

# From Jerusalem to Nazareth Great Journey

## REV. F. C. STIFLER TELLS OF WONDERFUL SCENERY

Jacob's Well of High Interest to Tourist—Finds Nazareth Is Overchurched

Herewith is presented the ninth article of the series by the Rev. Francis Carr Stifler, pastor of Wilmette Baptist Church, describing his recent tour of the Holy Land. He tells of the magnificent scenery on motor trip from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

By REV. FRANCIS CARR STIFLER

IF one could read the Books of Judges, Samuel, Kings and Chronicles at a sitting, and remember all he read, he would even then not have an experience quite so informing as to travel in a big comfortable automobile under a competent guide, from Jerusalem to Nazareth in a day. It is that trip about which I wish to write this week. The road is splendid. Its foundations were laid by the Romans, its latest surface by Englishmen, and our wonderful America made the car that smoothed out what bumps were left.

In all, the journey was but eighty miles. We left Jerusalem at nine o'clock. Our first stop was Ramallah. I almost thought we were in America. Ramallah is the place from which most of the successful Palestinian Jews in America have come. Many have also returned and brought the flavor of "The States" back with them. The town has cleanliness and variety of building and methods of merchandising that suggest at least Gopher Prairie or Toonerville. A Quaker school for boys is located there. From the beautiful veranda of this school we got our parting glimpse of the Mt. of Olives.

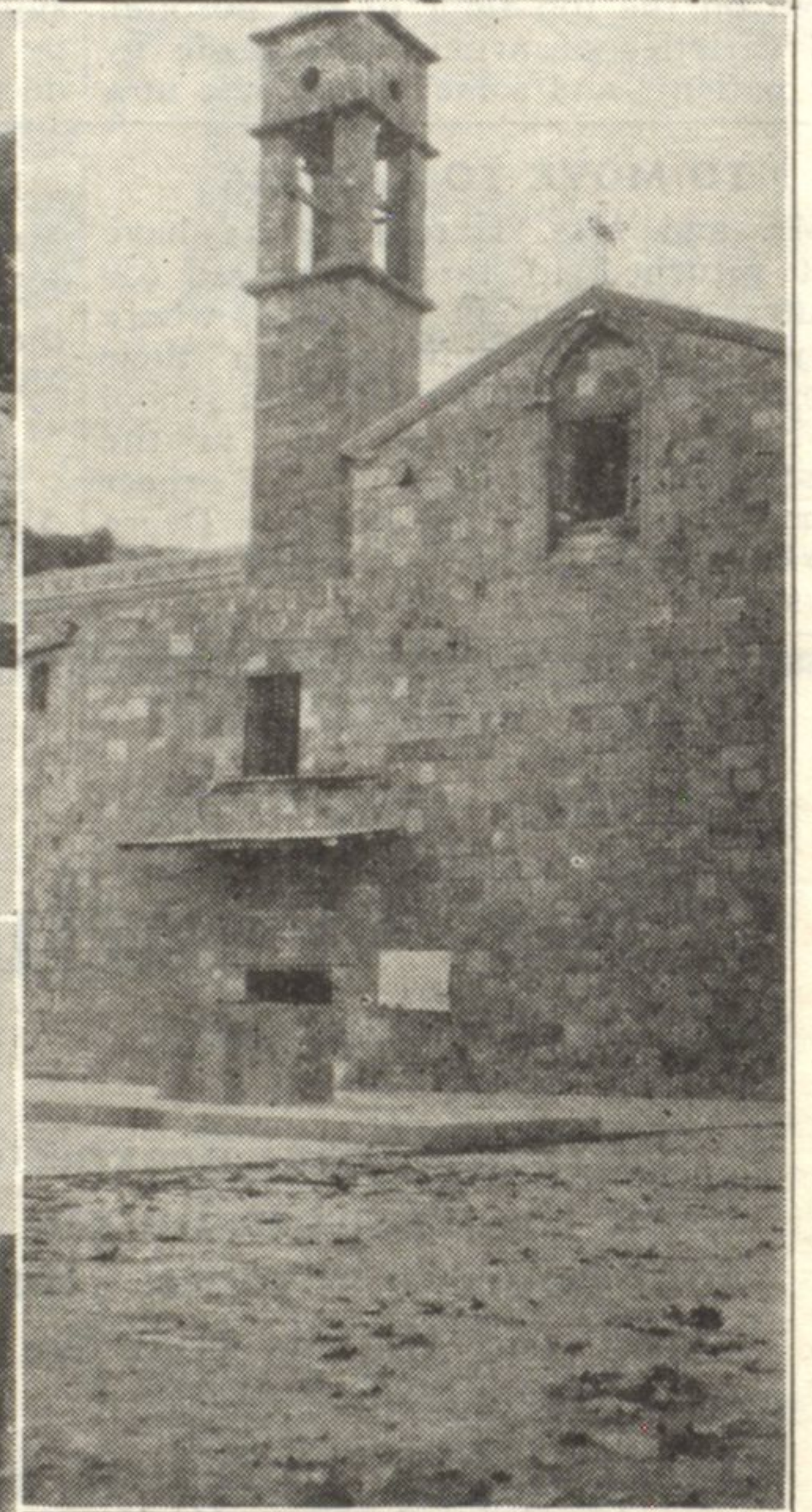
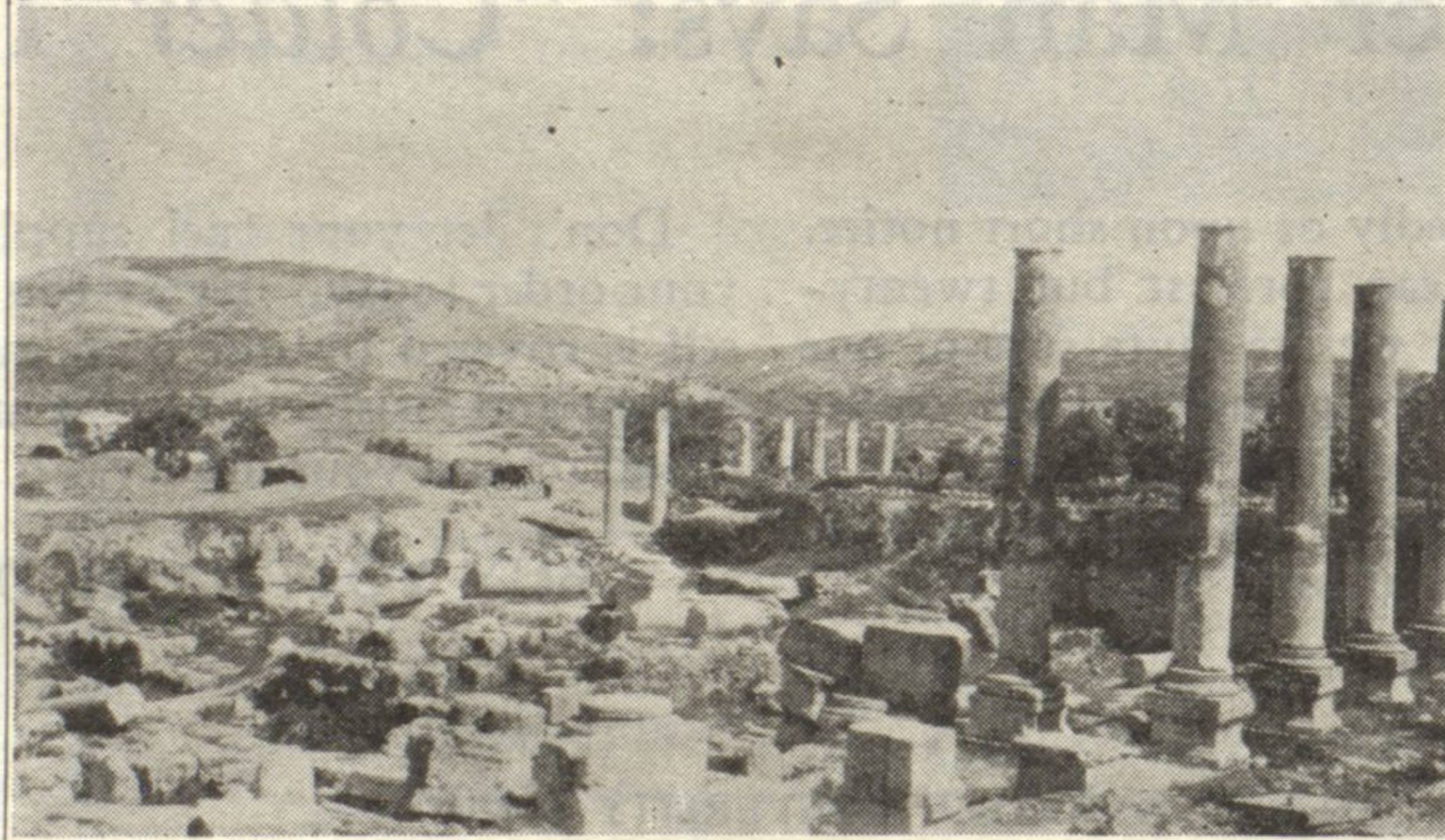
### Town of Beeroth Interesting

It would weary you if I should mention all the places that we saw. But one not far from Ramallah was of consuming interest. It was a town called Beeroth. Here, so tradition has it, the caravan returning to Nazareth from the Feast at Jerusalem, stopped and Mary found that Jesus had been left behind. She found him talking with the theological professors in the Temple.

Our journey took us through the most magnificent scenery till at length we came to Jacob's well. This is another of the unquestioned spots of Bible History. Just before we reached the spot, I left the car, hurried over the field and up the hill to get the proper sunlight for the picture I had waited for for days. It was a Shepherd leading his sheep. There I had him. There were sheep and goats, black and white, and the shepherd in the van. My picture was pretty much a failure as a picture of a shepherd and his sheep, but I discovered that in the background I had Mt. Ebal where the Samaritans worshipped, the walled enclosure around Jacob's well, the white dome of the Tomb of Joseph and the village of Sychar from which the women came and talked with Jesus at the well. Five Sunday school lessons in one picture!

### Drink at Jacob's Well

It is regretted that zealous churchmen feel the need of building sanctuaries over every sacred spot. With



THE PICTURES—Here is Nazareth, so prominent in Bible history (top)—Arabic children before church of Joseph's workshop in Nazareth (left center)—Judgment Hall in Samaria (bottom)—Church of Annunciation and Mary's Well, Nazareth (lower right).

just a rustic shelter near at hand for pilgrim comfort, Jacob's Well would tell its story so much better. But none the less, the well is there and a kindly old Monk is in charge. He offered us a drink of its sparkling water in a silver cup. We took little bottles of it with us just for sentiment's sake—and we thought long, long thoughts.

We lunched that day in Nablous,

which is modern Shechem. This city was the hardest hit in all the land by the earthquake of July 11, less than four weeks before we reached there. More than thirty people lost their lives and more than half the town was utterly destroyed. History repeats itself and Nature never violates her laws for countless times this narrow valley between Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerazim has been shaken with the tremors of old earth.

The average critical American had he been with us, would say that he had no fond memories of Nablous. The hotel was decidedly primitive. The bread was gray and sour. The "nut-ton" was tough goat meat. The butter was from the same source, the flies were thick, the waiters stupid, the heat terrific, but Pollyanna reminds me that I ate there at that table the most

delicious grapes I ever had. They were as large as plums and with a reddish skin as thin and delicate as tissue paper, and each delicious grape was either seedless or with but a single tiny seed. May every memory fade from Nablous except the scenery and the grapes!

Our next stop was the city of Samaria. To get there our car had to travel nearer to perpendicular than I supposed a car would go. And even then we climbed by foot 200 feet further. Samaria was the dazzling regal center of Ahab's court built by his father, Omri. Here Jezebel demonstrated how low womankind can sink. Against this city came Benhadad twice only to be repulsed, and again to hold his siege for three years, again only to retire in confusion. Eventually Augustus Caesar gave the site to Herod who fortified and adorned it in honor of his patron.

In 1901 Harvard archaeologists began their excavation here. The ruins that they have unearthed gave us our most rewarding opportunity to study the

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