

OUR RIDE FROM GAZA TO JERUSALEM,
WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE GREEK HOLY FIRE.

By the late LORD KITCHENER.¹

WHILE engaged on the Survey of Gaza and its neighbourhood, we determined to take part in the ceremonies of the Greek Easter at Jerusalem. Leaving the non-commissioned officers sketching in the detail after the triangulation was finished, Conder and I started on the morning of Thursday, the 22nd of April [1875], for Jerusalem. Our little Arab horses turned out as fresh as paint, little dreaming they had sixty miles in front of them that day. We took one servant with us, to carry the lunch and to look after our horses in Jerusalem. After a hasty cup of tea we were soon in the saddle, passing through the palm trees round Gaza into the immense olive grove which, it is said, was planted before the Mohammedan conquest; and certainly some of the trees look very ancient, the old trunks having almost disappeared and young trees, now looking old in their turn, having sprung from their roots. Thence into the open plain, green with barley; on our right were the hills of Judea looking blue in the distance, on whose peaks we recognised some of our old trigonometrical stations; on our left, not far distant, were the yellow sandhills, which seem to be ever encroaching and continually covering cultivated land.

As we trotted along we passed several mud villages, surrounded by a few cactus hedges, and with perhaps one or two palm trees hanging their graceful foliage high above the flat roofs on which, at this time of year, a goodly crop of grass is growing. The natives cheerfully gave us the usual salutation, "Welcome!" as we passed through. At one of these villages a young calf gave us quite a

¹ [This article, together with that printed in the *Quarterly Statement*, pp. 36-39, was found among reports and other papers of the late Lord Kitchener, in his handwriting and over his signature. So far as is known it has never been printed or otherwise used, and, in fact, the MS. was not finally ready for the press. Some adjustments that were necessary in the way of punctuation, paragraphing, and the correction of oversights, have been made by Miss Estelle Blyth, the temporary Assistant Secretary.—ED.]

chase; taking Conder's horse for its mother, it followed, and nothing would induce it to leave us till at last we had to canter away from it; then it followed for a long distance till, at a deep wady where the road gave a sharp turn, it lost sight of us, and we were saved from committing an unintentional theft.

The road took us past Umm Lakis, which some have tried hard to identify with Lachish; only a few ruined cisterns now mark the place. Ajlan, or Eglon, we left on our right, and made our way to Keratiyeh, where were some fine Crusading ruins of the castle of Galatia. Soon Blanchegarde with its white cliffs became visible, and we rode for it, meaning to lunch there. One feels a curious sensation of ownership on coming to a piece of country that one has personally surveyed; here I knew every turn of the road, and felt as if I had met an old friend. We soon arrived at Tell es-Safi, which everyone agrees must have been Blanchegarde, and which we considered to have been the Philistine city of Gath. It was, therefore, famous for the adventures of two heroes. The lion-hearted Richard of England made at one time his headquarters at the native town of Goliath of Gath.

The site itself is very conspicuous, standing up well on the plain, and showing its white sides for miles around. On the top is a native village where, when we were surveying the country, a native chose to answer one of our corporals by taking up a stone, which he dropped pretty quickly on the sight of the muzzle of a pistol. He was eventually captured and sent to Hebron, in spite of the entreaties of the principal men of the village, who came round our tents begging him off. "Is the gate of mercy open, O Captain?" they cried, but were rather rebuffed by the reply, "There is no gate of mercy." The governor of Hebron put the offender in prison till he had got every para out of him and then let him go, writing to us to beg us to send him anyone who offended us in the least. The principal revenue of the governor is derived from these fines.

A little beyond Tell es-Safi we sat down under a scrubby bush to have our lunch. How delightful was the long pull at one of our tea-bottles, which we always deny ourselves up to lunch time, however thirsty we may be, sometimes with the horrible result that the guide, less self-denying, has finished it for us. After an hour's rest we are in the saddle again, and now the road is not nearly so good over the low hills, or Shephelah, which contains so many

Biblical sites, having been the scene of the continual fighting between the Israelites and the Philistines. Finding our way through valleys covered with barley above our horses' backs, and over ridges bare and rocky, we passed the famous well of Latron, which we looked at with interest, and then struck into the high road leading from Jaffa to Jerusalem. We soon arrived at Bab el-Wad, a small inn at the entrance to the hills of Judea; here we determined to rest and dine, so, after seeing to our horses, we picked out a chicken, and ordered it to be forthwith slain and cooked. After a long chase an urchin brought in the prey in triumph, and in half an hour we had the satisfaction of eating it. After three hours' rest for the horses we started again, but unfortunately my horse Selim turned out lame, and had to be left behind with the servant, to come on quietly next day. So we rode along alone through the growing twilight, which softened down the hard features of the hills and gave, with the deep purple tones of the shadows, the most beautiful effect of distance and grandeur. It was 9 p.m. before we got to Jerusalem, and the moon was just rising, and tipped the walls of the city with its light.

Next day was the Greek Good Friday. We went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre about 8 p.m. The church was densely packed with a mixture of Greek Christians, Russian pilgrims in their long boots and dark clothes, and a few Arabs and Armenians; all carried tapers, though some did not light them till later. Turkish soldiers kept a broad passage round the Holy Sepulchre. About 10 p.m. a long procession came down the Greek church, and then wound round the Holy Sepulchre. All were in black, and bore lighted tapers; after the processional cross came fifty priests two and two, then six Bishops, and lastly the Bishop of Petra, the acting Patriarch: there was no Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem at this time, as the Arabs had refused to acknowledge the patriarch chosen for them by the Greeks, and another had not then been appointed. All the Bishops wore most beautiful black velvet vestments almost covered with very elaborate silver embroidery, and black headdresses with long veils hanging down behind; the Bishop of Petra alone carried a black crozier, and had two priests with censers in front of him. In silence, three times the procession moved round the Holy Sepulchre. Seven chairs had been arranged, and after the third round the Bishops sat down in a semicircle, facing the door of the Holy Sepulchre. A number of psalms were then repeated by the

Bishops, each Bishop standing up in turn and, after being a good deal prompted, singing his part without a book. I was holding on to the back of one of the Bishop's chairs, and my Bishop often helped his neighbours through when they were in difficulties. After some time the procession reformed and moved around the Holy Sepulchre again, this time chanting. After the third time, the Bishop of Petra entered the Holy Sepulchre, and, after putting out all the lamps, closed and sealed the door; then all came back to their chairs, and began singing psalms again. The congregation lit their tapers when the second procession started, and held them so carelessly that I saw one Greek, with long greasy ringlets, suddenly in a blaze from the taper of an old Russian devotee; we fully expected the same fate, but escaped with quantities of grease. The Bishops kept on the same nasal singing, and as it was 1 a.m., we forced our way with some difficulty out of the church and left them.

The next day, Saturday, about 2 p.m., the Holy Fire was to appear. At 10.30 a.m. we met the consul's dragoman and cavass; the latter, in a most gorgeous blue and gold uniform and carrying his large silver-headed stick, walked in front of us. The church was densely packed, and crowds were continually trying to get in; with some difficulty we forced our way through and gained the Latin part of the church, and, after going up a number of dark stairs, we found ourselves in the Latin gallery, where front places had been kept for us. From this position we had a bird's-eye view of all the north side of the Rotunda, and of the Greek church. All round the galleries below temporary wooden scaffolding had been erected to give more accommodation; these structures were principally occupied by women and priests. The crowd was similar to that of the night before, except that there were fewer Russians. All carried bundles of unlighted tapers. About two hundred Turkish soldiers with fixed bayonets kept the space round the Holy Sepulchre for the procession to pass; an energetic though stout old colonel was in command, and seemed to do more by personally shoving each man into his place, and by using his koorbatch on the crowd, than by commands. The crowd on the south side were Armenians and Copts, who were very quiet, while the Greeks on our side were very excited, continually shouting different Arabic refrains accompanied by clapping of hands in time. The moment one refrain died out another was started, probably by some excited being on his neighbour's shoulders, who for a time would lead the cry till in his turn he was drowned by

some other verse. The most common cry was, "This is the tomb of Our Lord!" those nearest it beating the time on the tomb itself; then followed, "God give victory to the Sultan!" Another longer one was, "The Messiah has bought us with His blood, therefore we keep this feast and we curse the Jews!" Another, more rarely used, was, "O Jews! O Jews! your feast is a monkey's feast!"

About 1.30 p.m. a rush of men in white came down the avenue of soldiers, and appeared as if they would break the soldiers' ranks, but only a few reached the fire-hole, the others being cleverly diverted into another aisle; these few fought their way to their goal and held on, adding to the excitement by renewed cries and gesticulations.

At 2 p.m. the procession began to file out of the Greek church; after the processional cross came fourteen banners two and two, then fifty priests in white and gold vestments, bearing lighted tapers, two incense-bearers, the Bishop of Petra carrying an ivory crozier, and continually stopping to give his blessing, two silver maces and a banner closed this procession; all wore black headdresses. The chanting of the procession was completely drowned by the shouts of the congregation.

After the second time round, one bareheaded priest came to the fire-hole, the soldiers making way for him; his only duty was to carry the first fire out to a mounted messenger, for the church at Bethlehem. After the third time round, the officiating Bishop was unrobed, and entered the Holy Sepulchre. The women in the galleries raised a shrill quivering wail, and all eyes were turned upwards as if to see the visible descent of the fire. In about two minutes the bells clashed out, and a light was seen in the fire-hole. The waiting priest leaned in, and then suddenly rushed down the path kept for him, with a flaming torch; he escaped, but the lines were immediately broken and a scene of wild excitement ensued. Torch after torch was brought out of the hole, only to be pulled down and extinguished by the too-eager people. A forest of arms seemed stretched out towards the fire with bundles of tapers. For several minutes the Greeks failed to get a light, every torch being put out by the numbers of tapers that were pushed against it. In the meantime the Armenians and Copts on the other side, who were not nearly so excited, got well lighted, and soon the fire went round the galleries, and the whole church was ablaze. In the midst of this the Bishop of Petra, on the shoulders of a dozen priests, was carried

up the Greek church at a run, his long white hair loose, and carrying an enormous blazing torch held high above him ; this was the finest part of the whole spectacle. A stifling smell of burning tallow assailed us from the reeking flames below. Some of the pilgrims threw the fire about their faces, and ran round the Holy Sepulchre with it. This, however, was soon stopped, and the soldiers again cleared the way for another procession. The Armenians, Copts, and Syrians, who also believe in the miracle of the Holy Fire, have their procession after its appearance.

This procession was so long that it formed a continuous band round the Holy Sepulchre. First came the Armenians, a processional cross, four banners, twenty-six priests in white and yellow vestments, two incense-bearers continually censuring the Bishop when he stopped to give his blessing, four candle-bearers, the Armenian Bishop in a magnificent white and gold embroidered cope and an enormous mitre studded with enamels and jewels, two train-bearers, one mace, and six banners. Then came the Copts, a processional cross, two priests carrying magnificently bound copies of the Gospels, six red banners, four priests wearing monks' cowls, two incense-bearers in large crowns, the Coptic Bishop in a large white crown and white and gold vestments, two train-bearers, two banners, and one cross. Then the Syrians, one cross, four banners, two incense-bearers, four priests carrying silver-bound copies of the Gospels, the Syrian Bishop in yellow and gold vestments and a monk's cowl in cloth of gold drawn over his head, and one banner closed the procession. All the priests were in white, yellow, or blue vestments. Each Bishop stopped every few paces to deliver his blessing, which he did with a small cross he carried, the incense-bearers at the same time censuring him. They went three times round the Holy Sepulchre, and this ended the ceremonies of the Greek Holy Fire.

In the evening we went again, and found our way up alone into the dark deserted Latin gallery. At 11 p.m. a long Greek procession filed down the Greek church, and round the Holy Sepulchre. This procession was very similar to the one before the Greek Fire, except that after the processional cross came two fan-shaped silver ornaments borne on poles, while the Bishops all wore white crowns studded with jewels, and each carried in his hand a tiny jewelled book which the people bent forward to kiss as they passed ; before the Bishop of Petra two triple candles were carried, the candles curiously bent and twisted. The effect was most strange, looking

down from our dark and solitary position above them on the blaze of light and colour below. After going three times round the Holy Sepulchre, the Bishop of Petra entered the Holy Sepulchre, the banners, fans, and crosses being arranged on both sides of the entrance. Suddenly the bells clashed out, and the banners, crosses, and fans were twirled round and round by their bearers as fast as possible; three times they did this, and then the seven Bishops sat down on their chairs as on Good Friday, and began repeating psalms in the same way. We left them at 1 a.m., still singing. What struck us in all these ceremonies was the extraordinary enthusiasm and devotion of the people, and the carelessness of the Greek priests while performing their services.

On Monday we rode back to Gaza, and continued our Survey.

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OCCASIONAL PAPERS ON THE MODERN INHABITANTS OF PALESTINE.

By Dr. E. W. G. MASTERMAN and Prof. R. A. S. MACALISTER.

(Continued from *Q.S.*, 1916, p. 178.)

The story of Sheikh 'Abd of the Desert Tribes.

It has been mentioned before that Sheikh 'Abd was from the desert, and that he arrived in Jerusalem riding on a wild beast of the desert.

On arrival at the city he dismounted, and said to the wild beast: "O, blessed one, return to thy place," and the beast went off. The sheikh remained standing where he was, looking at the people; in his hand there was the horn of a *wa'al* (وعل), "mountain goat."¹ Then the sheikh began to walk about in the markets at Jerusalem, and in the shops, and helped himself to what he liked,

¹ "The Arabs call the roe deer both '*ayyāl* and *wa'l*. *Wa'l* is the proper name of the Persian wild goat, but is also often used for the Arabic or Sin Ibea, though only by those who do not live within its range."—Art. "Deer," in *The International Standard Bible Dictionary*.

no one daring to hinder him. One day some women were coming in from the country, with jugs full of *laban* (sour milk) on their heads. The sheikh followed them, and when they arrived at the market, Sheikh 'Abd beat one of them on her head with his stick, and broke her jar. When it fell to the ground there was a snake in the middle of the *laban*. When the bystanders saw it they were astonished, and said: "the sheikh must have 'a secret' and must be in close relation with God, because he knew that the jar contained a venomous snake which would have poisoned anyone who took the *laban*." The sheikh still continued to go round in the market in his rags, until one day he fell ill. He went to the nuns to get some medicine, and received an emetic. He drank it, and when he reached the Damascus Gate he began to vomit, and fell on the road and lay there in the sun in the sight of all that passed. One man, 'Aisa el-Akhras, took compassion on him, and going to the police he said: "Is it lawful in the sight of God, that a man, a stranger, and a Muslim, should be left in the road, with no one to look after him?" The policeman said: "What are we to do with him? Are we obliged to look after people who drink and who throw themselves down in the road and go to sleep?" Said 'Aisa: "I beg you kindly to find someone to carry him to my house, and I will look after this Sheikh 'Abd. He is no drunkard; perhaps he has got epilepsy" (الجنون). The policeman said: "I have no one here to carry him." So Sheikh 'Aisa returned to Sheikh 'Abd and finding him foaming at the mouth like a camel, he seized hold of some people and said: "For the sake of the Prophet carry this derwish with me to my house," and they did so.

Sheikh 'Abd remained in that state until the second day when he recovered. When Sheikh 'Aisa told him that the policeman had said that he was drunk and had refused to help him, Sheikh 'Abd remained quiet and began to mutter to himself over and over again: "Allah, Muhammad," and he continued in this state some days and would not speak to any one. Then one day he said: "Ya, 'Aisa, look! here is gold, here is gold," and he put his hand on a paving stone (*balāta*); then, after being quiet a few minutes, he commenced again saying the same words. Sheikh 'Aisa thought that perhaps there was some hidden treasure there, belonging to the owner of the house; so one night he assembled his wives and brought a *fas* (hoe), and lifting the paving stone he began to dig, while his harīm removed the earth. He continued thus till dawn but

found nothing. It then occurred to him that his neighbour, who lived below, might notice this, and might be aroused from his sleep, because the hole reached to the house below. As nothing had been found, he thought it would be better to close up the hole again, which he did. When Sheikh 'Abd saw what they had been doing he said nothing, nor would he eat, but kept crying: "Allah, Muḥammad." One day 'Aisa said: "It is better for us to come outside the house," and they went out of the room and sat on a verandah near a corner. Then Sheikh 'Abd said: "Come near to me, O, 'Aisa"; so he came near to him. Then Sheikh 'Abd said: "By the will of God you will have a good end, and will do much good to others, and the government will not take your son to be a soldier, but he will be free from military service, and God will bestow good on you and on your house and will save you from any troubles." Then he embraced him and began to kiss him on both cheeks, and almost at once he died. Then Sheikh 'Aisa said to his harīm (wives): "Sheikh 'Abd has died and is now in the corner, and we cannot sleep this night. It is better to leave him here because the sheikh's body is very heavy, and I am unable to carry him outside the house myself. I will go to the H̄aram and bring a man to read over him" (the Koran). Then 'Aisa went to the mosque and found Sheikh Risha (ريشا) and asked him kindly to return with him to his house and pray over the body of Sheikh 'Abd. Sheikh Risha said: "God have mercy on you and on Sheikh 'Abd," and he arose and went. When they arrived at the house, Sheikh Risha found that the place where Sheikh 'Abd's body lay was very narrow. So Sheikh Risha said: "'Aisa, Sheikh 'Abd is close to the wall, and he is not turned to the K̄iblah" (towards Mecca). 'Aisa said: "My brother, the Sheikh 'Abd is very heavy, and I am an old man, and I have no one with me to turn him to the right side; leave him as he is now, and in the morning we will bring people to lift him." Then Sheikh Risha replied: "I can turn him alone with one hand, now see what I do"; so the Sheikh put his hand on the navel (سرة) of Sheikh 'Abd and said: "B'ism Allah er-Rahmān er-Rahīm. My brother, Sheikh 'Abd, I beg you to listen to me; we are of one sect, and now I tell you to come away from the wall, and turn to the K̄iblah of God," and immediately Sheikh 'Abd moved from his place into the middle of the house. Then Sheikh Risha, while his hand was still on the navel, said:

“No, this is not right, you moved too much, move back a little,” and he moved as he was directed, as though people were carrying him. While the sheikh was reading to him he saw on Sheikh ‘Abd’s finger a brass ring, and he put out his hand to take it. As he took hold of the hand of Sheikh ‘Abd, it closed so that it could not be opened. Then Sheikh Risha said: “My brother, Sheikh ‘Abd, we are brothers and of one sect, give me your ring.” But all his efforts to open the hand were of no use. Then ‘Aisa said: “It is better to leave him alone; it seems he does not wish it; perhaps he promised the ring to someone else.” So he desisted and went on reading over him until the morning. In the morning ‘Aisa went and ordered the sheikh called el-Walāyeh (الولايه) to wash the body; and this man, as he was washing him, saw the ring on the hand and wished to take it. But Sheikh ‘Abd shut his hand as before and refused to part with the ring. When Sheikh ‘Aisa and Sheikh Risha saw this they said to the man: “This is what he did before. He does not want to give the ring; perhaps he promised it to someone else.” After the washing four men began to carry the body to the mosque for prayer. When they reached the gate of the H̄aram he flew up with the coffin with the four bearers hanging on to it, and he continued to fly until they reached the gate es-Sakhrāh, where he and the men descended. Now it was Friday, and the H̄aram was crowded with people, and the Mutesarrif, and the Mufti, and Salim Efendi el-Hassainy, and other members of the government, were there and saw it all. When they had prayed for him at es-Sakhrāh, Sheikh Risha drew near and said: “Where is the pledge of Sheikh ‘Abd?” And Sheikh ‘Abd lifted his hand from the coffin and held it up until he took the ring, after which the hand fell back. Then he flew up from es-Sakhrāh and descended at the place called el-Kās between es-Sakhrāh and el-Aksa, and they prayed over him again there. Then he flew up from there and came down by the place Saidna Suleiman, and they prayed again over him there. Then they began to carry the body to the cemetery near the H̄aram, because they had made a grave for him there; but when they reached the gate of the H̄aram he flew, with a great continuous flight, until he reached another burying ground Mak̄hbarat el-Yūsifiyeh (اليوسفية), and he descended there, upon the makām of Sheikh Hassan Abu el-Halāweh. The people followed him all the way and when he arrived there the Mufti and Salim

Efendi al-Hassaini directed the people to dig a grave for him there. They sent a man to bring some paving stones and cement, and as they were digging they found a hole, roofed in, which they thought must be someone's grave. When, however, they removed the cover they found that it was a new grave, in which no one had been buried; so they buried him there. The Mutesarrif made an order that a lantern should be lighted at the grave, in his honour, every Friday night.

A story of Sheikh 'Aisa.

We mentioned before a man called Sheikh 'Abd from the desert and 'Aisa el-Akhras in whose house the sheikh died. It is narrated that, after the death of Sheikh 'Abd, 'Aisa got sheep and goats and started a dairy. One night, when he was sleeping with his flock, he saw, standing among his sheep, a man clothed in green with a green *jibbeh* and green turban, and who said to him: "Why don't you go to prayer? To-morrow, Friday, go down to the market and sell your flock and go to prayer." So 'Aisa rose from his sleep, trembling with fear, but saw no one; and he exclaimed: "Who can be the man who speaks such words? It is perhaps only a dream." So he continued his business of selling milk; and whenever the thought of his dream recurred to his mind he would say to himself: "I make three napoleons profit: by Allah, I cannot sell the goats." After a week, on the following Friday, he went to the Haram, and entered with the congregation. He sat close to the door which is opposite the makām of el-Khidr (Peace be to him!). The Hatib was giving lessons because it was not yet the time of prayer. 'Aisa made his devotions, and put his head between his hands, and began to listen to what the Hatib was saying. While he was engaged in this a derwish came and knelt close to him, but 'Aisa took no notice of him, and remained silent, listening to the Hatib. He heard him say: "My Lord, increase in exaltation, and rank, and nobility, and greatness, and honour." When 'Aisa heard this he exclaimed: "Oh, God, grant to me to visit him"; and he lifted up his head and looked through the door, and saw a man like the one he had seen in his dream coming to him from the makām el-Khidr. He reached the door and came close to 'Aisa and slowly whispered in his ear words without meaning. Then they went to the mosque. But the Hatib uttered the same prayer which he had said before, and, 'Aisa, when he heard it, was afraid,

and his *ṭarbūsh* began to rise from his head. When the man had passed him, 'Aisa began to tremble and weep, and he felt himself unable to sit, and became utterly exhausted from weeping. And he saw a hand which led him out of the mosque before the prayer, and he left the *Haram* in haste, and fled away without guidance by way of el-Wād until he arrived at the *makām* of 'Allameh ed-din el-Budīre. There he encountered a man who took him and beat him and turned him back the way he had come. So he fled away and remained running until he arrived at the door of his own house, weeping and trembling, and when he entered his house he exclaimed to his *ḥarīm*: "Fetch me a barber to bleed me, for I am ill." When the barber came and saw in what condition he was, he refused to bleed him, but he said: "I will send you some medicine to cool your blood, it is better than bleeding you." When he had drunk the medicine he became more at ease, and the trembling and weeping left him, but he was unable to leave his house; when he wished to come out his feet would not carry him. They began to bring doctors and *sheikhs* of many kinds to him, but none that did him any good. They even brought him Jewish doctors and Christian monks, but it was of no good.

The people about him saw that he was able to walk well enough, and would not believe that he had anything the matter with him: they said he looked stronger than a young man. But when 'Aisa saw that he could get no benefit from doctors he remained at home in prayer and devotional exercises. It was noticed that when he was alone he talked to himself, as though a crowd were about him, and that he was in the habit of ejaculating: "Thank God, I need nothing, only depart from me." He remained in this state a whole year, until one day a man called Sheikh 'Aziri (عزري) came from Damascus. This man was gifted (مكاشف) and experienced in affairs of this kind. He was well used to the treatment of people and to the manufacture of amulets, and could bind and loose men and animals, even wild beasts. So the friends of 'Aisa went to him and brought him to see him, and 'Aisa welcomed him, saying: "Welcome, my lord, O *sheikh*." He ordered coffee, but the *sheikh* said: "I drink no coffee nor do I smoke water-pipes or cigarettes, but have come only to visit you. Tell me what has happened to you." 'Aisa told him all his experiences. The *sheikh* said: "From what direction does the trouble come to you?" And 'Aisa replied:

"The trouble comes to me from every direction." The sheikh said: "What is the name of your mother"? And he replied: "Her name is Na'ameh." The sheikh was silent a little and then said: "Aisa, this affair is a very serious one; no one is competent to deal with it. But now, bring me a hen's egg." And they brought it to him. He broke the egg and took the shell, and tied it with a thread, and said to 'Aisa: "Put this round your neck." Then he read something in the white of the egg, and he said to him: "Take this egg, and give it to a black dog to eat;" and 'Aisa did what he was told. Then the sheikh said: "Now come with me to the town." And 'Aisa got up and went out with the sheikh. While they were walking along, the sheikh said to him: "'Aisa, your affair is a very difficult one; no one is competent to deal with it; for this that has happened to you comes from holy ones. The man who touched you in the Haram and whispered in your ear was el-Khidr (On him be peace!); he is the same who came to you in your sleep, and it is he who has now bound you in your house. But the sheikh, the derwish who was sitting close to you in the Haram, is the very Sheikh 'Abd who died in your house, and it is he who brought you out from the Haram and back to your own house. He came to your assistance, fearing that you could not bear the burden, and he is the sheikh who gave you the 'power'" (عهد). Said 'Aisa: "I did not know that he gave me 'power.'" The sheikh replied: "Lie not to me; he gave you the 'power' before he died. Do you not remember that he took hold of you and drew you to his bosom and kissed you on both cheeks? That is the 'power' he gave you. Do you not remember, when he flew into the Haram, that he went to the throne of Solomon? That was to charge the jinns of Solomon that they should obey you. Those who come to you when you are alone in your house, are all from el-Khidr as I have told you. This you must always keep secret (مكشفت), and you are empowered to know about all kinds of matters (الامور). I was desirous of living in Jerusalem, but I am unable to live in the same town where you are. I command you, however, beware of being covetous with people. When they come to you to ask for anything which might bring harm or trouble to someone else, do not use your power to bring harm on anyone, however much money they may offer you; very many shall come to you with many requests, and whenever they come to you be content with what

they give you so that no one may miss your generosity (كرم); and speak no secret to anyone, especially any that you hear from women. If you do all this you will enjoy your position in quietness, and the supply of your needs will never cease, and you will die in honour." Then they entered the coffee shop and the sheikh asked for coffee, and 'Aisa said: "Why did you not drink coffee in my house?" And the sheikh said: "Because you are now poor, and all you had has been taken from you by sheikhs and false doctors" (حكوما). So, after a little final advice, they arose and departed on their several ways.

'Aisa returned to his house and never went out. After he had been eighteen years in his house, one night, robbers broke in and took all they could find and went off; as they were going out 'Aisa saw them and ran after them as far as the door of the house; but they escaped, because he himself was unable to go out of the house to recapture what they had stolen. He has, however, a busy life. He reveals to people what they enquire about; many times women come in to consult him and have to return without seeing him because he is so fully occupied; others have to wait his promise to see them from week to week; fellahin sometimes sleep in his house because their villages are far away, and many of them bring him presents from these distant villages, such as sheep, goats, chickens, and corn. Sometimes the people pass the night with him in order that he may assemble together the jinns (جان) and hear from them what his visitors seek to know and how they are to obtain what they may happen to desire. He also makes amulets (حجبن) to induce affection between a man and his wife, and other amulets to ensure success in business. The sheep and goats which he owned before all these events are now looked after by his son, and 'Aisa dedicated five of them to the name of el-Khidr. The milk of these must not be sold; the rest of the milk he sells. These five sheep multiplied in time and became fifty; but one year there was snow and severe cold, and very little food could be found for the goats and sheep. Many of them died in other districts, and at this time all the goats dedicated to el-Khidr, except five, died.

One day 'Aisa's son was summoned to military service. His family sent petitions to the government to say that the father was incapable of work (عكيلة) and unable to leave the house, and that

it was not lawful to take the son under these circumstances. The government asked that the father should come that the doctors might examine him, but he sent word: "If I were able to come to the doctors I should not ask the government to leave my son with me," and he sent a testimonial from the neighbours and from the *mukhātir* (مخاتير) to bear witness that he was unable to go out. Then the Dābet (الدابة) "officer" ordered them to bring him in a carriage or on an ass; but 'Aisa replied: "I am unable to come out of the door of my house." The officer became very angry and said: "If he does not come out we shall certainly enter his son's name as a soldier." At last 'Aisa got four men to carry him, and as he went out of the door his legs became as though dead. When they reached the Serai they laid him down; the doctor came and examined him, and found nothing wrong with him. The officer exclaimed: "You are a malingerer (Turkish انصاجي): you have done this to save your son." 'Aisa replied: "God cause you to die of paralysis! Take the boy as a soldier, and God will provide for me, only command someone to bring four men to carry me home." Then the officer said: "Are you really unable to walk?" And he ordered four soldiers to lay him in the road. While the doctor was watching him lying there, a carriage passed and nearly ran over him, as he was unable to move out of the way. And when they had carried him to his house, 'Aisa requested the commandant to send the doctor to him that he might pay him his fees, and he prepared a letter from the chief men of the city (اكابر البلد) stating that he was incompetent (عكيلة), and he sent and sold the five goats that belonged to el-Khidr. When the doctor came he gave him the letter and the price¹ of the goats: so the doctor returned and handed in the letter, after he had testified to having seen the man nearly run over, and the commandant gave orders to release the boy of all military service.

And this is the reason why the five goats had been preserved by el-Khidr; it was to save the son from becoming a soldier.

¹ Evidently a bribe.

(To be continued.)