullah, a venerable Persian scholar.

He was a thin, gray old man, in a long black robe, Persian fez, and slippers. It was he who brought the body of the martyred Bab from Persia to be set in a white marble sarcophagus in a stately mausoleum on the side of Mount Carmel, and from the withered garden in which Mirza Assad'ullah received me at the door of his simple house we could see the Bab's tomb looming up against the mighty slope beyond which Elijah built his altar in the presence of the assembled prophets of Baal and called down fire from heaven.

American newspapers and magazines and current literature from all countries were laid in neat order on a table in the old man's bare sitting room, in which Persian tea and cigarettes were promptly served.

There is something marvelous in the air of the Holy Land. It seems to nourish religions. And after all that I had seen in Asia Minor of murder and torture and rapine, with the muzzins chanting the name of God from minarets across the desolation wrought by blood-stained Islam, it seemed natural enough that as I approached Palestine I should be sitting



Moslem Soldiers on Guard in the Sacred Grotto of the Nativity, Bethlehem, Where, It is Believed, Christ Was Born.

with this lean, gentle, white-bearded Persian, who talked of universal peace and the brotherhood of man.

"Behind the teaching of all the prophets, both major and minor, is to be found a clear idea, the ultimate union of the human race," he said. "We believe that there is a universal religion pure enough and simple enough for all. It is not a religion of hate nor of fear, but a religion of love. When men understand that the Lord has really come and that glory is not for him who loveth his native land, but for him who loveth the world, this world in which the Kingdom of God is to be entered, such awful scenes of death and sorrow as you have looked upon in Adana will be no longer possible."

Then I went on to Jerusalem, the Jerusalem whose very name thrills three religious worlds, the Jerusalem where Judaism burst into blossom in Christianity, to find, not peace, simplicity, and love, but discord, hatred, strife, greed, vanity, deceit, and fraud, a spectacle more disheartening to a civilized man than even the murderous Moslem orgy in Asia Minor, which at least had the excuse of passion and ignorance.

THE red memory of the Cilician Plain, its 30,000 fresh-slain Christians, its spoiled, insulted churches, ghastly ruins, and covering widows and orphans was with me as I stooped low through the worn marble opening and entered the Holy Sepulchre.

This sacred place, where for more than sixteen centuries Christendom has wept and prayed over the small rock-hewn chamber in which it is said Joseph of Arimathea laid the dead body of Christ; where Emperors and Empresses, Kings and Queens, Popes, Cardinals, steel-clad crusaders, military conquerors, millions of travel-weary pilgrims, the greatest and the meanest of earth, have knelt in awed silence, is a white marble chapel, six and a half feet long by six feet wide, with a tomb of once white marble slabs at the side—the top slab being cracked in the middle—and forty-three precious little silver lamps twinkling faintly at the ends of chains overhead.

A fat Greek monk, in a loose black robe and flat-topped hood, leaned against the wall at the end of the tomb. His hair was gathered up in a "bun" at the back

of his great neck, his fluffy black beard was radiant with oil, and he bit the nails of his thick fingers as he swung lazily about—showing that his mighty back was against a small picture of the Madonna, from which the paint was partly rubbed off—and sprinkled my hands with rose-water from a glittering silver bottle.

Then he settled back against the wall and watched me as I surveyed the tomb, the row of lit candles and gaudy vases; the rose-marble shelving about it; the wall above, with its representation of the resurrection carved in the stone in low relief, and the same symbol repeated on either side in frames, one on the left in golden repoussé, and the other on the right painted on canvas.

As I leaned forward to admire the chalice of the golden Resurrection in its jeweled frame, the monk struck his arm forward and tapped the brilliant metal with his forefinger.

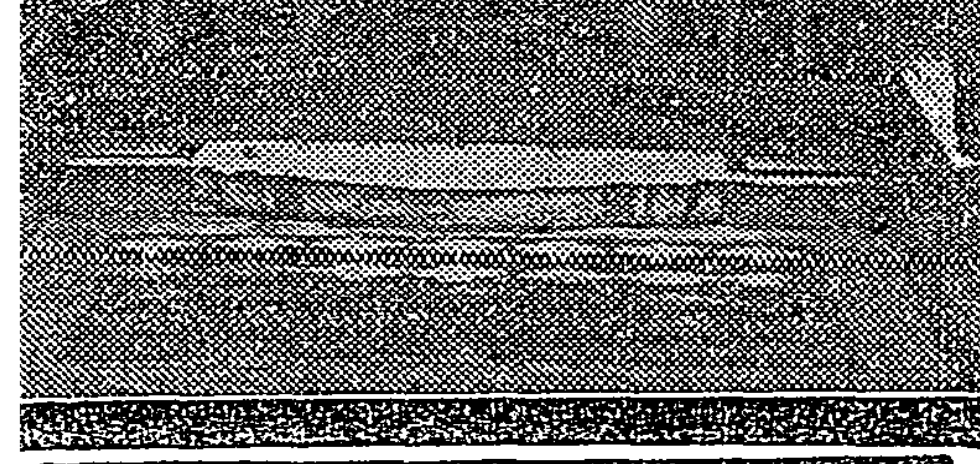
"Latin—Roman Catholic," he said. Then he touched the shining surface again, raised his spread hands, slowly threw back his head, rolled his eyes upward, and, with an Oriental drooping of the eyelids, made a low clucking sound with his tongue.

"Not gold—brass!" he exclaimed, drawing back his lips and showing his big white teeth.

Through the low, narrow entrance could be seen the kneeling figure of a young Bethlehem woman in a tall white head-dress and descending veil, her beautiful, reek face raised and her lips moving. Beside her, on the floor of the dim little chapel, where the two angels in "shining garments" said to Mary Magdalene and the other women of Galilee who sought the dead body of their Lord; "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen," lay a Russian peasant, with tousled hair and great boots, stretched out, face downward, in the form of a cross, and in the lighted rotunda beyond paced a solemn black Abyssinian monk with bowed head.

"And these," added the Greek monk, raising his head scornfully and pointing to the jewels in the frame of the Roman Catholic altar piece, "are not genuine—they are glass." He shook his hooded head reproachfully, turned his palms outward, and clucked his tongue.

"That," pointing to the humble little Armenian picture, while his large eyes



Exterior of the Holy Sepulchre, a Marble Chapel Within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

(Photographs by Courtesy of The American Colony, Jerusalem.)

sparkled and his paunch shook with half-suppressed laughter, "is Armenian."

The Bethlehem woman came in where we were and, kneeling, folded her hands and bent her lovely face over the tomb of Christ. The Russian peasant kissed the floor of the angel's chapel. The Abyssinian had sunk to his knees in prayer. A sound of distant chanting could be heard and a procession of nuns in wide, snowy bonnets was visible through the doorway.

The stout guardian of the tomb drew himself up with an air of heavy dignity and waved his hand toward the flat sculpture between the Catholic and Armenian objects of his contempt.

"This is Greek," he announced. "And this is ours, too," he added, touching a small square of silk brocade; "and this, and this, and this, and this," indicating candlesticks and vases. "We don't put our fine things here except on grand occasions. We keep them in our treasury. But we have gold, real gold, and magnificent jewels."

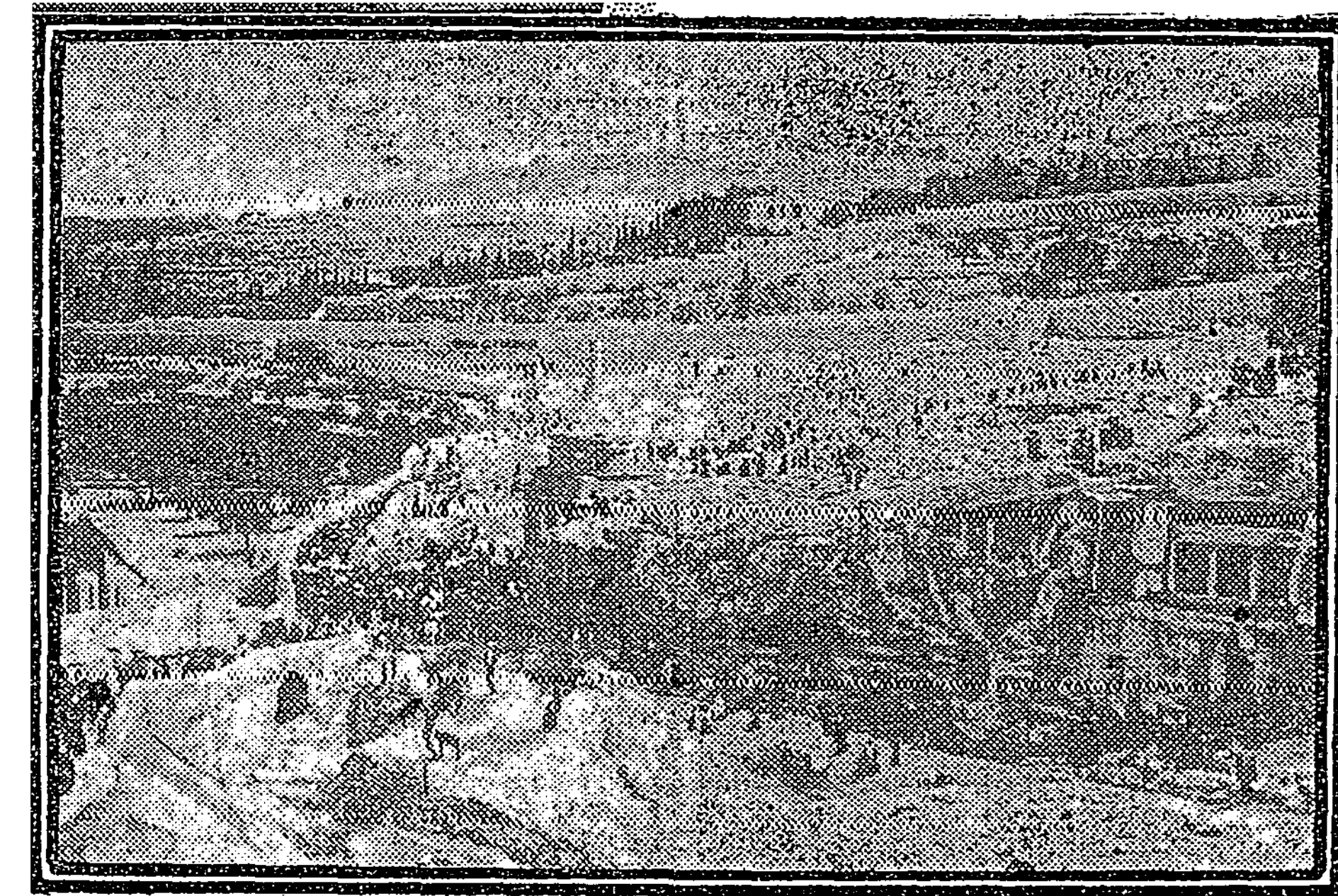
His chest swelled out and his head rose proudly. "Our treasury is full of splendid things, gold, silver, diamonds, emeralds, rubies—oh! nobody has anything like our things!" His voice grew louder and he wagged his head. "And we have a piece of the True Cross as big as that"—with wide extended arms—"and three smaller pieces, too. Nobody has anything like them, nobody in the world."

He turned grandly toward me to see what the effect of his words was, his face shining with pride, and, then, flicking his forefinger toward the Catholic and Armenian altar pieces, and sticking his sensuous lower lip out, he muttered with an indescribable expression of pity, "Catholic! Armenian!"

I put my hand in my pocket and groped among the small coins there. His sharp ears caught the clink and his dark eyes watched my pocket with a sudden intensity. When I dropped a silver piece in his tray he again sprinkled me with rose-water and, plucking a bunch of sweet basil from a vase on the altar, gave it to me for my buttonhole. The poor Bethlehem woman arose from her prayers and departed, unsprinkled and unnoticed.

Presently the monk set about trimming the Greek lights in the tomb. He carefully snuffed the wicks of the Greek candles and just as carefully neglected those belonging to the Catholics and Armenians. Then he lowered thirteen of the forty-three little silver lamps, swinging from the ceiling. The Catholics and Armenians each own thirteen of these lamps also; the Copts own the remaining four.

So jealous are these churches of their rights and so ready to resist the slightest encroachment of others upon their privileges, that it would require a special firman of the Sultan himself to permit one



The Funeral Procession of Chief Rabbi Salant of Jerusalem Ascending the Mount of Olives.

church to even dust a lamp belonging to another church. The right of each denomination to sweep or dust any part of the sacred building is set forth in imperial firmans, each spot of the floor or wall being measured to an inch—and this minute and almost incredibly strict system of regulation extends even to the common street ruffians around the tomb of Christ itself. We Moslems, of course, guard this church because it is the shrine of one of our greatest prophets, Jesus, but also to keep the public peace.

After wandering through the vast building, with its succession of caverns and chapels and altars, one roof sheltering many churches and shrines—here a dark pit in which St. Helena found the True Cross; there the half-lit rocky cave in which Christ was imprisoned; through the gleaming, gorgeous Greek cathedral, with its gilded metropolitan thrones and its low marble port marking what the Greeks say is "the centre of the world"; between battered pillars and under crumbling arches built by the Crusaders; through the sacristy where are shown the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon, the Norman knight and Crusader King of Jerusalem; upstairs to the great Greek shrine, blazing with gold and silver and diamonds, which marks the site of Golgotha, with awestruck men and women kneeling about the hole in which the very cross of the crucifixion is said to have stood, kissing the smooth silver plate that encloses it and peering into a near-by cavity that shows a rent in the rough rock, and next to it the Catholic shrine of Calvary, its Madonna literally covered with costly jewels, and down again to a hole in the wall revealing the place where, it is said, the skull of Adam lay till the blood of Christ, dripping through the river rock, touched it and brought the first man to life again; with the fragrances of frankincense in the air, the hoarse singing of shaven and girdled monks mingling with the piteous whining of women beggars, and the kneeling or prostrate figures of pilgrims from many lands seen dimly in the half-lights—and then I went out into God's fresh air and bright sunshine and waited till I saw a Moslem guardian summon the pilgrims away from the shrine and turn his key in the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, leaving

there is never a Moslem who enters the church without removing his shoes.

"In all the years I have sat here I have never seen a Christian monk, Greek, Latin, Armenian, Copt, or Syrian, give alms to the miserable men, women, and children who come here for help; yet it is a common thing to see Moslems bestow money on the beggars in and out of the church. And no King has such rich treasures as these monks can show, while the pilgrims pour new fortunes into their hands every year."

He drew himself up cross-legged on his small carpeted platform and lit a cigarette, while priests, monks, and pilgrims passed and repassed the doorway.

"Do you see that stone stairway leading up from the paved courtyard out there?" he asked. "That belongs to the Catholics, and leads to their Chapel of St. Mary of Egypt, next to the spot where Christians believe Christ was crucified. The pavement of the courtyard belongs to the Greeks. Well, what do you think? Six years ago a Catholic monk swept the stairs. When he had finished the lower step he attempted to gather up the dirt he had swept over on the stone pavement. The Greek monks drove him back with curses and threats, saying that no Catholic had the privilege of cleaning Greek stones. Instantly a crowd of monks gathered on each side, shaking their fists and weapons. The monk who had been sweeping insisted that he had a right to remove the sweepings. It was Catholic dirt, swept from Catholic stairs under imperial authority, and he dared any Greek to scold or even touch it. The Greek monks danced with rage and shrieked out that the pavement was Greek and that they would shed their blood rather than have it cleaned by any Catholic."

"We had to call in soldiers to prevent murder, and for a time there was a very exciting situation, the Christians calling each other hard names and threatening all sorts of violence. Finally, just as we thought the matter was being settled, the Greeks and Catholics fell on each other like wild beasts in the courtyard, beat each other's faces, pulled each other's beards, and engaged in a regular battle with all sorts of weapons. Just as the fight began a crowd of Greek monks on the rooftops threw showers of stones down on the Catholics. It was one of the most savage scenes I ever looked at. Many monks were wounded, and but for the interference of Moslem guards lives would have been lost. A brave gendarme

ing, as usual, forty monks of the Greek, Catholic, Armenian, Copt, and Abyssinian denominations looked up inside, one white-bearded Greek thrusting his head out of an opening in the door and giving a parting scowl to an Armenian rival.

The awful scenes of Christian martyrdom in Asia Minor came back to me—the hundred miles of burned villages, the torn bodies, living on grass and roots, the simple-hearted, patient, heroic American missionaries working from dawn to dark among the wounded, the hungry, the homeless, the fatherless, and the Armenian men and boys who, only a few months ago, smilingly gave their lives up in the Amanus mountains rather than deny Christ.

THE great Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, Damianus, received me in a hall of the ancient Greek monastery adjoining the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and listened, with cold eyes and unmoved countenance to the details of the massacre of Christians in Adana. His Beatitude sat near his canopied throne, with a group of monks attending him, an immense, handsome man in a black robe and stately, high headdress, large featured, heavy bearded, with an enameled picture of the Madonna hanging on a silver chain and a diamond crown flashing on his deep chest.

Not even when I described the most appalling phases of the massacre, including the mutilation of infants and the violation of white-haired women, did he show any emotion. But when he heard how the Moslems of Antioch had poured kerosene on the hair and beard of a Christian priest and then burned him to death in his own church, an expression of uneasiness came into the Patriarch's face.

"Was the priest a Greek?" he asked. "No, an Armenian."

"Oh!"

The Patriarch seemed to be relieved. I may be mistaken, but he seemed almost pleased.

"I thought that in Jerusalem at least I would find some evidence of the moral and spiritual unity of Christianity," I said, "but I discover bitterness, jealousy, and dissension."

His Beatitude raised his eyebrows and looked politely interested.

"It seems shocking to find such a state of affairs in the birthplace of the Christian religion," I added.

"We must all defend our rights and privileges," answered the Patriarch. "The firmans of the Sultan define our standing and scope at the main places. Then the Catholics claim the right to come here, and the Armenians insist on the right to go there, and this and that and the other invasion of settled rights is attempted. You see how it is."

"It is the deadliest scandal of Christendom that Christians should fight each other around the tomb of Christ," I insisted.

"Well, we must defend our rights," and the Patriarch's glance wandered from a gay portrait of the Sultan on the wall, over vases of artificial flowers set before the Patriarchal throne, to a splendid crystal ball hanging in the air.

"After what I have seen in Adana," I said, "I should think that the only right a Christian would ask for in Jerusalem is the right to go down on his knees."

His Beatitude made some delicate and graceful reference to the unfortunate obstinacy of the Catholics and Armenians, and then I withdrew.

Later on I talked with the Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem, a withered, dim-eyed, white-haired giant of nearly a hundred years, who sat in a black hood in a large pointed hood in a lofty hall of the great Armenian monastery, which has rooms for thousands of pilgrims, and the historic church which contains the prison in which the Apostle James was beheaded.

The trembling old man listened dryly to the story of the slaughter of his brethren on the Cilician plain, and when I complained that the great dignitaries of the ancient Christian Churches of Jerusalem were brawling and quarreling when they should be united in prayer, he said, "The continued massacres of Christians in Asia Minor, he said, with a slow shake of his head, "Yes, it is too bad. But, of course, we must preserve our privileges at the sacred places here." Then an Armenian monk took me to the wonderful old Church of St. James, showed me the Bishop's chair once used by the martyr, and then led me to a locked iron door in the wall, behind which, I was assured, the Armenians had enough gold and brocade, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls to maintain the haughty Greeks and Catholic dukes.

"You ought to see the magnificence of the procession here on Easter, when these jewels are shown," said the monk. "There is nothing like it in the world." "There was more spirit and humanity in Philippe Camasse, the Latin, or Roman Catholic, Patriarch and Grand Master of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. His fine, sensitive Italian face flushed with indignation and his dark eyes snapped as he heard the story of Adana. He declared that such outrages were intolerable and that the great Christian nations should join together to prevent the oppression of Christians in the future. America should be one of the nations to take the initiative in such a movement. It was contrary to the interest and the honor of the civilized world that it should allow such a vast and unpardonable crime to pass without some international action."

The sturdy vicar of the Franciscan monks, who are the Catholic guardians of the Holy Land, also vigorously declared that Europe and America should unite to prevent any future massacres of Christians in Turkey. Two days before I had seen him with shaven head and coarse brown robe, a white rope knotted around the waist, standing in the very door of the Holy Sepulchre itself, and pouring out such an extortation to the assembled officers and sailors of a French warship as the barefoot monks of old might have addressed to the conquering Crusaders on the same spot. But

(Continued on Following Page.)

THE PROFANATION OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Amid Scenes in Which Christianity's Founder Lived and Died Sectarian Jealousies Have Kindled A Sordid Strife That Amazes Turkish Rulers.

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

When I met him in his monastery he seemed to flame with indignation over the wrongs suffered by Christians at the hands of Moslems.

Then I went out over the Mount of Olives and down past the pompous Russian church with its gilded dome, past the half-ruined pillar where Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss, into the old Garden of Gethsemane.

It is a small space enclosed with wall and opening to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with a marvelous, old, tumbled Jewish cemetery beside it, and on the other side of the dried-up Brook of Kedron which is not a brook except in Winter time—acres and acres of Moslem graves, reaching up to the very walls of Jerusalem, against which swarms of blackened Moslem women crouched and publicly lamented over their dead, almost beside the walled-up Golden Gate through which Christ entered Jerusalem riding on an ass over branches strewn in the road by a multitude crying, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

There in the garden where Christ, drawn apart from His Apostles, prayed in agony that the red of His approaching blood and death might pass from Him, stand seven olive trees whose trunks, 119 feet in circumference, are split with age, and they are said to be the same among which the Lord knelt. All about are roses, poppies, dahlias, immortelles, rosmari, a fair confusion of forms and colors, with prim paths and branches in which the bulbous sing. It is a place of peace and beauty.

As I rested in Gethsemane beside the bearded Franciscan monk who guarded its quiet, the scene was unforgettable. We sat under a wide trellis of passion flowers with caged birds singing overhead and the air sweet with the breath of flowers. Down a dusty road rode a tall, straight Jew on his way to the cemetery, with a child's coffin perched on his shoulder, a lonely but singularly heroic figure. A group of lean Arabs led a procession of tired and dirty camels across the valley near the tomb of Absalom. From a gray minaret rising above the battlemented top of the wall of Jerusalem a muzzini's voice rang out in solemn quavers: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

The monk set forth wine and water and sat under the trailing passion flowers, smiling and nodding welcome.

"Yes, yes," he said, "it is too bad that there is any conflict about the holy places. It is a part of our burden as Christians and we must bear it patiently. We live in a valley of pain. We should speak charitably and dwell together as brothers, remembering how short this life is. I believe in Christian forbearance and loving concord. It is the only way. One can hardly live in this sacred Garden of Gethsemane without feeling that. But," and his voice rose high and shrill, while his black eyes flashed, "of all the liars and scoundrels, of all the tricksters without honor and without conscience, of all the black-hearted, thieving rogues in the world, these Greek monks are the worst," and he brought his clenched fist down on his knee with a tremendous smack.

The voice from the ancient minaret chanted plaintively over the city wall and the grave-strewn valley:

"Let us go and pray; let us go and save our souls; God is great; there is no God but God."

BYOND the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem, a short ride to the north on the old King's Road, is the home of the American colony, a Christian community cult of lay association founded about twenty-eight years ago by Horatio G. Spafford, a Chicago lawyer, who, when four of his children were lost at sea, wrote the noble hymn beginning: "When peace like a river attendeth my way," "When sorrows like sea billows roll; Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, it is well with my soul."

In that time of sorrow Mr. Spafford and his wife left Chicago and went to Jerusalem, where with a few friends they organized a Christian fellowship, living together, holding goods in common, and attempting to realize the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Mr. Spafford has since died, but the American colony has grown and prospered. Many Swedes have joined with the Americans and the community has become self-supporting. It has cotton weaving, a bakery, a carpenter's shop, a dentist's office, a photograph gallery, a prosperous store in Jerusalem, a military band, an orchestra, a school for children, guides for tourists, and collectors of archaeological treasures for museums.

The main home is in a great, old, gray stone building, in which a rich Arab used to live with seven wives.

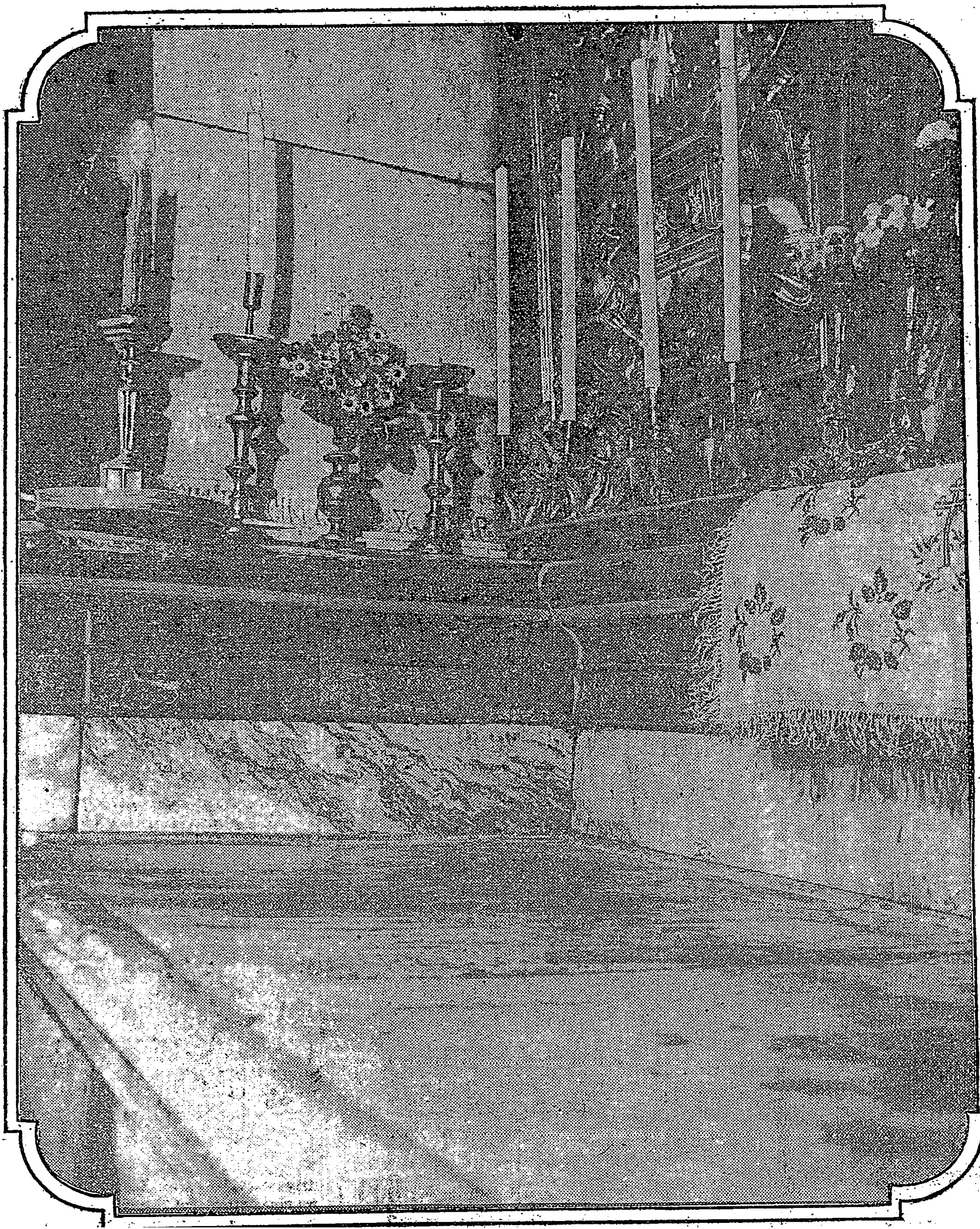
There is something indescribably peaceful in the home of these colonists, who are trying, in their own way, to live the unselfish life of the primitive Christians, and even Moslem visitors bow their heads reverently as the colonists sing before each meal.

God is great and God is good, And we thank him for this food. By His hand must all be fed; Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

A simple religious service of prayer and thanksgiving begins each day in the colony. Then the brothers and sisters work hard for their living, and it is an essential that each shall strive to dignify the labor of the other. I have seen young men and women, with their white-haired companions, engaged in the most menial kitchen work, while singing psalms or classical music in chorus, the most smiling and contented scene imaginable. In the evening all gather in a great drawing room, and there, dressed in their best, the brother who works in the carpenter's shop drives the bakery wagon or sells in the store, and the sister who waits on the table, sweeps the floor or washes dishes, sit down with their elders in a complete family relationship and perfect social equality, passing the hours with music, conversation and the simple amusements of a well-ordered domestic life.

The beauty and tranquility of this life have made a deep impression upon Moslems, and many of the prominent officials of Jerusalem visit the American colony. So great is the influence exerted by its members that a daughter of its founder has been chosen by the city authorities as directress of a school of 300 Moslem girls, including the daughters of the mufti, chief ecclesiastical officer of Islam in Jerusalem.

In an old garden in the courtyard of the colony I met Paddy Effendi, the intelligent and much-respected Mayor of Jeru-



Interior of the Holy Sepulchre.

Beneath the Cracked Marble Slab Is the Rock Tomb in Which It Is Said the Body of Christ Lay Between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

salem. This interesting man was for years the Governor of Bethlehem and saw much of the Christian quarrel around the birthplace of Christ that has shocked the civilized world and stirred the Turkish Government to loud laughter. And going in and out of Bethlehem I found Paddy Effendi's tales to be moderate statements of the scandal.

Just within the doorway of the famous Church of the Nativity, in Bethlehem, which is supposed to cover the rock grotto in which Christ was born, is a dark room, always filled with Turkish soldiers. This is the guard which preserves peace among Christians in that sacred place. Down in the little grotto itself, where scores of hanging lamps of silver and gold burn before the altars set over the place of Christ's birth and the manger in which He was laid, one is astonished to see a Moslem soldier in uniform, with rifle and bayonet. There is always an armed sentinel there.

The rocky sides of the cavern are covered with costly brocades and hung with pictures, and the place is resplendent with precious ornaments, sparkling in the radiance of the lamps and the soft, mystic shining of the altars. It is hard to imagine anything more mysteriously beautiful than this underground chamber, whose walls and floors have been hallowed by the tears and prayers of millions of Christians, and from which thousands of pilgrims, overcome by their emotions, have been carried unconscious.

Under the altar of the Nativity is a small, round hole surrounded by a silver plate in the form of a star. This is said to mark the actual spot on which Mary gave birth to Jesus. It was a dispute between Greek and Catholic churches over their rights in respect to this star that caused the bloody Crimean war. Russia, backing the Greeks, attacked Turkey, and France, backing the Catholics, and supported by England, invaded the Crimea. That long death-grapple began the bitter struggle that has been on between Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians in the name of Christ for centuries.

Ever since the Crimean war a fresh Moslem sentry has taken his place, each hour in the holy grotto. The guard is changed every hour, night and day year in and year out. The Governor of Bethlehem declares that the Sultan has set a soldier in front of the birthplace of Christ more than four hundred and seventy thousand times in order to prevent Christians from slaying each other there.

Above the grotto spreads the renowned Church of the Nativity, whose fortress-like walls enclose the Greek, Catholic, and Armenian monasteries. Each of the three denominations has control of certain parts of the church. But so profound is their jealousy and so fearful is the Turkish Government of international complications—for at every clash foreign Consuls hint at impending war—that the rights of Greeks, Armenians, and Catholics are minutely set forth in imperial decrees—the places they control, the time, length, and style of their services, the number of times they may burn incense, the hanging and trimming of their lamps, the parts of the walls, ceilings, pillars, and floors they may sweep, the opening and closing of doors, and every other imaginable detail.

The silver star which marks the birthplace of Christ is inscribed, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Around it burn fifteen lamps, of which six belong to the Greeks, five to the Ar-

menians, and four to the Catholics. The Greeks may wash the star. But if any of the fluid runs over the side they dare not touch it, but must call Catholics or Armenians.

One day a Catholic monk, having trimmed the Catholic lamps, was about to dust them, when the Greeks and Armenians loudly protested that, although the Sultan's decree authorized the trimming of the lamps, it said nothing at all about dusting them; and so the lamps had to go uncleaned. For eight months the Governor of Jerusalem, the Governor of Bethlehem, and the Imperial Government at Constantinople carried on a grave official correspondence about this matter.

Many, many years ago the Armenians received authority from the Sultan to hang a festoon lampchain in a part of the church near the entrance to the grotto. The Greeks had a similar festoon of lamps near by. Not a word of protest was made while the Armenians proudly hung their chain, but when they attempted to attach lamps to it the Greek monks violently interfered and declared, with great indignation, that the Sultan had simply permitted the hanging of a chain, but had not authorized the Armenians to suspend lamps from it. That lampless, rusty chain still hangs in the church.

When I visited the grotto a young Greek monk was lowering the Greek lamps at the hour officially set for trimming them. The Turkish soldier on guard watched him closely. The monk's hand happened to strike a Catholic lamp and set it swinging. Whereupon the soldier, rifle in hand, sprang forward from his place against the wall and shook his head in warning.

So deadly is this dispute about rights that after the monks of the different denominations have swept the parts of the grotto assigned to them by the Sultan's decrees the Turkish sentry on duty must then sweep the space of two feet occupied by the little wooden platform on which he stands. Each hour, when the guard is relieved, the retiring soldier must, in company with his successor, count all the lamps in the grotto, all the pictures, all the candles and candlesticks, and even the tacks that hold up the brocaded hangings on the walls.

A few years ago, when the present Mayor of Jerusalem was Governor of Bethlehem, a monk was cleaning the silver star, and accidentally broke off the head of one of the nails that fastened it down. The Turkish sentinel instantly gave the alarm, and the Governor with his guards promptly appeared. It was insisted upon that the nail should be at once replaced in order that the balance of Christendom might not be upset. The Governor sent for a new nail, but the

Greeks objected on the ground that the blacksmith who made it was a Catholic. That would disturb the status quo. The Governor then procured another nail, made by a non-Christian, but the Catholics and Armenians protested that the workman who came to drive it in place was a member of the Greek faith.

The Governor, with Moslem patience, announced that as the representative of the Sultan, who had supreme governmental control, he himself would hammer down the nail.

It was found that the nail was too thin for the hole and would not stick. The Governor sent for a small peg of wood to make the hole tighter. But the Greek and Armenian monks vigorously refused to have the peg used because the wood was furnished by a Catholic.

The Governor's eyes flashed and his face flushed. Calling in a ragged and dirty gypsy, he said, "Go out and get me a piece of wood from the filth of the street." In a few minutes the vagabond returned, with a dust-covered and a shining nail. The Catholics are allowed to dust the other side. The order of procedure is also rigidly fixed. There are certain spots in the church which are swept by each denomination in turn.

This time the work of cleaning was in charge of the Mayor of Jerusalem, representing the Governor of Jerusalem. With the Sultan's decree in his pocket, the Mayor went to Bethlehem accompanied by a small army, consisting of 300 infantrymen, 30 cavalrismen, 15 policemen, a Colonel of infantry, a commander of gendarmes, and a commissary of police. The representatives of the monasteries in Jerusalem and Bethlehem accompanied the armed procession to the Church of the Nativity.

The Mayor found the Armenians at mass in the church. Then he marched his soldiers into the edifice and stationed sentries at every door. After this he invited the different families of Bethlehem who were privileged to enter. The chief representatives of the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians were present with their interpreters. The monks of the three denominations watched the Mayor with jealousy.

Presently the Mayor took fifty soldiers into the transept of the church, and, after reading the decree telegraphed from Constantinople authorizing the church to be cleaned, he paused, looked carefully at his soldiers, surveyed the assembled monks and asked in a loud voice, "Are you ready?" The monks nodded. The Mayor gave the signal for the cleaning to begin.

According to the imperial authority the Greeks were entitled to sweep the ceiling. Greek monks brought a high step-ladder into the transept. The Armenian monks massed themselves together and glared at them, but said nothing. The Greeks were hooking the lengths of the ladder together and preparing to mount to the ceiling, when, suddenly, with savage cries and clenched fists, the Armenian monks fell upon them. Then followed a terrible fight in which the Greeks and Armenians beat each other fiercely, tore out handfuls of hair and beard, strangled each other, shrieking and cursing so that the noise could be heard outside. The air seemed full of monks' heads. Blood ran down many faces. Rosaries and crucifixes were strewn on the floor. Men who were present said that the monks fought like wild beasts, screaming out the most frightful threats.

Three hundred soldiers, rifles in hand, rushed into the transept and, after a struggle, separated the combatants, who, with torn gowns, disheveled hair, and bloody faces, continued to scream at each other. One Greek monk knocked down ten soldiers before he was subdued. Ten soldiers surrounded each Armenian. So desperately did the Armenians fight that it was finally necessary to put three cordons of soldiers around each of them. Then the Armenians were slowly forced out of the transept into the entrance of the Catholic chapel of St. Elizabeth. At this the Catholic monks yelled in protest against the presence of the Armenians in their chapel. They did not want such people among them.

Three or four Turkish soldiers had to hold each Armenian monk by the arms and legs for an hour while the Greeks mounted their ladder and cleaned the roof. Meanwhile the captured Armenians roared with rage and threatened all sorts of international difficulties.

The Mayor summoned the dragoman of the Armenian monastery and demanded an explanation of the extraordinary occurrence. With bruised and bloody faces the Armenians declared that their rights had been outraged. The Sultan had given permission to the Greeks to clean a part of the ceiling, but he had not authorized them to put their ladder on the Armenian floor. In previous years the Armenian Church had submitted to the same despicable invasion of their rights simply because they were under a reign of tyranny, but now, with a new constitution proclaimed in Turkey, the days of tyranny were past, and the Armenians were free to defend their privileges even at the risk of their lives.

"But why didn't you protest before?" demanded the Mayor. "Can the Greeks sweep the ceiling from a balcony?"

All this time the Catholic monks continued to scream out protests against the presence of the Armenians in the entrance of their chapel. The Mayor turned upon them indignantly.

"For shame!" he shouted. "Are these men not Christians? Would you rather see bloodshed than let them stand in your doorway?"

After it was all over the triumphant Greeks invited the Mayor to a grand banquet.

There is something pathetic in the intensely with which the Jews of Jerusalem watch the changing aspects of the world-wide movement to restore the scattered and oppressed people of Israel to the land of their ancient dignity and power. There are four cities sacred to the Jews—Jerusalem, Safed, Hebron, and Tiberias. But of these Jerusalem stands first.

Even a Christian martyrdom in Asia Minor and seeking in vain for signs of Christian unity at the sepulchre and birthplace of Christ, is bound to be profoundly impressed by the eagerness with which the once masters of the city of David seek for news of the project to found a Jewish nation in Palestine. Unlike their Christian neighbors, the Jews of Jerusalem and the Holy Land generally are poor. They have no glittering and overflowing treasuries in their synagogues. Elsewhere in the world Israel may have achieved wealth enough to sometimes ordain war or peace among the greatest of Christian nations. But in Palestine the Jewish problem is one of poverty and hard, rough work.

Thousands and thousands of Jews have returned to the soil of their ancestors. The Jewish population of Jerusalem has more than doubled. There are colonies near Jaffa, in Upper and Lower Galilee, and elsewhere. Baron Rothschild has spent more than \$400,000 on thirty colonies in Palestine. Of the 10,000 Jews living in colonies a vast majority are immigrants from Russia and Roumania. The mass of the new Jewish residents in Jerusalem are also from Russia and Roumania. But many well-to-do Jews have returned from Australia and America and there are fine stretches of modern Jewish residences reaching westward outside the walls of Jerusalem.

While the various Jewish organizations in Europe and America discuss Zionism, on the plan to settle Jews in the long-abandoned lands of desolate Mesopotamia, the Jews of Jerusalem continue to assemble by the foundations of Solomon's Temple crying against the gray stones pray for the restoration of their ancient inheritance, and their committees continue to work for the support and education of their poor. Some of them complain that the prosperous Jews of America do little for their humble brethren in Palestine.

This year Jacob Schiff, the noble New Yorker who has done so much for the cause of Israel, visited the Holy Land. He gave \$100,000 to found a Jewish technical school at Haifa. To the Central Committee in Jerusalem he gave only \$10,000, when he was urged to consider the claim of that country upon his purse, he shook his head gently and said, "My Palestine is the United States, and my Jerusalem is New York."

It was my privilege to see and talk with Samuel Salant, the venerable and saintly Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem. This remarkable man, perhaps the most exalted of all figures in all Israel, died since this article was begun a few weeks ago. He was 95 years old and was Grand Rabbi of

Jerusalem for nearly seventy years. There was another Grand Rabbi recognized by the Turkish Government and supported by the Sephardim Jews, but the great body of the Jews in Jerusalem, particularly the Russian, Roumanian, and German Jews—the Ashkenazim—acknowledge only Samuel Salant, the gentlest, most learned, and most beloved Jew in Jerusalem since Israel was scattered and trodden under foot in the ghettos of Europe.

Fushing my way through crowds of porters, donkeys, camels, and peddlers, and descending the narrow, swarming Street of David, I found the Grand Rabbi in a small second-story sitting room beside a weather-worn synagogue and school.

He was a small, thin man with snow-white hair and scanty beard. On his head was a flat-brimmed hat of black velvet, and a long gown of reddish brown with black stripes, clung in folds about his slender body. His shrunken face was weakened and puckered. His gray eyes were almost blind. His voice was thin and whispering. He sat by a table covered with a red-patterned cloth and an old-fashioned clock ticked loudly overhead.

Before this appealing figure, majestically old and pathetically weak, stood a group of bearded men in quaint Orientalized European clothes, with cork-curled curls hanging before their ears. Words can hardly express the tender reverence with which they looked upon their aged rabbi.

The Grand Rabbi's hands were small and so thin that the light seemed to shine through them. Taking my hands in his, he clung to me like a child; his shriveled, white face, down with the meagre hair hung on either side, was lit with a smile of welcome and his dim eyes looked wistfully into space.

Beside him sat his grandson, who was also a grandfather. His great-grandchildren were in the courtyard outside, from which came the sound of laughing, romping Jewish schoolchildren.

"When he heard some of the story of the massacres of 30,000 Christians in Adana, the Grand Rabbi seemed to be deeply affected. His body shook and his lips trembled.

"It was dreadful," he said. "I sent a hundred francs to the Christian relief committee as soon as I heard of it. It was not much, but it was all I could spare, for I am a poor man. I hope that nothing like that will ever occur again in the world."

I asked him about the movement to establish a Jewish nation.

"The Jews should return to Palestine," he said. "That is the best thing for them. There never was a better time in history for Jews to return to their own land. Palestine is ready for its own people. When I came to Jerusalem it took four weeks to make a journey that can be made in four days now. It is wonderful, wonderful!"

"Whether the Jews are to find their future in Palestine or in Mesopotamia, God only knows. No one can foretell the will of God. We are all in His hands though almost in a nation and He has lifted his face upward."

"Our forefather Abraham used to live in Mesopotamia, which the Bible calls Aram Naharaim. God Almighty said to him, 'Go out of Mesopotamia and go into a land which I will show you.' That land was Palestine.

"I know what they say about colonizing Jews. But tell our people in America not to forget their poor brethren here. A King walking the night and no one knew him to be the King, save one who recognized his face and put a light in a window in order that he might find his way. And the King said, 'Why not come out into the street with the lamp and go before me that I may see where I go?' So, why not let us light in Palestine, where we are?"

"I have seen many organizations, with many distinguished religious leaders—with Leo XIII. in the Vatican, with the Archbishop of Canterbury in Lambeth Palace, with the Sheikh-ul-Islam in Constantinople, with Pobiedonosteff, the thin-lipped Procurator of the Holy Synod, in St. Petersburg; with Cardinals, Archbishops and Patriarchs among the nations, with great rumbling, mysterious Mahatmas from the Himalayas. But I cannot remember anything more impressive than the face of the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem as he raised his white, withered hands in parting.

Before leaving Jerusalem I was permitted to see some of the treasures of the Greek monks in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

A huge, bearded monk led the way from a guarded room in which a bone of St. Luke, the hand of "the Samaritan woman," and many other fragments of saints were on exhibition. As we passed in front of the Holy Sepulchre and under the stone arches built by the crusaders, through vast, shadowy aisles, poor women were sitting on the pavement, with babies at their starved breasts, held out their hands for alms. Some tried to pluck the gown of the monk. One wrinkled widow knelt to him, her palms extended in appeal and her face wet with tears. But he strode proudly on, never casting a glance at the beggars.

Unlocking a door, he took us in the dark up a crooked, winding stair, through many mysterious passages and openings, with many pauses, lightings of wax tapers, and creakings of bolts in rusty locks.

Once in the narrow, thick-walled, windowless chambers in which the Greek monks store their possessions, I saw copies of the gospels with beaten gold covers, set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, as well as many other treasures with which them. There was a large cross covered with massed diamonds on one side and massed rubies on the other. Great vessels of solid gold were ranged on shelves. The walls were a continuous blaze of gold and silver and precious stones. Tables were piled with gem-studded, pearl-embroidered vestments woven of pure gold.

As the light of the little tapers danced and sparkled in a thousand delicate tints over the gorgeous scene, the monk crossed his plump hands over his great paunch and tried to look meek.

Then massive, dome-shaped mitres of solid gold and incrustated with emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and pearls, were brought out of dark recesses and laid on a table. The size and beauty of the stones, thousands upon thousands of them, the wonder of the workmanship, the sheer, brute wealth represented, were almost unbelievable.

"That is enough for to-day," said the monk, his eyes burning with pride. "You have only seen a portion. We have about 500 more of these mitres."

We were standing exactly over the hevn-rock chamber in which, it is said, Christ was imprisoned and mocked.

And I thought again of the bloody Crucifixion, his wailing Christian victims and orphans and his simple, hard-working Christian missionaries, struggling to save a whole people from sin, ignorance, want, and bitter persecution. (Copyright, 1909, by Pearson's Publishing Co.)



The Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem. Grand Master of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre.